

## Medical 1071

### Chapter 1071 Like an Accident (Part 2)

The azure sky stretched in all directions. Yan Xiaobao sat on the boat, feeling a bit nervous, but at the same time excitedly watching the changing scenery.

In the distance, he saw countless peaks that looked like swords reaching for the sky, part of a mountain range that resembled a slumbering dragon. And... a massive, astonishing river!

"Heavenspan River..." he said, taking a deep breath. After becoming an Outer Sect Disciple, he did extensive research and learned that the entire Cultivation World depends on the Heavenspan River.

It is actually the source of all spiritual energy.

That is why all the sects are located near its vicinity. Moreover, the further you go upstream, the stronger the spiritual energy.

Although the Spirit Stream Sect technically belongs to the downstream area, even that position has allowed them to stand strong and tall for ten thousand years. According to what Yan Xiaobao had read, the Spiritual Flow Sect didn't always exist in its current location. It used to be in the delta region. But then, in the midst of countless sects and cultivation families there, an extraordinary Clan Leader emerged. After distinguishing himself in fierce battles, he gained approval from higher sect levels, thus earning the qualification to establish his sect downstream.

"It is said that the sects upstream of the Heavenspan River are so powerful that the Spirit Sect cannot even compare to them. Moreover, according to legend... there are even more terrifying sects near the river's source." Yan Xiaobao forced himself to calm down and reminded himself to be especially cautious on this mission.

In the distance, the Heavenspan River looked golden, almost like a massive surging sea. Additionally, four towering peaks embraced the river.

"That must be the North Shore of the Spirit Sect," Yan Xiaobao thought. Also visible was the main peak of the Spirit Stream Sect, arching over the Heavenspan River like a gigantic bridge!

"Daoseed Mountain!" When Li Qinghou first brought him to the Spiritual Flow Sect, Yan Xiaobao had actually seen it all. However, at that time he was just a mortal. Now that he was an Outer Sect Disciple, he would have a completely different feeling seeing it.

The boat shot forth at its fastest speed from the sect, gliding along the rippling water below and heading downstream into the distance.

"Miss Du, Brother Bai, I believe you both have reviewed the mission details," Feng Yan calmly said, his voice soft, almost inaudible. "We are heading to an area downstream along the Heavenspan River called the Fallenstar Mountains. The last message from Brother Hou came from that area. The Fallenstar Mountains mark the boundary of the Spirit Stream Sect's territory. The rest of the mountains are considered the territory of the Blood Flow Sect.

"We may find ourselves in danger on this mission. However, with spiritual preparation and utmost caution, we might avoid any major issues.

"However, our final destination is far, and it will require many Spirit Stones to get there. Most of our time on this mission will be spent traveling, but with our wind vehicle, we will be able to bypass some of the more challenging terrains." With that, his eyes flickered with a cold light before he closed them in meditation.

Du Lingfei ignored Yan Xiaobao and began her breathing exercises.

Yan Xiaobao was more alert than ever. Although he too sat cross-legged with his eyes closed, he was really pondering which of the two might have been sent by Qian Dajin.

"It's unlikely to be Du Lingfei," he thought. "Which means... there's an 80% chance it's Feng Yan!" A day later, when the first Spirit Stone was completely exhausted, Feng Yan took the wind vehicle away, and the three of them stood on a mountaintop under the evening sky, watching the sun slowly set on the horizon. Soon, darkness engulfed the land.

At the foot of the mountain, the dense jungle echoed with the howls of animals and beasts. The air was very humid.

"After passing through this jungle, we can rest," Feng Yan coldly said. "What do you two think?" He looked at Du Lingfei and Yan Xiaobao.

"It's dark," Yan Xiaobao pointed out. "There might be some dangerous beasts in the jungle; why don't we just fly over it with the wind vehicle?"

"If you wish, you can rest by yourself," Du Lingfei coldly replied. "It's just some trees." Not hiding her disdain for Yan Xiaobao's fear of death, she walked towards the jungle without hesitation.

A look of disdain flashed in Feng Yan's eyes as he took a deep breath, but he smiled and then descended the mountain.

Yan Xiaobao frowned as he watched them both leave. In the end, he sighed and followed them down the mountain into the jungle, more alert than ever.

Entering the jungle, the humidity increased, and there were even some patches of swamp or marsh. Occasionally animals appeared, but these were mere obstacles to the Middle Cultivators of the Qi Condensation stage. As they proceeded, they didn't slow down, gradually delving deeper into the jungle.

Time flew by. Eventually, night deepened. By the time the moon rose, they were halfway through to the other side. So far, they hadn't encountered any fierce beasts. The journey was remarkably smooth. Yan Xiaobao stayed at the rear, and even the slightest sound or movement would startle him. Du Lingfei's contempt grew stronger and stronger.

"Be careful!" Yan Xiaobao suddenly blurted out, his face showing extreme unease.

Du Lingfei laughed coldly, suddenly letting out a sarcastic sound as a fierce wind blew towards them, accompanied by a pungent odor. Du Lingfei's face flickered as she glanced towards the jungle, seeing countless eyes staring at them.

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They were bright red, and almost at the same moment she saw them, the sound of wings flapping could be heard. Many bats appeared, each the size of a hand.

"Two-headed Bats!" Feng Yan shouted loudly. "Their venom dries up the blood, sealing the throat! Split up at the peak on the other side of the jungle and meet up." With a flicker of her face, Feng Yan suddenly moved, speeding off at the fastest pace.

Du Lingfei's disciple shrunk back, waving her hand in front of her and throwing out a paper amulet. As it burned, a blue light spread out, shielding her with a protective barrier while also increasing her speed. She chose another direction and accelerated. As she left, she looked over her shoulder and was surprised to find Yan Xiaobao had long disappeared.

As the wind picked up, Yan Xiaobao started to flee. Of course, Yan Xiaobao was very careful and perceptive, very adapted to danger.

Even as he escaped, the bats closed in, causing a buzzing sound. They quickly formed into three groups, beginning the pursuit of the three disciples.

As he accelerated through the jungle, a cold smile appeared on Feng Yan's face. He quickly put away the incense stick he had just been holding. That incense was the reason for attracting the bats and why he had chosen to pass through this part of the jungle on their mission. He suspected this might be the place with Two-headed Bats.

"The weakest among them is the third level of Qi Condensation. Yan Xiaobao, don't blame me, someone wants you dead." He laughed coldly, slapped his bag, and produced a wooden stick. After blowing a breath of air onto the stick, it ignited in black flames, causing the bats to emit piercing screams. Clearly, they hated those flames and thus scattered immediately.

Feng Yan chuckled, then continued forward, feeling more at ease.

As for Yan Xiaobao, he was being increasingly pursued by bats through the jungle. However, the bats couldn't match his speed, and before long, a fair distance separated them. Occasionally, a beam of sword light flashed, causing the bats to scream and fall from the sky.

Yan Xiaobao moved on, and after enough time had passed for the incense stick to burn out, he looked up and frowned.

"It really is strange for all those bats to appear suddenly," he thought. He walked on, found a bat he had killed with his flying sword, and carefully examined it, his eyes sparkling.

"These aren't ordinary Two-headed Bats, they're violet bats! They are simply toxic, but they differ from ordinary Two-headed Bats because their fangs are the primary ingredient of the second-level spiritual medicine Blood Scent!

