

Medical 1211

Chapter 1211 The Third Challenge (Part 2)

Beihan Lie stood there quietly, then nodded.

"In the future, do not provoke Yan Xiaobao," Beihan Feng said softly. "His past attitude doesn't matter. As of now, he has earned the respect of the North Bank. Additionally, you can learn from his way of doing things. He knows what to say and how to say it. Understands when to advance and when to retreat. Does not get lost in his imagination. He is not enticed by wealth. Persistent, very persistent. This guy... is terrifying."

Beihan Feng was not the only one who held such thoughts. Among the over two thousand Inner Sect Disciples defeated by Yan Xiaobao, most were thinking the same thing.

Sometimes, Yan Xiaobao was a smooth operator. The North Shore had taken the initiative to challenge him to battle, but he didn't push matters too far. It was a decision he made for the benefit of the North Shore, and it also allowed him to leave a bit of face for the more than two thousand disciples he hadn't beaten.

Continuing to accept battle challenges would be meaningless. Moreover, he had already accumulated some terrifying merits. For now, the best thing to do was to simply let the issue drop and let the remaining challenges expire after six months.

This would not only give the North Bank some face, but it would also reduce the hostility of those disciples towards him.

No one said a word. The disciples of the North Bank stood there quietly, many of them realizing what had happened. As respect for Yan Xiaobao bloomed in their hearts, more people sighed inwardly.

The four Peak Lords lingered there, looking down with serious expressions.

"This Yan Xiaobao is actually much stronger than he was in the battles during the election..."

"The young Ghostfang has been in secluded meditation, preparing for the establishment of his Foundation. Between the two of them, I wonder who is stronger. Many years from now, perhaps one of them will enter the Legacy Echelon and become one of Spirit Stream Sect's most powerful resources."

"Entering the Legacy Echelon is an extremely difficult task. The only way is to reach the Gold Core Level within two sixty-year cycles. If you exceed two sixty-year cycles, then even if you reach Gold Core, you can only become a major elder. Ghostfang and Bai Xiaochun have a long way to go... If either of them does manage to reach the Legacy Echelon and surpass our Peak Lords, they might be able to enter the most Spirit-rich position in the Spirit Sect's reserves of power, located in the Spirit Stream Pocket Realm. Not only is it the inheritance magic of the major elders, but if lucky, they might even meet... Patriarch Spirit Stream!!"

"So far, only about twenty Legacy Echelon members have entered the Spirit Stream Pocket Realm... They are the truly indomitable legacy seeds of Spirit Stream Sect. Each of them... provides true strength and support for the Spirit Sect... Aside from the Senior Lords who guard the mountains, we have no chance of becoming anyone. Only Li Qinghou... really has the possibility!"

The four Peak Lords exchanged glances and sighed as they recalled the relationship between Yan Xiaobao and Li Qinghou.

Eventually, the crowd dispersed. In the days that followed, the North Bank quieted down and returned to normalcy. Both the external and internal parts were the same. The fear instilled in the disciples' hearts expressed itself as diligent cultivation.

Perhaps they no longer viewed Yan Xiaobao as a true enemy, but they certainly saw him as a formidable opponent. The explosive growth of cultivation activities made the four Peak Lords of the North Shore very pleased.

Time flew by. Half a year.

As usual, Yan Xiaobao remained in the Beast Music Academy. Every day, he would cultivate the Dragon Mammoth Sea Formation Scripture and collaborate with the Waterswamp Kingdom. He also spent time carefully observing all the beasts in the Beast Music Academy.

He worked hard to care for all the animals, both the docile ones and the fierce ones. As a result, the beasts grew increasingly fond of him. Additionally, the more time he spent exploring the jungles, the more familiar he became with it.

This was especially true for one particular area deep in the jungle, where there was a pitch-black cave. This cave, from which endless black fog spiraled out, was a famous location on the North Shore. The Ancient Beast Canyon.

It was said that this cave led directly to the Nine Serenities Underworld and also connected to a mysterious pocket realm. Countless vicious beasts dwelled in the caves, having been sealed in place countless years ago by the clan leader of the Spirit Sect. They now serve as backup power for the sect and are one of the primary reasons for the North Shore disciples to cultivate their Shaman Beast Control Arts.

However, the arcane pocket realm has a very mysterious origin. In the ten-thousand-year history of the Spirit Sect, only a small portion of it has been explored. Every few hundred years, the power of the seal needs to be reinforced, which costs the sect dearly. Even so, the immense resources within the arcane pocket realm ensure it is one of the most important places on the North Bank.

In addition, the Ancient Beast Canyon is also the residence of the Spirit Sect's Holy Beast Guardian, the Heavenly Ink Dragon. In fact, it is even part of the seal itself.

The most powerful offensive weapon of the Spirit Stream Sect, the Heavenly Sword, which has received ten-fold spirit enhancement, was forged from one of the horns shed by that dragon.

The cultivation base of the Heavenly Ink Dragon is so terrifying that even Zheng Yuandong had no choice but to call it advanced. Since the Spirit Sect moved from the delta downstream, the Heavenly Ink Dragon has always been a follower of Clan Leader Spirit Stream, and its contributions to the sect cannot be underestimated.

One day, Yan Xiaobao stood at the edge of a waterfall, heading into the Ancient Beast Canyon. He had visited the location several times and had read the history of the place and the Heavenly Ink multiple times.

As he always did, he poured his pills over the waterfall and then cleared his throat.

"Advanced Heaven," he shouted, "it is I, junior Yan Xiaobao. I just want to use the Earth Flames here. Um... the price is the same as usual, right? I will pay with pills as always." Without waiting for a response, he hurried into a small distance and to a small cave he had opened up.

Having familiarized himself with the jungle of the Beast Music Academy, he noticed the traces of Earth Flames in the area almost immediately. The small cave he had excavated connected to that vein and became his pill-making workplace on the North Bank. All the pills he made for the beasts were concocted here.

However, after reading the jade records of the place's history, he decided to play it safe. Hence, every time he came to use it, he would toss some spiritual medicine under the waterfall, believing that this somehow compensated the rent.

Though he never got a response vocally or otherwise when he made these offerings, he had grown accustomed to the practice and continued doing it.

A month later, Yan Xiaobao emerged from the small cave, his eyes shining brightly, and his expression excited.

His concoction had gone very smoothly. So far, to say the least, his achievements in third-level spiritual medicine were outstanding. Furthermore, his cultivation base was no longer creeping slowly. Instead, it had soared into the great circle of the Qi Condensation ninth level.

"Hahaha! It won't be long now before I can enter the tenth level of Qi Condensation, and then I can prepare for the establishment of my Foundation!" Over the past half-year, his immortal silver skin had also become more refined.

Determining that his cultivation base was now more special than before, he decided to test his Violet Qi Cauldron Summoning. To his delight, several large cauldrons appeared. By now, he had become very proficient at invoking and recalling the Holy Power.

In his happiness, he recalled a certain magical technique he had used a long time ago, which was technically a magic he had invented.

"Great Human Control Magic!" Back in the contest with the Luochen Clan, he had unwittingly employed a magic that impressed even Chen Heng. His desire to perfect it had only grown over the years.

He had no cultivators to practice it on, but there were plenty of beasts within the Beast Music Academy. After some consideration, he grew excited as he rushed out to find some beasts to test his Great Human Control Magic on.

In the following days, the jungle was a very chaotic place. Yan Xiaobao quickly discovered that his Great Human Control Magic didn't work on anything with a big frame or higher cultivation base. However, when it came to small beasts with cultivation bases at the fifth level of Qi Condensation or lower, he did achieve some limited success.

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Chapter 1212 Refusing to Admit Defeat

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Feeling a bit frustrated, but unwilling to admit defeat, he thought more about his Human Controlling Great Magic. In the end, he concluded that this technique, which uses spiritual power to control an opponent's mind and body... was missing something.

