

Medical 1321

Chapter 1321 Deep Impression (Part 2)

His hair was completely chaotic, and he had forgotten that he was not in the Spiritual Flow Sect. He was fully immersed in the desperate struggle with the medicine, until the frenzied predicament. His eyes burned red, even the soul pretending to be a Nightmare trembled. He almost felt as if he had returned to the Fallen Sword World, and did not dare to interrupt Yan Xiaobao in the slightest way.

"This Yan Xiaobao is crazy!" he thought.

While Yan Xiaobao was researching his new spiritual medicine, Xu Xiaoshan was in another place in the Corpse Refinery, dejectedly pondering a certain issue that had emerged over the past six months or so. For some reason, the corpse refining serum in his oil refinery was being discharged faster than usual.

"What happened?" he wondered. Considering that at any given time over a thousand corpses were being refined, investigating the matter was a very daunting task. In any case, the serum discharge rate was still within an acceptable range.

"Ah, no matter. I suppose this just means I can upgrade my refinery faster than expected." With this, he set the issue aside.

A month later, Yan Xiaobao was in the corpse cave, watching the pill furnace and giggling. He even poured his own blood into the mixture to make this batch of medicinal incense. He hoped his blood would agitate a great blood aura, producing a shocking transformation!

He tapped the side of the pill furnace, a pungent smoke billowed out, and he waved his hand aside. When he saw the fingernail-sized white incense inside, he tilted his head back and laughed loudly.

"This time it will definitely turn white!" He carefully picked up the incense and examined it. Although it was very small, it was actually stronger than any other type of incense he had produced so far.

In fact, even all the previous large pieces of incense combined did not equal this one.

"Finally, I will produce my pale zombie!" he roared. He waved his hand, sending the fingernail-sized incense flying toward the corpse. It instantly shot through all the hair, landing on the zombie's forehead, where it began to burn, releasing dense white smoke.

The smoke spread rapidly, in response, Yan Xiaobao shot backward. At some point, it stopped expanding, but was so thick that nothing inside was visible. However, an incredibly terrifying howl could respond from within.

Somehow, there even seemed to be some joy in the howling.

Yan Xiaobao began to feel more excited than before. Meanwhile, Xu Xiaoshan was in the room at the Corpse Refinery, looking very anxious, as he stood in front of an old man sitting in a chair, staring at him coldly.

The old man wore a wide gray robe, embroidered with the image of a peak. Upon close examination, it was the Corpse Peak. On the sleeves of the old man's robe, a vicious zombie face could be seen, which looked very realistic when he flicked his sleeves.

This old guy had chaotic hair, and scars all over his face, yet he exuded strong life force. Clearly, his real age was different from his appearance.

His cultivation base was not at the Golden Core Stage, but he was at the peak of Foundation Establishment, in fact, he was at the Quasi-Core Stage. He was just a short distance from core formation.

Xu Xiaoshan cleared his throat and hurriedly explained, "Great Elder, don't I still have time? Don't worry. I, Xu Xiaoshan, have cultivated this oil refinery for almost a year. How could I not pay the spirit stones I owe? In three months, the first batch of zombies will be ready, and I will pay your principal and interest!"

He never thought that the Elder Council of Corpse Peak would personally come to ask him about the cost of the Corpse Refinery.

"Elder Xu," said the grand elder, "I really hope you do as you say. If the time comes and you haven't paid your debts, it doesn't matter that you have a Clan Leader supporting you. I will still hold you accountable for the loss!"

With this, the Great Elder of Corpse Peak turned to leave.

But just then, the door suddenly slammed open, and a panicked young man rushed in.

"What nerve!" Xu Xiaoshan roared, looking sternly. Just as he had succeeded in getting this elder off his back, this clumsy person had entered into trouble.

However, even as his murderous intent raged, he noticed how frightened this young man looked.

"Young master, something terrible is happening! Almost thirty percent of the corpse refining serum has disappeared, vanished at once!" The pale-faced young man seemed close to tears. He was responsible for keeping records regarding the corpse refining serum, and as he saw such a large-scale reduction, he didn't know what to do. Only when he finished speaking did he realize that the young Master Yang wasn't alone. The old man in the room seemed somewhat familiar, as he looked more closely at him, his thoughts suddenly spun.

"Gg-grand Elder..."

As Xu Xiaoshan heard about what was happening, his scalp began to tingle, feeling as if it might explode.

"Thirty percent??!!" he exclaimed, eyes full of bloodshot veins. He immediately ran to check the serum altar. As for the elder, he looked completely shocked. Even during the critical moments of corpse refining, the serum would not suffer such drastic losses, unless a very powerful zombie was being produced.

"Loss of thirty percent?" he thought. He hesitated not at all, starting to act immediately.

Soon, Xu Xiaoshan was at the serum altar. There, a huge Blood Pool could be seen, with more than a thousand channels leading to different corpse caves. As Xu Xiaoshan arrived, the disciples at the altar looked. Pale-faced, they clasped their hands in greeting.

Xu Xiaoshan did not even hear them speak. He stared at the enormous reservoir, recalling roughly that it was full the day before. But now, half of this amount had disappeared...

"How can this be?!?!" he thought, starting to tremble. The serum had to be purchased at high cost, and the sight in front of him led his vision to start fading away. But then, he watched as almost all the remaining serum drained away, exposing the reservoir's bottom, leaving it completely empty...

All the serum could be seen flowing into one particular channel...

"This leads to the Nightcrypt's corpse cave!" A burst of vicious aura erupted, and he let out an angry howl, striding from the bloody altar toward Yan Xiaobao's corpse cave.

In that very corpse cave, Yan Xiaobao was watching the white smoke clear. Filled with joy, he suddenly took a step forward, his face falling, his eyes widening in disbelief.

"What happened!?!?" he exclaimed. He rubbed his eyes, unable to believe what he saw. Within the white smoke, there were numerous green tendrils, twisting and turning in the air as they floated.

Some actually were drilling holes into the cave walls.

Yan Xiaobao felt his scalp tingle. He quickly opened his third eye, looking into the smoke. By now, the reservoir wasn't even visible, nor was the corpse. What he saw was just an enormous green mass of hair!

The hair not only spread out to fill the corpse cave; some had already pierced the walls and were spreading to who knew where.

"Is it that hair?" Yan Xiaobao thought, backing up as quickly as possible, his thoughts spinning.

At that moment, shocked and panicked cries began to echo from over a thousand other corpse caves.

"What is going on!?!?"

"Heavens! What's happening? What are these green strands!?!?"

"Damn it! What are these green lines doing in my corpse cave!?!?"

Just then, a massive rumbling sound arose, shaking heaven and earth, filling the entire Corpse Refinery.

As the green hair entered, the corpse caves began to collapse. Next, green hair pierced the zombie corpses that were still in mid-production. Then, the hair on those zombies' heads began to turn green, even those that had already turned white.

But that was not all. Some hair pierced underground. Although it couldn't go very deep, so it would leave the ground for a distance before stabbing back in.

As the Corpse Refinery began to collapse, Xu Xiaoshan watched in shock. Additionally, the area's trees began to sprout green hair, as did the rocks, plants, flowers, and other buildings. Everything turned green.

As the Corpse Refinery collapsed, more green hair appeared and spread in all directions. Countless disciples appeared, fleeing with expressions of shock and fear on their faces.