"Back at the sect, you can sell such fangs for fifty merits." Yan Xiaobao immediately felt elated. Few would recognize that these bats were actually listed among the Fifth Volume Spiritual Beings.

Feeling very excited, he started gathering the bat corpses. Before long, he had ten bats and began extracting the fangs from them.

"These bats aren't so strong after all..." he remarked with a smile. Soon, a shield appeared around him as he began to search through the jungle. Before long, a whole swarm of violet bats was flying toward him.

He quickly performed a spell with his right hand, sending a flying sword bursting toward the bats. The speed was incredible, and before they could even approach him, the air was filled with despairing shrieks, and many bats began to fall to the ground. The few that passed through the sword were deflected by his shield and sent away.

Yan Xiaobao collected the dead bats. Realizing he was, in fact, not in any danger, he felt more relieved than ever. He proudly puffed out his chest and continued searching through the jungle.

In this manner, he followed a path, collecting more and more fangs...

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Four hours later, Feng Yan emerged from the jungle and arrived at the designated meeting spot atop the mountain. There he sat cross-legged, with a smile on his face as he waited.

Two more hours passed when Du Lingfei shot out from the trees, looking rather dirty. As she sped up the mountain, she anxiously glanced back at the dark jungle. Finally, she reached Feng Yan and realized Yan Xiaobao was nowhere to be seen.

"Yan Xiaobao hasn't come out yet?" she asked.

Feng Yan sighed and shook his head. "I hope everything goes well for Brother Bai. Unfortunately, the Two-headed Bat is most active at night. If we go back to look for him, we'll face great danger." To make things seem more realistic, he didn't rest but anxiously craned his neck toward the jungle, as if waiting for Yan Xiaobao to appear.

Du Lingfei remained silent. Although she disliked Yan Xiaobao, she didn't hate him enough to wish him dead. After all, they were members of the same sect. Eventually, she sat cross-legged, looked down at the jungle, and sighed.

Time passed, and soon it was getting late.

After waiting the entire night without seeing Yan Xiaobao, Du Lingfei felt very uneasy.

Feng Yan stood up. After staying up the whole night, he looked toward the jungle, his eyes bloodshot. "If he hasn't appeared by now, I'm afraid it means Yan Xiaobao... met with disaster. It's all my fault. If I hadn't suggested passing through the jungle, Brother Bai wouldn't... ai."

"Brother Feng, don't blame yourself," Du Lingfei said. "Who would have thought there would be Two-headed Bats here? Maybe Yan Xiaobao isn't dead yet. Moreover, if he is dead, then as fellow disciples, we should go find his body!" She wasn't sure what sort of emotions she was experiencing, it was a very strange feeling. Although Yan Xiaobao annoyed her, she felt uneasy. After all, there wasn't a deep-seated grudge between them.

Feng Yan sighed, nodded solemnly. "You're right, Miss Du. No matter what happens, we can't give up on him."

With that, the two of them prepared to head down the mountain to start searching.

However, after a while they saw Yan Xiaobao strolling through the woods, yawning. As soon as he emerged from the jungle, he lazily stretched.

Du Lingfei's eyes widened, and Feng Yan could barely believe what he was seeing, as Yan Xiaobao casually began to walk up the mountain trail.

He almost looked as though he had just woken up from a good sleep. He seemed excited and energetic, unlike Feng Yan and Du Lingfei, who were weary from a sleepless night.

Soon, Yan Xiaobao was at the top of the mountain. When he saw Feng Yan and Du Lingfei, he rushed over and shouted, "Good morning! Mr. Feng, Sister Du, that jungle was terrifying! I almost lost my little life."

That night, Yan Xiaobao had actually rested well. After clearing the entire bat-infested jungle, he not only gained a hefty profit but also found the bat cave, where he experienced a marvelous night's sleep.

As she glared at Yan Xiaobao, Du Lingfei's face showed an ugly expression. She huffed coldly, recalling the complicated emotions she had felt, suddenly feeling even more annoyed by Yan Xiaobao.

A cold light flashed across Feng Yan's eyes, though his expression was happy. "Brother Bai! I'm glad to see you safe. We worried about you all night."

Yan Xiaobao smiled, although his expression looked normal, a cold light flickered deep in his eyes.

Soon, the three of them were sitting in the boat again. Considering what had just happened, Yan Xiaobao suggested they fly at night and trek during the day. In a rare instance, Du Lingfei agreed, and as for Feng Yan, after some thought, he nodded.

Thus, as they traveled through the downstream river, they continued along the Heavenspan River.

A month passed.

This was the farthest Yan Xiaobao had ever traveled in his life. He saw many mountains and jungles, where there were no signs of human habitation at all; everything seemed like a vast wilderness.

At one point in their journey, the ground began to tremble, and Yan Xiaobao looked toward the distant mountains to see something utterly astonishing. It was a massive giant covered in thick fur, each step causing the ground to tremble.

The giant's gaze made Yan Xiaobao's breath catch.

One night, while they were flying together, lightning crashed in the distance, and Yan Xiaobao saw... a giant bird, as large as Xiangyun Peak. As it whistled through the air, countless bolts of lightning danced across its body. Just witnessing such a creature flying in the middle of the night was completely astonishing.

The most unforgettable thing Yan Xiaobao saw was during the day when he saw a beast on the South Shore. It had four sturdy legs and a head as massive as a mountain. Suddenly, a gigantic, 30,000-meter-long golden crocodile burst from the Heavenspan River, devouring the first creature. As the crocodile sank into the water, it coldly glanced at Yan Xiaobao and the others.

That glance caught their attention, causing blood to seep from the corners of their mouths. The splitting pain tore through their eyes, and it took them a long time to recover.

Yan Xiaobao trembled, then muttered, "Terrifying. The outside world is frightening!" Although Feng Yan had completed many missions outside the sect, this was his first time traveling so far. Even his scalp felt numb after what had just happened, not to mention the petrified Du Lingfei.

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Fortunately, the powerful creatures they encountered showed no interest in attacking them. At most, they would look on curiously. Clearly, the aura created by the trio's defeat led these beings to avoid them.

Yan Xiaobao felt it was because they were disciples of the Spirit Stream Sect. Although the region was far from the sect, it still fell within their sphere of influence.

Despite their fears, the group pressed onward. After the first month of travel, they contacted the sect on the designated day, informing them of their current location. The same happened after the second month. At that time, they reached the area of the Fallenstar Mountains, the border of the Spirit Stream Sect's territory.

Feng Yan had considered secretly striking against Yan Xiaobao, but what he saw during the journey unsettled him. He wasn't in the mood for combat, and when you consider Yan Xiaobao's cautious attitude and his closeness with Du Lingfei, Feng Yan was too worried to find an opportunity. Ultimately, he was forced to simply bide his time.

As Feng Yan looked at Yan Xiaobao, there was an unmistakable sinister glint in his eyes.

"So, he's really decided to kill me, huh..." Yan Xiaobao thought, narrowing his eyes. "To hate me so much..." His concern was growing. Being perceptive as he was, he was now certain about what was on Feng Yan's mind.

The Fallenstar Mountains formed a range running from north to south. They seemed endless, like a giant sleeping dragon dividing the land.

