

## Medical 1361

### Chapter 1361 - Admitting Defeat with Grace

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Master Davina's expression was cold and indifferent, but inside he felt very proud of himself.

Song Junwan's eyes narrowed slightly, but after some thought, she turned to God's Priest and nodded.

The Divination Master cleared his throat, reminding himself that this was his moment to shine, and he must make use of it. He must fully showcase his abilities.

"I might not have powerful combat magic, but when it comes to things falling from the sky, I'm the best, and no one dares to claim second place!" Master Yan Xiaobao glanced scornfully. Davina walked forward a few steps. As everyone from the Spiritual Stream Sect and Blood Flow Sect watched, he raised his right hand and made a spell gesture.

At the same time, his eyes seemed to flicker with a portentous light. He murmured to himself, his hand movements becoming faster, images seeming to flash in his eyes. But then a mist seemed to cover his eyes, blurring his vision.

"So, it is protected by a spell!" Master Davina chuckled coldly. Clearly, he was prepared for this. He patted his bag, producing a gray bone that exuded the power of time. Pressing hard on the bone, he performed more divination.

Wisps of gray smoke rose from the bone, and God-Diviner Master inhaled deeply. Beside him, Xu Meixiang and everyone else gasped in awe.

The Divination Master's face slowly turned very pale, beads of sweat forming on his forehead. After a moment, his eyes opened. To his surprise, none of his efforts had yielded any results so far. Even his ancient bone couldn't penetrate the fearsome powerful spell formation of the Spirit Stream Sect. It was so strong that it resisted all invasive Augustine magic.

In fact, he could tell that any further divination attempts would meet with aggressive backlash, severely draining his spirit and possibly resulting in death. Unwilling to continue, he gave up. Blinking, he looked at Yan Xiaobao, who seemed to be enjoying the performance.

Murderous intent surged within God-Diviner Master. As he stepped back, he turned to Song Junwan and formalized his stance by clasping his hands. "Along this path, brother Nightcrypt said he understands the stars and the underworld. He claimed he could wave his sleeve and uncover all that needs to be known. Although I, the God-Divination Master, couldn't ascertain the location of Bai Xiaochun's Immortal Cave on Xiangyun Peak, perhaps brother Nightcrypt can determine its location. With an immortal divination technique, surely he can succeed effortlessly. Isn't that right, brother Nightcrypt?"

With that, he stared coldly at Bai Xiaochun.

Yan Xiaobao was taken aback. He was just enjoying the show, never imagining the shameless God-Diviner Master would drag him into the predicament after failing himself. God-Diviner Master's pale, sweat-drenched expression clearly indicated how difficult and even dangerous doing a divination here could be.

Xu Meixiang looked at Yan Xiaobao curiously. Zhou Xinqi's gaze was icy, and others from the Spiritual Stream Sect wore serious expressions. As for the members of the Blood Flow Sect, they were all very interested in what was about to happen.

Song Junwan frowned, about to say something, when God-Diviner Master laughed coldly, "Little brother Nightcrypt, on the way here, you said you knew everything. What's wrong? Too scared to put on a dance performance now? Could it be that what you said before was just boastful talk? If you can determine the location of Yan Xiaobao's Immortal Cave, then I, God-Divine Master, will gracefully concede defeat. In fact, I'll even bow to you!"

Silence followed God-Diviner Master's words.

The Spiritual Stream Sect seemed pleased to witness internal conflict among the Blood Flow Sect members, especially between two such famous figures as Nightcrypt and Master-Diviner. In their view, it was a good thing.

As for the Blood Sect, they were also willing to see Nightcrypt embarrass himself. Considering how God-Divination Master phrased it, this was especially true, ensuring that they didn't say a word to interfere.

Song Junwan's eyes widened further. She was not pleased with what God-Divine Master was doing, making her eyes flash with cold light.

Seeing everyone looking at him, Bai Xiaochun blinked. How could he not know the location of his Immortal Cave? Moreover, there was no harm in taking everyone to see it. Since it had already become a ruin long ago, there was nothing to see inside.

So, he proudly raised his chin, scornfully looking at God-Divine Master. He cleared his throat, took a few steps forward, and said calmly, "Alright. I, Nightcrypt, have always preferred to keep a low profile. I've never been interested in revealing my true skills and abilities within the Spirit Stream Sect. After all, once I do so, it would surely lead to countless headaches.

"However, since God-Divination Master is taking things so seriously, I suppose I have no choice but to perform a divination!" With a wave of his sleeve, his eyes began to shine brightly, as if he was filled with explosive energy...

His hair suddenly floated in the air, yet he didn't make any spell gestures or mutter anything. He merely closed his eyes and raised his hands to the sky. It seemed as though he was communicating with heaven and earth, merging with the world around him.

This sight made God-Divine Masters smirk, believing Bai Xiaochun was merely trying to bewilder everyone with frivolous tricks.

Chapter 1362 - Conceding with Grace (Part 2)

He thought: "I can't even detect a single ripple." "What makes you think you can accomplish anything?!"

Time passed one moment after another. After about twenty moments, God-Diviner Master's smile grew colder, and cultivators nearby began to feel some doubt. However, Yan Xiaobao's eyes suddenly opened, shining with a bright and mysterious light. He pointed decisively into the distance. "There! Follow me!"

He strode forward, leading the crowd through Xiangyun Peak until they arrived at a place that seemed to be nothing more than a pile of rubble.

"This is Yan Xiaobao's Immortal Cave!" he proudly announced, his voice so resolute it could cut through nails and cleave iron.

"Are you kidding me??" Master Davina said in a cynical tone. "Is this pile of rocks Bai Xiaochun's Immortal Cave?" Even as he began to sneer, he suddenly felt as if something dropped. Looking at the Middle Cultivator from Spirit Stream Sect, his eyes widened.

Zhou Xinqi's jaw dropped, and Xu Meixiang gasped. Zhang Dapang visibly trembled, and other Middle Cultivators from the Spirit Stream Sect seemed equally shocked. They all stared at Yan Xiaobao, their eyes shining with an unbelievably bright light. Clearly, they were surprised and even stunned by Nightcrypt's mysterious display.

Zhou Xinqi and Xu Meixiang were especially so. They were familiar with how spells were formed and couldn't imagine how powerful Divination Magic had to be to penetrate them.

When the people from Blood Flow Sect saw the expressions on the Spiritual Flow Sect cultivators' faces, they realized that Nightcrypt had correctly pinpointed Yan Xiaobao's Immortal Cave's location. Instantly, their hearts swelled with shock. Although most Middle Cultivators from the Blood Flow Sect could perform divination techniques, most were novices. Only a few like the Priest were skilled masters of the art. But Nightcrypt had just completely crushed the Diviner Master. It was an utterly shocking event.

