

Medical 1111

Chapter 1111 Initiative_3

"You-You... You..." He stammered, pointing at Yan Xiaobao. Never in his wildest dreams could he have imagined that Yan Xiaobao's physical strength would be so shocking.

It seemed to be equivalent to Level 8 of Qi Condensation...

Yan Xiaobao slowly turned to look at the short disciple and said: "Can an inner sect disciple really express such rudeness to an elder?"

Then he began to walk forward.

Screaming, the short disciple turned and fled. However, before he could get far, as Yan Xiaobao exerted pressure on him and once again unleashed a powerful slap, a gust of screaming wind swept through the air.

At that moment, a stern, sinister voice came from below.

"Stay your hand!" Suddenly, a newcomer appeared on the scene.

However, Yan Xiaobao paid him no mind. His palm moved too fast, sending the inner sect disciple flying. Teeth rotated in the air, blood splattered. As he flew unconscious to the side, the disciple's neck seemed on the verge of breaking.

Subsequently, Yan Xiaobao clenched his hand, looking at the man climbing up from the mountain below. He was a middle-aged man, with a cultivation base at Level 9 of Qi Condensation, similar to Chen Heng.

The man stared angrily at Yan Xiaobao and said: "Didn't you hear what I just said, Yan Xiaobao? Damn it! You are—"

Yan Xiaobao raised his chin, smiled, and interrupted him, "Nephew, do you still want to be slapped?"

From the actions of the two disciples earlier and the man's words, it was clear they had no respect for him and even somewhat despised him, as if they thought they were completely above him. As far as he was concerned, disciples from such inner sects were utterly contemptible.

Yan Xiaobao's words brought a variety of expressions across the man's face; he swallowed the next word. Yan Xiaobao's impressive physical strength left him breathless, completely shocked. Now that the man considered, he realized that given Yan Xiaobao's status, what had been done here did not matter, and the Judicial Hall would not care.

This middle-aged man stared at Yan Xiaobao for a long time, suppressing his anger, then explained his purpose. "Yan Xiaobao, my clan's young master hopes you can extend a formal greeting to him."

He was actually sent by Shangguan Tianyou to command Yan Xiaobao to accept the formal greeting.

In his view, his clan's young master was making a mountain out of a molehill. Yan Xiaobao was lucky enough to become an important figure, and more like a clown than anything else. He had killed some weak members of cultivation families, merely by coincidence as the sect had eventually done a lot for him. This certainly did not grant him the rights to win face with a young master who had risen quickly and would surely reach the Golden Core Stage to forge a legend in the future.

In fact, this man actually felt being sent to Yan Xiaobao to receive a proposed greeting was a bit beneath his status.

Yan Xiaobao could already see how arrogant Shangguan Tianyou was. Given his own status, if he didn't appear in person, or chose to simply send a message, then it might be acceptable. But instead, he actually wanted Yan Xiaobao to visit him! "Even if he is one of the chosen, do you really think an outer sect disciple can command me to greet him? He should be the one coming to greet me!"

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Chapter 1112 Flicking the Sleeve

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The middle-aged man brushed his sleeve lightly, causing a gust of wind. "Yan Xiaobao," he said with a manic twist, "it's a huge honor that the young master of my clan asked you to pay him a visit. Do you know how many people wish they could extend their formal greetings? You—"

Before he could finish, his face flickered, and he jumped back. But he was just a bit too slow. Yan Xiaobao appeared directly in front of him, extending his palm.

"How dare you!" The man's cultivation base was at the ninth level of Qi Condensation, and he unleashed all his power while forming the spell gesture for countless Wind Blades. However, even as the Wind Blades appeared before him, Yan Xiaobao's palm shattered them like twigs. They couldn't even provide the slightest protection.

The palm moved forward, with almost nothing trying to stop it, and landed on the man's face almost instantly.

A slapping sound rang out, followed by a scream. The middle-aged man staggered back thirty meters or more before finally coming to a stop.

Just like that, Yan Xiaobao flicked his sleeve arrogantly with a snort. "You're not even as strong as Chen Heng. No wonder you're such a fool! Don't mess with me!"

The man looked back at Yan Xiaobao in shock. He was clearly trembling, his cheeks already swelling up. Blood seeped from his teeth as he quickly fled.

After the man left, Yan Xiaobao squinted towards Qian Dajin's Immortal Cave. He was the type of person who feared death, so if someone tried to kill him, he would retaliate no matter what.

If Qian Dajin sought help from Shangguan Tianyou, it wouldn't matter; Yan Xiaobao had no way to let him off the hook. Though Yan Xiaobao's recent actions in the sect seemed somewhat casual, he had actually conducted a thorough investigation of Qian Dajin long ago.

"Do you think you can hide there?" he thought. "Do you think I can't make you show your face?" With a cold snort, he turned and left.

Given his current situation, what happened next was not surprising. A jade appeared from the Hall of Justice, bearing a task. It took a while before it entered Qian Dajin's Immortal Cave and hovered before him.

Just like what happened with Yan Xiaobao. Qian Dajin was forced to accept a very dangerous task outside the sect. A bitter smile appeared on his face as he realized he had no choice but to hide away to carry out the task... but he still held onto the hope that outside the sect, he could avoid calamity.

Unfortunately, he underestimated Bai Xiaochun's timeliness for revenge. Several such tasks had already been assigned to Qian Dajin, plus he had enlisted Hou Yunfei's help. With the Hou Clan having a Foundation Stage Clan Leader and gaining other deep reserves, considering Yan Xiaobao's importance, coupled with Hou Yunfei and Hou Xiaomei's urgences, they had become powerful allies.

With the Hou Family's assistance, in the process of attempting to execute the task, it's a clear fact that Qian Dajin would face misfortune.

The Judicial Hall wasn't ignorant of what happened to Qian Dajin and how it led to Yan Xiaobao's downfall. However, though the news was never publicized, internal records were maintained.

Now that Yan Xiaobao is back and wants to settle accounts, they have little means to stop him. In fact, it's almost as though they owed him, just letting him do what he wanted. Most importantly, some people already assumed Qian Dajin was dead. In a remote path near the top of Green Crest Peak, there was a solitary little road. At the end of that road was a pool with several golden yellow fish swimming inside.

Beside the pond was an Immortal Cave. It was a somewhat distant and isolated place, very quiet, abundant with spiritual energy, clearly surpassing anything nearby.

Sitting by the pond was a young man. He wore the robes of an Outer Disciple, looking very handsome, with black hair, fair skin, and an air of elegance and intelligence.

He was a young man who made the female disciples constantly sigh, with Phoenix-like eyes that were subtle yet gleaming with a bright allure. Overall, he seemed entirely unique.