In fact, even the sky above the mountains looked different, almost as if it was tinged with blood.

According to legend, many years ago, a Constant Star fell from the sky and fiercely hit the earth, causing some land to collapse and other parts to rise into mountainous formations.

The mountains were covered with dense forests filled with beasts. However, there could be found many rare types of plants and vegetation. Because of this, there were always some cultivators willing to enter and bravely confront the dangers, no matter how terrifying it might appear.

"These are the Fallenstar Mountains," Du Lingfei said. The long journey had exhausted her, making the sight of their final destination somewhat of a relief.

"The last message from Brother Hou to the sect was sent from this area," Feng Yan said, taking out a magical device from his hand: the Fengshui Compass.

The silver needle on the Fengshui Compass was currently spinning.

"According to sect rules, disciples on external missions should notify the sect of their location monthly. This Spiritual Flow Compass should help us locate Young Master Hou's last known position." As he spoke, the silver needle on the Fengshui Compass suddenly pointed in a specific direction.

"Got it!" Feng Yan said, not moving. As she followed him, Du Lingfei's expression flickered.

Yan Xiaobao looked out over the Fallen Mountains and the dense vegetation covering them. It was like a sea of plants, and amidst it, the calls of various beasts could be heard. Occasionally, roars also echoed.

Yan Xiaobao's expression was very serious as he activated the shield from his jade pendant. With it, even the slightest breeze wouldn't be overlooked. Only then did he carefully follow after Feng Yan.

Feng Yan and Du Lingfei continued to move forward without pause, speeding along the Fallenstar Mountains until they found themselves deep in a valley. The valley was filled with trees, which had grown together for many years with interlocking branches. The knotted and rough bark added to the effect; if it were nighttime, the whole scene would be terrifying.

After two hours in the valley, they suddenly stopped. Feng Yan looked down at the Fengshui Compass, whose needle pointed towards a tree trunk, wide enough for ten people to stretch their arms around.

Feng Yan looked at Yan Xiaobao then pointed at that giant tree. "Brother Bai, please go investigate."

Yan Xiaobao hesitated for a moment and then looked at the tree. Seeing nothing suspicious at first, he tapped the jade pendant hanging at his waist, strengthening the green shield. He also placed some paper amulets on his body, then approached again.

"Afraid of dying, but you still want to practice cultivation?!" Du Lingfei said coldly. She never liked Yan Xiaobao, so even though she herself was afraid of the dangers they witnessed, seeing him terrified of death made her look down on him even more.

Yan Xiaobao didn't have time to concern himself with Du Lingfei. Carefully approaching the tree, he noticed a part of the bark seemed to have recently grown. Taking out a Flying Sword, he cut away that part of the tree, discovering a jade hidden inside.

After taking the jade from the tree, Yan Xiaobao scanned it with a holy sense, causing his face to flicker, then slid it over to Feng Yan.

Within the jade, there was a single piece of information.

I found some other clues, I'm going to the Luochen Family to get evidence...

After looking for a while, Feng Yan frowned and then handed the jade to Du Lingfei. Du Lingfei looked at it, causing her expression to grow severe.

"Luochen family..." After a moment, she murmured. Then she turned to stare at the Fallenstar Mountains.

The mountains were vast, filled with countless natural resources. Considering this place was located at the edge of the Spirit Stream Sect territory, bordering the Blood Stream Sect's land, the Spiritual Flow Sect naturally protected the area. But those guards were none other than... the Luochen Clan.

The Luochen Clan was relatively large and had been guarding the Flandre Mountain for a thousand years. Each generation had a Clan Leader of the Foundation. Generally speaking, the threat posed by these individuals was sufficient to help them fulfill their guardianship duties.

In fact, if they encountered any danger, the mission instructions even said to contact the Luochen Family.

However, Hou Yunfei's jade sliding plate seemed to indicate that the Luochen Family... was the place he sought some type of evidence from. After that, he lost contact.

"What do you think?" Feng Yan asked. "Should we go check out the Luochen Family?" Feng Yan casually glanced at Yan Xiaobao and Du Lingfei.

Yan Xiaobao immediately said, "Mr. Feng, Sister Du, finding this jade sliding plate means our mission is already accomplished... we should prioritize safety. What happened?" The whole place made Yan Xiaobao feel as if an invisible pressure weighed down on him.

Du Lingfei hesitated. If they went back now, they would only obtain the minimum merit points. But, if they investigated further, they might gain more.

Feng Yan could see that Du Lingfei was hesitating, and he furrowed his eyebrows, thinking that what was happening now might reduce his chances of killing Yan Xiaobao.

After a moment, he said, "I think we should go to the Luo Chen Family and have a look around. We've come all this way, how can we turn back now? Once we know exactly what Young Master Hou is after, we might even find help from the Luo Chen Clan. If we do this, we'll earn more reward points.

"Besides... as long as we don't go deep into the Fallenstar Mountains, we should be relatively safe. Also, if you're worried about the Luo Chen Clan, remember that all the cultivator tribes in the Spirit Stream Sect territory have special seals placed in their blood to prevent them from turning traitor. How could they possibly disrespect us?" After speaking, Feng Yan slowly looked at Du Lingfei.

She nodded. After all, what he said made sense. "Fine. We'll go and look around the Luo Chen Family. Who knows, maybe Brother Hou left the Luo Chen Clan and then went missing."

Seeing her agree, Feng Yan smiled. Then he turned to look at Yan Xiaobao, his gaze growing colder.

Frowning, Yan Xiaobao asked, "We've completed the mission, why put ourselves in a bind?"

"If you're so scared, then don't come with us," Du Lingfei said, turning away from Yan Xiaobao.

"Brother Bai," Feng Yan said, "I'm responsible for evaluating our performance on this mission. We should make our decision unanimously. If you don't come with us, it will be difficult for my evaluation." With a mysterious smile, he began to follow Du Lingfei. In his opinion, Yan Xiaobao would certainly come. If he didn't, Du Lingfei could attest to the dereliction; when that happened, the Judicial Hall certainly wouldn't let things slide.

Yan Xiaobao's face darkened, and his blood started to surge within his veins as he stared at Feng Yan walking away. He might fear death, but so far, he had concluded that he needed to control the situation. Only by resolving the issue with Feng Yan could he ensure his position's stability.

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"Feng Yan, you're forcing my hand!" he thought. He stood there quietly for a few breaths, lowered his head for a moment, then strode forward, following Du Lingfei and Feng Yan. Before long, they disappeared into the forest.

Four hours later, they were still hurrying along. Night was falling, the sun setting, ensuring the forest gradually darkened.

"We're here!" Feng Yan suddenly said. The three of them stopped walking and gazed at the forest. Ahead, the trees thinned, revealing numerous limestone boulders jutting from the ground.

A large complex of courtyards could be seen, arranged to house hundreds of people in a grand mansion. At this hour of night, a clan would usually be at its most active, yet unexpectedly, the mansion was completely dark and silent. Given the darkness of the sky, the whole place seemed almost abandoned.

The only light came from two lanterns hanging at the main entrance. Even without wind, the two lanterns swayed back and forth, casting flickering shadows on the guardian stone lions beneath them.

The sight made Feng Yan and Du Lingfei's faces flicker.

As for Yan Xiaobao, the moment he saw the mansion, a sense of impending danger surged in his heart. It felt as though every inch of his flesh was screaming.

