

Medical 1101

Chapter 1101 Refusing to Give Up (Part 2)

In order to determine if Yan Xiaobao was truly dead, the sect leader sought help from an elder of the sect skilled in drawing information from the sky. Unfortunately, his divination magic offered no hints suggesting Yan Xiaobao was still alive in the world. The only thing he discovered was a death aura, which seemed to confirm that Yan Xiaobao...had died in battle, fighting for the sect.

A few days later, on a rainy morning, the entire Spiritual Flow Sect could hear the sorrowful sound of a bell tolling. Countless disciples in black robes silently emerged from their dwellings, their faces filled with grief as they gathered halfway up Xiangyun Peak.

There, a tombstone was erected, adorned with a portrait of Yan Xiaobao, smiling happily.

Fatty Zhang stood among the crowd. He glanced at those around him, then looked at the tombstone and Yan Xiaobao's name. As the rain fell and soaked his clothes, he wept, recalling all his memories of the past. He remembered how they devoured various stolen spiritual treasures, how they laughed and joked together, how they sold points at the Outer Church, and about stealing chickens...

"Ninth Fatty..." Fatty Zhang murmured, looking sorrowful. His heart felt empty, and the pain made the whole world turn dark.

From the oven, the other fat brothers of Yan Xiaobao were also filled with sorrow and couldn't stop crying, including the third fat black man.

Xu Baocai, Chen Ziang, Zhao Yiduo, Xu and Elder Zhou, and countless others who had known Yan Xiaobao since he joined the sect, all stood in the crowd, faces full of sadness.

Zhou Xinqi came over, silently staring at the tombstone. After hearing about what Yan Xiaobao had done, she couldn't help but remember how eagerly he searched for chicken thieves.

Hou Yunfei arrived, supporting Hou Xiaomei's shoulder. He stood there, fists clenched, shaking with grief.

"Little Brother Bai..." A bitter smile twisted his face. After returning to the sect, he started drinking. He couldn't forget the moment Yan Xiaobao led all the enemies away, using himself as bait.

More and more people showed up until the middle part of Xiangyun Peak was filled with countless disciples, all silently gazing at the tombstone.

In front of the crowd stood Du Lingfei. Her face was pale, and it was impossible to distinguish between the tears and the rain on her cheeks. She seemed dazed, and although her face was as beautiful as ever, that beauty now evoked sadness and pain.

"You could have lived...but I came, and you left..." Du Lingfei had spent recent days in grief and pain. She had lost weight and often dreamed of the moment Yan Xiaobao returned, unwavering and resolute. Then he left, a scene that made her cry and suffer.

As the mourning bells rang out from all directions, beams of light shot toward the tombstone. Among them were the seven Peak Lords, all the Spiritual Flow Sect elders, and even the sect leader. They wore black robes, their expressions filled with sorrow as they gathered near the tombstone.

As for Li Qinghou, his heart was full of bitterness and self-blame.

After a moment, the sect leader began to speak, his voice calm and slow.

"Yan Xiaobao was an outer sect disciple of Xiangyun Peak in the Spiritual Flow Sect. He was a sun of the Medical Path, a chosen one among the disciples. In the battle against the Luo Chen Clan, he killed countless Luo Chen traitors and sacrificed himself to save his fellow disciples. He was loyal to his sect and gave his life with the greatest of merits. The disciples of the spirit will always remember his name!"

His voice was filled with sorrow, and as it echoed, Du Lingfei's tears flowed even more. Hou Yunfei, Big Fatty Zhang, and countless others were crying.

"On this day, I bestow upon Yan Xiaobao the title of the Spiritual Flow Sect's distinguished disciple!" In response to the sect leader's words, countless disciples were moved. Hearing the term "Prestige Disciple" stirred everyone.

In the Spiritual Flow Sect, this position was a peerless honor. In any generation, there could only be one Prestige Disciple in the sect. It was a position above the Inner Sect, akin to the status of the Legacy Echelon. The title of Prestige Disciple was given to the deceased, whereas the Legacy Echelon was the mightiest in life.

In the ten thousand-year history of the Spirit Sect, only nine disciples had held such a title, each bestowed posthumously after dying in battle for the sect. So far, there are now ten such disciples in the sect's history.

No one present felt that the honor was inappropriate. Yan Xiaobao had earned it with his life.

"From the time he joined the sect until he sacrificed his life," the sect leader continued, "Yan Xiaobao never had a master. I have given my life for this sect and will not let him wander alone in the underworld. Therefore, I will, on behalf of my deceased teacher, the Daoist Master Spiritsieve, accept Yan Xiaobao as his apprentice. From now on, he may pursue the great Dao in the underworld." In response to the sect leader's words, Li Qinghou nodded, with a flash of pain in his eyes as he looked at the tombstone.

"Now everyone... observe a moment of silence!" Then the sect leader closed his eyes and lowered his head, just like all the other disciples.

After a few breaths, the moment of silence ended. Du Lingfei could no longer contain her emotions and began to wail.

As everyone was observing the moment of silence, back in the Nameless Mountain Range at the same moment, Yan Xiaobao slowly opened his eyes and sneezed. The moment of the sneeze was the moment Yan Xiaobao awoke. His mind was still in the state from when he was severely injured and falling into a coma, so as soon as he woke up, he instinctively clutched his left arm and let out a pitiful cry. However, the moment that cry left his lips, he looked down in surprise at his arm, then looked at his body. He started poking and prodding himself, even opening his clothes to look at his soft white belly.

"EEE? No injuries?" Suddenly, he remembered the words the village elders often said, and his eyes flickered with fear. It was said that when a person died, their soul would enter the shadow of the underworld. At this moment, it seemed he had no injuries, which meant he must only be a soul... Trembling, he glanced around and realized that everything around him was dead. Even all the plants and grass had withered. Chen Heng's body was nowhere to be seen.

As he looked around, he also noticed mist everywhere. He couldn't see much, and everything at a certain distance was completely blurry. A faint aura of death emanated in the area, bringing a chill that washed over his body.

"That's it. It's over... I was so careful throughout most of my poor little life, yet in the end, I lost it..." Yan Xiaobao was now more certain that he had lost his soul. His face twisted in agony, and he let out a pain-filled moan.

"I didn't even give Du Lingfei a chance to repay me wholeheartedly... Brother Hou still has his promise... People don't know I'm the main turtle, and there are still many Spirit Tail Chickens to eat in the world. I... I haven't lived forever yet..." The more he thought about it, the more his heart ached. Tears started streaming down his eyes.

However, just as he began to cry loudly...someone cleared their throat.

The sound was so sudden that it startled Yan Xiaobao.

"Who's there?!" he screamed, crawling forward across the ground, then turning around, with a wooden sword in his hand.

He saw an old man standing where he had just been lying. The old man wore a long black robe, looking almost like a corpse, as he stared at Yan Xiaobao in a disturbingly intense way.

