

Medical 1091

Chapter 1091 Regaining the Initiative (Part 2)

Based on their speed, the other two clan members will arrive in about ten breaths. Chen Heng is farther away and will take about twenty breaths to reach.

The long-faced man began to laugh. Without any further hesitation, he powered up his cultivation base while summoning multiple layers of shields. He also threw a punch and drew a longsword.

It was a giant sword, more than two meters in length, appearing ancient and rugged. The young man picked it up, then swung it in the air, causing a sharp sound to ring from the blade. Killing intent flashed in his eyes as he shot toward Bai Xiaochun at the fastest speed, a malicious smile on his face.

"Killing a selected sect member from the Spiritual Sect will surely be fun! Much more enjoyable than killing random rogue cultivators!" Laughing, he slashed the sword in the air, causing a beam of sword light to fly out, accompanied by a rush of wind. Then, he made a spell gesture with his left hand and pointed his finger, causing a fist-sized fireball to shoot toward Yan Xiaobao.

Despite the heavy rain, the fireball exploded in mid-air with blistering speed. A tremor passed through Yan Xiaobao, and as he turned back to look, a hint of intent flashed in his eyes. He was acutely aware that if he didn't take out this opponent immediately, he couldn't escape.

However, just as Yan Xiaobao turned, the long-faced man suddenly collapsed, a mocking gleam in his eyes. Absolutely no chance for Yan Xiaobao to get close to him. His only goal now was to bide time.

Yan Xiaobao clenched his fists tightly and started running again. However, the long-faced young man quickly intervened, delaying him once more. As time passed, the other two clan members were closing in. When they saw Yan Xiaobao, their cultivation bases surged with power.

Meanwhile, the long-faced young man began to laugh. He didn't dance around as before but unleashed all the speed he could focus. He, along with his two fellow members, charged at Yan Xiaobao.

Qi Condensation Level 8 at three cultivation bases. When Chen Heng saw the killings were unleashed, he felt somewhat relaxed. He was very confident that no matter what trick Yan Xiaobao pulled, he would certainly be killed.

"What a pity," he said calmly. "He didn't even get a chance to grow up." Yet, before he could even blink, his expression flickered.

Even as the three figures closed in on Yan Xiaobao, unleashing various lethal divine abilities and magic, Yan Xiaobao's right hand flashed with a spell. His wooden sword flew at the middle opponent, and he threw a punch at another.

When the wooden sword was blocked, a huge noise erupted. However, the first blow landed, causing the target to tumble, blood spurting from his mouth. Yan Xiaobao also coughed up blood from worsening injuries. However, before he could retreat, the long-faced youth slashed with the longsword, sending a beam of sword light at Yan Xiaobao.

In a critical moment, Yan Xiaobao barely managed to twist his body to avoid his heart being struck. The blade pierced his body, instantly causing sweat to burst out. He trembled, while the long-faced young man began to laugh. Then, as he prepared to pull the sword back, Yan Xiaobao reached out and gripped the blade, pulling himself forward into the hilt.

It was a heavy price to pay, but it brought him directly face-to-face with the long-faced young man, whose head tingled painfully, feeling as if it might explode. The sudden, intense, and lethal crisis infected him. Just as he was about to drop the blade and jump back, a black light appeared when Yan Xiaobao's right hand grabbed the young man's neck.

"You—" the young man said, his eyes wide. Before he could utter another word...

A cracking sound echoed!

His neck was crushed! It all happened so quickly. In the time it takes for a spark to fly off a flint, the number of cultivators at Qi Condensation Level 8 decreased from three to two. The remaining two were breathless but had almost no time to think as they continued to charge at Yan Xiaobao.

As he flew backward, blood oozed from the corner of his mouth. He crashed into a tree with a thud, pulling the giant sword from his chest. Swiftly, he slashed it at one of the remaining two opponents. However, his target deftly dodged aside, allowing his companion to approach, his right hand flashing with a spell gesture, unleashing incredible power.

When Yan Xiaobao was sent flying into the air, a surge of heat resonated, spattering blood everywhere. His clothes now completely soaked in blood, the two Luochen Clan cultivators looked down on him. It seemed like an unwinnable situation, but Yan Xiaobao wasn't desperate yet; he was desperately trying to survive. Roaring, he performed a spell gesture, summoning lances, giant axes, and two flying swords.

He used the Violet Qi Cauldron Control Art, viciously slashing the weapons toward his enemies.

The faces of the two Luochen Clan cultivators fell. They quickly unleashed magical techniques, letting an endless black mist burst forth. With a rumbling noise, the magical devices just fired by Yan Xiaobao buzzed. Meanwhile, Yan Xiaobao himself staggered backward, blood seeping from his mouth.

"Time's up!" It was the second time, and the two remaining cultivators were struck. As the power of their cultivation bases surged, they seemed about to take down Yan Xiaobao at any moment.

"Stay alive!" he said, his voice hoarse, a glimmer of madness in his eyes. "I must stay alive!"

His inner spiritual energy flickered on the verge of spilling over completely, but with a roar, he channeled all the power he'd accumulated over years of cultivation, permeating his Qi Path and bones like hundreds of flowing streams.

RUMBLE!

At this point in the battle, Yan Xiaobao hadn't been able to call on these fragments of spiritual energy, but now, at this critical moment, he did. They poured into the main Qi Path, instantly transforming into a massive river. As it coursed through his body, a series of booming sounds erupted within him.

Simultaneously, fluctuations from a Qi Condensation Level 7 cultivation base suddenly burst forth.

When his two opponents, who were at Qi Condensation Level 8, suddenly sensed the fluctuation in his cultivation base, their faces flickered with shock and disbelief.

"A breakthrough in battle!?!?"

"How...how is that possible?!?!?" they said in disbelief as Yan Xiaobao lifted his head, his eyes shining brightly. The surge of spiritual power couldn't heal his wounds, but it could pull him from exhaustion and give him one more chance to escape the situation.

He stepped forward toward the two Luochen Clan cultivators, his right hand covering in black light as he shouted in alarm, releasing a throat-crushing grip.

As one unable-to-dodge opponent was pulled toward Yan Xiaobao's right hand, a cracking sound was heard. It was almost as if an invisible force dragged him to Yan Xiaobao, who immediately crushed his neck.

His companion watched, his scalp tingling with shock. When Yan Xiaobao turned to look at him, the man screamed, his eyes filled with fear as he retreated.

