

Medical 1131

Chapter 1131 Keeping a Low Profile (Part 2)

However, at that moment, Qian Song cleared his throat and smiled.

"As everyone can see, this pill holds great symbolic significance. The bidding will start at 500 spirit stones, with bids increasing by at least 50 spirit gemstones!"

Yan Xiaobao gasped when he heard the astronomical price. Most Outer Sect Disciples couldn't afford that many Soul Stones.

"600 spirit gemstones!"

"700 spirit stones! That pill contains the essence of the path of medicine! I must have it!"

"800! Who dares challenge me!?" The Inner Sect disciples immediately began raising their bids, and soon everyone was taken aback.

Bids continued to be called out, and soon the price reached 1,500 spirit stones. Yan Xiaobao's throat went dry, and he gasped in disbelief.

"This is insane!" he said excitedly. "They are all crazy... wait, let's make it even crazier, folks... come on! Everyone join in!"

"1,800 spirit stones." The bid came from Zhou Xinqi, causing countless people to look in her direction. Yan Xiaobao even began to cheer for her.

The price had reached the limits bearable by Inner Sect disciples. Although they didn't want to lose the pill, they had no choice but to sigh. After all, Zhou Xinqi was already an elector in the world of medicine. Since she wanted the pill, the other disciples were unwilling to compete with her.

Yan Xiaobao was quite satisfied with the price and had to restrain himself from running to Qian Song, grabbing the auction hammer, and bringing the bidding to a close. However, at that moment, the stubborn and determined voice of a young woman rang out, as fiery as a chili pepper.

"I am Hou Xiaomei from the Hou Family. I bid 3,000 spirit stones!" Yan Xiaobao's eyes widened, his thoughts filled with 3,000 spirit stones... He looked at Hou Xiaomei, eyes sparkling, suddenly feeling an urge to run over, hug her, and give her three thousand thumbs up saying... "Well done!"

When the other disciples at the auction heard the exorbitant price come out of Hou Xiaomei's mouth, the commotion stopped immediately, and jaws dropped. They glanced at Hou Xiaomei standing there, hands on her hips, chest heaving, looking very fair and delicate. She was beautiful, but with an expression of pride, she seemed like a fiery pepper.

With her chin held up high, she glanced at Zhou Xinqi and said, I'm from the Hou Clan, I'm not afraid of anyone! And besides, I'm rich!

The overall effect was not off-putting but made her look quite cute.

Quite a few people burst into smiles at the sight, while others were more shocked than before.

"3,100 spirit gemstones!" Zhou Xinqi calmly said, her expression growing colder.

"The Little Turtle is very important to me!" Hou Xiaomei said. "I don't care how expensive it is; any pill he makes must belong to me. Hmph! 4,000 spirit gemstones! I'm from the Hou Family, and I have enough money to travel around the world!" She particularly emphasized the last sentence. Beside her, Hou Yunfei lowered his head in embarrassment, unsure why his little sister worshipped the Little Turtle with such intense devotion...

Zhou Xinqi's fans couldn't stand to see the situation continue, and many of them started shouting that only losers would spend so much money on a second-level spiritual medicine.

Hou Xiaomei wasn't happy to hear such words. She puffed out her chest, put her hands on her hips, and roared, "I have plenty of spirit stones, so bite me!"

When Yan Xiaobao saw the event unfold, he couldn't help but think he had made the right decision to pull Hou Xiaomei from the crooked path and onto the road of righteousness.

Zhou Xinqi frowned. Unfortunately, she didn't have that many spirit stones, so ultimately, she had no choice but to give up.

Hou Xiaomei was delighted that Zhou Xinqi didn't continue to bid. The truth was she didn't have as many spirit stones as she implied. She just said so in front of so many people, hoping it would force her family's Clan Leader to accept her.

In the end, Hou Xiaomei was extremely happy to have obtained the Triple Spirit Enhancement Pill.

Yan Xiaobao was also thrilled. He looked at Hou Xiaomei with admiration and cleared his throat. In his view, considering how much she admired him, it was inappropriate not to reveal his true identity to her.

Having come to this conclusion, and seeing that the first day of the auction was about to end, he decided it was time to step out and publicly announce his identity.

Meanwhile, backstage, various Clan Leaders from the Cultivation Tribes gathered after guarding the auction. One of them was a middle-aged man who looked cunningly at his peers as he awkwardly coughed.

"Well... my granddaughter is certainly stubborn. I'm afraid she made a bit of a fool of herself in front of you all." With that, he painfully gathered a heap of spirit stones, setting it aside.

"What an innocent girl!" The other Clan Leaders all chuckled warmly.

The first day of the auction ended. Although there were more days ahead, Yan Xiaobao had already sold his pill, so he didn't plan to return. He walked to the auction entrance, standing there watching everyone leave the auction house.

In fact, everyone was excitedly discussing the Violet Qi Spirit Enhancement Pill.

Eventually, Bai Xiaochun saw Zhou Xinqi. He wanted to encourage her not to feel down, but as he took a step towards her, she glanced over, saw him coming, and without another word, turned into a beam of light and shot into the distance.

Yan Xiaobao stopped in his tracks, feeling a bit dejected. But then he heard a voice calling from behind him.

"Little brother Xiao Chun!" It was Hou Xiaomei, happily making her way through the crowd, followed by Hou Yunfei, who was also smiling.

Yan Xiaobao moved away from Zhou Xinqi, giving Hou Xiaomei a flattering smile. Looking like a member of the senior generation, he patted her head.

"Hey, you virtuous little sister. I must say, you did well. The way you won the last bid at the auction was incredibly impressive!"

Hou Xiaomei's face turned bright red. Seemingly remembering something suddenly, she took out the Violet Qi Spirit Ascension Pill.

"Big brother Xiao Chun, look! This pill was concocted by the Little Turtle. Do you want it? Here, take it. Didn't you say before that you liked the Little Turtle too? I just bought this pill!" Anyone seeing the expression on her face would be moved. She held the pill out to Yan Xiaobao, looking at him with eager anticipation as if he was the only thing in the world that existed.

When Hou Yunfei saw this, his gaze softened, he smiled, but said nothing.

Yan Xiaobao's jaw dropped. He never thought Hou Xiaomei's purpose in winning the pill was to give it to him. It was very touching. Seeing that they were surrounded by quite a few people, he took a deep breath, a serious expression on his face.

Eyes filled with determination, his hands clutched tightly behind his back, like a mighty hero well-versed in adopting such a stance.

"Xiao Mei," he said, "I need to reveal a very big secret!"

