

## Medical 1341

### Chapter 1341 Dharma Protector

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The eyes of the two Dharma Protectors widened, and they immediately released their reserves of Blood Qi. Their hands flashed with spell gestures, creating an aura as they charged forward to block Yan Xiaobao. However, his hands were filled with infinite power, and like a hammer shattering ice, he easily broke through the Blood Qi. As the Qi shattered, Yan Xiaobao's hands grasped each Dharma Protector's arms.

"Screw it up!" he shouted. Then he shoved his hands to the side, and the two arms exploded into a mass of blood. As the two Dharma Guards were sent flying through the air and crashed into a nearby Immortal Cave, screams of agony filled the air.

Chaos was erupting at the Middle Peak. Meanwhile, the disruption of Blood Qi by the sect caused surprise among some Foundation builders at Nameless Mountain, Corpse Mountain, and Little Swamp Peak.

Even the great elders turned their heads to see what was happening, and the Blood Masters glanced from their temples toward the Middle Peak.

At the Ancestor Mountain Peak, the main elder released a divine sense to observe Yan Xiaobao battling the crowd on the Middle Peak.

"Who is that child?"

"What a demonic character! Look at how many people are trying to attack him."

"Hahaha! This is how we do things in the Blood Stream Sect now! No matter how young you are, you have to fight back when people try to kill you!"

As cultivators from other peaks watched with excitement, Yan Xiaobao crushed a foundation cultivator one by one. All of them were completely shaken, spitting out blood.

"Ye Xiao!" Just then, a cold snort echoed, as Song Que turned into a blood-colored mountain, accompanied by three 30-meter-long blood Sword Qi, causing the entire area to tremble.

"Sword Qi? I have some too!" His eyes filled with blood, Yan Xiaobao swung his right hand, unleashing the Blood Annihilation World Technology. Flows of Immortal Blood poured out from him as he gestured with his fingers toward Song Que.

This was no ordinary Blood Qi. Upon closer examination, it was golden. As soon as it appeared, an indescribable aura erupted.

Loud rumbling filled the air, and all Blood Qi in the area trembled as if a King had appeared, surging towards it at the fastest speed.

With local Blood Qi absorbed into the Sword Qi, the image of the sword grew larger. In the blink of an eye, it shot toward the sky like a 30-meter-tall mountain peak.

Compared to this Sword Qi, all other Sword Qi seemed filthy. Only Yan Xiaobao's Sword Qi had true style!

A domineering air seemed to fill it, as if it were the ruler of all swords in the world. The sky trembled, and everyone present felt their hearts pounding in their chests. The Sword Qi seemed almost uncontrollable, as if it could shake everything in existence, even their cultivation base!

Everyone was utterly and completely stunned.

"What is this?!?!"

"What kind of Sword Qi is that?!?!"

"Heaven! Has this Nightcrypt also been cultivating Blood Annihilation World?!?!"

When the Sword Qi appeared, even the mid-foundation elders felt shocked. Under the astonished gazes of all onlookers, the magnificent Sword Qi shot towards Song Que.

Song Que's face fell, but he had no time to react. As his three Sword Qi were utterly destroyed, a heaven-shaking, earth-shattering rumble sounded out. His mountain-shaped form was even destroyed, his true form revealed, as he spat out blood and was sent flying backward, his face carrying a hint of astonishment.

"Impossible! You—" Song Que's scalp tingled with surprise. Yan Xiaobao's Sword Qi had completely overwhelmed him, completely shaking him. He had never seen Sword Qi like this. It was so powerful, beyond anything he could imagine. Even the Sword Qi he cultivated and developed at the Blood Waterfall was completely intimidated by it!

He wasn't the only one shaken. Everyone in the area felt their minds struggling. Yan Xiaobao's domineering use of Sword Qi widened their eyes, their scalps tingling with shock.

The crowd from Little Swamp Peak, Nameless Peak, and Corpse Peak widened their eyes. The elders of the three peaks were breathless, the eyes of the Blood Masters gleamed with an intense light.

Surprised exclamations could even be heard at the Ancestor Peak!

"The level of that Sword Qi... It's Blood Qi Plasma!"

"That child's name is Nightcrypt? What a genius! I can't believe he's fully reached the radar level!"

"In the Blood Annihilation World, everything boils down to refined blood. Spiritual Blood Qi, Blood Qi Plasma, Reverse Blood Ancestor awakening, the four levels of Blood Qi Tribulation!" More divine senses swept into the Middle Peak, observing the chaotic battle.

The upper leadership of the Blood Flow Sect was watching Yan Xiaobao's Sword Qi!

It was at this moment that Master Shen suddenly shouted, "Kill Nightcrypt! If he doesn't die, he will surely seek revenge against us in the future!"

With that, he executed a spell gesture and launched an attack. The others seemed to agree unanimously, as they all joined forces to attack Yan Xiaobao.

"What's with this guy!" Song Que shouted loudly, roaring at Yan Xiaobao furiously. "That was no Blood Annihilation World from the Middle Peak!" He couldn't be sure why, but after exchanging blows with this Nightcrypt, his heart was filled with a deep, deep hatred, a seemingly irreconcilable hatred.

It was a sudden inexplicable feeling, but it resided in his heart.

Yan Xiaobao dodged the attacks, then looked around at the surrounding harsh and cruel expressions. Suddenly, he began to laugh furiously, his eyes burning with a fierce and cold glint.

Chapter 1342 Dharma Protector\_2

"You think this is not the Blood Annihilation World? Well, I suppose I need to show people what the true Blood Annihilation World looks like!" Then, he leapt high into the air. Even as Foundation cultivators turned into beams to follow him, he waved his hand toward Middle Peak! "Blood Qi, gather!" Yan Xiaobao tilted his head back and roared. As he waved his hand in the air, something completely and utterly shocking occurred among the Foundation Establishment cultivators!

In the entire area below Middle Peak, innumerable streams of Blood Qi seemed to answer Yan Xiaobao's call, almost as if they were related to him. They almost seemed to possess intelligence as they sped through the air, radiating joy.

Countless streams of bloody Blood Qi shot towards Yan Xiaobao, merging into his head. Every plant, every Immortal Cave, every Blood Pool, every Blood Waterfall, every inch of earth exuded Blood Qi, then rushed towards Yan Xiaobao.

RUUUUUUUUUUMBLE!

It was a Heaven-shattering, soul-stirring scene. Everything turned crimson, with incredibly intense Blood Qi wiping away the sky. A layer of blood mist rapidly formed around Yan Xiaobao, the mist rising high into the air above him.

It was as if Yan Xiaobao had become the king of all the Blood Qi in the area, as if a single word from his mouth would cause everything to surge towards him. The Blood Qi in all the area below Middle Peak heeded his words and boiled.

However, the effect was not limited to the lower area. Even the Blood Qi at the upper levels was stirring. A massive column of bloody light encircled Yan Xiaobao, and as it shot into the sky, everything around it trembled.

The entire Middle Peak was thrown into complete chaos.

The dozens of Foundation cultivators in the surrounding area saw what was happening and were left gasping in shock. They began to tremble, as they realized the Blood Qi in their bodies was on the verge of destruction.

Even the mid-Foundation cultivators looked completely incredulous. Meanwhile, numerous late Foundation Establishment experts appeared, shooting beams from the upper area. Each and every one of them seemed completely shocked.

"This guy is a freak!?!?"

"I can't believe the Blood Qi is heeding his command!!"

"Dammit! How can Nightcrypt be so powerful? Why hasn't he reached the Earthstring Foundation Establishment?!"

The cultivators from Lesser Marsh Peak, Nameless Peak, and Corpse Peak were dumbfounded. Even the Great Elders of the other three mountains looked on with complete awe on their faces as they observed the events at Middle Peak.