His body exuded a strong death aura. Coupled with numerous wrinkles covering his pale face, he seemed to have just crawled out of a grave. He matched the surroundings perfectly, appearing utterly terrifying.

As soon as Yan Xiaobao saw him, all the hair on his body stood upright, and he suddenly remembered numerous frightening tales about murdering ghosts. But then he realized that if he himself was already dead, there was nothing to be worried about. He jutted out his chin, gave a cold harrumph, and slowly stood up.

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Chapter 1102 Who Fears Whom

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"Alright. You're a ghost. I'm a ghost. Since we're both dead and both spirits, then who fears whom? Haha?" He walked towards the old man, then circled around him with a low, eerie whistle.

"You must be a ghost dwelling among these Nameless Mountains. No need to be tense; I'm just passing by and happened to die. I'm about to be on my way. Ai, I wonder if becoming a ghost means I can continue living forever and practice cultivation. Perhaps I could become an eternal ghost." Suddenly, sorrow rose in Yan Xiaobao's heart again, and he sighed.

The old man in black clothes looked at Yan Xiaobao and furrowed his brow. Then, in a screeching voice, he said, "How have you not died?"

Yan Xiaobao started in surprise, then suddenly remembered something. He bit down hard with his tongue, almost unable to believe it when the pain struck him. He bit once more, this time until tears rolled down his cheeks. His expression lit up with joy, and he began dancing up and down. He even tilted his head back and laughed loudly.

"I'm not dead!! Hahaha! I, Yan Xiaobao, possess an unparalleled cultivation base! I am invincible in Heaven and Earth. How could I die?!" He was extremely excited, reaching out to grab the old man's arm, but his hand passed through the man, catching nothing but air. Meanwhile, his hand suddenly felt extremely cold.

"Uh..." Yan Xiaobao suddenly became rigid. He stared blankly at the old man, eyes wide, then screamed and jumped back. "A ghost!"

When he thought he was dead, he hadn't anticipated encountering a ghost. But now, fear welled up as tales of killer ghosts began to flash through his mind.

Soon, he reached a foggy area where he encountered some invisible barrier he couldn't pass. He leaned against the obstacle, gripping his small Wooden Sword, and staring at the old man, countless thoughts fluttered through his mind. Finally, a miserable expression filled his face.

"Sir, is there any unfinished business from your life that I can help you take care of...?"

The old man in a black robe showed a strange expression as he studied Yan Xiaobao. He couldn't help but think about how the youth standing before him differed greatly from the previous Steel Vein Fighter. They almost appeared like two different people. Eventually, a thoughtful expression appeared in his eyes.

"Perhaps only people like this one can truly cultivate the Immortal Eternal Life Skill..." he muttered. He felt more at ease, shook his head, and smiled. Then he turned and began to drift away into the distance.

"The techniques for immortal life are divided into the Immortal Codex and the Live Forever Codex. Each Food Codex is comprised of five volumes... What you are cultivating is the least developed first volume of the 'Immortal Codex,' which is Immortal Skin. You've mastered Iron Skin and made progress towards Bronze Skin!" As the old man floated away, his voice resonated in Yan Xiaobao's ears.

"Immortal Food Codex breaks through the five shackles of death. Live Forever Codex unveils the five seals of eternity!

"Train hard. If you reach the level of Immortal Golden Skin, you will confront the first shackle of death. Whether or not you can break through this restraint will depend upon your own good fortune.

"Since fate has brought us together, I will give you a pill. Furthermore, to aid in your breakthrough in immortal skin and mastery of Bronze Skin, I will give you this jade sliding plate. It contains... the second volume of the Immortal Codex, the Immortal King of Heaven![1]

"If you succeed in cultivating the Immortal Eternal Life Skill, you can... form a core!" At this point, the old man was no longer visible in the distance. However, as his voice echoed, two beams of light shot through the sky, swirling before Yan Xiaobao.

After the old man left, Yan Xiaobao stared in shock. At this point, he realized the reason he hadn't died, and in fact, had completely recovered, was because the old man saved him.

The reason was that Yan Xiaobao had been cultivating the Immortal Eternal Life Skill.

Though Yan Xiaobao feared death, he took things good and bad very seriously. He knew he'd been severely injured in the battle, likely to the point of death. A tremor passed through him, and he took a deep breath, clenched his fists, and deeply bowed toward the direction where the old man had disappeared.

"Teacher," he called out, "thank you very much for the kindness you showed in saving my life. May I respectfully ask your name...?"

"I am... the Tomb Keeper," the old man replied, his voice faint and timeless, as if it had floated through countless years.

At that same moment, when it suddenly vanished, the sound of a crack could be heard from the fog. Now unsealed, the area separated from the rest of the world returned to its original place. As he gazed into the distance, the wind blew, lifting Yan Xiaobao's long hair.

After a while, he murmured, "Immortal Eternal Life Skill... five shackles of death and five eternal seals?" This was the first time he had ever heard something of such nature.

Finally, he took a deep breath and looked at the pill and jade sliding plate. He first picked up the jade, scanning it with divine sense. Inside was the second volume of the Immortal Corpse Scripture.

He opened the jade sliding plate, then looked at the pill. Although he was already a skilled Pharmacist, he could not determine the pill's quality. He held it in his hand and began to inspect it. Naturally cautious, he knew that if the old man in the black robe intended to harm him, he could have done so in many ways. Therefore, the pill very likely only offered benefits and would not harm him.

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He muttered, glancing around, then took the pill and started walking. As he continued forward, he looked around the forest and sighed emotionally. When he recalled the entire chase and the struggle with the Luochen Clan cultivators, and the involved dangers, he couldn't shake the lingering fear in his heart.

"I wonder what Sister Du and Brother Hou are doing... Did they get away...?" At this moment, he didn't dare to use his jade to try to contact the sect. He worried that the Luochen Clan cultivators might still be nearby and could detect the fluctuations of his attempt to communicate. This could lead to a big

problem. Patting his satchel, he crafted Feng Yan's wind wheel and, after a quick test, confirmed it was now operational.

His eyes flickered with joy. Although he had some guesses about the current situation, he wasn't in a hurry to leave the area, so he found a cave to take a rest. There, he crafted his turtle pot, along with the pill given to him by the old man in black robes.

Soon, a silver glow flashed on the pill, and on its surface, three spiritual designs could be seen. Yan Xiaobao picked up the pill, eyes wide, and swallowed it, his eyes sparkling. His body immediately began to hum, as if burning flames were producing an indescribable life energy, which then coursed through him.

He began to tremble, clenched his teeth tightly, and unleashed the Immortal Eternal Life Skill. Then, he patted himself, revealing that his skin was no longer pitch black but now tinged with a hint of bronze. The bronze hue reached the point where it almost looked like statues made of it.

The power within him intensified, and he felt stronger than ever.

However, the energy from the medicine was not yet exhausted. After undergoing triple spirit enhancement, the pill reached an incredible level of quality. Even when his skin turned entirely bronze, the cracking sound came from within him, as if something was shattering.