"Crown Prince, save me!!" screamed the sole surviving clan member at Qi Condensation Level 8, seeking help.

At this moment, Chen Heng was still ninety meters away. Seeing what happened, he let out an angry roar.

"Do you want to die??!?"

Yan Xiaobao didn't even look at him; he immediately flashed a spell with his right hand and pointed. Instantly, the fallen magic devices in the area began to tremble, then hum, as if sensing Yan Xiaobao was summoning them.

Then they suddenly flew into the air, much faster than before, accelerating towards the approaching Chen Heng to block his path.

As Chen Heng was forced to deal with these weapons, clanging sounds echoed. He was at Qi Condensation Level 9, but even he couldn't immediately bypass them.

With Chen Heng delayed, Yan Xiaobao closed in on the remaining cultivator. His eyes flashing with deadly intent, he launched a fist strike.

A surge of heat resonated, blood gushing from the man's mouth. He prepared to continue retreating but failed to notice Yan Xiaobao making a spell with his left hand. A wooden sword appeared behind the man, silently closing in before piercing his head with a burst of blood.

As he collapsed to the ground, the man's eyes widened, convulsing slightly, blood flowing out of his mouth. Then his eyes dimmed, and he was dead.

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Chapter 1092 Deadly Moves

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After completing these things, Yan Xiaobao staggered to the side. Although he had just experienced a breakthrough at the cultivation base, the series of deadly moves he had just unleashed had almost drained him completely. As he once again plunged into the jungle, blood continuously seeped from his mouth.

He knew that his last opponent was the strongest among them, and he could already sense that he was at Level 9 of Qi Condensation.

"Level 9 Qi Condensation..." he thought painfully. The intense desire to live made his blood surge to his heart. He knew this time, either he would die, or his opponent would die.

There was no third option.

As he retreated, Chen Heng let out an angry howl. Surrounded by blood mist, the magical apparatus trembled, then began to shatter. Moments later, they exploded, and Chen Heng shot out from the blood mist. Looking around at the four dead comrades, he roared in fury and then fired at Yan Xiaobao.

Both of them raced through the jungle of the Nameless Mountain, going deeper and deeper. Despite it being daytime, the thunder roared. No lightning was visible, but the rain was pouring down more and more heavily.

"Are you Shangguan Tianyou or Lu Tianlei!?" Chen Heng shouted. He quickly made a spell gesture, causing nine strands of blood mist to shoot towards Yan Xiaobao, like nine blood-colored pythons.

"I am your grandfather!" Yan Xiaobao retorted, despite his pale face. After dodging the attack, he glanced back at the Prince, who was closing in at that moment. Trembling, he crouched down and then shot forward at an even faster speed. Even when Chen Heng was prepared to do the same, Yan Xiaobao's foot slammed into a tree, halting him mid-flight.

Then, twisting himself, he used the momentum from the tree to dash towards Chen Heng.

"I don't care who you are," Chen Heng said, "Today, you will die!" The intent to kill flashed in his eyes, his right hand glowing with a spell gesture. The nine blood pythons once again shot towards Yan Xiaobao with great speed.

As he let out a howl, Yan Xiaobao's eyes were blood red. His hands flashed with the gesture of a dual-handed spell as he drew on the remaining part of his spiritual energy, forming a violet cauldron. The cauldron immediately dispersed around him, completely blocking the path of the nine blood pythons as he swung it towards Chen Heng.

"Child's play!" Chen Heng sneered. Another spell gesture transformed the nine blood pythons into mist, then reformed into the shape of a bloody skull around him. Then the skull shot towards the violet cauldron.

As the violet cauldron shattered then exploded, a massive explosion sound rang out. The bloody mist skull was severely damaged but was still intact.

After the collision, the collapsed cauldron revealed Yan Xiaobao, who shot out from the fragment-like debris towards the mist below him.

Meanwhile, Chen Heng's eyes flickered with light. Then he leaped upwards from the mist, his right hand glowing with a spell gesture, producing a sinister ghost face.

At the same time, he leaned back, staring at Yan Xiaobao.

Their eyes met, and then they fiercely collided, one with a fist, the other with a palm. As the Immortal Iron Skin began to act to meet the ghost face's bizarre magic, black light flashed.

A deafening rumbling sound ensued. Blood emerged from Yan Xiaobao's mouth, and as he was sent back flying like a kite with a broken string, his voice erupted internally, crashing into a nearby tree with a bang.

Chen Heng wavered, his face pale. His Qi and blood were surging, shocked at Yan Xiaobao's formidable power. However, he immediately shot towards his opponent, raising his right hand, causing all the mist in the area to form a massive bloody face, pressing towards Yan Xiaobao.

Yan Xiaobao's eyes were fierce and dazzled from being cornered. He twisted in mid-air, pointing at Chen Heng to unleash the Violet Qi Cauldron Control Technique.

He didn't use it to control random things but Chen Heng's body! This was a technique Chen Heng had never heard of before. Suddenly, a powerful force wrapped around him as if a giant hand had grabbed him.

As his cultivation base erupted, he sneered coldly, the bloody face howling, causing Yan Xiaobao's spiritual energy to shatter. Meanwhile, Chen Heng trembled.

At that moment, a Wooden Sword shot towards him, and Yan Xiaobao also rushed out, grabbing onto anything as he called upon the full power of his Immortal Iron Skin.

"What a joke!" Chen Heng said, waving his sleeve. The bloody face passed through him, crushing towards the Wooden Sword. When the two met, the Wooden Sword trembled but did not break. Instead, it pierced through the face, opening a gap.

Yan Xiaobao dove into that gap, relying on his Immortal Iron Skin to handle injuries. As he made his move, Chen Heng's eyes flickered, and he made a spell gesture with his right hand.

The wave of fingers caused a bloody light to appear, a curved blade slicing towards Yan Xiaobao.

In the blink of an eye, the curved bloody light attacked Yan Xiaobao, who coughed up fresh blood. Yet, his fist soared with the full power of his cultivation base.

As Chen Heng was pushed back a few steps, blood flowed from his face, and a surge of heat rang out. However, Yan Xiaobao was not finished yet. So far, he seemed completely exhausted of his power, even his life force... launching explosive attacks. Yan Xiaobao's actions were so swift, Chen Heng had no time to react. Punches and kicks immediately turned into a frenzy of stormy attacks.

Chapter 1093 Deadly Move (Part 2)

Chen Heng's expression looked very grim as he used a spell to summon a protective shield. The rain ravaged through the jungle, and during the battle with Yan Xiaobao, a roar echoed.