Song Junwan was equally stupefied. Looking at Yan Xiaobao, her expression became more complex than ever. She never expected him to succeed in divination.

God Divine Master was stunned, beginning to tremble with disbelief. "Impossible. This is impossible..." Beside him were Beihan Lie and Lu Tianlei, responsible for closely monitoring Nightcrypt. Seeing the power of his Divination Magic, their students recoiled from pure shock.

The area became incredibly quiet, and all eyes focused on Bai Xiaochun. Bai Xiaochun lifted his chin proudly, basking in the astonishment.

The Divination Master seemed close to death, on the verge of collapse. His discomfort and skepticism were like music to Bai Xiaochun's ears.

"Pitiful Snortsnort Master, how dare you compete with me!" he thought. "Humph! In any other sect, this would be impossible, but the Spirit Creek Sect is my home! Don't tell me you're going to try to get me to do more divinations? I can walk with my eyes closed and not get lost!" Bai Xiaochun felt more wonderful than ever. Now, the dream of being the center of attention was more fulfilled than ever.

Just as Yan Xiaobao was about to leave his victory platform, Master Davina's face twisted into a vicious expression, and he screamed, "Wait a minute! Nightcrypt was just lucky! Anyone can see the extraordinary violet Qi rising from this Immortal Cave. I refuse to believe he found it through divination!" Song Junwan suddenly frowned, and the Spirit Creek Sect group hesitated, starting to doubt if divination had truly occurred.

Yan Xiaobao immediately stopped in his tracks, glaring at God Divine Master.

"Don't believe me, do you? Fine! I'll just have to convince you!" Yan Xiaobao retorted coldly, closing his eyes. This time, he took longer than before, and even as people's doubts deepened, he suddenly opened his eyes, filled with strange and swirling light. His expression seemed more solemn than before, even emanating a deadly, gloomy aura.

His gaze fell on a nearby Immortal Cave, and he pointed, saying: "That Immortal Cave was struck by lightning in the past!"

Zhou Xinqi's jaw dropped. The Immortal Cave he pointed at was hers during her time in the inner sect, as Yan Xiaobao's pill concoction was struck by lightning and destroyed.

She wasn't the only one to realize this. Other cultivators from Xiangyun Peak remembered what had happened, their expressions flickering. Blood Flow Sect cultivators were once again shocked. They couldn't see any signs of lightning strikes in the area, but clearly, the silent expressions of Spirit Creek Sect cultivators spoke volumes. It was shocking that Nightcrypt had performed another successful divination.

Priest Davina ground his teeth, ready to respond, but Bai Xiaochun wasn't finished. His expression flickered with a strange light, he inspected the Immortal Cave more closely, then took a deep breath.

"I can sense the lasting fragrance of cosmetics! If my divination is correct, then this Immortal Cave was not only struck by lightning but also belonged to a female disciple!"

He proudly waved his sleeve. Then, to the amazement of nearby Middle Cultivators, he made a spell gesture with his right hand and declared: "Moreover, my divination indicates that the female disciple is an outstanding member of the sect! Hold on, give me a moment. Let me know her name! She... she is a young woman with the surname Zhou!" He suddenly turned on his heel, looking at the shocked Zhou Xinqi. After scrutinizing her closely, he pointed at her.

Chapter 1363 Conceding with Grace (Part 3)

"You! This is your Immortal Cave!"

The Spirit Creek Sect cultivator immediately shouted in shock and suspicion. The despicable lie made Lu Tianlei gasp, and Zhang Dapang trembled more intensely than before.

Xu Meixiang's eyes flashed with a cold light. She was unsure if this Middle Cultivator from the Blood Flow Sect truly performed divination or had access to insider information. Each possibility was shocking in its own way, and the intent to kill Nightcrypt suddenly surfaced in her heart.

After a moment of silence, Zhou Xinqi's gaze turned icy, and she nodded.

This nod made the Blood Flow Sect cultivator's eyes widen even more. As for the God Divination Master, he felt as if his mind was struck by lightning to the point that he didn't know what to say.

"How can this be...?" he trembled, thoughts tumbling through his mind. He still couldn't believe what he saw was true. After all, he hadn't even sensed a trace of the divination aura, but Nightcrypt had clearly divided the information correctly.

Song Junwan looked more vibrant than ever. Her background investigation into Nightcrypt showed that he would occasionally perform divinations as an inner disciple, but she never imagined he would be more powerful than the Priest Divination Master.

Bai Xiaochun felt prouder of his reaction than ever before. Energized, he stepped forward, taking the lead to guide the group across Xiangyun Peak. The role, originally intended for Xu Meixiang or Zhou

Xinqi, was now being filled by Bai Xiaochun. He closed his eyes, took a few steps, then opened them to explain things that left the Spirit Creek Sect shocked. Of course, Yan Xiaobao was cautious, revealing only appropriate information and no confidential details.

Stopping near a crevice in a large stone, his expression turned serious. Then he said, "Here... Whoa! The cracks in these stones look peculiar. Wait, let me divine. Hmm, yes, it seems that snakes once emerged from these rocks. Quite a few! Tons, actually!"

"This place here was also struck by lightning. Heaven! How many areas on Xiangyun Peak have been struck by lightning!?" He led the group forward, stopping here and there to point out various locations.

Eventually, he reached the 10,000 Medicine Pavilion. Looking around with admiration and respect, he said, "I can feel a powerful aura here. Apparently, a very powerful person once stood in this exact spot, contemptuous of all creations! He must have been the first Master of plants and vegetation!"

Soon, they arrived at the Missionary Office, and Bai Xiaochun was taken aback. "Aha! This must be the Missionary Office. At some point in the near future, a domineering individual swept through the tasks here!"

"Whoa? I can sense a bird's aura here, some kind of giant bird!"

"Something seems odd here. According to my divination, many chickens disappeared from this place!"

As he led the group across Xiangyun Peak, commenting everywhere, the group from Spirit Creek Sect became more and more astonished. Everything he said was correct, without a single mistake. It was almost as though Nightcrypt had once lived in the Spirit Creek Sect.

Zhou Xinqi was gasping for breath. Lu Tianlei and Beihan Lie saw her expression, more shocked than before. As for Xu Meixiang, her gaze grew even more intense.

