

Medical 1081

Chapter 1081 Three Join Forces

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Du Lingfei was completely shocked. The Yan Xiaobao she saw now was completely different from her memory, leaving her in disbelief. Is this really the same Yan Xiaobao who was so afraid of death?

At this moment, the rest of the shocked members of the Luochen Clan finally released their killing move. These were their most powerful aces: a Flying Sword, a pearl, and a small Crucible, all aimed at Yan Xiaobao.

Surprisingly, the three of them were joining forces to attack simultaneously!

Among this trio, two were at Level 6 Qi Condensation, and one at Level 7. Their combined attack was utterly sinister, and since Yan Xiaobao could not evade it, they had to try to bring him down.

As the trio closed in on him, Yan Xiaobao's eyes reddened. Even as their Magic Device pressed on him, he curled his arms and legs until he resembled a ball. Previously, Du Lingfei had mocked the large black iron pot he wore on his back, but now it completely covered him.

The small Crucible released by the Level 7 Cultivator struck the black pot, causing an earth-shaking response that could shake the heavens and the earth. Cracks spread across the entire pot, but it stood firmly against the great pot.

Next was the pearl. With a bang, it slammed into the wok. The wok could no longer hold up and exploded, turning into countless black fragments that sprayed in all directions. Yan Xiaobao shot out from the debris, flying towards the Level 7 cultivator.

When that man saw Yan Xiaobao flying towards him, his face fell. He immediately lunged down but wasn't fast enough.

This man had no magical protection items to do anything to stop the attacking Yan Xiaobao, resulting in the sound of bone cracking echoing. Yan Xiaobao immediately launched another attack, ramming him with his head.

BOOOMMMM!

"No!" the man screamed. Blood spurted from his mouth, a look of despair filled his eyes, but he could not shake off Yan Xiaobao.

Next to him, Qi Condensation members at Level 6 from the same clan were nearly scared out of their minds. Trembling, one of them sent a Flying Sword toward Yan Xiaobao.

Yan Xiaobao ignored it completely as he once again lunged at the middle-aged man.

The Flying Sword struck Yan Xiaobao, and in a shockingly stunning twist, it didn't pierce him, but bounced off and was sent away.

Yan Xiaobao let out a roar and struck the middle-aged man again. As the man died, a blood-curdling scream echoed.

For the other two Level 6 Cultivation members, Yan Xiaobao, with his bloody eyes and disheveled hair, looked like a beast. When he slowly turned and looked at them, their scalps started to tingle. Without a moment's hesitation, they turned and fled.

From a distance, Chen Yue was completely shaken by what had just happened, hardly believing what he had just witnessed. Seeing the two Level 6 cultivators running away, Yan Xiaobao performed a Spell, then flicked his fingers. His small Wooden Sword instantly flew through the air, sweeping across the neck of one cultivator.

His companion's eyes flashed with unprecedented shock and fear.

They were supposed to be the ones chasing and killing, but now... the tables had turned, and they were being cut down!

In an instant, Yan Xiaobao had killed four people!

The remaining Level 6 cultivator was pale as he tried his hardest to escape. His heart was pounding, his entire body trembling. How could he imagine that the slender, pure, fair sect disciple of Spiritual Flow Sect could be... so completely terrifying?

Yan Xiaobao's eyes flashed a savage light as he was about to pursue when suddenly he was filled with a sense of danger.

At the same time, Du Lingfei shouted anxiously, "Careful!"

Yan Xiaobao immediately jumped back. Almost at the same moment, a three-meter-high violet skull shot into the area he had just been standing in and exploded.

The power of the explosion erupted, thundering towards Yan Xiaobao. His Immortal Iron Skin felt pain for the first time, and as he flew backwards, blood even seeped from his mouth.

The person attacking him was Chen Yue, who was at Level 8 Qi Condensation.

His expression was unsightly, and a very serious expression could be seen in his eyes. After saving his fellow members from danger, he darted through the air toward Yan Xiaobao. Behind him were two more cultivators, at Level 6 Qi Condensation. They gritted their teeth, following behind him.

Now there were three people charging at Yan Xiaobao.

Hou Yunfei wanted to help, but he was simply too weak. His previous attack had consumed his last spiritual energy, and blood was seeping from the corner of his mouth. Unfortunately, he was in no condition to fight.

Du Lingfei was severely injured, and as she anxiously watched Yan Xiaobao fight, she realized all her previous hostility and prejudice towards him had disappeared.

Yan Xiaobao's face was pale due to more blood seeping from his mouth. He seemed on the verge of collapse, as if he had lost most of the speed he showed earlier. Seeing this, Chen Yue and his companions closed in for the kill.

However, as they closed in, a cruel light appeared in Yan Xiaobao's eyes. While his Immortal Iron Skin could not fully block Chen Yue's attack a moment ago, the fact was that it had absorbed most of the attack's power. His current weakened state, and even the blood seeping from his mouth, were all an act.

Chapter 1082 Three Join Forces (Part 2)

In the blink of an eye, he doubled his speed. Moreover, he did not retreat but changed direction, bringing Chen Yue towards his true target... two Qi Condensation Level 6 cultivators from the Luo Chen Clan.

A glow flickered on Chen Yue's face, even as he blocked Yan Xiaobao's path, Yan Xiaobao's Wooden Sword shot towards him. Chen Yue performed a spell and pointed, summoning the same skull from earlier. The rumbling sound echoed, but Chen Yue could not stop Yan Xiaobao.

A fierce glint appeared in Chen Yue's eyes, he waved his hand, causing a lantern to materialize and expand into a fireball accelerating towards Yan Xiaobao.

Meanwhile, two weaker cultivators were crying in shock and retreated. However, Yan Xiaobao moved like lightning, almost instantly upon one of them, then he extended his hand with thumb and forefinger, and as he pinched them together, a flickering black light appeared.

Throat-crushing technique!

The nearest middle cultivator from the Luo Chen Clan screamed, then a cracking sound echoed as his neck was crushed. Meanwhile, the blazing fireball was closing in on Yan Xiaobao from behind, obviously with no time for him to jump out. It instantly collided with him.

The flames burst around Yan Xiaobao, Du Lingfei and Hou Yunfei shouted in terror: "Yan Xiaobao!!!"

Furthermore, the surviving cultivator among the two seemed delighted to see Yan Xiaobao engulfed in flames, even starting to laugh.

But then, something emerged directly in front of that laughing cultivator from the fire sea. His eyes widened, and before he could even retreat, Yan Xiaobao viciously kicked, smashing the man's head onto his torso. He didn't even have a chance to scream before he was completely dead.

At this point, Yan Xiaobao was panting, his eyes bloodier than before. Wounds filled his body, and as he slowly raised his head to glare at the last member of the Luochen Clan, blood seeped from his mouth...
Chen Yue!

Staring at Chen Yue in this way made his heart twinge. His cultivation base was at the eighth level of Qi Condensation, he could be considered a standout in his squad. Although he did not possess the status of Crown Prince, he had the Clan Leader's recognition and had fought numerous deadly battles against beasts in the Flandre Mountain. Such lethal trials had given him extraordinary combat prowess.