Lines swiftly spread across the skin's surface, increasing in number until they covered his entire body. Intense pain frustrated him, yet he endured, and soon, those lines began to turn silver!

The immortal skin decomposed into levels of iron, bronze, silver, and gold!

Even the black-robed old man couldn't have anticipated that the pill he gave Yan Xiaobao would receive a spiritual upgrade, allowing him not only to break through to copper-level skin but also to surpass the bronze skin level.

Ling Xiao's voice echoed within Yan Xiaobao's mind for several days. More and more cracks appeared on his skin, and soon, the skin began to peel off, almost like shedding. Moreover, each falling piece shone silver underneath.

Ten days later, the last bit of skin dropped away. He was now entirely silver, although it was a dull silver, and when he opened his eyes, they gleamed with bright silver light.

He suddenly burst into motion, causing a shocking rumble. His speed was now at least double what it had been before!

When his right hand clenched into a fist and struck a nearby boulder, his eyes sparkled. The boulder shattered instantly, not into large chunks, but into dust!

This level of power surpassed his previous capacities by several times!

Yan Xiaobao was so excited that he was almost breathless. By now, he was confident that if he fought Chen Heng again, the battle would certainly not be as painful.

After some further testing, even more shocking discoveries were made. The defensive level of his immortal silver skin was such that even his Three Sword Spirit-enhanced wooden sword could not scratch it.

Yan Xiaobao's eyes were filled with excitement. After ceasing the operation of the Immortal Eternal Life Skill, his body returned to its normal pure and fair state. He changed clothes, then began speeding into the distance, appearing very pleased with himself. After traversing the forest, Yan Xiaobao started noticing clues about the stories. He became soon convinced that his hypotheses were correct. After emerging from the Nameless Mountain, he advanced at top speed for several days until he returned to the Fallenstar Mountain, where he discovered the ruins of the Luo Chen Clan. "It seems Du Lingfei and Hou Yunfei truly returned to the sect." When he recalled the painful events he had once experienced, he sighed, then turned around and leapt onto the wind wheel. Sitting cross-legged, he aimed it toward the distance.

"Back to the sect!" he declared, eyes sparkling with anticipation. Then he realized he must have rendered extraordinary service to the sect, and would surely receive generous rewards upon his return.

This made him even more excited. As he made his way along, he turned his attention to his hands. As he sifted through and organized all the other bags he had retrieved from the Luo Chen Clan cultivators, he found many random items and some spirit stones.

Within one bag, although he forgot whom it originally belonged to, he found the most valuable item— a seed, about the size of a human fist. It pulsed, almost like a beating heart, as if it contained something alive. However, the beating grew weaker and weaker.

After some thought, Yan Xiaobao's knowledge of plants and vegetation led him to a shocking conclusion. It was a valuable, legendary spiritual seed, said to have been extinct long ago. It was called the Beastbirth Seed!

According to legend, if it absorbed the essence of another soul creature, it could naturally reproduce that spirit creature. For those powerful beasts difficult to replicate, such Beastbirth Seeds were almost priceless treasures.

Such was the case for cultivators with powerful spiritual creature pets. Such cultivators all desired successive generations of their powerful spiritual creatures. Unfortunately, they were usually limited to one pet, making Beastbirth Seeds extremely valuable to them.

It was unclear how the enemy Luo Chen Clan cultivator came to possess such a valuable item. It was speculated that this person encountered some kind of fortune. After all, the Luo Chen Clan was located in the Fallenstar Mountain, a place brimming with mysteries.

After some pondering, Yan Xiaobao concluded that whichever Luo Chen Clan cultivator found the wild seed likely didn't know what it was, which could explain why it wasn't properly cared for.

Along the way, Yan Xiaobao picked up some wood infused with spiritual energy. After carving it into a small box, he carefully placed the Beastbirth Seed inside, where the seed's life force fluctuations gradually stabilized.

Yan Xiaobao took the wooden box and took a deep breath. Then, following the same path they initially took, he sent the windsiff soaring across the horizon, edging his way closer to the Spiritual Flow Sect.

A month passed quickly. On the original journey, they didn't have many spirit stones, so they only used the windsiff at night. But now, holding onto spirit stones imbued with spiritual energy, Yan Xiaobao didn't worry about wasting them. Thus, it only took a month for the gates of the Spiritual Sect's South Shore to come into view.

"It's been over half a year since I left. At last, I'm back." Yan Xiaobao stood on the windskiff, hair whipping in the wind, looking every bit like a powerful master. However, he suddenly realized this was the wrong image and quickly reverted to the tattered, bloodstained Outer Sect Disciple robe he had worn during the desperate battle with the Luo Chen Clan.

Now he looked like someone willing to die for the sect. Upon returning, the bloodstains on his clothes, and the cloth torn and pierced here and there, would clearly bear witness to the perilous crises he faced.

Feeling extremely pleased, he directed the windskiff closer to the sect. However, just as he was about to cross the boundary, an invisible barrier appeared, causing the windskiff to bounce back.

"Hmm?" he thought. The rebounding force nearly knocked him off the windskiff.

It was at this point a light suddenly shot from the main gate towards him. A young man appeared, looking at Yan Xiaobao with a calm expression.

"Who are you, fellow Taoist, and what brings you to the Spiritual Sect?" Even as these words left his mouth, he looked at the windskiff, then at Yan Xiaobao's clothes, his brows furrowing. "You have a Spirit Stream Sect windskiff, and you're wearing an Outer Sect Disciple robe? And the Spirit Stream Sect main gate is barring you from entering?! Who are you?!"

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Chapter 1104 Soaring

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As he performed the spell with his right hand, the young man's eyes gleamed coldly. His cultivation base surged instantly with the fluctuations of Qi Condensation Level 8.

Yan Xiaobao propped himself up, looking at the shield in confusion.

"Brother," he said, "what's going on? Why can't I enter the sect? I am Yan Xiaobao, an Outer Disciple of Xiangyun Peak!"

The young man frowned, and just as he was about to say something, he was surprised and began to speak.

"Hold on, you're Yan Xiaobao?" The more he looked at Yan Xiaobao, the more familiar he seemed. He had attended Yan Xiaobao's funeral, his portrait above the tombstone. A tremor ran through the young man as he realized Yan Xiaobao's clothes were stained with blood, and he gasped. "You... you're not dead??!!!"

"I'm not dead at all!" Just as Yan Xiaobao stared in amazement, the young man excitedly pulled out a piece of jade and sent a message back to the sect.

As the message about Yan Xiaobao was sent back, Li Qinghou was in secluded meditation on Xiangyun Peak. Suddenly, his eyes opened, and a tremor ran through him.

Meanwhile, the message was relayed to the sect leader, whose jaw dropped. He immediately sent a holy sense to the South Shore's main gate, and upon seeing Yan Xiaobao, he was initially shocked, then delighted. He promptly began sending notifications to the sect.