He now held a fishing rod, occasionally tossing it into the pool, and the fish competed greedily to swallow the bait attached to the end.

The middle-aged man whom Yan Xiaobao had just slapped hurriedly walked up the path, his face pale. As he reached the end, he slowed down, clasped his hands respectfully, and bowed to the young man.

"Greetings, young Master," he said through gritted teeth. "Young Master, Yan Xiaobao doesn't know how to appreciate favor. I carefully conveyed your message, but rather than offering greetings, he took on an overbearing and domineering attitude. He thinks he can throw his weight around without consequence!"

The young man glanced over, his expression seemingly conflicted. "Well," he said calmly, "then forget it. He's no man. I probably just whimsically wanted him to come to ask questions."

The man nodded. "I think I understand what you mean, young Master. The reason he's no man is that the status of a Reputation Disciple is only given to the dead, right? Also, as the Junior Brother of the Sect Leader, he's a complete joke. In fact, his master is practically a corpse." The man laughed coldly for a moment, but then trembled as he realized the young man was staring at him with a cold expression. Suddenly, the middle-aged man grew terrified. "Young... young Master..."

Chapter 1113 Sweeping Sleeves (Part 2)

"It's true, he's a nobody," the young man said, "not even worth mentioning. However, the master of the Sect Leader is our sect's former Clan Leader. Do you really think you're qualified to even mention him? Go to the cold abyss and take a beating for three months as punishment." With that, the young man looked away and continued feeding his goldfish.

Trembling, the middle-aged man nodded in agreement and quickly left.

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After resolving the issue with Qian Dajin, Yan Xiaobao returned to Xiangyun Peak. He wasn't worried about Shangguan Tianyou. Considering the outstanding service he had done for the sect, unless he turned traitor, his life wouldn't be in any danger at all.

As time went on, he lost some of the excitement from being called Sect Uncle, especially considering most people avoided him at all costs. In fact, he actually felt a bit melancholy. However, one day he happened to wander into the Bible Pavilion, almost immediately lifting his spirits.

He discovered that once he arrived, he would immediately be given a reading space next to the lecturing elder, where he could see countless disciples attending.

He almost instantly fell in love with the experience, and afterward, he would often come to the preaching hall on the mountain.

There, he would sit, occasionally nodding with a smile to the disciples below, his eyes sparkling with satisfaction. He looked very much like the Foundation elder sitting next to him.

The Foundation elder didn't know whether to laugh or cry, and as for the disciples of the various peaks, their spirits couldn't be low, but they had no choice but to glare angrily at Yan Xiaobao.

Yan Xiaobao found a new way to flaunt his status as the younger brother of the Sect Leader.

When he came in front of the Foundation cultivators, he would immediately call them older brother and sister. Although they wouldn't respond to anything, the strange expressions on their faces were visible, and any nearby disciples would end up being forced to utter "Uncle Bai."

This went on for a while until one day, Yan Xiaobao happened to run into Li Qinghou. Unable to restrain himself, Yan Xiaobao immediately called out in a friendly tone, "Hey, Brother Li."

Li Qinghou looked a bit haggard. He had been busy making the Nine Ultimates Pill and was currently away from the sect. Hearing it in his ears, his jaw dropped, and he looked around until his gaze landed on Yan Xiaobao. Then, his cheeks twitched. Although he had recently spent all his time on pill concoction, he had heard about Yan Xiaobao's antics, which had become quite a headache. Hearing Yan Xiaobao speak to him in such a manner, Li Qinghou stared at him in shock.

Without saying a word, Yan Xiaobao regretted speaking out. Seeing Li Qinghou's reaction left him breathless. After all, Li Qinghou was the person he worried about the most in the entire sect.

Making a face, he trembled and quickly said, "Uncle Li... uh... my mistake."

However, Li Qinghou really had nothing to do about it, as he knew. He became more stern with Yan Xiaobao due to recent behavior, deciding to give him some reprimands.

"I'm going to leave this sect for a bit," he said. "At the earliest, I'll be back in a few months; at most, a year. While I'm away, don't even think of slacking off. Work hard in your cultivation." After a few words of admonition, he turned and left.

As Li Qinghou walked away into the distance, Yan Xiaobao breathed a sigh of relief. There was a hint of fear in his eyes, but at the same time, a trace of warmth and respect toward one of his elders. He couldn't help but recall the time when Du Lingfei said he was missing, and how Li Qinghou had spent two months searching for him alone. Upon returning, Li Qinghou had been in quite a miserable state, seemingly blaming himself for what had happened.

After Yan Xiaobao's father and mother fell ill and passed away, he hadn't shown such warmth and respect to anyone. However, at some point, he had come to regard Li Qinghou as one of his own kin.

Due to Li Qinghou's advice, Yan Xiaobao changed his ways for about half a month. During that time, he stopped clearing his throat to attract attention and instead focused on Zhou Xinqi's Immortal Cave. Of all the sect, she was the only person who knew him personally but refused to call him Uncle Bai.

Months passed, and he started to feel a bit frustrated. After all, he could only watch Zhou Xinqi whooshing about on her blue silk. Considering he couldn't escape, it didn't matter how many times he chased, he could only watch in frustration as she flew away.

"There might be only a few magical devices in the entire sect that Qi Condensation disciples can use to fly. If not for the special technique Chen Heng used, the only way to fly would be to obtain one of those magical devices.

"It's so unfair! My Master should give me such an item. I... my Master..." Sighing, he walked for a while, suddenly stopping in his tracks. Looking up and pondering for a while, he suddenly turned around and headed for Daoseed Mountain.

As the younger brother of the Sect Leader, he could enter Mount Daoseed without restriction, and soon after, he was at the top, where the hall belonging to Sect Leader Zheng Yuandong was located.

Bai Xiaochun swaggered in, calling out, "Brother Parish Leader, dear brother Sect Leader! I want to offer incense to my Master!"

Zheng Yuandong was sitting cross-legged in meditation in the hall. As soon as he heard Yan Xiaobao's voice, he sighed.

Chapter 1114 Flicking the Sleeve (Part 3)

Recently, many people have come to visit him, and he has lost count. He has heard all about Yan Xiaobao's matters and has long regretted the situation. Unfortunately, as the saying goes, the wood has already been made into a ship, and there's hardly anything that can be done. After all, despite Yan Xiaobao's particular attention, he hasn't done anything to harm anyone.

Upon hearing Bai Xiaochun continue to call him, Zheng Yuandong slowly stood up, cleared his throat, and looked solemnly.

"Calm down, I hear you."