If he could find what it was missing... he could make it work!

Even as Yan Xiaobao worked with his Human Controlling Great Magic, the cave deep within the ancient beasts had opened recently, at some moment, a blue eye was watching Yan Xiaobao's Ancient Beast Canyon, a strange glimmer could be seen in its depths.

Suddenly, an ancient voice whispered: "Human Controlling... many years ago, the eccentric cold people had the same idea." The divine ability named Human Controlling Great Magic by Yan Xiaobao turned into a kind of beast game. They often found themselves mysteriously floating in the air, only to fall down later.

Occasionally, they even stood on two legs. These beasts were not frightened by what was happening, in fact, they found it amusing. It even reached the point where some smaller beasts would run to Yan Xiaobao at first sight, hoping to play some interesting new games.

Some large animals like the Flying Tiger sometimes saw Yan Xiaobao pointing at them with his fingers, muttering to himself. Soon after, he would sigh and walk away, looking frustrated. These beasts were puzzled by what exactly Yan Xiaobao was doing.

A month later, he decided to temporarily give up working with the Human Controlling Grand Magic.

"I can definitely make this magic work," he thought. "When it happens, it will shake the heavens and the earth. However, I need to slow things down. Once I become stronger, I can cultivate it to perfection!" He really didn't want to give up, but after a month without any progress, he had to admit it was time to move on. Just as he suddenly thought of his Spirit Wings, he was about to begin repairing the Waterswamp Kingdom again.

"When the old granny gave me the original pearl and these spirit wings, she mentioned something about arcane gravity repulsion..." His eyes flashing with light, he pulled out the wings to examine them. After a few days of study, he realized he was still dealing with something that had to wait for the future.

In the end, he buried his ambition and began repairing the Waterswamp Kingdom.

Time passed, and soon Yan Xiaobao had been on the North Shore for two years. As for the Beastbirth Seed, it had grown into a three-meter-tall Beastbirth Flower, though it had not yet bloomed. According to Yan Xiaobao's calculations, it wouldn't be long before it did.

As for his Waterswamp Kingdom, he continually cultivated it, and it became more and more impressive. Whenever he released it, a rumbling sound could be heard, and a strange power that didn't come from the surrounding world emerged.

Until now, he spent time observing over nine hundred animals at the Beast Music Academy. He knew them like the back of his hand, however, his life essence spirit had not yet formed.

"Don't tell me my observations are insufficient? I should go observe some more powerful beasts." He pondered this for a moment, and eventually, looked in the direction of the Ancient Beast Canyon. After a moment of hesitation, he decided it was too dangerous to go there. Then, his eyes began to shine, and he turned to look at the four peaks on the North Shore.

"Each of the four peaks has a Spiritual Beast Guardian!"

At the summit of each peak, a very powerful beast was designated to guard that mountain. Although they couldn't compare to the Heavenly Ink Dragon, they were all extraordinary in their own ways.

Every few days, they would appear in the open, whether flying through the sky or roaring from the top of their lungs, shaking the entire area. When that happened, a crowd of disciples would look on in awe and envy.

During his time on the North Shore, Yan Xiaobao noticed this phenomenon. Especially the Seven-colored Phoenix from Irispetal Peak, which left a particularly deep impression on him.

After making up his mind, he quickly left the Beast Music Academy. Eventually, he was walking on the road through the trial platform. It wasn't his first time seeing the giant beast statue beneath it. Every time he did so, he would have a very strange feeling, similar to the many other disciples studying the statue.

His past observations of it left him with nothing, so eventually, he paid it no heed. This time, as he walked past it, he suddenly glanced back and then turned to look at Irispetal Peak.

Even as he prepared to rush off in that direction, his heart seized, as if something dangerous was about to happen. The Protomagnetic Wings appeared behind him, and he flew forward a few dozen meters.

Just as he moved, a black blur disappeared from the spot where he had just been standing, accompanied by the sound of a terrifying impact, like two rows of sharp teeth coming together.

The shocking sound caused the surrounding environment to shake; it was hard to imagine the level of power behind it, or what could drive teeth to close in such a manner out of hatred.

The black blur revealed itself to be a massive black dog, about three meters tall. It was like a young bull, though a bit scrawny, its fur tough, and it looked like a wild dog.

It was currently staring at Yan Xiaobao, a ferocious expression on its face. Saliva dripped from its sharp fangs, and its eyes glowed red, as if insane.

Yan Xiaobao was extremely shocked, sweat covering his forehead. However, once he saw the big black dog, he recognized it.

Chapter 1213 Refusing to Admit Defeat (Part 2)

"Hey, aren't you Beihan Lie's Nightstalker Beast? You-" Before he finished speaking, the black dog trembled and ran off into the distance. Clearly, if it failed on its first strike, it would retreat at all costs.

Yan Xiaobao was a bit surprised. Of course, he wasn't alone. There were other North Shore Disciples around, who instantly recognized the dog. Heavy breathing could be heard, and soon people were discussing the matter.

"That's Brother Beihan's night hunter. What a poor little dog. Brother Beihan now refuses to care for it; no one else dares to go near it. Even the Elder feels bad about it..."

"Yeah, exactly. Since that day, the sneaky beast occasionally lurks around the North Shore. I once saw it standing on a hill, gazing at the night. It looked sad."

"It's such a pity. Apparently, it was trying to ambush Yan Xiaobao..."

Yan Xiaobao blinked. Hearing some of the things people were saying, he felt terrible. Watching the direction the dog fled, he decided to investigate the reason behind the ambush.

"In this case, what else can I do?" he sighed. "I told Beihan Lie he should admit it. I even told him, even if I'm afraid of my own attacks." With another sigh, he turned and walked toward Irispetal Peak.

As a disciple of prestige, he almost had unlimited access to the various places in the sect, even the North Shore. Carefully climbing to the top of Irispetal Peak, he approached the cave at the peak but did not enter. Instead, he sat cross-legged on a nearby giant rock and waited quietly.

The wait lasted for three days. Finally, a sharp cry echoed through the dawn sky, piercing the clouds, and seven-colored lights began to flash from the cave. Then, a seven-colored phoenix flew out, stretched its wings, as it gracefully soared into the sky. As the sunlight struck its body, the seven-colored reflections it cast were dazzling. Realizing the terrifying power level within the phoenix, Yan Xiaobao was shaken. Even with his stunning immortal silver skin, he was far from being able to compare.

As he watched, he etched the image of the phoenix into his mind, engraving it onto his heart. He observed that it required the time it took for an incense stick to burn, as the Phoenix circled back to its cave, completely ignoring his presence.

Taking a deep breath, he closed his eyes, mentally recalling the image of the seven-colored phoenix, and continued to wait. Another five days passed, and at dawn, the phoenix reappeared.

Time flew by. Yan Xiaobao stayed at Irispetal Peak for months, observing the phoenix, occasionally returning to the Beast Music Academy to handle various matters, and then rushing back.

The disciples of Irispetal Peak soon heard about this and were a bit puzzled. Most did not pay much attention to it, but some inner disciples began to speculate about what he was doing.

Another month passed, and Yan Xiaobao felt he had completed his observation of the phoenix. Next, he headed to Sunset Peak.

The Spiritual Beast Guardian of Sunset Peak was a black-eyed Three-eyed Crow. It was 6 meters long, surrounded by swirling darkness that distorted the air. It didn't appear often; Yan Xiaobao saw it only twice in a month.

Whenever it flew out, lightning would burst in the area. The crow always appeared in the darkness of night, never in the brightness of day.

Because of this, Yan Xiaobao became accustomed to staying focused at night. Three months passed, and he saw the crow five times. Whenever it appeared, he would pay close attention and throw his full focus into observation. Gradually, he felt his life essence spirit seemed to show signs of manifesting.

