

Medical 1231

Chapter 1231 Heterogeneous Bloodline

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Even if a surprised expression suddenly appeared, the vortex above would turn deep red, causing the entire sky to turn crimson.

Then, a chilling scream emitted from the withered Beastbirth Flower. At the same time, a powerful aura began to descend. If this process was completed, it would indicate that anything inside the flower was already dead.

It would prematurely expire, without even having a chance to be born. Yan Xiaobao began to tremble, and the four Peak Lords were astonished.

"It has a heterogeneous bloodline! Its thoughts find it difficult to keep its body intact!"

"Damn it! I knew this would happen!"

"That beast will never see the light..."

Even though the four Peak Lords expressed their shock, Yan Xiaobao trembled, staring at the Legendary Flower. He could sense the life inside struggling to emerge, but it couldn't manifest. It hovered on the brink of death, even exuding a powerful death aura.

Suddenly, a blurred figure appeared in the air above the Beastbirth Flower. He couldn't see him clearly, but he seemed to be an elder in a white robe. He hovered there serenely, completely devoid of any aura.

His cultivation base... was completely unreadable!

Everyone present was mentally shaken. The numerous disciples present had never seen this elder before, but the Peak Lords had completed their tasks and were utterly astonished. Their eyes widened, and they knelt down to kowtow.

"The Third Generation Clan Leader..."

Upon hearing this, the disciples' minds spun, and they too fell and kowtowed.

Yan Xiaobao was somewhat dazed, not even noticing the newcomer. His attention was entirely focused on the life inside the withered Beastbirth Flower, his heart trembling, tears welling up in his eyes.

The elder in the white robe looked at the flower, then his right hand flashed with a spell gesture as he infused life force into it. However, after a moment, the death aura became even more intense than before.

Hearing some inaudible sounds, the elder in white turned toward the direction of the Ancient Beast Canyon.

There, the Heavenly Ink Dragon opened its mouth, and a drop of golden blood flew out, causing the dragon to visibly age. At the same time, Heavenhorn watched the Beastbirth Flower with anxious anticipation.

The golden blood glided through the air in a beam of golden light until it reached the Beastbirth Flower. The elder in white sighed. His eyes flashed as he performed a double-handed spell gesture, causing clouds in the sky to transform into a magical symbol, and when it entered the Beastbirth Flower, it merged with the golden blood.

"With a heterogeneous bloodline, its chances of survival are very slim," the elder said. "This will sustain for at most Nine Heavens. Whether it survives and manages to find its way out of the Beastbirth Flower depends on the beast's willpower. What a pity... After all, it seems to be a soul creature with a fifth-order bloodline." Even this elder was unable to thoroughly challenge Heaven and alter fate. The beast's fate depends entirely on its own destiny. "With a heterogeneous bloodline, its chances of survival are very slim," the elder said. "This will sustain for at most Nine Heavens. Whether it survives and manages to find its way out of the Beastbirth Flower depends on the beast's willpower. What a pity... After all, it

seems to be a soul creature with a fifth-order bloodline." Even this elder was unable to thoroughly challenge Heaven and alter fate. The beast's fate depends entirely on its own destiny.

He glanced at Yan Xiaobao, his eyes filled with compassion, then flicked his sleeve and disappeared into the shimmering light.

After he left, the four Peak Lords slowly stood up. Staring reverently at the place where the elder had vanished, they then turned to look at Yan Xiaobao, who still stood there, dazed.

All of this seemed somewhat unsettling. Anyone who worked as hard as Yan Xiaobao, only to find that the battle beast might not be born, would feel dejected. Especially considering the rarity of Beastbirth Seeds in the cultivation world.

The four Peak Lords sighed. Their anger towards Yan Xiaobao dissipated, and they slowly began to walk away. Considering the sudden turn of events, the disciples on the North Shore also refrained from causing trouble for Yan Xiaobao. Although many of them were still angry, they merely turned and quietly left.

Soon, dusk had fallen, and Yan Xiaobao was the only one left at the Beast Music Academy. He stood there, dazed, looking at the withered Beastbirth Flower, the small figure inside struggling. This creature seemed to be fighting for its life.

As he slowly took a step forward and sat beside the Beastbirth Flower, tears began to roll down Yan Xiaobao's cheeks as he reached out and placed his hand on its surface.

The sorrow he felt was clearly visible on his face; he just couldn't bring himself to accept what was happening. At this moment, he didn't want to see the eventual battle beast. He simply hoped that the small life form inside the flower could survive, even if it wasn't powerful at all.

Giving birth to this creature and the thought of watching it die was as painful as a sword stab to his heart. Worse yet, he was powerless. He was at the tenth level of Qi Condensation, but could do nothing. That feeling left him suffocated and helpless.

Night fell. Watching the life of this creature gradually slip away left Yan Xiaobao trembling with fear. He couldn't help but recall the village life when his parents were sick. They held his hand and told him... to keep on living.

Chapter 1232 Heterogeneous Bloodline (Part 2)

These three words will forever exist in Yan Xiaobao's mind.

"Keep living..." he gently said, tears sparkling on his cheeks. "You must continue to live...."

"Don't die, Bruna..." He softly wiped the spots on the slightly protruding flower of the little creature's body. When he named it, the tiny thing seemed to recognize his aura and moved slightly.

"Hang in there. You haven't seen the world yet! I haven't even had the chance to meet you. I want to take you to see everything in the Cultivation World...."

"Keep hanging in there!" Yan Xiaobao whispered with determination. He spoke all night, continually rubbing the protrusion on the little animal. He did only what he could do; staying by the creature's side, encouraging it, praying.

Dawn broke. Then noon and evening. Eventually, the moon shone above...

On the first day, the little creature in the Beastbirth Flower struggled, becoming weaker and weaker. Yet, it did not give up. Its uncommon lineage made it difficult for its body to shatter, but it was striving.

Yan Xiaobao forgot everything else. The only concern he had was for the little creature in the Beastbirth Flower. He whispered, gently caressing it, and intently offering encouragement. He never ceased speaking, even beginning to send his spiritual power into the flower. He was uncertain if it would provide any benefit, but he tried regardless.

Gradually, the second day came and went. Then the third day, the fourth day...

Yan Xiaobao never rested. His eyes were soon bloodshot, his spiritual power had long begun to dry up. Whenever he built up the smallest bit of spiritual power internally, he would send it into the Beastbirth Flower.

His spiritual power was filled with his blessings, sorrow, and comfort. He never stopped speaking, never ceased offering encouragement. Whenever the little animal began to struggle and cry out in pain, Yan Xiaobao's soothing voice would calm it. Nonetheless, despite all this, Yan Xiaobao still noticed the fading aura of the tiny creature, while the aura of death grew more intense.

"Brussel," he murmured, "You know, when I was young, when my mom and dad were still around, I wasn't very afraid of death... In fact, I didn't even know what death was...."