Looking very charming, Yan Xiaobao hurriedly clasped his hands in greeting. "Young brother sends greetings, brother and sister leader."

Zheng Yuandong sighed internally. Although he knew what had happened, he couldn't help but shake his head and laugh shiveringly as he led Yan Xiaobao into the forbidden area behind the mountain.

In the Immortal Cave of the region, there hung a portrait of a middle-aged man on the wall. As he gazed into the distance, the man smiled faintly, exuding a unique aura that made his image look very lifelike.

Below the portrait was a small shrine, upon which spiritual fruits and spiritual candles could be seen. The Immortal Cave was simple and elegant, filled with an incredible sense of dignity.

As soon as Yan Xiaobao entered the room, he hurried over to the portrait and knelt down. He then began kowtowing, touching his forehead to the ground nine times, his expression extremely solemn.

Finally, he raised his head to look at the portrait, his eyes filled with devout sincerity. "Master, your disciple comes to worship."

Zheng Yuandong stood watching from the side. Although he knew Yan Xiaobao was stubborn and mischievous, he could also tell he had a filial heart. Considering Zheng Yuandong's life experiences, he knew from Bai Xiaochun's expression that the devout sincerity was real, not an act.

But then... Yan Xiaobao continued speaking.

"Master, your disciple has gone through hard times. I can't even fly... The masters of the other disciples have given them magic items to help them fly and treasures to protect life. Sadly, I have nothing...

"It's alright, Master. Anyway, your disciple doesn't care about material things. Sir, as long as I can burn some incense for you, I'm happy. Who knows, maybe your Spirit in heaven will hear me and somehow manage to leave me something..."

When Zheng Yuandong heard this, his eyes widened.

"Master, not long ago your disciple sacrificed everything to protect this sect and to ensure its ten-thousand-years legacy continues. To uphold the honor of this sect, I was mercilessly chased down, and during that time, all my magic items were lost or ruined. I returned to the sect with nothing to call my own. My belongings are empty. I am poorer than a servant..."

"However, I don't want you to feel any pressure, Master. It's okay. Your disciple isn't afraid of lacking defensive magic items. Even if I don't have a magical flying device, I will still pass through Hell or high waters to enter this sect. It's my duty! However, if enough time goes by and I haven't come to burn incense for you, Master, it will only show that my lack of life-protecting magic items and magical flying devices has cost me my poor little life... At least then I could be reunited with you personally, sir." As he spoke, Yan Xiaobao glanced from the corner of his eye at his dear brother and sister leader.

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Chapter 1115 The Eccentric Disciple

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Zheng Yuandong's face twitched. He was truly bewildered. In all his years of cultivating and training, this was his first encounter with a disciple as peculiar as Yan Xiaobao.

He smiled bitterly inside, looked up at the portrait of his master, and then pondered for a long time. Indeed, when he was first apprenticed to his master, he had been left with a protective magical device.

With this thought reaching its conclusion, Zheng Yuandong looked at Yan Xiaobao, his gaze softened.

Soon, Yan Xiaobao and Zheng Yuandong left the Immortal Cave. The entire time, Yan Xiaobao watched Zheng Yuandong from the corner of his eye. Finally, they arrived at the hall of Daosede Mountain, where Zheng Yuandong stopped walking. Turning to look at Yan Xiaobao, he waved his hand, causing two beams of light to fly out, one gold, the other white.

In the golden light was a palm-sized Flying Sword. However, its mere appearance caused the air around it to radiate heat waves and distort. It seemed completely extraordinary and was covered with countless intricate magical symbols, which shimmered and caused fluctuations in all directions.

The white light held a small shield, also palm-sized. It was made of white jade, engraved with an extremely lifelike immortal crane. It, too, emitted a strong warmth.

Yan Xiaobao could immediately tell that these were extraordinary items. His eyes sparkled, and he began to pant, realizing that both items were even more remarkable; they were adorned with three unique, smooth lines.

Zheng Yuandong looked gently at Yan Xiaobao, his eyes shimmering.

"Within the Golden Crow Sword, there lies a golden crow," he said. "It contains the power of blazing fire and can summon an illusory golden crow of the same cultivation base as the one who summons it. It can be used for flying and can be used in the early stages of the Foundation Establishment. If destroyed, it will unleash incredible power.

"The Holy Crane Shield is a defensive magical device created from the soul of an immortal crane. It can protect you from any deadly crises stronger than the Foundation Establishment.

"My master enhanced both of these items spiritually threefold, but dared not to go beyond that. When I joined the sect, my master entrusted them to me, and I bequeath them to you on his behalf."

Yan Xiaobao accepted the items excitedly, lovingly caressing them with envy. "Thank you, Master. Thank you, dear brother and sister leader!" Thanks to his experience, Yan Xiaobao understood a bit about spiritual enhancement. He was also well aware of a Foundation elder from Violet Cauldron Peak, who was skilled in spirit enhancement.

For some benefits, the elder would help disciples with spiritual enhancement, usually not more than one or two enhancements. Above this value, the possibility of failure increased.

In fact, these two magical items had received a threefold enhancement, which meant Yan Xiaobao did not have to waste any fuel from his tricolor flame and could freely use them in public sight.

Upon returning to Xiangyun Peak, he immediately began familiarizing himself with the Golden Crow Sword and Divine Crane Shield. Once he sent some spiritual power into them, they started to emit intense heat.

"Now these are some treasures!" he exclaimed loudly. Taking a deep breath, he performed a spell gesture. As the Golden Crow Sword turned into a golden beam of light shooting out, a buzzing sound filled the air, leaving a trail of burning heat that made everything around it ripple and distort.

With another spell gesture, he poured more spiritual power into the sword, and the bright glow around it expanded until the faint shape of a golden crow became distinctly visible.

It was just an outline, but the moment it appeared, incredible pressure began to dispel, and the area's temperature rapidly increased. All of this made Yan Xiaobao's heart pound with excitement.

Breathing heavily, he stared at the Golden Crow Sword, his eyes becoming increasingly bright. Soon, he began to laugh excitedly.

"This sword is better than my little Wooden Sword! Wow, my master is amazing!" Then, suddenly he moved, leaping into the air, landing on the back of the illusory golden crow.

Although the golden crow was indistinct, its back was flat and solid like a board, and when Yan Xiaobao sent some spiritual power into it, he felt as if he was becoming one with it.

Stepping onto the golden crow, he performed a spell and pointed, causing him to fly into the air. Then he soared in a large circle around Xiangyun Peak, swooping through the air. As people looked up in surprise, he would slow down, raise his chin, and puff out his chest. As cries of astonishment began to echo, he would then increase his speed again.

