

Medical 1241

Chapter 1241 Shocking Sword (Part 2)

"Zhao Rou from Pill Stream Sect, specializes in illusion forms. She once fought against three disciples at the same cultivation stage and slaughtered them all! Wow, truly incredible! Her capability seems to be on par with Gongsun Wan'er's illusion magic." Yan Xiaobao blinked a few times, then secretly glanced at a young woman from the Pill Stream Sect group. She was very beautiful, with soft, delicate skin. Currently, she was staring directly into Gongsun Wan'er's eyes; clearly, they were sizing each other up.

"Lei Shan from Profound Stream Sect, a body-refining cultivator, has a Lightningflame deep clone. Incredibly powerful, with superb magic skills. He was chased by a Foundation-level cultivator but survived for seven days without being killed. Rumored to possess a Firespirit body and have extraordinary healing abilities." After reading the description, he glanced at the Profound Stream Sect's disciples and quickly identified Lei Shan. He was a burly, muscular young man, sitting cross-legged with lightning and flames swirling around him. He looked impressive. As if sensing Yan Xiaobao's gaze, he looked over and smiled maliciously, his eyes flashing with a deadly glint.

"He is a good match for Lu Tianlei," Yan Xiaobao thought. "They both love their lightning." Moving on, Yan Xiaobao continued to record the information on the jade.

"Fang Lin from Pill Stream Sect, the foremost pick of the contemporary era. Relatively unknown six months ago, then suddenly rose to fame. Excels in the art of poisons, a decisive killer. Successfully nurtured the Heaven and Earth Furnace Crucible and possesses energy surpassing the peak of Qi Condensation. Hard to match. Has engaged in only two real battles. In one, he slaughtered eight rebellious cultivators, all of whom were in the large circle of Qi Condensation. He didn't sustain any harm during the engagement. In another, he destroyed a defensive treasure comparable to Foundation Establishment level, and eliminated a spy sent by the Spirit Sect." Yan Xiaobao's eyes widened, as he quickly found Fang Lin among the crowd, a young man with an expressionless face.

"From the Profound Stream Sect, Nine-Isles. The first chosen from Profound Stream Sect in 3000 years, successfully nurtured the Extinction Technique. It is said this technique can annihilate all forms of life, leaving no trace behind. It creates vanishing clues that even Mortal-Dao Foundation Establishment cultivators can hardly match!" His scalp tingled as Yan Xiaobao looked around and saw a cold young man sitting in the crowd. Yan Xiaobao couldn't tell if he was watching something, but the magic symbols vaguely visible around him formed something chain-like.

Just observing him for a while made Yan Xiaobao's eyes sting, and his vision started fading. He quickly distanced himself from that terrifying young man. It was at this moment Yan Xiaobao realized almost all

disciples were from Pill Stream Sect and Profound Stream Sect. However, there were only two entries of information for Blood Stream Sect disciples.

"Xu Xiaoshan from Blood Stream Sect. Common talent, but a direct descendant of the Founder Clan Leader of Blood Stream Sect. Incredibly high rank, with a silk-like personality. Possesses endless magical artifacts!

"Song Que from Blood Stream Sect. Ranked first, sometimes referred to as Ascendant Limitless. Very similar to Master Limitless. No detailed info about his techniques, but in a Heaven-struggle battle, he killed a Foundation Establishment cultivator while only at Qi Condensation. A unprecedented dangerous threat to all Qi Condensing disciples. A special reward for his kill!" The first disciple from Blood Stream Sect wasn't very impressive, but the second made Yan Xiaobao breathless, his eyes widened like saucers.

"Killed... killed a Foundation Establishment cultivator?" Yan Xiaobao's heart quivered in disbelief. After some thought, he concluded that Song Que would be Ghostfang's perfect opponent. As for his own pitiful little life, he certainly wouldn't take him on.

The terrifying nature of disciples from other sects was hard to accept. Then, his heart suddenly trembled.

"Do the jade artifacts from the other three sects have information about me? I wonder what they say?" As his curiosity grew, he was just thinking about finding a friendly disciple from one of the other sects to exchange jade slabs when suddenly, pressure descended from above.

The sky turned blood-red... Blood Stream Sect arrived!

Their formation of spells was starkly different from that of Spirit Stream Sect. A shocking, blood-red severed hand appeared above, covered the sky, obscuring the sun. Everything above turned a deep crimson.

Shockingly, within the severed hand was a giant eye, completely bloodshot, cold to an uncanny degree. The eye blinked, causing Mount Flamecrane to tremble. Moments later, a group of over a hundred was taking shape above the fourth peak.

As they became visible, more pressure pressed down from above. Clearly, if anyone dared attack at this moment, the severed giant hand would descend with destructive force to crush these vanguards.

As the Blood Stream Sect appeared, heaven and earth shook violently. They had the largest group among the three sects, totaling 121. Without their leader being a Foundation expert, they brought 120 disciples.

They all wore long crimson robes, expressions cold as ice. They seemed ready to kill at any moment, gazing at disciples from other sects like wolves watching lambs.

Every disciple from Blood Stream Sect appeared vicious, with extremely lethal aura. They seemed to distrust each other too. Once materialized, they distanced themselves from one another and sat cross-legged in meditation.

Apart from Zhao Rou and Fang Lin, the disciples from Pill Stream Sect seemed shaken, eyes flashing with interest and vigilance.

The disciples from Profound Stream Sect reacted similarly. Aside from the chosen disciples, everyone trembled at the terrifying sight of Blood Stream Sect.

Even among the Spirit Sect disciples, gasps could be heard. Yan Xiaobao's eyes widened, as he immediately recalled the introductions he'd just read.

The Blood Stream Sect and Spiritual Sect couldn't have been more opposed in their philosophies. Blood Stream Sect was dominated by the law of the jungle, threats of brutal violence and even death constantly loomed over their disciples. They were practically a dark sect, with disciples rising through the ranks being cruel and ruthless.

"What a bunch of demons..." Yan Xiaobao thought, swallowing heavily. "They even allow disciples to kill each other. How terrifying! Spirit Sect is definitely the better path!" Eager to be very careful around Blood Stream Sect, he began searching for the two faces he recognized from the descriptions.

Clearly, the one most worth noting was the heavenly elector named Song Que, who had killed a Foundation Establishment cultivator. No matter how he accomplished such a feat, the fact that he succeeded demonstrated how terrifying he was.

He quickly found him. A young man with ordinary features, yet exuding intense cold. His attire differed from his fellow disciples. Instead of pure crimson, it was a deeper magenta. As he sat cross-legged in meditation, no disciple dared sit within three meters of him.

His lethal aura was extremely intense, far exceeding any of the disciples around him. It even seemed to physically distort the air around him.