An elderly woman from Iris Peak was similarly shocked. The things Nightcrypt described were trivial, but what shocked her was how much information he knew. People began to suspect how he could possibly know such things, with some even speculating that he might have infiltrated the Spirit Creek Sect at some point in the past!

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## Chapter 1364 Prediction Magic

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However, the cultivators of the Blood Stream Sect realized that Nightcrypt had never been to the Spiritual Flow Sect, which shook them all. The Divination Master felt like he was engulfed by lightning. He was completely taken aback. He could tell that the grand spell formation of the Spirit Creek Sect was activated, and could even prevent only a few divination techniques. Even when he tried to release part of it, he still felt suffocated. Yet Nightcrypt was so powerful that he could rehearse throughout the entire process. Moreover, he was using some magic that even a divine demon master could not detect. The path he took casually was utterly shocking.

Even the God-Diviner Master began to doubt his own abilities. For the people of the Blood Stream Sect, there was only one explanation. Ye Xue possessed divination techniques that could shake heaven and earth.

After touring the length and breadth of Xiangyun Peak, Bai Xiaochun felt happier than ever. Everyone else seemed to be in a daze, even uneasy. It was at this point that Zhang Dapang looked at Xu Meixiang and noticed her gaze. Without hesitation, he stepped forward and pointed at Bai Xiaochun.

"Advanced Nightcrypt," he roared. "Since you're good at divination, why don't you reveal some information about me??"

Everything became completely quiet. The cultivators of the Blood Flow Clan looked up at Yan Xiaobao, and Master Diviner's eyes suddenly started to shine.

"Dividing the information of inanimate objects is easy." The God Master Diviner chuckled inwardly. "Dividing people's information is much more difficult. I refuse to believe Nightcrypt is so powerful in distinguishing human information!"

Yan Xiaobao looked at Zhang Dapang with a strange expression on his face. Realizing he couldn't retreat immediately, he closed his eyes, and his expression became solemn.

Zhang Dapang was quite nervous inside. However, Xu Meixiang clearly indicated that he needed to test Nightcrypt. As he closed his eyes and looked at the Nightcrypt there, Big Fatty Zhang's heart began to pound.

After about ten breaths, Yan Xiaobao opened his eyes and looked at Zhang Dapang. "Young man, you are doing well. You come from a wealthy family and will have incredible fortune in the future," he said, his voice cool.

Zhang Dapang was stunned. Yan Xiaobao didn't say much, and indeed, there wasn't any way to refute his words. Zhang Dapang anxiously looked toward Xu Meixiang.

Although Xu Meixiang seemed to be smiling, her alertness towards Nightcrypt was increasing. Strange expressions could be seen on the faces of the cultivators in the Spirit Stream Sect. What Nightcrypt just said was refreshing and almost impossible to criticize.

Zhang Dapang gritted his teeth and said, "Your divination is-"

"You used to be very fat," Yan Xiaobao interrupted. "Very fat. You started in the bakery and accidentally became an Outer Sect disciple. Hmm. Let me understand more. Yes.... You met many twists and turns in the process and became an Outer Sect disciple due to something related to profit!"

Big Fatty gasped, looking at Yan Xiaobao, his hair standing on end. Almost all of his secrets were revealed at once.

All the other cultivators of the Spiritual Flow Sect stood there in shock.

Seeing how Nightcrypt single-handedly surprised all the Spirit Stream Sect cultivators, Song Junwan covered her mouth and laughed charmingly.

She said, "Everyone says that Yan Xiaobao from the Spirit Creek Sect is breathtaking, one of a kind. But as far as I know, the Nightcrypt of the Blood Stream Sect, with only a Mortal-Dao Foundation Establishment cultivation base, seems like a perfect match. Whether it's his wit, cultivation base, or potential, he seems as stunning as Yan Xiaobao. It's a pity Bai Xiaochun is in quiet meditation; otherwise, they might have had a competition to see who's more glorious. But as far as I know, the Nightcrypt of

the Blood Stream Sect, with only a Mortal-Dao Foundation Establishment cultivation base, seems like a perfect match. Whether it's his wit, cultivation base, or potential, he seems as stunning as Yan Xiaobao. It's a pity Bai Xiaochun is in quiet meditation; otherwise, they might have had a competition to see who's more glorious."

Yan Xiaobao's heart began to pound immediately. How could he compete with himself? Would his left hand hit his right hand...?

Looking down at his hands, he blinked. The expression of the Spirit Stream Sect cultivators didn't change, but he sneered inwardly at them. As far as they were concerned, the most powerful part about Yan Xiaobao wasn't his cultivation base or combat ability, but his disastrous pills!

Zhang Dapang looked disdainfully at Nightcrypt, thinking, "You can tell at a glance that this monster Nightcrypt excels in combat and prophecy. How could he compare with Bai Xiaochun? If they participate in a competition, Yan Xiaobao would toy with him like a cat with a mouse with toys! Yan Xiaobao would just throw some pills, and Nightcrypt would be so eliminated that you couldn't bury him!"

Yan Xiaobao looked around at the Spirit Stream Sect cultivators, feeling slightly embarrassed. He didn't even need to speculate what everyone was thinking, which made him sigh sadly.

"Having two identities is truly a headache. I guess you can only blame my outstanding nature," Yan Xiaobao shook his head and sighed.

Xu Meixiang smiled slightly but didn't take the bait. Instead, she led the Blood Flow sect cultivators on a brief tour of the violet cauldron peak and Green Peak. No matter what others said, Yan Xiaobao refused to do any more divination. He followed along, leaving a deep impression on the power of the two peaks. At this point, the Blood Stream Sect began to understand the power of the Spiritual Flow Sect.

After completing the South Shore tour, they headed to the North Shore.

Chapter 1365 Prediction Magic (Part 2)

At that time, Xu Meixiang handed the clues from the summit of Iris Mountain to the old woman.

This old woman was relatively taciturn, and hadn't said much along the way. However, before Song Junwan and the Blood Flow Sect cultivators had even set foot on the North Shore, the battle beasts

threw their heads back and roared. As the massive shock wave swept out toward them, heaven and earth trembled. Expressions of shock appeared on the faces of the Blood Flow Sect disciples, and Song Junwan's eyes went wide. For so many countless combat beasts to release such an explosive aura was something they did not dare take lightly.

Although the combat beasts hadn't actually appeared in the open, their auras were so powerful that they created enormous pressure, suppressing the power of the Blood Flow Sect. In fact, it made it impossible for them to continue on toward the North Shore, leaving them trapped between the North Shore and Daosai Mountain.