Hou Xiaomei looked shocked, as did Hou Yunfei.

"What secret?" Hou Xiaomei asked curiously.

Yan Xiaobao loudly cleared his throat, raised his chin, and flicked his sleeve.

"I, Yan Xiaobao, am he who shakes ghosts and gods, the renowned, mysterious, unfathomable... great and mighty... Turtle King!" And then he lifted his head, smiling happily. The words he just voiced had been locked in his heart for too long, and speaking them in public felt great, especially in front of his biggest admirer, Hou Xiaomei, and with such a large audience watching.

Most importantly, it was inappropriate to keep his biggest admirer in the dark, especially when her idol stood directly in front of her! Yan Xiaobao stared at the clouds above, looking somewhat solitary. However, as he waited to hear the shocked reactions from Hou Xiaomei and the others, his ears twitched.

He was already formulating the speech he would use to respond to the commotion he assumed was about to ensue.

Yet, after a long time, no sounds were heard. Everything was completely silent. Surprised, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but look back from the clouds to Hou Xiaomei and Hou Yunfei.

Hou Xiaomei stood there with eyes wide open, as did Hou Yunfei. As they quietly stared at Yan Xiaobao, the surrounding disciples wore strange expressions on their faces.

"The Little Turtle is indifferent to worldly affairs," someone said, "like a cloud floating in the sky. Now, Uncle Bai claims to be the Little Turtle? Right... Come on, let's go."

A difficult expression could be seen on Yan Xiaobao's face, and he took a deep breath, ready to explain.

"Xiao Chun, are you okay?" Hou Yunfei asked. Worried, he patted Yan Xiaobao's head.

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Chapter 1132 An Extraordinary Individual

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"I really am Little Turtle!" Yan Xiaobao anxiously said.

"Oh?" Hou Yunfei replied with a strange expression on his face. He quickly nodded. "Okay, okay. You are Little Turtle...."

At this moment, Hou Xiaomei looked at Brother Xiao Chun and softly said, "Brother Xiao Chun, you are like a cloud in the sky, who doesn't care about worldly affairs before telling me... Actually, in my heart, you are as important as him. You don't need to pretend to be him..."

"But I really am—"

Before he finished speaking, Hou Yunfei looked at him sternly, gripping his arm tightly. "Xiao Chun, we believe in you!"

Yan Xiaobao's eyes widened. "I really—"

Before he could finish, Hou Yunfei's expression became even more serious. "Xiao Chun. We really believe in you!"

"I—" Yan Xiaobao's eyes began to go blank because a feeling of frustration filled him. No matter how he tried to explain the situation, it was of no use. Things were completely different from what he imagined. Despondent, he slowly turned and walked away, somehow finding his way back to the sect.

Back in the courtyard, he stared blankly at the sky, a sorrowful expression on his face.

"But I really am Lord Turtle..." he murmured, feeling deeply wronged. He had always dreamed of publicly declaring his identity, but now that dream was shattered.

After a while, he concluded that the issue lay in the fact that he had worked so hard over the years to exaggerate Little Turtle's image in people's minds... To them, Little Turtle was a completely proud and extraordinary individual.

More precisely, due to Hou Xiaomei's relentless efforts, this Little Turtle had turned into a God...

After some time, Yan Xiaobao reluctantly went to find Xu Baocai to explain the truth. Afterward, Xu Baocai stared at him blankly for a while... then repeatedly nodded, saying he believed him.

Yan Xiaobao returned worriedly to his courtyard, once again standing there feeling empty.

A few days later, Sunx Chen came to visit. Yan Xiaobao immediately perked up. All of a sudden, he had hope that Sunx Chen could remember who auctioned the pill they had sent.

However, before he could even speak, Sunx Chen handed over a Spirit Stone, then clasped his hands together and bowed deeply. With solemnity, he said, "Brother Bai, I am not sure which esteemed elector concocted that pill. The Clan Leader of the Sun Clan was very shocked about the matter. We know that the only way to contact the Chosen is through you, Brother Bai. Otherwise, you would not have been the one to send the pill.

"Brother Bai, can you tell him that the Sun Clan wishes for a long-term friendship with him? If he needs any help with selling pills in the future, we will do our utmost to assist him!

"One more thing, Brother Bai. Could you pass on a message to the elector, I understand he does not seek fame and wealth, intentionally avoiding major disturbances? He is like a cloud in the sky, seeking perfection in the path of medicine. People like him will undoubtedly reach incredible heights in the future. Therefore, our Sun Clan is happy to handle all matters related to the outside world for him." Sunx Chen clasped his hands together, bowed deeply again. When he looked up, he noticed that Yan Xiaobao's expression was completely blank. When that expression didn't change, Sunx Chen clasped his hands once more, bowed, and then left.

Deep inside, when he considered how high Yan Xiaobao's position was within the Spiritual Sect, he sighed, and how that mysterious, unfathomable person dealt with him, of which others were unaware.

From the beginning, he never even considered that Yan Xiaobao might actually be Little Turtle. Their characters were too different. After all, not only the disciples of the Spirit Stream Sect knew about this Little Turtle. Cultivators outside knew him too. Everyone conducted their own investigations and reached conclusions similar to Zhou Xinqi's.

When Yan Xiaobao calmed down, the moon was already high in the sky. He sighed deeply, jumped onto the bamboo fence surrounding the courtyard. With his hands clasped behind his back, he gazed at the stars, his long black hair swaying in the wind, his robe rustling.

"I never thought, deep in my heart, there's a desire to avoid worldly affairs. I am like a cloud floating in the sky. Ai. I shouldn't have hidden things so well. At times, being superior truly feels lonely." As he stood there under the moonlight, he gently flicked his sleeve, truly looking like a solitary hero. Now that he had a lot of Spirit Stones, Yan Xiaobao no longer worried about the Little Turtle issue. His heart had been pierced by what had happened a thousand times. Now, the only thing left to do was to go to the Medicine Making Hall, to heal by immersing himself in pill concoction.

Up till now, Yan Xiaobao's ability to compile second-level Spiritual Medicine had improved to perfection. His success rate was very high, and he had already begun researching third-level medicine.

As he started working, a rumbling sound filled his workstation. On one occasion, when a pill sprang into the air and crashed fiercely against the wall, something completely unexpected happened, causing a loud booming sound and leaving a small crater.

However, compared to the time when a failed batch of pills exploded, emitting smoke that even the protective spells of the workshop could barely stop, it was almost nothing. It enveloped nearly half of the Medicine Making Hall, causing everyone inside to rush out, coughing and cursing the whole time.