"Something's happened—" Feng Yan said, his heart pounding. Yet, before he even finished speaking, the main gate suddenly banged open, and an evil wind blew out. Simultaneously, a figure appeared silently in the doorway.

The courtyard gate opened, and Du Lingfei, Feng Yan, and Yan Xiaobao remained completely alert as they peered inside. Yan Xiaobao was so nervous he began patting paper amulets on himself.

The person who had just appeared held a lantern in hand, standing in the open doorway, staring at the three of them in the shadows.

"Why, may I ask, have you three come to the Luochen Clan on this dark night?"

The flickering light of the lantern barely revealed a young man, standing there calmly watching them. He wore a long green robe, his face pale without any trace of blood.

Seeing that it was a human who appeared, Feng Yan and Du Lingfei both let out a sigh of relief. Somehow, the creepy feeling they had just experienced had faded a bit.

Feng Yan clasped his hands and said, "Greetings, fellow Taoist. We are disciples of the Spirit Stream Sect, visiting for a few queries."

By this time, Du Lingfei had already noticed the numerous shields flashing around Yan Xiaobao, and she frowned slightly.

Yan Xiaobao didn't notice Du Lingfei's gaze. For some reason, the appearance of the young man did not lessen his intense sense of danger.

"Ah, Taoists from the Spirit Flow Sect," the young man said. "Please, come in, we can discuss things..." The flickering lantern cast shadows on the young man's face, making it difficult to see clearly as he turned to walk away.

Then the courtyard gate swung open, allowing the three disciples to enter.

Feng Yan hesitated for a moment before walking through the gate. Du Lingfei followed behind him. As for Yan Xiaobao, he looked around, then gritted his teeth and carefully stepped into the courtyard.

Even as the gate closed behind them, the two stone lions beneath the lantern outside suddenly turned to face the direction of the gate, their eyes flashing with a bloody light.

Inside the courtyard was a green limestone path, winding through various plants and ornamental rocks. Faint moonlight shone down, casting everything into partial shadow. The only light came from the lantern, which swayed back and forth in the young man's hand.

The four of them walked along the path, surrounded by a gloomy silence. The place seemed almost different from the world outside the gates.

On the right side of the path were a few fruit trees, laden with red fruit. Strangely, though there was no breeze in the courtyard, the leaves of those trees suddenly rustled.

Du Lingfei and Feng Yan seemed more alert than ever, while Yan Xiaobao, at the back of the line, looked around. For some reason, those rustling fruit trees seemed very odd.

Gradually, a scent like fresh blood rose, faint but at the same time distinct.

Yan Xiaobao's heart started pounding, and he suddenly muttered something. Suddenly, the fruit began to fall from the trees, landing on the ground, rolling towards Yan Xiaobao and the others. Strangely, faces could be seen on the fruits, childlike with wide, painted smiles.

"La la la! Hello!"

Arms and legs sprouted from the fruits as they ran towards Yan Xiaobao and the others, clenching fists, then began to jump around the shocked trio.

Meanwhile, the fruits started shouting in excited voices: "Auntie says it's good, don't cry! We can only laugh! Ripe fruit is the best fruit!"

As they danced and began singing children's lullabies, their voices were charming and sweet. Now that they were so close, their fragrance could be smelled. In fact, it was so cloyingly sweet that after inhaling it, Yan Xiaobao and the others felt as if they were about to vomit out their guts.

When the fruits got too close to the young man with the lantern, he ignored them entirely, even stepping on some, crushing them. However, the crushed fruits merely crawled back to his feet, smiling and continuing to dance and sing.

"What on earth are these things?!" Feng Yan exclaimed, his eyes flashing. He waved a gloved hand, conjuring a gust of wind that blew some of the fruits away. After splattering on the ground, they picked themselves up and rejoined the circle, laughing just as before.

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Yan Xiaobao felt goosebumps rising on his skin, surrounded completely by flickering shields at this moment.

Du Lingfei watched as the fruits held hands and sang, her facial expression flickering with fear. Her heart filled with disgust, she gritted her teeth, her Phoenix-like eyes flashing with anger. Just as she prepared to suddenly cast a spell, the fruits' face was filled with fear.

"Auntie is here!!" they cried, running back to the tree, jumping to their original positions. Soon, their laughter and singing disappeared, looking nothing more than ordinary fruits.

The young man from Luochen Clan didn't turn to look at them, but they could hear his voice as he said, "These are Spiritual Fruits that the Clan Leader brought back from deep within the Flandre Mountain. What do you think of their singing, Daoist comrades? They love to sing."

As they followed along, Feng Yan and Du Lingfei's faces appeared uneasy.

Yan Xiaobao still lingered behind. Suddenly, as he realized... another set of footsteps could be heard, a sense of fear arose within him!

Step, step, step....

The exact time of this development couldn't be determined, but as of now... evidently five people were walking along this path!

From the moment they entered the courtyard, maybe those footsteps mixed with theirs, unnoticed due to the strange fruits. But now, in the silence after the fruits' outburst, the extra footsteps were very prominent.

The echoing footsteps made Yan Xiaobao tremble. Most terrifying was that the footsteps were coming from behind him. Suddenly, a cold breeze seemed to flow down his back, as if a presence breathing down his neck.

"Hey, guys..." he said, "Has any of you noticed... there's another set of footsteps!" As the hair on the back of Yan Xiaobao's neck stood up, Feng Yan's face flickered as he too discovered the footsteps.

Du Lingfei's pupils constricted, and she began to gasp.

The three suddenly stopped walking, and as they did so, the sound of the other footsteps vanished.

Yan Xiaobao's heart pounded fiercely. Clenching his jaw tight, he slowly turned his head to find himself staring into the eyes of a young woman in a red robe!

Her robe gently swayed, her face was pale, as though life had left it. Her lips quivered before, strangely, she smiled at Yan Xiaobao, then she said: "This fire won't help me."

The sudden occurrence made Yan Xiaobao leap up screaming. The red-robed young woman suddenly transformed into a glint of light, disappearing in the blink of an eye.

Yan Xiaobao looked around, pale-faced, but there was nothing... except the echo of his own scream.

Du Lingfei and Feng Yan looked around in horror. Although they didn't see anything unusual like Yan Xiaobao did, their hearts still pounded relentlessly.

Then, a woman's voice suddenly arose, singing a song. The lyrics floated throughout the courtyard, eerie and mysterious, almost like a lullaby intended to soothe a baby. Just its sound made the darkness seem sharper than before.

"Good little baby, it's time to sleep; the wind is blowing, the flames are leaping; don't cry now, don't peek..."

"Enough with the tricks in the living room!" Feng Yan blurted out, evidently on edge. He immediately formed a spell gesture, summoning a Flying Sword that began to orbit around him.

At the same moment, the young man with the lantern turned to look at them. The flickering light from the lantern made him appear stranger than ever.

"What are you standing there for? Come on, let's continue moving forward." He smiled, a grin somehow very unnatural.

Feng Yan took a deep breath, his eyes flashing with a hint of ferocity, he said, "No, we're not going anywhere. Look, we're here investigating the disappearance of one of our disciples. Daoist comrade, do you perhaps remember people like us arriving here about five months ago?"