"What is this thing?! My refined corpse! I've been working on that for two years! Now they've turned green because of those green lines!"

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Chapter 1322 A Very Strange Occurrence

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"Who did this?!?!" As people began to cry out madly, a look of horror appeared on Yan Xiaobao's face. He flew out of the corpse cave, leaving behind a mass of explosive green hair.

"Ye Xiao, what did you do!?" Xu Xiaoshan roared angrily, trembling with fury.

Without a word, everyone in the area turned to look at Yan Xiaobao.

Yan Xiaobao knew he had once again triggered a disaster. Filled with terror, he let out a mournful scream, then said: "What is this thing? Damn it! Who did this? My exquisite corpse! I've been working hard for half a year!"

Everyone around him stared at him in shock.

"How dare you try to deceive an old man like me! You're dead!" Xu Xiaoshan's eyes sparkled with rage. Waving his hand, he unleashed the power of his spiritual ocean into motion. The force of the flow erupted, accompanied by an aura of brutal killing intent. In the blink of an eye, the deadly wave surged towards Bai Xiaochun.

Not a single person did anything to stop what was happening. As for the elder of Corpse Peak, he merely frowned.

Yan Xiaobao's face turned pale. He couldn't easily reveal his true cultivation base, but if he didn't, then based on Nightcrypt's current power level, this attack would surely kill him beyond a shadow of a doubt.

However, just as Yan Xiaobao faced his moment of terror, countless howls began to rise from the corpse cave!

Something very strange happened! Green hair erupted from the corpse cave, the ground, plants and trees, and even from the rocks, swirling in the air to form a massive barrier in front of Yan Xiaobao, blocking Xu Xiaoshan's attack.

A huge boom resonated, countless green hairs were destroyed. Yet, Xu Xiaoshan's assault was clearly weakened.

Everyone in the area gasped, and then, before any cries of shock could be uttered...

Countless figures shot out from the rubble of the corpse cave, howling as they flew towards Yan Xiaobao.

One zombie after another appeared. They all looked different and possessed varying power levels and different types of aura. However, they shared one similarity: they all had green hair!

"Damn it! Those are my exquisite corpses!! Nightcrypt, I'm going to kill you!"

"Impossible! Why are my zombies protecting Nightcrypt?!?!"

"What's happening here?!?! Nightcrypt, do you want to die?!?!?" The crowd was utterly furious. Many of them even pulled out their jade artifacts to control the corpses, but they quickly discovered they couldn't control their own zombies.

Xu Xiaoshan was struck with a look of shock. The power of his attack was great, but now with over a hundred exquisite corpses standing in front of Yan Xiaobao, even if he attacked with more power, it would still be of no avail.

Dozens of corpses exploded with a rumbling sound. Then, the deadly wave gradually dissipated. Yan Xiaobao stood there motionless, looking around blankly.

More exquisite corpses crawled out from the ruins of the Corpse Refinery. Soon, over a thousand had gathered, surrounding Yan Xiaobao, glaring at Xu Xiaoshan, howling at the tops of their lungs.

Earlier, everyone in the area cried out in shock, but now, they didn't even utter a peep. As the disciples stared at the bizarre scene, they began slowly stepping back, their scalps tingling with fear. The fierce aura of killing intent that burst out from the zombie ranks left them utterly and thoroughly shocked.

Xu Xiaoshan could hardly believe what he was witnessing.

As for the Great Elder of Corpse Peak, he stared wide-eyed. After establishing the Foundation, he had strived and fought for years, eventually becoming an elder of Corpse Peak, and had presided for over a hundred years now. Considering how many exquisite corpses he had seen over the years, he believed he knew them better than some Core Formation cultivators.

However, what he saw now, over a thousand zombies protecting Yan Xiaobao, made his eyes glow intensely.

"How did he do that?!?!" he thought.

As for Bai Xiaochun, he stood there on the brink of tears.

"I'm finished," he thought. "I messed up. I destroyed the Corpse Refinery, and then for some reason, all these corpses decided to ignore their own masters and protect me. I've managed to offend over a thousand disciples at once. Is this going to force me to leave this sect? What do I do? What do I do...?"

Yan Xiaobao was well aware this wasn't the Spiritual Flow Sect. This was the Blood Flow Sect, and he could only imagine what punishment he'd face for this disaster. Perhaps they would beat him to death!

He could also feel the killing intent in the eyes of the surrounding disciples. And yet, at that moment, suddenly, the corpses behind him all howled, then cleared a path.

A tall green figure appeared from the depths of the ruined Corpse Refinery. As it stepped forward, sharp claws could be seen glinting like sharp blades. This strange figure had green skin and protruding fangs, a terrifying sight.

It had a mass of green hair so long it was impossible to tell its length. Much of its hair was actually connected to other corpses, while some of it simply floated within the area.

Yan Xiaobao stared in shock as the green zombie stepped forward, standing behind him, motionless, emanating a powerful and imposing aura of killing intent.

Chapter 1323 A Very Strange Thing (2)

The surrounding disciples were once again panting.

"That green zombie is controlling the other zombies! I can hardly believe it!!"

"Heavens! Why did I never know about green zombies before? This is unprecedented!"

"That green zombie is amazing! It's only at Level 7 or 8 of Qi Condensation, but look how it controls all the other zombies! Simply terrifying!"

Xu Xiaoshan was breathless at the sight, and soon, his eyes were sparkling. However, before he could say anything, laughter filled the air, emanating from none other than the Great Elder of Corpse Peak.

"Excellent," he said, sounding very excited. "Simply excellent!" He became blurry for a moment, then stood in front of the green zombie.

Instantly, an incredible pressure radiated from him, causing the surrounding zombies to tremble. However, they did not stop roaring. The elder seemed unperturbed and couldn't stop looking at the green zombie, almost as if it were a gemstone. He seemed to become more and more excited.

"You are called Nightcrypt?" he asked, turning to look at Yan Xiaobao, his gaze as intense as when he looked at the zombie.

Yan Xiaobao didn't know who the person was, but he quickly put on a very serious expression. Clenching his fists, he bowed and said, "Disciple Nightcrypt at your service. Greetings, elder!"

"We call it the Emerald Zombie. Did you improve it? How?"

Yan Xiaobao blinked a few times. The truth was, he really didn't know why the zombie refining process caused the zombie to look or behave in such a way. But he quickly recorded the formula he used onto a jade plate and handed it over.

After a moment of consideration, he conducted a quick, secret test to see if he could establish a spiritual connection with the Emerald Zombie. It was supposed that because the medicine contained some of his own blood, he might be able to.

To reduce his punishment, he also handed over the jade plate that could control the Emerald Zombie.

Of course, he had noticed the reaction of other disciples upon seeing the elder, and the level of respect they expressed. Clearly, he was a very important person.

The Great Elder took the jade sliding plate to look at it. His eyes burned with passion, and he laughed exuberantly, then looked at Yan Xiaobao with admiration.

"Nightcrypt, I am the elder of Corpse Peak. What you have done here is excellent. Truly excellent. You have created a completely new type of zombie. I need to go back and study this method to determine how to reproduce it. You have provided an excellent service to Corpse Peak!