This battle so far left Chen Heng dumbfounded. Earlier, he had acknowledged that this particular Outer Sect Disciple from the Soul Sect was powerful, but he did not truly understand how greatly he underestimated him until the actual fight unfolded.

To be able to slaughter his more than ten fellow tribe members, including Level 8 Qi Condensation cultivators, seemingly effortlessly, showed he possessed a high skill level. This is not something an ordinary Qi Condensation disciple could accomplish. The Spirit Sect is one of the great sects, thus people expect their disciples to surpass the local Cultivator Tribe in potential talent, but he never imagined the difference would be like this.

"His body is so resilient. What kind of physical refinement technique is he using? Don't tell me his strength and speed are all the result of body refinement?!" Chen Heng flicked his sleeve, sending out a mist to defend against Yan Xiaobao, who ignored any potential harm during another assault. Meanwhile, Chen Heng's complexion grew paler.

"The most terrifying is his recovery ability! If his cultivation base was at the eighth level of Qi Condensation... I couldn't even be compared to him!" Chen Heng couldn't fathom someone enduring such extensive damage but still unleashing explosive power. In fact, anyone else taking this kind of punishment would have long been unconscious.

Unfortunately, Yan Xiaobao was like a lamp running out of oil, only barely hanging on.

"I need to end this battle and kill him," Chen Heng thought, his eyes glinting. "That way, no other complications will arise!" However, just at this moment, Yan Xiaobao's eyes also glinted, and he suddenly collapsed, performing a two-handed spell pose; Violet Qi Cauldron Summoning roared towards Chen Heng.

Chen Heng's eyes narrowed as the mist around him transformed into a massive hand, shooting toward the cauldron. The two collided, and the cauldron instantly crumbled as if supported by the slightest force.

Chen Heng immediately realized he'd been deceived, but he didn't seem frightened at all, in fact, his eyes sparkled.

"Red Demon Magic!" he calmly declared. Immediately, a burst of red light emanated, and his skin turned deep crimson.

Just as that unfolded, Yan Xiaobao leapt into the air, swinging his left leg toward Chen Heng with a powerful arcing kick, generating a massive gust of wind.

Chen Heng coldly laughed, advancing his right forearm to block the kick.

Bang!

Thunder rumbled accompanied by a shattering sound. As he staggered back, tears streamed down Yan Xiaobao's face, his heart pounding furiously.

"How could this guy become so strong so quickly?" he wondered. "Red Demon Magic? His skin is red, and now his approach is even stronger!" Yan Xiaobao felt distressed, his heart trembled. His left leg twisted at a strange angle, although his skin remained intact, the flesh beneath was damaged, and his bones were broken. His breathing was ragged, he was exhausted. Each time his injuries worsened. Yan Xiaobao felt as if he could not continue any longer. At this point, he had already realized his body was continually repairing itself. Strange regeneration abilities ensured even the most severe wounds

gradually healed. He was unsure but suspected it might be an effect tied to an Immortal Eternal Life Skill.

Chen Heng's right arm appeared fine, but upon closer inspection, one would find it trembling. His skin was even redder than before, with broken bones inside.

"You have your body refining techniques, and so does my Luo Chen Family!" Chen Heng began advancing at a rate faster than Yan Xiaobao; it was almost as if he became a different person, one possessing limitless power.

In the blink of an eye, an intense battle resumed in the jungle.

The feverish intensity kept roaring. Yan Xiaobao's right leg was severely injured, and his left leg broken. He could barely stand, suffering setback after setback. The sensation of impending death grew stronger. This Chen Heng was the most formidable opponent Yan Xiaobao had fought so far.

As his right hand shot out, Yan Xiaobao's eyes filled with bloodshot veins. As the Throat Crushing Grasp was released, black light flared like black lightning shooting for Chen Heng's throat.

When Chen Heng realized it was a move he had seen before, readying to confront it, his eyes flashed intensely. As Yan Xiaobao's right hand closed in, a flash of red light passed by him. Chen Heng casually reached out, grasped Yan Xiaobao's right hand, and forcefully crushed it. As Yan Xiaobao's hand shattered completely, cracks resounded.

Chen Heng frowned, not expecting things to be that simple. But when he considered the vicious tactics Yan Xiaobao had employed during the battle, how he strategically got injured to launch devastating attacks, his heart caught in alarm. Chen Heng instantly retreated, specifically attempting to move his neck away.

Meanwhile, Yan Xiaobao's left hand flashed with black light, shooting across Chen Heng's neck, wrapping atop his shoulder.

The power of Throat Crushing Grasp exploded, accompanied by a series of crackling sounds!

Chen Heng's complexion paled, sweat poured down his face. The bones in his left shoulder shattered instantly, intense pain causing him to let out an angry roar.

As he unleashed immense strength, grabbing Yan Xiaobao's left hand, red light sparkled around him. Although Yan Xiaobao inclined to retract his hand, Chen Heng's speed was too fast, in an instant, his hand was locked onto Yan Xiaobao's hand.

Chapter 1094 Fatal Move (Part 3)

"Die!" he howled, eyes bloodshot, making a spell gesture with his left hand, then reaching out to strike Yan Xiaobao's forehead.

Yan Xiaobao's eyes gleamed with a vicious light, he suddenly leaned aside, letting the bone of his left hand suddenly slap, as his right leg shot into the air, then slammed into Chen Heng's body with a bang.

Blood spurted from Chen Heng's mouth, and then he rolled backward, with no choice but to release Yan Xiaobao's control. This in turn caused Yan Xiaobao to retreat at high speed.

In an instant, about 30 meters of space opened between the two. Yan Xiaobao's hands were both crippled. His right arm was damaged, and although the left arm was intact, his twisted fingers could not release the throat-crushing palm.

Both his legs were trembling. The left one was twisted into a strange shape, and blood soaked his right leg. The kick he had just released came at a terrible price.

He could barely stand, practically forced to lean against a towering tree. He bit his tongue, forcing himself into a faint state. He was now at his limit. The only limb he could actually move was his left arm. Everything else was numb. Yet, he still seemed as if he wanted to fight.

As for Chen Heng, his eyes were bright red. His left shoulder felt like it was on fire, and he couldn't even lift his right hand. Several ribs were broken, blood continually seeped from his mouth.

"I underestimated you!" he rasped, glaring at Yan Xiaobao. He couldn't imagine, with a cultivation base like his, that killing the injured Yan Xiaobao would be so difficult. From the looks of it, Yan Xiaobao's refined body practice had led to some kind of immortal secret magic, allowing him to stay alive despite such severe injuries.