Du Lingfei had already taken out a magical device, her eyes focusing intently.

"No, I don't think so," the young man replied. His gentle words floated in the air, seemingly in harmony with the woman's singing.

"Daoist comrade," Du Lingfei suddenly said, "where have your fellow members gone?"

The young man's smile broadened to an unnatural extent. "Oh, they went on a business trip. Are you done with your questions?"

"Yes, we've finished here," Feng Yan said. "We'll leave now." Subsequently, he turned and headed toward a different path. Du Lingfei followed closely, and as for Yan Xiaobao, he had already started flying, and was still ahead of them.

The young man's smile was now wide, the sides of his mouth beginning to tear, almost as if his head was being split in half! "If you don't want to proceed further, at least what you can do is stay... stay to keep in touch..."

The lantern suddenly turned green, making the entire courtyard darker than before. Even as those words left the young man's mouth, he began floating in mid-air toward Feng Yan.

Feng Yan's face fell, he performed a spell and pointed out, his Flying Sword shooting toward the young man. As the young man let the sword stab him, a loud bang echoed. Then, as he targeted Feng Yan, his grin broadened further.

Gasping, Feng Yan flinched, simultaneously pulling out a black pill and tossing it to the ground. As the pill erupted, a crackling wave of heat sounded.

The charging young man was hit by the explosion and tumbled backward, his body covered in wounds. However, he exhibited no apparent pain. He maintained his smile as he swiftly flew through the air like a kite on a windy day, charging toward Feng Yan once more.

Where the pill had exploded, many glowing lines were now visible, as they began to form collectively, all exuding an intense aura of death, as if they were self-repairing.

Seeing the design on the ground, Feng Yan cried out in panic, "There's a spell here! It's a shadow formation!!"

Meanwhile, the green stones beneath Du Lingfei's feet began vibrating, then eyes opened wide. Frail, corpse-like arms resembled tree branches. Just below the surface of these arms' skin, countless worm-like creatures squirmed and wriggled. Those arms... grabbed onto Du Lingfei's right leg.

Sound rose from the green stones, insidious, fear-inducing sounds.

"When you step on us, it hurts... "

"Come. Join us..."

Du Lingfei's face turned pale. She quickly made a spell gesture and pointed, causing a banner to fly from her bag. It instantly transformed into two mists swirling in her defense. Simultaneously, a Flying Sword appeared, its shimmering sword light severing the hands gripping her leg, allowing her to retreat.

As for Yan Xiaobao, the woman's singing suddenly echoed in his ears.

"Don't cry now, don't peek..." Yan Xiaobao's scalp tingled intensely, feeling like it might explode. His eyes flushed red, as he stuck more and more paper Amulets onto his body, he let out a fierce shout, causing more and more shields to spring up. Soon, he was surrounded by a barrier nearly two meters thick.

Almost all shields appeared as soon as the red-robed woman suddenly dashed toward Yan Xiaobao from the darkness.

Intercepted in place, she could be heard piercing about thirty percent into the barrier. Then she shrieked, a shriek apparently capable of penetrating the shields. As the ear-splitting sound pierced Yan Xiaobao's ears, he began losing consciousness.

Stunned, he struggled to bite his tongue, gaining clarity enough to see the woman transform into a swarm of countless red beetles, then began to swarm against his shields.

However, the shields were too thick, and the red beetles couldn't penetrate the remaining seventy percent. Bouncing back, they flew again, reshaping into the form of the red-robed woman.

She stared at Yan Xiaobao for a moment, then rushed at him again, beginning to laugh.

At the same time, as the ornamental rocks started rippling and transforming into stone puppets, thumping sounds could be heard. Fruit trees also spawned arms and legs, tearing themselves from the ground, starting to advance toward Yan Xiaobao and the others. Strangely, the fruits on the trees began to laugh and sing nursery rhymes again.

One of the trees joined the red-robed woman specifically targeting Yan Xiaobao.

"Puppets!" Du Lingfei gasped.

Yan Xiaobao shook fiercely. In all his years of life, he had never experienced such an impending sense of danger. As the woman approached him, he rapidly formed a spell gesture, as he swept his fingers toward her, channeling all his spiritual energy.

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Chapter 1077 Deadly Flying Sword

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In an instant, his wooden sword flew out at the fastest speed possible, a streak of black provoking a fierce gale. Then, as the sword pierced into the woman's head, a wave of heat echoed.

The woman let out an ear-piercing scream, her body suddenly melting into a swarm of red beetles that twitched and convulsed as they collapsed onto the ground and shattered into pieces.

The wooden sword did not disappear; after piercing through the woman's head, it continued forward towards the fruit-bearing tree behind her.

It pierced the tree, paused, and then suddenly exploded. The fruits on the tree immediately withered, but even in death, they continued singing joyfully.

Everything that happened made the hair on Yan Xiaobao's body stand on end. Thankfully, his wooden sword was incredibly powerful; after piercing the tree, it continued to soar in the air, blasting a hole in the nearby wall. However, as soon as the hole appeared, tentacle-like tendrils began spiraling out from the shattered sides, as if the wall was preparing to reshape itself.

"Get out through that hole!" Du Lingfei shouted, immediately flickering into action. Yet, Feng Yan was the closest to the hole in the wall. Cringing at the waste of such a valuable item, he concocted another black pill, then tossed it in front of the youth with a lantern. The enormous boom resonated. Feng Yan then borrowed the explosion's force to propel himself towards the opening.

However, just as he was about to shoot through the hole, his face fell as two massive stone lions leapt in from outside. Roaring, they charged, one towards Feng Yan, the other towards Yan Xiaobao.

Surprisingly, these stone lions had been guarding outside all along!

"You cannot escape," said the youth with the lantern. "Everyone in the Spirit Sect... will die!" He began to laugh as he resumed battling with Feng Yan.

When Feng Yan saw the hole in the wall beginning to mend, he roared, his hands flickering with spells, summoning a head-sized fireball. As the fireball swelled, it emitted intense heat, sending flames in all directions.

The stone lions were pushed back, and the young Luo Chen Family cultivator's face gleamed. Also, two tree-men caught in the flames, one of them exploded.

Another judge tried to retreat but was directly struck by Du Lingfei's deadly flying sword.

As the shattered tree-man exploded in green tree sap, a roaring boom sounded. Meanwhile, revealed within were two priests, emaciated, panting figures, their life force nearly entirely absorbed.

One of the figures collapsed, unconscious, while the other struggled to open his eyes, then looked excitedly at Du Lingfei.

"Brother Hou!" She immediately recognized Hou Yunfei, shouting. She instantly pulled him into her embrace.

Meanwhile, the weakened Hou Yunfei grasped Du Lingfei's arm, infusing the last bit of spiritual power into her. "The Luo Chen Clan has become traitors. We must leave here and warn the sect!!"

Du Lingfei's spiritual energy swelled instantly. Gritting her teeth, she hugged Hou Yunfei, speeding towards the hole in the wall more swiftly.

As Yan Xiaobao looked over, he immediately recognized Hou Yunfei. Then, as he dodged the stone lion and sped towards the hole in the wall, he flickered into action.

At present, Du Lingfei was now closest to the breakthrough in the wall, followed closely by Feng Yan and Yan Xiaobao. Yan Xiaobao was the fastest, swiftly shortening the distance between himself and Du Lingfei.