"So what if you destroyed a poor corpse refinery? They are easily replaceable. Besides, you did not do it intentionally, and in the end, no one died. In fact, even if you had accidentally killed some people, you have always been serving this sect, and it hardly matters at all!

"Elders, give him 5,000 spirit stones and 30,000 merits. Also, make it known that anyone who dares to steal spirit stones from him will be regarded as my personal enemy!" Laughing excitedly with eyes full of praise, the Great Elder turned and left the Emerald Zombie.

"Hm?" Yan Xiaobao stood there watching the elder leave. All the surrounding disciples were furious but had no choice but to swallow their anger. They all saw the encouraging expression in the great elder's eyes. One of the Corpse Peak elders went over to give Yan Xiaobao 5000 spirit stones and transfer 30,000 merits to his identification badge.

Although Xu Xiaoshan was unhappy, a smile crept onto his face as he hurried over to chat. From his wording, it was clear he hoped to get a copy of the formula, so Yan Xiaobao gave it to him with a significant amount of talent. After all, the formula was only in the early stages of development and wasn't worth much.

Xu Xiaoshan was delighted and immediately gave Yan Xiaobao a high score for his mission task. It appeared he had just gained a precious fortune, and he hurriedly left.

Yan Xiaobao looked around at the emptiness and remnants of the corpse refinery, taking a deep breath. He was entirely forced into punishment, only to have everything go contrary to his expectations. Suddenly, he realized that this place was truly very different from the Spiritual Sect.

"The Blood Flow Sect is great! The giant's hand is related to my cultivation, I can work faster on the Immortal Heavenly King than anywhere else, and if an issue arises from pill concoction, the sect won't punish me; it will reward me!" he sighed. Clearly, if he had done the same thing and didn't produce that zombie, the Great Elder of Corpse Peak would have been furious. Most likely, even death wouldn't rectify such an offense.

All the elder cared about was the result. As for what happened in the process, he didn't care at all, not even the bystanding occurrences!

However, Yan Xiaobao was uncertain about one thing, whether the attitude of the Corpse Peak elder reflected the overall leadership of the Blood Flow Sect. Or would someone not tolerate him tormenting other disciples, regardless of potential benefits?

Either way, the Blood Flow Sect was essentially a Demon Sect that valued straightforwardness and ruthlessness!

They don't believe that a person's attainment of their Dao can benefit everyone. They believe success can only be achieved after climbing over a pile of bones!

Sighing, Yan Xiaobao headed toward his Immortal Cave. Since he had completed his task, he only needed to wait for all other disciples to do the same, and then he could participate in the Foundation's trial with fire.

It was evening now, and as he wandered through the sect, he happened to notice in the distance a gigantic stele, approximately three men high. A young woman was sitting cross-legged at the base of the stele, her hair and clothes gently fluttering in the wind. As she sat there, there was a strange allure.

She wore a blood-colored mask adorned with plum blossoms. As she gazed into the distance, there was a desire, even a melancholy expression in her eyes.

Yan Xiaobao immediately recognized her. Many within the sect chatted idly about this young lady; she was Xue Mei.

As for the gigantic stele, it was strangely distorted, as if it was incomplete. The more he looked at it, the more it seemed like a wall. It was actually a place where disciples of the Blood Flow Sect sometimes sought enlightenment, famous as the "Cliff of Never-ending Blood". It was the holy medicine wall fragment!

It is said that those seeking enlightenment there can see a projection of someone concocting medicine. If they attain enlightenment, they gain a deeper understanding of the Medical Path. According to the story, the Blood Flow Sect stole the wall from the Pill Stream Sect 10,000 years ago.

Although the Blood Flow Sect doesn't have many medicines, 8,000 years ago, a genius emerged within the sect. He created a mysterious medicine called Immortal Blood Pill, shaking the entire sect. Of course, he accomplished all this thanks to the wall fragment.

Few attain enlightenment from the holy medicine wall fragment. Even the impersonating Nightcrypt tried his hand, only to fail. As Yan Xiaobao walked by, he couldn't help but glance at Xue Mei and the wall.

Xue Mei seemed to sense him watching her, a glint flashed in her eyes beneath her mask. She looked at Yan Xiaobao, exuding cold arrogance, as if she was a higher existence, an immortal or a devil looking down on ants. She turned silently, transforming into a blood-colored beam shooting towards Ancestor Peak.

This condescending manner infuriated Bai Xiaochun. Evidently, Xue Mei was too arrogant for her own good.

"What's so special about you, huh? Mr. Bai has already founded the Heavenly Dao Foundation. If I reveal my true face, you'd be scared to death!" grumbling to himself, he lifted his chin and flicked his sleeve. "One day, Yan Xiaobao will flick you to ashes with a finger!" Months flew by. Yan Xiaobao wasn't the

only one qualified to participate in the Foundation trial. But, the designated trial time hadn't arrived, so those who finished their tasks early were forced to wait.

During these months, Yan Xiaobao didn't just sit idly. He cultivated the Immortal Heavenly King with excitement. From the time he started cultivating until now, he had never felt this way before; he had no pressure and could focus on his cultivation.

As he cultivated the Immortal Heavenly King, his body was filled with a tingling sensation. Initially uncomfortable, now he had grown accustomed to it and found it somewhat enjoyable.

Every day, he would spend some time using Tai Chi Boxing in his Immortal Cave to test his strength, and the results were always the same. "Haha! I'm getting stronger. Bring on the pain!"

The blood qi rising from the ground always excited his heart greatly.

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Chapter Personal Holy Land

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"This place is my personal Holy Land. When disaster strikes, I won't be punished; instead, I will be rewarded! Additionally, my training has progressed faster than ever..." He sighed, realizing that the Blood Flow Sect seemed very suitable for him. However, after further reflection, he understood that his way of thinking was somewhat twisted, and he needed to correct it.

"I come from the Spiritual Flow Sect!" he reminded himself. Then he plunged into a sharp pain.

Eventually, he completed the 999 cycles of the Immortal Heavenly King, followed by a rumbling sound that filled him, and images of three giant mammoths appeared behind him.

At that moment, his eyes opened, sparkling with excitement. He threw a punch into the air, accompanied by a surge of heat. He gasped for breath.

"I've reached the power level of three mammoths. This cultivation speed is insane! Moreover, I'm only on the back of the giant's hand. If I can grasp a finger, perhaps near one of the Blood Waterfalls, I might progress even faster!" He laughed joyously, standing up to take a walk. However, at that moment, his face flashed, and he patted his satchel, creating his identity badge.

The large badge glowed slightly, and when he infused it with some spiritual power, a cold, sinister voice echoed in his mind.

"Inner Sect disciple Nightcrypt, you have earned the right to participate in the second Foundation Establishment trial. In three days at noon from now, you will face the trial of endless blood!"

Yan Xiaobao's eyes immediately began to sparkle with anticipation. "Is this at the cliff of endless blood? Don't tell me the fire infrastructure trial will enter the pit of endless blood?"

The cliff of endless blood and the pit of endless blood are essentially the same place. When he returned, Yan Xiaobao had asked to impersonate Ye Xiao, regarding where the spark of four-colored flame was. He said he should search for the Clover in the 'endless blood'.

Of course, among all those waiting for the Foundation Establishment trial, he was the one who truly cared about it.

What he cared about was that afterward, he could finally call himself a Foundation cultivator of the Blood Flow Sect and eventually become the Dharma Protector of Middle Peak. This would be his first important step to obtaining the Eternal Undestructible Relic.

