

Medical 1311

Chapter 1311 The Truly Terrifying Aspect (Part 2)

All the disciples of the Blood Flow Sect dream of becoming the Blood Master of a peak. At any given time, there is only one Blood Lord per peak per successive generation.

The thumb is the only place without a Blood Master. The blood mist surrounding it ensures it's a restricted area. It is the residence of the Sect Leader and primary elders of the Blood Flow Sect. Only those at the Golden Core Stage can go there.

When a Blood Master advances to the Golden Core Stage, he or she becomes a blood splitter and moves to the giant thumb. The blood splitter holds a higher position than the primary elders, with power second only to the Sect Leader.

The lowest position on the thumb is held by the Sect Leader, who is responsible for the general management of the sect.

As he drew closer to the Blood Flow Sect, Yan Xiaobao reviewed the information he knew once more.

"Five peaks. The thumb is called Ancestor Peak! The first finger is called Corpse Peak, the middle finger is Middle Peak, the ring finger is Nameless Peak, and the smallest finger, the pinky, is called Little Swamp Peak! [1. A quick note on the names, as there's some play on words. The term for corpse sounds similar to the term for index finger. Both are pronounced as 'shi.' In Chinese, the ring finger is called 'Wu Ming Zhi,' so I've chosen to retain the Chinese version of the name. 'Little Swamp' refers to the acupoint on the tip of the pinky. As for the thumb and 'ancestor,' I don't think there's any play on words, although 'ancestor' does rhyme a bit with the role of the thumb]

"Corpse Peak is renowned for refining corpses, Middle Peak focuses on Blood Swords, Nameless Mountain Peak is known for Stone Statue Ghosts, and Little Swamp Peak focuses on the refinement of devil bodies!"

Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but recall the disciples of the Blood Flow Sect he'd encountered in the Fallen Sword World. He had witnessed them controlling vicious beasts. Xu Xiaoshan had worked with various corpses, while Song Que had fought him using a Blood Sword. He even saw some disciples whose bodies were obviously refined from Little Swamp Peak.

As of now, the Blood Flow Sect had deeply impressed Yan Xiaobao's mind.

However, what happened next thoroughly shook him. As he approached the giant hand, he passed a specific point, and his Immortal Eternal Life Technique suddenly surged with a strong desire, flickering across his face.

Meanwhile, Yan Xiaobao could feel the giant hand somehow calling to him!

The summon felt unprecedentedly intimate!

"How could this be?!" he thought, his mind trembling. From that moment, all his hesitation and anxiety vanished, replaced by a very familiar feeling that filled his mind and heart. Yan Xiaobao took some time to calm himself. After doing so, he continued toward the sect itself. Soon, he saw beams flying near him, all disciples of the Blood Flow Sect, as well as elders and Dharma Protectors of the Foundation.

The cultivators established by the Foundation all emitted powerful auras of killing intent, flying at incredible speeds. They appeared domineering, rude, and entirely unruly. Wherever they went, inner sect disciples lowered their heads and saluted, not daring to show a hint of disrespect.

A cultivator established by the Foundation obviously thought Yan Xiaobao was in his way, so he waved his gauntlet, sending a powerful gust at him. Thankfully, Yan Xiaobao quickly played along and immediately pretended to be blasted away. He even managed to make some blood trickle from the corner of his mouth.

The cultivator established by the Foundation completely ignored him as he continued on.

The other inner sect disciples in the area seemed to notice hardly anything. On the arms where servants resided, they occasionally looked up at the inner sect disciples and Foundation cultivators, their expressions filled with awe.

"So domineering!" Yan Xiaobao thought. At first, it seemed impossible for the entire sect to be like this, but he quickly reminded himself that he was within the Blood Flow Sect and headed toward the hand itself.

As he approached, he saw flickering blood light, obviously a spell formation. As he passed through it, it flickered but did not bar his way. Moments later, he entered the spell formation and onto the hand.

"Passed the first test!" he thought, taking a deep breath. The light he had just passed was the Blood Flow Sect's defense spell formation, which would immediately detect anyone not a sect disciple.

The back of the hand was vast. Yan Xiaobao soon realized it was actually as large as the South Shore and North Shore of the Spiritual Sect. It only served to further understand the might of the Blood Flow Sect.

Only inner disciples were allowed on the back of the hand. Without certification, outer disciples could not enter. If they tried, they were severely punished. The lightest punishment for such a crime was a flogging, while more severe violators had limbs cut off. The punishments were brutal, but that's how the twisted Blood Flow Sect operated. The differences between these levels were strictly enforced.

At first, Yan Xiaobao felt anxious, but after reaching out and sensing the close connection between the hand and his Immortal Eternal Life Technique, he felt increasingly shaken.

"How could it be like this...?" he could hardly believe his own feelings. However, he soon acknowledged a shocking fact.

"This hand cultivates the Immortal Eternal Life Technique!" More accurately, beneath the surface of the Heavenspan River lies a giant who indeed cultivates the Immortal Eternal Life Technique!

Clearly, this giant had reached an extremely high level, which meant the skin on the hand and arm was actually immovable skin!

Chapter 1312 The Truly Terrifying Place (Part 3)

From the cracks and crevices existing within the undying skin now, something resembling soil can be seen, which is the immortal corpse of the giant. Further inside, in an impossible-to-see location, are bones, which are immortal bones!

However, what shocked Yan Xiaobao the most was the blood waterfall pouring down from the five peaks, representing the highest realm of the Immortal Codex, the Immortal Blood!

"Heavens! The Blood Stream Sect is built upon a giant's arm, cultivating the Immortal Eternal Life Skill! Moreover, the techniques they cultivate are obviously passed down by the earliest members of the Blood Flow Sect, based on the arm itself. This means their techniques are derived from the same Eternal Eternal Life Skill that I cultivate!"

Based on what he knows, the first volume of the Immortal Eternal Life Skill is not very rare. Many sects possess it. However, because it is hard to cultivate, few people can successfully utilize the Immortal Golden Skin.

If there are any, even fewer can surpass this to achieve what Yan Xiaobao did in breaking the first Death Chains. In fact, anyone within the entire Blood Flow Sect is likely to truly understand the connection between the Blood Hand and the Immortal Eternal Life Skill.

Yan Xiaobao feels very confident that only those with Immortal golden skin and who can also break the first Death Chains can feel the call of the hand.