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It was shocking that Yan Xiaobao also ran out in a similar manner, in the end, no one was entirely sure who was responsible for the entire disaster.

Yan Xiaobao felt very frustrated, carefully returning to his workstation, and began researching another batch of Third-level Spiritual Medicine. Gradually, a peculiar expression appeared on his face as he

realized that he often tended to produce strange spiritual medicines. For example, there was a time he created medicine that attracted swarms of ants. And then there were his aphrodisiac pills...

The truth was, all the mysterious pills he concocted were terrifying.

"Could it be because I refuse to use fixed formulas in my concoctions? Every time I do my work, I follow my intuition, is that what causes the strange transformations? Or maybe I'm just naturally talented, and God is jealous, deliberately causing me trouble?" At the moment, placed before Yan Xiaobao were dozens of brightly colored pills, and he looked down at them, furrowing his brow.

They were not spherical. Some were cube-shaped, and some looked like misshapen lumps of clay. Obviously, they weren't ordinary spiritual medicines, yet each emitted a strong medicinal fragrance...

Even if Yan Xiaobao was braver than he was, he wouldn't dare to consume any of them personally. There was no telling what unimaginable effects they might produce.

"I hope to reach the ultimate pinnacle on the path of medicine. I am like a cloud in the sky, floating effortlessly, disregarding the material world. The Medical Path is a road filled with obstacles, so I mustn't be afraid. I can only endure. That's the new me, a new Yan Xiaobao." With this, determination appeared on his face. It seemed he was searching for deeper truths in life as he took the pills and once again began his concoction work.

He spent nearly half a day on the next batch. Unfortunately, he had reached a stage where there were very few types of medicines he could continue to research. It was too dangerous. His pill furnace would explode each time, causing severe damage. He frowned, paid some spiritual compensation, and at that time, he was politely asked to leave the Medicine Refining Hall.

He was about to call on the status of his position as a sect leader's junior brother and request permission to stay when he realized Big Fatty Zhang had already informed him through the jade. Apparently, he would be coming to Yan Xiaobao's residence to look for him and wanted to know where he had gone.

Seeing Big Fatty Zhang visit, Bai Xiaochun left the Medicine Refining Hall. With a sigh, he began walking down a narrow mountain path.

"If I wish to push the Medical Path to the pinnacle, then I will certainly encounter obstacles. I, Yan Xiaobao, am like a floating cloud. I won't surrender!" He puffed out his chest, lifted his head, and walked forward for a while until he realized things seemed to have disappeared. At this time of day, the sect was usually a busy place. But now, Fragrant Cloud Peak was very quiet. Looking around, he noticed there wasn't a single disciple at the sixth level of Qi Condensation or higher. Everyone present was fifth level or lower.

He felt shocked and hurried back to his residence. Even as he approached from a distance, he saw a tall, thin young man pacing excitedly back and forth in front of the gate.

That young man was none other than Big Fatty Zhang, who had lost quite a bit of weight.

"Eldest Brother," Yan Xiaobao shouted in greeting, hurrying forward.

"Ninth Junior Brother!" Fatty Zhang replied, turning to look at Yan Xiaobao and bursting into loud laughter. Big Fatty Zhang didn't care at all that Yan Xiaobao was now the junior brother of the sect leader. To Big Fatty Zhang, he was still his little brother.

Yan Xiaobao dragged him into the courtyard where they sat down to chat. Curious, Yan Xiaobao said, "Eldest Brother, you hardly come by. What brings you over? Do you need my help? Just say the word!"

Yan Xiaobao had long recognized Zhang Qing as a real big brother. Whenever he reminisced about their days in the oven, he always felt a warm feeling.

Fatty Zhang cleared his throat but couldn't stop the excitement and pride that appeared on his face. Watching, he proudly patted his chest. Back in the oven, it would produce a creaking sound, but now, only the sound of bones creaking could be heard. Even so, Fatty Zhang seemed lively.

"Ninth Junior Brother, I have a huge secret to tell you!"

As soon as Yan Xiaobao heard it involved a huge secret, his eyes widened, and he began to focus his full attention.

Sounding very grand, Fatty Zhang continued, "From now on, I, Big Fatty Zhang, will definitely be famous in the Spiritual Flow Sect. Everyone will know my name. A lot of disciples will try to stay on my good side. In fact, even the Foundation elders might treat me with utmost respect."

"Oh?" Yan Xiaobao said, looking surprised. "What's the deal? Are you the Little Turtle too?"

With vigor, Big Fatty Zhang took a deep breath and lowered his voice. "Little Turtle? PSHH. Ninth Little Brother, you know my Master is the peak master of Purple Lotus Peak, Xu Meixiang, right?"

Yan Xiaobao nodded. He had known Master Zhang's master for some time and also knew she was the reason he lost so much weight. She didn't like chubby people, although this also led Yan Xiaobao to consider some other strange possibilities.

"Do you know what my Master is best at?" Fatty Zhang continued. "Spirit Enhancement! You know what I've learned from my master? Spirit Enhancement!"

"Hahaha! I, Big Fatty Zhang, just happen to have an incredible talent for spirit enhancement. My talents are so extraordinary that even my Master was completely shocked and praised me endlessly! Today, she actually said it would only be a few years before I become the top master of spiritual enhancement in the entire Spiritual Stream Sect!" Big Fatty Zhang stood up, looked excitedly towards the sky, and boiled over with excitement. It was as if he was the most important existence.

Yan Xiaobao blinked. Seeing Fatty Zhang's powerful pose, he quickly put on a worshipful expression on his face and exclaimed loudly, "Spirit Enhancement?!"

Yan Xiaobao's response made Fatty Zhang even happier. Patting his shoulder, he said, "Ninth Junior Brother, from now on, many people will be asking me for spirit enhancement. If I don't like them, I'll refuse anyway. If I like them, then I'll charge them an arm and a leg! But you and Third Fatty are both from the oven. For the rest of my life, I won't charge you a single spirit stone. We are family, so long as you provide the ingredients, I'll provide the spirit enhancement for free!"

Fatty Zhang seemed spirited and full of courage. From the moment he arrived on Violet Cauldron Peak, he felt repressed, but now that he knew he had a talent for spirit enhancement, he was thrilled. This was actually his first visit to Bai Chunchun.

"Brother, you're amazing!" Yan Xiaobao exclaimed, looking ecstatic.

"Come on, come on," Big Fatty Zhang said. "Give me something, anything. I'll do a single enhancement right here. With just one move, you'll surely be in the top ten on the South Shore in the qualifying competition in a few months. Then you can represent the South Shore and fight in selected battles against the North Shore!"