"This is..."

"Just seeing it..."

The Blood Masters from the other three mountains emerged from their temples to observe what was happening. They were all young men, each exuding a mysterious aura. Serious expressions were visible on their faces, their hearts trembling from the impact of the shockwave.

Above Middle Peak, Great Lord Song Junjun was engaged in an important conversation with the nine Bloodline Elders of the mountain. Although they had been aware of intense fighting occurring in the area below, they hadn't paid it much heed. But now, the sudden eruption of Blood Qi left them all completely shocked.

It was particularly the case when the Blood Qi in the upper area began to stir. A look of complete incredulity appeared on Song Junwan's face. Without formally ending the meeting, she flew out, followed by the nine astonished Bloodline Elders.

The ten of them watched as all the Blood Qi in Middle Peak erupted in an unprecedented fashion. Then they saw Yan Xiaobao hovering in mid-air, his hair flying around him, his eyes cold and surrounded by an endless atmosphere of sorrow. He looked like a Blood Demon!

"This..."

"Heavens! All the Blood Qi on the entire peak is gathering around him!!" The Bloody Elders were completely shaken, and Song Junwan began gasping for breath.

Meanwhile, a more sacred sensation gathered upon the elder of Ancestor Mountain Peak. None of them could remain calm.

"Reverse Blood Inheritance awakening? How can this be!?!?"

"I can't believe young Nightcrypt has such a destiny. He's achieved the awakening of the Reverse Blood Ancestor!"

"Cursed! Who tested this child's potential in the beginning? If we had known he could achieve the awakening of the Reverse Blood Ancestor with his cultivation using his Blood Sword, we would have surely ensured he reached the Earth Chain Foundation!"

As the elder was shocked, an even stronger flow of sacred awareness appeared, completely surpassing the primary elder. It was so powerful that all Heaven and earth seemed to distort due to its presence.

An ancient voice suddenly entered the elder's heart: "The awakening of the Reverse Blood Ancestor may be discovered by chance, but can never be directly pursued. Among 100,000 cultivators practicing the Blood Flow Technique, even if one can accumulate the necessary reserves for this unique ancestral awakening, it's hard to find. Such opportunities have only appeared twice in the past. Few would have been able to discover it in advance on him."

Everyone watched in shock as Blood Qi surged wildly towards the trembling Yan Xiaobao, who let out a long, sharp cry.

The visible amount of Blood Qi was astonishing. Yan Xiaobao was like a black hole, sucking it in, as his immortal skin shone with dazzling light. So far, that light was nothing short of breathtaking; the color of blood was absolutely thorough!

The bloody color was symbolic of what anyone would recognize as the emblem of the Blood Flow Sect. There was no better way to show someone was using the Blood Flow Technique than to do as Yan Xiaobao did.

As beams of bloody light spread in all directions, Yan Xiaobao tilted his head back and roared, a gigantic figure appeared behind him, a creature with green skin, a vicious face, long, protruding tusks!

Its claws were sharp enough to tear through walls, its pointed horns could rip through the sky, and a long, scaly tail could sweep across anything.

That creature was none other than the legendary Fierce Ghost!

The sudden appearance of the Fierce Ghost signified that Yan Xiaobao had finally completed the first level of the Immortal Heavenly King!

The image of the Fierce Ghost momentarily appeared, causing the eyes of those on Little Swamp Peak to widen. As for the Blood Master of Lesser Marsh Peak, he trembled visibly, his eyes shining brightly.

"Little Marsh Peak must have this Nightcrypt!" shouted the Blood Master.

The Great Elder from Lesser Marsh Peak had the same reaction, unable to contain his excitement. At Lesser Marsh Peak, they possessed a mysterious magic passed down through years of researching the Blood Ancestor's hand, a secret magic based on totem tattoos which depicted the Fierce Ghost!

Stunningly, Yan Xiaobao's ancestral awakening had caused an actual projection of the Fierce Ghost to appear. Everyone at Lesser Marsh Peak was forced into madness.

Meanwhile, Yan Xiaobao hovered mid-air, roaring his lungs out, absorbing all the Blood Qi in the area. Once it flowed into him, the Blood Qi formed into a massive Blood Sword shape behind him. At first, only the tip was fully formed.

But as he absorbed more Blood Qi, the blade began to take shape, followed by the hilt!

Although all of this took some time to describe, it only took a few breaths to complete. Finally, a gigantic blood-colored sword appeared!

When Yan Xiaobao raised both hands to grasp the hilt of the sword, everyone gasped breathlessly.

"This is my Blood Annihilation World!" he shouted. "Any of you want to kill me? Well, what if I kill you first??" Then, he slashed the sword down, sending a beam of bloody light towards the dozens of Foundation cultivators below.

As the massive sword descended, more Blood Qi in the area surged towards it, merging with it, causing it to grow larger and larger. In the blink of an eye, it was over 30 meters long, emitting a blinding explosive aura.

The Foundation Establishment cultivators' faces turned pale. Howling, they united to unleash all their power to protect themselves, even their trump cards!

BOOOOOOOOMMM!

When the sword struck the frontline cultivators, they screamed, their bodies trembling on the brink of collapse. Clearly, it started a chain reaction, rapidly spreading to the cultivators behind them. The Blood Sword attack they had just endured now threatened to destroy them all. Song Que was in their group, a vicious expression appearing on his face as he prepared to lay his life on the line to strike back!

However, it was at this point that a cold snort was heard.

"Enough! Blood Qi, disperse!"

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Chapter 1343 Blood Sword

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Those words echoed like thunder, causing the Blood Sword in Yan Xiaobao's hand to tremble, then quickly begin to crumble.

The entire Middle Peak trembled like a powerful force. At the same time, countless spell forms and magic symbols appeared on the ground, specifically designed to control Blood Qi!

Yan Xiaobao's eyes widened, sensing that the Blood Qi was responding to the voice just now. It was no longer under his control, almost as if the voice was its true master, exerting a level of control far exceeding his own.

However, after a moment, he realized the truth: the person's control over the Blood Qi was exerted by external force, in stark contrast to his own. After all, he was related to the Blood Qi!

Anger filled Yan Xiaobao's heart. At this moment, he did not care who the voice belonged to, and he couldn't restrain himself from saying: "No, it's not enough! When they tried to kill me, where were you? Now when I am trying to kill them, you suddenly say 'enough'? I will not accept this!"

From the moment he arrived at the Blood Flow Sect, he's been running around, tail between his legs. Now that he finally took some action, only to be given the short end of the stick. At present, his desire to kill these Foundation builders would only continue to grow.

"It's their fault!" he shouted, eyes blazing. Even though he knew his actions might not be the best choice, he did his utmost to summon that giant hand; all of this was to throw the Blood Flow Sect into chaos. Even if he had to flee the sect later, it was his choice. With the dispersing Blood Qi, with the Foundation builders gasping for breath, the pressure mounting, he began to move. In the blink of an eye, he appeared in front of a Foundation-level Dharma Protector, clenched his fist, and punched and kicked.

The cultivator had just heaved a sigh of relief. Too slow to react to what was happening, he was hit directly by the punches, blood spurting from his mouth as his heart and blood vessels started to burst.

"You—" His eyes widened, and before he could say more, he was already dead.

Everyone fell into chaos, beginning to flee. Yan Xiaobao was tired of being wronged and threw caution to the wind. His expression was grim, and when he attacked again, his eyes radiated murder intent. Yan Xiaobao's eyes were a bright red. When he was chased by the Luochen Clan, he had already dealt with those who wanted him dead. It was then he realized the only option in this situation was to be more ruthless than his opponents. Moreover, he must kill them before they kill him!

It was the only way to survive!