Indeed, to deal with him, Chen Heng had almost used all the magic technology he possessed, even the Red Demon Magic.

"Well, it's time to end this fight now!" Chen Heng took a deep breath. Suddenly, all the red on his skin seemed to evaporate, turning into a mist rising into the air. Normal color quickly returned to Chen Heng's skin, and he seemed significantly weakened. Even for Chen Heng, this fight was tough; his opponent's tenacious will to survive, shocking recovery ability, and willingness to sustain casualties were utterly astonishing.

"Red Demon Secret Magic, Blood Sabre... Attack!" Chen Heng bit his tongue and spat out blood. The blood had long merged into the blood mist, then buzzed, transforming into a long blood-colored sabre in the blink of an eye!

The ethereal sabre stretched over three meters, startlingly adorned with countless faces emitting sharp, shrill screams. Chen Heng flicked his finger, and the blood-colored sabre began advancing towards Yan Xiaobao!

Using this secret magic caused Chen Heng to slump again in weakness, forcing him to reach out to support himself against a nearby tree. His face was pale, and even some strands of his hair had turned white.

"Die!" he roared, making Yan Xiaobao glare with rage.

An unprecedented sense of crisis erupted within Yan Xiaobao, as he realized that no matter what he did, he couldn't dodge or escape this blow. He was trapped.

A fissure meandered along the ground towards him, the tree behind him withered, the long blood-colored sabre rose... then slashed down hard at him!

Yan Xiaobao trembled, his pupils contracted. He didn't want to die, and was actually afraid. Unfortunately, the regenerative properties of his Immortal Eternal Life Skill weren't so heavenly that they could keep up with his current injuries. However, even as the blade descended, a sudden flash of inspiration struck his mind. Without a hint of hesitation, he waved his left hand, and a black light shot forth. In the blink of an eye, it enlarged, right before him, forming... the shape of a frying pan!

This is the Turtle Frying Pan!

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Chapter 1095 Slightly Superior

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As soon as the frying pan appeared, the blood-colored blade slammed into it, a deafening roar arose. The blood-colored blade began to vibrate violently... then shattered into countless pieces!

As for the turtle, not even the tiniest crack appeared on its surface, although the force of the attack turned it into a black beam, shooting into Yan Xiaobao's body.

"Impossible!!" Tremors passed through Chen Heng, he coughed up a mouthful of blood, a look of disbelief on his face. When he released the magic, he was already in a weakened state, and now that it was broken, the rebound force struck him fiercely, instantly erasing his spiritual power and darkening his vision. "What... what is that thing!?!?"

"A turtle shell, you bastard!" Yan Xiaobao stood there roaring, clinging tightly to life. Blood seeped from the corner of his mouth as he stood there, swaying back and forth. He stepped back, slid down from the tree trunk, sat down, and began to laugh in pain. "Too bad, I don't have any weapons..."

He could feel his life force gradually fading away, and his vision was swimming. He thought of summoning his Wooden Sword, but there was no energy left at all. The summoned turtle had already taken his last spiritual power. He couldn't even open his satchel.

"I don't care what secrets you have, once you're dead, everything you have belongs to me." Chen Heng said, breathing raggedly. He was also like an oil lamp running dry, although he was slightly more advantageous than Yan Xiaobao's position. After a few breaths, he struggled to stand, pulled out a long sword from his hand, picked it up, and began walking towards Yan Xiaobao.

Yan Xiaobao watched him silently, his eyes somewhat vacant. He recalled life in his village, then thought of Big Fatty Zhang. He remembered Li Qinghou of the Spirit Sect and other miraculous figures he knew. Du Lingfei, Hou Yunfei, Hou Xiaomei...

Chen Heng approached slowly, then looked down at Yan Xiaobao, who was already emitting a powerful aura. He could see that Yan Xiaobao was already scarred all over, he didn't even have enough spiritual energy to open his satchel.

"Remember my name. I am the one who killed you... Chen Heng of the Luo Chen Clan." He raised the sword, which he could typically flick out with a sleeve effortlessly, but now it felt particularly heavy. "It's a wonderful feeling to be able to kill an elector."

Chen Heng was so exhausted that he was on the brink of extinction, but as he thrust the sword towards Yan Xiaobao's chest, his eyes shone with a cruel light.

However, just as he did so, Yan Xiaobao suddenly turned his left arm, slamming it fiercely into the ground. Bones broke, with one even piercing through his skin about three inches.

Then he staggered to his feet, pushing his left arm with the last bit of his energy. Even as the sword pierced his chest, his arm slammed into Chen Heng's neck, the bone... directly piercing into his throat.

Then Yan Xiaobao fell to the ground, energy completely depleted, completely slipping into unconsciousness.

Tremors passed through Chen Heng. Everything happened too fast, leaving no time to prepare or react, he was too exhausted to dodge. Once the bone pierced his neck, blood started pouring out onto the ground. He tried to cover the wound, but to no avail. Staring at the jagged bone extending from Yan Xiaobao's arm, covered in his blood, he couldn't help but marvel at the absurdity of the situation. It didn't even seem possible. Eyes flashing with unyielding light, he recalled all the goals and pursuits of his life, then laughed.

"That's your dying strike, ha..." He wobbled and fell to the ground, dead, his eyes staring at the sky. In the depths of the Nameless Mountain jungle, the rain finally began to lessen. By evening, it had stopped, the sunset creating a slight rainbow.

However, as the sun set, the rainbow gradually disappeared.

The jungle was quiet. Even the stench of blood faded. However, the path lined with bodies stretching backward testified to the deadly battle that had occurred.

As Chen Heng slipped into death, his eyes continued to shine with an unyielding, incredulous expression.

Beside his corpse, Yan Xiaobao lay silently, motionless. The flame of his life force was about ninety percent extinguished, leaving only a small spark, struggling to stay alive.

Eventually, footsteps could be heard from afar. Someone walked through the muddy rainwater and fallen leaves, finally stopping beside Chen Heng.

It was an older man wearing a long black robe. His white hair flowing, his face full of wrinkles, making him appear very ancient. Clearly, he had lived a long time, and the aura of death had seeped from him.

"Intense focus has solidified his soul... He's dead, but his soul hasn't dissipated. But it won't last long." The man's voice was piercing, yet also blurred, strangely echoing through the jungle. Suddenly, Chen Heng's corpse's forehead cracked open, a gust of green air wafted out. It swirled together in midair, forming a vague image of a soul, about the size of a palm.