Of course, he didn't care about the fire trial because he was already an expert of the Heavenly Dao Foundation.

Considering that he was a disciple of the Spiritual Flow Sect, he knew he had a responsibility to maintain fairness and justice. He flexed his sleeves and lifted his chin. Looking melancholic, he said, "This time, I can't let anyone succeed in the Foundation. Unfortunately for them, I am a spy!"

After all, he was a loyal servant of the Spiritual Flow Sect and should seize every opportunity to do some valuable service for his sect.

Feeling better than ever, he sat cross-legged to meditate.

Three days later, he made his final preparations, then walked out of his Immortal Cave, trying to appear as cold and ruthless as ever. Recently, he'd been studying his gaze, trying to make it appear more fierce, and was pleased with his progress.

"The cliff of endless blood" is one of the most mysterious places in the Blood Flow Sect, with the other being the holy Pill Fragments.

It is a blood-colored abyss, and many believe it to be a mysterious pocket Kingdom.

The truth is, it's a wound on the hand of a giant, eventually forming its own world.

There you can find four-leaf Clovers, used to ignite four-colored flames. Considering they are unique to the Blood Flow Sect, disciples often exchange them for expensive items with those outside the sect.

However, actually obtaining them requires a bit of luck. The pit they grow in is also inhabited by blood creatures. Although the blood itself is not intelligent, they are driven by a mad desire to kill. Apparently, the giant hand of the Blood Flow Sect inherently harbors a desire to destroy life.

Thus, anyone who enters the pit and encounters the blood lifeforms will be attacked.

When Yan Xiaobao arrived, he saw eight other disciples present. Some sat quietly in meditation, while others engaged in quiet conversations.

Zhao Wuchang was there, and when he saw Yan Xiaobao, his eyes flashed with a cold light. Although everyone present was a competitor, he smiled and waved to Yan Xiaobao.

Currently, everyone present was from the group that failed in the Fallen Sword World.

"I've heard more than thirty people qualify to participate in this trial. However, there are only a few Foundation Establishment Pills. In the pit, fierce battles are sure to break out, not only with the blood creatures but also among fellow disciples."

"Yes, but we must stick to our earlier agreement. Before we decide who gets the Foundation Establishment Pill, we'll wipe out everyone else."

As the others chatted, Yan Xiaobao looked at the "pit of endless blood". The entrance was a narrow crevice, only about 30 meters wide. Blood-red light spilled out, and based on the pulsating aura, it was clear terrible entities existed deep within. The entrance almost appeared ready to swallow anyone who approached.

Weak roars could be heard from deep within.

"I've heard some blood creatures rival the Foundation Establishment stage," Zhao Wuchang said. "The danger of this place is no less than the Foundation Holy Land."

Chapter 1325 Personal Holy Land (Part 2)

Bai Xiaochun nodded in response.

More people arrived, joining the waiting group, coldly watching their fellow disciples.

Soon it was noon, and all those eligible to participate in the fire trial had arrived, a total of 37 people.

Around that time, bright beams rose from each of the four mountain peaks into the sky, then fired towards the trial site.

From Lesser Marsh Peak came a tall middle-aged man, exuding a Blood Qi that rippled and distorted everything around him. A faint image of a hand, resembling the Blood Stream Sect's hand, could be seen behind him. Most shocking of all, the skin on the man's right hand was covered with what seemed like faint cracks and fissures. This man was the Great Elder of the small peak.

The Great Elder from the Nameless Peak was a dwarf with short hair and a scarred face. He stood in what appeared to be a dark cloud, but it was actually a vicious Stone Statue Ghost emitting shocking pressure.

Yan Xiaobao met the elder of Corpse Mountain Peak, an apparently wrinkled old man who actually radiated the life force of a young person.

The last was the elder of Middle Peak, the most striking to Yan Xiaobao. She was a young and beautiful woman who somehow looked very mature.

There was only one way to describe her clothing: sexy and very alluring. She had long, beautiful legs, her posterior was so plump and curvaceous that anyone who saw it would do a double take. Her Daoist robes were so tightly wrapped around her voluptuous figure that it seemed they might pop off at any moment. In addition, she had long, flame-red hair that made her look like she was on fire.

Though her oval face couldn't be called beautiful, it was charming in itself, and her eyes seemed to reach out to seduce anyone who looked at them. Yan Xiaobao instinctively took a deep breath, feeling his heart race. He quickly looked away, trying not to stare.

"Is she the Great Elder of Middle Peak? Song Que's aunt, Song Junwan?" Unfortunately, he couldn't resist any longer and looked at her again, shocked to find her gazing at him seductively.

She smiled, and Yan Xiaobao instantly felt his scalp tingle explosively. For some reason, her gaze actually filled him with a profound sense of danger. He quickly lowered his head.

As he looked down, Song Junwan's eyes flickered. Internally, she was actually very surprised. Among all the disciples of the endless Blood, Yan Xiaobao was the only one who dared look at her twice. Just as she was about to punish him, he apparently detected the expression in her eyes and lowered his head.

When the four Great Elders arrived, the disciples formally shook hands in greeting.

"Greetings, Great Elders!"

Yan Xiaobao followed suit, though inwardly he was sighing. Who would have thought the elder of Zhongshan would be such a vixen? And to think he had to enter her Immortal Cave to obtain an eternal and indestructible relic. At this point, it seemed almost impossible.

"According to my plan," he thought, "I'll eventually have to deal with her as the elder of Middle Peak."

Even as he sighed inwardly, Great Lord Song Junwan said, "You are all people who failed in the Foundation Holy Land. According to sect rules, you should be punished, but after some discussions with the Sect Leader, our elders agreed to let you have another trial.

"Foundation Establishment Pills can be used to reach the Mortal-Dao Foundation Establishment. As for the success rate, it varies. Some people only need one pill, while others might require two or three pills. There was even once a disciple who needed six of them to succeed!" With that, she pulled out a medicine bottle, then smiled in an extremely enticing manner. It was a somewhat wicked smile, but that only made it more beautiful. In fact, in some ways, it made her even more attractive. After all, even roses have thorns. "Inside this medicine bottle are 10 Foundation Establishment Pills."

As soon as the words left her mouth, she tossed the medicine bottle into the never-ending blood pit.

"Let the battle commence. You have one month, after which you will be taken out of the pit. Those who successfully establish a foundation will become Dharma Protectors on any peak you wish!" As it disappeared into the depths, all eyes locked onto the medicine bottle. Without the slightest hesitation, the entire group instantly turned into beams of light, shooting towards it.

"I will definitely earn the right to enter the Foundation!"

"I failed once, but I won't fail again. I'm going to the Foundation!"

"We're forbidden to kill in this trial, so anyone trying to stop me from entering the Foundation will die!"

RUUUUUUUUUUMBLE!

In the blink of an eye, all the disciples disappeared into the pit, eyes bloodshot, ready to fight to the death.

Yan Xiaobao was in the group, his eyes glued to the falling medicine bottle. Once inside the pit, his inner Blood Qi surged, and he picked up speed. Almost immediately, he and three other disciples were at the forefront. Moments later, they reached the position of the medicine bottle.