"Once you feel better, I'll take you to see Uncle Li. He's really good to me, like a father..." He began recounting his past, the stories of village life, and things about the sect.

On the late night of the fourth day, even the Spiritual Beast Guardians of the four mountains, hidden deep in the abyss of heaven, sighed, watching Yan Xiaobao and the Bat Flower from afar. However, in the dark of that night, a large black dog appeared outside the guard post. It walked into the backyard and sat beside Yan Xiaobao. With an expression of sorrow, it looked inside the Beastbirth Flower at the small life, then reached out to lick the flower.

Another day passed. On the fifth night, Yan Xiaobao was utterly exhausted. To him, the past five days felt as tiring as if he had been concocting medicine for five months straight. However, he had no intention of giving up. He continued to provide comfort and encouragement. He never stopped speaking. Unfortunately, the little animal only continued to weaken. On the late night of the fifth day, it suddenly struggled for a moment, then began convulsing. After a while, it ceased moving, and the aura of death spread, completely enveloping Yan Xiaobao and the black dog.

Yan Xiaobao reached out to where the tiny creature emerged from the flower. Tears flowed down his face, he shouted, "Live! You must live!"

"When the Luo Chen Clan tried to hunt me down, ten people tried to kill me, but I survived. They tried to kill me, so I killed them! I even broke my own arm to remain alive! You must do the same. Live! Keep living!"

Even as he shouted, he poured spiritual power into the flower. Moments later, the lifeless little creature trembled and began to struggle again. As time passed, the struggle became more intense, as if Yan Xiaobao's encouragement strengthened its desire to live.

Yan Xiaobao wiped the tears from his face and shouted: "If you want to live, you must fight for it! Control your body. Break that flower!"

The little creature began trying harder, emitting faint whimpering sounds. Whenever it struggled, it felt pain and trembled. However, it did not give up. It seemed that a strong will supported it, a continuously strengthening will that surpassed its desire to live. This power was the most important thing in its life.

"You are the ultimate combat beast! We will become lifelong companions. I raised you, I'll raise you, I won't let you die!" At this point, Yan Xiaobao's voice became hoarse from shouting, he seemed almost crazed.

For the past five days, he had been encouraging the little animal, and finally, it ceased whimpering. Instead, it let out a roar. Although its voice was weak, it was still a roar. Simultaneously, its fading life force suddenly burned like fire. It exploded majestically, and above, clouds began to flow and solidify. It was as if the willpower of this small creature led to its final battle for life.

The fluctuations that arose caught the attention of others on the North Shore. Countless disciples were shocked, and four astonished Peak Lords began rushing toward the Beast Music Academy. It was the same for ordinary disciples. Faced with the flickering, they ran toward the Beast Conservatory as the life force inside the Beastbirth Flower began to surge. As for the clouds covering above, at this moment it became thicker and thicker.

Spirit Beast Guardians, heaven, and even many eyes from Daoseed Mountain were watching. Even that dark, white-robed old man was looking, although no one could see him.

The fifth day passed, the sixth day arrived. By this time, the roar of the creature in the thorny flower had reached an earth-shattering, shocking level. The energy surging from the flower caused the exhausted Yan Xiaobao to stagger backward until he leaned against the courtyard wall. Even the large black dog was pushed back.

A rumbling sound could be heard as one side of the Beastbirth Flower was ripped open by razor-sharp claws, claws that seemed capable of tearing the air itself. Flames flickered around the claws, leaving anyone who witnessed them utterly stunned.

Then, the claws opened the flower even further, and finally... a small beast emerged!

He looked like a horse, a dog, a lizard, a crocodile, and a dragon!

He had a long horn on his head, with white hair flowing down along his back. His body was covered in black scales, his teeth were sharp. Currently, his eyes remained closed.

"That is..." a half-bald old man watched, an unusual light flashing in his eyes, his heart trembling. He never thought that the persistent little animal would truly survive. Judging from its appearance, this creature had infinite potential, even the chance to increase its bloodline order!

In the depths of the Ancient Beast Canyon, the Heavenly Ink Dragon suddenly opened its eyes, four Spirit Beast Guardians shivered. All the war beasts on the North Shore trembled.

Everyone watching gasped. Anyone with eyes could see that this little beast... was far beyond ordinary!

All four Peak Lords gasped, their eyes flashing with strange light.

"It can unleash a magical skill from birth, its claws exude flames. This means... it has a Sixth-order Bloodline! Heavens! A spiritual creature with a Sixth-order Bloodline has actually appeared in the Spirit Sect!!"

"This is the future Holy Beast Guardian of the North Shore!"

"Hahaha! The North Shore has finally birthed a spiritual creature surpassing the Heavenly Ink Dragon. Sixth-order Bloodline!"

People couldn't help but rush forward for a closer look, blocking Yan Xiaobao's line of sight as he still leaned against the wall. He didn't care. He was just happy that Brussel had overcome his ordeal. He laughed.

"As long as you're alive..."

The little beast's eyes suddenly opened, and he stared wide-eyed. They were enchanting eyes, filled with wisdom, and flickered with black flames. Clearly, this creature was searching for something.

The first action he took after opening his eyes was very important, even though none of the disciples understood, the white-robed old man was mentally shocked.

"It is searching...."

Due to the crowded people, the little beast was evidently unable to find what he desired and began to become anxious. Seemingly angry, he started to let out a roar.

At that moment...

Yan Xiaobao pushed himself off the wall. Exhausted but excited and joyful, he walked through the crowd toward the little beast.

"Brussel..." he gently called.

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Chapter 1233 A Difficult Struggle

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The little beast immediately trembled, then turned its glittering eyes towards the spot in the crowd where Yan Xiaobao was making his way through. The little beast's gaze softened, with a hint of joy visible there, as if he were looking at his closest relative.

He found what he wanted!

It was evident... the willpower just freed from the last struggle with the Beastbirth Flower came from the desire to open its eyes and gaze at the one who passionately comforted him, who consoled him during a tough battle! That was enough!

This emotion, like willpower, exceeded the expectations of simple life!

So far, it was clear that for Brussel, the only thing that mattered in this strange new world was Yan Xiaobao. No matter how many people were between them, all Yan Xiaobao had to do was to speak, and all others would disappear. To Brussel, Yan Xiaobao was everything.

In mid-air, the old man in a white robe sighed. He knew this creature would never accept any other master than for its entire life. Even if someone tried to force it to do so, its reliance on Yan Xiaobao was part of its blood, and would forever be a formidable barrier.

In this world, for eternity there is only one master... Yan Xiaobao.

Even if Yan Xiaobao were to die one day, the beast would never forget him.

No Binding Magic was at work; the two of them shared a deep bond, surpassing any such connection. The old man shook his head, and gazed deeply at Yan Xiaobao, muttering to himself that he should have such a relationship. He had created this battle beast and stayed by it during the most dangerous times of its life, constantly encouraging it.