It was Chen Heng, though his eyes were vacant, trembling as if his thoughts and consciousness had vanished.

The old man extended a finger, and Chen Heng's soul flew towards him, disappearing inside.

After taking Chen Heng's soul, the mysterious old man looked at Yan Xiaobao, emotions mixed on his face. He even seemed to be reminiscing about the past.

Chapter 1096 A Cut Above (Part 2)

"I never thought I would stare at it again... the Immortal Eternal Life Skill..." He closed his eyes for a moment, then sighed. That sound seemed to change his surroundings. Time suddenly felt different, as if the entire area was separated from the rest of the world.

The countless plants in the area suddenly stopped, as if in death, then turned to ash.

Chen Heng's body withered in an instant, and within the span of a few breaths, turned to nothing but a skeleton. Even that would crumble into the muddy ground.

Only Yan Xiaobao was unaffected. In fact, a massive amount of life force surged into his body, quickly healing his various injuries.

The old man stood there with his eyes closed, unmoving like a statue. It almost seemed... as if he had no aura, no life force. It was as if he didn't exist in the world, a fallen soul refusing rebirth.

Meanwhile, at the same moment that Chen Heng passed away, Clan Leader Luo Chen returned to the Luo Chen Clan in the Flandre Mountain. Suddenly, his eyes shot open, filled with a feeling of unease. He looked around at the clan members surrounding him and could see that a significant number of the eleven cultivators sent from the clan had been killed. However, when he saw that Chen Heng's soul still existed, he felt somewhat reassured.

"They only have three Outer Sect Disciples, how could they last so long...?" he murmured. "So many clan members are dead. Considering the level of the Heng'er Planting Base, they couldn't have killed him. Most likely, he has drained them and is on his way back." Nevertheless, he still felt a sense of unease in his heart. His eyes flickered, and he sent several clan members to investigate, all at the seventh level of the Qi Condensation Dao.

After doing so, he took a deep breath.

"Now it doesn't matter. Inverse Blood Grand Magic only takes one day's work!" Clenching his teeth, he suppressed his unease. He knew there was no backing out from the plan now, with no choice but to persist for another day... then it would all be worth it!

At the same time, Hou Yunfei was in a valley, more than 1.5 kilometers away from the boundary of the security spell of Clan Leader Luo Chen. His face was pale, and he was at the point where he couldn't take another step forward. He coughed up a mouthful of blood, fell to the ground, and laughed painfully.

"Little Brother Bai... I'm sorry, I couldn't save you..." He clenched his hands in pain and helplessness before losing consciousness.

In another direction was Du Lingfei, her hair disheveled, her skin sallow. Her Qi Path almost completely destroyed, she painted a picture entirely different from her past beauty.

Her eyes were relentless, and she looked almost zombie-like. Yet, a shocking willpower pushed her to stagger forward, clutching a piece of jade in her hand. She had only one thought in her mind, a thought that wouldn't leave.

She had to break free and send a message to the sect. She had to... save Yan Xiaobao.

Step by step, she walked on. When she fell to the ground, she would crawl back to her feet. Her clothes were torn, her veins bled dry, she could barely see. Yet... she continued to move forward.

Time flew by. Du Lingfei had long forgotten about the state of her injuries. She didn't think about her life, nor did she remember how long she had been walking. She kept moving forward until she suddenly felt as if she were passing through a wall of water. In that instant, her eyes began to shine brightly.

"Have I made it out?" she whispered with cracked lips. She trembled, looking at the jade sliding plate tightly held in her hand, the tremors of which had not been so strong in the past half a month. But now, it vibrated as if an unseen connection had suddenly been established... linking her to the sect.

"The Luo Chen Clan has become traitors. Brother Feng died in battle. I'm not sure if Brother Hou is still alive, and Young Bai Tu... led the enemy away so we could escape. I am a disciple of Du Lingfei, requesting the sect... to send reinforcements immediately." Once she finished sending the message, Du Lingfei sat down. Then she turned to look behind her, tears streaming down her face.

She would never forget how Yan Xiaobao rushed back into the fight as if his veins were made of steel. She would never forget the tragic and touching image of him rushing forward to draw the Luo Chen Clan's attention. She would never forget everything that happened during the journey together.

"Little Brother Bai, Brother Hou... you must live..." Du Lingfei cried, her tears falling onto her face. Finally, she couldn't endure any longer and fell into unconsciousness.

As Du Lingfei sent her message, the mission office returned to the Fragrant Cloud Peak of the Spiritual Flow Sect. Outer Sect Disciples came and went, handling various assignments. Inside the mission office,

a middle-aged man in Daoist robes was maintaining the records of various tasks. In front of him was a collection of thousands of jade tablets, containing information about all the open missions for the sect disciples.

Suddenly, one of the jade tablets shimmered with light. With the same expression as always, the middle-aged man waved his hand, causing the jade to slide into his hand. After scanning it with his divine sense, his eyes widened, and he stood up.

"The Luochen Clan has become traitors!" he exclaimed breathlessly. The gravity of such a situation couldn't be underestimated. Whether true or false, he absolutely had to report it to his superiors. Blocking such information was a crime punishable by execution, so he didn't dare delay. He immediately conjured a violet jade from his robe and transmitted the new intelligence.

The report was quickly sent to the Judicial Hall. Naturally, Qian Dajin worked there, but his position was low, and he wasn't even eligible to see such intelligence reports. Almost as soon as the report arrived at the Judicial Hall, the entire organization sprang into action. After all, the Judicial Hall's duty was to defend the entire Spiritual Flow Sect, and their efficiency was astounding.

It took the time of one incense stick to verify the report's authenticity.

Then, war drums began to sound throughout the South Shore. All the disciples looked around in shock. The Outer Sect disciples didn't know the significance of the war drums, but the inner disciples from the three peaks knew, and when they lifted their heads from whatever they were doing, their expressions flickered.

"What's happening?"

"When the war drums beat, we can't return to the Spiritual Sect until blood has been shed and the enemy clan obliterated! Heaven...."

Even as everyone was in shock, an elder's voice suddenly filled the entire South Shore of the Spiritual Sect.

"I am Ouyang Jie of the Hall of Justice. All inner disciples of the three peaks on the South Shore are to cancel all previous tasks, activities, and secluded meditation courses immediately. You have twenty breaths to gather at the main gate! No tardiness will be tolerated!"