He turned into a beam of light, appearing next to another Foundation-level Dharma Protector who had just attacked him, and directly beat him, causing a heaven-like tremor and earth-shattering rumble to fill the area.

A wave of heat reverberated through, and as his body shattered, the Dharma Protector screamed in agony. Yan Xiaobao darted through the blood and gore, then suddenly flew back to grab the neck of another cultivator preparing to launch a sneak attack. The man screamed as he was subsequently torn to pieces.

Yan Xiaobao was already drenched in blood, his breath heaving, his eyes a brilliant red.

"Come on!" he roared. "What are you competing for? Do you want to kill me?! Come on!"

He blurred, appearing among a frightened, fleeing Foundation builder. In an instant, Yan Xiaobao's hand clamped tightly on the man's shoulder. Howling, the man tried to perform a spell, but before he could, Yan Xiaobao's other hand gripped his neck tightly, squeezing with force!

A sound of breaking echoed, and the man was dead.

As Yan Xiaobao turned, the other Foundation cultivators fled like mad, their faces full of horror. Some dived into their Immortal Caves and activated defensive magic formations, while others tried to get away as far as they could.

Some of them had already banded together, establishing a massive defensive magic formation to prevent Yan Xiaobao from reaching them. Song Que and Master God-Diviner were in that group.

"You're not even human!"

"I've never seen such a demon before!"

"Heavens! Nightcrypt is terrifying!"

Yan Xiaobao's eruption of violence had thoroughly shaken them. To them, he looked like a demon, a monster, his clothes drenched in blood, his expression vile and full of murder.

This madness, such madness, shrunk the minds of all the cultivators present. Even Song Que was gasping, and as for the Divine Master, he was utterly terrified.

These were the disciples of the Blood Flow Sect, with disciples from other sects viewed as barbaric and cruel. However, at this moment, those disciples were watching Yan Xiaobao and thought his brutality was indescribable.

Surprisingly, the voice that had just spoken to stop Bai Xiaochun said nothing more.

Even the main elders and others merely watched, visibly moved, yet took no intervention. In fact, some of them even went personally to observe the slaughter.

Bai Xiaochun gasped and looked at the group forming a spell, then shot toward a nearby Immortal Cave, letting out a cold laugh. As the incense burned, he used only physical strength to open the cave. Moments later, he emerged from the cave, dragging out the corpse of the Foundation cultivator who had been hiding inside. He threw the corpse in front of the spell formation and then sat down on one side, exhausted. He wiped the blood from his face and looked up at the onlookers hovering mid-air.

#### Chapter 1344 Blood Sword\_2

Suddenly, he blinked. A wave of exhaustion spread out from him, wrapping around his muscles and making them relax. At the same time, he felt fear and regret. Although his outburst allowed him to vent his anger, he now felt tense.

"I didn't use any Spirit Stream Sect techniques," he thought, trembling inwardly, "only things from the Blood Stream Sect. Technically, my body refining magic is related to the Blood Flow system. Maybe they'll punish me, but they won't kill me. Will they?" Although he wanted to reach out to the great figure to try and destroy the Blood Flow Sect, he wasn't confident about succeeding.

Middle Peak was completely silent...

Even in the Blood Flow realm, such slaughter was rare. Witnessing such a fight left everyone completely shocked, simultaneously changing their understanding of Nightcrypt.

The silence was broken by an ancient voice. "Finished with the killing?!"

Meanwhile, the blurry figure in front of Yan Xiaobao slowly emerged.

It was a middle-aged man dressed in long, blood-red robes. As he hovered there, his hands were clasped behind his back, and he looked coldly at Yan Xiaobao. He exuded a terrifying blood qi, a sensation that seemed to resonate with heaven and earth, connecting with Zhongshan itself!

The blood qi became a powerful pressure, even causing Yan Xiaobao's spiritual ocean to tremble.

When the man looked at Yan Xiaobao, it felt as though he could see through him, gazing deep into his being, seeing past all illusions. Yan Xiaobao trembled.

Luckily, the mask he wore, a valuable treasure of this Mysterious Sect, still managed to conceal him. After a moment, the man murmured, retracting his gaze. Just like that, he waved his right hand, sending a small bottle flying toward Yan Xiaobao.

"Innate talent. Reverse Blood Inheritance awakening. Even more so, a demonic personality. Sadly, you're only at the Mortal-Dao Foundation establishment...."

"In that bottle, there are three spirit blood pills. They should heal your wounds and make you more sensitive to blood qi." With that, the man sighed, turned around, took a step forward. A gust of wind blew by, and he was gone.

"Huh?" Yan Xiaobao looked around in shock. He had been fully prepared to be punished, and instead, the man had sent him a bottle of pills.

In the air, the elders of the peaks looked down with bright eyes. The reason no one had spoken earlier was because of the Clan Leader's arrival. Nightcrypt's transformation was so remarkable that even the Clan Leader came personally to inspect the situation. Considering he found nothing amiss, the seniors' enthusiasm now burned hotter than before.

Nightcrypt not only possessed incredible talent, but he also killed several people in an extremely rare manner. Even the Clan Leader commented on his demonic personality. All the Great Elders were impressed by Nightcrypt's genius. Then they recalled his dominion in the struggle for the Foundation Establishment Pill, and their admiration grew stronger.

Though killing violated sect rules, they didn't really care. In the realm of Blood Flow, the law of the jungle prevails. Not one of them could claim to have no blood on their hands. When people don't know what's best for them and provoke powerful experts, their deaths are their own fault. When it comes to low-level cultivators, sect rules are more strictly enforced, but that's for their own protection. Foundation builders and powerful experts above them respect only strength and power!

Moreover, Yan Xiaobao's ability to provoke was very strong. Make everyone like you, make everyone hate you, but in the end, the results aligned with what the sect leaders cared about.

When it comes to success with these matters, the former becomes a supporter of righteousness, the latter a Demon.

Given his demonic personality, if Nightcrypt could survive, once his cultivation base improved, he would become a champion of this age. He would either conquer all under the sky, or heaven would conquer him.

A tall, burly cultivator from Lesser Marsh Peak, with a smile on his face, flew out.

"Junior Brother Nightcrypt, come with me to the Little Swamp Peak! With your body refining techniques, if you don't come to Lesser Marsh Peak, it will be a huge waste! If you agree, I will let you live on top! Come! I promise you will achieve incredible, unheard-of accomplishments in body refinement!!"

Yan Xiaobao was a bit surprised by the sudden outburst of words from the Great Elder of Little Swamp Peak. However, before he could even react, the Great Elder from Corpse Peak stepped forward. "Ignore him, Nightcrypt. Join our Corpse Peak. Corpse Peak will always be your home! Come! You can choose from all the colorful corpses we have!"

"Little Brother Nightcrypt, they are not sincere," shouted the dwarf from Nameless Peak, ready to do whatever it takes to win over Yan Xiaobao with his Reverse Blood Ancestor awakening. "Come to Nameless Peak. I will let you join the circle of Bloody Elders. With Nameless Peak's power behind you, no one would dare challenge you again!"

Yan Xiaobao was speechless. He had caused a massive disaster, consecutively killing seven or eight Foundation cultivators, leading to chaos in Middle Peak's blood qi, entirely ignoring that middle-aged man. Though he did not know who the man was, he believed him to be a major elder, or possibly even a Clan Leader.

In the Spirit Sect, if he disrespected such a person and was responsible for such a disaster, under sect rules, he would be sent to the Judicial Hall alive, without his cultivation base, and then destroyed in body and soul.

However, in the realm of Blood Flow, everything is opposite.

As he stood there stunned, a flirtatious laughter echoed, as the enchanting Song Junwan appeared. A fragrant breeze accompanied her arrival, and she looked at Yan Xiaobao as though he were a priceless gemstone, with a hint of deep admiration in her eyes. She stopped in front of him and then turned to face the others.