"Perhaps the only thing that could truly make a Sixth Rank Bloodline Battle Beast accept someone is the kind of pure sincerity this child possesses. He has no plans, only a strong desire for the beast to continue living.

"I hope... this child can remain pure like this for the rest of his life. I hope no unexpected incidents change his heart over the years." The man turned to leave, looking somewhat wistful as he recalled how pure and unexperienced he was when he first stepped into the Cultivation World.

Eventually, the crowd began to leave. The female disciples were reluctant to depart; the little beast's wide, enchanting eyes were utterly captivating. However, this beast did not spare a glance at the female disciples.

The Peak Lord looked admiringly at the newborn little beast, then reluctantly departed. Soon, the Beast Music Academy was quiet. Yan Xiaobao was left alone with the newborn beast and the big black dog, which had earlier been pushed aside by the crowd.

Yan Xiaobao grinned while stroking the little creature's head. It had the body of a horse, the head of a dragon, black reptilian scales, the clawed feet of a pangolin, and even more astonishingly, its teeth emitted a seven-colored glow.

As for its solitary horn, it looked like the ink dragon of heaven, long and sharp.

If observed closely, one could find things similar to other animals. Clearly, the outcome was exactly as Yan Xiaobao wanted; the best parts of countless War Beasts had formed a completely unique and unheard-of creature.

"From now on, you are Yan Xiaobao's battle beast! Don't worry, I'll take you to every place in the Cultivation World!" He chuckled, stroking Brussel's head as it lay beside him, looking up at him with its wide, enchanting eyes.

The black dog also hurried over. It remained ever vigilant, never forgetting its grudge against Yan Xiaobao, but towards Brussel, its expression was both protective and fearful.

Brussel curiously looked at the dog, and after a while, seemed to accept it.

Time flew by. In the following month, Yan Xiaobao frequently took Brussel out of the Beast Music Academy to stroll along the North Shore. He would lead the way, and Brussel followed him, intently surveying the surroundings.

The black dog would secretly track them from behind, keeping an eye on Brussel.

When passing disciples saw Yan Xiaobao and Brussel, their expressions were of amazement, envy, and other complex emotions. Many of the female disciples were immediately attracted by Brussel's enchanting appearance.

Initially, Brussel was a bit nervous and stayed very close to Yan Xiaobao, cautiously with its hands clasped behind its back.

"My little Brussel is loved by everyone," he thought. "He got that from me." Clearing his throat, he took Brussel to many crowded places on the North Shore. The gaze from many disciples filled his heart with pride and joy. He held his chin up high, strolling here and there until Brussel was familiar with the whole North Shore.

Gradually, Brussel's fear and anxiety faded away, and as they continued their walks, he began to frolic joyfully. However, he tried to keep his chin up in the air, apparently mimicking Yan Xiaobao. Even the expression in his eyes was one of loftiness and pride, seemingly almost showing off, as though he would fear nothing in the world as long as Yan Xiaobao was there.

Seeing it left the disciples quite amazed. Soon, Bruiser obviously had a strange personality. When he realized people were watching him, if he was in a good mood, he would begin to stamp back and forth in excitement. If he was in a bad mood, he would bare his teeth, emitting a fierce roar.

In the past month, Brussel's growth was relatively slow. However, regarding his speed, strength, and biting power, whenever he had a chance to demonstrate them, people were greatly shocked.

Chapter 1234 It Was You After All

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"So, it was you after all!"

"Yan Xiaobao, you- you... you're so completely shameless!!"

As for the male disciples in the crowd, their anger was especially intense.

Yan Xiaobao was breathless and instantly began to tremble.

"Impossible!!" he screamed.

Even as the words left his mouth, the gaze of the female disciples fell upon him, seeming to contain bloody murder. Yan Xiaobao's scalp went numb, and he immediately tried to explain.

"I really didn't do it! I didn't know those were there..." Swallowing heavily, he began to back up, feeling more aggrieved than before. He truly didn't know how to explain the situation. The female disciples glared at him angrily, with some even beginning to make spell gestures as if to attack him on the spot.

"Damn it, what the hell happened!?" he thought, feeling like he was going crazy. Recently, he had been spending his time in secluded meditation, completely focused on cultivation. He hadn't even left the entourage or opened the side door. At that moment, he glanced outside and noticed Brussel running around, holding a red bra in his teeth, looking quite pleased.

However, before he could form a spell, Brussel suddenly stopped in his tracks. When he saw the mob that had already gathered, he quickly dropped the red bra.

At the same instant, countless gazes turned and looked in his direction.

As for Bai Xiaobao, he immediately felt a headache. After all, when Yan Xiaobao was in secluded meditation, no other disciples could enter or exit the spell formations.

Even the big black dog couldn't do it. The only one who could freely enter or exit the spell formations was... Brussel!

Brusse began to tremble, not out of fear of the other disciples' anger, but because he worried about driving Yan Xiaobao mad. Brussel seemed on the verge of tears as he knelt on the ground and started to whimper.

The mob of disciples had strange looks on their faces. As for the female disciples, they could hardly believe their eyes. Inside and outside the entourage, everything fell into complete silence.

After a while, a female disciple softly said, "Brussel wouldn't do this. He's so adorable! Someone must have made him take it!"

The crowd immediately began to respond to her words.

"Yeah! Brussel is too charming and pure. Someone must have cast a spell on him and forced him to do it!"

"It must be Yan Xiaobao! He's Brussel's owner!"

Before long, nearly all the female disciples were convinced and looked angrily at Yan Xiaobao. Although some knew the truth, Brussel was usually so adorable and now seemed so frightened that he won the hearts of everyone present.

However, the situation was too strange, so those disciples said nothing. They glared at Yan Xiaobao, then walked away without causing any further trouble.

Soon, things calmed down again. Yan Xiaobao took a deep breath, staring up at the sky, looking as if he was about to cry. Considering the blank look in his eyes, Bruiser knew he had made a mistake; he quietly slipped over to Yan Xiaobao and began to rub against his leg.

Yan Xiaobao sighed, kneeling down to pat his head. "Brussel... you're usually so smart. How could you be so stupid this time? You, you... if you want, you can steal bras, but you can't mess me up in the process. I created you! I'm somewhat like your father. You absolutely cannot mess up your father!

"Alright, remember not to mess up those close to you... As for those bras, hiding them in that room won't work. You can't hide such things in your own home! Silly Brussel! You have to be a little smarter! Think ahead and make sure you don't get caught." Brussel lowered his head, whimpered a bit, realizing his mistake.

Seeing him act this way softened Yan Xiaobao's heart, and he decided not to scold him further. With that, he returned to the entourage, somewhat disappointed, but equally focused on meditation and cultivation.

Outside the courtyard, Brussel lay there whimpering. Then, when he glared in the direction of the North Shore disciples, a fierce expression appeared in his eyes.

As night fell, he crept to his feet and then disappeared, heading for the North Shore.