It only took a few breaths for the sounds of doubt to begin. The collective voices were so loud they rang out loudly even beyond the main gate. Additionally, the bell began to toll.

"Yan Xiaobao? He's not dead? How is he alive?!?! "

Countless people started flying out from within the sect. Somewhat surprisingly, the first was Hou Yunfei. When he came out from the gate and saw Yan Xiaobao, his face bore an expression of disbelief. After their participation in the deadly pursuit, he never wanted to believe that Yan Xiaobao was truly dead. However, deep in his heart, he was convinced no disciple could escape such a dire situation.

Now, he was so excited that he began to cry.

"Little Brother Bai!!" he shouted. Laughing, he rushed forward to greet Yan Xiaobao.

"Brother Hou..." Yan Xiaobao replied, blinking. By this time, he realized the sect thought he was dead. He looked at Hou Yunfei, his eyes filled with happiness.

"Come on, let's head back to the sect!" Hou Yunfei said excitedly. He grabbed Yan Xiaobao and immediately returned to the gate. With Hou Yunfei there, Yan Xiaobao could now enter the sect. As for the young man earlier, he followed along, obviously shaken. He had personally participated in the Luo Chen Clan's annihilation and had seen evidence of Yan Xiaobao's battle, including the corpses of the Luo Chen Clan cultivators. Seeing Yan Xiaobao return alive left him deeply shocked.

As soon as Yan Xiaobao stepped through the gate, more and more people started rushing towards him from all directions.

"The Ninth Fatty?!" Big Fatty Zhang, the Third Fatty Hei, and the other fatty brothers from the servant area were all so happy they were trembling. Especially Big Fatty Zhang, who gave Yan Xiaobao a big bear hug, tears streaming down his face.

Yan Xiaobao was moved. Seeing how many people surrounded him, he suddenly felt as if everything he had done was worth it.

Then, a light soared over; it was Li Qinghou. When he looked at Yan Xiaobao, his face bore an expression of disbelief. In his hand was a pouch containing all the bloodstained clothes he had collected while searching for Yan Xiaobao.

He knew better than anyone the grave and deadly danger Yan Xiaobao had faced.

Yan Xiaobao hurried forward, bowing respectfully to Li Qinghou. "Greetings, Peak King!"

Li Qinghou was typically a very calm person, but now he couldn't stop himself from trembling. Extending his hand, he placed it on Yan Xiaobao's head and said, "I'm glad you're alive," Li Qinghou said. "It's good to have you back."

"This is my home!" Yan Xiaobao said breathlessly. "I'm willing to go through hell or high water for this sect!" Then he waved his gauntlet, purposely revealing the numerous bloodstained holes within.

People continued to flow from the three peaks of the South Shore. Everyone wanted to see Yan Xiaobao, and upon seeing the tattered and bloodstained clothes, they were deeply shocked.

Especially as people began spreading what he had just said. Everyone was shaken, and when they looked at Yan Xiaobao, they felt... he was truly a chosen one of the sect.

As the crowd gathered, the sound of a young woman's sobbing could be heard. Du Lingfei was among them. She had been crying for days and hadn't even slimmed down. When she heard someone say Yan Xiaobao had returned, her thoughts scrambled, and she immediately dropped everything and rushed over.

When she saw Yan Xiaobao for real, more tears began to flow. She rushed forward and hugged him, crying and laughing at the same time. It was almost impossible for her to believe what she was seeing was real. In response, Yan Xiaobao felt a warm sensation in his heart.

His hands almost began to reach towards certain protruding areas of clothing, but then he remembered there were many people watching, and he held back.

"As I said, Sister Du," he said coolly, lifting his chin, "if I, Yan Xiaobao, have only one breath left, I will never let anyone harm you." The words, tinged with irony, left his mouth as if he were looking down on the entire world.

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However, Du Lingfei had a slight limp, and in the depths of her eyes, the emotions hidden there had become sweeter than before.

The Law Hall led by Ouyang Jie was also there. When he saw Yan Xiaobao, he watched for a moment in shock, but then felt great joy. When he saw Yan Xiaobao's tattered state and heard what he had just said to Li Qinghou, he nodded in approval.

"Yan Xiaobao, I am Ouyang Jie from the Judicial Hall."

When Yan Xiaobao heard the words "Hall of Justice," his heart pounded, but then he recalled the incredible service he had rendered. His chest swelled as before, and he respectfully shook hands with Ouyang Jie.

Ouyang Jie rarely smiled, but he did now, saying, "Why don't you come with me to see the Sect Leader and talk about what happened with the Luo Chen Family?"

With a wave of his finger under Yan Xiaobao's command, a mist of spiritual energy appeared underfoot, lifting him towards Ouyang Jie.

Li Qinghou looked very pleased, as he transformed into a streak of light and followed.

The other disciples watched Yan Xiaobao leave, most of them gasping in amazement and beginning to discuss the matter as they dispersed. Of course, news of Yan Xiaobao being alive spread quickly.

Eventually, everyone in the Spirit Stream Sect knew about it. Most were very happy, but back in his Immortal Cave, Qian Dajin was trembling, a hint of horror visible on his face.

"Damn, I can't believe he's not dead! How could he escape such a deadly pursuit!?"

"He probably has no idea I'm the one who arranged for him to continue the mission... does he? He can't possibly know..." Various expressions flashed across Qian Dajin's face. Finally, he sighed, pondering all the potentially bad things that could happen.

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Spirit Stream Sect has eight peaks. Four are on the North Shore, three on the South Shore, and one in the middle... that is Dao Seed Mountain, the public seat of power for the sect. Usually, Sect Leader Zheng Yuandong manages sect affairs from that place.

Currently, with the lords of the peaks from both the North Shore and South Shore sitting up straight in the main hall, the bell rang. The Sect Leader was also there, seated in the center position.

Soon, Li Qinghou and Ouyang Jie arrived with Bai Xiaochun. They took Yan Xiaobao from outside the temple hall, telling him to wait there as they went inside.

Outside the temple, four disciples served as guards, glancing curiously at Yan Xiaobao's appearance.

Yan Xiaobao smiled at them. This was his first time visiting this place; spiritual energy was abundant, and the fragrance of plants and flowers filled the air. There were no irrelevant sounds; everything was calm and quiet, unlike on Xiangyun Peak.

This was a very important place in the sect, and usually, any disciple coming here would act very cautiously. However, Yan Xiaobao seemed completely at ease, standing there looking very relaxed.

The four disciples couldn't help but marvel at this, thinking that Yan Xiaobao really should be considered a big figure in the sect, someone who had rendered incredible service. After all, ordinary people would never act so casually in such a place.

The fact is, although Yan Xiaobao feared death, given the accomplishments he had shown, he knew he wouldn't die here. So, it was natural for him to feel unafraid. He puffed out his chest, his heart filled with anticipation for his rewards.