"I'm very sorry," the old woman said coolly, her eyes flickering with cold light. "The North Shore of the Spirit Creek Sect is somewhat lacking in courtesy. Diplomatic envoys usually go to the South Shore. Your request to visit the North Shore caught me a bit off guard, Elder Song."

Bai Xiaochun felt somewhat shaken. From an outsider's perspective, the Spirit Qi Sect clearly seemed soft on the outside, but on the inside it was hard as steel!

The North and South Shores represented this dichotomy. The South Shore seemed soft and warm, whereas the North Shore was harsh and unyielding. They complemented each other, using different methods to threaten and put their enemies on edge.

Song Junwan's face was a bit pale. She knew the Spirit Creek Sect was powerful, but had never imagined they would be so powerful. Back on the South Shore, the formation of spells seemed to pulse with warmth, and yet was filled with prickling power. It was truly shocking.

In contrast, the North Shore couldn't even be entered. The power generated by the combat beasts made it obvious that anyone who wanted to wage war against the Spirit Creek Sect would have to be prepared to pay a heavy price.

And that was only what the Spiritual Flow Sect was allowing the Blood Flow Sect to see.

Song Junwan thought, "They are gentle and restrained, but also strong and resolute." Clearly, they also possessed the capacity for ruthlessness. How dangerous! Behind her, the other people from the Blood Flow Sect were at a loss for words, their hearts filled with shocking waves.

Yan Xiaobao suddenly felt proud of the Spirit Creek Sect, both the South Shore and the North Shore. Furthermore, as he looked toward the North Shore and began searching among the various auras for Bruiser, he couldn't help but smile inwardly.

The old woman said, "Please don't take offense." "Taoists from the Blood Flow Sect, I'm afraid we truly cannot continue the tour of the North Shore. The North Shore is a bit rough. If the beasts lost control and began devouring people, that would be terrible." She smiled, although to the people of the Blood Flow Sect, it seemed rather intimidating.

A moment later, Song Junwan said, "Very well..."

However, even as she smiled, a howl that rose up from the North Shore immediately drew the attention of everyone present.

It seemed to crush the auras of most of the other combat beasts, and as it spread out, the disciples on the North Shore were shocked to find that their own combat beasts had begun to tremble because of it. The beasts raised their heads, looking fiercer, more savage, and more energetic than before.

As though roused by a leader, their emotions rose along with their howls. From them surged a powerful energy, and a surging tidal force rushed toward the Blood Flow Sect.

The explosive sounds made the faces of the Blood Sect cultivators fall. As they backed away, Song Junwan's pupils constricted, and she also retreated. The old woman from Iris Peak was likewise shaken as she looked toward the North Shore.

From the jungle below the four mountain peaks, a violet-colored beam of light shot up into the sky at high speed.

A moment later, a gigantic beast appeared in midair. It was thirty meters long, with the body of a horse, the head of a dragon, lizard scales, and the feet of a pangolin. Even more shocking, its teeth radiated seven-colored light.

As for its single horn, it looked just like the long, sharp ink-colored horn of the Heavenly Horn drake.

Even more astonishing, violet-red flames rolled down from the four claws on its feet. A single glance at those flames shook one's very soul. They rolled out in all directions, covering an area three hundred meters across to form a vast violet sea of flames.

Anyone who looked at the beast within that sea of fire would be shaken to the core, and would very likely gasp in panic.

It looked like the king of combat beasts, and its appearance caused all of the other combat beasts on the North Shore to howl at full volume. It seemed that regardless of what orders their masters gave, they were ready at any moment to heed the summons of this Beast King and join battle. They appeared to be teetering on the verge of losing control!

This newly appeared beast was none other than Bruiser!

Yan Xiaobao's Brussel!

The moment Brussel (Bruiser) appeared, the Middle Cultivators from the Blood Flow Sect felt their minds reel. Sounds of sharp intakes of breath could be heard, and expressions of disbelief appeared on their faces. This was especially true of the solemn-faced Song Junwan. A Blood Sect elder cried out loudly, "Beast King!"

"How is this possible? I can't believe a Beast King has already appeared!"

"Heavens! In the downstream regions of the cultivation world, there are only two Beast Kings. One slumbers beneath the waters of Heavenly Bay, the sacred crocodile of Heavenly Bay. The other is the death beetle that lives deep within the earth!"

"That's not a Beast King. He's just a juvenile. But once he grows up, he will definitely be a Beast King!"

"I've never heard of any sect raising its own Beast King..."

The people of the Blood Flow Sect felt their scalps tingling. Even Yan Xiaobao was shocked. He rubbed his eyes as he looked at Brussel (Bruiser), whose cultivation base had unexpectedly reached a level equivalent to the early Foundation Establishment stage.

He remembered that when he had left the Spirit Creek Sect, Bruiser had been roughly at Level 10 of Qi Condensation. Clearly, he had made a great deal of progress since then.

Furthermore, all of the beasts of the North Shore seemed willing to accept his commands. Although Bai Xiaochun had already realized that such an effect was possible, now it was clearer than ever before.

Even the old woman from Irispetal Peak had not been prepared for Bruiser to appear.

The truth was that Brussel's current state was only a sign of what was to come on the North Shore. Long before he ever reached power equivalent to Foundation Establishment, he had already been incredible. Yet he had gone completely beyond everyone's expectations and had smoothly and naturally reached Foundation Establishment!

He hadn't needed any help, neither a Foundation Establishment Pill nor Earth Energy. He had naturally developed vitality and combat prowess on par with Foundation Establishment. Even the Clan Leader was shocked, realizing that they had underestimated Brussel from the very beginning.

It was then that they realized he didn't have a Sixth-order Bloodline; he actually possessed a Seventh Rank Bloodline! In the Heaven Region, such creatures were referred to as Beast Kings!

If Bruiser continued to mature, he was very likely to become a true Beast King in the future!

This matter shook the entire Spiritual Sect, and they even arranged a new residence for Brussel. However, he refused to move out of the Beast Music Academy. That was his home, the place where he enjoyed frolicking and playing. Yet he would often gaze off into the distance. All of the Spirit Creek Sect disciples knew he was waiting for someone to return.

The woman from the summit of Iris Mountain was shocked, but couldn't bring herself to scold Brussel. Normally, Bruiser would insist on staying at the Beast Music Academy, guarding it like a watchdog. Even

when he appeared in battle, he wouldn't erupt with such terrifying energy, and he absolutely wouldn't fly up into the sky like a king.

Before the shock in the hearts of the Cultivators could fade, Bruiser threw his head back and roared. The flames at his feet erupted. Filled with ecstasy, he suddenly shot toward the group from the Blood Flow Sect, so fast that no one could track him.