As soon as Yan Xiaobao saw Song Que, Song Que looked back at him, as if he'd been waiting to see him. As their eyes met, Yan Xiaobao was immediately filled with fear, almost wanting to flee in the opposite direction. The same feeling he experienced when chased into the nameless jungle by the vicious Chen Heng. Yan Xiaobao took a deep breath, trying to locate Xu Xiaoshan.

He was actually the easiest to identify. Extremely handsome, expression full of pride. He seemed the type whose chin was always stuck in the air, as if no one in the world was worth his gaze. His silk-like personality couldn't be more obvious.

He was even attended by two beautiful female disciples.

One was massaging his shoulders, the other picking fruits and putting them in his mouth.

Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but feel a bit envious. Around this time, Yan Xiaobao noticed many of the Blood Stream Sect disciples were doing the same thing Song Que was doing. They coldly stared at him.

Unlike the skepticism from Pill Stream Sect or the arrogance from Profound Stream Sect, the look from Blood Stream Sect was terrifying, filled with intent to kill.

Yan Xiaobao's mouth and throat felt dry. The gaze of Blood Stream Sect seemed peculiar, and Yan Xiaobao continued to grow increasingly curious about the descriptions on the jade sliding plate regarding himself.

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Chapter 1242 Sword World

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The cultivator leading the Blood Flow Sect was an old man dressed in deep red robes with long red hair. His face was pale, and he had a slight hunchback. His eyes were sinister, and when he glanced at the current crowd, he licked his lips.

Shockingly, his tongue was not that of an ordinary person. It was forked like a snake's, causing all the disciples who saw it to tremble in fear.

Ouyang Jie and two cultivators named Hai and Lin stopped their conversation and looked at the Blood Flow Sect. When they saw the fork-tongued old man, Hai and Lin gasped. As for Ouyang Jie, his expression turned very serious.

"Snakecale Master," Ouyang Jie remarked in an unfriendly tone. "The Blood Flow Sect is late."

The fork-tongued old man blinked, then flashed a hypocritical smile. His eyes glowed with murderous intent as he looked at Ouyang Jie and said, "Heh heh. I'm late, huh? You've been here for quite some time."

Clearly, the gazes of the two carried some divine abilities related to vision, causing a strange, silent rumble between them. After a moment, it dissipated, and Ouyang Jie let out a grunt. His face slightly pale, he waved his sleeve back and stood in front of the Spirit Creek Sect disciples.

As for the fork-tongued old man, his eyes glowed, and his Qi surged within him. He too stepped back several steps, and when he looked up, his eyes were filled with a strange light.

"Ouyang, you old codger, your cultivation base has significantly advanced over the years. Well, there will be time to reminisce later. Now that the Blood Flow Sect has arrived, let's open the Fallen Sword Abyss. It's time to ignite the flames!" With that, he waved his hand, causing a jade shard from a pendant to fly out. The shard immediately soared through the forces of the four sects.

Hai and Lin exchanged a glance, then produced similar jade shards from their pendants. Ouyang Jie did the same. In an instant, the four shards flew together, forming a complete jade pendant.

Sparkling light filled the air, and a moment later, the glowing shield that sealed the area around the giant sword began to open. From the looks of things, after the time it takes for half an incense stick to burn, it would be possible to enter the area.

All the Qi Condensation disciples were closely watching these developments. Even as Yan Xiaobao studied the situation, Ouyang Jie's voice reached the ears of the Spiritual Flow Sect disciples.

"There are over forty entrances to the sword world. Each can hold no more than ten people. The first battle you'll face is entering the sword itself. It's well-known that ambushes have occurred inside, so do your best to hold your ground!

"Remember what I told you before. If you encounter disciples from other sects, don't hesitate! To protect yourself, kill them if you can. Collect the Earth Rope Energy into your Dao bottles, and form Earth Ropes as quickly as possible. Then start summoning Earth Energy from the rest of the Fallen Sword World around you!"

Even as Ouyang Jie made his final explanations to the Spiritual Flow Sect, the Foundation cultivators of the other three sects were doing the same.

Ouyang Jie waved his right hand, and a hundred small blue bottles flew into the disciples' hands.

"These are your Dao bottles!" At this moment, a rumbling sound was heard as the gap in the shield preventing entry to the ground fully opened, leaving an approximately 9-meter gap for disciples to enter.

By entering this opening, it was possible to enter the underground passage and delve deep into the abyss where the entrance to the sword itself could be found.

"The entire area is under the control of the Four Major Sects. This fact, coupled with the supervision of the sect clan leaders, means that no Foundation cultivator can enter the sword world. Remember, you

can't stay inside for long. The Holy Land will only be open for three months. After that period expires, you must leave regardless of your success. If necessary, I will pull you out from outside.

"Another thing. Although no extreme incidents are expected beyond the norm, for generations now, the clan leaders of the Four Major Sects have maintained four teleportation formations to evacuate you in case of any emergency. The formations will recognize you based on your cultivated techniques and teleport you back to your sect, or at least to the same continent.

"Of course, not much combat and killing among disciples will trigger the teleportation formations! Finally, whether you succeed in entering the Earthstring Foundation or not, I truly hope all of you... rejuvenate it!" As he looked at the disciples, Ouyang Jie's usual indifferent attitude softened, and his expression even seemed a bit inspirational, especially when he looked at Yan Xiaobao and Ghost Fang. When he glanced at them, his eyes were filled with expectation.

Seeing the entrance now opened, the Blood Flow Sect immediately began to fly in that direction.

Among the disciples of the Spiritual Flow Sect, Ghost Fang was the first to take action, followed by Shangguan Tianyou and other electors.

Yan Xiaobao took a deep breath, then quickly pulled out eight leather coats from his bag. As he flew, he also took out a large black cauldron, placing it on his back. His eyes gleaming, he gritted his teeth and flew through the entrance. Of course, he wasn't alone; he made sure to follow behind the group of disciples from the Spiritual Sect.

Soon, the disciples of the Four Major Sects disappeared. The fork-tongued old man, Ouyang Jie, and the cultivators named Hai and Lin all glanced at each other, then sat cross-legged at the entrance, vigilantly standing guard.

Chapter 1243 Sword World (Part 2)

Underground, there were many fissures, some large, some small, and not all of the members of the Spiritual Flow Sect stuck together. Ghostfang, Beihan Lie, Gongsun Wan'er, and some other Chosen decided to go alone.

The rest of the disciples split into two groups, one made up of North Shore disciples, and the other of South Shore disciples. Forces from the Pill Stream Sect and Profound Stream Sect played a similar role.

However, the disciples from the Blood Flow Sect didn't seem to trust each other much, either acting alone or splitting into groups of two or three.

Following the South Shore disciples deep into the underground, Yan Xiaobao cautiously looked around. Once he was below, he could feel the pulsating cold rising from beneath. It seemed intent on piercing his body and freezing his blood. However, he was wearing too much clothing for the cold to touch him...