Without a word, the inner disciples of Green Crest Peak, Fragrant Cloud Peak, and Violet Cauldron Peak dropped their tasks. They quivered but didn't hesitate for a moment and started moving.

Even those involved in significant missions didn't dare delay for a moment. Everyone knew Ouyang Jie was an elder of the Judicial Hall, and he was... merciless!

Apart from his name, he had a Daoist name; he was called Daoist Jackal. His leadership in a sect event meant something completely enraging had occurred. It meant... people needed to die. It meant... an entire clan had to be annihilated!

As countless individuals appeared, the sound of thundering filled the sky, rushing towards the main gate. It soon became clear that from the three peaks on the South Shore, at least two thousand inner disciples were gathering. Usually, seeing one or two was rare, so many Outer Sect Disciples were utterly shaken.

Along with them were several hundred disciples from the Judicial Hall, dressed in black robes, led by an elder with fiery red hair. That elder exuded a fierce intent to kill, and he was Ouyang Jie.

Soon, more than two thousand gathered around the gate, all with grim and gloomy expressions.

"The Luochen Clan has become traitors. The sect leaders have ordered their clan... to be wiped out completely down to the last chicken and dog. Activate the Daoseed Teleportation Portal!" Ouyang Jie waved his glove, and immediately a massive pillar of light rose from Daoseed Mountain at the center of the Spiritual Flow Sect.

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Chapter 1097 Reaching New Heights

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The light rose into the sky, transforming into a massive teleportation portal, immediately enveloping two thousand disciples. As the teleportation process began, a rumbling sound could be heard.

The Outer Sect disciples on the South Shore couldn't breathe, and suddenly, they felt immense pride in their sect.

Compared to the Spirit Sect, the Luochen Clan was small, with only one Foundation Establishment cultivator. However, for the sake of a few Outer Sect disciples, the Spiritual Flow Sect had mobilized two thousand people. Then there was Ouyang Jie's violent and formidable presence. All of this... posed a huge threat!

This posed a threat to all the cultivator tribes within the territory controlled by the Spirit Sect. As the saying goes, "Why use a war axe to kill a chicken?" In this case, the Spiritual Flow Sect provided the answer: "How can you kill a chicken without a war axe?!"

This is a sect that spares no resources, even for its Outer Sect disciples. In turn, this made the Outer Sect disciples' loyalty to their sect reach new heights.

The Spirit Sect had persevered for ten thousand years, developing from a small organization to its current stature. Of course, some aspects would appear astounding to others!

At this very moment, suddenly, Li Qinghou flew out from the temple on Xiangyun Peak's summit, his face stern, his aura filled with murderous intent. That aura exploded and swept out as he shot toward the distant teleportation portal, creating a fierce storm. Li Qinghou took only a moment to reach the teleportation portal, hovering like an unsheathed blade, exuding an intense, murderous aura.

Ouyang Jie watched him, his pupils slightly contracting. Among the three Peak Lords of the South Shore, Ouyang Jie considered Li Qinghou the most significant. In fact, he was actually one of the most important individuals in the entire Spirit Stream Sect.

Not only was he a master-level pharmacist, but his innate talent was extremely rare. For example, he had only cultivated for about a hundred years but had already reached the late stage of the Foundation Establishment. In fact, some even said that in the entire sect, he was the most likely to form a Golden Core from the Foundation.

"I heard one of those four Outer Sect disciples has some sort of connection with Li Qinghou..." Ouyang Jie mused. Meanwhile, a rumbling sound could be heard from the formation of spells, with countless dazzling beams of light rising. Including Li Qinghou, two thousand cultivators immediately became blurry, then completely disappeared.

Due to the activation of the Spirit Stream Sect's teleportation portal, Yan Xiaobao and the others completed a journey of several months in just a few seconds.

Like the unconscious form of Du Lingfei, a thunderous roar filled the air. The sky dimmed, as if an invisible hand had torn open a huge crack, revealing a massive image formed by spells.

It rapidly descended to the ground, causing the entire fifty-kilometer area to experience an earthquake. When the shape and design of the spell formation appeared on the ground, hot fire lines appeared on the surface.

Within this 50-kilometer radius, all the grasslands, rocks, and mountains turned to ash and vanished instantly. This spell formation was incredibly domineering, destroying anything that blocked its path.

Du Lingfei was in that area, immediately protected by the spell formation, ensuring she was unharmed. Even as the ground shook, countless figures appeared.

In just a moment, over two thousand disciples from the Inner Sect on the South Shore emerged. The teleportation power rotated around them, enabling another teleportation, but first, Ouyang Jie and Li Qinghou strode toward the unconscious Du Lingfei. A few female disciples found her in front of them, covered her with a set of spare clothes and fed her some pills. As spiritual energy surged into her, Du Lingfei gradually opened her eyes. Her expression was blank, but when she saw the immense power of her sect surrounding her, she began to cry, overwhelmed with emotion.

Moreover, considering she was an Outer Sect disciple of Xiangyun Peak, when she noticed Li Qinghou standing there, more tears welled up in her eyes. Meanwhile, the disciples beside her helped her to a sitting position.

"Peak Lord, please save young brother Bai..." she pleaded, her face pale.

"What happened to him?!" Li Qinghou asked, stepping directly to stand in front of Du Lingfei. His eyes were filled with anger and deep anxiety.

"Young brother Bai... went out by himself to distract the Luo Chen Family cultivators so Brother Hou and I could escape. They started chasing him..." she cried, then explained the entire situation.

Among the two thousand disciples around, few knew Yan Xiaobao, but when they heard Du Lingfei's story, they were visibly moved. The intense and tragic events left them gasping.

They learned how Feng Yan fell while trying to protect his disciples in battle, and how Hou Yunfei and Du Lingfei risked near certain death in their escape attempt. They heard how the Luo Chen Family sent two waves of cultivators in pursuit, including several at Level 8 of Qi Condensation, and one at Level 9...

In such a situation, even members of the Inner Sect found it difficult to survive outside.

As Du Lingfei talked about Yan Xiaobao, they could feel how loyal and dedicated he was. In fact, he was someone who could be considered chosen.

He could have chosen to escape on his own, but instead returned to save his fellow disciples. He fought with enemies far stronger than himself and then helped carry two injured companions over a distance of nearly 5000 kilometers during half a month.