He knows his speculation may not be entirely accurate, but he believes as he starts to understand more about the Blood Flow aspect, he will be able to get answers to his questions, possibly even firsthand verification.

"No wonder the Blood Ball used by Song Que in the Fallen Sword World feels so familiar..." The reason the blood explosion Song Que used against him feels so familiar is because it's actually made of Immortal Blood. Only after reaching Foundation establishment could Song Que forcibly unleash the special magic power of the Blood Flow Sect.

"This is also why all the disciples of the Blood Flow Sect look so familiar. Now everything makes sense..." Shocked in spirit, he follows the instructions of the impersonated Ye Xiao to the Internal Affairs Bureau to obtain the Identity Jade Pendant and record his return to the Blood Flow Sect. As he approaches, a ray of light shoots toward him and transforms into an old man.

He has a cultivation base of Foundation establishment, and as he coldly looks Yan Xiaobao up and down, Yan Xiaobao immediately feels nervous. He respectfully clasped his hands and quickly inquired about the impersonated Ye Xiao, learning that this old man is in charge of the Internal Affairs Bureau.

"Disciple Nightcrypt greets Elder Han!"

"Why did it take you so long to return?!" Elder Han coldly questioned.

"The disciple was seriously injured," he carefully responded. "I found a cave to recuperate and recently felt the urge to return." After some thought, he patted his backpack and produced a large pile of Spiritual Stones, placing them before Elder Han.

"Elder Han, I obtained these in the Fallen Sword World. Please take them. I hope you can be a bit flexible in returning them..." Yan Xiaobao blinked several times.

Elder Han's eyes widened, but after a while, he waved his hand, and the Spiritual Stones disappeared. He looked at Yan Xiaobao for a moment and nodded.

"Some of you have taken a long time to return. So, now that you're here, focus on your cultivation. Eventually, you will have the opportunity to reach the Mortal-Dao Foundation again. Good, now depart."

Yan Xiaobao immediately departed. Elder Han watched him leave, contemplating himself, this Ye Xiao seems to have learned a thing or two in the Fallen Sword Abyss.

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Chapter 1313 Fortunate

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"Alright, since he's a bit smart, I won't make it harder for him. He really should get ten lashes before coming back!" Turning around, Elder Han disappeared.

Imposter Nightcrypt also took a gasp. Yan Xiaobao's casual bribing of Elder Han left him breathless. Suddenly, he realized that Yan Xiaobao seemed perfectly suited for life in the Blood Flow Sect.

Yan Xiaobao walked around the sect, amazed at everything he saw. Unfortunately, everyone was very indifferent and impersonal, and as they hurried around, they stuck to themselves. Many wore expressions of vigilance, as if they were constantly on guard.

Four or five times along the way, he saw two disciples engaged in fierce battles, clearly fighting over medicinal pills. Ferocious auras ran rampant, as if they intended to take each other's lives.

Audiences often gathered to watch such clashes, but everyone kept an eye out in case someone attacked them.

He saw a person coughing intensely, seemingly on the verge of coughing up broken organs.

"The Spirit Sect is definitely better than this," Yan Xiaobao thought. "Everyone gets along there. It's wonderful. The Blood Flow Sect is so dangerous! One slip of the tongue, and you might get attacked...."

He walked feeling very tense. Thankfully, Nightcrypt wasn't very well-known in the sect, his cultivation base was just in the large circle of the tenth level of Qi Condensation. No one proactively attacked him, and this tendency made him appear as ferocious as possible.

Just as he was nearly at Nightcrypt's Immortal Cave, he passed a group of five female disciples. One of them, a stocky big-boned girl, spotted him and rushed over, accompanied by the giggles of her companions.

"Ye Xiao!" the girl said in a hoarse voice.

Yan Xiaobao turned and looked at the strange young woman in surprise. She was short and plump, her face full of freckles, walking towards him with swaying hips and eyes twinkling with what seemed to be deep desire.

"Do I know you?" Yan Xiaobao asked.

"You naughty demon!" she said angrily. "Don't pretend you don't know who I am! Come on, give me a smile!" Smiling, she reached out her hand and brushed Yan Xiaobao's cheek.

Her behavior and laughter made Yan Xiaobao take a step back gasping for breath.

"Well," the girl continued, "A little trip to the Fallen Sword Abyss, and you've forgotten me? Hurry back to my Immortal Cave. I have enough medicinal pills." The short and plump girl licked her lips and took a step forward, as if she intended to drag him to her Immortal Cave.

Yan Xiaobao's scalp tingled, feeling it might explode. Flicking his sleeve, he blocked her path.

"Don't touch me!" he shouted.

"I know how it is, Nightcrypt. How dare you! Hmph. Just wait when you crawl back to me!" Giving him an angry glare, she turned and walked away.

Yan Xiaobao finally breathed a sigh of relief, while inquiring Nightcrypt about the girl in disguise.

"Old man, please don't be angry," was the hasty reply. "She's just my girlfriend in this sect..."

Yan Xiaobao could hardly believe it. "Girlfriend? Uh, your taste is really strange."

Nightcrypt was actually very good-looking, though somewhat aloof. Yan Xiaobao could barely believe he would have a relationship with the husky girl.

"Senior, there are some things I never mentioned," Imposter Nightcrypt said, sounding like he was about to cry. "After I became an inner disciple, my cultivation progress was very slow, and I needed a lot of medicinal pills. I really had no choice. Sister Sunx comes from a Cultivation Tribe and can acquire plenty of pills. I had no other option but to get on her good side..." Yan Xiaobao sighed, both sympathizing with Nightcrypt and admiring his willingness to accept and adapt.

"No wonder he became a spy. He is really very special." Even just thinking about that girl's face made him sigh.

Not long after, he was at Nightcrypt's Immortal Cave, which was located near several other inner disciple Immortal Caves. It was a simple cave, giving Yan Xiaobao a clearer understanding of how tough Nightcrypt's night life was.

It was only about ten percent the size of Yan Xiaobao's cave in Spirit Creek, not even having a front hall, let alone a lake or pill crafting station. It was nothing more than a stone room with a bed and meditation mat.

"How did he endure such hardships?!" he thought. Shaking his head, he sat cross-legged to meditate. Outside, the sun was setting. Back in the Spiritual Flow Sect, that sect would be quieting down at this time as disciples settled down for a night's rest.