The next morning, as the first light of dawn began to spread, a tragic scream could be heard from a disciple's dwelling.

"Damn it! Who was it? Who stole my beast spirit pill?? I worked hard for that pill! I was going to give it to my combat beast to raise its level!"

Once the cries rang out, more similar cries could be heard.

"Aghhh! My countless spirit grasses! I've been growing them for five years, and now the only thing left is the root! Gone. Everything is gone... someone ate them!"

"Thief! Unbelievable! All the war beast food in my Immortal Cave is gone! That was three years' worth of food!"

"Heavens! Just yesterday, I finally got a beast bone with a third-tier bloodline from Elder Li! I was going to extract the bloodline power from it, but now it's gone. Gone!"

Similar outbursts could be heard both inside and outside. In the end, hundreds cried out in rage. Without exception, they were all male, and the previous day they had all been to the entourage.

As they shouted in pain and anger, they suddenly saw Brussel, holding a bloody bone in his mouth, gnawing it to bits.

Chapter 1235 A Difficult Struggle (Part 2)

In fact, his speed was comparable to that of a black dog, and his strength was sufficient to knock a 30-meter-long pangolin back several meters from the Beast Music Academy. In terms of intelligence, he had reached a shocking level. He was as smart as a teenager now, and in many ways, even smarter than that.

To Yan Xiaobao's delight, Brussel excelled in fire control. Additionally, the flames emanating from his feet became even more intense, especially when he moved quickly. The flames were currently black, much like the flames of the Underworld.

Due to his remarkable nature, his charming appearance, and wide eyes, even the elders and Peak Lords doted on Brussel. They often sent spiritual medicine and food suitable for beasts.

However, as Brusse gradually grew, Yan Xiaobao discovered something strange. There was a peculiar unfamiliarity to his personality...

Currently, Xu Song stood in the path in front of Yan Xiaobao, watching Brussel roaring at him, all the scales on his body standing on end, with black flames surging at his feet. Xu Song felt shocked; all he did was look at Brussel, and he almost immediately threw a tantrum, seemingly on the verge of biting him.

"Yan Xiaobao," he said irritably, "your battle beast..." But then he thought of the elders and the Peak Lords' doting on Brussel, and he took a few steps back. Before he even finished speaking, Gongsun Wan'er appeared from another direction. Brussel just bared his sharp teeth, waved his claws, and looked at Gongsun Wan'er, his eyes sparkling. He looked more charming than ever, eagerly rushing towards her.

As she walked, he began to follow her around, meekly leaning and wagging his tail like a dog. When he brushed past her leg, she smiled, then knelt down to pick him up. As Brussel buried himself in Gongsun Wan'er's chest, swaying back and forth, his eyes sparkled. Gongsun Wan'er laughed, and from the expression on Brussel's little face, he was clearly very happy.

Xu Song's eyes widened, and Yan Xiaobao laughed heartily. In the past half month or so, he noticed that Brussel would always show his sharp teeth to male disciples, and if they touched him, he would seem ready to bite them without hesitation. However, when it came to female disciples, he always acted very charming, eager to be held in their arms.

Yan Xiaobao didn't know why this was the case, and could only attribute it to Brussel's lineage. The only meaningful explanation was that he somehow inherited this hobby.

This behavior continued to escalate until it became somewhat ridiculous. Brussel would treat male and female disciples completely differently. The male disciples were left speechless, with many even starting to feel jealous of Brussel. As for the female disciples, he had already snuggled up to more than half of them...

If that was the issue, it might not have been a big problem. But soon, Yan Xiaobao entered secluded meditation, breaking through the large barrier of Qi Condensation Level 10. During that time, Brussel's preferences changed. The black dog often took him to a place on the North Shore where the female disciples would bathe, and they would secretly watch.

The black dog just found it somewhat amusing, but Brussel soon became addicted. Eventually, he became familiar with the female disciples' bathing habits, rushing out of the Beast Music Academy excitedly in the morning, not returning until dark.

It's hard to say how many female disciples' baths were seen throughout the entire day...

Of course, Yan Xiaobao was focused on his secluded meditation and the advancement of his cultivation base, so he didn't pay much attention to what was happening.

After another month, Brussel's habits changed again. Besides closely embracing the female disciples and secretly watching them bathe, he developed a new taste... While watching the female disciples bathe, he would secretly take their clothes... and then hide them in a safe place.

Eventually, the female disciples realized that many of their clothes would go missing, and almost everyone's clothing had been affected by this.

Of course, Brussel was very fast, and the black dog was there keeping watch. Therefore, during a month of his thieving activities, not a single clue was left behind. Considering how adorable Brussel was, not a single female disciple suspected him.

"A kleptomaniac has appeared on the North Shore! Specifically stealing the female disciples' clothes!!"

"Damn it! This is definitely some kind of kleptomania demon. Sister Sunx has already lost ten garments!"

"I've done some investigation, and according to my calculations, thousands of pieces of clothing have gone missing. This person really has some unique tastes. He hasn't destroyed them; he's collecting them! Find him! We must find him!"

The situation with the missing clothes got worse and worse. Eventually, the female disciples angrily united and began searching for clues throughout the North Shore. They even got help from a squirrel skilled at searching from a North Shore Archway Peak elder. The entire North Shore underwent close scrutiny, with even many male disciples joining the effort, full of righteous indignation.

They searched all four peaks and many other places. Eventually, someone suggested going to the Beast Music Academy.

Soon, a large group of disciples was moving in that direction.

Meanwhile, Yan Xiaobao was in the ceremonial entourage, fully focused on his meditation, immersed in the wonderful feeling of his cultivation base. Around this time, a commotion sounded outside the entourage. Puzzled, Yan Xiaobao opened the door to see many North Shore disciples gathered outside the spell formation.

Chapter 1236 After All, It's You (2)

A disciple let out a tragic scream. His hair was disheveled, and as he cried, his eyes were bloodshot, appearing crazed.

"No! I borrowed that Third-stage Bloodline Beast Bone from the elder! Agghhhh. Don't eat it..."

Crunch, crunch.

Holding his head proudly, Brussel was a blur, no disciple could even come close to catching him. Accelerating into the distance, he continued gnawing on the bone until it vanished. When he did not retrieve the bone, thinking of Elder Li's wrath, the disheveled disciple began to weaken. With a furious howl, he shot off after Brussel.

He was not the only one. Hundreds of furious disciples began chasing Brussel, yet none of them were fast enough. As he sped towards Irispetal Peak, they could only watch with wide eyes. Even as the crowd pursued him, the piercing sound of a cold wind suddenly reverberated like thunder.

The Peak Lord of Irispetal Peak appeared, an elderly woman. She stared coldly at the hundreds of disciples and said, "What a shocking behavior! Look at all of you, scaring poor Little Bruce half to death! In my view, you people need better things to occupy your time!"

The disciples trembled as they clasped their hands in greeting. As for Brussel, he huddled behind the old lady, big eyes looking very adorable as he rubbed against her leg.