"Uh..." Yan Xiaobao blinked a few times. Seeing how excited Big Fatty Zhang was, he rummaged through his bag for a while, then pulled out an ordinary Flying Sword from the Spirit Stream Sect, of which he had a few. He quickly handed it over to Big Fatty Zhang.

Big Fatty Zhang took a deep breath, then slapped his satchel, causing several ore pieces to fly out and float around the sword.

He then closed his eyes, releasing an explosive burst from his cultivation base. Although his cultivation base didn't quite match Yan Xiaobao, he was already in the great circle of Qi Condensation Level 6. When he waved his left hand, his hair whipped around, causing a burst of silver light to flash out.

Once the light emerged, a gust of wind appeared, and the entire area seemed filled with fluctuations of spiritual energy. The energy flowed toward the ore pieces, filtering the energy before transferring it to Big Fatty Zhang's left hand. Meanwhile, the ore fragments began to melt. In a short time, they were already halfway gone.

Yan Xiaobao's eyes glistened. It was the first time he saw someone perform spirit enhancement, and the process was vastly different from when he used the Little Turtle cauldron. Apparently, a Spirit Enhancer would communicate directly with the heavens and earth, then use the ore to filter its explosive power to soften it.

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Chapter 1134 The Energy of Heaven and Earth

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Soon, Fatty Zhang started to waver. After giving enough time for half an incense stick to burn, he took a deep breath, and his eyes opened. Then, a dazzling silver light shot out from his hands and swept over the sword.

"Spiritual Driving!"

As the silver light emanated from Big Fatty Zhang's hand into the flying sword, the air seemed to vibrate. In the blink of an eye, the entire sword turned silver.

The sight was nothing short of astounding, and Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but feel breathless.

Panting heavily, Fatty Zhang handed the flying sword to Yan Xiaobao.

"Take it," he said, his voice filled with confidence. "The spirit of the sword has been activated. If you do some more spiritual power for a test, the silver pattern should appear!" With that, he wiped the sweat from his forehead.

Yan Xiaobao held the flying sword, then excitedly infused it with some spiritual power. As silver lines appeared on the surface of the sword, cracking sounds could immediately be heard. Moments later, they vanished, and then the cracks began to spread as if the sword couldn't contain the energy of the heavens and earth that had been infused into it. Moments later, it crumbled to a muddy residue.

"Hmm?" Yan Xiaobao said, looking surprised. Fatty Zhang's jaw dropped, and the two exchanged a glance.

Yan Xiaobao cleared his throat, just about ready to say that it was a low-quality sword when Fatty Zhang snatched it, staring at it with wide eyes. After a while, he stomped his foot in frustration.

"I made a mistake. I didn't control the fusion with the spirit iron. The energy of the heavens and earth was a bit too unstable. Ah, never mind. Ninth Junior Brother, give me another flying sword, and I'll try again." Fatty Zhang stared at Yan Xiaobao with bloodshot eyes.

Yan Xiaobao produced another flying sword, and Fatty Zhang took a deep breath. With a very serious expression, he went through the process again until the sword shimmered with silver light. Then he handed it back to Yan Xiaobao.

"Why don't... why don't you do the test, senior brother?" Yan Xiaobao hesitated, saying.

In a solemn voice, Fatty Zhang said, "The first major rule of spiritual enhancement is that unless the object belongs to the Spirit Enhancer, they cannot perform the spiritual test themselves! It's a rule I cannot violate. Breaking the taboo would bring endless trouble."

Seeing Fatty Zhang's determination, Yan Xiaobao nervously took the sword. He really hoped it would work this time; otherwise, it would be a heavy blow to Big Fatty Zhang.

After some thought, he said, "Well... senior brother, why don't you wait here for a moment? I'll go to my room to do the test. I think I was overthinking and too nervous earlier." Fatty Zhang was starting to get nervous again. However, upon hearing Bai Xiaochun's suggestion, he realized it made sense and nodded in agreement.

He cleared his throat, trying to act as if he wasn't nervous at all. "Of course. As my master always says, I shouldn't be watching to see if the enhancement succeeds. Ninth Junior Brother, hurry inside and conduct the spiritual test."

Yan Xiaobao turned around and quickly ran inside. Frowning, he looked down at the flying sword. Worried about disappointing Fatty Zhang, he didn't attempt any test but instead performed a spell gesture and pointed, causing the turtle pot to appear.

"Ai. From the beginning, senior brother has been under too much pressure. He's finally gained some confidence, so I can't let him down. I wonder if using the turtle pot will make the flying sword enhancement successful." Muttering to himself, he started a monochrome flame and then tossed the untested flying sword into the frying pan.

Silver light shimmered, and then he released the turtle. Clenching his teeth, he infused some spiritual energy into the sword, causing the silver light to condense into a silver pattern.

"It worked!" he thought, although he wasn't sure if it was because of something Zhang Dali did, or because of his own efforts. He quickly pushed open the door and dashed out. "Senior brother! It worked. It worked! You're amazing, senior brother!"

Fatty Zhang stood nervously in the courtyard, wondering what the result would be. At the sight of Yan Xiaobao, he trembled. Then he saw the silver pattern on the flying sword. Slapping his thigh, he tilted his head back and laughed loudly.

"Well, how about that? Just as I said. Last time, I didn't control the power. Back at Violet Cauldron Peak, I successfully enhanced three weapons. Even my master couldn't help but praise my talent. Here, I've done it again, Ninth Junior Brother!" Excitedly, Fatty Zhang grabbed the sword from Yan Xiaobao to take a look.

Yan Xiaobao stood to the side, enviously watching Big Fatty Zhang. Seeing how excited Fatty Zhang looked, he sighed contentedly.

"Alright, your senior brother is in a great mood now. I will enhance it again. This sword will have dual spiritual enhancement!"

Yan Xiaobao thought such an attempt wasn't a good idea. If he remembered correctly, there were many sect rules and taboos about spiritual enhancement. "Senior brother, why don't we try another time..."

"No, it's fine!" Big Fatty Zhang said decisively. Holding the sword, he began to focus and accumulate energy.

This second attempt at spiritual enhancement was clearly much more challenging, and he had to use all the ores he had. He began to tremble, even taking some medicinal medicine before he finally managed to harness the energy of the heavens and earth to start the process. When he infused the energy into the sword, dazzling silver light radiated forth, after which Fatty Zhang slumped back onto the ground, gasping for breath.