Feng Yan's face was pale. The fireball he had just unleashed had caused considerable damage to him. However, upon noticing Yan Xiaobao's speed of movement, his eyes suddenly flashed coldly, raising his hand, within which was a black pill.

"Miss Du, you must return to the sect! I will give you some extra strength!" With that, he threw the black pill into the space between Du Lingfei and Yan Xiaobao.

When the pill exploded, a powerful force burst forth, propelling Du Lingfei towards the opening at an even faster speed than before. Then, as she suddenly shot forth, the sound of splashing could be heard.

In comparison, Yan Xiaobao was blocked by the explosion, suddenly struck by the stone lion. His eyes immediately turned bright red.

"Feng Yan!!" He roared. As the stone lion pounced over, a gust of wind blew past. Just as Yan Xiaobao was about to dodge, three tree-men closed in. Now four puppets attacked him simultaneously, making escape impossible.

When his shield brightened and then began to fracture, a banging sound could be heard. Even the green shield of the jade pendant faded and shattered. Although most of the impact force was dispersed, the stone lion was extraordinary, its attack landing squarely on Yan Xiaobao's chest.

The immense force sent Yan Xiaobao flying, his entire body trembling.

"Little Brother Bai!" Feng Yan shouted. Although a cold sneer twisted his lips, his words sounded bitter and poignant. However, he did not slow down at all; in the blink of an eye, he entered the rippling hole in the wall. Just as he was about to burst through to the other side, the young Luo Chen Family cultivator

let out a piercing scream and then suddenly exploded into countless masses of flesh, all bloodless, shooting toward Feng Yan.

Before Feng Yan could pass through the gap in the wall, chunks of flesh enveloped him, beginning to drag him backward.

As he was pulled out, Feng Yan let out a furious roar. At this point, the hole in the wall was about to close completely.

#### Chapter 1078: Deadly Flying Sword (Part 2)

After biting for a while, he bit his tongue and spat out a mouthful of blood, which landed on his Flying Sword. The sword instantly turned deep red. It didn't shoot during the attack but exploded, transforming into a cloud of shrapnel shooting toward him.

Though harmful to himself, the hail of shrapnel succeeded in slicing away chunks of flesh that were gripping him!

Now freed, he was also covered in a mass of wounds and injuries. The pain from his damaged flesh might cause him to lose consciousness, yet he was still able to grit his teeth and shoot toward the hole in the wall.

Meanwhile, Yan Xiaobao was struck hard by the lion's paw, sending him tumbling backward and screaming. However, even as his screams echoed, Yan Xiaobao was shocked to look down and see that, despite his clothes being torn, his skin was utterly unharmed. In fact... he didn't even feel any pain.

After a quick check, he confirmed... although things seemed dangerous... he was at least uninjured.

The stone lion's strike sent him flying, but other than that it did almost nothing.

Despite his elation, one of the Saints closed in and punched him from behind. Though thrown forward, he felt no pain at all, causing him to tilt his head back and laugh loudly.

"I can't believe I'm really this strong! Foolish matters! What do I have to fear?!" Lively, now filled with confidence, he shot through the gap in the wall at an even faster speed. In the blink of an eye, he was in the gap.

Feng Yan had now closed halfway through the gap, not noticing Yan Xiaobao or his sudden burst of speed at all. To him, it seemed Yan Xiaobao might have been killed by several puppets.

Just as Feng Yan was about to free himself, a ferocious gleam appeared in Yan Xiaobao's eyes, reaching out toward Feng Yan's shoulder, which was already outside the hole.

"Finally free!" Feng Yan laughed. But then, he suddenly felt a massive force pulling him back into the hole.

"No!" he howled. Before he could even see what was dragging him, his backpack slipped away, and he was thrown deep into the courtyard, far from the gap.

Only at this point did he see Yan Xiaobao.

"Yan Xiaobao!!!" he screamed, bloodshot eyes glaring. But now, he was cut off by two stone lions. Thunderous sounds followed by a tragic scream ensued.

"Brother Feng!!!" Yan Xiaobao cried, leaping through the hole in the wall.

As he emerged on the other side, the gap finished closing.

He was now outside, no longer within the Luochen Clan's courtyard. As for Du Lingfei, she continued running the moment she appeared, now waiting at the edge of the forest some distance away. Seeing Yan Xiaobao emerge and start sobbing miserably, she was about to call out to him.

"Brother Feng! Not only did you give me the backpack to help me escape, you dragged away the puppets too. Oh, Brother Feng!"

After hearing Yan Xiaobao's words, Du Lingfei felt frightened. However, the gap had closed, and Yan Xiaobao just stood there angrily and indignantly, so she quickly said, "Yan Xiaobao, come on, let's go!"

No further persuasion needed, Yan Xiaobao started running, tears streaming down his face. Supporting Hou Yunfei alongside Du Lingfei, they vanished into the forest.

Glancing at his shoulder, Yan Xiaobao frowned sorrowfully and said, "Brother Feng, such a great guy..."

Du Lingfei was very upset. She never imagined the mission would be so dangerous. Then she remembered Yan Xiaobao's advice not to come to the Luochen Family, realizing that if they listened to him, Feng Yan might not have died.

Seeing Yan Xiaobao so sad that he was on the verge of breaking down, she felt worse. Finally, she sighed.

"Little Brother Bai," she said, looking at him in distress, "let's hurry. If the Luochen Clan has become traitors, they won't want the sect to catch wind of it. I tried sending a message back, but the area is jammed... the jade sliding plate won't work."

Yan Xiaobao shivered, sensing danger more than ever. Meanwhile, beneath the Luochen Family manor lay a massive underground tomb. In one section of the tomb was a simmering Blood Pond filled with countless floating skeletons.

Encircling the entire scene was a shimmering Spell formation, with numerous members of the Luochen Clan kneeling around the pond. Men and women, teenagers and elders, all knelt at the pivotal moment of the Spell formation.

Seriously, one after another, they cut open their right hands, squeezing blood into the channel leading to the central pond.

In the middle of that Blood Pond, an elderly man sat cross-legged. His hair was long and white, yet he seemed threatening without any Qi. With each breath he took, the lake of blood bubbled.

Suddenly, the man's eyes opened, shining with a bloody glow.

"What happened!?" he asked, his cold voice echoing throughout the tomb.

Closest to him was a young clansman resembling the youth trying to kill Yan Xiaobao and the others in the courtyard. Leaning closer, he whispered, "Clan Leader, three disciples from the Spiritual Flow Sect arrived. It happened too fast, I wasn't prepared. I fear it may affect the major task at hand, so outside puppet entities and Spell formation and other puppets attempted to kill them. Unfortunately... I failed, Senior. I only managed to kill one. The other two escaped... taking the disciple we captured last time with them."

The young man felt extremely frustrated. Normally, if a disciple of the Spirit Sect went missing, it would take at least half a year for the sect to formally declare the person missing. Only then would other disciples be sent to investigate. Given this, it should have been at least nine months before these disciples arrived at the Fallenstar Mountains.

However, only four months had passed, yet Spiritual Flow Sect disciples had already arrived. Not just the young man was shocked. Throughout the Luo Chen Clan, no one could have guessed that a mere Outer Sect disciple's disappearance would cause concern. Logically, no one should have been dispatched so quickly to investigate.