Internally, the disciples seethed, but none dared to say a single thing. Their hatred towards Brussel continued to rise to new heights.

"So what if he eats a few things here and there?" the old lady continued. "It's not important! Whatever he eats, I will compensate. Now leave this place and stop bullying Brussel!" After giving the disciples a final glare, the elderly lady looked kindly at Brussel and patted his head. Brussel's response seemed even more charming than usual. He even licked her hand like a puppy.

The disciples could only grit their teeth in anger. In their view, they weren't bullying Brussel; he was bullying them!

However, considering a Peak Lord stood with him, they were powerless. They could only swallow their anger and abandon any thoughts of causing trouble. Of course, their fury was soon displaced onto Yan Xiaobao.

"It's all Yan Xiaobao's fault. He's the one who created this detestable combat beast!"

"This Battle Beast is despicable! Fine. Stealing bras. Pilfering our food. Female disciples are frustrated with it just as elders and Peak Lords are. They ruined that thing!"

In his meditation, Yan Xiaobao suddenly sneezed. He opened his eyes for a moment, then returned to his breathing exercises. As for his cultivation base, it was nearing the big circle of Qi Condensation Level 10. Another month passed, and Brussel's behavior continued worsening. The male disciples intent on finding a reason to challenge Yan Xiaobao were at their wits' end, yet remained completely unable to take any action regarding the matter.

It was when Yan Xiaobao's cultivation base ultimately entered the big circle of Qi Condensation Level 10. Clearly, he had reached a barrier difficult to pass.

"The only thing left is Foundation Establishment!" he thought, taking a deep breath, his eyes filled with anticipation. Foundation Establishment comes in several different types: Mortalstring, Earthstring, and the legendary Heavenstring, all of which increase lifespan differently, specifically by 100 years, 200 years, and 500 years.

Considering the slim chance, Yan Xiaobao never considered reaching the Heavenstring Foundation. In the entire 10,000-year history of Spirit Stream Sect, only a few ever reached the Heavenstring Foundation, and it was achieved merely through randomly obtaining some heavenstring energy.

"Generally speaking, most people achieve Mortalstring, which requires a Foundation Establishment Pill. Earthstring Foundation Establishment requires Earth Energy... Of course, even Earthstring Foundation Establishment is divided into strong and weak. It all depends on whether at the moment one achieves Foundation Establishment, and how many tides occur in one's Spiritual Ocean! At least one, at most nine!

"Then there's my physical prowess. I'm already at a degree of being able to touch the first shackle. Whether I make a breakthrough with the Immortal golden skin or using Dragon Mammoth Sea to form the power of the Bible, I should be able to break that fetter. If I break through in both ways, who knows how strong I'll become!?" From Bai Xiaobao's memory, Foundation Establishment Pills could be purchased from the sect in exchange for merits. It came at a high price, but considering how much he'd already saved, he could afford it if he wished. Yet he was unwilling to do such a thing. After all, Mortalstring Foundation Establishment, also known as Mortal-Dao, only increased lifespan by 100 years.

After plenty of consideration, Yan Xiaobao created a transmission jade sliding plate, then sent a message to Li Qinghou, inquiring for more information regarding Earth Energy.

Shortly after, when Li Qinghou replied to his message, the jade glowed softly in the light. Yan Xiaobao immediately sent some spiritual power into the jade sliding plate, then Li Qinghou's voice began echoing in his mind.

"I was initially planning to tell you about this matter later, but in three months, 150 from the North Shore and 100 from the South Shore, all inner disciples at Qi Condensation Level 10, will gather in the hall at Mount Daoseed.

"The reason is that three Foundation Holy Lands are set to open. As for you, you will proceed to Fallen Sword Abyss where you shall compete with everyone else to obtain Earth Energy, then use it to arrive at

the Earthstring Foundation. If you succeed, you will gain an additional 200 years of life. This will be an important step in your pursuit of immortality!"

As he stared at the jade sliding plate, panting nervously, a tremor passed through Yan Xiaobao.

"Earthstring Foundation Establishment can increase lifespan by 200 years!" His eyes flashed with desire for a moment, but then he hesitated. "Competing with others sure will involve fierce battles..."

"But it's 200 years we're talking about!" He continued wrestling with the matter, his fascination with being able to live forever causing his eyes to rapidly turn bloodshot.

Yan Xiaobao was not the only one informed in advance of the upcoming event; soon, news of the three Foundation Holy Lands opening spread throughout both the North and South Shores.

The three Foundation Establishment Holy Lands are Fallen Sword Abyss, Lone Hell Pocket Kingdom, and Primordial Spirit Hollow. Every sixty years, they open simultaneously, and now, the time had come.

Of course, Spirit Flow Sect isn't the only sect eligible to send people into the three Holy Lands. In the downstream Eastern Cultivation World, all Four Great Sects send disciples. Spirit Flow Sect is merely one of the Four Great Sects.

Fallen Sword Abyss is considered the best of the three Holy Lands, with Lone Hell Pocket Realm and Primordial Spirit Hollow as secondary. According to legend, Fallen Sword Abyss contains a massive amount of energy, hence the ranking order of the Holy Lands.

These legends have existed for a long time, but on every occasion that Fallen Sword Abyss was opened, no one ever obtained any energy.

The competition for Earth Energy will be a bloody battle, and only the fittest will survive!

Discussions concerning the three Foundation Establishment Holy Lands spread widely across both the North Shore and South Shore. All inner disciples at Qi Condensation Level 10 talked about it with complete and utter excitement.

"There'll definitely be a bloody massacre. Of those qualified to compete for Earthstring Foundation Establishment, quite a few died... Incidentally, I've heard that this is the first formal instance of the Four Sects competing against one another. The number of people from a specific sect successfully entering Earthstring Foundation Establishment will impact how many are sent next time."

"Ah, it's not fair! The difference between Mortalstring and Earthstring is substantial. Earthstring Foundation Establishment can completely crush Mortalstring. They're on entirely different levels."

Naturally, some people became nervous because of stories about the violence and bloody battles occurring inside. Some of them favored the safety of Mortal-Dao Foundation Establishment, the hundreds of years of longevity, and the glory of being able to crush the people beneath them.

Three months later, at dawn, the solemn sound of ringing bells could be heard on Mount Daosed. Seven Peak Lords flew through the air with grim expressions, each followed by dozens of disciples.

Elsewhere in the sect, disciples raised their heads to watch as people soared through the skies towards Mount Daosed. All these people were widely known, and other disciples could identify them by name.

From the North Shore came Beihan Lie, Xu Song, Gongsun Wan'er, Beihan Feng, and Gongsun Yun, surrounded by swirling black mist and ghosts...

A similar scene could be seen on the South Shore, as disciples from Green Crest Peak, Fragrant Cloud Peak, and Violet Cauldron Peak eagerly looked into the sky. Xu Baocai was one of them, eagerly clutching his notebook, recording everything happening.