Of course, Yan Xiaobao still couldn't use his foundation establishment cultivation base. If he did, his one thought would be to crush the others. But in the Blood Flow Sect, he'd learned to always maintain the utmost caution, so he only used the power of the Qi Condensation stage. He also avoided using any of his magical techniques to further avoid digging any holes in his disguise.

In fact, because he had cultivated the Immortal Heavenly King, he was filled with Blood Qi, making him look indistinguishable from any other disciple.

Yan Xiaobao roared and waved his right hand, releasing a Blood Qi in a powerful attack that spread in all directions. The other three disciples in the area were forced to defend themselves, significantly slowing down as a result.

"Nightcrypt!"

"You got some luck in the Foundation Establishment Holy Land and hid it, didn't you!? You haven't reached the Earthstring Foundation, but you still have capabilities beyond the tenth level of Qi Condensation!"

Seeing that Nightcrypt didn't slow down at all, the other three immediately joined forces to attack him. The disciples further back seemed not to have expected this happen, but they weren't surprised.

As he and the other disciples came to the same conclusion, Zhao Wuchang's eyes flickered, realizing Nightcrypt had encountered some good fortune, granting him more power than before.

Just as Yan Xiaobao accelerated towards the medicine bottle, he forced some blood to seep out, appearing injured. Meanwhile, he wore a crazed expression on his face. After one final burst, he closed the distance and grabbed the medicine bottle. In this situation, any other disciple would have opened

the bottle, swallowed a few pills, and then tossed the remaining medicine aside to distract the other disciples.

In fact, that's what all the other disciples expected to happen.

Even the four Grand Elders of Endless Blood expected the same outcome. They weren't surprised to see Yan Xiaobao break through the pack and grab the bottle. After all, most disciples of the Blood Flow Sect had various ace tricks to call upon, so a burst of speed wasn't unexpected.

As for the Great Elder of Corpse Peak, he had previously encountered Nightcrypt, and at the moment, admiration filled his eyes. Of course, if not for the events a few months prior, he wouldn't have paid so much attention to Yan Xiaobao.

However, what happened next left all four Great Elders completely stunned.

Yan Xiaobao didn't open the medicine bottle but instead accelerated, delving further into the pit's depths.

"What are you doing, Nightcrypt?!?!"

"Damn it! I can't believe he's doing this!!"

"Nightcrypt, do you want to die?!?!" As the furious crowd chased Yan Xiaobao deeper, rumbling sounds could be heard.

Even as the other disciples' killing intent soared, the four Great Elders of the Endless Blood traded surprised glances. Then, their eyes started shining with eager excitement.

"Is he taking the pills?" The elder from Lesser Marsh Peak, a hoarse-voiced burly man, said. His expression was quite fierce, yet his eyes held admiration. "How bold! That's exactly the kind of personality a disciple of the Blood Stream Sect should have. I never paid attention to this kid before. Shame he didn't reach the Earthstring Foundation, or else he'd be a prime choice!"

When she laughed, Song Junwan covered her mouth, suddenly impressed with Nightcrypt. "Interesting. It's presumed that many among these thirty people like to take the pills, but he's the first to actually try to do it!"

The elder from the Nameless Mountain Peak, the dwarf, chuckled darkly. "He's called Nightcrypt, isn't he? What a fitting name, and the potential for the disciple. If he really manages to cut off others' paths to Foundation Establishment, then I absolutely want him for the Nameless Peak."

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Chapter 1326 Nameless Peak

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The Great Elder from Corpse Peak laughed heartily. "I remember this child. When refining corpses, he was a pure genius!"

He completely approved of Yan Xiaobao's actions.

After the disciples disappeared into the depths, everyone turned and left.

"I wonder if that hogger Nightcrypt will still be alive in a month."

"Hey, I've already said, if he reaches Foundation, I want him for Nameless Peak!" With laughter and chatter, the four Great Elders departed.

In the pit, Yan Xiaobao was running at full speed, deliberately letting blood spurt from his mouth from time to time to remind everyone that he was injured. However, he didn't slow down even a bit. Soon, he descended near the pit's bottom, looking around, he found it really looked like a little world. Mountains surrounded on all sides, all covered with blood-colored vegetation.

In the distance, some volcanoes radiated intense heat and a strong rumbling.

Besides, Yan Xiaobao could feel innumerable dangerous and savage auras rising from different locations.

Even as he lingered in pride, other disciples began to arrive, filled with murderous auras.

"You want to beat me for these Foundation Establishment Pills?" he shouted. "Dream on!"

"Nightcrypt, it's wrong to be so vicious! You can't cut off our path to Foundation!"

"How dare you do such a thing. You're dead meat!"

"Hmph! Annoying so many people has already earned you a death sentence! Don't even think about trying to find and establish the Foundation somewhere! This place isn't that big, I've been here before, so I can definitely track you down!"

Yan Xiaobao didn't even look at them. As countless magical techniques rushed toward him in the air, he dashed toward this area's volcanoes. The endless Blood Pit was not just used for the Foundation Establishment trials by fire. Disciples also come here to harvest Clovers.

However, while executing missions, the sect ensures the area is not too dangerous. As long as one is careful, there won't be any fatal dangers. In fact, the adventurer Nightcrypt had even come here and was relatively familiar with the area.

"Clovers in the volcanic areas..." Eyes gleaming, Yan Xiaobao flew towards the nearest volcano, disappearing into the tunnel without even stopping.

Just as he did, the other disciples chattered angrily, roaring in fury as they hunted him down with murderous auras.

Yan Xiaobao sped up as he flew through the countless passages and tunnels below the volcanic area. The region was almost like a giant maze.

Therefore, none of the pursuers knew exactly where he was, which frustrated them even more. They had only a month to track down Yan Xiaobao and obtain the Foundation Establishment Pill, or they would fail once again. Just thinking about it already drove them mad.

Their hatred for Yan Xiaobao had reached an indescribable peak.

"Don't be so selfish, Nightcrypt!!"

"In the Blood Flow sect, the law of the jungle dominates, and we succeed by climbing over corpses. But you can't be this selfish!"

"There are ten Foundation Establishment Pills. Can't you spare one for others!?!?"

"Hiding in the volcanic area does you no good. The maze isn't that big. We'll eventually find you!"

Even as everyone's killing intent raged, Yan Xiaobao weaved through the tunnels. Suddenly, he stopped, looking at a crack in the wall ahead where a vast patch of Clovers could be seen.

Amongst them was a four-leaf Clover!

He immediately went forward to pick it. After careful inspection, his face filled with excitement.

"There's really a four-leaf Clover here! Hahaha! I can finally undergo a quadruple spiritual enhancement!" Putting the four-leaf Clover into his satchel, he joyfully traversed the maze. Up to now, he had completely forgotten the Foundation Establishment Pills, entirely focused on finding Clovers.

In the blink of an eye, four days passed. Occasionally, Yan Xiaobao would encounter someone in the maze but could always easily lose them and continue his Clover search.

He also encountered some Blood Flow. He spent some time observing them and quickly realized they were alluring. However, while searching for Clovers, they were easily avoided.

Another three days passed. Eventually, he found a place where numerous passages merged. It was a huge canyon, several kilometers wide, filled with giant mushrooms. The smallest mushrooms were as tall as a person, and the largest were 30 meters high.