Therefore, he utterly looked down upon the disciples of the Spiritual Flow Sect. Although they far exceeded him in status, to him, the sect's cultivators were like flowers in pots. Despite their remarkable divine abilities, in life-and-death battles, they couldn't compare to him.

And now, Yan Xiaobao stirred terror within him. In fact, at the moment Yan Xiaobao's gaze locked onto him, he felt more fear than encountering beasts in the Star Mountain.

Contained within that gaze was a ferocity seemingly intent on eradicating him alive, causing the coldness in Chen Yue's heart to spread.

When he considered this person's swift slaughter of his six fellow members consecutively, he was completely shocked. Indeed, the most incredible thing was this person's cultivation base... only within the large circle of Qi Condensation Level 6.

"His power is too strong! He clearly cultivated some kind of Body Forging Magic to the point where he can kill someone in one blow!

"Moreover, his defense is terrifying!

"He doesn't have any magical tricks, but his control over the Flying Sword is incredible. The sword not only moves at unimaginable speed but also carries astonishing power. That Wooden Sword is definitely no ordinary item. It clearly is a remarkable tool, capable of killing someone at Qi Condensation Level 6!

"This guy must be a prominent choice from the Spirit Sect. Why have I never heard his name before? Yan Xiaobao!" In his shock, Chen Yue felt a yearning burning within him. He waved his hand, causing three fist-sized jade skulls to fly out.

As he looked at Yan Xiaobao, his expression was very serious.

"I underestimated you, but that won't happen again. Let's see which is stronger, your sect's magical skills, or my Luo Chen Clan's Killer Ghoul!"

Even as his words continued to echo, Chen Yue performed a spell, causing the three skulls to suddenly start screaming realistically. They also rapidly enlarged until each stood three meters tall. Then, all of them shot towards Yan Xiaobao.

Yan Xiaobao's breaths were ragged. His mind was blank, devoid of thoughts. He had forgotten the possibility of death, all he could do was to cut down the incoming opponents.

As the skulls closed in on him, he quickly made a spell gesture with his right hand, then waved his fingers, commanding his small Wooden Sword to cry out, along with two other ordinary Flying Swords. As Yan Xiaobao began to accept command, instantly, a massive amount of sword light filled the entire area.

Furthermore, a small shield appeared and began flying around him, emitting magical light.

A moment later, Yan Xiaobao and his Flying Swords crashed into the skulls, triggering thunderous sounds to ring out. A fierce battle erupted between Yan Xiaobao and Chen Yue.

Chen Yue was at the eighth level of Qi Condensation, his cultivation base was more profound than Yan Xiaobao's. However, in terms of power and defense, as both of them engaged, it was obvious their relationship was equal.

Chapter 1083 Three Join Forces (Part 3)

The shocking waves struck Du Lingfei's heart. She was extremely nervous, her hands tightly clenched into fists, painfully digging her nails into her palms.

The annoying Yan Xiaobao she remembered from the match was nowhere to be seen. He had been replaced by someone with iron-like texture, someone capable of fighting against Chen Yue from the Luo Chen Clan!

"I underestimated him... This is the real Yan Xiaobao...."

"He truly fears death, but to return and die in battle like he did requires more courage than most ordinary people possess..." As Du Lingfei watched Yan Xiaobao, her eyes sparkled with vitality.

"Even though he fears death, his heart is strong and principled. Even if he's afraid of being killed, he won't abandon his companions..."

The ear-splitting sounds of the arms clashing rang out incessantly. Soon, Yan Xiaobao's two ordinary Flying Swords were destroyed, leaving only his Wooden Sword. However, the three skulls were even darker than before, and when they flew back to Chen Yue, they were clearly seriously damaged.

Yan Xiaobao seized the opportunity to launch another attack. As Yan Xiaobao's hand crushed the grip locked onto his arm, blood sprayed out of Chen Yue's mouth. When bones were smashed, a cracking sound echoed. Still, Chen Yue managed to spit out a small sword from his mouth, shooting it towards Yan Xiaobao, striking an inch into his shoulder!

Even the immortal iron skin couldn't stop it, and blood immediately began to flow. Chen Yue instantly shot backwards, but before he could go far, Yan Xiaobao, with bloodshot eyes, completely ignored his own injuries and chased after him.

Faced with the developing fatal situation, Chen Yue's face was taut, looking extremely grim. He quickly made a spell gesture and then patted his forehead, causing his entire body to tremble. Even as all the Qi blood within him began to surge violently, he kept tapping the top of his head.

"Yan Xiaobao, today someone will die, whether it's me or you!" In any other situation, Chen Yue would have already stopped fighting. But this was a crucial moment for his clan, and he knew he had to kill Yan Xiaobao. He quickly spat out some of his life blood, greedily consumed by the three skulls.

"Ghoul Bloodbath!" he howled as he unleashed his secret magic. As they shot towards Chen Yue, the eyes of the three skulls began to emit a mysterious light, and as they tried to drill into his body, he started to frantically gnaw at his flesh and blood.

The strange scene left Du Lingfei and Hou Yunfei breathless. Meanwhile, Chen Yue emitted a wretched howl. His entire body shook, his expression entirely malevolent, as black fog buzzed from within him, transforming him into a three-meter-high ghoul!

"Die!" he roared, reaching out his hand as he shot towards Yan Xiaobao.

"You'll die!" Yan Xiaobao howled. His hands flashed in a dual-handed spell gesture, then he pointed to the air. Spiritual energy swept madly from him, shooting into the sky, forming a stunning image of a giant cauldron!

This was none other than...

Violet Qi Cauldron Summoning!" "Purple Qilin Summoning!?" Hou Yunfei and Du Lingfei were both shocked, their faces showing expressions of sheer terror.

Du Lingfei especially so. Having mastered the art of light and weight, she knew how difficult Violet Qi Cauldron Summoning was, and that only a few people across the South Shore could manage it.

As the gigantic cauldron violently collided with the ghoul, a thunderous sound echoed. As it screamed and collapsed into black fog scattering in various directions, the ground shook, revealing Chen Yue.

As he crashed to the ground, blood sprayed from his mouth. He jerked his head up to look at the giant Crucible, muttering, "Violet Qi... Cauldron Summoning..."

With that, he struggled to turn his head to look at Yan Xiaobao again, then passed away. The secret magic he released had caused severe damage to his internal organs. Coupled with the Violet Qi Cauldron Summoning's destructive blow to the ghoul, it ensured there was no hope of survival.

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Chapter 1084 The Sweet Taste

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Even in death, his eyes remained fixed on Yan Xiaobao.

Yan Xiaobao looked at the deceased Chen Yue, then suddenly collapsed to the ground. His inner spiritual energy had been greatly depleted, leaving him dizzy and fragile like a balloon. He stood there, trembling, swaying back and forth, his complexion pale. He could hardly believe he had actually killed all those people.

When he recalled the events that had just occurred, he suddenly noticed a sweet taste, the blood seeping from his mouth.