"Considering the level of service I've provided to the sect, they'll have to give me a pill to extend my life by a hundred years. They're most likely going to give me 1,000,000 merits, maybe an incredible Immortal Cave too. I'm sure I'll also be promoted to the Inner Sect. Hahaha." The more he thought about it, the more excited he became. However, after a long time, no news came letting him into the Holy Temple.

Yan Xiaobao was a bit surprised. He kept waiting until he yawned when finally, a voice spoke somewhat sparingly.

"Yan Xiaobao, come in."

His spirits instantly lifted. Taking a deep breath, he tried to look like the picture of a disciple ready to go through Hell or high water for his sect. He entered the main hall, hands clasped, bowing.

"Yan Xiaobao from Xiangyun Peak, at your service. Greetings, Sect Leader. Greetings, other senior members of the sect."

After making the formal greetings, Yan Xiaobao lifted his head. He immediately saw an old man sitting in the middle of the group. He didn't appear angrily threatening, dressed in long white robes. His cultivation base was completely unreadable.

He was surrounded by eight people, a group of six men and two women. Li Qinghou and Ouyang Jie were among them, all seemingly measuring Yan Xiaobao, who had somehow survived and returned.

Their eyes were drawn to his clothes. Given the strength of their vision, they quickly understood that Yan Xiaobao's clothes hadn't been torn intentionally, but that he had truly been through a deadly battle.

They also noticed how pure and fair he looked. He spoke politely, neither arrogant nor humble. Judging by the expression on his face, he seemed completely relaxed.

Although none of them showed any reaction to what they saw, inside, their impression of Bai Xiaochun rose further. However, some still had doubts about what exactly had happened.

Li Qinghou looked at Yan Xiaobao and then slowly said, "Yan Xiaobao, please explain everything involving the mission with the Luo Chen Clan in detail from start to finish."

Chapter 1106 Soaring (Part 3)

He appeared extremely serious, and Yan Xiaobao calmly recounted everything that had happened from beginning to end. He abandoned the old man in black clothes; this was the secret he kept.

He let Feng Yan sacrifice himself in the story, along with the various challenges they encountered. He was a smart person, so he didn't mention any of his worthy achievements, instead continuing to praise Feng Yan, Du Lingfei, and Hou Yunfei.

"It was all my useless mistake," he said. "Mr. Feng died to save me. It was all my fault...."

The more he continued in this manner, the more the Sect Leader and others nodded in approval. Of course, these people had practiced for many years and were as cunning as devils. From the special outfit

Yan Xiaobao wore upon his return, they could discern what kind of person he was. Even so, their praise only continued to grow.

"After he lost consciousness, did he just wake up with everyone healed?" the Sect Leader thought, smiling. He didn't mind Yan Xiaobao's version of events. After all, disciples always had secrets to maintain. They were better off feeling like they belonged to the sect, as exerting absolute control over every aspect of their lives would only have the opposite effect.

After his storytelling ended, the Sect Leader said, "Yan Xiaobao, a few months ago, your reward was already declared. At that time, you became a Soul Sect... Distinguished Disciple!"

When the Sect Leader actually uttered the words "Distinguished Disciple," a strange feeling arose in his heart. After all, this was the first time in history there had been a living Reputation Disciple.

This was one of the reasons why the earlier discussion was so difficult. The status of a Reputation Disciple was incredibly important and had previously only been awarded posthumously to disciples who died in battle. However, here was Yan Xiaobao, right in front of them, alive and not in worse shape...

This was one of the reasons everyone was so shocked when they heard he was still alive.

Moreover, this status couldn't be revoked. The funeral had already been held, and merits were established. The group felt a bit confused about what to do, so they let Yan Xiaobao wait outside for a while.

After much discussion, they determined there was no way to change what had been declared. According to sect rules, they would allow Yan Xiaobao to keep this position.

"Distinguished Disciple?" Yan Xiaobao asked, looking astonished. He had never heard of such a title before, so he just stood there, staring blankly at the Sect Leader and other senior sect members. Although there were strange expressions on their faces, they didn't say anything about the reward.

Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but ask, "Uh... is that it?"

"That's it," the Sect Leader replied, smiling.

Yan Xiaobao immediately started to feel anxious and was about to begin explaining how difficult the trip had been, how many times he nearly died. However, before he could begin, Li Qinghou, who understood Yan Xiaobao better than anyone else, cleared his throat and said, "Quickly, thank the Sect Leader. In the entire history of the Spiritual Flow Sect, there have only been ten times the title of Distinguished Disciple has been given. In the past thousand years, you are the only one to receive it.

"As a Reputation Disciple, your rank is above the Inner Sect, and you enjoy the most prestigious honor throughout the Soul Stream. Your descendants will have special sect resources and will become inner disciples from birth. The Spirit Sect will forever protect your lineage!

...

Chapter 1107 Spiritual Flow Sect

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"Currently, there are nine great clans belonging to the Spiritual Flow Sect, all of which are Dignity Clans. This is a truly glorious and honorable position."

When Yan Xiaobao heard this explanation, a somewhat sad expression appeared on his face. His spirit suddenly sank, and he looked miserably at Li Qinghou, then returned to the side of the Sect Leader.

He didn't know what to say. Although the status of a Reputation Disciple seemed incredible, the fact was, it was created for the descendants of the deceased. But he was still alive... Sadly, Yan Xiaobao was now in the unfortunate state of being jealous of his own descendants.

"Thank you... Sect Leader..." he said sadly, lacking the ability to speak.

The sect leader Zheng Yuandong awkwardly cleared his throat. "From today onward, you may call me Brother Sect Leader."

The issue of making Yan Xiaobao an apprentice of his own master arose because he thought Yan Xiaobao sacrificed his life. But now that he was alive, it led to a rather awkward situation. Despite many

years of experience, the leader of this sect now had a twenty-year-old calling him Elder. He couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

"Really?" Yan Xiaobao asked, his eyes widening. Suddenly, he felt much better. He entered the temple hall with high hopes, only for them to be cruelly crushed. This led to his bad mood. But now, the situation had changed.

"Given your exceptional service, and considering you have no formal master, I have taken on the responsibility of accepting you as my own apprenticeship. Therefore, from now on, you can call me 'Senior Brother.'" The sect leader felt less awkward.

Yan Xiaobao took a deep breath, his eyes filled with excitement. He suddenly felt truly valued by the sect. The master's position within the sect would definitely be listed among the main elders, which filled Yan Xiaobao's eyes with excitement.

"From now on," he thought, "no one dares to bully me, nor would they dare to mess with such an outstanding master! Hahaha!" His heart raced with joy, his hands clenched tightly, and he bowed deeply.

"Thank you very much, Brother Sect Leader," he said, sounding quite happy. "Brother Sect Leader, where exactly is our master? I would like to pay my respects."

A peculiar expression appeared on the face of the sect leader, who slowly said, "There's no rush. Before he passed away during meditation, he painted a portrait of himself, hanging on the back of the mountain. I've arranged for a few people to escort you there soon."