The mushrooms were of a very strange color, almost semi-transparent. They also swayed gently in unison. On the ground beneath the mushrooms, blood-colored Clovers could be seen. Upon closer inspection, Yan Xiaobao found occasional four-leaf Clovers interspersed amongst them.

"Wow!" he said, his eyes glinting brightly. This seemed like a wonderful place, yet he hesitated for a moment. Just as he was about to step forward, his eyes widened in disbelief, and he started trembling.

Not far away, in the middle of the mushroom grove, nibbling on some Clovers and innocently looking around, was a white rabbit.

Yan Xiaobao could hardly believe what he saw. He could not misinterpret this particular rabbit. No other than the talking rabbit he had created in the Spirit Sect!

Yan Xiaobao suddenly felt that the world had become a very strange place. Never in his wildest dreams would he imagine he would see a talking rabbit here. When he went to the North Shore, the rabbit appeared there. Then he came to the Blood Flow Sect, and the rabbit appeared here too.

Chapter 1327 Nameless Peak (2)

"I came here, you are, you are, you... you're still following me!?" This rabbit was extremely strange. Thankfully, the rabbit hadn't noticed Yan Xiaobao. Ignoring all the countless clover, Yan Xiaobao carefully supported himself in one of the tunnels, his heart pounding with fear.

"Under no circumstances can I let it see me," he whispered. "I can't let it know I'm here. Well, it shouldn't be able to see through my Nightcrypt disguise anyway." Just as Yan Xiaobao was preparing to make a silent escape, a roar sounded as a giant blood worm suddenly burst out from the depths of the pit, heading straight for the rabbit.

The rabbit leapt into the air, speeding away from the worm at an unmatched speed. However, even as it flew, with more giant worms appearing and the ground exploding, all began to chase the rabbit.

As the rabbit fled, its ears bent directly upwards, while it started to make a hissing sound, clearly mimicking the sound of the worms burrowing through the ground. Just as the rabbit was about to jump into one of the tunnels, it looked at Yan Xiaobao in surprise. Clearly, it recognized him...

When Yan Xiaobao saw the rabbit looking at him like a friend, he felt his head was going to explode. Without hesitation, he picked a tunnel and fled in the opposite direction.

"What the hell is wrong with this damn rabbit!?!!" he thought, almost in tears. He was truly afraid of the rabbit.

Nonetheless, this time, Yan Xiaobao was glad he had noticed the rabbit back then. Otherwise, a slip of the tongue could have alerted the entire Blood Flow Sect that he was Yan Xiaobao. The thought of it made him shiver.

"If they find out, they might chop me into a million pieces and send me back to the Spiritual Flow Sect in a box..." His heart pounding, he reminded himself that the rabbit was behind him, and that under no circumstances should he speak aloud too much.

"I can't just hang around in public. With the rabbit in the area, it's too dangerous." He quickly dug a hole in the wall of a nearby tunnel and then climbed inside to hide.

"Well, I can also 'reach the Foundation' now. This will make things easier." Sighing, he crossed his legs and pondered for a while. Then he took out some other random pills and started comparing them to the Foundation Establishment Pill. After a while, a new idea struck him, and his eyes shone brightly.

Meanwhile, elsewhere in the labyrinth, other disciples were going crazy.

As they searched the tunnels, their eyes were bloodshot. Ten days had passed, and they'd almost searched the entire place.

In fact, some of them were very close to where Yan Xiaobao was and were on the verge of stumbling upon him. However, it was at this point that he suddenly exploded forward, accelerating as fast as he could while releasing a faint Foundation Establishment aura.

All the disciples were immediately enraged!

"He's breaking through to the Foundation. Catch him!"

"No wonder we couldn't find him in the past ten days. He was actually trying to break through. We can't let him succeed!"

Just as they gathered to chase him down, Yan Xiaobao sighed, then waved his hand, sending some pills flying out, all emitting an aura of the Foundation pill. As he threw them in different directions, he shouted, "Alright, take the Foundation Pills. If anyone dares to make trouble for me, I'll wipe out your entire families after I reach Foundation Establishment!" They were full of a fierce aura as they sped off into the distance.

In shock, the disciples in the area felt the aura of the Foundation Establishment Pills and quickly dispersed, trying to grab them. Fierce battles immediately erupted.

The result was that five of the strongest disciples got the pills and immediately began to flee. The other disciples pursued them, however, it wasn't long before howls and curses rose to the sky.

"Fake! This isn't a Foundation Establishment Pill! Damn Nightcrypt! I forgot he can concoct pills!"

"It's fake! It's a counterfeit!"

"This isn't a Foundation Establishment Pill! It's another pill coated with real Foundation pill dust!"

Of course, none of the other disciples believed it. They continued fighting for the abandoned pills until everyone saw they really were nothing more than ordinary tier 2 pills. At that point, their hatred for Nightcrypt reached indescribable levels. Obviously, only a Pharmacist could pull off such a thing, and there were almost no pharmacists in the Blood Flow Sect.

"Nightcrypt! I'm going to kill you!" In rage, the disciples searched for another ten days until everyone became haggard and disheveled.

By now, only ten days were left, and everyone was anxious. They fought amongst themselves and also battled with blood, feeling worse as time went on.

Eventually, they found Bai Xiaochun.

However, to their despair, he was exuding a powerful aura of Foundation!

He stuck out his chin, waved his sleeve, and said in a low voice, "Guts! How dare you not pay your respects to a revered Dharma Protector like me!"

In the Blood Stream Sect, strict adherence to rank was enforced. Upon reaching Foundation, one was no longer a disciple. One could choose to live on one of the four peaks and would also be titled a Dharma Protector. Those who reached Earthstring Foundation Establishment were even more powerful and became elders.

Of course, elders and Dharma Protectors were people that inner sect disciples feared. Indeed, their lives were entirely under the control of these people.

Chapter 1328 Nameless Peak 3

The disciples of Blood Stream Sect looked as if they might burst into tears at any moment. Desperate, they watched Yan Xiaobao wave his sleeve, their hearts filled with hatred. Moments ago, they were clamoring about how to kill him, but now they had no choice but to bow their heads.

"Greetings, Dharma Protector of the night! Greetings!"

"Greetings, Dharma Protector of the night!" As they offered their greetings, each person gritted their teeth and bowed their heads. Yan Xiaobao felt proud of himself, yet his expression remained solemn and grave. With a dark smile, he gazed at the crowd.

Suddenly, Zhao Wuchang gritted his teeth and said, "Dharma Protector, encrypted by night, the disciples are willing to offer you everything I have in exchange for a single Foundation Establishment Pill..."

Soon, everyone was echoing his words. There was no eruption of conflict; they were merely trying to please Yan Xiaobao, hoping to secure a pill for themselves.

To them, the Foundation Establishment Pill was incredibly rare. If they missed this opportunity, it might take a long time before another one emerged.

All they needed was one of these pills, and they would qualify to take a significant step forward. Just the thought made them all anxious.

A gleam of determination could be seen in Zhao Wuchang's bloodshot eyes. His family was in decline, and recently new Foundation cultivators had been recruited by rival tribes.

If he didn't reach the Foundation soon, his entire family might be wiped out, and quite likely, him too!

Zhao Wuchang recalled his thoughts, clenched his teeth, fell to the ground, and kowtowed to Yan Xiaobao. Then he pressed his finger to his forehead, and as a drop of blood appeared, it flashed. Shockingly, the blood contained a tiny portion of his soul!