"I'm bleeding..." he thought. "... I was almost killed!" Injuries covered him all over, especially on his shoulder. All around him were countless burns, flaring with pain. As Yan Xiaobao remembered the battle, fear surged within him, and he shivered.

"Why... why did I come back? That... was too dangerous. I could have lost my little life... I, Yan Xiaobao, have always been cautious. How could I be so impulsive...?" Just as the stress after the trauma was about to make him feel regret, something very soft yet firm jumped into his arms. He could feel the curves and smell a fragrant aroma. Du Lingfei was one of them.

At first, he was surprised, but his expression soon turned serious. He held Du Lingfei tightly and calmly said, "Sister Du, don't be afraid. Yan Xiaobao is here, and no one can hurt a hair on your head!"

Just as he spoke, his hand suddenly found itself resting on a soft surface...

"Thank you, thank you..." she cried emotionally. It took her a moment to realize she was in Yan Xiaobao's embrace. Then she recognized what his hands were doing behind her, and her face turned red. She quickly steadied herself and glared at him angrily.

Yan Xiaobao cleared his throat, savoring the sensation he had just experienced, and pondered that Du Lingfei should undoubtedly be considered one of the top beauties of the South Shore.

On Hou Yunfei's face appeared a strange expression. He cleared his throat and smiled at Yan Xiaobao, "Brother Bai, we'll have time later to ponder everything that's happened here. The Luo Chen Clan will certainly send more people to kill us, and this time it's likely their most powerful experts beneath the Foundation Establishment level will come. We need to leave here as soon as possible."

Yan Xiaobao shuddered. He had just expended every move he had mastered to defeat these people. Just the thought of someone appearing stronger than Chen Yue would turn Yan Xiaobao's complexion pale. Looking at the chaos around him, he immediately nodded.

"Yes. Yes, you're right, let's leave as soon as possible!" With that, he immediately started to run away. His image differed completely from that of the ferocious fighter with steel-like resolve. However, this time, Du Lingfei did not find it annoying, but actually quite charming. As she followed, she recalled the fierce battle to rescue her, and the light in her eyes grew stronger.

Hou Yunfei shook his head. He quickly collected the belongings of the Luo Chen Family members, caught up with Yan Xiaobao and handed them over.

"Brother Bai, these are your spoils."

Yan Xiaobao didn't even look at them as he tossed them into his robe. So far, he couldn't stop trembling, thinking only of one thing: escape.

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Not long ago...

Back at the Fallenstar Mountains, in the Luochen Clan's cemetery, the blood lake was surrounded by various nodes formed by spells. When the first Luochen Clan member fell at Yan Xiaobao's hands, one of the nodes collapsed, its blood drying up.

This scene shocked the Luochen Clan members. However, before any of them could react, the same thing happened at the second node, then the third, fourth, and fifth...

Rumbling sounds continuously echoed.

The Luochen Clan was completely astounded, falling one after another. Then, in the center of the blood lake, the Clan Leader slowly opened his eyes.

At that precise moment, a rumbling roar echoed from the node Chen Yue had most recently occupied.

"I can't believe Chen Yue... was just killed!"

"They're all dead. All seven dispatched have been killed!"

"How is this possible? Weren't they pursuing those two lowly Outer Sect disciples? Has the Spirit Sect discovered us and sent a Foundation Establishment cultivator?!" Luochen Family members couldn't suppress their shock, and an enormous uproar instantly erupted, accompanied by expressions of fear and terror.

"Silence!" said a cold voice, cutting off all the noise. It was none other than the Clan Leader of the Foundation. His voice echoed like thunder, causing other clan members to tremble and watch him nervously.

"Our destiny changes, expelling the heavenly opportunity sealed within our blood, a chance we only encounter every thousand years," he spoke slowly. "Since making the decision, there is no need to let our imaginations run wild. If a Foundation Establishment cultivator had intruded into the safety magic formation I've established, I would know. Up till now... there is no Foundation Establishment cultivator, nor any reply. What are you panicking about?" His face displayed a grim expression; if he didn't have to maintain the spell formation, he could have personally gone out to eliminate Yan Xiaobao and the others.

However, if he left, the reverse blood spell formation, which was the only way their clan could detach from the Spirit Sect, would trigger a fierce backlash. While he might be able to survive, other clan members would find their blood flowing in reverse and would die.

Chapter 1085 Sweet Taste (Part 2)

"Cultivators from the Foundation don't necessarily need to kill Chen Yue and his team. Those two Outer Sect disciples either hide the level of their cultivation base, or they have some rare magic items!

"Even if they hide their cultivation base, they might at most be at the eighth level of Qi Condensation. As for the magic items... the stronger they are, the harder it is to use them in the Qi Condensation realm.

"Heng'er!" The old man's hand slapped the surface of the blood lake, his eyes shining. Blood began to ripple immediately when a young man emerged from within, clad in a blood-red robe.

He was very handsome, with defined features, and his eyes emitted a bloody light upon opening. Even as his energy surged, nine blood-colored Ghouls appeared around him, silently howling.

Excited expressions could be seen on the faces of the surrounding members of the Luochen Clan as they looked at the young man, clenching their hands and bowing their heads.

As the Clan Leader looked at the young man, his eyes were filled with kindness and praise. His voice was gentle as he spoke, "Heng'er, you are the crown prince of the Luochen Clan, with a ninth-level Qi Condensation cultivation base. You are our strongest expert... You are qualified to handle this task. Take nine people... and kill all the Outer Sect disciples of the Soul Sect!"

The young man nodded, then coldly replied, "We won't return until they're dead."

He leapt into the air, and the nine blood-colored Ghouls turned into blood mist, lifting him into the sky. He nodded to each of the nine clan members, then the ten of them departed.

Soon, ten figures were speeding through the Luochen Family compound. The young man named Chen Heng gestured, causing the blood mist beneath their feet to appear, after which they flew away at top speed.

Using the clan's blood-tracking technique to move towards the area where Chen Yue and others were killed, they moved with astonishing speed.

Chen Heng was at the ninth level of Qi Condensation. As for the others, five were at the same level as Chen Yue, the eighth level of Qi Condensation. The rest were at the seventh level.

A team like this was the strongest force the Luochen Family could currently deploy.

After enough time for a stick of incense to burn, Chen Heng and his team suddenly appeared in the jungle of the Fallenstar Mountains, at the place where Chen Yue and his team of seven had died.

The startling sight of all the corpses caused flickering expressions on the faces of the other nine clan members.

However, Chen Heng coldly looked at the corpses, especially those whose necks were crushed, his eyes beginning to gleam mysteriously.

"Body refinement cultivator!"

He suddenly flickered in mid-air, appearing beside Chen Yue's corpse. After studying it closely for a few moments, he reached down with his hand, touching the ground and closing his eyes. After a moment, he opened his eyes.

"Interesting. I can sense the lingering fluctuations of the Violet Qi Cauldron's summoning..."

"That means he's cultivating both magic and his body. With such astonishing physical strength and impressive magic techniques, no wonder he cut down Chen Yue and the others.