But the Blood Flow Sect was different. As night fell, Yan Xiaobao could hear screams coming through the air. Clearly, the disciples used the darkness to fight each other with renewed vigor.

According to sect rules, disciples shouldn't kill each other, but other than that, anything was permitted. Thus, the dark of night revealed the true savage nature of the sect.

Yan Xiaobao struggled to adapt to the environment that was completely different from the Spiritual Flow Sect. Taking a deep breath, he refrained from stepping outside, even going so far as to set some traps at the entrance to the Immortal Cave. Only then could he sit cross-legged again, contemplating the next step.

On the journey to the Blood Flow Sect, he conducted more investigations into imposter Nightcrypt and learned that the eternal indestructible relic was located on the middle finger of the giant hand, called Middle Peak.

Chapter 1314 A Reason to Be Thankful (Part 2)

The upper segment of Middle Peak belongs to the Great Elder's residence and is a forbidden area for Inner Sect disciples. After all, all four peaks are reserved solely for Foundation experts.

Inner Sect disciples like Nightcrypt are restricted to the area defined by the hand's back.

As for the upper segment, ordinary elders and Dharma Protectors aren't even allowed entry.

This is one reason why Nightcrypt, impersonating someone he's not, can't even approach the relics, and why he desires to enter the Foundation. Only then can he choose one of the four peaks.

"Establishing the Foundation is the first step," thought Yan Xiaobao. "I will choose Middle Peak, then move to the second step, becoming a Dharma Protector. Unfortunately, I can only pretend I'm at the Mortal-Dao Foundation. Reaching Earthstring Foundation Establishment would be a step too far. Otherwise, I could become an elder.

"After becoming a Dharma Protector, I need to become a Brother Elder. This is the third step, the final one. At that moment, I'll be able to acquire the eternal indestructible relic, which lies beneath the Great Elder's Immortal Cave at Zhongshan Peak." Yan Xiaobao took a deep breath. He knew that achieving his goal would take time. Rising from an ordinary Inner Sect disciple to the position of the Middle Peak patriarch would be a long road. However, nothing is impossible.

With his goal in mind, Yan Xiaobao closed his eyes and began to cultivate. Temporarily ignoring the Violet Qi Heavenspan Incantation, he focused on the Immortal Eternal Life Skill that is the Immortal Heavenly King.

He was very curious to see how cultivating this skill here compared to doing so in the Spiritual Flow Sect.

He released the Immortal Heavenly King, and his body trembled. Back at the Spiritual Flow Sect, practicing the Immortal King of Heaven led to terrifying life energy depletion. Without precious materials and a large amount of medicinal pills, it was almost impossible.

But cultivating here, Blood Qi rose from the ground and poured into his body, rapidly replenishing his life energy, allowing him to cultivate faster.

The next day, oscillations ran through him, accompanied by a pulsing sensation. He could already say he was stronger than before.

His eyes opened, gleaming with joy.

"This place is like Heaven!" He ran his hand along the ground as if running it across the giant's Immortal Skin. His heart swelled with excitement.

"The Immortal Eternal Life Skill is truly impressive. This giant never cultivated it to the absolute peak, and that's why he died. Nevertheless, even after his death, his flesh remained countless years later. It didn't rot or anything; it ultimately became the foundation of a sect.

"It just shows you how incredible the Immortal Eternal Life Skill is!" He continued to cultivate.

Time flew by. Four days passed, and Yan Xiaobao would venture out in the dimness to familiarize himself with the Blood Flow Sect. As he did so, he gleaned more information from the imposter Nightcrypt and began memorizing the faces of Inner Sect disciples.

He also practiced his facial expressions, making them appear fiercer and fiercer. Soon, he realized that exuding a ferocious aura required a bit of talent, and he immediately began to study it. He rehearsed his laughter until it sounded more sinister and terrifying than before.

However, Nightcrypt had already achieved a height achievable by Inner Sect disciples and was only one step away from Foundation Establishment. To most people, he was almost as strong as cultivators at the Mortal-Dao Foundation and was someone other Inner Sect disciples dared not provoke.

Several days passed without incident.

One day, Yan Xiaobao was cultivating the Immortal Heavenly King in his Immortal Cave when his expression suddenly flickered. He looked up, wearing the fiercest and most sinister expression he could muster. With eyes flashing a piercing light, he gazed out from the entrance of the Immortal Cave.

Not long after, a voice could be heard outside.

"Little Brother Nightcrypt, it's me, Zhao Wuchang. Please come out for a moment."

Yan Xiaobao immediately inquired about impersonating Nightcrypt and learned he was one of the other disciples who had ventured to the Fallen Sword World. He continued to appear as cold and ruthless as possible, emerging from the Immortal Cave with a bloodthirsty aura. A middle-aged man stood a few meters away from the entrance.

"What do you want?" Yan Xiaobao asked coldly. He vaguely remembered Zhao Wuchang as one among the Blood Flow Sect disciples who had attempted to assassinate him, only to be terrified after he began killing them.

Zhao Wuchang's face was pale and savage, much like a wolf ready to pounce at any moment. He looked Yan Xiaobao up and down, then offered a cursory smile, saying, "Little Brother Nightcrypt, I trust you've been well since we last saw each other.

"I'm not here for anything particularly important. Those of us who failed in the Fallen Sword World are gathering to exchange information and discuss reaching the Mortal-Dao Foundation. Since you've returned too, Little Brother Nightcrypt, I thought I might invite you to join us." Zhao Wuchang, along with everyone else who failed in the Fallen Sword, found themselves in an awkward position. Trapped between Inner Sect and Foundation, they had little hope of reaching Earthstring Foundation. Therefore, they had no choice but to pursue Mortal-Dao Foundation Establishment.

Unfortunately, the Mortal-Dao Foundation requires a Foundation Establishment Pill, and acquiring such a pill at the Blood Flow demands disciples pay a bitter price. Thus, the survivors of the Fallen Sword World have formed an alliance, and Zhao Wuchang's purpose in coming here was to ask Nightcrypt to join them.

"Oh, really?" Yan Xiaobao replied. After some thought, he nodded. Joining this group would likely provide him with more information, which would certainly be helpful in the days to come.

Seeing Yan Xiaobao had agreed, Zhao Wuchang smiled and led him through the sect to the gathering point. As they walked by, he occasionally observed Yan Xiaobao, noting that this Nightcrypt was vastly different from his memory of Nightcrypt. His bloodthirsty aura was much stronger; his sinister expression was much deeper.