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Chapter 1237 A Difficult Struggle (Part 3)

He took a step back, his face flickering as he tried to figure out what he might have done to cause such a thing. However, even after a long thought, he couldn't fathom what kind of turmoil could occur on the North Shore.

Despite not knowing what had happened, he started feeling nervous and immediately shouted, "What are you doing?!"

The disciples immediately locked eyes on him, standing on the other side of the Magic Formation.

"Uncle Bai, please open the spell formation so we can enter and search!"

"We're not just searching here, we're searching anywhere on the North Shore."

"In the past month, many female disciples have lost their clothing. A manic person is loose! If you are innocent, then there's no reason not to open the spell formation and let us search!"

"Hmph. Even if they're hidden in a container, we have ways to find them!"

Yan Xiaobao sighed, feeling much better immediately. In fact, he even started to get a bit angry. He clenched his hands behind his back and looked outward at the disciples from the North Shore.

Once, knowing he was on the right side, he couldn't possibly yield to their demands so easily. Filled with righteous anger, he looked and said, "Stop staging such a scene! I'm a disciple of prestige, the young brother of the Sect Leader, I would never do such a thing!"

"It's definitely you! Across the entire North Shore, you're the only one who could do such a thing!"

"That's right! Yan Xiaobao is the most suspicious. He has secretly taken away other disciples' combat beasts. It's a perfect example of showing how skilled he is! The young men's and the sisters' clothes have been stolen, and no one discovered anything!"

Looking at the noisy crowd, Yan Xiaobao coldly smiled, then waved his glove, opening the spell.

"Very well. You can enter and conduct your search. When you return empty-handed in a while, I will be very curious to see how you compensate me for this little game!" Yan Xiaobao felt completely calm, completely in the right.

His pure and firm confidence made many people doubt their suspicions. After all, they had absolutely no evidence to support their claims; then, Yan Xiaobao suddenly opened the spell formation. At first, they just stood there exchanging awkward glances, but then those female disciples with stolen clothing gritted their teeth and walked in. First, they shook hands with Yan Xiaobao, then began searching around. One of the female disciples even procured a deep red squirrel from her Beast Breeding Bag.

The moment the squirrel appeared, it let out a high-pitched scream and began to move. Everyone in the crowd was taken aback. In the past few days of searching for the missing clothes, they relied on this special squirrel to help them. It had a very keen sense of smell, even capable of detecting the slightest scent of its target, even if it were in a bag.

Moments earlier, many in the crowd were wavering in their resolve, but now their eyes widened as they rushed into the area protected by the spell formation. Yan Xiaobao looked bewildered, truly confused by what was happening. He followed the crowd until the squirrel reached a side chamber of the procession. When the door was pushed open, a hoarse sound could be heard as various types of brightly colored clothes overflowed, thousands...

"Yan Xiaobao!! Are you still trying to make us believe you didn't do this!?"

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Chapter 1238 Shangguan Tianyou

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Shangguan Tianyou was clearly more powerful than before. He looked like an unsheathed sword, gleaming with dazzling light as he flew past. Around Zhou Xinqi was a swirling blue radiance and a powerful life force.

And there was Lu Tianlei, like a thunderbolt capable of tearing the sky apart. Besides them, there were other longtime disciples of the Inner Sect, all following the three Peak Lords of the South Shore with solemn expressions.

Elders from both shores, as well as other qualified disciples, were discussing the matter.

"There are 150 from the North Shore, and 100 from the South Shore. I wonder how many of them will rank at the top in battles against the other three sects, eventually reaching the Earthstring Foundation? Of course, some of them will never return... The path of cultivation is filled with blood, governed by the laws of the jungle."

"I heard from a senior member of my family that whenever the three Foundation Holy Lands open, there is always blood and slaughter. For some, the focus is not on reaching the Foundation but on killing members of the other three sects. It's like a war among the Four Major Sects every sixty years!"

"But why do we just let our electors get killed? I know Earth Energy can't be stored and used later, but establishing the Mortal-Dao Foundation is so safe. It may be weaker, but at least not so many people die..."

"Hmph. If you have a generation full of weaklings, everyone becomes weaker. If that happens, the Spiritual Flow Sect will surely be destroyed sooner or later!"

"None of the Four Major Religions will avoid fighting as long as they have a disciple they believe can reach the Earth Foundation. If a generation of disciples is weak, then the sect's power in the region will diminish, and external forces will become a huge threat. It would cause massive trouble!"

"A perfect example is the Pill Stream Sect. Long ago, they avoided fighting three times in a row. But then their overall combat strength decreased. After that, powerful warlords rose on the sect's territory and started establishing their own domains. Our Soul Stream even managed to occupy about twenty percent of their former territory. Their hands were forced, and after rejoining the fight, they successfully found some disciples in the Earthstring Foundation. Of course, many other disciples died in the process, but at least they managed to restore things."

Soon, disciples from both shores were outside the hall at Mount Daoseed, led by their respective Peak Lords. Everyone's face bore a solemn expression.

All the disciples realized that their next destination would be filled with opportunities and bloodshed!

They looked around, sizing each other up. Quickly, everyone was surprised to find someone missing.

"Is Yan Xiaobao not coming?"

They weren't the only ones surprised. The seven Peak Lords stood there thoughtfully, looking towards the direction of the Beast Music Academy on the North Shore. Li Qinghou's expression was as usual. He was confident in his analysis of Yan Xiaobao and was certain that despite his mischievousness, fear of death, and playfulness, his obsession with immortality would ultimately prevail.

At the Beast Music Academy, Yan Xiaobao sat there listening to the ringing bells. After prolonged contemplation, he gritted his teeth and stood up. In the past three months, he focused entirely on cultivation. He spent a substantial amount of merit to obtain over a thousand paper amulets, arming himself to the teeth. He also worked hard to break through with his silver skin; unfortunately, although he made some progress, he never achieved a breakthrough.

His luggage was packed, and he was ready. He refused to let Brussel appear, because he wasn't ready to participate in such an event. Stepping onto the Golden Crow Sword, he shot into the air towards Mount Daoseed. On the way, he stopped at the spirit stone gazebo, where he spent more merit on earth crystals, which he could use instead of actual Earth Flames to compile medicines wherever he wanted.

At this moment, his eyes were completely bloodshot. Although he had long since made his decision, he always liked to be thoroughly prepared. Thus, he spent much time poring over ancient records, learning about the brutality and bloodshed of the Foundation Holy Lands. He also knew that these sects had a chance to showcase their strength to others.

The more he understood the whole affair, the more his heart trembled. When he read about events 800 years ago, it was especially so, as only about ten disciples returned to the Spiritual Flow Sect from the Fallen Sword Abyss. The cruelty of the matter shook Yan Xiaobao completely.