"He must be one of the Spirit Sect's choices. Perhaps Shangguan Tianyou? Or maybe Lu Tianlei?" A hint of cruelty flashed in Chen Heng's eyes, flickering with a desire for battle.

"Everyone choose a different direction to search," he said, his voice as cold as ice. "Once you track them, immediately send me a message!" Subsequently, the others nodded affirmatively and dispersed in different directions.

Chen Heng let out a cold snort and started searching in a direction, flying away. "The formation of Safety Magic is immense. You won't be able to escape it in half a month. You... are dead!" As dusk fell the next day, Yan Xiaobao and the others were still speeding away. Occasionally, they would attempt to use their jade sliding plates but never succeeded in contacting the sect.

Fortunately, they had plenty of medicinal pills. The seven Luochen Clan cultivators Yan Xiaobao had killed all carried bags. Although the resources inside weren't exactly the same level as those in the Spirit Stream Sect, at times like this, they were more than sufficient.

Du Lingfei and Hou Yunfei used pills to sustain themselves, and their spirits were uplifted. Their injuries were under control, allowing them to continue through the night.

Yan Xiaobao was trembling with fear. The slightest breeze or rustling would cause sweat to appear on his forehead. His heart felt tight, and his eyes were entirely bloodshot. He also experienced pain from the battle, often gritting his teeth in agony.

It wasn't that the pain was unbearable. In fact, it didn't fully reflect the pain he had felt while cultivating the Immortal Eternal Life Skill. What bothered him was the actual sight of blood and wounds, and the fear that they might worsen and ultimately become life-threatening. Thinking about it, he couldn't help but feel anxious.

Before all this started, Du Lingfei would surely have scoffed at him, considering him less than before. But now, things were different, and warmth could be seen in her eyes as she constantly comforted him.

"It's okay. Don't be afraid, Junior Brother Bai. Such wounds may look bad, but they are not life-threatening.

"Hold still, I'll apply some ointment..."

Seeing Yan Xiaobao flinch in pain despite their precarious danger made Du Lingfei secretly smile. In that smile were many indefinable emotions.

She knew how much Yan Xiaobao feared death, and it was this knowledge that moved her and shook her deeply, realizing he had returned. In fact, she even felt as if there was a bravery lurking somewhere deep within his heart.

That kind of courage might produce a person with an iron-willed character that she could never forget.

As Du Lingfei continued to comfort him, Yan Xiaobao began to feel happier about himself and started to feel that taking such a deadly risk was absolutely the right thing to do. After all, it made the beautiful Du Lingfei suddenly treat him so warmly.

When Hou Yunfei saw what was happening, he smiled warmly. Considering that they were all fleeing for their lives together, warm feelings naturally occurred between them, making them closer.

"Junior Brother Bai, Sister Du Shaonian," he said in a serious tone, "If we can live to return to the sect, then I will remember the kindness you showed me for the rest of my life!"

"If we can get back...?" A hint of longing appeared in Du Lingfei's eyes, but she quickly sighed, looking at Yan Xiaobao. As she realized the slim chances the three of them had of surviving to recover... the pain in her heart rose... infinitesimal.

Yan Xiaobao fell into further silence.

Time flew by. Two days passed, during which the three of them continued with barely any rest. Their repeated attempts to use their jade remained unsuccessful.

Hou Yunfei's injuries worsened, and Du Lingfei's injuries deepened too. Gradually, even their intellect began to wane.

Hou Yunfei sighed, turning to Yan Xiaobao and Du Lingfei, saying, "It's unfortunate we can't just hide somewhere and ride out the storm, but we really need to return to the sect. Of course, if my

calculations are correct, the Luo Chen Clan's ceremony will soon conclude, and once that happens... their Foundation establishment experts will follow us. No matter how we try to conceal it, we'll be suspected and killed."

Just then, Yan Xiaobao's face suddenly flickered. Grabbing Du Lingfei and Hou Yunfei, he jumped into a nearby ditch, squatting down.

Du Lingfei and Hou Yunfei's expressions turned deadly serious, and they immediately stopped speaking.

Before long, a ray of light appeared in the air, which was actually a mass of blood mist. Inside the mist was a member of the Luo Chen Clan at the eighth level of Qi Condensation, searching in all directions. However, because Yan Xiaobao led the group to hide, they weren't detected, and the Luo Chen Clan member continued on.

As he watched the cultivator disappear, Yan Xiaobao's heart pounded. His eyes were entirely bloodshot, and he almost wanted to leap out and attack the man. However, unless he was sure he could kill him, he couldn't do it. Otherwise, other members of the Luo Chen Clan might appear.

"They've caught up..." Du Lingfei sighed and said. She looked at Yan Xiaobao, hesitated a bit, as if she had something to say to him. However, before she could, he grabbed her hand and started running again.

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Chapter 1086 There Is Still Hope

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As they continued forward, the three of them said nothing. They felt as if everything was weighing down on them, oppressing their hearts. The shadow of death loomed larger over them than ever, threatening to consume them completely.

"There's still hope!" Hou Yunfei suddenly said. "Although the clan leader of the Luo Chen Clan is a cultivator of a Foundation, far surpassing us in cultivation, his spell formation must have limitations. A clan leader from my Hou Clan is also a Foundation cultivator, and I was fortunate enough to witness him

establish a safety spell once. It could cover a distance of 5000 kilometers and required specific spell nodes to be sealed in advance."

Du Lingfei's eyes sparkled as she replied, "Brother Hou, you mean that even if the clan leader of the Luo Chen Clan established a spell in advance, it wouldn't be much more than 5000 kilometers?!"

"Exactly!" Hou Yunfei declared. "Therefore, the further we get from the Luo Chen Clan, the greater chance there is for our jade sliding plate to activate. If we can return to the sect, they will surely send someone to rescue us!"

"5000 kilometers," Yan Xiaobao muttered, gritting his teeth. "At our current speed, it will take another 8 to 9 days to reach the border..."

As they continued on their way, they were forced to hide on many occasions when members of the Luo Chen Clan approached. However, each time, Yan Xiaobao's incredible ability to sense danger kept them safe.

Considering how vigilant he was, and with Du Lanfei and Hou Yunfei pulling him along when they fled, Yan Xiaobao grew increasingly exhausted, his complexion becoming more and more pale.

The wounds of Hou Yunfei and Du Lingfei continued to worsen, affecting their speed. It eventually reached the point where Yan Xiaobao was practically carrying them both simultaneously.

Yan Xiaobao was more cautious than ever, leading them for three consecutive days.

Three days of running and hiding left Yan Xiaobao increasingly exhausted. As he led the group into a valley, his face looked haggard. However, after taking a few steps, his expression flickered, and he pulled Du Lingfei and Hou Yunfei to the side, where they hid behind a large boulder. Unfortunately, they were a bit too slow, and soon they could hear the sound of someone whistling through the air towards them.

A streak of white light descended from mid-air, smashing into the rock they were hiding behind and pulverizing it. Hou Yunfei coughed up a mouthful of blood, and Du Lingfei couldn't help the blood seeping from her lips. A chill resounded in the air.