The deeper they went, the colder it got. Thankfully, they were not far from the surface. Coupled with their cultivation foundation levels, they remained unharmed.

Soon, the South Shore disciples noticed Yan Xiaobao just behind them, and strange expressions appeared on their faces. However, those expressions quickly transformed into joyful smiles. After all, with Yan Xiaobao there, they felt safer. Although they were all at the tenth level of Qi Condensation and very proud of it, they knew that Yan Xiaobao was much more powerful than them in every respect.

Soon, they began to make space for him, stepping aside, and greeted him with clasped hands.

"Greetings, Uncle Zong!"

"It's righteous and just Uncle Bai! He's not like Shangguan Tianyou and the others who went off on their own. He insisted on staying with us!"

"Now, this is what South Shore's Chosen should be like! Uncle Bai, it's me, Zhou Youdao! Do you remember me? You really helped me shine in that acid rain incident..."

Yan Xiaobao felt astonished at how the group parted for him to walk at the front. In fact, he had hoped to find a bit of safety by staying behind everyone. But after hearing everyone talking to him, he blinked, then cleared his throat. Grasping his chin tightly, he assumed the posture of a senior.

"Hahaha! You all have nothing to worry about. With an important figure like me, no one would dare cause you any troubles!"

Elated, the other disciples gathered around Yan Xiaobao, especially Zhou Youdao from Violet Peak, all laughing.

Hou Yunfei ended up beside Yan Xiaobao. Considering his current rise, he acted like someone from the older generation, which made Hou Yunfei laugh. However, he couldn't forget everything that happened with the Luo Chen Family.

"Good luck, Xiao Bao," he said calmly. "You'll definitely reach Earthstring Foundation Establishment!"

"I hope so too," Yan Xiaobao replied. Looking around to ensure no one was listening, he frowned and said, "Hey, do you think the other disciples did that intentionally?" I originally wanted to stay behind. How did I suddenly end up at the forefront?"

A strange expression appeared on Hou Yunfei's face, and he coughed lightly. For some reason, he felt that whenever Yan Xiaobao was around, no matter how solemn or dangerous the situation, it would become peculiar and amusing.

"Ah, well, I can let it go." Yan Xiaobao continued. "After all, I am the disciple of prestige, and the sect leader's youthful brother. Back on the South Shore, I did indeed drag these disciples into some bad situations with my pill concoctions, so now, I'm just giving them a bit of slack!" Puffing his chest out, looking very heroic, he continued forward because his cautious and tense heart would let him.

Elsewhere in the underground fissures, disciples from other sects acted alone or in groups of three to five. Anyone who saw them in dozens would avoid them instantly. Even those who considered themselves superior would look coldly and advance quickly.

Soon, the group saw the body of the sword and an opening leading inside. However, there were already two beams of light shooting toward the gap.

Yan Xiaobao immediately decided to continue forward, but before he could, the surrounding Spirit Flow Sect disciples excitedly started making spell gestures. In the blink of an eye, many magic techniques suppressed the two disciples from other sects.

Both disciples from the Blood Flow Sect saw the incoming magic skills, their faces flashing as they tried to dodge. Unfortunately, they weren't fast enough, tumbling backward, spitting out blood. Then they fled, harboring hatred towards the Spirit Sect.

Yan Xiaobao was pleased to find that they managed to secure one of the gaps through excellent numbers. Of course, given his status, he merely cleared his throat, allowing other disciples to enter the gap ahead of him. There was no way to ensure you wouldn't be ambushed once you entered. People could only rely on one's skills and abilities to stay safe. Jade slips couldn't be used to send messages to those outside. However, if several people from a sect entered simultaneously, they would be safe except for a savage mass ambush.

After four disciples entered the opening, Hou Yunfei chose to go in. Just before stepping inside, he asked Yan Xiaobao for help.

If anything unexpected happens inside, please look after my family youth brother Hou Yunqing. Hou Yunqing is one of the most important young clan members, although he isn't a member of the Spirit Flow Sect, and instead, stayed in the clan for further cultivation.

Yan Xiaobao quickly reassured Hou Yunfei, telling him not to be so depressed. Then he sneakily handed him a paper amulet. Hou Yunfei was initially surprised, but after looking at the amulet for a while, he felt very touched. Finally nodding to Yan Xiaobao, he entered the entrance.

Once he disappeared, the gap darkened, indicating it could no longer be used as an entrance. Yan Xiaobao worried a bit about Hou Yunfei, but considering the entrance was closed, there wasn't much he could do. With that, he led the group.

As they advanced, with the time it takes to burn incense, chatting, laughing, talking about Yan Xiaobao's antics on the South Shore. They also discussed hopes and aspirations for the future. When Yan Xiaobao patted his chest and told them his dream was to live forever, they all laughed. Zhou Youdao loudly declared his dream was to become the Clan Leader of the Spiritual Flow Sect.

They walked the brutal and deadly path of Foundation Establishment, but so far, they could relax easily. Under Bai Xiaobao's leadership, they faced no setbacks. Any gap they saw was quickly taken over.

"Get him, boys!" Yan Xiaobao would shout.

"Hey, this place belongs to us!"

"Buzz, this place is ours!"

"Hmm, what's this? How dare you glare at me? Get him, boys!"

The frenzy rang out continually. Meanwhile, the number of Spirit Stream Sect disciples dwindled. Whenever one of them entered a gap, they expressed deep gratitude towards Yan Xiaobao. Meanwhile, witnessing the simple wave-initiated action from the disciples stirred Yan Xiaobao deeply.

"So, this is what it feels like to be Chosen. No wonder many want to become one." Even as he marveled at the matter, they approached another area with another gap in the sword. Unexpectedly, a large group of people were fighting each other in that area. More shockingly, there were three visible gaps total, with six powerful Blood Flow Sect disciples attacking nine disciples from the other two sects.

Presently, the fight had reached a stalemate. When Yan Xiaobao saw what was happening, his eyes sparkled, and the remaining dozen Spirit Flow Sect disciples grew excited. Without hesitation, Yan Xiaobao shouted, "Hey, this place belongs to us!"

The disciples of the Blood Flow Sect had been executing their sect's mission, aiming to protect this location for as long as possible. They were exhausted, so when they saw many members of the Spirit Sect arriving, their expressions flickered, but they did not flee. Instead, they vanished.

The surrounding disciples from the Pill Stream Sect and Profound Stream Sect were about to be bombarded with magic techniques and holy power, then pushed back as they prepared to enter the entrance. Moments later, Yan Xiaobao and other Spirit Flow Sect disciples blocked the path.

Realizing they had the advantage of numbers, Yan Xiaobao proudly said, "Hmph! Be a good disciple, buzz! Lord Bai is in a good mood today, so he won't cause you any more trouble!"

The faces of disciples from other sects twitched.

"It's him again!"

"His name is Yan Xiaobao. What a scoundrel! This is the third time he's stolen my entrance!"