Chapter 1135 Energy of Heaven and Earth (Part 2)

However, when he handed the sword to Yan Xiaobao, his eyes were filled with excitement.

"Continue testing!"

Yan Xiaobao frowned slightly as he took the sword. Yet, before he could test it, Big Fatty Zhang reached out and grabbed his hand.

"Don't try it here," he said solemnly. "Remember, Ninth Junior Brother, the most important part of the spiritual test is your feelings. When it feels right, it's like receiving help from the Gods. Since you succeeded in the room last time, you should try testing it again this time!"

Yan Xiaobao blinked several times, looking at Big Fatty Zhang, who seemed to understand the extent of the spiritual enhancement. Nodding, he thoughtfully jogged back to his room.

"Brother might really be skilled in spiritual enhancement. It's hard to say. Just now, he seemed to have succeeded even without my turtle pot's help." Upon reaching this point in his thoughts, he decided not to place the Flying Sword in the turtle pot. Instead, he simply infused some spiritual power directly into the sword.

In a blink, silver light flickered. But soon after, it quickly dimmed. A cracking sound ensued, reducing the sword to useless scraps.

Just as Yan Xiaobao anxiously furrowed his brows, he could hear Big Fatty Zhang talking outside.

"Ninth Junior Brother, I just saw some silver light. What happened? Did it succeed?"

"Um... I haven't tested yet," Yan Xiaobao quickly replied. "Let me do it now..."

Big Fatty Zhang stood quietly outside, his face tense and bitter. He wasn't an idiot, and he was quite certain he had seen silver light flashing from Yan Xiaobao's small hut earlier.

Sighing, he believed Yan Xiaobao simply did not want to acknowledge the failure. With a deep breath, he shouted, "I know you tested it, Ninth Junior Brother. It's alright. I... I'll leave now."

Upon arriving, Big Fatty Zhang had burst with excitement, but the recent setback had plunged him into depression.

He realized he had acted impulsively. According to his master, spiritual enhancement was a very mysterious magic technology; achieving perfect success was impossible. Moreover, within the Cultivation World, there was a strange phenomenon. Apparently... those who succeeded once would find future successes easier to achieve, while those who failed would experience the opposite.

This sounded odd, but it boiled down to the power of will. It was a mysterious matter; the more confidence one possessed, the greater the chances of success.

In the realm of spiritual enhancement, two main techniques could be cultivated. One was the orthodox method, where the spirit enhancer was only responsible for the initial spiritual enhancement. He would not personally perform the spiritual test. Instead, the object would be given to the owner, who would perform a spirit test from the presence provided by the enhancer.

Thus, success or failure wouldn't impact the spirit enhancer's mental state. Avoiding corruption from results, the spirit enhancer could forget the matter and maintain a calm mind.

However, there was another more extreme method. It was called the Will Spirit Great Magic. It focused on the profound and mysterious power of will. In that method, spirit enhancers keenly observed the results of the spiritual enhancement. The more success they experienced, the more astonishing their spirit enhancement abilities would become. It's an extreme method that can have extreme negative effects on spirit enhancers, potentially destroying their talents altogether.

Even so, many still tried to use this method. Even Master Zhang Xu Meixiang had to admit that if one cultivated such extreme spiritual enhancement methods, they could achieve heavenly results. Their willpower and confidence would achieve remarkable accomplishments.

The Spirit Stream Sect's religious treasure, the Heavenly Sword, had already received a tenfold spirit enhancement, crafted by quirky spirit enhancers over thousands of years.

Big Fatty Zhang smiled bitterly. He knew well that at Violet Cauldron Peak, orthodox cultivation methods were preferred. Overcome by excitement, he made a huge mistake. His inner calm was disturbed, requiring quite a long time to restore.

Yan Xiaobao could see through the window the dejected posture of Big Fatty Zhang. Reluctant to disappoint him so, he gritted his teeth, took out a similar Flying Sword from his hand, and then pulled out the turtle pot to swiftly perform a dual spirit enhancement.

By then, the bitter Big Fatty Zhang placed his hand on the courtyard's gate, ready to leave. Suddenly, Yan Xiaobao's cheerful voice rang out.

"Brother, it worked!!" As Xiao Baichun rushed out, the small hut's door burst open, overwhelmed with joy, holding a Flying Sword, its surface showing two silver patterns.

"Really?!" As he turned to look at the Flying Sword, a shiver ran through Big Fatty Zhang. Then he began to shake, his face filled with excitement and disbelief.

"Hahaha! I am truly one of the chosen spirit enhancers. Dual spirit enhancement! I can hardly believe it! I've succeeded!!!"

He hugged Yan Xiaobao in a bear hug, joyful tears streaming down his face. The truth was his potential was only average; without the deep connection between his family and his master, he would never have been allowed into the Spiritual Flow Sect.

Only because of the precious materials in the oven could he cultivate to the third level of Qi Condensation's grand circle. After joining the Outer Sect, he lacked these precious materials, encountering great difficulties in cultivation. He could only watch as the third Fatty Hei and Bai Xiaochun surpassed him, and despite feeling happy for them, he was very disappointed in himself.

Chapter 1136 Energy of Heaven and Earth (Part 3)

Now he has become talented in spiritual enhancement, the joy he felt was unimaginable. He suddenly felt useful. He raised his head excitedly and laughed out loud, feeling his confidence. As it did, a strange power seemed to grow stronger...this is exactly the invisible power of will.

Spiritual enhancement is an extreme path; the more you succeed, the more confident you become. The stronger your willpower, the more success you achieve!

Perhaps simply believing that success is possible will help people climb the steps of success and cultivate the most mysterious willpower.

Fatty Zhang left excitedly, holding his head high with pride. Yan Xiaobao watched him go, then stood in the courtyard, wondering if he had done the right thing. In the end, he decided that as long as Big Fat Zhang was happy, he couldn't be wrong.

A few days after Fatty Zhang left, Yan Xiaobao received some new information from Xu Baocai. Apparently, the reason fewer people could be seen on Xiangyun Peak was that all disciples from Level 6 Qi Condensation and above had gone into secluded meditation, hoping to break through to Level 8 to prepare for the selection battle, an event that only happens once every thirty years!

The united selection battle of the North and South Shores is only three months away and will become the focus of the entire Spirit Stream Sect. The entire Eastwood Continent, the Cultivator Tribe, and other Small Sects will also closely watch the results.

In the selection battle, the Outer Sect from the North and South Shores will fight each other, trying to seize the top ten spots. All the top male and female disciples will rise like dragons and phoenixes, hoping to be promoted to the Inner Sect. Whether in terms of personal prestige or approval of the sect, disciples who ascend to the Inner Sect in this way are completely different from other disciples.