"So, this is where you've been hiding!"

A cultivator from the Luo Chen Clan appeared, standing within a mist of blood. He was at the seventh level of Qi Condensation, holding a mirror with his left hand. As soon as he saw them, he immediately patted his satchel and produced a jade plate. Just as he was about to transmit some information, Hou Yunfei shouted, "Don't let him make contact!"

Faced with the gray-faced Du Lingfei, who was preparing to release a Flying Sword, Yan Xiaobao had been slowly retreating, gritting his teeth, then suddenly pausing in place. His eyes were bloodshot, his knees trembling, and as he gathered his strength, the ground beneath his feet shattered. He shot into the air like a beam of light.

Even as the Luo Chen Clan cultivator was about to transmit information, Yan Xiaobao charged toward him at an astonishing speed. The cultivator's face fell, unable to make contact successfully. He swung the mirror in his left hand, aiming a spell, shooting a beam of light toward Yan Xiaobao.

Yan Xiaobao's eyes glinted with ferocity; he didn't dodge but allowed the white light to strike him. His charge propelled him toward the shocked Luo Chen Clan cultivator, and with his right hand, he reached out, touching his thumb and forefinger together. A black light shot forth, locking onto the cultivator's throat.

Throat Shattering Grip!

A cracking sound echoed, and the cultivator's eyes widened. Blood seeped from his mouth as he fell dead, and the message was delivered to his fellow clan members.

While gathering the enemy's satchel, blood also seeped from Yan Xiaobao's mouth, and he returned to Du Lingfei. There, he trembled, almost collapsing, but grit his teeth and managed to remain standing.

"Let's go!" he said, pulling Du Lingfei and Hou Yunfei along.

"Leave me!" Hou Yunfei said. "You two go. Without me, you'll be quicker."

As he looked at Yan Xiaobao and Du Lingfei, his gaze was filled with determination.

Du Lingfei gazed deeply at Yan Xiaobao and suddenly said something she had been considering for days. "Little Brother Bai, why don't you go alone...?"

"Shut up!" Yan Xiaobao shouted. "I fear death, but I risk my life. You two absolutely cannot let this sacrifice be in vain! Come, let's go! Together!" Without giving them any chance to speak further, he pulled them up. Hou Yunfei and Du Lingfei said nothing more, but they were more moved than ever.

Yan Xiaobao proceeded with utmost caution, leading them forward while constantly changing direction to skillfully avoid the Luochen Clan cultivators. Three more days passed. That night, intermittent flashes of lightning streaked across the sky. Dark clouds gathered, rain began to fall, and large raindrops made splashing sounds filling the air.

It started to get cold, causing Du Lingfei and Hou Yunfei to shiver; their faces grew paler. Yan Xiaobao's heart was filled with tense urgency. Knowing the other two could not survive in such a cold environment, he spotted a cave on a mountainside, where he started a fire.

Chapter 1087 There Is Still Hope (Part 2)

After sealing the entrance to the cave to ensure no firelight leaked out, he sat cross-legged opposite Du Lingfei and Hou Yunfei.

The fire sizzled and crackled, emitting enough heat to gradually dispel the cold. A bit of color gradually returned to Du Lingfei and Hou Yunfei's faces, although they still looked pale.

The three of them sat quietly in the cave, watching the fire, stewing in anxiety.

Finally, Yan Xiaobao smiled and broke the silence, "In three more days, we should be able to reach the 5000-kilometer mark. Hahaha! When we return to the sect, this will definitely count as a very valuable service. I wonder what reward we'll receive?"

Du Lingfei looked at him, her gaze gentle.

Hou Yunfei was about to laugh but as soon as he opened his mouth, he coughed up some blood, his face turning pale as he was on the verge of collapse.

After all these days, they had long run out of pills.

Yan Xiaobao stood up, preparing to check on Hou Yunfei, when suddenly his face flickered. To protect his two friends, he waved his hand to shield them, as the stones he had placed to block the firelight suddenly exploded! As the rocks shattered, a surge of intense heat reverberated. As Yan Xiaobao pulled the shrapnel aside, cold air rushed in. The flames jumped and flickered, revealing a tall and sturdy man standing outside.

He was muscular, his eyes icy-cold, holding a spear in his hand. He was at the eighth level of Qi Condensation, seeming even stronger than Chen Yue.

"The Crown Prince is already dead," he said. "With such rain and injuries like yours, you couldn't handle the cold and were forced to find a place like this to hide. I had to search over a hundred mountains before I found you here."

Even as these words left the man's mouth, Yan Xiaobao's eyes fiercely darted into action. Although this burly man seemed impulsive, in truth he was very cautious. He didn't rush into the cave to fight, but instead backed off.

In the blink of an eye, Yan Xiaobao was out of the cave, into the pouring rain.

Clearly, the burly man didn't intend to really fight but was completely focused on defense. This caused Yan Xiaobao's heart to give a loud thump. He felt very uneasy, but he gritted his teeth, ignoring any potential injuries as he charged into the frenzied attack.

A gust of cold wind blew inside, extinguishing the fire. Hou Yunfei tried to struggle to his feet but then coughed up blood again. Du Lingfei clenched her teeth, staggering to the cave entrance, where she made a spell gesture and pointed, firing a flying sword at the burly man.

A moment later, a chilling scream pierced through the stormy night. The burly man was pierced through the chest by a wooden sword, yet in his final moments, he thrust his spear, partially impaling Yan Xiaobao's right thigh.

The burly man glared at Yan Xiaobao. Groaning, he said, "You won't escape! The Crown Prince will be here soon!"

Then he coughed up a mouthful of blood, his head slumping in death.

Yan Xiaobao's face was pale, and he was trembling. In order to kill the man as quickly as possible, he had exerted too much energy, making his injuries even worse. Pain surged up his right leg, and as he looked down, he saw the spear still embedded in his flesh. He was also drenched in rain, the water mixing with blood, flowing onto the ground. He felt half-frozen.

Du Lingfei staggered over, and when she saw his leg, she began to cry. She reached out and grabbed the spear, carefully pulling it out of his leg.

For Yan Xiaobao, it felt like his flesh and bones were being torn apart. He shivered but didn't scream out. The dying man's words, coupled with the fact that he had clearly been trying to buy time, weighed heavily on his heart, sinking it even further.

He could even feel the fluctuations in the wind, telling him that soon more pursuers from the Luo Chen Clan would appear.

Du Lingfei placed her hand on his shoulder, and the two of them managed to return to the cave. Yan Xiaobao left the spear in place. Returning to the cave, he began to pant. His right leg was injured, but thankfully the spear hadn't pierced the bone. After binding the wound, he could still feel it, but considering the deadly danger they were in, it wasn't a major concern.

"We need to go. The Luo Chen Clan could appear at any moment!" Yan Xiaobao said, taking a deep breath and slowly standing up.

He looked down at Hou Yunfei, seeing him lying there, struggling to breathe. Their days on the run had been like torture, and he was losing the ability to control his injuries. Du Lingfei was extremely pale, her

Qi Paths severely damaged, some even cut through. Her earlier appearance and helping Yan Xiaobao in battle had been an incredible struggle, leaving her barely able to look up at him now.