The Spiritual Beast Guardian of Arched Peak wasn't a flying creature but a giant lizard. It moved slowly but emitted incredible energy. Yan Xiaobao found it much easier to observe; whenever it emerged from its cave, it would perch on the highest boulder at the top of Arched Peak, where it would gaze into the distance.

Yan Xiaobao spent months there, able to observe it in more detail than the seven-colored phoenix and Three-eyed Crow.

The Spiritual Beast Guardian of Ghostfang Peak was peculiar. Calling it a spiritual beast was almost inappropriate. It was a Mountain Ghost. It appeared as a fusion of countless other beasts, forming like a mountain. Upon gaining consciousness, it called itself a Mountain Ghost.

It was humanoid, with long black fur and human-like eyes located beneath its wolf-like belly. On top, it had two Ice Bird horns. Its lower half scaled like a snake, and its chest bore a tiger's head. Extending behind it was a long tail.

Wherever it went, it carried a dreadful bone trident, and whenever it appeared in the open, clouds would form in the sky, covering the sun and moon. In the darkness, its eyes would emit a mysterious glow.

Just seeing it made Yan Xiaobao tremble in fear. He could feel it was aware of his presence, but it was far beyond him and didn't even notice him. Whenever it appeared at the mountaintop, it would lean back, letting out a silent howl.

That howl would make countless stones on Ghost Mountain tremble, only becoming still once the Mountain Ghost returned to its cave.

Time passed, and Yan Xiaobao moved back and forth among the mountains, conducting observations. Gradually, it felt more and more like his life essence spirit was forming. However, he increasingly felt he had reached some yet-to-be-broken barrier.

The North Shore Disciples slowly realized he was observing the Spiritual Beast Guardians. Most didn't understand why, but Xu Song, Beihan Lie, and some other Inner Sect disciples were quite certain about what was happening, which made their hearts ache.

"He's constructing the Waterswamp Kingdom!" Quite a few Inner Sect disciples reached this conclusion. After all, nurturing the Waterswamp Kingdom involves long-term observation of countless beasts.

"The Water Margin Kingdom is a secret magic, the same as Ghosts Haunt the Night... However, the results of practicing it differ for each individual. Some can unleash incredible power, while others are very weak."

"Yan Xiaobao is observing those beasts, meaning his life essence spirit hasn't been born yet..."

"I wonder what his life spirit will look like...?"

Discussions among the Inner Sect disciples were intense as Bai Xiaochun continued his observations. This process lasted a year.

During that time, besides Inner Sect disciples, others began to closely monitor what was happening. The Peak Lords of the four mountains, the Sect Leader, and even Li Qinghou secretly observed Yan Xiaobao's progress with Waterswamp Kingdom.

Everyone was surprised. Generally speaking, observing beasts at the Beast Music Academy should be enough to form the life essence spirit of Water Margin Kingdom. But for Yan Xiaobao, it seemed insufficient. He continued observing the Spiritual Beast Guardians of the four peaks. However... it still wasn't enough.

"Yan Xiaobao's life essence spirit seems difficult to form!"

"Life essence spirits differ from person to person. They form based on the hidden world that exists within everyone, creating a mysterious and unfathomable illusory spirit..."

"What will Yan Xiaobao's life essence spirit be...?"

Everyone watched as Yan Xiaobao completed his observations of the Four Spirit Beasts Guardian. Subsequently, he trudged across the North Shore, pondering that there was nothing left for him to

observe. He had a strong feeling that he was just one step away from breaking the barrier and birthing the life spirit of Waterswamp Kingdom.

However, this step seemed infinitely vast.

Yan Xiaobao was confused, unsure of what to do next. As he walked across the North Shore, he passed by the trial platform, instinctively glancing at the statue beneath the platform.

He had passed by this place many times, and each time he did, he felt something odd about the statue. This time, he stopped in place to take a look. Then, tremors passed through him, his eyes flickering with doubt. Previously, when he saw the statue, he felt something odd—it seemed to stir a desire to fight. However, there was something deeper that he couldn't quite grasp.

Now, perhaps due to observing the four Spiritual Beast Guardians, or maybe because he was nearing a breakthrough with his life essence spirit, he suddenly found himself observing, not the entire battle beast, but its scale!

They seemed nothing more than scales on the statue, but as long as he focused on them, it felt as if the life essence spirit of his inner Waterswamp Kingdom suddenly writhed in increasing power.

Meanwhile, he could almost hear some primal and ancient roars.

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Chapter 1214 Focus

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He wanted to know if this was an illusion; when the feeling vanished, he was ready to concentrate further. At that moment, the life essence spirit within him suddenly disappeared.

He took a deep breath, walked to the statue, and sat cross-legged in front of it. Then he lifted his head to confirm that the feeling he just experienced wasn't an illusion.

"This statue... is incredibly, incredibly strange!" With this, he focused on observing, not the entire statue, but countless individual scales.

Although they seemed to be nothing more than simple scales, Yan Xiaobao only just realized they were incredibly, incredibly difficult to memorize. He could see them before him, but couldn't remember their shapes and images at all.

But that didn't stop him; it made him become more focused. His eyes flickered, and he looked more closely at the scales.

Time flew by, and it soon became evening. Considering that the trial platform was the central location of the North Shore, disciples often passed by, and soon people noticed Yan Xiaobao sitting there staring at the statue. Although it was a peculiar sight, no one really stopped to give him much attention.

The next morning at dawn, disciples who had seen Yan Xiaobao the previous day noticed him once again as they walked past the trial platform. Clearly, he hadn't moved all night but sat there, his eyes fixed on the statue in front of him. The North Shore disciples' surprise grew.

Yan Xiaobao was now certain that only through this statue could he achieve a breakthrough. He had exhausted all possibilities regarding the life essence spirit. He had observed everything at the Beast Music Academy and the four Spiritual Beast Guardians. He had even secretly observed many ordinary war beasts of the North Shore disciples.

The life essence spirit of the Waterswamp Kingdom still hadn't appeared, and without any signs, he might decide not to waste any more time. But he could feel the spirit of life essence was on the brink of life; he just didn't know how to realize it. So close, yet so far!

That uneasy feeling was something he couldn't easily accept. Therefore, he was seizing this opportunity, and his persistent nature was fully effective.

When he concocted medicine, he sat there with the same focus he called upon. It didn't matter if the night passed, nor did it matter if his eyes were bloodshot. If the next day began to pass, it didn't matter either. Yan Xiaobao didn't stop.

In fact, he even had the feeling that if he gave up at this point, his Waterswamp Kingdom... might never produce a life essence spirit. He had to seize the chance now, and the life essence spirit had to break free from its cocoon!

"I refuse to believe I will fail!" he thought, grinding his teeth. With this, he continued to observe the scales and tried to record their shapes and images.

Without even considering it, he isolated himself from the world. He abandoned all other senses, completely focused on his vision. Days began to pass. On the fourth dawn, the North Shore disciples were even more astonished by his presence, and soon it began to spread.

"Yan Xiaobao has been sitting at the trial platform statue for four days... What's he doing? Observing the statue?"

"That trial platform statue is strange. I heard people in the past observed it, hoping to gain something from it. However, until today, no one except the elder ghost has succeeded!"

As this word spread more deeply, the North Shore inner disciples began to pay more attention. People even started gathering nearby to watch Yan Xiaobao. His completely troubled state caused many to gasp.

"So, he's just trying to observe it and commit it to memory, without gaining complete enlightenment. Well, as I said. The trial platform statue harbors some profound secrets within. It's not just anyone who can gain its revelation."

"I read some ancient records stating that four thousand years ago, the statue was pulled from the ancient beast crowd. It's hard to say whether some members of the higher generation ever gained enlightenment, but for ordinary disciples... before Ghostfang, no one was able to succeed."

"I tried once, believe it or not. In the end, I had no choice but to give up. I never felt anything. Only people like Ghostfang can achieve this legendary state of deep enlightenment through observation. Some have lasted ten days, and even fifteen days. But the limit is twenty. After that, people just pass out."