Chapter 1098 Reaching a New Height (Part 2)

In the end, he chose to sacrifice himself instead of his principles, all for the chance for his disciples to survive. As a result, Du Lingfei was able to send her message. If not for this, the sect might not have realized the Luo Chen Clan's treacherous actions until it was too late.

Before long, Yan Xiaobao's name took deep root in the hearts of the Inner Sect. To them, he was the epitome of profound loyalty and devotion, a graceful and even heroic figure with a backbone of steel.

The people from the Judicial Hall were utterly shaken. Among them was Qian Dajin, who, upon hearing Du Lingfei's story, was left agape. He could hardly believe the Yan Xiaobao she spoke of was the same person in his mind. His earlier impulsive scheme made him nervous about the potential investigation by the sect. Although he wasn't entirely sure Yan Xiaobao was Little Turtle, he preferred mistakenly killing

the wrong person rather than risking the right one escaping. From this moment on, he sighed in relief. With Feng Yan dead, there was no way to prove it.

Even Ouyang Jie, the Daoist jackal with a heart of iron, couldn't help but sigh at the story, a hint of admiration in his eyes. Considering his cultivation level, he could immediately tell that Du Lingfei wasn't fabricating the story; everything she said, although possibly not completely accurate, was true.

"The Spiritual Flow Church will not allow such a disciple to perish here!" Ouyang Jie flicked his sleeve and immediately dispatched hundreds of disciples to search for Hou Yunfei and Yan Xiaobao.

Li Qinghou gazed into the distance slowly, his eyes bloodshot, his heart aching with pain. Considering what Yan Xiaobao had done here, Li Qinghou suddenly felt he had misjudged. At the same time, he knew that, given the situation, Yan Xiaobao had a chance to survive... a slim chance, at least.

"I am the one who brought you into this sect..." he thought. His aura of murderous intent erupted with even greater force. He took a step forward, using the remaining portion of his teleportation ability to disappear suddenly towards the direction of the Luo Chen Clan.

Ouyang Jie sighed. Upon hearing Du Lingfei's story, he knew the situation wasn't a good sign for Yan Xiaobao. He moved quietly, gathering the remaining forces and initiating another teleportation.

As Li Qinghou and Ouyang Jie led nearly two thousand disciples to appear above the Luo Chen family mansion in the Flandre Mountain range, rumbling echoed everywhere.

As the teleportation portal became a powerful attack, with the mighty energies of heaven and earth, the clouds were torn apart. As the spell formation descended, alarms blared within the mansion.

RUUUUUUUUUUMBLE!

The spell formation landed, instantly shattering the limestone floor and turning it to ash. The mansion itself collapsed into rubble.

Angry roars echoed as countless figures flew out, faces filled with wrath and despair.

The guardian Stone Lions and fruit trees in the courtyard became puppets, immediately launching an offensive. Li Qinghou was the first to take action. He waved his glove, causing the lions to explode loudly. As for the fruit trees, they trembled, and the fruits began to fall from the branches. However, even as the fruits tried to escape, they were destroyed.

As the Spirit Flow Sect cultivators released massive destructive force, the rumbling intensified.

Li Qinghou charged towards the center of the destroyed Luochen Clan mansion. His right hand formed the pose for a spell, and he waved his fingers, summoning a green fireball. As he hurled the fireball at the ground, his hair flew wildly around him.

Flames erupted, crashing into the ruins of the mansion and sweeping them clean. A few enemy cultivators targeted in the attack let out tragic screams as they were immediately incinerated.

Next, Li Qinghou lifted his right leg into the air and stomped down forcefully. The land shattered, and a massive fissure was torn open, revealing the tomb beneath.

Almost simultaneously, a vortex of blood spun out, followed by the Luochen Clan's Clan Leader.

As the man saw Li Qinghou, his face was filled with despair. The Spirit Flow Sect was too sudden. He was in the final stages of completing his spell formation, and if others hadn't arrived, he might have been able to delay them long enough. But, to his shock, it wasn't only Li Qinghou and Ouyang Jie who came!

The Clan Leader retreated, crying out in despair, "Escape! Anyone who can, flee and leave this place!"

Trembling, the cultivators of the Luochen Clan within the tomb scattered in all directions. However, Ouyang Jie's face remained expressionless as he waved his hand, sending the Inner Sect disciples in pursuit of them.

Li Qinghou's gaze locked onto the Clan Leader of Luochen, along with the Blood Lake surrounding him. Ouyang Jie did the same, and then, flames of fury appeared in the eyes of both men.

"You slaughter innocent mortals?" Li Qinghou roared. "Heaven cannot tolerate the existence of a clan like yours!" With that, he waved his glove, releasing a devastating Fire Sea.

Meanwhile, as the disciples of the Spirit Flow Sect began to slaughter and crush the cultivators of the Luo Chen Clan, eerie screams rose up.

Two thousand men instead of mere hundreds.

The Luo Chen Clan Leader could only watch as everyone in his family was slain, his descendants all of his own bloodline, alongside members from other lineages. He cried out tragically, trying to escape at his fastest speed, attempting to flee.

However, at that instant, he was engulfed by Li Qinghou's Fire Sea. Faced with extreme peril, Li Qinghou clenched his fist.

Chapter 1099 Reaching New Heights (Part 3)

Rumble!

As he unleashed the flame, the screams of Clan Leader Luo Chen grew increasingly intense. His flesh burned, and in the blink of an eye, he was reduced to ashes. Li Qinghou... killed him in a single attack!

The surrounding Inner Sect disciples gasped in shock. Even Ouyang Jie looked on in surprise.

Hovering in mid-air, Li Qinghou waved his hand again, causing the flames to explode once more. The entire Luo Chen Clan was engulfed, everything began to burn. Li Qinghou gazed into the distance, his expression slightly melancholic.

Sighing, he said, "Yan Xiaobao, I, Li Qinghou... have caused your Bai Clan harm." With bitterness, he flew into the distance, unwilling to entrust the search for Yan Xiaobao to others. If there was even the slightest hope he was alive, he would find him himself.

As Li Qinghou departed, the flames rose high into the sky behind him. As for the Inner Sect disciples, excitement began to break across their faces. They were more aware than ever of how powerful and glorious their sect was. As Ouyang Jie watched Li Qinghou leave, his voice rang out to the surrounding

disciples. "Disperse, do everything you can to find Yan Xiaobao. Whoever finds him will receive reward points from me personally. If you encounter any surviving Luochen Clan cultivators, kill them!"

Two thousand cultivators spent a whole month searching a 5,000-kilometer area.