"This is Middle Peak! Are you people here openly defying me?"

Seeing Song Junwan standing before him, Yan Xiaobao blinked. She was as boldly dressed as ever; the long slit on the side of her skirt exposed a creamy leg, a sight that made Yan Xiaobao's eyes go wide. Before he realized what was happening, he was staring.

The other three elders could see what Song Junwan was doing, and they also noticed how Yan Xiaobao was staring at her. They sighed at Song Junwan's trick, but were powerless to oppose her. With longing looks at Yan Xiaobao, they turned and left.

After they left, Song Junwan's smile vanished, and as she glanced over the Middle Peak Foundation cultivators, her face turned very stern. As her gaze swept over them, they trembled, silently lowering their heads.

Song Que seemed more afraid than anyone, not even daring to look up. Since he was little, he had always feared his aunt...

"You're all dismissed," Song Junwan calmly said. "Don't forget to clean this place up later." Everyone sighed in relief and respectfully departed. Soon, the area was silent once again.

Song Junwan turned her attention back to Yan Xiaobao, a mysterious smile on her face as she leaned forward and lifted his chin with her fair, jade-like hand, forcing him to look into her eyes. "Have you seen enough, Little Bro Nightcrypt?"

Blushing, Yan Xiaobao cleared his throat, straightened up, and then clasped his hands and bowed.

"Greetings, Elder Sister Song."

"In the future, you need to be more careful. The Blood Flow Sect is a chaotic place, it always has been. Perhaps if things were different, we would be stronger in certain aspects, but there's nothing that can be done. All you can do is keep looking for powerful foes to defeat people. As long as the Clan Leaders are around, the sect will stay intact. They can suppress the chaos when necessary.

"Now, stay at Middle Peak. You'll be safe here, and the stronger you get, the more respect you'll receive." She smiled, a smile as blooming as a rose, making her more indescribable than ever.

After hesitating for a moment, Yan Xiaobao asked, "Elder Sister Song, was that a Clan Leader just now?"

"That was Clan Leader Wuxian!" she softly answered. Seeing Yan Xiaobao's shocked reaction, she covered her laugh with her hand, then left in a fragrance-filled wind.

Yan Xiaobao stood there for a long time before taking a deep breath.

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Chapter 1345 The Perfect Choice

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"So, it was the perfect choice 800 years ago, Master Wu Xian!" Yan Xiaobao glanced around once more, feeling unsettled. As time passed, he grew increasingly surprised at how the Blood Flow Sect treated him. Back at the Spiritual Flow Sect, he was always punished for causing disasters. But here, they not only withheld punishments, they actually rewarded him.

All the peaks were fighting for him, and most importantly, Song Junwan was a smoking hot treasure.

This place was the ideal location to cultivate the Immortal Eternal Life Skill. It was his personal Holy Land, brimming with Blood Qi.

"What a great sect!" Shaking his head, he realized he had to adjust his mindset. He came from the Spiritual Flow Sect, the enemy of the Blood Flow Sect!

However, he couldn't shake off the feeling that the Blood Stream Sect was truly awesome. By now, evening had fallen, and the moon hung high in the sky. Outside the Blood Stream Sect, the moon looked white as it always had, but from within the sect, it appeared deep red.

The blood-colored light bathed the chapel, making it seem more grim and ominous than before.

Disciples from other sects would tremble in fear at such a sight, but Yan Xiaobao had been in the Blood Flow Sect long enough to be accustomed to it.

He was currently walking along the mountain path under the moonlight. Everything around him was in ruins. The ground and trees were destroyed, and the Immortal Cave had collapsed. Yet, it was very quiet. News of Yan Xiaobao's daytime battle at the Middle Peak had already started spreading like wildfire to other sects.

In the Blood Flow Sect, the law of the jungle prevailed, and people only showed respect for the strong.

In that spectacular battle, Yan Xiaobao demonstrated brutal strength, a madness, a blood thirst, that deeply impressed everyone's hearts. He stood alone against dozens of Foundation Establishment cultivators, even killing seven or eight people. Even in the Blood Flow Sect, it was a rare event, and for many, Yan Xiaobao had already become a nightmare.

No one doubted that he wasn't a disciple of the Blood Flow Sect, and if anyone dared to make such an accusation, no one would believe them...

"I really don't like fighting and killing..." Yan Xiaobao thought, sighing. After discovering that his Immortal Cave had been completely destroyed upon returning, he sat down and decided that tomorrow, he would choose a new Immortal Cave.

The night passed very pleasantly...

However, cultivators at the Middle Peak sat in darkness, hearts filled with fear. The daytime event truly seemed like a nightmare, and everyone worried about Yan Xiaobao's retaliation. They sat uneasily in their Immortal Caves, spells forming actively. Some even fled the Middle Peak entirely.

Of course, word about the madness at Middle Peak and Yan Xiaobao's violent outbreak spread quickly. Foundation Establishment cultivators from Lesser Marsh Peak, Nameless Peak, and Corpse Peak had witnessed the event firsthand, while others only heard about it afterward. All were shocked.

"He personally fought against dozens of Foundation Cultivators?"

"He actually defied the Clan Leader's orders?"

"Everyone stood aside, watching him kill eight people?!?! Remaining survivors were forced to hide together after a spell formed?!"

Through the four peaks of the Blood Stream Sect, it spread like wildfire.

Even the inner disciples caught wind of Bai Xiaochun's actions quickly. Everyone was taken aback. People had already started to think of him as a bloodthirsty demon, and now, the inner sect disciples could only imagine various terrifying images of what had happened.

"Nightcrypt is unbelievable! He split people apart and then drank their blood while killing other onlookers!"

"I heard he's not even a cultivator. He's actually an evil, green-skinned Earth Goblin in disguise!"

"He has superhuman strength! A single bulge on his body can shake the entire mountain!"

Various rumors began to spread. In just one night, countless people in the Blood Flow Sect came to know of a newcomer that no one could provoke, a person named Nightcrypt!

At dawn, Yan Xiaobao opened his eyes to take a walk. By then, the news about him had spread throughout the entire sect. Even the Outer Sect disciples had heard the stories. In fact, the disciples spread the word in various ways, and soon, the cultivation families in the area heard the tale.

It's easy to imagine how quickly other major sects learned the name Nightcrypt...

Without a doubt, news spread faster in the Blood Flow Sect than in the Spiritual Flow Sect. After all, disciples of the Blood Flow Sect always teetered on the edge, and never had too much entertainment. Coupled with their enthusiasm for powerful experts, it ensured they were always very interested in newly rising electors.

Yan Xiaobao almost immediately experienced it himself. Whenever Foundation Establishment cultivators saw him approaching, their expressions would flicker. Those who hadn't participated in the previous day's battle would greet him with hearty smiles and clasped hands.

Yan Xiaobao was moved. Since he had proven himself, he finally received the kind of recognition he had sought while walking among the Spiritual Flow Sect. His initial reaction was to smile and nod in greeting.

However, in response to his smile, other Foundation Establishment cultivators' eyes would turn incredulous. Many would even subconsciously step back, hesitant expressions on their faces.

Chapter 1346 The Perfect Choice (Part 2)

At first, Yan Xiaobao was shocked. But then he coldly stared at them, the cultivators from the Foundation let out a sigh of relief. To them, such an expression seemed more suitable for Nightcrypt.

"I am a good person..." Yan Xiaobao thought to himself, sighing inwardly. With no other choice, he maintained a cold, indifferent expression, glaring with wide eyes. This made him respected even more.

As he passed by, his eyes began to feel exhausted from all the bedazzlement. Finally, he reached the pavilion where he could choose a new Immortal Cave. The old man who had previously greeted him with cold indifference rushed up and offered a warm welcome.