Yan Xiaobao felt as if he had been struck by lightning. "Passed away during meditation... worshiped at the back of the mountain..."

His jaw dropped as the words echoed in his mind. After a long time, he pulled himself together... He had become the apprentice of a master who had already passed away.

"I..." Yan Xiaobao now began to speak angrily, his thoughts buzzing. His heart sank again, he wanted to cry, although no tears would come. In his daze, he allowed himself to be guided to the back of the

mountain, where he paid formal respects to his master's portrait. Afterward, he left Mount Daoseed and returned to Xiangyun Peak.

On Xiangyun Peak, numerous disciples hurriedly greeted him. Curious expressions were visible in their eyes, and someone even kindly took him to see his own tombstone.

When Yan Xiaobao saw the tombstone, everything seemed to turn dark.

Finally, he found himself back in his yard, sitting dazedly in his small wooden cabin, anger building inside him. "I... I became the apprentice of a painting..."

A few days later, he was still there, looking quite miserable. Half a month passed before he managed to pull himself together.

He sighed miserably and left his residence to look for Big Fat Zhang, reminiscing about the past. However, as he walked out, he met an Outer Sect Disciple, who immediately clasped his hands together and bowed deeply.

"Greetings, Uncle Bai."

Yan Xiaobao took a few more steps, then stopped and turned, eyes gleaming, and grabbed the Outer Sect Disciple, pulling him over.

"What did you just call me?"

"Uncle Zong!" the Outer Sect Disciple responded immediately. "Sir, you are the young brother of the Sect Leader. Naturally, disciples would call you Uncle Bai!"

Yan Xiaobao's fist relaxed a bit, his eyes began to shine even more brightly. His heart also began to pound. This new status of his wasn't so bad after all. He had incredible qualifications...

He licked his lips and started laughing, which scared the Outer Sect Disciple so much that he began to retreat awkwardly, unsure of what madness had overtaken Yan Xiaobao.

Yan Xiaobao suddenly stopped laughing. He cleared his throat, held himself with the air of a sect member, and nodded slightly at the Outer Sect Disciple. He did not go looking for Big Fatty Zhang, but instead looked forward eagerly to visiting the assignment office.

Because... that's where most people were.

Meanwhile, Li Qinghou had already returned to Xiangyun Peak and was meditating in seclusion. Sitting cross-legged, he thought for a moment, then waved his hand. With a serious expression, he began concocting pills.

"Xiao Chun is stubborn and mischievous. I need to prepare a life-saving magic item for him. Unfortunately, I'm not very good at device forging, but I can make a batch of Nine Ultimates Pills to trade with Pill Stream Sect... When they find out that I'm preparing a magic item for Qi Condensation disciples, those young relative, they will definitely tear me apart." Li Qinghou shook his head but didn't mind. In order to concoct the Nine Ultimates Pills, he would have to use some of his own heart's blood, but when he thought of how close Yan Xiaobao had come to death, he resolved his Qi, cleared his mind, and prepared to start concocting. Yan Xiaobao was the kind who liked to find joy in anything... Now he has discovered the joy in being the young brother of the Sect Leader, he could not be happier. He roamed the sect's mountain paths until he saw the assignment office in the distance.

Chapter 1108 Spiritual Flow Sect (Part 2)

He cleared his throat, tidied his clothes, and assumed the demeanor of a senior member of the sect. He stuck out his chin, clasped his hands behind his back, and strode forward.

The mission office was one of the busiest places within the sect, and today, as usual, it was teeming with people. The hustle and bustle of outer sect disciples coming and going could be heard from a distance.

When Yan Xiaobao arrived, he stood there with a benevolent smile on his face, surveying all the outer sect disciples.

People noticed that almost as soon as he appeared, those disciples nearest to him, who were discussing various task-related topics, suddenly burst into laughter.

"That's... That's Uncle Bai! Greetings, Uncle Bai!"

They extended their hands in his direction, shouting, "Greetings, Uncle Bai!"

After hearing them, more people looked over, and soon, almost all the outer sect disciples in the area were greeting with handshakes.

Hearing everyone call him Uncle Bai, he strode forward happily, smiling, hands clasped behind his back, saying, "Keep up the good work, everyone."

The surrounding disciples looked at him with admiration, and began whispering to each other.

"Wow, Uncle Bai is the younger brother of the sect leader..."

There were some guards stationed at the mission office, and when they saw Yan Xiaobao walking, they hurriedly stood up and greeted him with handshakes. In fact, the entire mission office came to a standstill as everyone turned to look, causing Yan Xiaobao to shine even brighter.

"Carry on, everyone," he said. "No need to concern yourselves with me. I'm just here representing my brother, the sect leader, to check on the Spiritual Flow Sect's outer sect disciples." Happiness blossomed deep within him. In response to his words, the surrounding disciples once again exchanged handshakes, and even elders from the mission office came out to nod politely at him.

However... although Yan Xiaobao clearly told them not to mind him, he didn't leave. He wandered through the crowd, nodding to those he recognized, and basked in the calls of "Uncle Bai." Some disciples even said it ten times...

Soon, their faces displayed odd expressions as they realized that Yan Xiaobao had obviously heard them call him Uncle Bai... Eventually, he decided not to push things too far. He waved to everyone, swaggering away, and soon, the mission office returned to normalcy.

"That's amazing," he thought, his eyes sparkling. Not only did he feel immensely pleased, but more importantly, he could say his status had far exceeded that of others.

"Reputation disciple. The younger brother of the sect leader. No wonder no one in this sect dares to provoke me, right?" Reaching this thought, Yan Xiaobao laughed heartily and hurried toward the Ten Thousand Medicines Pavilion.

The Ten Thousand Medicines Pavilion... was also packed.

He arrived there shortly, and when he did, he looked up at the ten stelae, listening to everyone call him Uncle Bai. He stood there for a while, sighed until odd expressions appeared on the disciples' faces. He reluctantly left. By then, evening was falling, but he didn't feel tired and instead headed to one of the places where many outer sect disciples resided.

Xu Baocai had just stepped out, and upon seeing Yan Xiaobao, he immediately clasped his hands.

Yan Xiaobao patted Xu Baocai's shoulder and then spoke in a wise, reproving tone. "Ah, it's you, Little Bao! In all the time I've been away, your cultivation base hasn't progressed much! We can't have that! You need to study diligently!"

Xu Baocai's jaw dropped and he blinked. Hearing Yan Xiaobao call him "Little Bao," his heart trembled slightly. At his age, only his father would call him something like that, and even then, only in private. Despite feeling a bit peculiar, he dared not say anything, merely nodding in agreement.[1]

"I... um, what I mean is, as an important figure like me..." Yan Xiaobao suddenly realized that with a position like his, simply referring to himself as "I" was inappropriate, so he decided to try sounding like an important figure like Li Qinghou. He cleared his throat, clasped his hands tightly behind him, and mumbled, "As an important figure like me, I'm not familiar with this area. Can you guide me a bit?"