Moreover, if Hou Yunfei hadn't managed to uncover the Luo Chen Clan's secrets, they never would have captured him. According to their initial plan, they needed half a year to fully prepare before rising up to break free from the Spirit Sect's control!

However, this meant they still needed a month....

"Two Outer Sect disciples...? Hmph! The defense magic has already been activated. Seal the area and send people to track and kill them. We only need a month... then nothing can stop us!" The old man seemed utterly unconcerned about what had happened, closing his eyes to continue meditation.

The young man sighed, bowed his head.

Soon after, seven figures appeared from the Luo Chen Family. Leading them was the same young man, his cultivation base at Level 8 Qi Condensation.

Among the other six, the weakest was at Level 6 Qi Condensation, with two others at Level 7.

"They couldn't have gotten far. Let's go!" The seven cultivators shot into the forest, eyes shining with a murderous intent.

In the forest, Yan Xiaobao and Du Lingfei moved as quickly as possible together, supporting Hou Yunfei. They attempted to use their gliders, but evidently the same interference affecting the transmission jade sliding plate also rendered the Spell formation affecting vehicles.

The expressions on Yan Xiaobao and Du Lingfei's faces grew darker.

Yan Xiaobao's face was pale; the impending sense of crisis inside him couldn't be greater. Every inch of his spirit screamed at him to run away as fast as possible!

If he went any slower, he'd surely die!

The sense of danger far surpassed his feelings toward Feng Yan. After all, although Feng Yan tried to kill him, he had always been cautious, trying to do so covertly.

Yan Xiaobao had always known that as long as he was careful, he could likely avoid any moves Feng Yan made against him, and possibly even counter him.

But now... as he thought about the information they held, he trembled, sweat beginning to pour down. Considering their knowledge of the Luo Chen Clan's betrayal, it was clear they wouldn't hesitate to kill everyone.

Without a doubt, they'd do everything possible to ensure their silence.

Moreover, they would attack openly, like lightning!

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## Chapter 1079: Mortal World

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They wouldn't have much time to get very far. In fact, it was almost certain that members of the Luo Chen Family were already pursuing them.

"Damn it, the Hall of Justice. This mission... is not the kind of task an Outer Sect Disciple can handle!!" Then Yan Xiaobao remembered that the Luo Chen Clan had a Clan Leader who was a Foundation member, and he began to sway harder.

"Foundation Establishment... The difference between Qi Condensation and Foundation Establishment is like the difference between a mortal and Qi Condensation..." Yan Xiaobao was very tense, his eyes bloodshot.

"I cultivate... to live forever..." Yan Xiaobao wanted to cry, but no tears came. He looked at Hou Yunfei, knowing he could never abandon him just to gain some speed. It was something he could never do.

Du Lingfei's face was pale; her cultivation base was the weakest, and her internal spiritual energy was recovering slowly. The longer time passed, the worse her feeling about the situation became.

She knew they were almost certainly facing death. Maybe someone at Level 7 Qi Condensation could fight back against a Foundation member Clan Leader. But now, Feng Yan was already dead, and she was only at the fifth level of Qi Condensation, with no hope of breaking through to the next level anytime soon. As for Yan Xiaobao... considering how afraid of death he was, Du Lingfei had absolutely no hopes for him.

"I never thought I would die on my first mission outside of this sect," she said with a bitter smile. However, it wasn't over yet, and it wasn't the time to give up, so she gritted her teeth, took out a pill from her hand, and stuffed it into her mouth. Then she looked at Yan Xiaobao, pale and trembling, and sighed. At that moment, she no longer held any disdain for him. Producing a Pill Bottle, she tossed it to him.

"Brother Bai, you must maintain your internal spiritual energy."

Yan Xiaobao glared at the medicine bottle, then opened it, and ate one pill. Just then, he suddenly remembered something and made two medicine bottles from Feng Yan's satchel.

"Mr. Feng took some pills," he said, handing one of the bottles to Du Lingfei.

She silently accepted it, and the two of them continued as quickly as possible. Soon, they returned to the spot where they had found the jade slip of Hou Yunfei. When Du Lingfei saw the tree, she sighed inwardly.

By now, regrets were useless, so without saying anything else, they continued to accelerate. Gradually, Du Lingfei began to slow down, which made Yan Xiaobao even more anxious. Finally, he grabbed her arm and pulled her along while carrying Hou Yunfei.

Du Lingfei had long noticed that Yan Xiaobao was much faster than her. When he grabbed her arm, she was almost pulled away, but seeing the terrified expression on his face, she sighed and allowed him to pull her along.

Just then, Hou Yunfei trembled, his eyes slowly opening. He looked exhausted.

After assessing his current position, he smiled painfully and said, "Brother Bai, I never thought, after so many years, that we would meet again."

Seeing Hou Yunfei awake, Du Lingfei quickly gave him a pill.

Yan Xiaobao looked at Hou Yunfei and sighed. "Brother Hou..."

"We still have hope," Hou Yunfei said. "For their own interests, the Luo Chen Clan massacred the people of the Mortal World, extracting their blood and bones for spell formation. Their Foundation member Clan Leader is currently presiding over a blood-defying great magic, so he can't come after us personally. Moreover, the entire Luo Chen Clan is maintaining the spell formation. Therefore... they won't be able to send many people after us!"

Hou Yunfei smiled and took a pill from Du Lingfei, swallowing it. Then, his eyes began to sparkle, and he said, "Although we can't send a message from here, if we get far enough away, we definitely can!"

"A matter of this magnitude, a whole cultivation family rebellion, will definitely elicit a huge response from the sect!"

Thanks to the pill, he no longer needed Yan Xiaobao's help and began relying on his own strength.

Thus, they managed to speed up. Soon, the boundary of the Fallenstar Mountains became visible, and finally, they shot outwards, with Du Lingfei pulling out a jade piece, attempting to contact the sect. A moment later, blood ran down her face, and she shook her head.

"Still not working...?" Yan Xiaobao murmured, his heart pounding. Hou Yunfei just stood there silently.

As they continued in frustration, none of them spoke further. It was at this point that suddenly, a whistle could be heard behind them. When seven people burst out from the trees not far away, their faces fell.

The leader was a youth at the eighth level of Qi Condensation, who looked at Yan Xiaobao and the others, his eyes flickering with murderous intent.

"Just like I said, you... can't escape! Never forget that the person who will kill you is called Chen Yue! Kill them!"

Members of the Luochen Clan immediately drew their magical devices, their eyes cold as they closed in.

Yan Xiaobao, Du Lingfei, and Hou Yunfei's faces flickered, and they gritted their teeth, trying to quicken their pace.

As he flicked his sleeve, Chen Yue laughed coldly, causing a purple skull to appear. As it flew through the air, it cackled madly, and in the blink of an eye, it was almost upon Yan Xiaobao and the others. At that moment, Chen Yue waved his finger, and the skull exploded.

## Chapter 1080 Mortal World (2)

The resulting shockwave scattered the three disciples of the Spiritual Flow Sect. Du Lingfei and Hou Yunfei suddenly lost their momentum and were almost immediately surrounded by members of the Luo Chen Family.