"Damn! This is my second time. If it weren't for him, I'd already be in the sword world!"

As the group was composed of people from various sects, they were reluctant to unite. Moreover, even if they did, they would still be outnumbered by the Spirit Sect. Eyes filled with anger and helplessness, they watched as disciples of the Spirit Sect disappeared into the three openings.

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Chapter 1244 Mission Accomplished

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Yan Xiaobao felt extremely happy, watching five disciples enter the first gap before dark. Three people disappeared into the second gap. As for him, he performed excellently for the sect.

So far, his task was complete. Clearing his throat, he joined the last five Spiritual Flow Sect disciples as they approached the third entrance. Disciples from Pill Stream Sect and Profound Stream Sect watched, realizing it was too late to take action regarding this situation.

Moreover, even after the Spiritual Flow Sect entered, the gap did not darken, and they still dared not enter, fearing an ambush on the other side.

Just as they were about to leave to find another gap, their eyes widened, and their jaws dropped in shock. Then, cold, ruthless smiles spread across their faces.

Just now, when the fifth Spirit Flow Sect disciple entered the passage, Yan Xiaobao tried to intervene...it went dark.

"No way!!" Yan Xiaobao said, surprised. As he was roughly pushed out of the entrance, he swallowed, glancing at his shoulder. Disciples from other sects rose up, their eyes flashing threateningly as they slowly approached him.

Every one of them was in the full circle of Level 10 Qi Condensation, esteemed in their own sects, each looked up to. Although they were not the desperate type that other disciples were, their talent still far surpassed the ordinary.

"Why don't you go in, Yan Xiaobao? Hurry, enter the entrance."

"Yeah. If you don't, we'll help you. Perhaps if we cut you into pieces, you'll fit."

"Hahaha! You've finally gotten the price for what you've put in. You and your gang robbed my three entrances. Now what will you do?!" Cold laughter and a murderous aura spread, filling the area. At this point, Yan Xiaobao was the common enemy despised by all disciples.

He took a deep breath, as the group prepared to attack, he slapped his satchel and created a paper Amulet, patting himself with it. As Yan Xiaobao created a 60-meter-wide world of brightness, dazzling light spread instantly!

The summoned shields turned into a deafening cacophony, filling the entire area.

Other disciples' eyes widened, their minds stunned. They could barely believe what they saw. As over a hundred shields appeared, bright multicolored light filled the 60-meter-wide area. The scalp of all disciples tingled with shock; this was something they had never seen in their entire young lives.

"How...many Amulet shields are there?"

"Heavens! How rich is this guy? Damn it! Even if we had ten times the people here, we couldn't break through those shields!" On the brink of madness, the disciples stared at Yan Xiaobao in shock.

As for Bai Xiaobao, he stood there, chest puffed out, hands clasped behind his back, chin raised, expression somewhat melancholic, like a lonely hero...

"Very well, you group of bullies, bring it on!" he shouted. "Lord Bai will beat you to death!" From his tone, he seemed ready to die in battle.

Even as these words left his mouth, Protomagnetic Wings emerged from the large black pot on his back, and he moved blurred, crashing towards the nearest disciple, a long-faced man from the Deep Flow Sect.

More precisely, Yan Xiaobao didn't ram into this young man; his shields did. From a distance of 60 meters from Yan Xiaobao, a tragic scream rang out, as the young man was forced to fly backward a distance, before coming to a halt. He wiped blood from his mouth, looked at Yan Xiaobao's shields, then sighed, dejectedly leaving.

In reality, there were no other options...even if he knew he couldn't single-handedly break through Yan Xiaobao's shields. Consuming his energy in this manner would be meaningless, only delaying his ability to enter the Sword World.

All others were completely shaken by what they saw. When it came to Yan Xiaobao, they felt utterly helpless, starting to scatter and flee at the fastest speed in all directions.

Considering they hadn't even entered the entrance for battle, none of them were inclined to fight to the death with Yan Xiaobao.

"Hey, don't run! I'm ready to fight until the bitter end! You group of bullies! Come back here!" Yan Xiaobao continued to call out from his lungs, but that only made the other disciples move faster.

Soon, Yan Xiaobao was alone, standing there blinking. Although surviving the joint attack of enemy disciples had wasted some time, continuing along the Earth Line Foundation built up was the most important thing.

Then, he began pulling down the paper Amulet, putting them back into his hands. Most of them had only burned halfway, so they could be used later.

Yan Xiaobao stretched his chin, flicked his sleeves like a lonely hero.

"Yan Xiaobao must not be underestimated!"

Following that, as he tried to find another gap leading to the gigantic sword, he moved steadily through the cracks and gaps.

Of course, when it comes to entering the Sword World sooner or later, both have pros and cons.

Those who enter early will be able to start killing the Earth Explosion and begin collecting Earth Energy more quickly. However, those people will find themselves at higher positions in the sword world, where banebeasts don't possess much Earth Energy. Banebeasts further down in the sword world can have ten times the Earth Energy or even more.

Chapter 1245 Mission Accomplished_2

It requires a large amount of Earth Rope Energy to form the Earth Capture Crystal.

Another thing to consider is that the sword world is vast and contains banesouls. Because banesouls must be avoided, one can actually descend more quickly outside the sword.

The downside of being outside the sword is that the farther you go, the colder it gets. Eventually, it becomes so cold that Qi Condensation disciples can't survive. At some point, for their own safety, there's no choice but to enter the sword world. Ultimately, the decision of when to enter the sword world depends on each person's strength and determination of what's best for them.

Yan Xiaobao already has quite a high cold resistance, and thinking about this now, it made sense to go down as far as possible before choosing an entry point. This would put him ahead of many who were already inside the sword.

Time flew by. Yan Xiaobao moved at top speed, almost a blur. He wasn't even aware of it, but he had almost surpassed all other Qi Condensation disciples who had entered the sword. The cold grew more intense until he started stiffening. In the end, he reached the point where moving further would potentially harm him.

As he looked down at the black sphere below, he took a deep breath.

"I think I can go another 300 meters..." He tried using some paper amulets to fend off the cold, but they were ineffective. Shaking his head, he started looking around for a gap. Suddenly, he noticed a place about 90 meters ahead where a young man stood beside the sword body.

As soon as the young man sensed Yan Xiaobao, he looked over, and their gazes locked. Yan Xiaobao immediately recognized who this cold and malicious young man was.

"Blood Flow Sect. Song Que!"

"Spirit Sect. Yan Xiaobao!" Yan Xiaobao's scalp prickled, feeling it might explode. The person standing before him had the ability to kill Foundation cultivators and had formed an unprecedented savage legend in Heaven. From what Uncle Bai knew, he should've entered the sword world earlier. What exactly could he do outside the sword?