When Beihan Lie, the Gongsun brothers, Xu Song, and other internal electors realized Yan Xiaobao was merely observing the statue, they sighed in relief.

As for the four Peak Lords, when they saw him under the statue, their eyes were filled with anticipation.

"I wonder if Yan Xiaobao will benefit from the statue like the ghost."

"It takes the proper environment, the right personality, and the appropriate effort. This observation is like looking at a canvas splashed randomly with paint. Some people only see chaos, but others see order. Some see another image from the paint splatter. And a few, whether a minority or not, might see... something entirely different from others."

Yan Xiaobao was indeed just observing, not seeking profound enlightenment. As he stared at the scales, his eyes filled with blood vessels, and these scales seemed to grow larger until they replaced the world around him. He saw a world filled with floating objects he couldn't see clearly. It was like a blurry illusion, unable to be clearly expressed. However, Bai Xiaochun didn't care. All he wanted to do was remember the shapes and images of the scales.

Chapter 1215 Focused_2

He wasn't even sure how many attempts he made. A thousand? Ten thousand? Maybe more? Despite the fact that he failed time and again, he was utterly and completely focused on the process.

Time flew by. Five days. Six days. Seven days... Soon, ten days had passed. His observation of the statue was draining his life energy, his body began to feel the effects, but he persisted.

By the nineteenth day, Beihan Lie and another elector were convinced Yan Xiaobao would only last one more day. Once his life energy became weak enough, he would succumb to unconsciousness.

"Ghost Fang requires fifteen days to enter a state of deep enlightenment, he emerged from a daze after twenty-seven days. His later progress had much to do with his Enlightenment Conference with Ghosts Haunt the Night!"

"Yan Xiaobao has wasted nineteen days without achieving deep enlightenment. Regardless of his cultivation base level, he can't compare with Ghost Fang in this situation."

"This statue is completely mysterious and unfathomable. Many have tested it, and if you don't succeed the first time, it becomes even harder. Tomorrow, he will pass out. However, by the time he wakes and recovers his life energy, it will be too late."

Beihan Lie and another Chosen felt the same, as did the four Peak Lords, all sighed regretfully.

Gradually, Bai Xiaochun's nineteenth day of observing the statue passed. As the sun set and the twentieth day dawned, when sunlight filled the sky, nearly everyone believed Yan Xiaobao would lose consciousness. However, as the twentieth day ended and the twenty-first day began, their eyes were filled with shock.

Yan Xiaobao did not fade. Although he looked a bit haggard, he still continued to persist.

Twenty-one days. Twenty-two days. Twenty-three days... As time passed, surprise grew. By the time thirty days had passed, the Peak Lords were completely astonished.

"I can't believe how much significant energy Yan Xiaobao has!"

"At most, ordinary disciples could last ten days. Body-refining disciples might last fifteen. Electors like Ghost Fang could last at most twenty days. If one doesn't enter a state of deep enlightenment, they would waste their life energy and lose consciousness. But Yan Xiaobao... has lasted so long!"

"But what's the point? Even if he lasts longer, if he doesn't achieve deep enlightenment, it will all be wasted."

Beihan Lie and others were completely shocked, finally starting to understand how strong Yan Xiaobao's physical body was. However, they all sighed; without achieving deep enlightenment, merely lasting long has no benefits.

Soon, another ten days passed, and Yan Xiaobao was still completely immersed in his memories. It might be said he made countless actual attempts; perhaps 50,000, maybe 100,000. Each one was a failure.

The fiftieth day passed, then the sixtieth day. Numerous disciples were deeply shocked by Yan Xiaobao's actions. They could hardly believe the enormous energy reserves he possessed. They never expected he would endure this long. Without incredible physical strength, it would be impossible.

Eventually, the seventieth day arrived, and Yan Xiaobao trembled. He was clearly much thinner than before, seeming like his life energy and physical body were reaching their limits.

The gathered audience noticed his trembling and immediately began commenting.

"He must be nearing the end. In just a few days, he'll pass out."

"He never achieved deep enlightenment. What a waste."

Although most of the audience felt this way, as the rosy evening light began to spread...

Yan Xiaobao's eyes revealed... emptiness.

Then, a moment later, his eyes slowly closed!

With his eyes shut, his mind filled with the complete image of the patterns... After countless failed attempts, he finally succeeded!

In the instant the patterns appeared, a thunderous rumble filled his mind, and he gasped for breath. His aura flickered as if leaving nothing but his physical body behind. He had finally slipped into... the legendary state of deep enlightenment!

From that moment, the audience's eyes widened. It was an unexpected development that most could hardly believe.

Yan Xiaobao entered deep enlightenment, not merely by coincidence or fate, but through hard work!

The opportunity concerning the life essence spirit of the Waterswamp Kingdom also brought a degree of enlightenment. Furthermore, his hard work far exceeded anyone else's!

While his comprehension power might not match Ghost Fang's, his work time was five times what Ghost Fang achieved, due to his physical body and his life energy. Thanks to his cultivation in the Immortal Eternal Life Skill, his strength gave him incredible energy reserves! Deep enlightenment is a state where one's soul essentially merges with the heavens and earth, connecting with the world to comprehend and awaken to nature and magic.

An ordinary person might accidentally fall into deep enlightenment, though the chances are extremely small, almost impossible. Even Qi Condensation cultivators find it hard to enter such a state, but if they do, it causes a great sensation among anyone who discovers it.

All-knowing beings with incredible cultivation bases occasionally enter this state, to understand profound changes in the world and the great Daoist teachings of the heavens and earth.

In the last thousand years of the Spiritual Sect, only two people have ever fallen into deep enlightenment. One of them was Ghost Fang, who possesses spectacular talent. Even Shangguan Tianyou could not compare with him in this aspect.

The other successful person now sat beneath the statue, observed for seventy days. Yan Xiaobao!

The surrounding North Shore disciples were breathless at the shocking scene.

"Yan Xiaobao... he... deep enlightenment?!?! Aside from elder Ghost Fang, he's the only one to ever do it!"

"Hmph. How can this deep enlightenment compare with elder ghost? He accomplished it in fifteen days, but Yan Xiaobao took seventy!"

"That's not the way to look at it. It simply means that if we could persist for seventy days, then we could achieve deep enlightenment too. Except we can't! Look at how hard Yan Xiaobao worked!"

Amidst the shocked shouts, voices in the crowd also expressed complex emotions. Some seemed indignant, some jealous, some disdainful. Regardless of specific details, everyone could feel the immense effort Yan Xiaobao put in and how hard he endured. Additionally, all of them were somewhat envious.

Meanwhile, six beams of light appeared in the sky. The fastest among them was not the four Peak Lords from the North Shore, but Li Qinghou from the South Shore!

Almost at the moment when Yan Xiaobao fell into a trance, he appeared. He waved his finger toward the trial platform, and a beam of light descended around Yan Xiaobao, ensuring no one could disturb him.

It was at this moment that the four Peak Lords and the sect leader Zheng Yuandong arrived.

The old woman from the summit of Irispetal Peak looked at Li Qinghou, then at the surrounding crowd. She was surprised by the fact of Yan Xiaobao entering deep enlightenment and roared, "Seal the entire area around the trial platform. Do not open it until Yan Xiaobao awakens."

"If anyone disturbs Bai Xiaochun, it will be considered treason and punished accordingly!" Zheng Yuandong added. "Have the Judicial Hall stand guard here immediately!" In response, the Outer Sect disciples bowed respectfully, hands clasped.

Soon, dozens of disciples from the Judicial Hall arrived and took positions around the statue, sitting cross-legged as Dharma Protectors.

By this time, the word had spread from the Outer Sect disciples. Everyone on the North Shore knew Yan Xiaobao had achieved deep enlightenment. Beihan Lie and another Chosen emerged from their Immortal Caves, shocked, and began hurrying toward the trial platform.