"Nightcrypt may not have successfully undergone Earthstring Foundation Building," Zhao Wuchang thought, "but escaping Yan Xiaobao alive is no easy feat." While they walked, they chatted about various casual matters.

When they were about halfway to the gathering, suddenly, the sky thundered like booming thunder!

A blood-colored fog surged into the area like tidal waves. Above, some Foundation Establishment Cultivation Personnel flying past stopped in their tracks, clearing the road and expressing their respect.

Yan Xiaobao looked up in shock. Not far away, within the blood mist, appeared a blood-colored palanquin. It stood 30 meters tall, surrounded by countless vengeful spirits, silently screaming.

Carrying the palanquin on their shoulders were eight three-meter-high Stone Statue Ghost-like spirits, exuding dark mist. Their skin was green, and they emitted fluctuations akin to Foundation Establishment cultivators and emanated a sinister chill.

On either side of the blood palanquin was a row of palace maids dressed in blood-colored clothing. They were beautiful, but entirely expressionless, carrying burning lanterns in their lovely hands. They seemed to be clearing the path for the blood palanquin as it passed through the mist.

It was truly a surprising sight.

Even Yan Xiaobao was completely shaken, his immediate assumption being that a Clan Leader was arriving. However, he soon realized that a young woman was sitting within the blood palanquin.

She wore a deep crimson dress, her long hair rustling in the breeze. Seeing her face was impossible as she donned a blood-colored mask adorned with plum blossoms!

Her chin rested on her hand as she gazed far off.

As for her cultivation base, she was at the Foundation Establishment stage, and the pressure from her spiritual power contained traces of multiple tides, causing the blood mist to surge and flow.

This meant this young lady had reached Earthstring Foundation Establishment!

Yan Xiaobao's eyes were filled with envy. He couldn't strut around in such a manner in the Spiritual Flow Sect! The fact that Blood Flow Sect Foundation Establishment cultivators received such treatment left him breathless.

"In every generation," Nightcrypt continued, "the Blood Flow Sect has four Blood Masters, one for each peak. The positional battles for the other three peaks are over, but the position at Middle Peak is still open. Now that Miss Xue Mei has reached Foundation Establishment, her next step will be to contend for the position of Blood Lord alongside the Zhongshan Great Elder.

"If Song Que had reached Heavenly Dao Foundation, he would be qualified for the position, but since he is only at the Earth level, the Song Clan won't let him compete against his aunt."

"His aunt?" Yan Xiaobao asked in shock.

"Yes," Imposter Nightcrypt replied. "Zhongshan Lord Song Junwan is Song Que's aunt!" Suddenly, his tone became even more mysterious. "Teacher Bai, since we're talking about Blood Masters, I need to tell you a secret. Do you know there is a position even higher than Blood Master? Well, of course there's the level of Blood Ripper, but there's something even higher. I'm quite sure it's even above Clan Leader level. Have you heard of it?"

Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but be drawn in by the mysterious tone of Imposter Nightcrypt. "What is it?" he asked.

Imposter Nightcrypt cleared his throat and continued proudly: "According to legend, above Clan Leader level is the Blood Demon!"

"Blood Demon?" Yan Xiaobao's heart began to pound. It was a title that seemed entirely domineering. Even just hearing it mentioned caused his skin to crawl, almost like he had seen a true devil.

"Heh. Look at how powerful the Blood Flow Sect is? Let me tell you, anyone who can obtain a Blood Crystal from one of the peaks in the Blood Flow Sect can become a Blood Master. Of course, the exception is Ancestor Peak. As for the Blood Crystals, they come from the body of the Blood Ancestor, located beneath the Heavenspan River, with its sacred hands forming the foundation of the entire sect!

"According to legend, the body of the Blood Ancestor contains not only Blood Crystals but also a secret inheritance!

"Whoever possesses this inheritance will become the Blood Demon and will lead the Blood Flow Sect to establish a new legend!

"Of course, this is just a legend. Don't take it too seriously. There are many people in the sect who believe it's nothing but a story." Imposter Nightcrypt sighed.

Yan Xiaobao took a deep breath, his heart filled with excitement. Most people might think the legend is just a story, but he didn't believe that. As far as he was concerned, the massive Blood Ancestor beneath the Heavenspan River might very well have an extraordinary inheritance waiting to be claimed.

By this point, the blood sedan had moved some distance towards Ancestor Peak. Cultivators establishing Foundation gradually dispersed, and everyone collapsed to the ground, breathing a sigh of relief.

Zhao Wuchang's eyes were full of envy.

"You really have guts," he said. "It's a good thing Miss Xue Mei didn't see you looking at her. If she had, she would have gouged out your eyes and might even have killed you."

"So domineering!" Yan Xiaobao nodded. Deep down, he couldn't help but feel a bit disdainful, but he didn't let it show on his face. With that, Zhao Wuchang led the way in the meeting.

Close to the edge of the hand was an Immortal Cave belonging to a disciple who had once visited the Lone Hell Pocket Realm but failed to gather enough Earth Energy to form a Tideflow.

Although he failed, his cultivation base improved, and he was eventually regarded as one of the best among the failed disciples.

As Yan Xiaobao entered the Immortal Cave, he saw a dozen disciples in a large circle around Qi Condensation, all angrily complaining to each other.

"If I get the chance, I'll definitely kill Lin Mu from the Pill Stream Sect. I only failed because he was draining too much of my energy!"

"Lin Mu is truly vicious. I heard that to advance his cultivation, he actually planted Dao seeds in other Pill Stream Sect disciples. He brought a whole generation of disciples to ruin for his own benefit!"

"Lin Mu may be bad, the water aspect of the Deep Water Sect is very vicious, but they're basically ants, not the most annoying people. The true demon from Fallen Sword Abyss, Yan Xiaobao!!"

"Yan Xiaobao is a true devil. He is even more fierce than anyone in the Blood Flow Sect! Only a few people came back alive from Fallen Sword Abyss. Can the other two Holy Lands even compare?!"

"I heard Yan Xiaobao cuts people down as casually as wheat! He's so aggressive that even after killing them, he would drink their blood! All he needs to do is hit you, and then you explode!"

Chapter 1316 Middle Peak Blood Lord (Part 2)

When Yan Xiaobao walked in and heard people talking about him, his heart was pounding. But after reminding himself that he was there as Nightcrypt, he calmed down and joined the group.