He was using secret magic he had mastered long ago. Given his current cultivation level, using it caused considerable backlash. Even as the Soul Blood appeared, his face turned pale, and he coughed up a mouthful of blood. Then he looked up at Yan Xiaobao, his voice hoarse and filled with madness, he said, "Dharma Protector, encrypted by night. If you let me enter the Foundation, I will serve as your slave for a cycle of sixty years!"

All the other disciples gasped for breath, watching Zhao Wuchang with emotional upheaval. Although they all dearly wanted a Foundation Establishment Pill, none were as decisive as he was.

Their faces fell. None of them possessed the kind of magic that could produce Soul Blood, and even if they did, they wouldn't use it like this.

The Foundation Establishment Pill was rare, but no one said they wouldn't have another chance to obtain a pill on a different occasion.

Shaken, Yan Xiaobao cast a long glance at Zhao Wuchang, then glanced at the Soul Blood. He wasn't new to the Cultivation World, and he had heard of such things. After muttering to himself for a while, he waved his hand, and the Soul Blood flew over, vanishing at his fingertips.

A very strange sensation suddenly filled him. He could tell that, at this very moment, even just thinking about this part could end Zhao Wuchang's life. It was a terrifying level of control, somewhat reminiscent of his human-control great magic.

After a moment of silence, he said darkly, "Zhao Wuchang!"

His stern expression caused the hearts of all the other disciples to tremble.

Zhao Wuchang raised his head, his eyes filled with respect.

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Chapter 1329 Expert

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"I will give you one infrastructure pill, no more!" Yan Xiaobao had his principles. He waved his hand, and a Foundation Establishment Pill flew to Zhao Wuchang. All the other disciples looked on with envy.

No one dared to start a fight in front of a foundation establishment cultivator. Trembling, Zhao Wuchang grabbed the pill and then clasped his hands to bow in respect to Yan Xiaobao. Then he walked forward, sat cross-legged beside Yan Xiaobao, and consumed it.

As soon as it entered his mouth, he began to shake visibly, as if a volcano were about to erupt.

Yan Xiaobao watched him for a moment, then looked away. Deep down, he sighed. Even in the Spirit Stream Sect, foundation establishment pills were hard to come by. However, in the Blood Stream Sect, they were even more valuable.

Suddenly, he realized that many aspects of the Cultivation World were like this.

The Blood Flow Sect was powerful for a reason. Disciples who grew up in such an environment would end up much stronger than those from other sects.

Some might worry about the sense of belonging among disciples. However, as long as the sect was strong enough and did most things for the sect's benefit, anyone who threatened the sect's rules would be crushed.

The best thing was not to resist such trends; integrate, and use the rules to your advantage!

Time flew by. Just as the one-month time limit concluded, Zhao Wuchang emitted a rumbling sound, and the Spiritual Qi of Foundation burst forth. His eyes opened, glowing brightly. His cultivation base was now akin to a spiritual ocean, though it couldn't compare to the Earth Foundation Establishment, he did have a solid foundation at the Mortal-Dao level.

As Zhao Wuchang stood up, the surrounding disciples had complex expressions on their faces. He tightly clasped his hands and bowed in respect to Yan Xiaobao, "Thank you very much, master!"

Yan Xiaobao nodded. At that moment, numerous beams descended from above, surrounding all the cultivators. Then came a powerful force, dragging them upwards.

Rumble!

They flew through the air, passing through the blood mist and heading outward. As the beams disappeared, they released their cultivation bases, flying from the pit towards the endless blood, where the four Great Elders awaited. Their gazes swept over the disciples and landed on Yan Xiaobao and Zhao Wuchang.

Zhao Wuchang stood respectfully behind Yan Xiaobao. Meanwhile, the four Great Elders also focused their attention on Yan Xiaobao.

One could see very serious expressions on their faces. After all, they also had foundation establishment cultivation bases, albeit at the pinnacle of the stage. At first glance, they could see that something peculiar had occurred.

"Nightcrypt has enslaved another foundation establishment cultivator?" they all pondered as they exchanged glances. They had been deeply impressed by Yan Xiaobao the previous month, and now that feeling was growing.

If he completed his own foundation establishment, it would have been worthy of praise. But he also enslaved another foundation establishment practitioner. This showed that despite selfishly disrupting things for pills, this behavior was unresolved. He could bend the rules, achieving the best outcomes that benefited him.

This attitude and behavior were in complete alignment with the principles of the Blood Flow Sect.

The dwarf from Nameless Peak suddenly asked, "Dharma Protector Nightcrypt, how many Foundation Establishment Pills have you consumed?"

"Two!" Yan Xiaobao replied without the slightest hesitation.

The robust elder from Little Swamp Peak looked at Yan Xiaobao, admiration gleaming in his eyes. "What do you intend to do with other Foundation Establishment Pills?"

"Oh, that..." Yan Xiaobao's heart pounded as he briefly considered the matter before proudly continuing: "My dream is to become an astonishing pharmacist. I plan to study the additional Foundation Establishment Pills to see if I can replicate them. One day, I'm certain I will create my own Foundation Pill. For now, all I can manage are second-level spiritual medicines."

The other disciples looked on with bitter expressions, while the four elder brothers seemed shocked. It was a simple question, but the answer was filled with profound meaning, instantly solidifying their impression of Nightcrypt. The hearts of the four Great Elders were filled with anticipation.

A Dharma Protector capable of concocting medicines would be a significant figure, exceeding even Earth Foundation member elders. While Earthstring Foundation Establishment elders were always present, it was difficult to find any foundation establishment experts capable of concocting medicines.

The solemn old man from Corpse Peak immediately regretted his previous open praises of him. Meanwhile, Song Junwan's heart raced as she smiled at Yan Xiaobao.

"Awesome," said the elder from Corpse Peak, his eyes brimming with fervor. "Nightcrypt, your collaboration with the jade zombie clearly shows you have medical path skills. Why not come to Corpse

Peak!? Your fate is evidently entwined with us!" Yan Xiaobao had already shocked him, but now that he entered the foundation establishment stage, he was even more impressive.

"Ah, cut the crap!" said the robust elder from Lesser Marsh Peak. "Only at the Qi Condensation stage, Nightcrypt managed to defeat a large group of opponents. Clearly, he has talent in body refinement. Nightcrypt, come to Little Mountain Peak. We cultivate devilblood body refinement! With us, you can truly embark on the road to becoming a powerful expert!"

The dwarf from Nameless Peak then shouted, "Hey, don't even think about stealing him from me. Didn't I say from the beginning that Nightcrypt should come to Nameless Peak!?"

Chapter 1330 Expert (Part 2)

Song Junwan from Middle Peak brushed a lock of hair back behind her ear, her eyes sparkling as she said, "Little Brother Nightcrypt, why don't you come to Middle Peak...?"

Seeing those elders fighting over Bai Xiaochun made the other disciples sigh bitterly and lament in their hearts.

Yan Xiaobao couldn't help thinking about how outstanding he was. No matter how hard he tried to keep the Spiritual Sect and Blood Flow Sect low-key, he always somehow ended up with people chasing after him.