Seeing Yan Xiaobao guarded by the Judicial Hall, they weren't sure what to think.

"He... actually achieved deep enlightenment...?"

"Seventy days! He endured for seventy days!"

"He has no way to surpass us significantly. I refuse to believe it!" Beihan Lie, the Gongsun brothers, Xu Song, and other Inner Sect Voters were filled with unbelievable complex thoughts and feelings.

In mid-air, the four Peak Lords looked down at Yan Xiaobao, sitting cross-legged with his eyes closed, his aura dissipating. All sighed.

"I never thought he would pull it off."

"The kid worked hard for so long. His success was not sheer luck."

"I wonder how many days he will continue in deep enlightenment. Ghost Fang endured for 27 days."

As the Peak Lords sighed, anticipation flickered in Zheng Yuandong's eyes, and he began to laugh heartily. By now, he felt his master would surely be pleased to have a disciple like Yan Xiaobao.

Li Qinghou's face displayed a smile, his eyes shimmering with approval and praise.

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Chapter 1216 Enlightenment

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Considering that Yan Xiaobao is in the middle of the Spiritual Flow Sect, the Judicial Hall is protecting him, surrounded by spells personally set by Li Qinghou, ensuring that no one below the Golden Core stage can disturb his deep enlightenment.

Even if a Golden Core expert dared to appear, they would be suspected of overstepping.

After watching for a while, the Peak Lord, the Sect Leader, and Li Qinghou all departed.

The North Bank disciples watched, sighing. Their main speculation was about why the Hall was summoned, and... they wondered to what extent Yan Xiaobao would maintain his profound enlightenment.

"He took five attempts to succeed. I bet he, like Brother Ghostfang, will last only twenty percent. At most five or six days."

"I bet he'll last over seven days!"

Countless cold snorts could be heard among the crowd. The North Bank had many disciples, none of whom forgot Bai being regarded as their arch-enemy. Although they were impressed by his strength, many still harbored hostility. There were also many who envied him.

Time flew by. Three days later, Yan Xiaobao still hadn't stirred. However, the significant energy he expended in striving for enlightenment was slowly recovering.

Moreover, now that he had entered profound enlightenment, his aura disappeared, as if his soul had left his body, merging with the heavens, the earth, and the void itself.

During that time, the blankness in his closed eyes spread throughout his entire being. He had no concept of time, not knowing how long he had been in this state. He only knew the image of the scale. The statue before him almost seemed alive, brimming with a savage aura, as if dragging him into the world within the right claw's grasp.

It was almost as if the void really was torn apart, and his consciousness was being sucked into an illusory world through the rift. His mind was completely blank. He forgot who he was or why he was here. He only knew the illusory world around him.

He saw a colossal creature, so massive it defied description. It was so enormous that Yan Xiaobao felt like he was just a scale.

Shockingly, the creature was the giant crocodile beast that formed the statue on the North Bank.

It lived in this illusory world, looking up at the sky, gazing into the heavens, staring at a seemingly formless figure, perhaps something nonexistent. Suddenly, it reached upward and clawed at something.

A thunderous sound echoed from all directions. Yan Xiaobao watched indifferently as the claw tore a hole in the sky. The rumbling sound filled the heavens, and all Yan Xiaobao could think about was that hand.

In fact, if Yan Xiaobao could remember who he was, he would immediately realize that claw-like hand... was very similar to the claw hand that Ghostfang could release at night with his ghostly powers.

While Yan Xiaobao was in the middle of the illusory world, time flew by outside. The elapsed time far exceeded the five or six days many disciples had assumed. Ten days had passed.

More North Bank disciples gathered around the trial platform daily to watch Bai Xiaochun. Some disciples from the Inner Sect even chose to meditate in the area.

Beihan Lie and another Chosen were also present.

They watched as Yan Xiaobao's profound enlightenment continued for ten days, their eyes filled with complex emotions. While Inner Sect disciples sat quietly, the Outer Sect disciples were in an uproar.

"I can't believe it's been ten days already!"

"Yes, but I really doubt he can last twenty-seven days like Brother Ghostfang!"

As time passed, discussions among the Outer Sect disciples continued. Eleven days, twelve days, thirteen days... Finally, the twentieth day arrived!

By this point, the North Bank was completely shaken. All Outer Sect disciples were astonished and closely watched to see... if Yan Xiaobao could surpass Ghostfang's twenty-seven-day record.

"Impossible!!"

"He spent five times longer than Brother Ghostfang to enter profound enlightenment. His potential talent is clearly not comparable. There's absolutely no way he can surpass the record!"

Such words were common among the disciples. Even many Inner Sect disciples felt the same way. Gradually, the twenty-second day arrived, then the twenty-fifth day came. By then, voices were silenced, and shock began to fill everyone's hearts present.

On the night of the twenty-sixth day, a newcomer appeared in mid-air above the trial platform, a young man in a black robe.

It was none other than Ghostfang himself!

He had been meditating in preparation for the Foundation, but upon receiving news from a fellow disciple about Yan Xiaobao's situation, he appeared.

Yan Xiaobao was the only disciple in the Spiritual Flow Sect who could catch his attention. Once he appeared above the trial platform, countless Inner and Outer Sect disciples looked up with clear, respectful expressions and even a hint of fear. They greeted him one after another.

"Greetings, Elder Ghostfang."

Even Beihan Lie and another Chosen did the same. To the echoing responses, Ghostfang seemed not to hear them. His entire focus was on Yan Xiaobao, his eyes shining with a peculiar light.

"I began by observing the beast's sharp claw. After the image formed in my mind, I entered profound enlightenment and found myself in an illusory world. I was lost in the claw of the ancient beast's heaven-shaking, earth-moving scene, finding it hard to come out. Upon completing my profound enlightenment, I didn't see if the ancient beast had changed in any way.

Chapter 1217 Enlightenment (2)

"Yan Xiaobao, since you are in a deep state of enlightenment, I wonder if you can emerge from the claws..." In the illusory world, everything was shattering and disintegrating. The claws of the ancient beast tore everything to pieces, even Yan Xiaobao's thoughts seemed affected.

His consciousness began to fracture and scatter, and he looked around blankly. Seeing those claws tearing through the sky was utterly shocking.

This power was unimaginable, yet he also wished he could have such power. He longed to tear apart heaven and earth. As the debris began to spread, he suddenly wanted to absorb the power with all his might, understand it, and make it his own power.

The more he thought about it, the less he knew about himself. This process lasted for a short time until a tremor passed through him, and he realized that something strange was happening. He suddenly recalled that his purpose for coming to this place had nothing to do with being caught up in the claws.

The thought grew stronger until it replaced the alluring power of the claws. The shattered remnants of his consciousness slowly stopped moving, then began reversing, returning to him and becoming whole again.

In his hallucination, the massive beast reappeared; however, this time, it was not its claws that moved, but its tail. It was like a whip, smashing the earth to pieces and destroying the sky. An earth-shattering roar erupted throughout the world.

Yan Xiaobao's consciousness shattered once more, and he began to fall into confusion.

In the outside world, he sat there, in a profound state of enlightenment, for twenty-six days. Night fell, and the sun rose. The twenty-seventh day. Soon, another night passed.

Among the countless North Shore Disciples gathered near Yan Xiaobao and the trial platform, their faces were shocked and eyes wide open.

Everyone, including Beihan Lie, the Gongsun brothers, Xu Song, and another elector from the Inner Sect, was overwhelmed by waves of shock.

After a long oppressive silence, countless disciples suddenly burst into a huge commotion.

"He lasted... twenty-seven days? He surpassed Ghostfang's elder brother!"

"My heavens! How deep will Yan Xiaobao delve into this enlightenment?!"

"How long will he persist? Thirty days? Thirty-five days? Or even... forty days?!?!"