The other disciples nodded in greeting and continued to recount the story of Yan Xiaobao.

"Yan Xiaobao is the nemesis of my life!" Zhao Wuchang said, clenching his fists so tightly that veins appeared on them. Even though he gritted his teeth in anger, a lingering fear could still be seen in his eyes.

"Don't worry, Mr. Zhao," one of the disciples said soothingly. "I've heard the sect leader has issued an official reward for Bai Xiaochun. Anyone who takes the lead will receive a precious treasure and a Golden Core Fruit!" The other disciples seemed excited about the prospect, but Yan Xiaobao's eyes widened and his heart began to pound even harder.

"Golden Core Fruit?" he thought. "It dramatically increases the chances of achieving Core Formation! This Blood Stream Sect is too ruthless!!"

Even though he was filled with fury inside, another disciple of the Blood Stream Sect laughed coldly, saying, "That's nothing. Just a few days ago, I heard that three great blood masters were dispatched to hunt down Yan Xiaobao. If he dares step out of the Spirit Stream Sect, he will be killed beyond a shadow of a doubt!"

Although everyone in the Immortal Cave was gnashing their teeth and cursing, people realized that Yan Xiaobao hadn't said anything. Zhao Wuchang glanced over in surprise.

"Junior Brother Nightcrypt, why aren't you chiming in? You nearly got killed by Yan Xiaobao. What do you think of him?" Everyone turned to look at Yan Xiaobao.

Yan Xiaobao was trembling inwardly from fear, but upon hearing Zhao Wuchang address him, he puffed out his chest and slammed it with his palm. With an extremely fierce expression and bloodshot eyes, he said, "Let me tell you about the relationship between Yan Xiaobao and me. Ultimately, either he will die or I will die! Don't even talk about Yan Xiaobao in my presence! My whole life's purpose is for him to end prematurely!"

He then continued to express his determination to kill Bai Xiaochun, with increasingly venomous words. The other disciples began nodding, and some among them, including Zhao Wuchang, felt he was expressing their sentiments.

The conversation continued, and soon the topic changed, allowing Yan Xiaobao to breathe a sigh of relief. The Blood Stream Sect truly proved to be a dangerous place, and he was already starting to miss the Spirit Stream Sect.

At one point, during a lull in the conversation, the host of the Immortal Cave, the most powerful disciple, looked around and then said, "I need to tell you all something important. I've done some investigating and learned that the sect has decided how to handle those of us who failed in the Foundation Establishment Holy Land. Apparently, they're going to give us another chance!"

The other disciples immediately looked at him with serious expressions.

"Assuming there's a chance to reach the Mortal-Dao Foundation," he continued, "that means we'll need a Foundation Establishment Pill. Most likely, this opportunity will appear in the form of a fire trial where we compete for this pill."

"I've also been told that not everyone will get the chance to participate in the fire trial. Before it starts, we'll receive tasks from the sect, and only those who complete the tasks will qualify for the competition."

Yan Xiaobao blinked, then simultaneously pretended to be both thoughtful and sinister.

The host of the Immortal Cave looked around, his eyes flashing, and continued, "Friends, don't forget we're not the only ones who failed in the Holy Land. There are loners who refused to join our group. We need to unite to eliminate them and ensure that one of us obtains the Foundation Establishment Pill!"

It was impossible to say what people were actually thinking, but on the surface, everyone seemed to support the idea. After expressing their agreement, they talked more about sect news before dispersing.

Yan Xiaobao walked through the sect, the sky above him gradually darkening. As he thought about the issue of the fire trial, he realized he should find a way to prevent others from successfully reaching the Foundation. For all intents and purposes, the Blood Stream Sect was the enemy of the Spirit Stream Sect.

As he walked and pondered, his eyes suddenly flashed. He turned around, reached out with his right hand, and grabbed someone walking behind him. The person didn't expect him to be so fast and didn't evade his hand. However, Yan Xiaobao ultimately grabbed the person's chest.

"You naughty demon! What, do you want to do it here?" It was a middle-aged woman with scars on her face. One of the scars even ran from the top of her forehead down to her lips. Standing there, with the moonlight shining on her, she almost looked like a noisy ghost.

Her cultivation base was at the tenth level of Qi Condensation, and a flirtatious look could be seen in her eyes.

Yan Xiaobao stared in shock, then quickly withdrew his hand.

"Well, that's okay," the woman said. "If you want something like this, I'll follow your lead..." She raised her eyebrows flirtatiously, and as Yan Xiaobao fled in the opposite direction, she was about to remove her clothes.

"Damn it, Nightcrypt," he said, "how many girlfriends do you have in this sect!?" The woman called after him, but Yan Xiaobao didn't even stop.

"I'm not quite sure," the impostor Nightcrypt answered in a dreadful tone. "Surviving in the Blood Stream isn't easy. Over the years, I've reached out to anyone who could give me pills...."

Yan Xiaobao's eyes were blank. After returning to his Immortal Cave, Yan Xiaobao sat there, frowning and sighing. He wasn't sure how to think about impersonating Nightcrypt. On one hand, he felt a bit sorry for him. However, after taking over his identity, he had to deal with the possibility of having some sort of relationship with any female disciples he met. If they were beautiful, he might even consider acknowledging their feelings.

Unfortunately, not one of the female disciples willing to hand over medicine pills to Nightcrypt was particularly attractive.

"No one knows who I really am, which is a good thing. Otherwise, my true reputation might be irrevocably tarnished." Sighing, he decided in the future he would strive to stay indoors as much as possible.

Afterward, he began to practice his cultivation. Usually, he wouldn't cultivate so diligently, but the benefits of working with the Immortal Heavenly King in this place were too good to pass up. He knew he had an unprecedented opportunity and couldn't afford to waste it.

After contemplating, he even tried using the Immortal Eternal Life Skill to create a drop of true Immortal Blood. Unfortunately, Immortal Blood came from the last scroll, and at this point, all he could do was absorb the Blood Qi of the area. It was currently impossible to turn it into Immortal Blood.

Even so, he was very excited about the prospect before him. He also secretly nurtured the Violet Qi Heavenspan Incantation, continuing to melt the Heavenspan River water in his spiritual ocean.

His true cultivation base was steadily progressing. Additionally, his Heavenspan Dharma Eye, hidden by the mask's power, was also growing stronger.