Of course, this was an isolated incident. According to records, the barbarity of the past 800 years was due to a terrible elector rising from the Blood Flow Sect. He was known as Master Limitless, crushing everything in his path. Not only did the Spiritual Sect suffer significant casualties, but all the other three sects did. In fact, in the other three sects, all the disciples of that generation were wiped out, which led to the Blood Flow Sect surpassing the Soul Stream Sect to become the top power among the Four Great Sects.

As for that Master Limitless, he is now known as the Blood Flow Sect's patriarch without a master.

During other occasions when the three Foundation Holy Lands opened, the casualties were not as terrifying. At most, half the disciples might die. Even those who didn't reach the Earthstring Foundation Establishment, as long as they were careful, had the possibility of surviving.

Even so, a fifty percent casualty rate made Yan Xiaobao tremble in fear. He really wanted to give up this opportunity and opt for the safe bet of the Mortal-Dao Foundation and its hundred-year longevity.

Chapter 1239 Shangguan Tianyou (2)

However, his dream was not to live for a hundred years. He wanted... to live forever!

"I want a hundred years. I want forever!" After reviewing the ancient records, he shed tears of blood, and even more clearly understood the situation regarding the establishment of the Foundation. The most convincing factor was that from ancient times to the present, not a single cultivator who established a Mortal-Dao Foundation had ever reached the Gold Core stage!

If he wanted to cultivate all the way to the Gold Core, he had to reach Earthstring Foundation Establishment!

Even the lowest level of the Gold Core Stage is more long-lived than the Foundation Establishment. Clearly, the higher the cultivation base, the greater the chances of survival.

"I can avoid this situation, but a hundred years later... how could I avoid death? At that time, wouldn't I regret not having had the chance to reach the Earthstring Foundation?" Over the past three months, Yan Xiaobao resolved this issue again and again. Finally, he reached a state of madness. Clenching his teeth, he finally made his decision.

"I'll do anything to live forever!" he shouted as he mounted the golden Crow Sword and shot towards Daoseed Mountain. Soon after other disciples gathered, he appeared. Yan Xiaobao's arrival drew quite a bit of attention. Everyone was watching him, including Shangguan Tianyou, Zhou Xinqi, Lu Tianlei, Beihan Lie, Xu Song, Gongsun Wan'er, Gongsun Yun, Hou Yunfei... and the ghost!

An expression of encouragement slowly appeared in Li Qinghou's eyes.

Yan Xiaobao hurriedly approached Li Qinghou, clasped his hands, and bowed deeply.

Li Qinghou could see how bloodshot the eyes were and knew that convincing himself must have been quite difficult.

"Stand behind me," he said.

Yan Xiaobao straightened up and quickly stood behind Li Qinghou. Looking around, he saw Hou Yunfei, whom he hadn't seen since he was transferred to the North Shore. During their separation, Hou Yunfei had participated in an inner trial. After becoming a disciple of the Inner Sect, he benefited from his Clan's help and skyrocketed to Level 10 of Qi Condensation.

Their eyes met, and Hou Yunfei nodded encouragingly. Yan Xiaobao nodded back. However, there was no time for chatting, as the doors to the hall had already opened.

As they did, Zheng Yuandong's voice echoed from inside.

"The origin of the original spirit hollow is unknown. Long ago, before the Lone Hell Pocket Realm existed, it was the only place in the eastern lower region where Earth Energy gathered. Countless wars waged outside the spirit hollow until three powerful sects controlled it. When the Spiritual Flow Sect rose to power, it came under the control of the Four Great Sects!

"The Lone Hell Pocket Kingdom suddenly appeared 10,000 years ago on the Hellwood Continent. It's a barren wasteland, devoid of any living creatures except for the banebeasts on the ground. Many wars were also waged in that place until the Four Great Sects took control of it and chose to share it as the second Foundation Holy Land.

"The Fallen Sword Abyss dates back 5,000 years ago when an indescribably gigantic sword fell from the sky. It was enormous, larger than a hundred Spiritual Flow Sects combined and contained terrifying power. It pierced through the canopy above, descending in a straight line into the ground near Mount Flamecrane, delivering Sword Qi all the way down into the Underworld. As for the sword itself, it was brimming with Earth Energy. [1. This 'Flamecrane' is a type of bird in Chinese mythology. I couldn't find any good articles about it in English. According to an article I found on Baidu, it represents a portent of impending destruction. The Chinese name of the bird in 'double fragrance' should come from the sound of burning wood or bamboo. This bird is a bit like a Red-crowned Crane, except it has one leg, blue feathers, red spots, and white bill. Whenever it appears, it signifies fiery destruction on the horizon.

"Because of this, the sword's interior is very much like the other two Foundation Establishment Holy Lands; it's brimming with innumerable groundhogs. Killing them to collect Earth Energy, when you have enough energy, you can convert it into an Earth Capture Crystal to summon the potential Earth Energy in the Fallen Sword Abyss!

"According to investigations and analyses by the Four Great Sects, when the sword fell from the sky, it absorbed a bit of the Heavenly Dao Halo, which means there might be some Celestial Energy within it!

"Of course, the Heavenstring Foundation Establishment is also known as the Heavenly Dao Foundation Establishment!" At this point, Zheng Yuandong paused for a moment, looking at the crowd, his eyes sparkling as if with lightning.

"The path of cultivation is narrow and narrow; the only way to walk it is to tread upon countless corpses. Only then do you have a chance to touch... the Supreme Dao!

"During this Foundation Establishment trial... all of you must do your best to kill the disciples of the other three sects. After all, this is a trial by fire, but it's also a war between the Four Sects, and more importantly, it's directly related to the fate of the Spirit Sect. I'll reveal more to you after you return!

"In my view, I have no doubt that the disciples of the other three sects will also do their utmost to kill you. In the Foundation Establishment Holy Lands, the opportunity to enter the Foundation Stage is not open to everyone! Resources are limited; this is a grand contest for the Dao!" Zheng Yuandong waved his sleeve, his thundering voice echoing in all directions. All over 200 Inner Sect disciples responded with confident cheers.

"This Foundation trial will be presided over by the Peak Lord Irispetal of Violet Peak and Ouyang Jie from the Judicial Hall. They've made all necessary arrangements. 100 disciples will enter the Fallen Sword Abyss, while two groups of 75 will enter the Lone Hell Pocket Realm and the Primordial Spirit Hollow. Now, activate the grand Spell to the Foundation Establishment Holy Land!"

Soon, as a gigantic spell array opened, a roaring sound could be heard, and over 200 disciples slowly vanished. Outside the spell formation, Li Qinghou stood there, with a look of anticipation and anxiety on his face. He felt he was watching a fledgling eagle spread its wings. Below was a bottomless abyss, and in the distance, the sun was just beginning to rise.

Mount Flamecrane was located on the Justice Continent and had ascended to the heavens long ago. At that time, it was taller than any peak in the Spirit Sect, in fact, it was larger than the entire Spirit Sect.