In the stormy night, her eyes seemed especially beautiful.

"Brother Bai..." she said softly. "Forget us. You can move much faster on your own... Go!" Beside her, Hou Yunfei struggled to sit up, looking at Yan Xiaobao and nodding with satisfaction.

Yan Xiaobao's eyes were bloodshot as he said, "We can leave the 5000-kilometer area in three days, guys, shut your m—"

Before he could finish, Hou Yunfei interrupted him. "Brother Bai, your escape and message to the sect is the best chance for Miss Du and me...."

Yan Xiaobao smiled painfully. To believe such a lie, he wasn't a three-year-old child. He knew that even if he escaped and sent word to the sect, by the time anyone arrived to help... Hou Yunfei and Du Lingfei would already be dead.

Seeing Yan Xiaobao seemingly deciding to stay, Hou Yunfei started laughing. "Fine. If I'm going to die, then you must leave, right?"

When Yan Xiaobao realized that Hou Yunfei was stirring up his last bit of spiritual energy, as if ready to destroy his own Qi Path, a shiver ran through him.

Hou Yunfei looked at him calmly and continued, "Brother Bai, you're going, aren't you?!"

Yan Xiaobao was tragic, heartbroken. As he stared at Hou Yunfei and Du Lingfei, he took a step back, his face filled with complicated emotions.

A gust of wind blew Du Lingfei's hair across her face. She tucked it behind her ear, looking at Yan Xiaobao. Though her face was pale, somehow she looked more beautiful than ever. Her voice was soft as she said, "I hope... if there's another life after this... I will get the chance to meet you again... Brother Bai... you must live!"

At the moment Yan Xiaobao heard the word "live," a fierce tremor surged through him, as if a hammer hit his chest. Looking at Du Lingfei and Hou Yunfei once more, he finally turned and walked out of the cave, unsure of what he really felt. A moment later, he was speeding away into the stormy night.

Seeing Yan Xiaobao finally choose to leave, Hou Yunfei sighed lightly. Du Lingfei watched him go, wishing him the best in her heart. She really wished... she could turn back time to that moment... when she first met Yan Xiaobao.

Everything was quiet for a while, then Hou Yunfei and Du Lingfei suddenly looked in Yan Xiaobao's direction, their faces flickering with shine.

His cultivation base was surging with power, his internal spiritual energy radiating outward, even causing the rain to distort.

In the pitch-black night, he was like a brilliantly burning torch, undiminished by the cold brought by the rain. Even people far away could feel it.

Lightning streaked across the sky, and cultivators from the Luo Chen Clan suddenly sensed Yan Xiaobao from different directions.

Looking towards the surge of power, Chen Heng's eyes shimmered.

Yan Xiaobao remained motionless, flying overhead from the mountainside. As he flew over, Du Lingfei and Hou Yunfei could hear him whisper to them.

"I will draw their attention. You two find a way to escape... Come on, go!"

Tears began to stream down Du Lingfei's face as her heart was hit by an incredible wave of emotion. Hou Yunfei was similarly moved.

Meanwhile, Yan Xiaobao exploded with astonishing speed as he chose a different direction to flee.

Yan Xiaobao ran wildly, laughing maniacally, shouting at the top of his lungs, "Die! They're dead! Luo Chen Clan, I can't wipe you all out, but the Spiritual Flow Sect will definitely come to kill every one of you!"

He seemed to be heading quickly towards the direction out of the 5000-kilometer area. Furthermore, from the way he was shouting, it seemed his two companions had already died, and he was hysterical. Even if he might die in this attempt, he would burst out and send the message to the sect to ensure revenge.

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Chapter 1088 Beginning to Have Resolve

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Chen Heng instantly realized what had happened, his face flickering with light. Although he couldn't confirm whether Yan Xiaobao was taking action, based on his current speed, he could succeed. Chen Heng absolutely dared not gamble with the fate of his sect and ignore the threat.

He immediately conveyed a message to the other cultivators of the Luo Chen Clan. "Everyone, kill him! Even if his friends aren't dead, they are certainly severely injured. After killing this one, we can track the others!"

All the cultivators of the Luo Chen Clan rushed towards Yan Xiaobao at the fastest speed.

Lightning crashed, and rain poured down. Back in the darkness of the cave, Du Lingfei gritted her teeth, wiped the tears from her cheeks, and then her eyes filled with determination.

She knew the only way to save Yan Xiaobao was to escape this 5,000-kilometer area and then return to the sect.

She looked at Hou Yunfei, whose eyes flashed with the same determination as hers.

"Don't worry about me," he said. "Let's split up. Whichever one of us gets out first can save Brother Bai Tu with help from the sect!" Hou Yunfei was determined to use the last bit of his energy to break through and seek help for Yan Xiaobao, even if it meant dying in the process.

Both of them took a deep breath, then ran into the rain, splitting up and heading in two different directions, calling upon all the power they could muster. They were already on the verge of collapse, but with sheer willpower, they managed to push beyond their physical limits.

Thunder flooded, and lightning fell. Yan Xiaobao was driving forward as fast as he could. His right leg had lost feeling, and his eyes were dark red. Every inch of his body screamed of a deadly crisis.

He was afraid, afraid of death, certain that death was on his heels, on the verge of swallowing him whole.

He was uncertain whether his current actions were impulsive or whether he would regret his decision. After all, the purpose of immortal cultivation was to live forever.

In fact, there was still a voice in his mind telling him... to run away by himself...

However, he couldn't forget the feeling of struggling to survive with his two friends. The feeling of facing danger as a team was something he couldn't shake off. He couldn't forget how Hou Yunfei had threatened suicide to make Yan Xiaobao leave, nor the beautiful smile on Du Lingfei's face.

If he could only choose between fear of death or loyalty to his friends, he would choose the latter!

"Sister Du, Brother Hou, you must live!" he gritted his teeth, determined to give everything up. "You want to get rid of us, Luo Chen Clan? Fine, bring it on!"

Yan Xiaobao's eyes were filled with savage rage, like a caged animal ready to fight for its life. Rain fell in sheets, thunder crashed, and lightning danced in the sky. This world was a mix of darkness and light, filled with the rumble of thunder and the sound of raindrops hitting the ground.

From a distance, everything seemed like a bleak, rainy scene, completely melancholy and desolate.

Yan Xiaobao trembled, accelerating forward as fast as he could. He soared forward, feet pounding the ground, occasionally leaping through the air to overcome obstacles. He was like an arrow released from a bowstring, whistling through the air.

"Must live," he murmured. "You... must live!" This was what he kept repeating to himself as the images of Du Lingfei and Hou Yunfei continued to flash in his mind.

The shadow of death loomed down, mingling with the rain, making everything around him seem colder than usual.

So far, there were about nine figures speeding towards him from various directions. The furthest from him was Chen Heng, yet he was also the fastest. He was like a ray of light piercing through the rain, moving faster and faster, causing a rumbling sound to echo.