However, Yan Xiaobao continued to accelerate his run. Earlier, he had been replaced by the other two, but now, alone, he burst forth at an astonishing speed, breaking away from the members of the Luo Chen Family. He put several dozen meters between them in no time, and from the outside, it seemed he was just beginning to speed up.

Even Chen, the only member of the Luo Chen Clan at the eighth level of Qi Condensation, was stunned and did nothing.

"He's fast," Chen Yue said calmly. "Kill these two first, and then we'll chase him!" He waved his gloves and turned to Du Lingfei and Hou Yunfei, with a murderous intent boiling.

Du Lingfei coughed up blood. Her body had been splattered in blood; she was surrounded and certain of her impending death. As she watched Yan Xiaobao escape into the distance, she began to laugh bitterly.

She knew very well Yan Xiaobao was afraid of death, so while she wasn't surprised, she couldn't help but feel pain and despair.

"I hope you can escape, Brother Bai..." she thought. Meanwhile, she performed a spell gesture, unleashing a Flying Sword with a light power. She coughed up more blood, continuing to fight to protect herself.

Hou Yunfei also smiled bitterly, but his eyes were filled with a cold light. He let out a roar; although most of his spiritual energy was depleted, he wasn't ready to give in. Clenching his teeth, he prepared to take down some enemies with him when he passed, if only to buy Yan Xiaobao more time. Yan Xiaobao was pale-faced, his heart pounding wildly. The sense of danger panicked him so much that he felt he might die at any moment, making him tremble uncontrollably.

In his life, he had never been so terrified. Not when he'd left his village to light incense and bravely face lightning, not when Li Qinghou had taken him to Wanshe Valley, not even when he'd seen all those wondrous and powerful creatures during his journeys.

In all those instances, he had been tense but also confident... he wouldn't die!

But today, he had a feeling... he was really going to die!

As he flew by, he suddenly realized he was alone. Then he looked back in shock, seeing seven members of the Luo Chen Clan encircling Du Lingfei and Hou Yunfei hundreds of meters behind.

He also saw Du Lingfei coughing up blood. Anyone in the situation could tell she and Hou Yunfei wouldn't be able to hold on long before being cut down.

As he stood there watching, a tremor ran through Yan Xiaobao. He began to shake harder, his eyes filled with blood. He could feel his soul screaming at him to run as fast as he could.

In fact, Yan Xiaobao was very convinced, considering the speed he could maintain, and given that Du Lingfei and Hou Yunfei were stopping enemies from chasing him, there was actually a very good chance... he could escape.

If he did, he could continue living, continue cultivating, chase after what he truly wanted: immortality without death. If he survived, not only wouldn't the sect punish him, they might even reward him.

But... if he just ran away, letting Du Lingfei and Hou Yunfei die, he would feel guilty for life. He felt as though his body was being torn in half, one half telling him to run as fast as possible, else he'd die. The other half telling him that if he left his companions to die, he would never find peace in his remaining lifetime!

Gasping for breath, he let out a frustrated growl. Blue veins stood out on his forehead, and he trembled like a mold on the verge of collapse. At this moment, he wasn't considering the specific situation or potential consequences. His fists clenched, a single thought ran through his head...

"I may be afraid of death, but... I won't just run away!" He suddenly began to pound his chest with his fists. Bloodshot eyes, he suddenly let out a thunderous roar... turning back towards Du Lingfei and Hou Yunfei!

His movement was so fast that the whistle echoed from all directions. Hou Yunfei trembled upon seeing Yan Xiaobao suddenly reverse course, his expression hard to read. He looked surprised, grateful, then he suddenly began laughing. Then, his eyes flashed with determination, and without even considering defense, he charged at the members of the Luo Chen Clan with all he had left.

Meanwhile, Du Lingfei, blood splattered across her body from a Flying Sword slashing past her, looked up to see Yan Xiaobao, his eyes bloodshot, roaring towards them.

She felt as though struck by lightning, her jaw dropped. As many emotions surged through her, tears began rolling down her cheeks, touched, excited, shaken.

She knew how afraid Yan Xiaobao was of death, so when she saw him hurling towards them, shaking, with bloodshot eyes, she could only imagine the courage he'd summoned... to stop running, turn back, and charge at them again.

"Get out of here, you fool! Run! Don't let yourself be killed!" Tears streamed down her face. As Yan Xiaobao charged towards them, she didn't notice a Luo Chen Clan Disciple at the sixth level of Qi Condensation launching a palm strike at her back.

A loud crash rang out, blood spurted from her mouth. As she fell to the ground, her vision swam. Then, a Flying Sword from one of the Luo Chen Family cultivators began to soar through the air towards her head.

When Yan Xiaobao saw what was happening, he let out an even fiercer roar, then advanced forward with a different speed, reaching his limit. He soared through the air, transforming into a beam of light shooting towards Du Lingfei. Just as the Flying Sword was about to strike her, Yan Xiaobao landed beside her, scooped her up with one arm, then clenched his right fist, punching at the Flying Sword.

With Yan Xiaobao's strike, the Flying Sword spun away, a surge of heat reverberating.

The members of the Luo Chen Family were all stunned. Chen Yue's eyes flashed with surprise, but then quickly began to emit cold murderous intent.

"Good. Fake expert. I should have noticed you when you formed in Shadowhell! Everyone, hear me out, ignore the other two and kill this guy!" he shouted, the other Luo Chen Clan members' eyes gleaming with murderous intent as they moved in on Yan Xiaobao.

Holding Du Lingfei in his arms, Yan Xiaobao was a little dazed. Before she could do anything, he placed her aside and then fired at the approaching Luo Chen Family cultivators.

His eyes were bright red, and it seemed as if just at this moment, he wasn't even considering the possibility of dying. In fact, he wasn't thinking of anything except: Save Hou Yunfei. Save Du Lingfei. Kill all the enemies!

The closest of these opponents was at the sixth level of Qi Condensation, and as he closed in, his hands flashed in a spell gesture. In response, a glowing cone suddenly appeared, shooting at Yan Xiaobao viciously.

"Screw it!" Yan Xiaobao roared, delivering a fierce palm strike. The small cone began to shake, and when Yan Xiaobao's palm slammed into it, the glowing light shattered and the cone spun away.

The cultivator who summoned the cone gasped, a look of shock flashing across his face. Just as he was about to retreat, Yan Xiaobao performed a spell gesture. His Wooden Sword appeared, shooting out like a bolt of lightning. It didn't matter that his opponent was at the sixth level of Qi Condensation; he couldn't escape, and in fact, had no time to react before the sword stabbed into his forehead.

A tragic scream echoed as blood spurted out the other side of the sword. Then, it spun through the air towards the next enemy.

Meanwhile, a Luo Chen Clan member at the seventh level of Qi Condensation performed a spell gesture, causing fog to swirl around him, making him appear as a giant fog giant. Just as he closed in, Yan Xiaobao's hand suddenly shot out, thumb and forefinger together. Black light flickered, the defense provided by the fog unable to stop the black light.

Throat-shattering strike!

As the fog dissipated, a crack rang out. Watching the arm grasp his throat, the cultivator's eyes widened. Then, his throat was completely crushed.

Everything happened with incredible speed. Since Yan Xiaobao began his charge, only moments had passed, and already two members of the Luo Chen Clan had been killed!

Hou Yunfei, already back beside Du Lingfei, gasped, his eyes wide with shock.

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