As he closed in, flames surged around him, and countless combat beasts from the North Shore burst into motion, flying up into the air to join Bruiser as they charged toward the Blood Flow Sect.

From a distance, their numbers were so great that they blotted out everything beneath them. As the scalps of the Blood Sect cultivators began to tingle, a deadly sense of crisis erupted from deep within their hearts.

Song Junwan began to gasp for breath. Even though she was in late Foundation Establishment, seeing a Beast King like Bruiser left her completely shaken.

"The Spirit Creek Sect really does have a Beast King!!" The truth was, this was no great secret. There had long been a certain amount of rumor regarding the Spirit Creek Sect's Beast King. Because of who she was, Song Junwan had received reports on the matter long ago. But seeing it with her own eyes brought her a completely different sense of threat and danger.

The old woman from Iris Peak seemed stunned, and immediately tried to intervene. "Bruiser, what are you doing? Fall back, stand down!"

However, her words seemed to have no effect. In Brussel's eyes, there was only one person.

His father!

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Chapter 1366 Intuition

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Although Yan Xiaobao was concealed and disguised, there was still something in the depths of Bruiser's heart that kept him from instinctively recognizing his father.

There was no one in the world he loved more! Yan Xiaobao stared in shock at Bruiser. Under the mask, he was smiling warmly. The fact that Bruiser was now so powerful filled him with joy.

Furthermore, the cries of astonishment echoing around him made him even more excited. From this moment on, he wished he could loudly declare, "That's my Bruiser!"

However, Yan Xiaobao knew that was impossible. He was still within the Blood Flow Sect cultivator group, and he had to make Bruiser seem like a beast only the two of them could understand.

Be a good boy and go back. Daddy has a few things to take care of, then he'll come find you.

Bruiser suddenly stopped where he was. He was very intelligent, and had been well trained by Yan Xiaobao. It only took a moment of thought for him to understand Bai Xiaochun's request. He bared his teeth at the people of the Blood Flow Sect, radiating an unbelievably vicious aura. Then his gaze slid over to Song Junwan's chest, lingering there for a long time.

Although almost no one present understood what that meant, Bai Xiaochun did, and he couldn't help but sigh again, then glare at Bruiser.

Roaring, Bruiser lowered his head, then turned and left. In the blink of an eye, he was gone. The other beasts let out powerful cries, then returned to their masters' sides.

The draining energy from the mountain peak a moment ago gradually faded, until it could no longer be sensed. At that very instant, something else occurred that no one noticed. Within the crowd from Iris Peak, someone lifted her head and looked at Yan Xiaobao among the Blood Flow Sect forces.

It was a young woman dressed in plain, simple clothing. Her eyes looked strange, and her face was pale. But none of that lessened her beauty; it only made her seem more pitiable.

The young woman smiled faintly, then muttered to herself as she raised a hand to cover her face, "Dear, you're in the Blood Flow Sect..."

A strange light flashed within her eyes. This girl was none other than Gongsun Wan'er, who had disappeared in the Fallen Sword Abyss. During the time Bai Xiaochun had been in the Blood Flow Sect, she had returned to the Spiritual Sect!

The instant Gongsun Wan'er looked at Yan Xiaobao, the Heavenly Dao Spirit Energy within him trembled. Feeling someone's gaze on him, he glanced over, trying to see who it was. At the same time, the old woman from Irispetal Peak smiled, thinking that all the years she had spoiled Bruiser were finally paying off. With a single command, she had made him withdraw.

"I am very sorry," she said. "Ladies and gentlemen, I believe it's best that we withdraw from the North Shore." Although her expression was gloomy, inwardly she was quite pleased.

Song Junwan took a deep breath to calm herself. Even though she had known the Spirit Creek Sect possessed a Beast King, seeing it with her own eyes shook her in a way completely different from before.

"According to the secret reports, this Beast King was raised by Bai Xiaochun." She pondered. "He reached the Heavenly Dao Foundation Establishment and received the enlightenment of the Ze Kingdom in the watery swamp. Just who exactly is this guy? If only he were a cultivator of the Blood Flow Sect!"

Song Junwan no longer wished to continue the inspection tour. Just as she was about to respond to the old woman from the Peak of Iris, a cold snort echoed down from the sky above. A huge vortex appeared, wreathed all around by swirling flames.

Li Zimo followed right behind it, a bit of regret on his face.

The Song Clan Patriarch's expression was grim as he looked back at the vortex, then toward Li Zimo. "Don't misunderstand, Daoist of the Spiritual Stream Sect. If war breaks out, the fighting will not cease until a bitter end!"

The one who replied to the Song Clan Patriarch was not Li Zimo. An ancient, gloomy face appeared within the vortex, emanating the passage of innumerable years. When he spoke, his voice alone sent ripples spreading out in all directions. "Your demands are too excessive, Daoist friend. The Ghost Creek Sect would rather go to war than be strangled for a thousand years!"

This person was none other than the first-generation Clan Leader of the Spirit Creek Sect—Frigidsect!

The Song Clan Patriarch snorted coldly and looked away. He flicked his sleeve, summoning a blood cloud, then waved to the Blood Flow Sect cultivators.

"We're leaving!" he said. Yan Xiaobao and everyone else rose into the air, landing on the blood cloud, which seethed as it shot off into the distance.

Moments later, no trace of them could be seen!

Everything had happened so quickly that the people of the Spiritual Stream Sect were completely stunned. The face that had just appeared in the vortex watched the receding blood cloud, and his expression dimmed a moment later.

"Should we have stopped Old Man Song?" Li Zimo asked slowly.

A moment later, the first-generation Clan Leader replied, "Old Man Song's cultivation base is anything but ordinary. Among the eight Clan Leaders of the Blood Flow Sect, his battle prowess ranks in the top three. The fact that he came alone shows he was fully prepared, especially in terms of trump cards. If we provoked him, his counterattack would certainly not be bound by morality."

Which factor weighed more, the first or the second, no one could say.

Li Zimo hesitated. Unwilling to imagine how many casualties a war would bring, he said softly, "Senior Brother of the Frigid Lands, the Blood Flow Sect also doesn't wish to go to war. You can see that from their demands. They've already done their utmost. Why don't we—"

"Zimo, you're too soft-hearted. At a time like this, a soft heart benefits no one. I know that if we go to war, countless lives will be lost. The Spirit Creek Sect does not want such a catastrophic event to occur. That is why I initially agreed to Song Yunwen's request that we not go to war. Even if it meant missing a tremendous opportunity, we could avoid crippling our Sect and avoid losing so many among the younger generation...." Frigidsect's ancient voice sounded weary, though no one but Li Zimo and the other Clan Leaders could hear his words.