But now, the situation was different. More than half of the mountain had been destroyed, and the vast surrounding land had all shrunk into barren wastelands, occupying nearly half of the Justice Continent.

Mortals and beasts could not survive in such conditions, and even cultivators who spent too much time there would eventually meet shocking deaths. They would spontaneously explode, and the scattered Sword Qi that followed would burst from their destroyed bodies.

All of this was due to the gigantic sword that had fallen from the sky. It was an ancient sword, with countless Magic Symbols carved on its surface, all in varying states of corrosion. This sword was stabbed halfway into the ground directly in front of Mount Flamecrane. Fissures spread from the sword in all directions, the narrowest several meters wide, the largest thirty meters or more. The fissures themselves were black and accompanied by intense cold.

The entire surface of the ground around the sword was covered in a gleaming shield, preventing anyone from entering.

The sword was enormous; even the visible blade section, along with the handle, was much taller than Mount Flamecrane. If the sword's size was compared to a hand, then the mountain was like an ant.

Of course, when comparing a cultivator to a mountain, the mountain was like the hand, and cultivators standing atop it were like ants.

Two sects had gathered at the top of Mount Flamecrane. One group consisted of 80 disciples, while the other consisted of 100. Both were led by Foundation Stage cultivators, who were currently chatting. On the other hand, these two groups of disciples glared at each other with open hostility.

To the left were 80 disciples. They all wore white robes, with images of pills embroidered on their sleeves. Additionally, the entire group exuded a medicinal fragrance.

They were precisely the Pill Stream Sect!

Opposite them were 100 disciples. They wore deep blue robes, emanating profound fluctuations of cultivation bases. If one observed some of the disciples carefully, it was possible to see parts of their bodies surging in strange ways.

They were exactly the Profound Sect!

Even as both sides measured each other, the clouds above began to disperse, revealing countless Magic Symbols. At first, they flickered back and forth between the shapes of a cauldron and a sword, but in the end, they roared in the form of a massive ink dragon at the top of its lungs.

The leader of the group from the Pill Stream Sect was a middle-aged woman. She looked up with glittering eyes and murmured, "The Spirit Sect is here."

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Chapter 1240 The Shocking Sword

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The cultivator leading the Deep Water Sect is an old man, with many strange protrusions on his face, giving him a very sinister appearance. His pupils are vertical like a cat's, and whenever he blinks, anyone looking at him feels a peculiar sensation. Currently, he is observing the formation of the Spirit Stream Sect's spells above.

Soon, a beam of light fell and landed in another area of Mount Flamecrane. More than a hundred people slowly materialized, with Ouyang Jie at the front. When the woman from the Pill Stream Sect and the old man from the Profound Stream Sect saw him, their faces unexpectedly flickered.

"Daoist Chai!"

Ouyang Jie chuckled softly and then said, "Daoist Hai. Daoist Lin. Long time no see."

After all the disciples were realized, he waved his hand to dispel the protective shield created by the spell formation. Then, he walked forward.

As the Foundation cultivators began consulting, Yan Xiaobao rubbed his eyes and looked around, feeling somewhat puzzled. The sight of the giant sword made him breathless. Looking up, he realized he could not even see the end of the sword hilt; it disappeared into the clouds. It was truly astonishing.

Around him, light gasps could be heard, as other Spiritual Flow Sect disciples also raised their heads in shock at the giant sword.

It was at this moment that Bai Xiaobao noticed fewer people around him. They gathered over 200 people when they left, but now only a hundred were with him.

Zhou Xinqi was nowhere to be seen, nor was Lu Tianlei. However, Shangguan Tianyou, Ghost Hall, Beihan Lie, Gongsun Wan'er, Hou Yunfei appeared among the crowd, all currently studying the shocking sword before them.

However, before they began to sit cross-legged and create a jade sliding plate, it didn't take long. After infusing some spiritual power into the sliding plate, they began learning from the disciples of the Pill Stream Sect and the Profound Stream Sect.

Similarly, disciples from other sects also turned to look at the newcomers. Quite a few disciples looked at Yan Xiaobao. When seeing Yan Xiaobao, the expressions on the disciples' faces varied by group. Those from the Pill Stream Sect seemed skeptical, as if they didn't quite believe what they had heard about him. As for the Profound Stream Sect, they wore mocking expressions.

Yan Xiaobao felt somewhat surprised by all of this. After a moment, Hou Yunfei approached and handed him a piece of jade.

"You arrived late," he said calmly. "Before you came, Peak Lord and Ouyang Jie explained in more detail about the struggles we will face. They said the best way to stay safe is to kill as many disciples from other sects as possible. They also provided information about the Fallen Sword Abyss, and about the disciples from other sects. It's presumed that other sects also have information about us."

Yan Xiaobao held the jade sliding plate and poured some spiritual power into it. The first thing he saw was a detailed introduction to the Fallen Sword Abyss.

The Fallen Sword Abyss is also known as the Fallen Sword World and has existed for thousands of years. More than half of the sword is buried deep underground. The sword itself forms an inclined world, its depths filled with increasingly powerful earthly beasts, their bodies containing a substantial amount of earth energy.

The entrance to the Fallen Sword World consists of many underground caves, pierced into the sword's body during its fall.

In the sword world, not only are there zones of explosives formed by earth energy, but also banesouls. Many believe they are the souls of people killed by the sword, realized due to the presence of earth energy. Although they do not possess the same combat power as before their death, they remain dangerous. Fortunately, they are not smart and will not initiate attacks.

When Yan Xiaobao read this, he took a deep breath, deciding to keep a close watch on these minstrels. To him, they are basically like evil ghosts.

The jade sliding plate also provided details about earth energy. Essentially, there are two types of earth energy. One type is found in banebeasts. When a banebeast is killed, it releases some faint earth energy that can be collected into a Dao bottle and converted into an earth capture crystal. That crystal acts like a key, unlocking the method to collect the second type of earth energy. The fact is, ninety-nine percent of earth energy is fused with the world itself and cannot be directly collected. It must be summoned!

The world's earth energy is limited. Upon reaching the Foundation, based on the potential talent a specific individual possesses, a certain number of Spirit Sea Tideflows will occur. Therefore, the earlier one enters the Foundation, the better. Every person truly entering the Foundation decreases the total amount of earth energy in the Fallen Sword World. Generally speaking, unless some incredible disciple appears who obtains 8 Tideflows, there will be enough earth energy for 30 people to participate in the Foundation establishment.

Those who arrive early rather than late to the Foundation have a huge advantage. If someone is too slow, it is difficult to absorb enough earth energy to induce tideflows, making it impossible to enter the Foundation. After completing the introduction to the "Fallen Sword Abyss," Yan Xiaobao felt more than ever that this place was extremely dangerous. Frowning, he continued to carefully study the numerous images of various disciples from the other three sects. As he did so, he occasionally looked up to identify the disciple in the crowd and make a quick comparison.

The more he learned about the disciples from these sects, the more excited he became.