Every thirty years, the top ten of this generation will forever continue forward and gain greater glory. They are outstanding talents, renowned and revered far and wide. Even other sects with a status similar to the Spirit Stream Sect will acknowledge these sects.

Anyone who can rank in the top ten in the selection battle will also receive significant compensation from the sect. It is believed that the rewards for merits reached thousands, not to mention other precious materials that will be distributed. Additionally, there is the opportunity to enter the sect's arcane pocket realm.

Everyone is moved by the possibilities at hand.

Moreover, the best among them will have the chance to seek a place in the legendary Legacy Echelon. One requirement is to enter the top ten in the selection battle, which in turn is another motivating factor for all disciples.

Of course, the battles before the selection are the qualification rounds. Both the northern and southern banks have their qualification rounds, during which they will select the ten best disciples to proceed to the final selection battle.

The cultivation base requirement is set at Level 8 of Qi Condensation. Only disciples at that level can participate. There are two main requirements to enter the Inner Sect: first, to reach Level 8 of Qi Condensation, and second, to pass the Fire Test. Generally, there are many Fire Tests to attempt entry into the Inner Sect. However, the selection battle that occurs once every thirty years is the toughest among them and the most watched battle in all sects!

Among the many Outer Sect disciples attempting this trial, most will not be promoted. Only those who enter the top 100 in the qualification rounds will enter the Inner Sect. As for the top ten, they qualify to participate in the entire Spirit Stream Sect's selection battle.

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Chapter 1137 The Top Ten

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Shangguan Tianyou, Lu Tianlei, and Zhou Xinqi all aim to enter the top ten on the South Shore, then battle against the North Shore electors. If they can become disciples of the Inner Sect in this way, they will ultimately reach the traditional echelon.

For the past thousand years, the South Shore has been unwilling to show weakness. In all the external election battles held, most of the last ten are North Shore Disciples. The South Shore has never managed to achieve dominance, let alone occupy the first spot, always yielding to the North Shore.

One reason is that the North Shore has four mountain peaks, while the South Shore only has three. Over a thousand years ago, the situation was different. Whether in spiritual enhancement or pill crafting, the disciples of the South Shore were the pillars of the sect, and no one dared to entangle with them. As for the Sword Cultivators on Green Crest Peak, they endowed their mountain with the most formidable reputation in the Spirit Stream Sect.

Yet now, for various reasons, everything has changed, with the North Shore being predominant. They continually achieve victories in selection battles, thus gaining ample cultivation resources that ensure their combat strength continues to grow. Moreover, their cultivation practices are different from the

South Shore, and as a result, many Outer Sect Cultivator Tribes have recognized the North Shore as the dominant force and effective leader in the Spirit Sect.

In the Spirit Sect, the South Shore uses magic to control inanimate objects, while the North Shore controls beasts!

For example, after joining the sect, Bai Xiaochun learned the Violet Qi Cauldron Control Technique. In contrast, the entry-level art for North Shore Disciples is the Heavenspan Elephant Control Art!

In the election battles over the past thousand years, the South Shore has faced defeat time and again. The battle thirty years ago was particularly harsh, with only one disciple from the South Shore making it to the top ten. Naturally, this infuriated the elders and Peak Lords of the South Shore's three peaks. Subsequently, they personally went out to seek new talented disciples, which is how Shangguan Tianyou and other top electors joined the sect.

Shangguan Tianyou, Lu Tianlei, and Zhou Xinqi are the aces of the South Shore. They are apprentices of the Peak Lords and have been meticulously trained until their cultivation bases reached the pinnacle of Qi Condensation Eighth Level. In terms of combat ability, they are capable of defeating many disciples from the Inner Sect.

Shangguan Tianyou is the most impressive among them, excelling in Void Magic and is widely considered the top contender of the South Shore.

Lu Tianlei is skilled in the lightning skill and stands out with his own advantages. His lightning magic is astounding, and even his Master Xu Meixiang constantly praises him, almost guaranteeing him a place in the top ten.

Then there is Zhou Xinqi, who has demonstrated incredible skills in the medical arts. Of course, as Li Qinghou's personal apprentice, she also possesses surprisingly magical skills.

When Yan Xiaobao learned about Xu Baocai's overall situation, he couldn't help but feel indignant about the North Shore's autocratic attitude.

He swore excitedly to himself: "When I enter the Foundation, I will surely reduce those North Shore Heretic disciples by one or two!"

Concerning the South Shore qualification matches and the subsequent election battles, he isn't particularly interested in these competitions.

For Yan Xiaobao, fighting and killing are not his style. He is a disciple of prestige and the younger brother of the Sect Leader. He exists at a higher level of maturity and doesn't deem it appropriate to compete with junior members.

"Besides, what if I don't win?" he thought with a dry cough. "Wouldn't it cause a loss of face for Brother Sect Leader? Forget it. I certainly won't participate." As he thought about how much he had sacrificed for his Brother Sect Leader, he decided he should burn incense for his master and complain a bit about the situation.

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Life was great. Yan Xiaobao didn't think much about the selection battles. Instead, he visited Big Fatty Zhang as much as possible. Each time Big Fatty Zhang attempted spirit enhancement, Yan Xiaobao used his turtle to turn it into a success, which brought Big Fatty Zhang into a new realm of excitement.

At some point, Big Fatty Zhang began to suspect things were happening, but he was gladly immersed in the feeling of success. Eventually, he got used to the situation and started believing he truly was a genius Spirit Enhancer.

Considering the incredible confidence level he was building, his spiritual enhancement magic power and willpower also began to grow stronger.

Time flew by. Three days before the ranking matches were to begin, Yan Xiaobao received notification from the sect instructing him that participation in the qualification matches was mandatory for all disciples at Qi Condensation Eighth Level. No exceptions.

Scanning the jade, Yan Xiaobao yawned. Assuming there must be some mistake in the message, he continued to make his pill.

At dawn three days later, the bell sounded in the south, and Yan Xiaobao ambled to the sect, observing numerous Outer Sect disciples hurrying with serious expressions. As the Spirit continued to rise, he joined the moving crowd.

Soon, he arrived at a valley behind the three peaks. It was a vast place, paved with white jade, in the center was a large open square with four awe-inspiring pillars carved with curling dragons at the corners.

Between each column is another sculpture depicting fierce beasts, appearing very lifelike. Its ferocious nature imbued the entire valley with a desolate and violent aura.