Xu Baocai had no choice but to promptly begin showing Bai Xiaochun around.

As more and more disciples returned home, seeing Bai Xiaochun left them somewhat astonished. Many of them had seen him earlier at both the mission office and the Ten Thousand Medicines Pavilion. Seeing him there led to an exchange of odd glances among them. However, they had no choice but to exchange handshakes and offer greetings.

Yan Xiaobao once again basked in the glory of such status. Seeing an outer sect disciple accepting another handshake, joy surged within his heart. It was deep into the night when he finally left, utterly satisfied with himself.

Passing by, he saw the Spirit Tail Chicken Farm and decided to stop by. Soon, shouts of 'Uncle Bai' could be heard. When he left, he held two Spirit Tail Chickens in his hands.

"Ah, the perks of having status. Before, when I wanted to eat chicken, I had to steal them. Now, I can openly receive them. Who dares to challenge me now, right? My brother is the sect leader!" Yan Xiaobao hummed a little tune as he returned to his residence, exuding an air of pride and complacency.

The next morning, as the sun rose, Yan Xiaobao climbed out of bed, feeling elated. He straightened his clothes, looked at himself in the bronze mirror, selected the best posture, and then stepped outside.

Then he conducted himself in a very serious manner, as if... it was his job...

He didn't head to the task office, instead visiting many other places on Xiangyun Peak. He even went to watch battle competitions...

For an entire day, he heard countless people calling him Uncle Bai. To him, it almost felt like he had become an immortal. His spirit was so high it nearly burst. Then... the third day came. Then the fourth, the fifth...

He wandered around the sect for over ten days. By then, nearly all the outer sect disciples on Xiangyun Peak were calling him Uncle Bai, and they were starting to go crazy. If calling a kid like him Sect Uncle happened only once, it might be okay. But the more they had to call him that, the worse they felt.

Yan Xiaobao's days were long and fulfilling, especially when he encountered people he recognized. He particularly enjoyed it, quickly rushing over to exchange greetings...

One day he saw Zhao Yiduo. Eyes sparkling, he hurried over to grab his arm, saying, "Sect Nephew Yiduo, long time no see! Don't rush!"

When Zhao Yiduo heard the term "Sect Nephew," his face twitched. "Uncle Bai, we... we've run into each other several times over the past few days..."

Yan Xiaobao blinked, then cleared his throat. Just then, he saw someone nearby, someone who noticed him, merely turning to leave.

"Eee?" he said. "Sect Nephew Zi, long time no see!" He swiftly released Zhao Yiduo, hurrying to stand in front of Chen Zinan, his face brimming with joy.

Chen Ziang seemed on the verge of madness. He had been encountering Yan Xiaobao every day recently, usually at least three times... From what he heard, it was the same for everyone who personally knew Yan Xiaobao. The worst was one unfortunate fellow who claimed to be the Wolf King, supposedly visited dozens of times daily by Bai Xiaochun...

"Uncle Bai, um... I have something to take care of, I must run." Chen Ziang quickly fled, as if his life depended on it.

Ten days passed, and the outer sect disciples on Xiangyun Peak began pretending not to notice Yan Xiaobao. This naturally displeased him, forcing him to take more frequent initiative.

Yan Xiaobao grabbed a former fan of Zhou Xinqi, saying, "Ai Ya! You seem familiar! Come on, as someone important like me, I sometimes forget things. Have we met?"

The disciple looked somewhat wretched as Yan Xiaobao started chatting with him. After enough time to burn incense passed, and after the disciple called him Uncle Bai over thirty times, Yan Xiaobao finally looked very satisfied and allowed the pitiful disciple to leave.

However, this tactic was not viable in the long term. Upon realizing that everyone was avoiding him, he thought he needed to be more proactive. In the days that followed, he frequently cleared his throat to remind people of his presence.

The results were only average, leaving Yan Xiaobao feeling discouraged. Fortunately, aside from Du Xiaofei, there was another girl, whom Yan Xiaobao found quite charming.

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Chapter 1109 Taking the Initiative

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It's Hou Xiaomei. She would actively come to find him every day. He didn't need to clear his throat; she was so enthusiastic that she could hardly stand before him and would follow him closely, calling him Sect Uncle.

The other Outer Sect disciples felt a bit uncomfortable seeing this, but Yan Xiaobao was delighted. Not long ago, Yan Xiaobao had provided her with some education about the mysterious Little Turtle of Xiangyun Peak. She still admired this Little Turtle and once, when she was walking with Yan Xiaobao, she asked him what he thought about the Little Turtle.

"Little Turtle? He's mysterious and unfathomable. He's a natural-born genius, a rare and magnificent figure in the ten thousand year history of the Spirit Flow Sect. He's like a white cloud in a clear sky, someone everyone can look up to!" Finally, he coughed. After saying such grand words, Yan Xiaobao had to work hard not to blurt out to Hou Xiaomei that he was the Little Turtle. However, he was still determined to find a moment when he was the center of attention to tell Hou Xiaomei his great identity.

"I feel the same," Hou Xiaomei replied, her eyes sparkling. "I told many people that the Little Turtle is not concerned with material rewards. He pursues the Medical Path and doesn't worry about worldly affairs. In a clear sky, he's indeed like a white cloud."

For a while, there were many rumors about Yan Xiaobao being the Little Turtle. However, these rumors were eventually refuted. Everyone knew that what they thought the Little Turtle looked like, was definitely not Yan Xiaobao.

The fact that Hou Xiaomei responded in this way didn't really register with Yan Xiaobao. He was currently thinking about Zhou Xinqi, one of the five beauties of the South Shore.

"I wonder what it feels like to hear someone as proud as Zhou Xinqi call me Uncle?" he thought. This idea excited him, and from that day, he began relentlessly searching for Zhou Xinqi.

The saying goes, those who wait will receive. One day, he raised his head and happened to see Zhou Xinqi soaring on her blue silk in the sky.

"Niece Xinqi!!" he shouted.

Zhou Xinqi's face twisted into an unpleasant expression. She had heard about what Yan Xiaobao had been doing for the past month and knew that all the Outer Sect disciples were talking about it in a dreadful tone. When the phrase "Sect Niece Xinqi" entered her ears, her body started to get goosebumps. She immediately pretended as if she hadn't heard him and continued forward. However, how could she imagine... Yan Xiaobao would stubbornly run below her, crying out at the top of his lungs.

"Sect Niece Xinqi, come on, have a chat about life with your uncle!" His face was actually full of excitement; he had been searching for Zhou Xinqi for a long time and having finally met her, he certainly wouldn't give up.

Zhou Xinqi gritted her teeth and quickened her pace. Only by leaving Xiangyun Peak did she finally manage to shake him off.

Yan Xiaobao watched her fly away and sighed with regret.