When Song Que's gaze locked on him, Yan Xiaobao felt a deadly sense of crisis, and if Yan Xiaobao made the slightest move, the brewing intent to kill seemed like it might erupt.

Song Que was equally shocked. He never thought a second person beside himself could reach this level. Considering the cold, this place was clearly beyond the Qi Condensation stage's limit, and most other options couldn't reach it. Yet here was Yan Xiaobao, seemingly without trouble.

As he stared at Yan Xiaobao, Song Que recalled the information he had read about him in the jade slip given by his sect.

The two looked at each other, completely motionless. To Song Que, Yan Xiaobao was a mysterious and incredible figure. Although he seemed to have no intent to kill, Song Que's intuition told him that if he tried to attack... one of them would likely die. Also, he wasn't entirely sure he'd be the one alive.

After a long moment, Song Que initiated the conversation.

"60 meters below is an entry point."

Yan Xiaobao's eyes flickered, and despite his heart being shocked, he slowly resumed moving downward. Of course, he had no way of knowing, but this made Song Que's heartbeat faster as he prepared to counterattack the moment Yan Xiaobao took action.

When the two were only a few meters apart, Song Que suddenly moved aside as if to shield a section of the sword behind him, his eyes flashing with a threatening light.

"Sneaky little punk," Yan Xiaobao muttered to himself. "He's definitely up to no good!" He continued downward until he reached the 60-meter mark mentioned by Song Que. Sure enough, there was an opening. After some inspection, Yan Xiaobao relaxed a bit and then walked inside.

After he disappeared, Song Que breathed a sigh of relief. Considering how his sect introduced the explanation about Uncle Bai, Song Que knew he wasn't someone to take lightly. In the end, evil glinted in Song Que's eyes. After reaching the sixth level of Qi Condensation, he never needed to act this cautiously towards anyone. He even told Yan Xiaobao about the entrance below.

"This Yan Xiaobao might be extraordinary, but once my plans are implemented, I'll kill him as easily as stepping on an ant!" With his eyes burning with killing intent and passion, he turned to study the sword's surface.

"The report from Advanced Infinity was accurate. This is the energy node!"

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Yan Xiaobao felt like he was passing through water. Moments later, he entered the sword world. Everything around him was black and white.

The sky was white, the land black. Everything was like an ink painting...

The mountains undulated, black rivers swirling, and above him, countless stars twinkling like eyes seemed to flicker.

The most astonishing thing was how the entire world was tilted. Yan Xiaobao almost felt like he was standing on a hillside.

It was a strange feeling, taking some time to get used to.

"What kind of sword is this? Does it have a complete world inside? It's much smaller than the outside real world, yet still utterly breathtaking." As he looked around, he realized he was completely alone. Based on his calculation, he wasn't in the deepest part of the sword world, but he was undoubtedly further than most other disciples.

After some thought, he moved downward, away from the entrance. After enough time for half an incense stick to burn, he reached the top of a small hill, and his expression flickered. His right hand shot out, flashing silver, and he flicked his two fingers in the air to the side.

A black snake appeared next to him, ripples spreading out, as wide as his fingers. Before it could do anything, it flew to his hand, and he grabbed it behind the jaw.

The snake emitted a piercing screech, instantly breaking the silence, as it coiled around Yan Xiaobao's forearm and squeezed tightly.

Yan Xiaobao was amazed at the snake's power. If not for his physical body potentially touching the first shackle, the snake likely could've easily freed itself.

He pressed with two fingers, and a cracking sound emerged as the snake's head was crushed. The snake softened and then simply dissolved into a stream of gray energy, roughly incense-width, immediately beginning to float.

"So this is Earth energy, huh?" He quickly took out his Dao Bottle to collect it. After shaking the bottle, he watched as the Earth's energy material transformed into a drop of gray liquid.

"I need some droplet-like things to fill up the bottle..." Startled, he looked back towards where he came from. If he needed to kill a thousand gallows in this area to fill the bottle, who knows how many he would need to kill further on.

"I need to be faster. I must form that Earth Capture Crystal as soon as possible." With this, he raced ahead at top speed, searching for banebeasts along the way. Three days later, his Dao Bottle contained about thirty drops of gray liquid.

During these three days, he had to slaughter dozens of frantic beings to get so little. He felt like he was moving at a snail's pace.

"At this rate, it will take more than two months to form the Earth Capture Crystal." He gritted his teeth, standing there, realizing the best thing would be to go deeper. He then continued forward at top speed. Two hours later, he abruptly stopped because he saw two corpses ahead.

These were the first people Yan Xiaobao had seen inside the sword world. Apparently, they had reached here at top speed, or perhaps had other means of achieving this.

One of them was dressed in Spiritual Flow Sect attire, an Inner Sect disciple from the South Shore. The other wore Pill Stream Sect uniform. Clearly, the two fought fiercely here to the death. The Pill Stream Sect disciple held a Dao Bottle in their hand.

Even from afar, Uncle Bai recognized the South Shore disciple. Zhou Youdao from Violet Peak's Inner Sect. He was one of the last five to enter the third entry. He was incredibly eager to deal with Yan Xiaobao as Uncle Bai to solve, and on the underground trip outside the sword, he fought well with disciples from other sects. Yan Xiaobao never thought he would perish.

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Chapter 1246 Spirit Flow Sect

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A strange, indescribable feeling arose in Yan Xiaobao's heart. Just a few days ago, he had been joking and laughing with Zhou Youdao. The next time he saw him, they were forever separated by death. It almost felt like the entire world was filled with destruction and death, creating an oppressive pressure that immediately reminded Yan Xiaobao of the danger around him. The slightest mistake could lead to his death. People might even use his corpse to set traps for other disciples.

Anger began to burn in Yan Xiaobao's eyes, his fists clenching into balls. Except for Feng Yan years ago, Zhou Youdao was the first disciple Yan Xiaobao personally knew to die, causing grief in his heart. He couldn't forget how Zhou Youdao spoke of his dream to become the Clan Leader of the Spirit Sect.

"Immortal cultivation should be about living a better life. It's about achieving your dreams. Why? Why... must there be all this fighting and killing...? Is it worth it?" He glanced just briefly to realize that these two corpses were a trap. Nevertheless, he chose... to continue forward.

As soon as he approached the bodies, a rumbling sound echoed from the ground. Clearly, some pills were hidden in the area now exploding, sending a large amount of toxic gas toward Yan Xiaobao.

At the same time, a Flying Sword shot out with lightning speed, enveloped by an illusory scorpion that emitted a high-pitched scream!

At the same moment, a powerful explosion swept through the air from another side, causing more pills to detonate.

On one side was the Flying Sword, on the other the explosion, he was surrounded by a formation of toxic spells. Anyone caught in this situation would be suspected of surpassing.

A cold snort resonated through the toxic gas, and someone shouted: "Die!"

Yan Xiaobao steadied his Qi. His face was extremely solemn as the volcano accumulating in his chest suddenly erupted.