#### Chapter 1367 Intuition (Part 2)

"We agreed not to attack the Blood Flow Sect, nor to join forces with the Sky River Court. These are demands we can meet. However, we cannot agree to set up spells along the Heavenly Bay River!

"If we allow the Tianspan River to dry up in our region to prevent disaster, then the spiritual energy here will become scarce. Throughout the sealing process of one thousand years, everyone's cultivation base inside the seal will stagnate. Progress will be impossible, and within this thousand-year cycle, it would only take a few hundred years for the Spirit Creek Sect to wither and head towards death. Even if the sect still exists after a thousand years, we will be incomparable. We are simply giving up our right to decide our fate, allowing anyone to destroy us!

Destiny is like a sword hanging over our necks. Furthermore, in a thousand years, the Blood Flow Sect will be completely different from today. They will be a great faction in the Middle River Region, much stronger than now. At that time, they might have sympathy for us and respect their previous agreements. However, if they dislike it, they could easily destroy us as if they were moving their hand!" In the eyes of the founder ancestor, nearly all these future deaths could be seen. His voice sounded cold.

"Sealing for a thousand years can temporarily avoid death, but the fact is, it only postpones our inevitable destruction. In reality, we are in a better state now, with all the different variables at work. If we do wage war, we may not be able to independently defeat the Blood Flow Sect, but with the cooperation of other forces, we will have a chance.

"Zimo, sometimes our clan leaders must look at the big picture, not just the events happening in front of them. We must consider the future!

"From now on, a journey of a thousand miles is better than taking short breaths and stepping onto the road to death; fighting is better for the Spiritual Stream Sect. Clearly, we only have one path!" After speaking, he retreated into the vortex. Soon, the vortex itself disappeared. Li Zimo lingered there for a moment, slowly forming a desire to fight in his eyes. As the founding ancestor had said, standing and fighting brought hope for survival, while hiding only ensured a tragic aftermath!

Finally, the order from the sect leader, Zheng Yuandong, was sent to the north and south banks.

"The great magic form of the sect and all forms on Luoshan Mountain will be activated. All disciples must return immediately to the sect and begin preparations for war!

Meanwhile, the Blood Cloud shot through the air between the Spiritual Stream Sect and the Blood Stream Sect at lightning speed. Cultivators from the Blood Flow Sect were scared to death. The face of the grandfather of the Song Yun Clan appeared pale, sitting in front of the clouds, frowning.

When everyone recalled the words spoken by the Song Clan Patriarch upon leaving the vortex, they realized that the discussion with the Spirit Creek Sect did not end well.

Clearly, a war between the two factions could erupt at any time. Conversely, returning to their own sect seemed filled with danger.

Master Davina looked down and performed a prophecy, appearing pale-faced. Bai Xiaochun also remained silent. He knew the overall situation, he understood why the Spirit Stream Sect made its choice. He sighed inwardly. Such significant matters affecting the entire sect were beyond his qualification to participate or intervene. He could only turn back and look at the Spiritual Stream Festival, his heart aching with worry.

Song Junwan sat next to the Song Clan Patriarch in front of the clouds, her face covered in vigilance in the face of potential danger ahead. Everyone else on the cloud just sat quietly.

Time flew by. Eventually, the clouds passed through the Luo Mountains, reaching the Blood Flow Sect territory. At that moment, the eyes of the Song Clan Patriarch opened, flashing with deep, cold light.

No ambush occurred; in fact, the moment they left the territory of the Spirit Creek Sect, the Luo Mountains began to rumble, with beams of light shooting into the sky. Now, a huge barrier existed, clearly delineating the boundary between the two sects.

Shortly after, the Song Clan Patriarch mumbled: "Well played, Spirit Creek Sect..."

Regret and respect could be seen in his eyes. Suddenly he waved his sleeve, and three beams of light flew out, transforming into three shadowy figures. Bai Xiaochun immediately recognized one of them. It was none other than Clan Leader Wuxian.

"So they did not intercept us?" These three figures were phantom projections of the Blood Flow Sect's clan leaders. Once they appeared, the cultivator on the cloud officially greeted them, Bai Xiaochun included. Then he raised his head, shocked at the strange fluctuations produced by the shadowy figures.

"I made myself bait," the Song Clan Patriarch whispered. "Whether because of their righteousness or their suspicion, they allowed me to leave. That itself is a kind of domineering fearlessness. The Spiritual Stream Sect is indeed a worthy enemy!"

The other three clan leaders remained silent. As for the Infinite Sect Leader, he looked towards the direction of the Spiritual Stream Sect, shaking his head. He sighed softly and said, "It's a pity. We cannot trust them, and they cannot trust us." As the Blood Cloud rushed towards the Blood Flow Sect, it roiled and churned. Everyone was wrapped in their own thoughts, and no one spoke. Yan Xiaobao was the most silent, though he occasionally glanced back towards the direction of the Spirit Creek Sect.

When he returned to the Immortal Cave at Middle Peak, it was already evening. He sat quietly until late at night, the moon hanging high. Unfortunately, the issue of war between the two sects was something he had nothing to say about. It was a game between the clan leaders of the two sects.

He felt tired. He didn't even like to think about battles and killings, but he also knew that sometimes, no matter how much you wanted, some things couldn't be avoided.

He shook his head wearily. The only thing he could do now was to acquire the everlasting relic before the war started and then return to the Spiritual Flow Sect.

He took a deep breath to calm himself, then began his breathing exercises. As he continued advancing through the level of the Immortal Heavenly King, Blood Qi began to rise and flow towards him.

The first level consisted of ten Fierce Ghosts with the strength of wild elephants. Due to his continuous cultivation, his power grew stronger and stronger. By now, he possessed the strength of two Fierce Ghosts.

Upon gaining ten points of strength, he would break through the first level, turning his Fierce Ghost body into a Heavenly Demon body!

Meanwhile, the waters of the River of Heaven in his first Spiritual Sea were continuously absorbed. By now, less than half remained, and from its appearance, this portion will take a long time to fully absorb.

Time flew by. In the blink of an eye, two months passed. During this period, the Blood Flow Sect continued preparations for war. Of course, war was no joke. Once it started, it would be difficult to stop, and everyone knew that the future of both sects was involved.

The Blood Flow Sect did not fully engage in war. Of the eight clan leaders, four held the mindset that war should be avoided if possible. This group included the Song Clan Patriarch, Clan Leader Wuxian, and two others.