"Ah, it's okay. You can fly, but I'll eventually be able to fly too. One day, I'll make you call me Uncle Bai." Feeling a bit depressed, he looked up at the dark sky and then went to find Du Lingfei.

When she saw him coming, she smiled and covered her mouth with her hand. "Uncle Bai, Uncle Bai, Uncle Bai..."

Due to Du Lingfei's charm, Yan Xiaobao's spirits soared instantly. A few days ago, because of the services she provided, one of the sect elders took her as an apprentice. Then, she was assigned to Eastwood City as the outbreak of the Spirit Flow Sect there. This was a great opportunity for Du Lingfei; after spending a few years in Eastwood City, considering her past experiences and achievements, she would be directly promoted to the Inner Sect.

Additionally, she had a lot of power in Eastwood City and obtained richer cultivation resources than the main sect.

When he saw her, Yan Xiaobao sighed with regret. Then he continued wandering around Xiangyun Peak, looking for interesting things.

Time flew by. A month later, the term "Uncle Bai" became somewhat taboo. Every time anyone thought of it, they would smile wryly.

By that time, Yan Xiaobao finally concluded that it was time to end this matter.

"I, Yan Xiaobao, am the younger brother of the Spirit Flow Sect Leader. I am the Sect Uncle of all the disciples, not just the disciples of Xiangyun Peak. I cannot discriminate against other peaks. I also need to visit them." After some consideration, he thought this was the right thing to do. Therefore, he went to Violet Cauldron Peak. A month later, the Outer Sect disciples of Violet Cauldron Peak were about to go crazy. Yan Xiaobao had almost embarked on a career as a Sect Uncle, and everyone knew about it.

They soon discovered that no matter where they went, they were likely to encounter a very pure and fair young man, slim in build, with a kind of proud expression on his face, which he tried to hide but couldn't. As he swaggered, whenever he encountered another disciple, he would loudly clear his throat, and if they pretended not to recognize him, he would immediately introduce himself.

Their throats began to become hoarse from saying "Uncle Bai" so many times, however... they had no choice but to keep doing it. After all, Yan Xiaobao was the younger brother of the sect leader, and in terms of seniority, he surpassed everyone. To dare to offend him, any disciple would basically be violating sect rules.

Finally, people went to Big Fatty Zhang for help. In turn, he made a big fuss about seeing Yan Xiaobao leave... to visit Green Peak.

Chapter 1110 Initiative (Part 2)

Another month passed, and the disciples of Green Crest Peak went mad.

This was especially true for Chen Fei and his two friends, who were quickly frightened. Once Yan Xiaobao started his rounds at Green Crest Peak, he often sought them out. Even though they would immediately start offering greetings to 'Uncle Bai,' this didn't end their trouble.

Yan Xiaobao quickly became critical, and if they even showed a hint of disrespect, he would hint that he would report them to the Judicial Hall. Chen Fei and his friends began to tremble with fear, walking on thin ice wherever they went. Finally, after giving them yet another good nudge, Yan Xiaobao finally let them off the hook. With a sigh, he left Green Crest Peak, constantly blaming himself for what was happening.

"The Outer Sect disciples all know me, but I haven't had the chance to meet any Inner Sect disciples. Then there's Qian Dajin. Does he really think I've forgotten him?" After a long thought, Yan Xiaobao nodded deeply, looking forward to the great fun he was about to experience. With that, he hurried to find some Inner Sect disciples.

In the days that followed, Yan Xiaobao appeared on all three peaks, spending most of his time in areas occupied by Inner Sect disciples. Given his status, he could enter almost any part of the Spirit Stream Sect.

However, he quickly lost interest. Everyone in the Inner Sect happened to be in secluded meditation, and months had passed without seeing anyone. This was especially true for Qian Dajin, whose Immortal Cave had been protected by several spell formations.

"I refuse to believe this is just a coincidence!" Yan Xiaobao thought as he stood at Qian Dajin's door. He tried to break through the spell formations, but considering they were there to protect a Divine Disciple's Immortal Cave, they were too strong. Seeing he couldn't succeed on his own, he decided it was best to help them open them.

However, at this moment, two people appeared in the distance, running in his direction. They were Inner Sect disciples, one tall and one short, and as they closed in, they didn't even extend a handshake in greeting.

The first to speak was the tall one. With a cool voice, he said, "Uncle Bai, how about you give our squad's young master some face and forget about the incident with Qian Dajin? Oh, by the way, the young God is Shangguan Tianyou."

From the young man's tone, he clearly expressed his expectations to Yan Xiaobao.

Shangguan Tianyou was the most respected among the top three picks on the three peaks of the South Shore!

Savants like him were rare in the Spiritual Sect's South Shore for at least a thousand years, and although he was just a disciple of the Outer Sect, there was no doubt he would soon reach Foundation. Therefore, many elders of the Sect considered Shangguan Tianyou to be a bit different from the others. Many even hoped he would eventually surpass the disciples of the North Shore, and so, a lot of resources were invested in his training.

This, in turn, led to Shangguan Tianyou having many fans, especially at Green Crest Peak.

Yan Xiaobao's expression was as usual. In the past, he might have started to fear. However, the general fear of death didn't indicate his lack of courage. In fact, as long as the situation didn't bring a threat of death, he was actually fearless.

Given his current situation, there was hardly anyone in the Sect who could threaten his life, so he simply turned his head and smiled, staring at the two newcomers.

"When you meet important figures like me and fail to offer formal greetings, it shows your two's audacity, doesn't it?" He lightly flicked his sleeve. "Who might have taught you such disrespectful irreverence? Could it be Shangguan Tianyou?"

The expressions of the two Inner Sect disciples flickered, the tall one's gaze fixed on Yan Xiaobao.

"Uncle Bai," he said, "you'd better choose your words carefully."

With hardly a word spoken, before the sentence continued, Yan Xiaobao suddenly disappeared. A gust of wind swept over the Inner Sect disciple, leaving him momentarily amazed when Yan Xiaobao appeared directly in front of him.

His speed was so incredible that the two Inner Sect disciples didn't even see his movement. Before they could react, Yan Xiaobao reached out his palm towards the tall disciple's face, causing a thunderous sound.

Almost instantly, a protective shield jumped up from inside the young man's robe, a result of a magical device given to all Inner Sect disciples. However, at the very moment the shield appeared, Yan Xiaobao's palm slammed down, and it shattered into a thousand pieces. It was completely unable to withstand the unbelievable force of Yan Xiaobao's palm.

With a loud noise, the tall disciple immediately saw stars. His mind buzzed, and he almost felt as if he were being crushed by a mountain. As he crashed to the ground with a thud, blood spurted from his mouth as he tumbled backward like a kite. After rolling dozens of meters and screaming all the way, he finally fell into unconsciousness.

Everything happened so fast that the short disciple could only stand there, mouth agape, mind spinning. After a while, he began to step back, first looking at his unconscious comrade, then back at Yan Xiaobao. Then he took a deep breath and swallowed hard.