However, what he looked forward to the most was Mountain Shaking Bash.

"After reaching the power of ten mammoths, I can form a Fierce Battle Ghost body. Then I'll complete the first layer of the Immortal Heavenly King!" As he continued to work with the Immortal Heavenly King scroll and absorb Blood Qi, he felt his power growing and was filled with anticipation.

"In a few days, I should have the power of two original mammoths. I'm close to the power of ten! And I'm just at the back of the hand. Once I grab a finger, I should progress faster!" Excitedly, he thought about how the five mountains of the Blood Stream Sect all had blood waterfalls. It was speculated that if he practiced cultivation near the Blood Waterfalls, his progress would be incredible.

Sighing, he couldn't stop thinking about how the Blood Stream Sect could become his own private Holy Land.

He didn't give up on his work in atomic power and human control Great Magic. Although he hadn't conducted any experiments recently, he spent a lot of time thinking and analyzing the subject.

A month flew by.

During that time, he never left his Immortal Cave. However, he was able to observe the area outside and frequently saw Blood Stream Sect disciples fighting each other. Once, he even saw a disciple killed not far from his Immortal Cave.

If such an incident happened in the Spirit Stream Sect, it would be a big deal.

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Chapter 1317 It Will Be a Major Event

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However, in the Blood Flow Sect, it didn't cause much of a stir. However, he did hear passersby say that the person who killed another disciple was executed immediately. After all, the Blood Stream Sect allows fighting but not killing, and they strictly enforce their rules. Anyone who crosses the line will meet a brutal end.

"It's like they're raising scorpions..." Yan Xiaobao thought. Although the Blood Stream Sect seemed chaotic and ruleless, the truth was there was an order.

A few more days passed, and word spread that arrangements had been made for those who failed at the Foundation Establishment Holy Land. As the disciples said at the meeting, they would have a chance to take part in the fire trials to achieve Foundation Establishment.

In order to qualify for the fire trials, they must complete tasks set by the sect. Everyone received different missions, and Yan Xiaobao's was to refine corpses at Corpse Mountain Peak!

Yan Xiaobao found the nature of the task somewhat repulsive. However, despite the distasteful notion of using corpses, he couldn't change the task. If he wanted to ultimately obtain the eternal unbreakable relic, he'd have to grit his teeth and accept the task.

This was his only way to enter the trials through fire, obtain the Foundation Establishment Pill, and "achieve" Foundation Establishment. Then he could choose to become a Dharma Protector of Middle Peak.

On the way to the Blood Flow Sect, he often thought about becoming an Earthstring Foundation Establishment expert. Although some disciples who escaped from the Fallen Sword World might have seen Nightcrypt being killed, there were ways to explain his current lifestyle. After all, everyone had life-saving magic. However, if he appeared at the Earthstring Foundation cultivation base, it would be another matter entirely. Despite the chaos in the "Fallen Sword World" nearing its end, everyone was very focused on the earth's energy and was absorbing it. On the way to the Blood Flow Sect, he often thought about becoming an Earthstring Foundation Establishment expert. Although some disciples who escaped from the Fallen Sword World might have seen Nightcrypt being killed, there were ways to explain his current lifestyle. After all, everyone had life-saving magic. However, if he appeared at the Earthstring Foundation cultivation base, it would be another matter entirely. Despite the chaos in the "Fallen Sword World" nearing its end, everyone was very focused on the earth's energy and was absorbing it.

Returning to the sect as an Earthstring Foundation cultivator was too suspicious, so in the end, he abandoned the idea.

The next day at sunrise, Yan Xiaobao eagerly left his Immortal Cave. Carrying jade, he headed towards Corpse Peak. Only jade could grant entry into Corpse Peak.

There were many Corpse Refineries at the top of Corpse Mountain, and even a few at the foot of the mountain.

This was precisely where Yan Xiaobao needed to accept his assigned task. Even from afar, he could see the Corpse Refinery that was his destination. It was a huge building, cylindrical and pitch-black. Toxic black smoke spewed from the top of the building, rising into the sky.

The building had many entrances and exits, with Inner Sect disciples constantly going in and out. The disciples leaving the building had grave expressions on their faces, and their skin was pale, as if they hadn't seen daylight for years. Unlike Yan Xiaobao, they were people who willingly accepted the task of Corpse Refining from the sect for cultivation and learning.

As he walked towards the Corpse Refinery, he suddenly saw a familiar person. It was Xu Xiaoshan standing at the gate leading into the refinery, with his hands tightly clasped behind his back. His cultivation base radiated the fluctuations of the Earthstring Foundation, and as he berated several Inner Sect disciples behind him, he had three stern bodyguards standing at his back.

"Do you know how much money I paid for this Corpse Refinery from the sect, fools?"

"This place is mine! I had to sell all my other properties to afford it. If I don't earn enough profit to buy paper amulets, then you'll be sorry!"

"I can't believe you destroyed one of my corpses! It may have been just an ordinary corpse, but it was still worth a try. I warn you, many of you had better return it to me, or I'll turn you into corpses to enhance!" The disciples of the Inner Sect trembled and turned pale, as they instantly admitted their failure. Finally, Xu Xiaoshan waved his hand angrily and dismissed them.

He wore a dark expression and glanced around the area, spotting Yan Xiaobao.

"What are you doing here? You can't just come here as you please!"

Yan Xiaobao took a moment to compose himself. If Xu Xiaoshan dared to speak to him like that in the Fallen Sword Abyss, he would have dealt with him quickly. But now, all he did was wave his right hand to let the task jade sliding plate fly to him.

Xu Xiaoshan frowned while inspecting the jade sliding plate. Then he turned back to look at Yan Xiaobao.

"I remember you. You were there when we all fought against Yan Xiaobao. So, it's true that you're still alive!" His expression softened a bit. He had complex feelings regarding everything that happened in the Fallen Sword Abyss. He still admired Yan Xiaobao from the Spiritual Sect, and as he thought about how they fought and connected with each other, he couldn't help but sigh.

"That guy is definitely a jewel of the Spiritual Flow Sect now," he thought while shaking his head.

Chapter 1318 It Will Be a Major Event (Part 2)

"Alright, come on. Considering we are both veterans of the Fallen Sword Abyss, I will give you some tips about corpse refinement." As Xu Xiaoshan led the way, Yan Xiaobao wore a sinister expression on his face and followed.