Everyone was completely stunned by Yan Xiaobao's unwavering aura.

However, they let themselves be shocked too soon.

Time continued to pass. Thirty days, thirty-three days. Thirty-seven days... By the time the fortieth day arrived, the North Shore disciples were utterly dumbfounded.

They were not the only ones. The four peak Lords were gasping for breath. Every day spent in deep enlightenment was incredibly significant. After all, a day of profound enlightenment is like spending a year in ordinary meditation.

Ghostfang said nothing, but as he looked at Yan Xiaobao, his eyes were filled with a radiant shock. He wondered... just what was Yan Xiaobao seeing?

"He surely won't lose himself in those claws as I did," he thought. "In that situation, what happens next?"

Back in the illusory world, Yan Xiaobao's consciousness trembled. He wasn't sure how long he had been lost in the ancient beast's tail. However, when his consciousness began to dissipate, the same thought emerged once more... the power of the tail wasn't the power he came here for.

"That's not it!" he calmly murmured.

In that moment, his consciousness no longer dispersed. Meanwhile, the ancient beast opened its mouth, revealing something even more terrifying than its claws or tail...sharp fangs!

Rows of sharp teeth radiated a murderous aura, making them appear capable of destroying anything. It was as if a bite from those teeth would cause the entire world to go dark and end in destruction.

"No," Yan Xiaobao murmured. "That's not why I came here!" His voice echoed around him, growing louder and louder.

"I came here to observe the ancient beast, to infuse life into my Waterswamp Kingdom's life essence spirit!

"I don't want the claws, or tail, or teeth of this ancient beast. I want... the whole thing. I need to observe it in its entirety. I need to restore its image in my mind. That will form the foundation of my Waterswamp Kingdom's life essence!

"Furthermore, the beast itself will not become my life essence spirit, it will be absorbed as part of it!

"That's why I came here. That... is my purpose!" By the end, Yan Xiaobao's voice was not a whisper but a roar. As his consciousness reassembled from all places, the illusory world roared violently, then shot in a beam of light toward the massive beast.

It moved with astonishing speed; in the blink of an eye, it closed on the beast and then collided with it. As the light spread through the beast, Yan Xiaobao's thoughts were jolted, and he suddenly felt as if... he was transforming into the enormous beast!

During the transformation, he began to understand everything about it. There might be no better way to observe. Indeed, this was not observation but a fusion. He... was becoming one with the beast.

Yan Xiaobao's consciousness expanded throughout the beast, understanding it, analyzing it, observing it... controlling it!

From flesh and blood, he moved to scales, spines, claws, teeth, bones, and even the heart... Time meant nothing to him as his consciousness filled the beast, gaining deep insight into it.

At some point, Yan Xiaobao's consciousness trembled as it completely filled the ancient creature, and he... became the beast.

He threw his head back in a roar, causing the entire world around him to tremble. Next, the beast twisted and, through some profound and unfathomable means, rapidly shifted form, becoming a black Three-eyed Crow!

The massive black crow began flying across the world at incredible speed, its eyes gleaming as if they belonged to Yan Xiaobao. In the blink of an eye, the crow rippled, turning into a seven-colored Phoenix.

Then it turned into a giant lizard, then the Mountain Ghost from Ghostfang Peak. Under Yan Xiaobao's mental control, the transformations continued. One by one, nearly a thousand beasts from the Beast Music Academy appeared.

Flying Tiger, pangolin, giant bear, Spirit Deer. Various beasts flashed by, unending. Even beasts Yan Xiaobao secretly observed among the North Shore Disciples could be seen.

Ultimately, when the beasts vanished, a rumbling sound echoed, and Yan Xiaobao's consciousness turned into a swirling mist, pulsating and roiling as if some terrifying spirit was being born within.

It was precisely Bai Xiaochun's Shuiyang Kingdom life essence spirit.

It was impossible to discern exactly what kind of spirit it was; even Yan Xiaobao's consciousness couldn't achieve that. It seemed... its spiritual body wasn't yet complete.

Even incomplete, it exuded a formidable energy. Within the mist were some enormous figures, covered in terrifying bone spurs, radiating an indescribable pressure. As it slowly coalesced within itself, the mist became unfathomably mysterious.

At the same time, Bai Xiaochun's consciousness began to disintegrate. Ten percent. Twenty percent. Thirty percent... In the blink of an eye, fifty percent dispersed!

As that happened, the illusory world trembled and shook. Unexpectedly, signs appeared that the life essence spirit within the mist would also disperse.

"Faster!" Yan Xiaobao's consciousness howled amid a massive rumble. "Hurry! My consciousness is dissipating. Life essence spirit... you must awaken!"

However, it continued to dissipate faster. Sixty percent. Seventy percent. Eighty percent... Ninety percent!

As fractures began to collapse, cracks spread through the illusory world. A massive wind swept through, attempting to disperse the mist. Yet at that moment, the last fragment of Yan Xiaobao's consciousness let out an urgent shout.

Rumble!

Even as the world shattered into fragments, within the dispersing mist, two red eyes... snapped open!

The life essence spirit had awakened!

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In the outside world, Bai Xiaochun's profound enlightenment had lasted for forty days. It continued. Fifty days. Sixty days. Seventy days, eighty days. Ninety days... a hundred days!

The passage of days left the North Shore Disciples in utter terror.

"One hundred days! Over three months! Yan Xiaobao... still in deep enlightenment..."

"He won't die, will he...?"

"This is too shocking! I've never seen anything like it in my life!"

The Outer Sect disciples were terrified, and the Inner Sect disciples were shaken. Beihan Lie and another Chosen felt like their thoughts had been struck by lightning. But it was not over. 101 days. 120 days. 130 days. At that moment, one afternoon, Yan Xiaobao began to tremble.

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Chapter 1218 Five Times the Duration

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People immediately rubbed their eyes and looked again, stunned when they saw Yan Xiaobao trembling.

At that moment... Yan Xiaobao opened his eyes! A blankness still reflected in his eyes. Although his consciousness had returned, he hadn't fully recovered from the experience of the deep enlightenment's illusory world. At first, the real world around him almost seemed unreal.

Soon, the Disciples from the Judicial Hall noticed what was happening and watched him. As for the Outer Sect disciples in the audience, they widened their eyes and began to shout in shock.

"130 days!"

"He spent five times as long as Brother Ghostfang entering the deep enlightenment, and spent five times as long inside!"

The bustling Outer Sect disciples quickly made jades to convey the news to their friends who had awakened at Bai Chichun's. Shortly after, as countless disciples received the news and rushed towards the trial platform, a storm raged across the North Shore.

Sitting beneath the statue on the trial platform, his eyes vacant, he slowly raised his right hand, then pushed it out before him.

"Waterswamp..." he murmured.

Few could hear his voice, but once the word left his mouth, it emitted a massive rumble, enough to shake heaven and earth. It was like thunder from the sky, collapsing into everyone's ears.

BOOOOOM! BOOOOOM! BOOOOOM!

The three massive impacts shook everyone to their core. Meanwhile, endless water vapor spread out in all directions.

9 meters. 30 meters. 150 meters. 300 meters... all the way to 600 meters!

Yan Xiaobao was surrounded by an endless expanse of water 600 meters wide. The steam instantly lowered visibility, making it difficult to clearly see anything. Furthermore, when a strong force suddenly pushed towards them, all disciples within the mist gasped for breath.

The push was so powerful that none of the disciples could resist it. In the blink of an eye, they were pushed away until none remained within 300 meters of Yan Xiaobao.

The mist created by the water vapor rose high into the sky, altering the region's energy. A massive vortex began to rotate, shaking all observing disciples to their core, reminding them of the clawed ghost hand appearing when the ghost released Ghosts Haunt the Night.

This was a secret Magic, seemingly impossible for any Qi Condensing Disciple to unleash, filling the North Shore disciples with not just deep respect for the ghost, but also terror. Moreover... they were now experiencing exactly the same thing with Yan Xiaobao!