"I, Yan Xiaobao, can finally fly!" Spirit soaring, he laughed inwardly as he continued his tour, bringing him to the Ten Thousand Medicines Pavilion. However, soon after, just as he was about to head towards another peak, the golden crow suddenly vanished, the sword plummeting from the sky. Yan Xiaobao screamed as he fell with it.

Fortunately, the ground below was not a bottomless pit, but a path through the sect. He landed in a run, and after several steps, he successfully came to a halt. Then he looked around, realizing how high the path was and that if he had fallen, even his Immortal Skin would not have saved him...

Chapter 1116 The Strange Disciple (Part 2)

His face was pale.

"This is too dangerous!" he thought, trembling. Then, he picked up the Golden Crow Sword. Delving into his inner spiritual power, he realized he was nearly completely exhausted, which was the reason for his eventual downfall.

For those at Qi Condensation, sword flight requires a lot of energy. Most who are at level seven Qi Condensation can only maintain it for a few breaths before they have to stop. Even Yan Xiaobao, with his exceptionally refined spiritual power, couldn't last a hundred breaths.

Fearing a fall, he dared not draw the sword again. Stealthily looking around to see if anyone had seen what had just happened, he caught sight of a burly man in the distance, staring at him with his jaw agape.

When Yan Xiaobao saw him, his eyes widened, and he quickly walked over. "Wow, aren't you Sect Nephew Wolf?"

Upon hearing the words "Sect Nephew Wolf," the burly man immediately trembled. Pulling a face, he clenched his hands and said, "I am Disciple Liu Ergou. Greetings, Uncle Bai... I, um, didn't see anything happen just now."

Yan Xiaobao met Liu Ergou while selling some items outside. At that time, the man called himself the Wolf King.

Yan Xiaobao snorted a few times, then once again intimidated Liu Ergou to ensure he wouldn't spread news of what had happened. Then he patted his shoulder, promised to help him in the future, and finally left.

Before hurriedly leaving, Liu Ergou wiped the sweat off his forehead.

As he walked away, Yan Xiaobao was pleased that only Liu Ergou had witnessed his slight misfortune. If it had happened while he was flying around the Medicine Making Hall, his name would be ruined forever...

"Ah, man. You really can't be too famous. Otherwise, things get complicated." With a sigh, he clasped his hands behind his back and strolled back to his courtyard residence.

After hesitating about what to do, his eyes flashed with determination. "No, I must focus on cultivation. Barely being able to fly itself isn't bad, but what if I need to flee for my life? Why, if I escape, my enemies will only kill me? That truly makes no sense."

Then, he once again began researching the Golden Crow Sword and the Divine Crane Shield.

"For safety's sake, I should also paint these two magic items. People will think it's just my hobby. Then, if I launch other spirit enhancement magic items in the future, they won't think too much of it." After some thought, he prepared some dye from vibrant plants, then painted the Golden Crow Sword and the Divine Crane Shield.

After covering the faint spiritual design, he once again tested these two items. In the end, he looked satisfied.

"One day, when my pharmaceutical skills are high enough, I will enhance some botanical staining materials, and then I can be completely confident." Yan Xiaobao was naturally a cautious person. Although he was somewhat embroiled with being the sect leader's younger brother, he had a bottom line he wouldn't cross.

"Unfortunately, my cultivation base isn't high enough. Last time, when I followed Zhou Duxin, it appeared she was already at the eighth level of Qi Condensation. The sole method to use the Flying Sword for any length of time is to have a higher cultivation base." Determination filled his heart. After the incident with the Luo Chen Clan, he fully understood the brutal nature of the cultivation world. He also recognized that when one's life is on the line, the ability to escape quickly is vital.

If he had been able to ride a sword then, no matter what the Luo Chen Clan tried to do, he could have escaped with Du Lingfei and Hou Yunfei.

"I need to concoct pills!" he thought, his eyes sparkling. Given his current state, though he couldn't obtain free ingredients from the sect, he could acquire certain pill formulas at little cost. In the coming days, Xiangyun Peak became a quiet place, with Yan Xiaobao seen rarely.

He obtained a large number of medicinal formulas and used spirit stones and other items acquired from the Luo Chen Clan members to enter the market and purchased various medicinal plants. Then, he entered the Medicine Making Hall, where he secluded himself for pill concoction.

Time flew by. Months later, Yan Xiaobao had been back at the sect for nearly half a year. Initially, the sect was stirred up because of him, but matters suddenly became very quiet. Many found it difficult to adapt.

Meanwhile, the fact that Yan Xiaobao was becoming a Prestige Disciple gradually spread beyond the sect. Soon, people across the Eastwood Continent heard of it.

Of course, there are countless cultivation tribes on the Eastwood Continent, many of which are connected to the Spiritual Flow Sect in various ways. The Luo Chen Clan is just one among many such clans.

For Spiritual Flow Sect disciples, while the title of Prestige Disciple must be respected, being the sect leader's younger brother was even more impressive.

However, for the entire cultivation world, it was exactly the opposite. They respected a Prestige Disciple far more than the sect leader's younger brother. In fact, they almost completely disregarded the sect leader's younger brother. In contrast, they would be driven nearly to madness by a Prestige Disciple.

Upon hearing about Bai Xiaochun becoming a Prestige Disciple, the clan leaders of many cultivation families were very excited. In their eyes, he was a virtual gold mine. A living prestige shoot!

If they could bring Yan Xiaobao into their family, then his descendants would have nearly unlimited possibilities in the future. As the number of these descendants increased and considering that the clan would receive support from the Spirit Stream Sect, glory was assured.

For vassal clans in the cultivation world, this would ensure a rapid rise, like fish jumping the dragon gate.

After all, the Spirit Flow Sect has only nine Prestige Clans. Those nine clans often influence the entire sect's decision-making process. Although such influence is not necessarily substantial, it is still significant.

A clan like that would form an exceedingly powerful entity and become the subject of intense envy from other cultivation clans. Historically, most clans couldn't influence anything. They could only offer loyalty to the Spirit Stream Sect, then provide various services in hopes of achieving Prestige status.

But now... Yan Xiaobao has appeared.

Most exciting is that he isn't a member of any cultivation family. He comes from the Mortal World... He has no Daoist partner. He is a free ticket to becoming the tenth Prestige Clan, driving all cultivators on the Eastwood Continent into a fervor.

"Find the most beautiful young woman in the Zhou Clan. She will accompany me to pay respects to Daoist Bai!"

"Fei'er, you are the jewel of the Zhao Family. You must gain the favor of Yan Xiaobao. If he likes you, all our family's problems will vanish!"