When he realized Yan Xiaobao was there to choose an Immortal Cave, he was initially shocked but quickly changed his attitude. His eyes burned with passion as he produced a scroll map and unfolded it for Yan Xiaobao.

"Junior Brother Nightcrypt, how about this one? This Immortal Cave has a wonderful environment, the Blood Qi there is incredible!

"Or how about this one, a senior once lived there! I usually don't point this out to anyone....

"And this place? If I recall, there were some puppets that appeared alongside that puppet."

Although Yan Xiaobao was touched by the old man's enthusiastic introduction to the Immortal Cave, his face remained cold and indifferent. Eventually, he frowned. While the open Immortal Caves were better than the old ones, they still lacked the ones with abundant Blood Qi.

Seeing Yan Xiaobao's frown, the old man seemed to want to say something, then hesitated. He looked at Yan Xiaobao again and recalled the confrontation from the previous day.

Finally, he gritted his teeth and lowered his voice. "Junior Brother Nightcrypt, you don't need to come here to choose an Immortal Cave."

"Hmm?" Yan Xiaobao blinked thoughtfully.

Deciding to make things clear, the old man lowered his voice further. "Remember, in Blood Flow, we respect the strong and the stronger. Many don't officially choose an Immortal Cave, they simply take them. If you see one you like, kick the old master out and it becomes yours."

Yan Xiaobao's eyes began to shine. The fact was, having lived in the Spirit Sect for so long, deep down, he wasn't really like a Blood Flow sect person. Sometimes it was difficult to imagine their ways. Otherwise, he wouldn't have needed the old man's reminder.

Clearing his throat, he maintained his cold demeanor, then coldly nodded to the old man. Then he flicked his sleeve and turned to leave. Inside, he was filled with excitement at the thought of breaking the taboo.

Watching Yan Xiaobao leave, the old man sighed. To him, Nightcrypt was unfortunate to only be at the Mortal-Dao Foundation Establishment. Otherwise, he might have an extraordinary future. Of course, even if he was only at the Mortal-Dao Foundation Establishment, he was still an untouchably savage demon.

Yan Xiaobao walked away, feeling increasingly exhilarated, his heart pounding as he looked around.

"What an amazing feeling. I can just take whatever I want? Nothing is more important than that, unless I'm stronger so I can have anything I want..." he licked his lips in anticipation. This is something that would never happen in the Spirit Stream Sect. It's like finally being able to eat forbidden fruit. He roamed Zhongshan for half a day, and by midday found an Immortal Cave he liked. It was quite large, surrounded by land covered with Blood Trees. It was almost like an entire world.

The Blood Trees all had faces, even though their eyes were closed, they seemed completely sinister and bizarre, the type that would instill fear in the hearts of anyone who approached them.

In fact, the only road leading to the gate was infested with the ominous Blood Trees. Even from a distance, one could see the faint blood mist filling the area.

Almost hidden among the Blood Trees was a Blood Qi-concentrated pool. The area was paved with limestone, with some exquisitely armored corpses guarding it.

Next to the pool was the entrance to the Immortal Cave, a huge white door engraved with intricate spells. The spell formations were currently active, flickering brightly to ensure the entire area was concealed.

Looking at the scene, Yan Xiaobao licked his lips, his eyes starting to glimmer.

"What a fantastic location..."

He had secretly absorbed Blood Qi from this place before and vaguely remembered it was the Immortal Cave of an Immortal Master. He had asked pretending to be Ye Xiao, and learned Master God-Diviner was only in the early stages of Foundation Establishment, but because he excelled at divination and prophecy, he was very important to the sect.

In the Lone Hell Pocket Realm, he had reached Earthstring Foundation Establishment, but only gained some Tideflows. Even so, it was enough for him to make his name in the Blood Flow Sect.

Therefore, it wasn't surprising he could occupy such a good Immortal Cave for so long.

Eyes flashing, Yan Xiaobao advanced towards the Immortal Cave. As he approached, the faces on the Blood Trees opened their eyes, their eyes flickering with murderous intent.

However, once they recognized Yan Xiaobao, they began to scream in high-pitched voices.

"Nightdevil is here!"

"It's Nightdevil!!!"

"Oh heavens! Nightdevil is here for revenge. Master, save me!!!"

Inside the Immortal Cave, Master God-Diviner gritted his teeth. He both hated and feared Yan Xiaobao, and when he thought of the brutal confrontation from the day before, he was convinced Yan Xiaobao had come for revenge. Hearing the cries from outside, his eyes opened wide.

"Sure enough, he's here!!!" "Nightmare?" When Yan Xiaobao heard the Blood Trees screaming, his jaw dropped. He had no idea, but because of the brutality of the confrontation the day before, many had begun to call him Nightdevil.

Annoyed by the screaming trees, he coldly snorted and said, "Shut up!"

His voice carried a cruel murderous air that scared the Blood Trees so much, they began to tremble and fell silent. Fearing for themselves, the trees planted along the path to the Immortal Cave pulled up their roots and cleared the way.

Yan Xiaobao clasped his hands behind his back, protruded his chin, and calmly said, "Master God-Diviner, leave here!"

Everyone who heard him was deeply shocked.

Inside the Immortal Cave, as soon as the Divine Master's face emerged, a crazed expression appeared in his eyes. Gritting his teeth, sweat dripping from his forehead, he shouted, "Nightdevil, don't push things too far!!"

Yan Xiaobao did not step into the Blood Tree Forest. The pressure from the spell formations was too great. However, in response to Master God-Diviner's words, he cruelly laughed and then released some Blood Qi. In the blink of an eye, all the Blood Qi in the area began to chill, turning into dense fog.

The faces on the Blood Trees began to tremble, but dared not scream. They simply started to bunch together in shock.

The Foundation Establishment cultivators in the area could feel what was happening and see the shocking Blood Qi surrounding Yan Xiaobao. Inside the Immortal Cave, Master God-Diviner sat there, his face pale, forcing a painful laugh. The madness in his eyes grew larger, and just as he was about to leap out and fight to the death, Yan Xiaobao's cruel voice once again filled the entire area.

"I'll give you three breaths to leave there," he said proudly. "I want this Immortal Cave." Then he flicked his sleeve gently.

Master God-Diviner was prepared to unleash the power of the spell formations, ready to fight to the death with Bai Xiaochun. But when he heard his words, his eyes widened in disbelief. He almost couldn't believe it. "Do you think I'd risk your life, based on your goodwill, Nightcrypt? What makes you think I'd believe you?!?!"

Yan Xiaobao stuck out his chin, replying, "Calm down. I am a loyal person. If I say I want your Immortal Cave, then I shall take your Immortal Cave!"

As soon as these words left his mouth, the gate to the Immortal Cave swung open, and Master God-Diviner flew out at top speed, soaring into the sky. As he did, his voice echoed, "Nightdevil, Blood Flow

Sect is a demon sect, but we keep our promises. If you go back on your word in front of all these cultivators, you will be hated by everyone! No one will ever trust you again!"

Master God-Diviner was truly terrified. He feared Yan Xiaobao had deliberately drawn him out of his Immortal Cave to attack him. Just as he flew away, he dropped the jade pendant into the Immortal Cave.

He never expected Yan Xiaobao to have just come for the Immortal Cave and not his life. In fact, he still couldn't believe it, his heart filled with a sense of narrowly escaping a deadly disaster.

When he grasped the jade pendant, Yan Xiaobao stared at the fleeing Divine Master. Only then did he understand what had happened. He sighed, ignored Master God-Diviner, and then walked into the Blood Tree Forest.

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Chapter 1347 The New Master

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Once the Blood Trees realized they had a new master, they all smiled and even began to lavish him with praise.