Marveling at his own accomplishments, his eyes suddenly grew hazy, as if infatuated. Staring at Song Junwan, face flushing, he said, "I... I choose Big Sis Song's Middle Peak!" Yan Xiaobao's answer immediately made Zhao Wuchang's heart tremble. How could this Master speak with such shocking foresight?

All the other disciples gasped, then pretended they had never even heard of such a cheeky way of addressing a Middle Peak elder.

Song Junwan's eyes went wide. Her first impression was that Nightcrypt was being deliberately disrespectful, but then she saw the infatuation in his eyes and let out a soft laugh. For some reason, he suddenly looked even more charming than before.

"Big Sis?!" The Great Elders of the other three peaks all had strange expressions on their faces. They looked at Bai Xiaochun, then at Song Junwan. In the end, they just shook their heads and turned to leave. As for Zhao Wuchang, he chose to go to Xiao Ze Peak.

Before leaving, the Great Elder from Corpse Peak let out a sigh.

He truly felt regret that Bai Xiaochun had chosen Zhongshan, and was also very reluctant to lose such a refined disciple who, by fate, clearly had a connection with Soldier Peak. Walking forward, he produced a jade sliding plate and handed it to Yan Xiaobao.

"Ye Xiao, this is my command medallion. If you change your mind, bring it to Corpse Peak. We will forever keep a Buddhist Law-protected spot open for you!"

Yan Xiaobao generously accepted the command medallion, thinking about how wonderfully the Blood Flow Sect treated him. Although they had done some rough things, they really did take very good care of him.

"Whenever I cause a disaster, they don't punish me, they reward me!" he thought. "These four Great Elders even fought over me, and in the end, the Great Elder of Corpse Peak still set his sights on me." He sighed again.

Everyone left, and Song Junwan of Zhongshan sized Yan Xiaobao up and down, smiling the whole time. A smoky charm clung to her body, and when she stepped forward, her milky white thighs were revealed. It was incredibly tempting, and although Yan Xiaobao considered himself a man of iron will, he couldn't stop staring. His heart began thumping against his chest.

Swaying as she moved, Song Junwan stopped right in front of Yan Xiaobao and reached out a finger to lift his chin. Her dark red lips curved into a smile as she sighed. "What did you just call me, you little scoundrel?"

"Big Sis So—Song..." he replied shyly, as a faint fragrance drifted into his nose.

Seeing him act like that, Song Junwan chuckled softly. She lifted an eyebrow slightly, stretched out her hand, and in it was a jade pendant. Then she turned and drifted away.

Yan Xiaobao stood alone above the endless blood, holding the jade pendant, sighing as he was forced to go seek out the eternal indestructible relic. He couldn't help but admire himself. Then he thought of the matter of calling Song Junwan Big Sis; the next time he ran into Song Que, he would clearly have higher seniority.

More excited than before, he proudly returned to his Immortal Cave. By then, it was night. Upon arriving, he began packing, preparing to report to Middle Peak the following morning.

Late that night, as Yan Xiaobao sat there in meditation, moonlight suddenly poured in through the window, casting a shadow in front of him. As it did, an indescribable sense of dread filled him; it was almost like an unseen figure was about to take form right before his eyes.

His eyes went wide and his scalp tingled. As he watched, his shadow rippled and twisted, almost as if it were made of mist. In the blink of an eye, it filled the Immortal Cave, turning everything black. It was as if even the moonlight itself had been infected and cut off!

Seeing what was happening made Yan Xiaobao think of the Mysterious Sect mentioned by Nightcrypt. Yan Xiaobao had never forgotten that sect's story, and in this moment, although his expression remained unchanged, inwardly he grew very tense. He rose to his feet quickly and cautiously looked around.

"Imposter Nightcrypt said that in the past few decades, this Mysterious Sect has only appeared three times. It's been a long time since they last showed up. Why would they appear again now...?" His heart pounded in terror; if that Mysterious Sect saw through his mask, who knew what would happen...

He quickly noticed that in the shadowy Immortal Cave, the ground was undulating, almost like water. Before long, it turned semi-transparent, and Yan Xiaobao suddenly appeared in an illusory world.

At first, it seemed as if that world existed underground, but upon closer inspection, Yan Xiaobao was astonished to discover that it was actually a projection. It was almost like he was on the other side of a mirror, looking at some other location.

In that world were mountains and bodies of water, and above them a blue sky dotted with white clouds. Gradually, a figure in white robes appeared, radiating a profound, ancient aura; for some reason, Yan

Xiaobao immediately knew this was a powerful expert from that Mysterious Sect. In that instant, he gained a much deeper understanding of just how formidable that sect was.

"Ye Xiao!" When the white-robed person finished forming in his vision, it was impossible to tell whether the voice belonged to a man or a woman. Yan Xiaobao was already growing nervous, but apparently the white-robed person didn't notice anything amiss. The figure flicked a sleeve, and three Pill Bottles appeared, each decorated with traces of a shining moon. They immediately flew toward the semi-transparent ground, as if about to pierce through and emerge inside the Immortal Cave.

As the Medicine Bottles drew near, the ripples on the floor grew even more intense.

"I sensed the fluctuations of Foundation Establishment coming from you," the figure said. "You've succeeded. Excellent. These are the pills you need. They should carry you all the way to mid Foundation stage. The cost of sending you these medicine pills far exceeds the value of the pills themselves.

"Remember, the eternal indestructible relic is located beneath the Immortal Cave of the Middle Peak elder. It doesn't matter how long it takes; you must find a way to obtain it." The Medicine Bottles finally passed through the ground and entered the Immortal Cave. At the same time, the white-robed figure vanished. The floor returned to normal, the shadows disappeared, and moonlight once again spilled in through the window.

Several minutes passed without Yan Xiaobao saying a single word. However, he was drenched in sweat. Taking a deep breath, he calmed himself down. The bizarre actions of that Mysterious Sect far surpassed anything he had imagined.

"What kind of sect are they?" he wondered. From what he could tell, they were far stronger than the Blood Flow Sect; the two couldn't even be compared. Apparently, despite their power, they were located incredibly, incredibly far away.

"Over there, it was actually daytime..." he thought. He reached up and touched the mask he wore. His secret identity was still secret, which made him feel a lot better than before.

"So even that white-robed envoy didn't notice that I've taken the impostor's place? Or the envoy did notice and just didn't say anything?" After a moment of hesitation, he decided to try getting confirmation from the Imposter Nightcrypt.

Imposter Nightcrypt was in utter agony over what had just happened. He had requested these pills many times, and only now had they finally been sent. On top of that, they now belonged to Yan Xiaobao. After a while, he sighed. Not daring to complain, he began answering Yan Xiaobao's questions.

In the end, Yan Xiaobao frowned. There really was no way to be sure whether the white-robed figure had seen through his disguise.

"Whatever. Overthinking it is pointless. Even if he did notice, he didn't say anything. In that case, we have a mutual understanding. Based on my previous analysis, it seems more likely than ever that they're just putting on an act. Or who knows, maybe he really didn't notice." Yan Xiaobao shook his head and lowered his gaze to the three Medicine Bottles bearing traces of a shining moon. He opened them one by one.

Inside the Pill Bottles were a total of thirty pills. After carefully examining them, Yan Xiaobao's eyes went wide.

"They're all top-quality! Tier-4 spiritual medicine!

"What kind of sect is this? They're terrifying!"

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