"Though the daughters of the Sun Clan aren't particularly notable, we still qualify to participate. When I pay respect to Daoist Bai, prepare a magical gift for me!"

Countless cultivation families took various approaches, including appealing to clan members already within the sect to try to connect with Yan Xiaobao. Even the North Shore was affected. Soon, Yan Xiaobao's name could be heard everywhere on the Eastwood Continent.

The Hou Clan was no exception.

The middle-aged clan leader of Hou Clan summoned Hou Yunfei and Hou Xiaomei, then expressed his heartfelt wishes: "Yunfei, you have an unusually close relationship with Yan Xiaobao. You... must help the clan in this matter. I can say your sister likes Yan Xiaobao. Find a good chance to act as a matchmaker between them."

Hou Xiaomei blushed. Pouting coquettishly, she hurried away.

Hou Yunfei was a bit worried, but he boldly nodded his agreement.

Days later, people from numerous cultivation families began to appear, gathering around Xiangyun Peak at Bai Xiaochun's residence. As the news spread, some even started heading to the Medicine Making Hall, anxiously waiting for him to emerge from seclusion. Days later, Yan Xiaobao's pill-making workstation echoed with a wave of fervor. Shortly thereafter, he appeared, frowning and looking quite anxious.

"Although I am quite familiar with level-1 pills now," he sighed, "level-2 pills are much more difficult..." Besides cultivation, he spent most of his recent time concocting medicines. In his attempts to produce some second-level spiritual medicine, he had exhausted most of the plants and herbs. Unfortunately, the difficulty of working with them was far greater than before, and despite careful caution, he had persistently failed.

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Chapter 1117 Competition

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Whenever he realized he was using too many materials, he would make adjustments. However, even then, new problems would arise.

With a sigh of despair, he walked out of the Medicine Making Hall, looking up to see a large crowd of people sitting cross-legged. Most of them were in groups of three to five, with a few groups of ten. Most were young and beautiful women, and Yan Xiaobao was not familiar with them.

They varied in shape and size, but each was beautiful in her own way. Many of them were clearly competing to be the most attractive, and their eyes sparkled upon seeing Yan Xiaobao.

Most people sat next to them, seemingly delighted to see Yan Xiaobao. In fact, they all got up and noisily rushed over.

Yan Xiaobao was taken aback, instinctively taking a step back, stunned, a bit unsure of what was happening. "Hey, hold on! What... what are you doing?"

"Bai Daoist, I am Zhao Tianhai. Zhao Yiduo is my nephew! Hahaha! Bai Daoist, you really are a young hero, a man outstanding in appearance and talent!"

"Daoist Bai Clan! What a dragon among men, a hero and extraordinary! One glance and I can see he's like someone soaring among the clouds, with boundless potential. Ahem. I am Sun Yunshan. These young women are the beauties of my family. Fellow Daoist, if I'm not mistaken, you're lacking a maid, aren't you?"

"Bai Daoist, I am Zhou Tian. With a glance at Bai Daoist, I can clearly feel your heroic spirit. You are evidently the future overlord of the Eastern Cultivation World. We are destined to be friends at first sight. Look at these young women standing next to me. Each one is a precious pearl of the Zhou Clan..."

A clamor erupted, everyone trying to speak the loudest. Yan Xiaobao's eyes widened, and he backed up a few steps. However, it took him only a moment to realize these people had come to offer him their clan daughters...

He wasn't sure why this was happening, but looking at the young women approaching, he could see all of them were very beautiful. In fact, many of them could be considered his type. The way they were being offered suggested that if he didn't accept, he would be refusing to save their face. Yan Xiaobao immediately became guarded.

Of course, he was good at socializing, so he didn't show any hint on his face. A brilliant smile emerged, and after exchanging some meaningless pleasantries with the spokespersons of the various cultivation families, he managed to extricate himself.

However, before he reached his residence, he encountered others who had been waiting. All of them had similar things to say and offered him their family daughters along with other gifts and promises.

"Surely something big is happening, but what?" he thought. "Could it be they discovered one of my ancestors is an immortal? Maybe I'm not from the world of mortals after all. I... I am actually from some exalted, powerful individuals? Heaven! How did I not realize?!" His mind whirled as he hurried to his residence. However, it was surrounded by a group of people from various cultivation families, all of whose eyes gleamed with hope. It was as if a nod from Yan Xiaobao's head would make them do whatever he wanted!

Especially the young women. They all gathered around Yan Xiaobao, glaring at each other and pushing back and forth.

Seeing all this made Yan Xiaobao's scalp tingle. He was completely surrounded, no matter which direction he tried to move, he encountered soft and warm things. They even started tugging on his clothes, causing his heart to pound. Finally, a cold snort echoed, and Hou Xiaomei appeared. She charged over, glaring angrily, cheeks puffed up, and pushed the other young women aside.

"Out of my way! What do you think you're doing!? This is Xiangyun Peak of the Spirit Stream Sect. Don't you old fools know how to keep calm? Greetings everyone. Hey, you! You there! You're skinnier than a green bean! What are you pushing people for? And you! You're fatter than a cow! It's baffling me!" Hou Xiaomei sounded very angry as she pushed all the young women crowding around Yan Xiaobao to the side.

She was small and delicate, but full of fury, she seemed filled with limitless strength. Faced with such opposition, the other young women immediately surrendered, clearing the way, shouting loudly in the

chaos. Hou Xiaomei with arms akimbo, charged forward, looking like a chili pepper, her words sharp and hurtful.

Yan Xiaobao took advantage of the moment to quickly rush into the courtyard. Once inside, he looked down to find his clothing had been tugged so forcefully that they were about to fall off.

"Absolutely terrifying!" he thought, breathless. His heart filled with dread, he looked back toward the gate, seeing Hou Xiaomei standing there, verbally sparring with the other young women, standing alone before dozens of people.

Eventually, the responsible members of the cultivators couldn't sit by and watch. They eventually intervened and suggested to the young women that they should leave. Respectfully, under Yan Xiaobao's guidance, they promised to return for another visit later.

Soon, it was evening. Outside Yan Xiaobao's gate, it was quiet, but in the distance, people from various Cultivation Tribes sat cross-legged in meditation, seemingly guarding the area.

All these people had traveled from afar using various means and had ways to avoid being driven away.

Chapter 1118 Competition (Part 2)

Yan Xiaobao was convinced that something major had happened. Watching the quiet scene outside, he finally dragged Hou Xiaomei into the courtyard.

To outsiders, Hou Xiaomei was fiery as a chili, but as soon as Yan Xiaobao touched her, her face turned bright red, and she felt dizzy. As Yan Xiaobao dragged her inside, her petite frame almost collapsed.