As more and more disciples rushed to the scene, gasps could be heard. Many were Inner Sect disciples, including Beihan Lie, the Gongsun brothers, and Xu Song.

Their faces flickered with astonishment as soon as they saw the vortex and Yan Xiaobao.

"Waterswamp Kingdom!"

"He must have successfully cultivated it! But what kind of life essence Spirit did he acquire...?"

The ghost lingered nearby, staring at Yan Xiaobao. A desire to fight erupted in his eyes but was quickly suppressed.

The disciples watched trembling, as the four Peak Lords of the North Shore, along with Li Qinghou, paid close attention.

"I'm really looking forward to seeing Yan Xiaobao's life Spirit!"

"He's only unleashed the water's surface, but the energy is astonishing. I wonder what's inside..."

Li Qinghou's eyes sparkled; he sharply anticipated the outcomes of Yan Xiaobao waking from his profound enlightenment.

Everyone watched as Yan Xiaobao slowly raised his head. Suddenly... he lowered his right hand, his eyes still vacant!

"...Kingdom!" he murmured.

At that moment, an indescribable aura erupted from within Yan Xiaobao, filling the entire area, causing a succession of gasps to come from the audience.

Within a 600-meter range, everything was blurred, difficult to see clearly. But now... the dense vapor transformed into... a swamp!

The roars of beasts could be heard from within the water realm, strange yet seemingly filled with countless other beast sounds.

Roar!!

The sky trembled, the ground shook. Everyone who heard the sound, regardless of their cultivation base level, was shaken. Meanwhile, varying degrees of pressure began to weigh down upon everyone.

As the roars rang out, all the Battle Beasts belonging to the North Shore disciples reacted, turning their heads and howling fiercely. Chaos immediately ensued everywhere.

At the Beast Music Academy, nearly a thousand beasts began howling. Before long, all beasts on the North Shore united, emitting deafening howls in all directions. The disciples of the North Shore trembled.

"What kind of life essence does Yan Xiaobao have in his Waterswamp Kingdom!?!?"

"Oh heavens, how did he do it!?" The disciples, with a hint of shock on their faces, struggled to control their battle beasts. This was especially true for Inner Sect disciples, whose War Beasts had different bloodlines, making their reactions stronger and more violent until they seemed frenzied.

The crowd wrestled with their beasts, the roar lingering in the air.

The 600-meter-wide water surface twisted and swirled as if projected from another world. Furthermore, it seemed that some invisible beasts were striving to break through the barrier of another world, suddenly erupting.

Suddenly, the water surface violently shook, and a massive peak rose from its center!

It was enormous, but upon closer examination, it became apparent... that as the water was only 600 meters wide, this was merely the tip of the mountain!

Chapter 1219 Five Times the Time (Part 2)

But then, further inspection revealed a tricky fact. It wasn't a mountain peak, it was... the tip of the bone spur!

"Bone spur! Heavens! It's the tip of the bone spur!"

"The tip of the bone spur is 600 meters wide. How big is the beast itself? What kind of life essence spirit... exactly is this?!"

Energy capable of shaking the heavens and earth exploded from the Waterswamp Kingdom. As the explosion spread in all directions, the battle beasts completely lost control. Howling at the top of their lungs, they began to kneel onto the ground!

"Impossible!!"

"How could this happen?!?! Disciples were shocked one after another, as every battle beast on the North Shore bowed. Meanwhile, threatening howls began to emanate from the four mountain peaks on the North Shore.

The seven-colored Phoenix shot into the sky, staring at the peak rising from Bai Xiaochun's Waterswamp Kingdom. Moments later, the Phoenix connected with the black-eyed Three-eyed Crow.

Meanwhile, a gigantic lizard appeared, emitting powerful roars in the direction of the peak.

The Mountain Ghost from Ghostfang Peak also appeared, grasping its bone trident, shrouded in black mist. Although it looked tense, if you observed closely, it and another of the four Spiritual Beast Guardians would display deep respect in their eyes.

Simultaneously, deep within the Beast Music Academy, in the Ancient Beast Canyon, two eyes suddenly opened. They were gigantic, shining with piercing light, seeming to stare straight through stone walls at Yan Xiaobao's Waterswamp Kingdom.

Those eyes belonged to the sect's Holy Beast Guardian, the Heavenly Ink Dragon!

Even it regarded Yan Xiaobao's Waterswamp Kingdom's life essence spirit with deep solemnity.

The entire North Shore was thoroughly shaken. Elders from the four mountain peaks watched in amazement at the performance on site. At the top of Ghostpeak Mountain, several extremely powerful gazes also turned toward Yan Xiaobao.

The four Peak Lords gasped, their scalps tingling in shock.

"What type of life essence spirit is that!?"

"This is unheard of!!"

"This kind of power can't be controlled by Qi Condensation cultivators. This is similar to Ghostfang! No, wait, it's beyond Ghostfang!"

Under all the current shocked stares, the mountain peak of the Waterswamp Kingdom slowly descended. The 600-meter-wide Waterswamp Kingdom was too small, preventing Yan Xiaobao's life essence spirit from fully materializing. As it sank, the water around it gradually disappeared.

Yan Xiaobao sat cross-legged there, pale-faced, eyes wide open. He was now fully awake; even he seemed surprised at the bone spur emerging from the Waterswamp Kingdom.

As the Waterswamp Kingdom disappeared, the surrounding beasts gradually calmed down. However, their masters, the North Shore disciples, were left with spinning minds. After a period of prolonged silence, everyone fell into turmoil.

"Did I... did I just see that...?"

"Was that the Waterswamp Kingdom?!?! "

"Did Yan Xiaobao's life essence spirit only reveal the tip of a bone spur...?"

"That energy just now could shake the heavens and earth! Did that really come from... a Qi Condensation disciple like me? Ai. Too bad he's not a disciple from the North Peak."

Amidst the clamor, the four Peak Lords exchanged glances, then looked at the equally stunned Li Qinghou.

"The young generation will soon surpass us... I really want to know what the life essence spirit is like."

"You can only imagine what it would be like to see Yan Xiaobao fully unleash the power of the Waterswamp Kingdom!"

"His cultivation base is insufficient, the water is only 600 meters wide, so his life spirit only revealed the tip of a bone spur. If he could enter the golden core stage... and unleash a 500-kilometer-wide Waterswamp Kingdom, I can only guess what his life essence spirit might emerge like.

"If he eventually uses the Waterswamp Kingdom to battle others at the same level as him... one can only imagine how powerful he would become!"

Li Qinghou was very proud of Yan Xiaobao, but he did not show it. To keep his excitement and happiness in check, he turned and left the North Shore. After all, he had his own preparations. He needed to attempt breaking through to the Golden Core Stage within ten years. Even Yan Xiaobao was unsure of what his life essence spirit was like. He could still say his cultivation base was currently insufficient. 600 meters is not enough to encompass the entire life essence.

But he didn't mind. The fact his life essence spirit emerged indicated the years he spent cultivating the Waterswamp Kingdom hadn't been wasted. Additionally, he was now filled with anticipation for what the final life essence spirit might be like.

Hearing the hubbub around, Yan Xiaobao cleared his throat, feeling quite satisfied with himself.

"Ai. What a headache! Wherever I go, people are always cheering. Actually, I prefer keeping a low profile. Oh well. I guess I can forget how many North Shore disciples bullied me in the past." Just as he was about to stand up, a wave of dizziness swept over him, and a sharp hunger pierced him. It was then he realized he was so weak he couldn't even endure.

He immediately pulled out a pill. After consuming it, he felt better and managed to stand up.

North Shore disciples felt complex emotions. Despite his weakness, Yan Xiaobao didn't forget to make himself look like a melancholy hero. As he slowly walked away, his pale complexion added to the effect.