"You will be the one who dies!" he said, his voice booming like thunder, spreading in all directions, strong enough to topple mountains and drain oceans.

His hair whipped about, his eyes glittering with murderous intent. It was a magnificent spectacle!

His thunderous voice swept through, filled with sadness and anger. It became a powerful attack, instantly destroying the toxic smoke.

In the blink of an eye, the smoke was blasted away, revealing the Flying Sword and explosions, as well as the two shocked disciples who unleashed them, a young man and woman from Pill Stream Sect.

The scorpion around the sword let out a chilling scream as it was crushed by a giant hand. As the spiritual power was exhausted, the sound of the sword came from within the sword and then spun to the side.

As for the explosions, even their terrifying power was redirected by Yan Xiaobao, sent in a completely different direction.

Suddenly, everything seemed to blur. Shocking energy emanated from Yan Xiaobao, as he spoke more powerfully, he seemed to grow taller.

"Anyone who kills a disciple of the Spiritual Flow Sect will be sentenced to death!"

His words echoed like thunder, carrying an extinction threat!

They added extra force to the explosions in the area, no longer resembling a strong wind. It encompassed Yan Xiaobao's intent to kill, as well as the power of his Waterswamp Kingdom's life essence spirit!

The kind of power that could easily crush mountains and dry up oceans!

Suddenly, water vapor appeared in the area. The Waterswamp Kingdom... arrived! The hair of the two Pill Stream Sect disciples flew wildly, their robes whipping about. Their faces pale, even their skin seemed pressed down by the power. As the wild wind struck them, they were terrified, turned into rowboats in the hurricane, as peaks collapsed, the sea water swamped them, making them stagger backward, spitting blood from their mouths.

The female disciple trembled violently, blood seeping from her eyes, ears, and nose. Soon discovering she couldn't withstand the power pressing on her when her eyes exploded, then her head, then her entire body, she let out a spine-chilling scream!

She was instantly transformed into a blood mist blown away by the wind.

"No!" the male disciple screamed. Blood began to gush from his mouth, he shook violently. His world started darkening, he let out painful screams. Never in his darkest nightmare could he have imagined he would provoke... such an indescribable heaven.

The energy and pressure felt like the elders of his sect. This was something that a Qi Condensation disciple should never endure, something even the strongest elector he knew, Lin Fang, could stand up to!

"That's wrong. The information the sect gave us was completely wrong!! Don't kill me! I..." The blood-drenched male disciple mentally collapsed, beginning to plead and cry. He didn't want to die and could hardly endure the terror he felt. However, before he finished speaking, Yan Xiaobao stepped forward, grabbing his throat.

"My Nephew Zhou didn't want to die," he roared. "Did you know? I also don't want to kill anyone." Yan Xiaobao was not the type to become friends with anyone. His heart belonged to the Spiritual Flow Sect.

It didn't matter; to him, the Spiritual Flow Sect was home!

He tightened his grip, a cracking sound audible as the Pill Stream Sect disciple's neck was crushed. His eyes bulged, legs twitching a few times. Then he died!

Chapter 1247 Spirit Flow Sect (Part 2)

Things gradually calmed down. Yan Xiaobao released his grip, then walked back to Zhou Youdao's corpse. He sighed.

"Zhou Youdao," he said softly, "please allow me to take you back to the sect." With that, he put Zhou Youdao's body into his satchel, taking the Dao bottle, but his bag remained motionless.

As for the people from the Pill Stream Sect, he thoroughly searched them. Before leaving, he transferred the contents of the four Dao bottles he collected into his own. Altogether, they didn't even make up half of what he had.

Finally, he had the chance to see what the jade slab from the Pill Stream Sect disciple said about him.

"Yan Xiaobao of the Spirit Sect. A genius in medicine, suspected to be of the so-called Little Turtle sect. Techniques unknown, combat strength unclear. Sometimes weak, sometimes strong, possessing a large quantity of magic items. Ranked first in the sect's election battle, possibly due to Ghost Fang's negligence. If you encounter him, be wary of his medical Dao, rather than his combat prowess. Attack him two-on-one."

Yan Xiaobao didn't know where the Pill Stream Sect got their information, but now he was more curious about the information from the Profound Stream Sect and Blood Stream Sect. Subsequently, he left.

Four hours later, an expressionless young man approached the scene. Among them was Fang Lin from the Pill Stream Sect. His eyes sparkled as he surveyed the surroundings, trying to ascertain what had happened.

Soon, he stood at the place where Yan Xiaobao let out a powerful roar. He closed his eyes, as if seeking enlightenment. Soon, his expression flickered, and his eyes opened.

"So powerful! Who did this...? Song Que? Ghost Fang? Nine-Isles?" Fang Lin took a deep breath, as anticipation for battle surged within him. Surveying the area, he determined the path Yan Xiaobao had taken when he left, then took a different direction, not willing to engage at the moment.

Four hours later, another person appeared. He was a tall, burly man surrounded by flames and lightning. After surveying the area, his eyes began to sparkle, and he started panting.

"This isn't Song Que, nor the Nine-Isles. Could it be Ghost Fang? Damn it. I don't want to provoke any of these three!" This man was Lei Shan. After looking around, he hesitated, unable to precisely determine which direction the formidable figure had gone. With gritted teeth, he picked a direction at random, which happened to be the path Yan Xiaobao had taken.

Time sped up. Over the next three days, numerous people passed through the area. Some picked up clues, while others did not.

On the third night, Song Que approached. Although most battle traces had vanished, he could sense something strange about this area. Squatting down, he placed his right hand on the ground. After a moment, his eyes sparkled.

"Such energy... This is neither the Nine-Isles nor Fang Lin. Nor is it Ghost Fang. In that case, it must be... Yan Xiaobao!"

He squinted, turned around, and flew off into the distance.

At about the same time, Yan Xiaobao was traversing the Sword World. Whenever he encountered a banebeast on the earth, he would kill it and collect its Earth Energy.

His Dao bottle was accumulating more gray liquid, but he was still far from being able to form an Earth Capture Crystal. In the current region, the Earth Energy provided by banebeasts far exceeded those in the back, but unfortunately, they were harder to find. Most of his time was wasted moving back and forth.

Apparently, banebeasts on earth were part illusion, part physical, allowing them to blend into the air itself. They were difficult to track and sometimes even randomly disappeared in battle. If not for Yan Xiaobao's special senses, he might not have detected them at all.

They only manifest if you get very close to their hiding place. Otherwise, they remain hidden.

"I need to find a better method. The best way is to gather a cluster of them in the same area. My current method is too slow. Even attacking disciples from other sects isn't fast enough." Even as he thought about this, he suddenly stopped in his tracks. Then a hissing sound could be heard, like an outstretched hand trying to grab him. As it only grasped the air, it began retracting, but before it could, Yan Xiaobao reached out and caught it.