However, one faction composed of three clan leaders insisted on engaging in war. One of these clan leaders, Daoist Sage Droflame, held a position similar to the Song Clan Patriarch, being one of the most powerful experts of the older generation. His words held weight.

Daoist Sage Droflame and the other two clan leaders in his faction were very declaration-minded. The Song Clan Patriarch and his faction had many issues in the war, which led to friction between the two groups.

The one who had the final say in the Blood Flow Sect was the clan leader of this generation, who remained silent on the matter. His perspective on the issue was crucial, yet even he seemed hesitant.

With ongoing discussions and friction among the clan leaders, the entire Blood Flow Sect continued preparing for war.

Finally, the day arrived, and the last drop of heavenly river water flowed into Bai Xiaochun's first Spiritual Sea.

A hoarse voice filled him, audible only to him. He began to shake, sensing his first Spiritual Sea flickering with endless golden light. The hoarse voice emitted, and shortly after, his first Spiritual Sea began to crystallize!

Crystallizing Spiritual Sea!

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Chapter 1368 - Mortal Dao

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Bai Xiaochun shivered, panting heavily. He gestured a spell with both hands, then pushed them down to his dantian region. Instantly, the crystallization process accelerated, and the cracking sounded more intense. Moments later, his entire first spirit sea became solid.

Now it was no longer liquid but a mirror-like crystal!

At the moment it fully crystallized, the power it erupted was ten times that of the original spirit sea. This power filled Yan Xiaobao, making him tremble, making him feel completely different from before!

In the establishment of the Mortal Dao Foundation, there's only one spiritual ocean. In fact, there's so little water there, it's more like a spirit lake.

Only cultivators with an Earthstring Foundation Establishment can use Tideflows to form multiple spirit seas.

The difference between spirit lakes and spirit oceans is one of the significant reasons for the massive gap between "Mortal Dao" and "Foundation Establishment".

As one advances to the Foundation Establishment stage, the crystallization of the spirit sea marks the midpoint of Foundation Establishment. Crystallization is a significant transformation, making the foundation ten times stronger. Since the "earth" spirit sea is already much stronger than the "Mortal Dao" spirit lake, the gap between the two levels of Foundation Establishment can only grow larger from that point on.

Meanwhile, the number of Earth Tideflows affects the number of spiritual oceans, which in turn makes the differences between these different levels more apparent. When it comes to Earthstring Foundation Establishment, three crystallized spiritual oceans mark the middle level!

To reach the late Foundation Establishment, one must reach a spirit sea with six crystallizations. The great circle of Foundation Establishment is nine!

Of course, those with nine spiritual seas are as rare as a Phoenix feather or Qilin horn, so the aforementioned standards only apply to them. The same general principles apply to the other levels of Foundation Establishment.

For instance, in the establishment of the Mortal-Dao Foundation, the great circle is a crystallized spirit sea. However, at best, this power is the same as the single crystallized spirit sea of the "Foundation Establishment"! This is one of the main reasons why it's almost impossible for cultivators in the Mortal Dao Foundation Establishment to reach the Rock Core Formation.

The same goes for cultivators with an Earthstring Foundation Establishment, having completed only one Tideflow. However, because they possess a true spiritual ocean, theoretically, they have the potential to crystallize it and break through to the next cultivation stage. However, the possibility is slim.

When it comes to having two spiritual oceans, this possibility increases. Five spiritual seas are considered the standard, while those with seven spiritual seas are deemed very likely to succeed. Eight spiritual oceans are extremely rare and even more likely to break through, and nine spiritual oceans are believed to have a ninety percent chance of breaking through.

However, all of this relates to the True Human Dao and Earth Tideflows. When it comes to the extremely rare peak of Foundation Establishment, those cultivators who use Heavenly String Energy to create the Heavenly Dao Halo are not only ten times stronger, but their crystallized spirit seas can destroy the Earth String Foundation Establishment. This is especially true for Bai Xiaochun, who has achieved nine Tideflows. Essentially, he can crush any and all Middle Cultivators of Foundation Establishment!

In the early stages of Foundation Establishment, the gap is not evident. However, the Intermediate Foundation Establishment involves explosive power growth, and once he enters the great circle of Foundation Establishment, he can be called invincible.

"The crystallized sea is the hallmark of stepping into the early Foundation Establishment!" Yan Xiaobao took a deep breath excitedly. The crystallization did not stop with the first spirit sea! It continued into the second spirit sea, immediately beginning to show signs of solidification.

For the next several hours, intense rasping sounds filled his mind. His cultivation base grew explosively, and soon, his second spiritual sea crystallized, the process developed into the third one!

RUUUUUUUUUUMBLE!

The process continued until the next morning. When the first rays of sunlight reached the earth below, Yan Xiaobao let out a rumbling sound, his eyes suddenly snapping open.

At that point, he could feel the surge of spiritual power flowing through him, far exceeding what it had before. Now, with three crystalline spirit seas, every breath he took seemed to reverberate with thunderous rumbling.

Now, he felt that with a simple wave of his hand, he could crush everything around him. Furthermore, he felt a pain in his forehead, as if his heavenly Dharma Eye was yearning to be opened.

Yan Xiaobao had a strong premonition that if he opened that eye, it would explode with astonishing ripples.

His eyes sparkling, he suddenly moved. Spiritual power surged through him, and as he became a blur, rumbling sounds could be heard. Moments later, he stood in front of one of the Blood Trees.

The Blood Tree trembled, starting to creak. Unlike before, Yan Xiaobao paid it no mind. Instead, his right hand flickered in a spell gesture as he pointed, causing blood qi to coalesce into a Blood Sword.

"I can make a Blood Sword much faster than before!" He recalled the secret magic of Middle Peak excitedly, "Annihilation of the World." After making another spell gesture, he waved his hand, causing even more blood qi to converge in the area, and another Blood Sword appeared.

The matter was not over. A third Blood Sword appeared, swirling around him, enveloping the entire area in a bloody murderous aura.

Intense pressure also weighed down the area, causing all the Blood Trees to tremble.

Chapter 1369 - Mortal Dao (Part 2)

"During the middle of the Foundation establishment, I am not limited to just one Blood Sword. I can summon three. Moreover, I can even combine them into a larger sword!" With a blink of his eyes, he made another spell gesture with his right hand, and the three Blood Swords fused into a giant blood-colored sword.

Even as the blade was still forming, its energy fluctuations were filled with cruelty and madness. The entire region trembled, and even before it was fully formed, Yan Xiaobao waved his hand to dispel the sword and its pressure.