"Master Nightdevil is powerful and extraordinary, unmatched under the heavens."

"Master Nightdevil is a strategy master! Even the most difficult tasks, he can accomplish successfully!"

Yan Xiaobao, with a melancholic, cool expression, looked at the flattering Blood Trees, but in his eyes, there was a hint of encouragement. Initially, the Blood Trees were very tense, but upon seeing his encouraging expression, they gathered courage and flattered him even more. Yan Xiaobao sighed and shook his head.

"I really am excellent," he muttered under his breath. "Wherever I go, people always try to flatter me. It's annoying, but I can't stop them." His sigh caused the Blood Trees' flattery to increase.

"Compared to Nightdevil, no other Demon exists in the world!"

"Just one glance, and Nightdevil will make all female cultivators faint..."

"When Nightdevil sighs, the sky turns dark!"

As the Blood Trees went all out, Yan Xiaobao happily walked into the Immortal Master's Immortal Cave. The Blood Qi here didn't seem as intense as it was near Song Que Blood Waterfall. Yan Xiaobao felt more satisfied than before.

There were seven or eight puppets, all providing formal greetings. He soon sent them into his collapsed Immortal Cave, bringing his possessions there.

Soon, the fact that Yan Xiaobao had taken over the Immortal Master's Immortal Cave spread throughout the Middle Peak. However, brand new stories about Nightcrypt's atrocities were being told.

Half a month passed, during which Nightcrypt's stories grew wilder and wilder. All cultivators in the area had come to know of him.

Soon, everyone realized that a new savage figure had appeared in the Blood Flow Sect. He single-handedly fought against a group of Foundation experts, even killing seven or eight of them. He absorbed all the Blood Qi from the Middle Peak, forming a massive, shocking Blood Sword.

Then came his Reverse Blood Ancestry awakening, which completely surprised everyone.

"He has a strange personality, completely unpredictable. One second, he will slaughter people left and right, the next, he's calm, letting everyone off the hook. It's impossible to figure him out..."

"I heard that according to Patriarch Limitless, it was Nightcrypt's demonic nature that allowed him to escape from Bai Xiaochun of the Spirit Creek Sect. Nightcrypt is evidently exceptional for a time!"

"Even Song Que is not a match for him! He's only established in the Mortal-Dao Foundation, which is too bad. Otherwise, he'd be even stronger than now!"

"No matter. I heard the Great Elders of the four peaks were fighting over him. Eventually, he chose Grand Elder Song Junwan of Middle Peak. What a pity..."

Of course, news leaked from the Blood Stream Sect's territory to other sect territories. Eventually, even the warring Profound Stream Sect and Pill Stream Sect heard about Nightcrypt.

The Spirit Stream Sect was closer to the Blood Stream Sect, so they knew more details. Ultimately, both North Shore and South Shore of the Spirit Stream Sect were buzzing with the topic.

Ghostfang was in secluded meditation, but he even heard some stories. Frowning, he recalled the Fallen Sword Abyss but couldn't remember a Blood Stream cultivator by that name. "Nightcrypt? I don't remember him..."

Shangguan Tianyou was also in secluded meditation. After contemplating the matter, he couldn't recall any information about the person. But it didn't matter. He was displeased with anyone stronger than him. When it comes to any generation's elector, they know the only way to maintain their position is to continually become stronger.

"Nightcrypt..." Zhou Xinqi took a deep breath. The Spirit Stream Sect paid close attention to the Blood Stream Sect's affairs. Zhou Xinqi was very shocked by the news, especially when she heard he had battled a group of Foundation experts. Clenching her teeth, she focused more intensely on cultivation.

Along with Beihan Lie, Lu Tianlei, Xu Song, Gongsun Yun, and many other electors, stories about Nightcrypt urged them to focus more. As for the Sect Leader and other senior leaders, they noticed but were more interested in the Reverse Blood Inheritance awakening.

"If this Nightcrypt continues to get stronger, he might be headed for disaster..."

"Invest more resources into searching for Bai Xiaochun. Ever since the child left, not even his shadow has appeared. Even those we sent to monitor him have failed to find any clues."

The Spiritual Sect electors and leadership figures were shaken. As for ordinary Inner Sect disciples, most were unimpressed by the stories they heard.

"What is Nightcrypt really about? Can he even come close to Uncle Bai?"

"Precisely. If Uncle Bai fought him, this Nightcrypt would turn to dust in an instant!" That's what many said, especially Hou Xiaomei and Big Fatty Zhang. Xu Baocai's opinions were particularly passionate.

Indeed, to confirm her theory that the newly renowned Nightcrypt would be thoroughly destroyed by a simple wave of Bai Xiaochun's finger, Hou Xiaomei went to consult Hou Yunfei, who was in secluded meditation.

After long contemplation, Hou Yunfei laughed and said, "Nightcrypt? There are so many attacking Xiao Chun simultaneously. I really don't remember them."

"I know he's not human! Big Bro Xiaochun is the best." Initially, Hou Xiaomei was very happy. However, her cheer quickly faded. "Where do you think Xiao Chun is now? How come no one can find him? I hope he's not in trouble."

Hou Yunfei messed up his hair and looked off into the distance.

"Don't worry about him," he laughed. "Wherever he actually is, the one ultimately getting into trouble will be everyone unlucky enough to be around him. Who knows how many people have gone mad because of him so far?"

#### Chapter 1348 The New Master (2)

Hou Xiaomei recalled all the past events that Yan Xiaobao had been involved in and smiled. Finally, she took a deep breath. Her eyes filled with determination, her cheeks flushed, she decided she must strive to cultivate. If she didn't, there was no hope for anything to happen between her and Yan Xiaobao.

With the stories of Ye Xiao spreading, Yan Xiaobao sat beneath the Blood Pool, cultivating. With the help of the powerful Blood Qi in the area, he was already working on the second layer of the Immortal Heavenly King.

So far, more than half of the Heavenspan River water had merged into his first spiritual ocean. Soon, this process would be complete.

This meant he had begun to break through from early foundation establishment. It was also another step forward in his control of great magic. At that time, he would be able to experiment in ways he had only ever dreamed of before.

Although he hadn't encountered the opportunity to use his Heavenspan Dharma Eye, he was sure that when he opened it, it would be stronger than ever.

Then there was his Mountain Shaking Bash. He continued to practice with it, and as he became more familiar with it, rumbling sounds echoed around his Immortal Cave.

He also hadn't given up on his work with atomic energy. Although he hadn't mastered it, he was sure it was an extraordinary magic, and the thought of being able to harness the forces of attraction and repulsion made his heart pound with anticipation.

"If I fully understand it, then if someone stronger than me is chasing me, I can flick my finger, and they won't be able to come near. As for those weaker than me, I can wave my hand, and they will fly towards me." When he thought of this, his eyes sparkled like diamonds. "Being able to force people to come and go at my will. Now that is a level in itself." The more Yan Xiaobao thought about it, the more he looked forward to it. He could almost imagine what it would be like when he mastered atomic ability, reducing things to ashes with a wave of his hand. The swoosh of his sleeves could send distant enemies far away while bringing friends close to protect them.

It was a fascinating thought, and Yan Xiaobao watched for a moment before deciding to do some more testing.

He worked diligently for more than half a month.

One night, during his study of atomic power, a blood-colored sedan chair turned towards the direction of the sect, carried on the shoulders of eight Stone Statue Ghosts.

On either side of the sedan chair were the masters of the palace maids, holding blood-colored lanterns, causing scarlet light to spill in all directions. Inside the sedan was Xue Mei, wearing a mask, staring seriously at the jade in her hand.

She had left the sect a few months prior on a mission. After killing some profound sect disciples from a local cultivation family, she was now on her way back to the sect.