When she spoke, her voice was as soft as the drone of a mosquito. "Big... brother Xiao Chun, with so many people around, what do you plan to do to me?"

"Huh?" Yan Xiaobao said, stunned. Seeing Hou Xiaomei's strange expression, he could tell something was wrong, and quickly slapped her cheeks. When she didn't seem to recover, he slapped her again. Hou Xiaomei immediately regained her senses.

"What's wrong with you!?" she stomped her foot. However, realizing she was the one in the wrong, she tossed a piece of jade at him, then turned and ran away.

As he watched Hou Xiaomei run into the distance, Yan Xiaobao stood there, wondering what had happened. Finally, he looked down at the jade and scanned it with his spiritual power. As he did so, his eyes widened. After scanning it again, he stood in the courtyard, breathing heavily.

"Dignity Clan..."

Hou Yunfei had sent Bai Yuchun to Yan Xiaobao, with Hou Xiaomei as the envoy. The words contained therein were almost impossible to say out loud. They explained why all the cultivation families were so interested in Yan Xiaobao's status as a Reputation Disciple, and the outcome of what had happened. They also explained that the Hou Family strongly hoped Yan Xiaobao's descendants would also carry the Hou's blood in their veins.

Then Yan Xiaobao recalled Hou Xiaomei's earlier performance, thoughtfully rubbing his chin. He thought, eyes glistening, not about Hou Xiaomei, but about what had just been said. Something major indeed had occurred!

"How could I have imagined...? I thought my merit rewards were practically useless. I thought being a junior brother of the Sect Leader might make me a big hero in the sect, but I never thought that becoming a Reputation Disciple would make me so important outside!" He licked his lips, and soon, his heart began to beat faster.

"I can choose any Daoist partner I want! All their family resources are at my disposal... At last, I have some real hope of living forever!" Playfully smiling, his eyes began to shine. Previously, he was worried about how to continue producing second-level spiritual medicine. But now, people were essentially vying for the opportunity to give him gifts.

"It's a pity I can't accept everyone..." he murmured. But then, inspiration struck him.

"Wait a minute! Why can't I accept all of them?!" Clearing his throat, he returned to his little room to rest for the night, contemplating his next steps. The next morning at dawn, he leaped out of bed, trembling with excitement. Upon opening the courtyard gate, he discovered many cultivators waiting for him.

"Daoist Bai Clan..."

"Greetings, Bai Daoist. At the request of our Clan Leader, your humble servant has come to offer formal greetings..."

Everyone began speaking at once, the air filled with a noisy buzz. Yan Xiaobao raised his chin, flicking his sleeves.

"Alright, enough," he said, grinning so widely that his eyes became slits. "Everyone step closer. Whatever your requests may be, we can strive with full effort." With this, he casually nodded toward a clan's direction. The responsible member of that family rushed forward happily, dragging several young women along with him.

The women approached, looking a bit nervous. As for all the other observing tribes, they too seemed nervous, though for different reasons; they quickly began sending messages back home.

For the next team, it went like that, then the next team. All day one after another. Bai Xiaochun met with dozens.

He didn't choose any clan daughter, but he also didn't reject anyone. He simply told them that he needed some time to think, and the matter was too heavy to decide on a whim. As for all the "entrance gifts," he refused none.

"I, Yan Xiaobao, always handle matters in a just and fair manner. Considering I haven't yet chosen which honorable clan to align with in marriage, I really cannot accept your gifts." These were the words he would speak to each clan.

Of course, the more he spoke in this manner, the more persistent the cultivator tribes were about him accepting their gifts. In fact, they became even more polite. Many of them continued to say that even without marriage, they still hoped to become good friends. Only then did Yan Xiaobao reluctantly accept these gifts.

Though they might be silly, these cultivation family people were not stupid. They understood that when Yan Xiaobao said he needed to think about it, he was very likely just waiting to see which tribe would offer the best deal.

Of course, this was within expectations. Furthermore, everyone was worried that if they didn't offer gifts, Yan Xiaobao wouldn't even consider their clan daughters as his Daoist partners. As a result, the crowd didn't thin at all the next day, in fact, their numbers increased significantly. Additionally, some cultivators even said that even if their clan daughters couldn't become Yan Xiaobao's Daoist partners, they were still willing to let her be a maid to warm his bed at night. As long as she could pass on his bloodline, and he formally acknowledged it, that would be enough.

All the visiting tribes continued to offer more and more gifts. In fact, it got to the point where Yan Xiaobao was a bit nervous. Eventually, he genuinely wanted to refuse, but couldn't.

"Well, I guess I'll accept it... not accepting it isn't really an option, is it?" For seven or eight consecutive days, he continued to entertain the tribes and accept their gifts. Every morning at dawn, he would step out to find a large group of people waiting for him.

Another three days passed. At dawn, Yan Xiaobao pushed open the gate, and his jaw dropped. Shockingly... not a single person was in sight. Everything was calm and peaceful; as far as the eye could see, the area was empty.

The only things he could see were a few five-colored phoenixes, soaring high above. The phoenixes were Elder Zhou's favorites, often soaring over Xiangyun Peak at dawn. They usually gathered together, appearing particularly beautiful. Many disciples were envious of them.

Yan Xiaobao rubbed his eyes and looked around. Thinking perhaps he had opened the wrong door, he went back, closed it, and tried again. But the result was the same.

"What happened?" he thought in shock. He hurried to find Hou Yunfei to demand an explanation.

Hou Yunfei sighed, looking at Yan Xiaobao. "Last night, the Sect Leader issued a Dharma Decree. As your brother, he notified the cultivator tribes... according to sect regulations, you cannot accept a Daoist partner for the next hundred years. So... everyone had no choice but to leave."

Yan Xiaobao's jaw dropped. Feeling very wronged, he said, "No more income... no more marriage..."

Hou Yunfei was unsure whether to laugh or cry. After a while, he thought of something and then said, "My friend Xiao Chun, a friend from Green Crest Peak told me that you and Shangguan Tianyou have mutual issues. Is that right? Well, be mindful that Qian Dajin doesn't matter at all. Regardless of how you choose to deal with him, the sect will tacitly agree. But for Shangguan Tianyou, things are not that simple!"

"What do you mean 'not that simple'?" Yan Xiaobao asked. "Is he more important than me or something?" Bai Yuchun had been a member of the Spiritual Sect for years, and he was well aware of how the sect tried to train its disciples. They pushed them toward greatness, forbade deadly conflicts, and encouraged cooperation and rivalry. Sect rules governed basic behavior. The elders of various peaks, as well as the peak lords themselves, provided support and training. And the Judicial Hall was an ever-present threat to deter bad behavior. The sect essentially controlled all aspects.