Then, he gave a sharp tug, and a thunderous impact sounded like a colossal mirror shattering. At the same time, a three-meter-tall ape-like banebeast was dragged out of the air.

It had no hair, only black scales, and as Yan Xiaobao pulled it out, it let out a mighty roar. Its eyes glimmered with ferocity but little intelligence. Almost immediately, it tried to lunge at Yan Xiaobao, but

when he reached out with his left hand and grasped its neck, his eyes twinkled. However, he didn't crush it but instead pulled it closer and began to study it intently. Soon, his eyes started emitting a peculiar light.

"If I can concoct a spiritual medicine to attract these creatures' gall, that would surely solve the problem. Then I could form the Earth Capture Crystal faster. At least... it would be quicker than trying to kill and rob other disciples." Having reached this point in his thoughts, Yan Xiaobao walked into the distance, eyes sparkling, with the ape-like creature in tow.

His destination was a valley ahead, where he discovered a secluded spot to hide and study this banebeast. His intense gaze made things tremble as if merely looking at it could reveal everything about its internal structure.

Chapter 1248 Spirit Flow Sect_3

Of course, the truth is he can't do that. Currently, this beast is merely a research subject, just like some snakes in 10,000 Snakes Valley a few years ago. If he wants to make spiritual medicine specifically targeted at this type of beast, then obviously he needs to study them on many levels.

His eyes burning with passion, he reached into his hand and took out a flying sword. Not long after, he was cutting open the chest of the banebeast.

The next day, when he left the valley, his eyes were bloodshot.

"There isn't much difference between them and ordinary beasts. They have the same organs, even blood... However, once they die, all of this disappears and transforms into Earth Energy.

"Another strange thing is, there was no food in the Earth Bear's stomach... Do they not need to eat food?" With this thought, he captured another banebeast for further experiments.

A few days later, more and more disciples appeared in the area, which could be considered the middle section of Sword World. Some of them attacked other disciples and stole their Dao Bottle, while others pursued those madmen. By this time, Yan Xiaobao had studied over ten different types of bile, his eyes more bloodshot than before. His hair was disheveled, he almost looked like he had gone mad.

"Poor vision, poor sense of smell, yet they seem very sensitive... How do they integrate into the air? How are they formed by Earth Energy? Why do they attack cultivators?" At this point, Yan Xiaobao was completely immersed in the medicine. He continued muttering questions to himself, confirming that banebeasts would always actively attack him, and were bloodthirsty and ferocious.

"Wait a minute..." When he realized he might be doing something, his heart started pounding. Suddenly raising his head, he hurried to find a banebeast to confirm his new theory.

Soon, a 9-meter-long Earth Bear appeared before him. It was covered with black scales and was currently surrounded by five disciples wearing long blood-red robes.

Evidently, they were disciples of the Blood Flow Sect. Their intention to kill was rampant, and they seemed to care about nothing but killing. They didn't even care when one of their disciples was suddenly killed.

Yan Xiaobao's eyes flashed and transformed into a beam that shot toward the area. Even when the four disciples of the Blood Flow Sect were preparing to launch another volley, a blur occurred, and someone reached out to grab the giant bear.

The eyes of the Blood Flow Sect disciples were wide open. They did not immediately recognize Yan Xiaobao, but they could tell he was wearing Spirit Flow Sect attire. Soon, sneers and ridicule appeared on their faces. During their struggle with the bear, they gradually realized it possessed certain special qualities, including terrifying physical strength. "He will be killed!"

"Spirit Flow Sect people are always so arrogant! This is a middle-level banebeast, not a low-level banebeast. Does he want to die?!" The Blood Flow Sect disciples laughed coldly, imagining the banebeast tearing the Spirit Sect disciple to pieces.

However, even as cold smiles appeared on their faces, they suddenly shuddered, their eyes widening with doubt and shock.

What they saw was Yan Xiaobao, his hair completely disheveled, grabbing the bear and emitting a terrifying roar. Then it bared its teeth, as if to tear Yan Xiaobao's arm from his body and rip it to pieces.

However, Yan Xiaobao quickly locked his hand on it, and the bear felt as if a pressure had just pressed down on it. When Yan Xiaobao pushed the bear to the ground, a rumbling sound echoed.

The ground trembled, and the four disciples of the Blood Flow Sect were breathless, almost unable to believe their eyes.

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Chapter 1249 Unfathomable Power

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"This...."

"How is this possible?!?!"

"Such incredible power!"

The four of them swallowed hard, yet they were unwilling to leave. Just as they were watching Yan Xiaobao, he once again did something that made them tremble.

Immersed in his research, he completely ignored the sect disciples of the Blood Flow Sect. His left hand appeared a Flying Sword, and right before the eyes of all the Blood Flow Sect disciples, he began to cut open the arm of the banebeast.

Blood sprayed everywhere, accompanied by Earth Energy. The roaring howl, Yan Xiaobao was clearly annoyed by the sound, and cut open the throat. The disciples of the Blood Flow Sect widened their eyes, they began to tremble, their eyes showing admiration towards Yan Xiaobao.

Yan Xiaobao did not notice. After enough time for half an incense stick to burn, he managed to thoroughly dissect the roast meat. Although the pieces were already starting to gradually disappear, merely seeing the chopped bear would make the sect disciples of the Blood Flow Sect feel like their heads were about to explode.

"Does he... does he have a grudge against that particular banebeast? Or does he always do this to them? Heaven! This is the most terrifying thing I've ever seen, even within the Blood Flow Sect!"

"This must be some twisted hobby of his..."

One of the disciples took out a jade, checked it, then said: "That is... that is Yan Xiaobao!"

The other three disciples gasped at the mention of this name. Without a moment of hesitation, they began to back up, doing everything possible to get as far away as possible.

Some time later, Yan Xiaobao's eyes were filled with a glow of excitement. Taking a deep breath, he stood up, began pacing back and forth, occasionally gesturing with one hand or the other.

"I understand now. Banebeasts look like ordinary beasts, but they are somewhat different. Spiritual Energy is equally useful to them, just as Earth Energy is to cultivators trying to enter the Foundation! This is why any disciple eaten by them immediately disappears. They are completely absorbed....

"Hahaha! I can definitely craft the contraceptive pills I need!" He threw his head back, laughing heartily, then looked around in surprise to find everyone had left.

Shaking his head, he blurred and moved, seeking a cave in the distance. Once he found a suitable spot, he began to fabricate some Earth crystals and started concocting. He remembered the pill formula, which he followed based on his understanding of banebeasts.

Apart from medicinal herbs, he added some of his own blood. Worried this might not be sufficient, he invoked the principles of mutual enhancement and suppression to perfectly adjust things.

He spent four hours mixing and then the pill furnace began to rumble. When the sound ceased, pills emerged. Yan Xiaobao grabbed one and set off to find banebeasts. Upon finding one, he tossed out a pill, but much to his disappointment, it had no effect.