Soon, they were inside a private room within the Corpse Refinery, commonly known as the Corpse Cavern.

The cylindrical chamber wasn't very large. Nine oil lamps emitted a mysterious glow but failed to dispel the stern darkness. In the middle of the room was a deep reservoir.

The water was the color of blood, appearing strange and wondrous. Floating in the water was a corpse!

The body belonged to a tall and burly man, his face twisted in a vicious expression. He didn't seem like a kind person, with a fatal wound on his forehead. The skin around the wound had noticeably withered, forming a pattern akin to plum blossoms.

Xu Xiaoshan wasn't familiar with every corpse in the Corpse Cavern, but upon seeing this one, he remarked in a low voice, "This guy was killed by that blood-crazed woman. The fact that he died fighting her implies he had a special cultivation base when he was alive."

Yan Xiaobao gazed at the corpse, leaving a mark on his forehead. His heart instantly chilled.

"Obviously, on Corpse Peak, we focus on corpses," continued Xu Xiaoshan. "Generally, the corpses start ordinary, gradually leveling up until they reach the peak. The grades are as follows: Pale Zombies, Shadow Zombies, Flying Ghouls, Grand Liches!

"Your task is to make this corpse grow white hair. Then, it will transform from an ordinary corpse into a Pale Zombie!

"The method is explained in this jade sliding plate. Considering you're at Level 10 Qi Condensation and have been here for some time, you might have heard how it works. Use your cultivation base to catalyze the blood reservoir, then immerse the corpse. Of course, there are many other details that need mastering.

"If you work quickly, you can complete the task within half a year." Subsequently, he handed Yan Xiaobao two jade slips. One contained information about the corpse refinement methods, the other to control the corpse itself. Then, he turned and left.

However, Yan Xiaobao didn't want to waste that much time. Looking at the corpse, he asked, "Is there a way to make it faster?"

Xu Xiaoshan coldly laughed. "Faster? Certainly! If you give the corpse enough Spiritual Medicine, then the process will naturally speed up. In fact, if you're skilled enough, maybe you can make a Nine Serenities Blood Pill. With one, you can complete it in ten days. Moreover, the corpse will become a Grand Lich, as powerful as a Clan Leader!

"I forgot you actually can do some alchemical concoctions. Perhaps you should give it a try." He chuckled again. The disciples of the Blood Flow Sect usually spend their time fighting, and most consider medicine a time-wasting pursuit. Xu Xiaoshan flicked away, leaving Yan Xiaobao alone in the Corpse Cavern.

Yan Xiaobao thoughtfully looked down at the corpse floating in the reservoir, and soon, his eyes brightened.

"They didn't like me making pills in the Spiritual Flow Sect, but now I'm in the Blood Flow Sect. I can finally make some pills again..." Becoming a Master Pharmacist is indeed a headache. He sighed. "Years later, I can proudly tell my descendants, Yan Xiaobao walked a long and winding road. He nurtured beasts in the Spiritual Flow Sect, and concocted medicine in the Blood Flow Sect!" Yan Xiaobao truly felt

proud of himself. Considering how hard he's worked, if he didn't become a Master Alchemist and create an eternal life pill, it would be very unfair.

"But, I need to be careful. This isn't the Spirit Sect. These people are ruthless. If I provoke them with my medicine concoctions, they might not just throw stones, they might attack with magic items." This thought made him so nervous that he began to hesitate.

After deep contemplation, he clenched his jaw, his eyes filled with determination.

"If I want to be the world's greatest Pharmacist, if I want to live forever and exist forever, how can I let this trivial Blood Flow sect stop me? I will certainly concoct some medicine!

"Come on! When it comes to the way of medicine, Yan Xiaobao fears no one!" Although his expression appeared cold and sinister, he truly gritted his teeth, cautiously facing the wind.

He didn't want to be stuck in the Corpse Cavern, staring at the corpse for longer than he had to. He wasn't interested in these matters at all. Hence, he would use his spiritual medicine capability to reduce the time needed to complete the task. Then he could leave Corpse Peak once and for all.

After studying the task jade slip for some time, he began to dimly laugh. "All I have to do is make the corpse grow white hair, right? Simple! I just need to create a medicinal incense for hair growth!"

In the Blood Stream Sect, any corpse that grows white hair is a Pale Zombie. It's common knowledge. There has never been a normal white-haired zombie.

Yan Xiaobao looked at the blood-colored water and the corpse, thoughtfully rubbing his chin. Then he sat cross-legged, beginning a spiritual review of all the medicinal formulas he knew.

Using pills to solve the corpse's problem was basically impossible. He had to concoct medicinal incense. When burnt, it would produce smoke that would merge into the corpse and transform it.

Chapter 1319 This Will Be a Big Deal (Part 3)

A few days later, his eyes were completely bloodshot. He paced back and forth in the corpse cave, coming up with ideas one after another. He immediately abandoned some ideas, while others he spent time analyzing in detail.

He even asked Nightcrypt about the types of medicinal ingredients used in the Blood Stream Sect, and was surprised to discover that many of them were unknown in the Spirit Stream Sect. Using some of Nightcrypt's advantages, he went to purchase some ingredients, especially those unique to the Blood Flow Sect. He was pleasantly surprised to find that the raw material prices here were much lower.

Apparently, the Blood Flow Sect did this to encourage disciples to engage in medicinal formulation, although it was of little use. For disciples of the Blood Stream Sect, formulating medicines only took away time from all the battles they engaged in and wasted considerable resources. When they could just go out and rob others, why bother?

Seven days passed. After extensive research to understand how to use Blood Stream Sect medicinal plants and Spirit Stream Sect medicinal plants, he finally came up with his unique medicinal formula.

It had only one function: to grow white hair!

His idea was simple. The intrinsic strength of the corpse didn't matter; his task was to make it grow white hair. Although he wasn't sure how strong the corpse would become later, that wasn't important to him.

He spent two days doing mental work to ensure the medicinal formula was perfect. Then, after nightfall, he excitedly opened his eyes and made a pill furnace. Taking out two crystals from the earth, he began working on a batch of 3-tier medicinal incense.

Two months passed. Others working on corpses had started seeing transformations. However, Yan Xiaobao's corpse had shown no progress at all. Of course, he didn't care about that; he was completely engrossed in his medicinal formulation.