"Ye Xiao..." Looking at the sect, her eyes glowed with murderous intent. About a month ago, while still on her mission, she heard other disciples talking about Nightcrypt. She knew of the chaos in Zhongshan and that her Immortal Cave had been destroyed...

Now, even more murderous intent lingered in her eyes. In the past, she hadn't given much thought to Nightcrypt. To her, he was like an ant, someone who could be killed with a flick of a hat.

If not for her being on a mission, she would have arranged for his extinction. Even the fact that he had been hiding on Corpse Peak didn't matter. Of course, she wouldn't do it herself.

But at that time, Nightcrypt had actually destroyed her Immortal Cave. Later came the news of him battling a group of foundation stage cultivators, even absorbing all the Blood Qi of the Middle Peak during his Reverse Blood Ancestor's awakening. It was truly an amazing achievement.

However, if Xue Mei wanted him dead, she could still make it happen!

She waved her hand and said, "To Middle Peak!"

In response to her words, the palace maids and Stone Statue Ghosts changed direction. They were now heading towards Middle Peak in the dark night instead of towards Ancestor Peak.

Her arrival created pressure that many foundation-establishing cultivators could sense, and they immediately saw the blood-colored sedan. As for those who had battled Yan Xiaobao before, their eyes flickered with emotion.

This was especially true for Master God-Diviner. He now lived in a relatively crude Immortal Cave, and when he saw Xue Mei's sedan flying through the air, he began to tremble excitedly.

"Let's see how you hide this time, Nightcrypt! Everyone else fears attacking you. Even Patriarch Limitless has approved of you. But, Miss Xue Mei has reached the nine Tideflows, and she is the 'beloved daughter' of Patriarch Limitless! If she wants you dead, even the clan leader won't stop her! You're dead, Nightcrypt!"

Though it was very quiet on Middle Peak, if you listened closely, you could hear many cultivators trying their best to stifle their breathing. It was like the calm before the storm.

Soon the blood-colored sedan hovered over Xue Mei's Immortal Cave. When Xue Mei saw the rubble below, she began to breathe heavily. She transformed into a beam of blood-colored light, shooting towards the Immortal Cave.

Her sleeve waved, sending countless rocks and pieces of rubble flying away, revealing a destroyed Spell formation and the shattered remnants of her Blood Bottle.

As she stared at her bottle, her murderous aura grew stronger and stronger, until explosive energy formed around her. Surprisingly, nine vortexes could be seen swirling around her.

These were the manifestations of her nine Tideflows from the Earthstring foundation establishment. They spun rapidly until they looked like nine massive tornadoes, causing a widespread shock to cultivators in the area. A moment later, Xue Mei's voice echoed, filled with boundless killing intent.

"Where is Nightcrypt!?"

Master God-Diviner had been closely watching what was happening, and upon hearing her words, he suddenly burst forth, flying over. He clenched his hands and bowed his head in excitement, saying, "Miss Xue Mei, please take charge here. Nightcrypt is irredeemably vicious, a villain guilty of every conceivable crime. Not only did he destroy your Immortal Cave, but he also killed many fellow disciples of the sect. Then he stole my Immortal Cave! That is where you can find him right now. I'll lead the way, Miss!"

Xue Mei looked at Master Shen with a gaze that made his heart pound. To avoid her gaze, he quickly led her towards Yan Xiaobao.

Quite a few other foundation-establishing cultivators were secretly watching in the area, and they began to follow. When they anticipated witnessing Miss Xue Mei slaughter Bai Xiaochun, a sinister look appeared in their eyes.

"Nightcrypt is dead!"

"Hmph! Let's see him be arrogant and aggressive this time! He can bully us, but he'll be like a worm before Miss Xue Mei!"

"Miss Xue Mei achieved the nine Tideflows, shaking the entire eastern lower reaches of the Cultivation World. Aside from the legendary Bai Xiaochun, who could be a match for her?"

They eagerly followed until they were outside Yan Xiaobao's new Immortal Cave.

"Miss Xue Mei," Immortal Master Shen gritted his teeth, "the scoundrel is right in here!" After everything that happened, Master God-Diviner loathed Yan Xiaobao to the bone.

Xue Mei looked at the Immortal Cave and Blood Tree with a vicious face. The Blood Tree opened its eyes and immediately started trembling. None of them dared to say a word; clearly, they could feel that Miss Xue Mei was much more terrifying than Ye Xiao.

Not only did they not say a single word, but they also uprooted themselves and moved aside, revealing the Blood Pool and Immortal Cave.

Xue Mei's killing intent slowly turned into Blood Qi, swirling around her as she started moving forward. She took a moment to hover directly above the Immortal Cave. There, she raised her right hand, turning it blood red before pushing it downwards.

The entire Middle Peak trembled in response, and an identical Spell formation appeared as when the clan leader moved not too many days ago. A tremendous amount of Blood Qi rotated together, converging beneath Xue Mei, forming a massive blood-colored plum blossom.

Then, the plum blossom began to descend towards the Immortal Cave!

The cave's Spell formation activated, trying to fight back, but the blood-colored plum blossom was too strong. It had converged all the Blood Qi of the area and seemed capable of completely controlling the Spell formation. The formation could only hold on for a few breaths of time before vanishing. Then, Xue Mei's assault continued to descend.

Incredible rumbling sounds echoed in all directions. As Yan Xiaobao's Immortal Cave began to collapse, the crowd watched with excitement, rocks and rubble tumbling in all directions.

"Miss Xue Mei is all-powerful!"

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Chapter 1349 Deadly Battle

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"Hahaha! Nightcrypt, you..." Although everyone was initially cheering, they quickly discovered that the incredible cave was empty...

Xue Mei coldly snorted, then pointed her finger towards the Blood Pool and waved it. Instantly, Blood Qi erupted, crashing into the reservoir with a bang, causing it to collapse. At the same time, someone shot out from the reservoir, and that person was none other than Yan Xiaobao himself.

He had been happily practicing at the bottom of the pool when he suddenly heard the commotion above. Before he even had time to see what was happening, the top of the reservoir had already been destroyed. He wasn't hurt, but he was certainly shocked. He was also unsure what type of mysterious treasure she had used to create such a powerful aura. That was the only reason he hadn't noticed her before. "Listen, we've all been chosen, so please hear me out—"

Xue Mei looked at him calmly. There are some people in life who don't consider someone to be an insect, but Nightcrypt was not one of those people.

She waved her finger again, and Yan Xiaobao immediately felt an impending crisis. This was the explosive force of nine Tideflows!

With just a wave of her finger, it contained layer upon layer of power, all of which pressed down on Yan Xiaobao.

Yan Xiaobao was furious; in his view, they were all chosen, so there was no reason they couldn't sit down and discuss things rationally. Why did they have to resort to deadly combat immediately? However, at this moment, he had no choice but to unleash his Blood Qi. He raised his hand above his head, grasping the Blood Sword that formed, and then swung it down in front of him.

A surge of heat rippled out, shaking the entire area. As the shockwave spread, Yan Xiaobao's hair flew about wildly. For the first time, Xue Mei shone with a brilliant light, and she coldly snorted.

"Not too bad after all," she said coldly. "But external power is nothing more than external power. Blood Qi Seal!" Her right hand flashed with a spell gesture, then she pointed, and the same thing happened as when the Clan Leader reappeared.

All the Blood Qi around Yan Xiaobao began to tremble and dissipate. Yan Xiaobao looked around and immediately realized there were signs of a spell forming on the ground.

Although she couldn't control the entire Middle Peak like a Priest without limits, she could control a smaller area.