Chapter 1138 Top Ten (Part 2)

On one of the walls of the valley was a balcony, and from the balcony, many prominent sect members could be seen. Li Qinghou, Xu Meixiang, and the Peak Lord of the Third Mountain were there. Even the Sect Leader Zheng Yuandong attended the gathering.

The qualification rounds for South Shore and North Shore were not held simultaneously. South Shore went first, followed by North Shore. This was to ensure that the sect leader showed no favoritism toward one bank or the other. After observing the South Shore's qualification rounds, he would go to the North Shore to see their competition.

Li Qinghou and the other Peak Lords sat near Zheng Yuandong, chatting amicably.

Behind them were elders from the three peaks, including Elder Zhou. Some sat quietly with closed eyes, others spoke softly, and a few observed the disciples pouring into the valley.

Yan Xiaobao strolled lazily until he found himself in the valley. Looking around, he realized he had never been here before. Curious about the statues, he walked over to study them carefully.

As he approached the statues, he noticed even the fur on the surface, rippling in the wind. "These creatures almost seem alive. Very intriguing."

Just at that moment, chatter erupted from the crowd.

"Sister Zhou is on her way!"

"Sister Zhou has been at the eighth level of Qi Condensation for some time now. She is sure to reach the top ten. In fact, considering her status, she is very likely to enter the top three!"

A streak of blue silk appeared in the distance, visible even to Zhou Xinqi. First, she clasped her hands and bowed to the balcony, then landed to one side and sat quietly with her eyes closed. In truth, she was nervous inside; after years of training, the qualification rounds had finally arrived, and she had to perform well.

On the balcony, Li Qinghou gave her a faint approving nod.

Smiling, Zheng Yuandong said, "Qing Hou, not only does Zhou Xinqi have extraordinary talents in plants and vegetation, but she also possesses some astonishing magical skills. I believe she will bring glory to the South Shore."

"No need for such praise, Sect Leader," Li Qinghou humbly replied. "My apprentice still requires more honing. However, her character is rare among her peers. She indeed has incredible potential."

Most people looked at Zhou Xinqi with envy, but as for Yan Xiaobao, he cleared his throat and looked at her with an expression similar to Li Qinghou's. With hands clasped behind his back, he gazed at her admirably.

Before the crowd had finished discussing Zhou Xinqi, there was another small commotion. As the rumbling of thunder sounded, people looked up. A lightning bolt snaked across the sky, settling above, revealing a young man with a long green robe and an arrogant expression.

Countless bolts of lightning spread behind him, and thunder rumbled around him. He seemed even more impressive than Zhou Xinqi, and when he landed in the square, a 30-meter area around him turned into a lightning-like lake.

Sparks of electricity even flickered across his skin.

"That's Lu Tianlei from Violet Cauldron Peak! Brother Lu has a rare lightning meridian. Since joining the sect, he has been in secluded meditation almost constantly. Now he has finally made his debut!"

"Lu Tianlei is incredible. He has developed a technique that allows him to control lightning!" As the conversation continued, Lu Tianlei proudly clasped his hands in a greeting to the balcony. Then his gaze swept over the entire crowd. Among all the Outer Sect Disciples gathered there, only Zhou Xinqi was considered a worthy opponent by him. The others were not worth a glance.

On the balcony, Xu Meixiang smiled, her eyes sparkling with satisfaction. "Sect Leader, what do you think about my disciple's polar lightning control magic?"

Zheng Yuandong cast a smiling glance at Lu Tianlei. "He has already mastered two types of lightning, and he is only at the eighth level of Qi Condensation. With skills like these, he is definitely one of the disciples to build the Foundation under."

The Peak Lord of the Green Mountain, a gaunt old man as sharp as a sword, suddenly looked up and smiled.

Zheng Yuandong's expression shifted, and he too turned in the same direction. Other elders followed suit.

A beam of sword light... pierced through the clouds with an incredible momentum roaring sound. As an ancient green sword appeared, the clouds flickered with light, and a beam of light pierced through everything in its path as it shot towards the ground.

The sword seemed primordial, forged of bronze and weathered with age, utterly extraordinary.

A very handsome young man stood atop the sword, wearing an Outer Sect disciple's robe. His black hair whipped in the wind, with hands clasped behind his back. A faint golden glow flickered around him, and many images of green lotuses could be seen behind him.

Apart from the lotuses, there was also a 9-meter-long fish, the head of a dragon twisting, surrounded everywhere by rainwater.

Even before the young man arrived, rain splattered onto the square. Countless disciples looked up in awe at the incredible sight.

"That's Senior Brother Shangguan!"

"Number one among those chosen from the South Shore's Outer Sect. Shangguan Tianyou!"

"According to rumors, he possesses a powerful Sword Spirit Body and is the reincarnated spiritual child of some All-Powerful Sword cultivators. For some reason, the heavens are guilty and have bestowed countless blessings upon him. When he was three, he was walking along the road and happened to find an ancient sword; when he was seven, a baby Crimson Cloudbeast descended from the sky and immediately accepted him as its master; when he was thirteen, he obtained a golden Light Shield. That's why his name is Heavenly Protection!"

Chapter 1139 Top 10 (Part 3)

Zhou Xinqi looked over with a solemn expression.

As for Lu Tianlei, he raised his head, lightning dancing in his eyes, sparks surging around him. From his gaze, he was eager for battle.

When the green beam closed in, Shangguan Tianyou clasped his hands toward the balcony and shouted, "I, Shangguan Tianyou, greet the Sect Leader, my master, the two Peak Lords, and all the various elders."

As he floated toward the square, he glanced at all the disciples and nodded.

His kind gaze and friendly nods prompted countless disciples to clasp their hands in greeting. Many female disciples bashfully averted their eyes.

Sect Leader Zheng Yuandong looked over to the Peak Lord of Green Crest Peak with a smile.

"Spectacular. Absolutely marvelous!" he said. "At only Level 8 of Qi Condensation, he can transform Sword Qi into a lotus flower. Whether or not this Shangguan Tianyou truly is the reincarnation of an all-powerful cultivator, he definitely possesses a Sword Spirit Body. It is indeed rare for him to accomplish such feats before the Foundation is established!"

"I must say, I am astounded by the performance of the South Shore so far!"

Li Qinghou and the other Peak Lords chuckled, and the other elders smiled. It was clear to everyone that they hoped to outshine the North Shore.

Zheng Yuandong was about to continue speaking when he suddenly looked down at the square, spotting Yan Xiaobao standing beside a statue, hands tightly clasped behind his back, looking like an elder member.