In the Blood Stream Sect, people generally didn't spend much time communicating with each other. In the more than two months since he entered the corpse cave, not a single person came in to talk to him, which was just fine by him. He failed multiple times to produce a batch of 3-level medicinal incense, and each time he did, he would carefully analyze everything and start over again.

Occasionally, a rumbling sound would resonate, but given Yan Xiaobao's current skills in the field of medicine, he was satisfied with the 3-level Spiritual Medicine. Despite his failures, no catastrophic side effects caused chaos in the area.

Another three days passed. Yan Xiaobao excitedly slapped the pill furnace, and when it opened, a rumbling sound echoed, revealing a palm-sized piece of black incense. Pulling it out, he held it in his hand and looked at it suspiciously.

The black incense didn't emit any medicinal fragrance and appeared quite ordinary in nature. Yan Xiaobao scratched his head. After all the adjustments to the formula, this was the final result, but he wasn't sure what kind of medicinal incense it actually was.

"It should work. I put in a lot of Corpse Friend flowers, and some decaying grass. I used various medicinal plants beneficial for upgrading corpses." He looked at the incense, then glanced at the corpses in the blood reservoir. If he were in the Spiritual Sect, he wouldn't dare test it, but considering he was only working with corpses, he wasn't too worried about anything that might happen.

"It'll definitely work!" Taking a deep breath, he clasped his hands together and released some spiritual power, creating an invisible flame to ignite the incense. As the smoke rose, he waved his hand and sent the incense to the corpses. It immediately integrated, causing smoke to roll out and fill the entire tank. Seeing all the smoke, Yan Xiaobao dashed out of the corpse cave and left the entire Corpse Refinery.

He didn't dare stay, for fear of accidentally inhaling some incense, which could lead to an even greater disaster.

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Chapter 1320 Deeply Impressive

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He spent an entire day wandering around the sect until he was sure enough time had passed. Under the cover of night, he sneaked back to the corpse cave. Only after confirming there was no more smoke did he approach the reservoir.

The first thing he saw was that the smoke had indeed completely vanished. The redness in the water had somewhat faded, and red hair could be seen on the corpse's head. It was truly a terrifying sight, making the corpse appear even more murderous than before.

"Red hair?" With eyes wide open, he walked closer to the corpse. Suddenly, he felt like he wasn't alone. At the same time, the corpse's eyes opened, red as blood. There was no life in those eyes; they were cold, almost as if death itself was staring at him. Emitting a strong, cold aura, the corpse began to rise from the water.

With his scalp tingling, Yan Xiaobao braced himself and pulled out the jade sliding plate used to control corpses. After pressing his finger down on it, the zombie slowly moved.

After confirming it indeed did not move, he approached again to inspect the red hair closely. He said, frowning, "Xu Xiaoshan talked about white-haired and black-haired zombies. He didn't mention red hair. Does red hair count?"

Feeling a bit of a headache, he gritted his teeth.

"Ah, never mind. My potion formula clearly has issues. A few changes will surely turn this zombie's hair white!" Sitting cross-legged, he began to think this problem through thoroughly. Days later, he looked tired but slapped his thigh excitedly.

"It must be a problem with the water in the tank. The water changed color because the zombie absorbed the red!" The more he thought about it, the more it made sense. Without hesitation, he began concocting.

This time, he altered the formula, adding quite a few herbal plants. This time, he not only created medicinal incense but also produced a medicinal balm. Days later, he eagerly and expectantly threw the pill into the Blood Pool.

Once the pill entered the reservoir, it sank into the water. Moments later, the water began to bubble and churn, huge bubbles rising everywhere. With that, Yan Xiaobao tossed the incense that fell on the red-haired zombie.

This time, he did not leave, although he did indeed make some backups. Smoke filled the reservoir, and a trickling sound started to emanate from within. Then an inhuman howl echoed, sounding almost as if it came from an evil ghost or vile demon's mouth.

Several hours later, the smoke began to clear, and Yan Xiaobao glanced, trying to see the reservoir.

"Turn white hair! Come on, change! Change!"

Just as he muttered this, the smoke dissipated, and he hurried to the edge of the reservoir. When he saw the zombie, a blank expression appeared in his eyes.

"Violet hair?"

The zombie in the reservoir no longer had red hair but violet. Its murderous aura was even stronger, and most of the water in the reservoir had been depleted. Moments later, more blood-colored water rushed in, filling the reservoir.

Most shocking of all, the violet hair was three inches long, much longer than the red hair. Furthermore, the zombie's fingers now bore sharp claws...

"What is this thing?" Yan Xiaobao muttered, his eyes wide open. The zombie definitely looked more impressive, so he asked the imposter Nightcrypt. However, the imposter Nightcrypt had never heard of any zombies like this.

He hesitated for a moment, even considering asking Xu Xiaoshan to take a look. But then he thought of the mysterious pills that frequently appear when he concocts his medicines, and his expression flickered.

"Could this have something to do with the incense?" He thought about all the bizarre creatures he relaxed in the Spiritual Flow Sect, then shuddered.

"I can definitely turn the hair white!" Taking a deep breath, he gritted his teeth and began concocting.

Yan Xiaobao continued to produce incense after incense. The zombie's hair changed from violet to pink, then from pink to orange. Once, it even turned blue. But never white. Moreover, with each transformation, the hair grew longer and longer. When it turned blue, it was one-third of a meter long... Yan Xiaobao continued to produce incense after incense. The zombie's hair changed from violet to pink, then from pink to orange. Once, it even turned blue. But never white. Moreover, with each transformation, the hair grew longer and longer. When it turned blue, it was one-third of a meter long...

Meanwhile, the zombie's murderous aura grew stronger, and its claws became sharper. Two dangerous-looking fangs appeared in its mouth, and its skin and hair changed color together. The water in the tank drained time and time again, naturally refilling each time. Meanwhile, the zombie's murderous aura grew stronger, and its claws became sharper. Two dangerous-looking fangs appeared in its mouth, and its skin and hair changed color together. The water in the tank drained time and time again, naturally refilling each time.

Six months passed, and Yan Xiaobao stood at the edge of the reservoir. He had stared at the zombie many times, to the point where he was starting to go crazy.

"I refuse to believe I'll fail!"

Yan Xiaobao was truly furious. He stood there face to face with the zombie, filled with frustration that it wouldn't turn white.

Turning around, he began tossing herbal plants into the pill furnace, including special Blood Stream Sect plants. He altered the pill formula again, and began to insanely devote himself to concocting.