"This can't be right! What's wrong!?! Over the next few days, he dedicated more time to studying these banebeasts. By then, the Fallen Sword Abyss had been open for twenty days.

Most of the disciples from the four sects had reached the depths of the world and were fighting and killing banebeasts in different areas.

The Blood Flow Sect was truly powerful and incredibly vicious. Profound Stream Sect and Spirit Stream Sect were about the same, with the Pill Stream Sect being the weakest.

Conflicts even erupted among some top electors of each sect. The most notable fight was when Ghostfang from Profound Stream Sect fought with Nine-Isles. It lasted a whole day, shaking everything in the area. Eventually, the Nine-Isles were severely injured and fled. Ghostfang won and was later regarded as someone qualified to fight Song Que.

Gongsun Wan'er and Zhao Rou fought several times, and although there was always a clear winner and loser, neither managed to kill the other.

Shangguan Tianyou showcased quite a bit of skill. While killing a banebeast, he saw the Pill Stream Sect's top disciple Fang Lin, and they both engaged in a fierce battle. In the end, it was hard to say who came out on top.

Song Que from the Blood Stream Sect was like a shadowy ghost. He never attacked anyone, and few even saw him.

As for Xu Xiaoshan, listed among the Blood Sect information, he also began to make a name for himself. People were astounded by the vast array of magical items he possessed. When he released them in battle, any opponent he faced was left stunned.

A disciple quickly dubbed a dark horse is... from Spiritual Flow Sect, Beihan Lie. Information about him was not shared with the other three sects, and so he was assumed to be an ordinary elector. Who could imagine when he met Lei Shan from the deep sect, a massive battle would occur?

In the end, Beihan Lie seemed to be on the same level as Lei Shan. Considering aside from the Nine-Isles, he was regarded as the best choice in the deep sect. Few could hold their own in a struggle against him.

Before this, he was just selected from the Spirit Sect. For him to accomplish such a feat surprised many.

Aside from the friction and battles between prominent electors, there were many fierce fights among other disciples. People died every day, and some unfortunate ones were devoured by these cowardly ones.

As for the surviving disciples in all the battles, their Earth Energy collection grew. Soon, it became increasingly difficult to find these merry feasts, which meant the battles between disciples began to grow increasingly intense!

Chapter 1250 Unfathomable Power (Part 2)

People united. Traps were set. Some drowned others with sheer force. Various strategies were unleashed until the Fallen Sword Abyss fell into chaos.

Eyes were bloodshot as they struggled back and forth in the battle for Earth Energy. No one wanted to be the last person to gather the energy they needed; everyone wanted to be the first!

Yan Xiaobao sensed the brutal atmosphere around him. However, he didn't venture far. Most of his time was spent researching or brewing potions. Even so, he encountered seventeen disciples of the Spiritual Flow Sect.

Whenever this happened, he carefully stored the corpses in his possession, bringing them back to the chapel.

When he went out to find banebeasts, he quickly got to work. He struck like lightning, seized a banebeast, and brought it back to study. Afterward, he returned to brewing.

Before he realized it, the gray liquid in his Dao bottle was about a third full. However, he paid little mind to it. His main focus was on brewing.

So far, he had failed dozens of times. A few times, he failed five or six times in a single day. Still, he did not give up. As he grew more familiar with the anatomy of banebeasts, he slowly descended into frenzy. At one point, he even personally observed how a banebeast would kill a cultivator.

It was then he realized the attack wasn't physical but an absorption of life force. Suddenly, all his experience and research reached satori. He quickly chose a remote cave, prepared to brew, his eyes completely bloodshot.

The endeavor lasted five days, during which he did not step outside even once. He failed dozens of times. Yet, on the evening of the fifth day, as the skies darkened and battle filled the surrounding land, strong rumbling began to emanate from his pill furnace, spreading across half of the Fallen Sword World.

BOOOOOOOOOM!

It was like heaven; the shattered thunder spread far and wide. Shockingly, black clouds appeared above the cave, filled with pulsating white energy!

In that part of the Fallen Sword World, disciples from all four sects rushed towards the direction where Yan Xiaobao was brewing medicine. Everyone was utterly shocked.

When Ghostfang suddenly heard the rumbling, he was busy with a task, his eyes gleaming.

Elsewhere, Song Que was in front of some unremarkable stone wall, studying it closely. When he heard the sound, his eyes widened. "What is that sound?"

Xu Xiaoshan from the Blood Flow Sect felt his heart skip a beat. "Is that a valuable fortune appearing in the world?!?!"

Eyes wide, he picked up speed, advancing toward the sound.

Lei Shan from the Deep Flow Sect was relatively close to the source, just as interested as Xu Xiaoshan. Eyes filled with excitement and curiosity, he raced toward the direction of the sound.

The strange thunderous rumbling not only attracted the cultivators' attention, it attracted... banebeasts!

Moreover... at some mysterious locations in the Fallen Sword World, it caught the attention of... banesouls! Within the affected half of the Fallen Sword World, countless regions began to twist and turn. It seemed as if numerous banebeasts that slept in the air were suddenly awakened by the thunder's boom. Somehow, they could feel Yan Xiaobao's spiritual medicine and trembled, slowly opening their eyes.

Although there were disciples from four sects in some of those awakening regions, most regions had no cultivators. Once banebeasts opened their malicious eyes, they looked in Yan Xiaobao's direction, radiating greed and madness. Moments later, countless howls ravaged the air.

Ripples spread through the Fallen Sword World like waves on water, stirring a frenzy that started to surge into the sky with the fastest speed.

However, more shocking than the banebeasts were the events happening in areas where even the timid dared not enter. There, many ethereal figures began to appear out of thin air.

There were men and women, young and old alike. The youngest was a little girl in a white dress, clutching a blood-red teddy bear. They floated there with their eyes, accompanied by various strange beasts, creatures not of Heavenspan's lands.

They were banesouls!

All beings slain by the Giant Sword existing outside of the sky were affected by the seismic event, transforming into these lifeless spirits!

They were extremely bizarre and mysterious, clearly not folk of Heavenspan land. They hailed from legendary regions beyond the heavens, places that are eternal!

Now, they scattered across the various remote areas of the Fallen Sword World, where even the timid dared not approach.

So far, many such figures silently appeared out in the open. Some donned ancient robes, others wore battle armor, some had skin made of scales rather than flesh. They appeared strange, most severely

disfigured as if from battle wounds. Some had lost their weapons, some were partially beheaded, some had open wounds on their torsos. As they appeared, black mist surged from all directions.

All the banesouls bore blank expressions. They had no consciousness or any memories. Wherever they passed, the frenzy would tremble, with their past only shrinking. Any unlucky banebeast actually touched by one of the banesouls would immediately be destroyed and vanish into nothingness.