"You cannot escape! No one can escape the spell formation of our Clan Leader!" The intent to kill flashed in Chen Heng's eyes.

He had never thought that the three outer sect disciples of the Spirit Flow Sect would manage to evade him for so many days, and in fact, get close to the boundary of the spell formation established by his Clan Leader. As for the disciple they were currently approaching, he had a profound cultivation base, more than enough to defeat Chen Yue, as well as many other members of the Luo Chen Clan.

He was now more convinced than ever that this person was one of the famous electors either of Heavenly Protection or Lu Tianlei from the South Bank of Spirit Creek. After all, when it came to matters on the South Shore, the North Shore typically would not interfere.

"Spiritual Sect's choice..." Chen Heng thought, his eyes flashing with the intent to kill, and even a spark of amusement.

As Yan Xiaobao and his teeth clenched together accelerated, the rumbling of thunder filled the air. He was gasping for breath, his inner spiritual energy rapidly depleting. Due to the rain, it was hard to see anything, and he almost felt like some primordial ancient beast was devouring the heavens and the earth.

Suddenly, Yan Xiaobao looked up at the bloodshot sky, noticing certain fierce disturbances in the rain about a few dozen meters ahead. As countless raindrops exploded, the popping sound rang out, shooting towards Yan Xiaobao.

In that rain was the first member of the Luochen Clan who came to intercept Yan Xiaobao!

He was a middle-aged man, his face bearing ugly scars that made him look extremely fierce. Most importantly, he had a cultivation base in the seventh level of Qi Condensation. He shot towards Yan Xiaobao, holding a gigantic war axe in his right hand. As he closed in, he grasped the axe with both hands, lifted it high into the air, and then viciously swung it down towards Yan Xiaobao!

Chapter 1089 Beginning to Show Determination (2)

"You won't advance any further!" the man roared, his voice booming like thunder.

Yan Xiaobao didn't hesitate for a moment. As the axe descended, he accelerated forward, launching his left hand toward the axe!

The middle-aged man sneered coldly, channeling more cultivation base power into his hand, causing the axe to scream frantically through the air toward Yan Xiaobao.

At the instant Yan Xiaobao stretched out his left hand, as his Immortal Iron Skin was unleashed, a black flickering light could be seen. Even though his left hand made contact with the axe, it turned entirely black.

When Yan Xiaobao's left hand clamped down on the axe with such incredible force, a surge sounded, causing the surrounding rainwater to vibrate and then explode into mist.

Pain erupted within him, blood flowed forth, yet the power of his Immortal Iron Skin kept his hand safe despite the injury.

The middle-aged man furrowed his brow and then tried to wrestle his axe free. However, Yan Xiaobao's grip was like iron clamps, locking down the giant axe completely; no matter how the middle-aged man struggled, he couldn't move it even a bit.

The man's face flickered, and then he looked up, realizing that Yan Xiaobao's eyes were filled with a fiery madness!

This kind of madness he had only seen in the eyes of the various beasts of the Flandre Mountain.

Instantly, the man's heart began pounding, and in the blink of an eye, light from the defense shield erupted around him. Without hesitation, he let go of the axe and retreated.

He was quick, but... Yan Xiaobao was quicker!

Even with his left hand holding the axe, his right hand emitted a black light, simultaneously launching at the middle-aged man.

His hand pierced through the man's defense shield, causing a shattering sound with layer after layer being destroyed. Yan Xiaobao broke through them like a sharp knife slicing through bamboo. Meanwhile, due to Yan Xiaobao's current state, his shattered throat suddenly performed something it had never done before.

Unexpectedly... gravity emerged, causing the middle-aged man to halt. Before he could even react, his entire world was overtaken by Yan Xiaobao's black hand!

When Yan Xiaobao's hand clamped onto the man's throat and squeezed tightly, a great roar erupted!

Crack!

An unbelievable expression flowed from the man's eyes, followed by blood seeping from his mouth. He didn't have time to scream as the bones in his neck were crushed. Then, his head tilted to the side. He was dead!

Suspicion still lingered in his eyes. Though he had realized the person they were pursuing was powerful and had even prepared for the fight, the strike he just released wasn't a lethal blow. He was merely

trying to stop Yan Xiaobao and buy some time. How could he have imagined this thin Outer Sect Disciple from the Spiritual Sect would be so formidable?

At the moment of the man's death, two more figures appeared in the distance. Shockingly, one of them had a cultivation base at the eighth level of Qi Condensation!

Seeing their fallen comrade in Yan Xiaobao's hands, they let out furious roars. "Chen Zhong!!"

"You forced me to do this!" Yan Xiaobao roared. He tossed the body aside, then quickly changed direction and shot forward at his fastest speed. He was shaking, panting heavily, yet his eyes gleamed with a crueler light than before.

He knew he couldn't even pause. After all, the entire key to his plan was to keep the Luo Chen Clan members chasing him. As he changed direction, he could see a vast stretch of mountains in the distance.

Because this particular mountain wasn't part of any boundary region, it had no name. It was an independent range, not the Fallenstar Mountains, but its size was comparable, and perhaps even larger. The rain there fell at steep angles, and the entire area was struck by lightning.

Indeed, as Yan Xiaobao looked over, the lightning seemed to transform into a sphere and then exploded into rain.

Yan Xiaobao accelerated toward the direction of the mountains, pursued fervently by two members of the Luo Chen Clan. Meanwhile, more cultivators were closing in.

There was even a bright beam of light, precisely from Chen Heng who was getting closer by the moment.

As the Luo Chen Clan cultivators closed the distance on Yan Xiaobao, he approached the tree-covered mountains. He was now only dozens of meters away, fully soaked as he ran. By now, he was on the verge of entering the forest.

"Stop him!" Chen Heng stated coldly.

The cultivator closest to Yan Xiaobao was at the eighth level of Qi Condensation. He let out a roar, then reached over to grab the arm of the adjacent seventh-level clan member. They exchanged a glance and immediately thought of the same thing. The seventh-level clan member curled into a ball, while the other clan member pushed him forward with all his strength.

As he summoned all the power from his cultivation base to propel his comrade into the air, a rumble filled the air. The second cultivator surged through the rain at explosive speed, closing in on Yan Xiaobao in the blink of an eye.

As he closed in, he unleashed his cultivation base, causing a thunderous rumble to resound. Yan Xiaobao staggered, spun around, and performed a spell. With a wave of his fingers, his Wooden Sword flew out, yet the Luo Chen Clan cultivator actually allowed it to pierce him. Even as he perished, a strange smile appeared on his face.

Suddenly, he exploded into a mass of blood and gore, which transformed into a blood rope that began to coil around Yan Xiaobao.

Yan Xiaobao's face fell, and he turned to flee. However, at the moment of his distracted retreat, a screaming sound rose from behind him—an arrow!

This arrow was fired from the Qi Condensation eighth-level cultivator, who now stood trembling with his bow.

The sacrifice of the other cultivator resulted in a critical moment that Yan Xiaobao could not evade!

Yan Xiaobao's eyes gleamed. Stopping in place, he suddenly shot directly toward the speeding arrow.