After he went a distance, the North Shore disciples began to sigh. They found it hard to decide what they thought of Bai Xiaochun. At first, he was their great enemy, then he stood on the trial platform, battling one disciple after the other for a whole month. After that, he surpassed the ghost through deep enlightenment, then displayed a soul-stirring, breathtaking Waterswamp Kingdom.

Everyone had to admit Yan Xiaobao was indeed a true elector. Furthermore, he was different from other electors. He was the kind who always looked like he should be beaten, regardless of his strength. It was his natural thing.

Since he arrived on the North Shore, things were never the same again. Developments one after another all revolved around him. It made the crowd sigh inwardly.

The disciples of the Inner Sect were more moved than others. From the fact Yan Xiaobao spent twice the time for in-depth enlightenment, they clearly knew his understanding of enlightenment couldn't compare with the ghost.

Actually, in this regard, he might not even meet the standards of some other electors. However, spending seventy insane days in observation clearly showed his level of focus and how much preparation and effort he could make for enlightenment.

As Beihan Lie watched Yan Xiaobao disappear into the distance, he was speechless. He turned toward his Immortal Cave, where he entered secluded meditation, determined to break through to Level 10 Qi Condensation, then prepare for Foundation Establishment.

"I need to make improvements in focus and effort," he thought. "Yan Xiaobao, one day, I will surely surpass you!"

The Gongsun brothers, Xu Song, and other Inner Sect electors all took deep breaths, considering how formidable Yan Xiaobao was. Even so, none of them were willing to be constantly struck by such pressure. They resolutely made decisions similar to Beihan Lie's.

"Shortcomings can be compensated with diligence. If Yan Xiaobao can do that, I can do that too!" That's what each of them was thinking.

Soon, the crowd dispersed. Ghostfang looked at Yan Xiaobao leave, still pondering what Yan Xiaobao saw after being grabbed by the beast's hand.

Hearing explanations would be useless. He needed to see it with his own eyes. It would be the only way for his Ghosts Haunt the Night to breakthrough.

"What if I enter his memories? Then I can see what I want to see." After some deep contemplation, he shook his head. "I can't fully trust success, not now. But after I reach Foundation Establishment..." His eyes began to shine with profound brilliance.

"Now that I think about it, the appointed time Master talked about is about to arrive. The three Foundation Establishment Holy Lands controlled by the Eastern Cathedral downstream of the Heavenspan River will open. One of them is the Fallen Sword Abyss... Once inside, when Tideflow of the Earth Foundation begins, my secret magic should allow me to achieve the eight Tideflow Foundation Establishment. At that time, things will become much simpler." Nodding, Ghostfang turned around.

Yan Xiaobao strode back to the Beast Music Academy like a hero. Once inside, he glanced around and realized he was alone, then collapsed on the ground, trudged back to the entourage, and immediately fell asleep.

He slept for three days before finally waking. Even then, he was only partially recovered. Half a month later, he returned to his previous peak. When this happened, he was delighted to find his cultivation base had made some progress. He was now at the limit of Level 9 Qi Condensation, only needing half a month of meditation, along with some medicinal pills, to break into Level 10.

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Chapter 1220 Dragon Mammoth

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Besides, he discovered a change in his ability to control spiritual power. His control is now more flexible, allowing him to manipulate it without the slightest delay.

What made him even more ecstatic was that his Qi path had thickened compared to before. Additionally, his immortal silver skin now had a more golden glow than it did a few months ago.

"I've made progress in every aspect!" he thought excitedly.

First, he traveled through the jungle to visit all the beasts he hadn't seen in the past few months. Then he went to the backyard garden, where the six-meter-tall plants had sprouted from the bat seedlings, now topped with a giant flower bud.

The Beastbirth Seed had been growing for quite some time, with spiritual enhancement threefold due to the spirit soil. Yan Xiaobao also spent some time spreading special spiritual fertilizer on the soil to help it grow.

Due to the spell formation he established, no one noticed its existence.

Upon close inspection, he was delighted to find the flower bud almost fully matured.

"I bet it will bloom in about a month when it's ready!" he thought happily, sitting down to begin some breathing exercises and cultivation while observing the Beastbirth bud.

Ten days flew by. Yan Xiaobao's imminent breakthrough, along with the Bat Flower, kept a smile on his face. During this time, the stalk of the Beastbirth Flower did not grow taller, but the bud grew larger until it was nearly two meters high.

It was so heavy that the whole thing began to bend. The multiple layers that made up the bud were numerous, making it almost impossible to imagine what it would look like when it opened.

There was also a fragrant aroma spreading from it.

Yan Xiaobao was extremely excited. He sat there meditating for three days. By nightfall, cracking sounds could be heard as black dirt seeped from his pores. Meanwhile, the spiritual power within him surged like thousands of galloping horses.

The force grew stronger, eventually merging into a massive, turbulent river resembling a roaring dragon.

When the images of dragons and mammoths appeared behind him, Yan Xiaobao visibly trembled. His eyes snapped open with a flash like lightning. Stunned, a thunderous rumble filled him, a sound seemingly only he could hear.

"Dragon Mammoth Sea forming second-level scripture!

Qi Condensation Level 10!"

As he delved into the spiritual power within him, he took a deep breath, feeling it more than twice the Qi Condensation Level 9. Standing up, he performed a spell, summoning a large violet cauldron.

Excitedly, he waved his finger, and beside the first appeared another large violet cauldron. After that, he summoned another. Now three large cauldrons hovered around him. Yan Xiaobao leaned back, laughing loudly. He waved his hands, flourishing the golden Crow Sword, bursting a nine-meter-wide flame beside him.

There also emerged a fiery golden raven, a creature born from the flames, spreading an incredible sense of pressure.

Yan Xiaobao's smile grew larger. Waving his hand, he retracted all the magic, then took a deep breath. At that moment, he genuinely felt like a heroic master.

"The Foundation is established... It's so close. Once I enter the grand circle of Qi Condensation Level 10, I'll have a chance!"

Thinking about the additional longevity gained from reaching the Foundation, Yan Xiaobao grew even more excited.

After cleaning himself up, it took him half a day to adapt to the changes in his cultivation base and the increased spiritual power. After completing this task, he returned to the backyard, where he sat cross-legged in front of the Beastbirth Flower.

"My cultivation base has broken through. Now, I'm just waiting for this flower.

Haha! My dream is truly about to come true!

My life essence spirit may be illusory and born from a secret magic, but this Legendary Flower is different. This will be my true combat beast!

I'm going to enhance... the combat beast, possessing the best parts of all other combat beasts. When that happens, my purpose for coming to the North Shore will be fulfilled!"

Yan Xiaobao had awaited this day for a long time, and now all he could do was wait and stand guard.

More than ten days passed quickly. As the plant's stalk gradually disappeared, Yan Xiaobao's eyes gradually widened, only to find a gigantic Bat Flower. Although he had learned from his research that this would happen, seeing it with his own eyes was still astonishing.

The flower and stalk began the fusion process seven days ago, but it had already grown over 18 meters tall like a giant steamed bun....

Yan Xiaobao swallowed hard a few steps back, standing up. Three days later, a fragrance enveloped the gigantic 27-meter-high "bun" sitting in front of him.

At the very top of the "bun," a small, mouth-like opening could be seen, from which the fragrance originated.

"When the spiritual aroma grows stronger, the Beast Flower will bloom, and the beast will be born. That's what the information said!"

Yan Xiaobao started to walk slowly around the Beastbirth Flower, his eyes sparkling. After some thought, he left and returned with a Flying Tiger.

The Flying Tiger curiously looked around as it entered the backyard, but suddenly a tremor swept through it, its eyes starting to sparkle as if it saw a female of its species. With a powerful roar, it suddenly charged at the Beastbirth Flower.

As it closed in, the Beastbirth Flower opened a mouth-like hole, swallowing the Flying Tiger in the blink of an eye.