"At this moment," she said calmly, "you are nothing but an ant." Then she began speaking to Yan Xiaobao. Yan Xiaobao's face darkened. The area's Blood Qi had been suppressed, but if he wanted, he could seize control, just as he had done before. Unfortunately, if he did so now, it would reveal some secrets he did not want others to know.

As they fiercely clashed against each other, a rumbling sound echoed out. Yan Xiaobao staggered back, his anger growing. As for Xue Mei, her eyes showed a fierce killing intent. She once again performed another spell, summoning a blood-colored plum blossom shooting towards Yan Xiaobao.

A fierce expression could be seen in Yan Xiaobao's eyes. Xue Mei was much stronger than Song Que and was actually the most powerful enemy he had encountered since reaching the Foundation. Even as he tried to figure out how to deal with her, a flirtatious laugh suddenly rang out in the area.

"What wind blew the young lady Xue Mei here? What's the matter? Do you not like my young Nightcrypt?" As Song Junwan, the Zhongshan Lord, appeared in front of Yan Xiaobao, another casual laugh drifted throughout the area. She wore an outfit different from before, but it couldn't contain her full figure like other clothes, almost as if she had to exhale to fit into it. Curves could be seen everywhere, along with milky-white skin. She was explosively sexy...

With a single word from her mouth, the blood-colored plum blossom stopped in mid-air. Song Junwan's hair flowed around her, emitting a fragrant aroma. She was like a ripe peach, making all the other Foundation-established cultivators fill with desire. Tongues clung to the roof of their mouths, and they lowered their heads to avoid looking at the attractive figure before them.

Only Yan Xiaobao dared to stare. Then, he spoke, sounding aggrieved and bullied.

"Sister Song, if you were a little later, I would have lost my poor little life."

"You always look at me that way, you lecherous little rascal," Song Junwan said with a playful smile. "What exactly are you trying to do?" Though she didn't seem to be flirting technically, her spectacular beauty and sparkling eyes would stir emotions in anyone who saw them.

In his heart, Yan Xiaobao wanted to tell her she was a vixen. However, if he couldn't become his own elder somehow, then the only way to obtain the eternally indestructible relic was to sneak into her bedroom. Therefore, he shyly lowered his head and spoke in a quieter voice: "Sister Song, you are unrivaled and noble. I don't know why, but I can't stop myself from staring..."

With that, he took another look at her. The way he treated her differently was precisely what Song Junwan found so interesting.

Their flirtatious exchange caused all the Foundation-established cultivators to inwardly grumble in agony. Aside from their hatred for Yan Xiaobao, there was also a tinge of envy...

This was especially true for Master God-Diviner, whose eyes nearly glowed with a glare. Heart racing, he suddenly wished he could trade places with Bai Xiaochun. He wanted to be the one standing in front of Song Junwan, the Zhongshan Grand Elder, who was truly a rare beauty. He wanted to be the one to flirt back and forth with her!

#### Chapter 1350 Deadly Battle (Part 2)

Xue Mei looked at the two of them, the cold in her eyes growing even more intense. She said coldly, "I'm curious as well. What wind brought Song Junwan here? Get out of my way!"

With that, she waved her hand, and the blood-red plum blossoms began to move again.

Song Junwan's smile suddenly turned icy. "Du Xuemei, this is the Middle Peak. Don't let your rashness get the better of you!" [1. This clarifies why it's Xue Mei, not Xue Mei, as Xue Mei is her first name, her surname is Du. As people might ask, yes, this Du character is the same as Du Lingfei's. Remember that sharing the same surname doesn't necessarily confirm a relation or connection. For example, Xu Xiaoshan and Xu Baocai share the same surname, but it doesn't mean they're from the same family.]

She waved her right hand, causing the spell that covered the area to suddenly erupt. Earlier, Xue Mei had barely forced part of it to work, but now, the whole thing was happening. The bloody plum blossoms shattered into a vast amount of Blood Qi. Most of it dispersed, though some of it was absorbed by Xue Mei.

Xue Mei lifted her chin and arrogantly said, "Mind your own business, since you're here!"

When she looked at Song Junwan, her expression was different from when she looked at others; it was a sneer, deliberate provocation.

"This is my business. I dare you to do something to Nightcrypt! Try it and see what happens!" Sneering, Song Junwan's right hand flashed with spell gestures, and she waved a hand at the ground. In an instant, the spell formation expanded, and all of the fingers were lit up in a blink. Song Junwan's gaze was as mocking and provocative as Xue Mei's.

Feeling moved, Yan Xiaobao stayed behind Song Junwan, hating Xue Mei.

Xue Mei took a step forward, her cultivation base erupting with power, transforming into nine swirling tornadoes reaching high into the sky. This was the formidable power of the Earthstring Foundation Establishment and the nine Tideflows. "I initially planned to simply teach him a lesson with my hands. But since you are now protecting him, I guess I'll end his life!"

Yan Xiaobao's eyes glittered; deep down, he despised Xue Mei even more. If he could reveal his Heavenly Dao Foundation, then his finger would leave her stunned in shock.

"Others may fear your identity, but not Song Junwan. I don't care. If you harm a single hair on Nightcrypt's head, I'll cut off one of your fingers!" Song Junwan also took a step forward, unleashing the power of her cultivation base. Although she didn't have nine swirling Tideflows, she was in the late Foundation Establishment stage; the quality of power she wielded couldn't compare to Xue Mei's, but the absolute quantity was overwhelming!

As the power of the two clashed, the sound of cracking echoed out. The plants and trees in the area were shredded as the shockwaves spread, causing the hearts of the Foundation cultivators to tremble.

It was clear that Xue Mei was not a match; after their initial clash, she staggered backward.

Yan Xiaobao was so shaken, not knowing what to do or say. He could hardly believe that this beautiful elder treated him so well. She offended Xue Mei, even putting herself at risk for his sake. Although Yan Xiaobao felt a single hair was more valuable than a finger, he was still deeply touched by this elder's kindness.

"She truly treats me well," he thought. "What should I do...?" Feeling a headache, he hovered behind Song Junwan, glaring sullenly at Xue Mei.

Xue Mei breathed a cold gust. She burned with fury, her eyes ablaze, and waved her right index finger, causing a beam of white light to shoot out from her pouch. It transformed into a small white bell, with a surface etched with a smiling face. However, upon closer examination, the face seemed almost to be crying. If used for too long, your scalp would start to tingle, your heart would fill with fear.

As soon as the bell appeared, a strange aura spread all around. When it merged into the nine Tideflow whirlpools, the Tideflow energy burst forth, filling the area with a great rumbling sound. Oddly, the bell's power seemed to fuse with the nine Tideflow whirlwinds.

In an instant, the area's energy surged, and the bell began to grow larger, until it was 30 meters tall. As it hovered in mid-air, it radiated infinite power and pressure.

Xue Mei's eyes glittered. Thanks to the assistance of this magical artifact, the power of her cultivation base continued to rise, until it was on par with Song Junwan's level!

Clearly, the bell's sound might affect the emotions of those who heard it. The faces of the onlookers flickered, and even Song Junwan's pupils contracted.

Obviously, this wasn't a magical artifact tailored for Foundation Establishment cultivators. Considering Xue Mei's status, everyone knew it was a precious treasure given to her by her homeless, unattached father.

One could only imagine how powerful a precious treasure a Clan Leader might give to his beloved daughter.

Song Junwan clenched her teeth. She had never gotten along with Xue Mei, and they were currently engaged in a broader power struggle. Despite their mutual dislike spanning many years without success, Song Junwan's current cultivation base was far stronger than Xue Mei's. However, the precious treasure provided by Patriarch Limitless was enough to fill her with dread.

Yet, Xue Mei's heart trembled with fear too. She might possess a valuable treasure, but in terms of cultivation base, she was no match for Song Junwan. Furthermore, she couldn't truly compete once official status was gained within the sect.