He chuckled and said, "This Yan Xiaobao... truly loves to immerse himself in his dramas." Zheng Yuandong was not the only one who noticed Bai Xiaochun. There was a great commotion among the others as well, but Yan Xiaobao simply stood there like a senior, garnering more than enough attention.

One elder on the balcony smiled and said, "Young Yan Xiaobao is already at level-8 of Qi Condensation and has battled to some death against the Luo Chen Clan. He is certain to enter the top ten. In fact, he might even make it to the top five."

"That's right," another elder said. "Not only does he possess extraordinary skills in plants and vegetation, but he also cultivates astonishing physical traits. I declared him a clear dark horse during the qualifiers today."

Upon hearing these comments, Li Qinghou and Zheng Yuandong's faces lit up with amusement. They exchanged a glance and burst into laughter.

"He is different from the others," Li Qinghou said. "He has a stronger resolve than his peers. Years ago, when I brought him to this sect, I asked him why he wanted to cultivate, and he said it was because he wished to live forever." He looked at Yan Xiaobao passionately. He had finally completed preparing a defensive magic item that he planned to give to Yan Xiaobao after the qualifiers.

"Well, that's enough praise," Zheng Yuandong said. "Though he is my junior brother, it's quite clear he's stubborn and mischievous. He still needs much honing. However, he is a pure and sincere person who does not seek the limelight, which is commendable." Despite his words, everyone could see Zheng Yuandong's eyes flicker with anticipation.

As the group on the balcony continued exchanging words, Yan Xiaobao stood beside the statue, observing Lu Tianlei and the people's favorite, Shangguan Tianyou, with pride and aloofness. On the surface, Yan Xiaobao seemed a bit anxious.

Lu Tianlei twisted with electricity beside him, making Yan Xiaobao's scalp tingle as he recalled riding a sword in a thunderstorm. Then there was Shangguan Tianyou, who had incredible luck and an ancient sword. He also possessed a shockingly powerful energy that left Yan Xiaobao breathless.

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Chapter 1140 Sect Leader

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As far as he knew, both of them were very strong.

But then he thought of his own status, coughed, and once again put on a smile of approval.

"There are many choices to bypass," he thought, "This only shows how powerful the Spirit Sect is. But I am a disciple of prestige and the younger brother of the Sect Leader. I shouldn't compare myself with these youths. They are the future of the sect, and bullying them is wrong. Yes. Any comparison should wait until they become part of the Inner Sect!" After making his decision, he continued to stand there, looking around with constant praise.

More and more people crowded into the valley. All Level 8 Qi Condensation disciples were cracking in preparation for battle. For those with lower cultivation bases, they naturally became spectators.

Among the three peaks of the South Shore, there were about a thousand disciples at the eighth level of Qi Condensation, all appearing in the valley. Yan Xiaobao was familiar with some of them. However, not everyone liked the crowd and excitement. Many preferred to practice their cultivation in secret, waiting for such occasions to finally show off.

Countless other Outer Sect disciples who were not qualified to participate eagerly awaited the results of the qualifications. Everyone was eager to find out who could enter the top 100, and of course, the top ten.

As for who would be in the top three, it seemed there was not much suspense. It was speculated that those spots would belong to Shanguan Tianyou, Lu Tianlei, and Zhou Xinqi.

Gradually, about eight thousand Level 8 disciples and other surrounding disciples quieted down. The feeling of pressure began to permeate, gradually, a premonition of violence.

A suffocating, oppressive feeling weighed everyone down, and people started to become tense.

Yan Xiaobao was surprised to find himself becoming tense too, though he was unsure why. He reminded himself that he wouldn't participate and looked around, forcing himself to relax.

At that moment, Li Qinghou's voice sounded from the balcony above. "The fierce competition between the North and South Banks is about to begin!

"Some of you have secretly practiced your cultivation, keeping your true strength unknown to the public. Now is your opportunity to shine. You should not worry that your rapid progress or unique fortune will become the subject of greed among higher-grade members. Cultivation is personal, and everyone has the right to their own secrets. The Spirit Stream Sect has a history of ten thousand years. It is not by chance that we have developed from a Small Sect to our current level of glory. All of this is because of the fortune of our disciples. No matter how much fortune you gain, it is your personal destiny!

"Some are called electors by others. However, it is only because of your talent. Talent can be found anywhere in defeat. Today is the day to prove yourselves. Today is the day to show whether you truly deserve the title bestowed upon you by others. Today, you can prove whether you truly should become... the chosen ones!" Li Qinghou's voice was deep, filled with pride, resonating with the gloomy pressure filling the area. Those listening began to breathe nervously.

Disciples with various secrets could look at everyone with shining eyes.

As for Lu Tianlei and other famous disciples, judging by their expressions, they were clearly eager to fight.

"Competitors in the top 100 of the qualification rounds will be promoted to the Inner Sect. The top ten will continue to represent the South Shore in the grand finals held every thirty years. This time, we have the opportunity to ensure that our fellow North Shore remembers who we are!" With that, Li Qinghou flicked his sleeve, causing a rumbling sound to permeate the air as three rays of light shot out from three directions on the South Shore's peaks.

Everything was shocked; it was as if invisible hands were tearing the air above the valley, causing a massive bridge to appear!

This was an ancient, primitive bridge, like something pulled out from a primordial era. It was built of stone, covered in ancient magical symbols that glittered with light.

The bridge was 300 meters wide and very long, so that it couldn't be seen in a single glance. Compared to it, it was so magnificent and grand that the valley they were in seemed nothing more than a stepping stone.

The next speaker was not Li Qinghou but Xu Meixiang. "This is the Spiritual Flow Bridge, a valuable treasure of our sect. It has been summoned as your path in this trial. After the ninth bell toll, all Level 8 Qi Condensation disciples will step onto this bridge!" Xu Meixiang stood there, beautiful and melancholy, her robes flowing in the wind, her hair tousled beside her. She looked not like a woman but more like an immortal.

"The first person to reach the end of the bridge will be first place. The same method will be used to determine who is in the top one hundred, top ten!" As Xu Meixiang's voice continued to echo through the valley, the disciples eagerly looked up at the bridge.

This form of competition is a comprehensive way to test disciples. The rules do not prohibit combat; as long as no lethal attacks occur, anything is allowed. Whoever reaches the finish line first will be the winner!

Of course, there will be obstacles along the way, and even luck will play a role.

While waiting, the spectators panted, their eyes gleaming, cultivation bases excited. As the bell began to toll, Yan Xiaobao stood there yawning.

Once, twice, three times... four tolls, five tolls, six tolls...