As the arrow pierced into Yan Xiaobao, a thunderous sound erupted, causing a surge of pain that made him pale.

The arrow penetrated the bone on his shoulder and shattered it. The arrowhead itself was made from extraordinary materials and was backed by the power of the eighth level of Qi Condensation, making it

incredibly potent. Upon catching hold of the bone, it actually hurled the thin Yan Xiaobao into the air, through the blood rope!

Thud!

The arrow struck a nearby tree while simultaneously impaling Yan Xiaobao!

As he flickered with movement, preparing to unleash a second arrow to finish Yan Xiaobao, joy flashed in the eighth-level cultivator's eyes!

The other Luochen Clan cultivators approaching wore cruel smiles on their faces. However, it was at this moment that Chen Heng's expression suddenly flickered.

"Careful!!" Almost the moment Chen Heng's voice echoed, Yan Xiaobao, still pinned to the tree, raised his head. As he reached out, a brave glint appeared in his eyes, grabbing the arrow protruding from his shoulder and viciously pulling it out, dismissing the resulting agony.

Blood spurted, dragging out chunks of flesh with the arrowhead. The pain itself was so intense that Yan Xiaobao trembled. Yet without the slightest hesitation, he unleashed the Violet Qi Cauldron Control Art. Utilizing the light weight, he shot the arrow back toward the Luochen Clan's cultivator.

As the arrow rapidly accelerated, its shrill scream echoed through the air.

Due to the application of heavy light, the arrow's power was like a towering mountain.

Simultaneously, Yan Xiaobao's hand flashed in a spell gesture, and his Wooden Sword shot out in a second deadly strike. A mournful, desolate aura wreaked havoc; his successive deadly encounters with the Luochen Clan members provided Yan Xiaobao with unbelievable combat practice experience. Moreover, it displayed that his hidden Fighter talent seemed to possess extraordinary skills, rarely shown to the world. Now exposed due to countless life-and-death situations.

The Luo Chen Clan cultivator about to fire the second arrow was shocked. He never anticipated Yan Xiaobao would be so vicious. In fact, he now realized Yan Xiaobao might have intentionally allowed himself to be hit by the arrow—all to make such a nearly instantaneous counterattack.

The man immediately fell back. He was in the large circle of Qi Condensation eighth level and often battled various dangerous beasts in the Fallenstar mountains, extremely experienced. He knew he had lost the initiative in the fight, but even in his retreat, he chose not to activate any defense. Instead, he utilized his brief moment... to complete drawing the bow!

"Will you block this?!" he roared, as he released the second arrow, a vicious glint flashing in his eyes.

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Chapter 1090 Regaining the Initiative

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According to his estimation, Yan Xiaobao would definitely use his Wooden Sword to block the arrow, which would eliminate one of his two deadly threats and allow him to regain the initiative.

However, at that moment, Yan Xiaobao's eyes turned scarlet; he knew he couldn't afford to give the opponent the slightest chance to act. If he did, he would likely be killed.

Clenching his teeth, he decided not to use the Wooden Sword to defend, but rather let the arrow tip get close and stab into his abdomen. Meanwhile, the arrow he had thrown wobbled forward and pierced the man's chest. As the man screamed, blood sprayed everywhere, and his eyes widened in surprise as the force of the strike pushed him back even faster.

At that moment, Yan Xiaobao's Wooden Sword struck the man down, as if it demanded to end his life. Through a swift slashing motion, it completely severed the man's head, which fell to the ground.

After completing these actions, Yan Xiaobao coughed up blood, then without hesitation dashed into the shadows of the trees, and disappeared.

After several breaths, many other cultivators of the Luo Chen Family arrived at the scene. As they looked around, a look of shock appeared on their faces because they realized Yan Xiaobao was so fierce that he would even harm himself to kill his opponent.

A moment later, the Chen Heng Crown Prince appeared with a glimmer of hope.

He looked at his clan member's severed head and then at the other blood stains in the area. His expression turned severe, and a fierce murderous intent emanated from him.

There were five other clan members in the area, three of whom belonged to Level 8 Qi Condensation, and the other two to Level 7.

"Chen Feng, Chen Gu, you two go find the others. We can't let ourselves be driven off our territory. The rest of you... come with me. We're bringing back this guy's head!" With that, Chen Heng flicked his sleeve and walked toward the forest.

The two at Level 7 Qi Condensation complied with Chen Heng's order and continued to search. The other three followed Chen Heng into the woods, their eyes gleaming with a desire to kill.

In the jungle covering the Nameless Mountain, Yan Xiaobao continued onward, dizzy and with blurred vision. His shoulder, abdomen, and right leg were all seriously injured. Due to the cold brought by the rain, he shivered more violently than usual.

"Am I going to die?" he thought, with a painful smile. Seeing all his injuries, and the ensuing bone spur pain, brought tears to his eyes.

He suddenly remembered pictures of his parents, sick on their deathbeds. Then he recalled how he watched their bodies slowly grow cold in death.

Perhaps it was then that he began to particularly fear the thought of death.

"I want to live!" he thought. He wiped away the tears on his face with his left arm and gritted his teeth against the cold as he pushed through the forest. He had no idea where he was or what he was going to do. There was only one thought in his mind. "I have to live!"

In fact, his fear of death seemed to give him endless strength and kept him going as he accelerated through the stormy night.

Gradually, he began to realize that after all the fights, his cultivation base was stirring, and he was actually not far from breaking through to Level 7 Qi Condensation.

Eventually, the sun became visible in the distance, and as the light pierced through the leaves, it reflected off the falling raindrops, creating a beautiful scene.

Chen Heng and the other three Luochen Clan cultivators followed at top speed. Chen Heng's face grew darker as he realized their quarry, despite such serious injuries, was moving quickly through the forest, and they had made no progress. After chasing him all night, they still had no idea where he was.

Furthermore, the rain ensured that his tracks were quickly washed away. Although they belonged to a cultivation tribe from the Fallenstar Mountain that often hunted beasts in the forest, they still couldn't track him.

"Well, let's split up," Chen Heng gritted his teeth and said. "He's injured, so he can't run for long. You three, keep about three hundred meters apart. When you find him, don't engage! Notify me immediately!" The other three clan members nodded and went off in different directions.

Time flew by. By the second day, Yan Xiaobao was thoroughly exhausted, reaching his limit. If it weren't for him running for his life, he would have collapsed long ago.

His lips were cracked and split, his face haggard, and his pace slow. After some time, which took the burning of an incense stick, his face suddenly flickered when he saw a blur of movement to his right. However, no one attacked him. Instead, the figure immediately fell back.

It was a long-faced young man, one of the three Luochen Clan members who had been looking for him. Even as the young man fell over, he drew out a jade slab and pressed it to send a message.

Yan Xiaobao's face sank, and he pushed forward through the forest faster than before.

The long-faced young man watched him leave. Yan Xiaobao scared him so much that even when debating whether to chase immediately, he saw two people flying from afar, and his expression brightened.

These were the other two clan members, and far away, he could even see Chen Heng.