Of course, considering the Spiritual Sect on the north and south shores had hundreds of thousands of disciples, micro-managing everything was obviously impossible. Disciples would have conflicts and fights, and certain inappropriate attitudes were uncontrollable. However, the existing rewards and punishments were clear, and anyone who violated them would be dealt with strictly!

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Chapter 1119 A Sudden Impulse

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Yan Xiaobao rendered incredible service to the sect, possessing deep skills in flora and vegetation, capable of unleashing exceptional combat power. The sect naturally recognized this and valued him greatly. Of course, they didn't cater to his every whim like his servants. If people insulted or provoked him, they wouldn't jump out to protect him... No disciple enjoyed such treatment, not even Shangguan Tianyou nor Yan Xiaobao.

For this reason, Yan Xiaobao believed Shangguan Tianyou was an arrogant, renowned elector, and other Outer Sect disciples even referred to him as the young master, but still, he wasn't worthy of Yan's attention.

After some thought, Hou Yunfei responded, his eyes shining, telling Yan Xiaobao everything he knew: "Shangguan Tianyou has great ambition. He hopes that one day he can enter the legendary Legacy Echelon. Therefore, he constantly maintains his cultivation base, keeping him between the Outer and Inner Sects. When the next chance arises to choose the fire from the banks of the north and south, he wants to be the first to take it and enter the top Inner Sect. This will give him a chance to enter the Legacy Echelon. If that's not the case, he should have already applied through the fire to enter the ordinary trial into the Inner Sect. After all, anyone reaching Qi Condensation Level 8 can do so."

Yan Xiaobao asked in shock: "Why does everyone want to enter the Legacy Echelon? Xu Baocai told me Zhou Xinqi, Lu Tianlei, and all the others want it."

"Members of the Legacy Echelon are similar to the status of Prestige Disciples. However, it is a different branch within the Spirit Stream Sect. See, the Spirit Stream Sect differs from other sects. We have two branches, one focused on protecting the sect, the other on enhancing its glory and power!

"Everyone from servants to Qi Condensation Third Level disciples is concentrated in a lower group. From fourth to eighth Qi condensation levels, they form the Outer Sect. At level eight, you can apply through the fire to enter the Inner Sect.

"If you can enter the Foundation... then you can become a Foundation member, and even potentially a Peak King. After two sixty-year cycles, if you break through the Gold Core level, then you can become an elder, responsible for protecting and managing the sect. That is the first branch.

"The second branch is the Legacy Echelon!

"There's only one way to enter, which is... to break through the Gold Core after two sixty-year cycles have passed. From then on, you become a tool to ensure our sect gains greater status in the Cultivation World, and gains... more powerful resources and wealth! Anyone who achieves first place in the electoral battle will enter the Legacy Echelon. I'm not sure about the specific details, but I know there are rules regarding the whole thing!

"The only issue is, reaching the Gold Core level before the two sixty-year cycles pass is very, very difficult... In the last generation of members, the only one close was Li's master Hou Feng. That's why the sect really likes him!"

Yan Xiaobao took a deep breath. This was the first time he heard the explanation of the Legacy Echelon, and it also gave him a clearer understanding of the sect itself. Soon, he left, and as he departed, he continued pondering over the matter.

"Legacy Echelon...?" Sighing, Yan Xiaobao left Hou Yunfei's residence and returned to his own yard. He looked up at the sky and then around the scenery, remembering the cultivation families. In his view, his brother, the Sect Leader, was somewhat domineering, but... even though it's currently impossible to gather more gifts, at least there's no need to return the gifts he's already taken.

"Indeed! It's not my fault! It's the Dharmic decree of the 'siblings leader' that's at fault!" Reaching this point in his thoughts, Yan Xiaobao felt a bit better. After organizing all the gifts, he went to the market and purchased a large number of herbal plant ingredients for second-level spiritual medicine. Then, he returned to the Medicine Making Hall to continue his cultivation and refining work.

In fact, originally, Zheng Yuandong didn't plan to involve Yan Xiaobao with the cultivation families. However, events unfolded in a shocking manner. After the battle where the former nine Prestige Disciples were killed, they were posthumously awarded their titles. Also, all were members of various other cultivation families. Even though they had no direct descendants, they all had relatives from their respective clans. Thus, no issues arose, and their tribes smoothly transitioned into Prestige Tribes.

Of course, the sect highly valued and protected these tribes.

But now, Yan Xiaobao is a lively Prestige Disciple, a frightful status, to say the least. Initially, it wasn't apparent as time passed. Zheng Yuandong and many others never imagined what it meant to have a living Prestige successor among them, and how attractive such a person would be to the cultivator tribes.

But then, cultivator tribes began appearing en masse. At first, Zheng Yuandong just watched the event unfold. In his view, the tribe Yan Xiaobao chooses was not important. How could he have foreseen that in all competitions, the tribes would go to great lengths offering their family daughters as maids just to get a descendant with Yan Xiaobao's lineage?

Zheng Yuandong could only imagine what would happen if Yan Xiaobao succumbed to temptation. If that happened... soon thereafter, he could make a living for hundreds of descendants. According to clan rules, all first-generation offspring of a Prestige Disciple are automatically allowed into the Inner Sect, receiving special treatment and training. Furthermore... when those descendants begin to spread, the

Prestige clan will have hundreds of branches. In a few hundred years, the entire Spirit Stream Sect will be filled with the Bai Clan... the final result will be severe.

Chapter 1120 Sudden Impulse (Part 2)

Apart from all this... as long as Yan Xiaobao is alive, all he needs to do is continue to reproduce for future generations, and the matter will never end. He will become the living nightmare of the sect.

Due to these considerations, Zheng Yuandong held an emergency meeting with the sect elders, including Li. Their joint decision was that Yan Xiaobao should not take a Daoist partner for a hundred years. Although it seemed a bit domineering, Zheng Yuandong believed there was no other choice. He didn't want to gamble on Yan Xiaobao's ability to resist temptation. He could only hope that in a hundred years, Yan Xiaobao would grow up and mature.

Time flew by. Soon, a year had passed.

During that time, it was almost as if Yan Xiaobao had disappeared from the South Shore. Very few people saw him. He spent all his time on elixirs and cultivation. He rarely left the Medicine Making Hall, where he worked hard on Second-level Spiritual Medicine.

His cultivation was also slowly progressing. Soon, he was in the middle of the seventh level of Qi Condensation. Also, he was solving one problem after another while concocting Second-level Spiritual Medicine.