They searched almost every possible location, but no one found Yan Xiaobao. However, they did discover the corpses of Luochen Clan cultivators he had killed. As corpses appeared one after another, the Inner Sect disciples became increasingly shocked.

In fact, all the Luochen Clan cultivators had been killed in a single blow. The Inner Sect disciples could hardly imagine how an Outer Sect disciple at Qi Condensation Level 6 could accomplish such feats.

Qian Dajin gasped repeatedly, suddenly realizing that if Yan Xiaobao were dead, it would actually be better for him. He might not be a match for such a violent and powerful person. Li Qinghou's anger made him even more anxious, causing him to cry inwardly.

"Damn it!" he thought, "Why didn't you tell me you had this kind of connection? If you did, I would've never provoked you!"

Eventually, they found the corpses of three disciples who were at the eighth level of Qi Condensation, and they could only imagine what the intense, fierce battle must have been like. It left them in shock.

Soon everyone concluded that Yan Xiaobao... most likely had been killed in those unnamed mountains. It was a place filled with dangerous beasts, and many other dangers that could kill a person without leaving any corpse.

Ultimately, they captured two disciples of the Luochen Clan sent after Chen Heng by Hou Yunfei and Du Lingfei. When they learned that one of those pursuing Yan Xiaobao was a prince of the Luochen Clan, who was at the ninth level of Qi Condensation, they all resigned themselves to the fact... that Yan Xiaobao must really have been dead.

After the search ended, everyone returned to the sect. Hou Yunfei was found relatively early, severely injured but alive. As the sect's full strength was focused on healing him, he eventually recovered.

Both he and Du Lingfei accomplished significant merits for the sect, but it left them without a sense of excitement. Instead, they felt sorrowful and could not stop thinking about the events that had transpired.

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Chapter 1100 Refusing to Give Up

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As they proceeded, they all wanted to return and join the search effort, but their injuries were too severe. The only one who refused to give up on finding Yan Xiaobao was Li Qinghou. He went alone to the Nameless Mountain and searched there for two entire months. Apart from some places he couldn't even enter, he explored the length and breadth of the mountains. Strangely, despite Yan Xiaobao seemingly knowing these mountains well, he couldn't find a trace of him. It was almost as if Yan Xiaobao currently existed in another world.

During the search, he ended up fighting many powerful beasts, and some people were even injured. Two months later, he stood very painfully before a certain tree, upon which a blood-smeared piece of cloth was attached.

"If I hadn't brought you to the sect..." Li Qinghou thought. As he closed his eyes, he recalled the image of Yan Xiaobao at Hude Mountain, looking terrified by the thunder and lightning. He thought of his panic at Wanshe Valley, the events during the sect competition, and how he had taken the top spot on all the steles.

He sighed silently, seeming to grow older, as he reached out to pick up the bloodstained cloth. During the search, he had picked up seven to eight similar pieces of cloth like this.

Finally, he left the forest, transforming into a beam of light shooting into the distance.

Thus ended the Luo Chen Clan rebellion. Spirit Stream Sect struck like thunderbolts, completely annihilating the traitors. This matter caused quite a stir in the Eastwood lower reaches of the Heavenspan River. In the cultivation world of Eastwood Continent, one of four mainlands, countless cultivation families and sects learned about the issue. As a result, the awe for the Spirit Sect grew, a sect that was one of the Four Great Sects in the lower Eastwood.

After the investigation by Spirit Flow Sect, they found some clues as to why the Luo Chen Clan had turned into traitors. The bloodline curse was one cause, but there was a deeper motive. Piecing together various clues, the sect was shocked by the vast divergence.

If they hadn't stopped the matter, the resulting chain reaction would have led many other cultivators to hear of the issue and then continue rebelling. It would have been like a powerful enemy invading the Spirit Sect realm, leading to severe repercussions, potentially even causing the sect's instability.

News soon spread about the deeds accomplished by Du Lingfei and Hou Yunfei, and the noble sacrifice of Yan Xiaobao.

In truth, he refused to abandon his fellow disciples, even using himself as bait to lure the enemy, which moved many deeply. The cultivation world was full of selfish individuals; people like Yan Xiaobao were rare. Losing such a disciple left many, including the sect leader and elders, feeling extremely aggrieved.

The whole incident also brought about other impacts. However, as more clues emerged, Spirit Flow Sect only grew more reticent. For some unknown reasons, they eventually stopped the investigation. Still, all Foundation cultivators of the sect heightened their vigilance far beyond normal levels.

Clearly... a storm was approaching.

South Shore and North Shore together had seven Peak Lords. Besides them, there were the Sect Leader and other elders. After multiple discussions and studies, they reached a unanimous decision.

Du Lingfei, Hou Yunfei, and the deceased Feng Yan all performed admirably. As for Yan Xiaobao... he had accomplished extraordinarily significant service!

The final decision was explained by Sect Leader Zheng Yuandong. "The storm is coming. Most important is... uplifting everyone's spirit. For ten thousand years, our sect's morale has remained high. Considering the enormous service Yan Xiaobao rendered, at the cost of his life, we can only hold a grand funeral to repay his kindness. Those who contribute to the sect will never be forgotten."

In the subsequent days, although Spirit Creek Sect did not further investigate the reason behind Luo Chen Clan's betrayal, they took every chance to spread the story of Yan Xiaobao's sacrifice for his fellow disciples and how he nobly fought for the sect.

As the story spread, increasingly more disciples from the peaks of both shores learned Yan Xiaobao's name and about everything he did to save fellow disciples.

Of course, the sect itself wasn't contradictory to such a loyal and devoted disciple. Li Qinghou had eradicated the entire clan and mobilized two thousand Inner Sect Disciples. Deploying such a powerful force to handle the situation was truly like using a war axe to kill a chicken.

All disciples of the sect not only remembered Yan Xiaobao's name, but were also moved by the sect's response to the situation. Though the sect had deliberately reacted in this manner... this reaction was precisely what the disciples had expected.

For ten thousand years, this has been the unchanging tradition of the Spirit Flow Sect.

Touch one of our disciples, no matter how far you run, you will die!

When a Spirit Flow Sect disciple sets foot outside the sect, they are never alone: they have the support of the entire Spirit Flow Sect. The sect is like a shield, always protecting them.

Thus, disciples focus on their sect, and will expend any and all efforts, even sacrifice their lives, to defend their home.

This is the powerful Spirit Flow Sect, originating ten thousand years ago as a small sect of merely dozens.