In fact, most other experienced alchemists at his level had already concocted Second-level medicine long before. But Yan Xiaobao was very stubborn and refused to start making another batch without first solving every problem he found in the previous batch.

Finally, after an entire year, he was finally convinced that he had solved all the issues regarding the mixing of Second-level Spiritual Medicine. With all the problems gone, he started on another batch.

"Violet Spirit Enhancement Pill!" he shouted, his eyes bloodshot. These were a type of Second-level medicinal medicine suited for Level 8 Qi Condensation and lower. Following the formula precisely, he chose many kinds of plants and vegetation, carefully organizing them, and then began feeding them into the pill furnace.

After adjusting the Earth Flames with precision, he watched the pill furnace closely, occasionally adjusting the spiritual energy he fed. After six hours, the pill furnace suddenly started to wobble. A strong medicinal fragrance wafted out, and Yan Xiaobao's eyes began to shine. He leaned against the pill furnace and gave it a pat, then three red pills flew out.

"It worked!" he shouted excitedly. Grabbing the three pills, he looked at them. But then, his eyes widened. "EEE? Wait a second. Something's not right. According to the description, Violet Qi Spirit Ascension Pills should be violet. How come these are all red?"

After scratching his head, he lifted the pills to his nose and took a deep sniff. The medicinal aroma was rich, filled with abundant spiritual energy. However, the smell was a bit strange, and given their wrong color, he didn't dare consume them.

He sat there thoughtfully, recalling the various steps he took during the making process. Two hours later, his eyes opened, and he laughed bitterly.

"I put too much Super Pollen Flower. It contaminated the rest of the medicinal plant ingredients, causing this odd side effect." Subsequently, he set the three red pills aside and started concocting again.

This time, when the pill furnace began to shake and the medicinal aroma spread, a violet pill flew out. After careful examination, Yan Xiaobao had a deeply satisfied expression on his face.

He quickly began another batch. Over the next few days, he continued producing more batches until he had several dozen Violet Spirit Enhancement Pills. With that completed, he slumped to one side, utterly exhausted. After a period of rest, he revisited the red pills, looking at them hesitantly. As far as he was concerned, every pill he had just made was extremely valuable, and, when it came to ingredients, he was beginning to run out.

"According to the concoction instructions, as long as the pills form, it's considered a success. These red Violet Spirit Enhancement Pills have a bit too much Super Pollen Flower, causing their color shift. However, all that means is that they'll lose some potency." After a moment's hesitation, he clapped his hand over his bag, producing a green bamboo needle.

This was an item he acquired from the sect for use in medicine concoction, which could be used for a general assessment of whether any given pill was toxic. Carefully inserting the needle into one of the red

pills, he waited a moment, then pulled it back. The bamboo needle looked exactly the same as before, not black.

"No poison!" he said with relief. However, out of caution, he still chose not to ingest any of the red pills. Instead, as he left the Medicine Making Hall, he held them in his hand. On the air at dawn, he began walking down a path through the sect.

Above, he could see a group of Five-colored Phoenixes gliding gracefully in the sky, sometimes calling out piercing cries. He ignored the phoenixes and proceeded toward a local Spirit Tail Chicken Farm, where he acquired a spirit tail chicken. Back at his courtyard, he set the chicken down, then tossed out a red pill in front of it.

The spirit tail chicken, which had been sitting there looking a bit tired, saw the red pill. A shiver ran through it, and it suddenly jumped up, lunging forward, pecking at the pill.

However, it was at this exact moment that a strong voice rang out from above. Then, a powerful wind blew through, sending the spirit tail chicken tumbling away before it could reach the pill.

A bit scared, Yan Xiaobao jumped back. Meanwhile, the Five-colored Phoenixes from above closed their eyes, gaped, and squabbled all the way. Finally, the strongest of the group, a male, managed to push his way past his companions, snatching the pill and swallowing it.

Disdainfully knocking aside the spirit tail chicken, the phoenix then gracefully flew up into the air. Yan Xiaobao wasn't sure whether to laugh or cry. With eyes wide open, he could only watch as the phoenix ascended.

However, after a short flight, the graceful phoenix began to shake, then let out a long, mournful wail. As blood filled its eyes, they turned bright red. Its feathers all stood up suddenly, making it look like a fireball about to explode.

Even more astonishing, the powerful male phoenix's muscles began to bulge and ripple. As the entire phoenix swelled larger, cracking sounds echoed. Most notably, the feathery area between its two legs abruptly rose with rigid pole-like protrusions...

As he looked at the other phoenixes, a very peculiar expression could be seen on the male phoenix's face.

When the male phoenix charged madly at them, the others quivered and were about to scatter. Next, pitiful screams started to echo.

Yan Xiaobao stood in his courtyard, horrified, watching the aroused male phoenix... violate all the other phoenixes. Moments later, the phoenix turned towards him, its eyes burning as before, its entire body seeming filled with flames.

Yan Xiaobao, terrified and frightened, could hardly suppress a scream.

Thankfully, the phoenix wasn't actually targeting him but was aiming at the spirit-tailed chicken...

Shortly afterward, he watched as the male phoenix flew back to the mountain peak, squawking noisily. Right after that, Yan Xiaobao wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"Absolutely terrifying..." he thought, looking down at the two remaining pills in his hand. "What kind of medicine are these pills!?!!" As he realized they must be some type of aphrodisiac, his heart began to pound. Apparently... they were also very effective.

**

That day was a day the disciples of Feiyun Peak would never forget...

All the birds on the mountain, whatever type they were, were ravaged by Elder Zhou's mad phoenix... Countless disciples watched as bird after bird let out pitiful cries. Despite their best efforts to escape, not a single one could compare with Elder Zhou's phoenix. None managed to escape...

The evil phoenix didn't even spare the spirit tail chickens, let alone other birds Elder Zhou raised. Anything with wings on the mountain... lived a nightmare that day.

All the disciples talked about it, their hearts trembling. Soon, the word spread to Violet Cauldron Peak and Green Crest Peak. Some people even came to see for themselves the miraculous event unfolding.

"Did you hear about Xiangyun Peak, how Elder Zhou's phoenix went crazy? It started mounting any bird it saw..."

"I saw it with my own eyes. What a savage phoenix! It didn't even spare the magpies that passed by..."

"Just like Elder Zhou's doing, huh? How could he let his phoenix act like that...?"

"It's really infuriating, you know? The phoenix seemed like it really turned on! It attacked some birds again and again. It's cruel!"

When Yan Xiaobao heard the talk circulating around the sect, he began to tremble, feeling even a little guilty.

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