"According to the secret magic's description, if I can summon six swords, I will be able to step into the later stages of the Foundation establishment... Despite cultivating the Violet Qi Heavenly Curse due to the eternal technique of immortality, Bai Xiaochun was very pleased with the progress from the early to middle stages of the Foundation establishment, and he felt very happy about it. Some of this was due to the medicine from the Mysterious Sect, but another reason was the Qi and blood from the Blood Flow Sect.

Not only could he rapidly cultivate the King of Heaven immortality, but it also provided benefits to his cultivation base.

Yan Xiaobao clasped his hands tightly behind his back, rubbing his chin. He was very proud of himself, thinking about how incredible he was in the third layer of the Spirit Sea crystal. Of course, if he could reach 6 or 9, then he would become even more powerful. Bai Xiaochun left the Middle Peak under the cover of night. Descending to the base of the giant's hand, he actually left the Blood Flow Sect and went to the banks of the Heavenly Bay River. Considering his current state and level, it wasn't very difficult to obtain water from the Heavenly Bay River. All he had to do was make up a random reason, and the Cultivator guarding the road would let him through. Upon arriving, he collected ten drops of water.

Soon, he filled a small cup, carefully brought it back to the Immortal Cave, and began absorbing.

A few days later, the water was within him, above his fourth Spiritual Sea. By then, he ended this session.

"Next, I need to fully integrate the heavenly river water into my Spirit Sea. Once that happens, I can enter the later stages of Foundation establishment!" Excitedly, he left the Immortal Cave, clasped his hands behind him, and arrogantly talked to himself.

"Now I am in the mid-stage of the Foundation establishment, and I am more outstanding than before!

"Becoming an elder seems not so impossible now...." He looked up towards the top of the Middle Peak. Knowing exactly where the eternal destructive relic was but unable to achieve it, it was truly frustrating.

He had long given up any wish to somehow sneak in to acquire the eternal indestructible relic. Song Junwan's Immortal Cave was tightly guarded, and he lacked confidence in success.

"How can I truly become a Great Elder? Challenge Song Junwan?" Yan Xiaobao pondered, rubbing his chin.

"However, the challenge would be secondary. First, I must win over the masses. Additionally, I need to convince the leadership that I am important, that I am a vital member of this sect. This is the only way to successfully challenge Song Junwan and then take over her position." He nodded, believing this was absolutely the right choice. With that, he proudly raised his chin.

"I am halfway there. But if I want people to think I am important, I need to do something that shakes everyone completely...." As far as he was concerned, doing such a thing wasn't difficult. He had been in the Blood Flow Sect for some time, and he was quite aware that pharmacists were few and far between. The sect's leaders highly valued them and had even established certain sect rules to encourage disciples to follow this path.

Yet, from the start, the nature of the Blood Flow Sect doomed such efforts. The Blood Flow Sect was fundamentally an evil sect, where most disciples viewed concocting pills as a waste of time. They would rather learn skills that improved combat capabilities. If they needed medicinal medicine, they could rob people from the Pill Sect. If they needed magic items, they could take them from Yuan Yuan Sect disciples. If they needed Spiritual Beasts, they could get them from the Spirit Creek Sect.

Thus, very few focused on concocting pills. Some could, like the impostor Nightcrypt, but in such a huge sect, they were completely insufficient to meet the entire sect's needs.

"It's been a long time since I concocted any pills..." At this point in his thoughts, he began to chuckle. As his laughter floated into the deep night, the Blood Tree started to tremble, evidently due to the sinister nature of his laughter.

"However, before I actually concoct any pills, I need to resolve one problem. I've concocted some pills before, but if I suddenly do something unbelievable, people will become suspicious. I need the right opportunity....

"It's said that the holy medicine wall fragment here was actually snatched from the Medicine Flow Sect ten thousand years ago, with the explicit purpose of allowing disciples to seek inspiration in the path of medicine.

"Hmph. I can pretend to obtain inspiration there, then start concocting some pills. No one will be suspicious anymore..." He laughed proudly once again. Actually, he had been planning this for some time now, and the timing seemed perfect. The next morning, he left the Immortal Cave without hesitation. Leaving the Middle Peak, he headed towards the Inner Sect area where the holy medicine wall fragment was located.

Soon, he reached the massive stele, towering three people high. This was his second time here, the first being when he met Xue Mei. Back then, Xue Mei looked at him as if she were staring at an insect.

This was his second time, and even from afar, he could see several Inner Sect disciples sitting beneath the stele, thoughtfully looking at it.

His appearance caused the Inner Sect disciples' expressions to flicker. They quickly stood up and offered formal greetings. They dared not approach him, leaving, and by the time he was actually before the stele, he was completely alone.

He rubbed his chin, coughed lightly, and sat cross-legged. He felt very comfortable with the situation, looking up at the wall fragment, and reviewed all that the impostor Nightcrypt had told him. Eight thousand years ago, a genius rose within the Blood Flow Sect, very proficient in the path of medicine. After seeking inspiration from this wall fragment, his pill concocting abilities significantly improved.

"I suppose this means that what Xue Mei learned was to seek inspiration here, right?" He couldn't help but feel disdain for the idea. Despite needing some level of enlightenment in pill concoction techniques, it was not something that could happen overnight. It requires constant practice and gradual progress. That's the way to reach mastery.

Although inspiration could be gained from this wall fragment, Bai Xiaochun was convinced it was useless for disciples who did not have a proper understanding of pill concoction in the first place.

"Just performing a bit is enough to make people think I'm receiving inspiration." Yan Xiaobao cleared his throat, then focused on the wall fragment, trying to achieve the kind of mental state he stumbled upon when he received enlightenment from the beast statue in the Spirit Creek Sect.

"I just need to mimic what happened back then...." he thought. With that, he did his best to mimic past facial expressions. He opened his eyes and stared at the wall. Strangely, as he gazed at the wall, he felt as if his brain was being drained. Despite his surprise, he took no action to prevent it from happening.

Three days passed. Quite a few Inner Sect disciples passed by the wall fragment, and when they saw Yan Xiaobao, they noticed his eyes were bloodshot, his hands seemed to be moving. His expression was completely blank, leaving a very strange impression.

"Advanced Nightcrypt, it's you...."

"Is he truly receiving inspiration?!?"

"Heaven! It's been a long time since anyone truly gained insight here. The Inner Night believers were shocked, and soon, the news began to spread. From the four peaks, Foundation Establishment cultivators heard of this news, and many went to see for themselves.

Another seven days passed, during which Bai Xiaochun's gaze began to wander. To ensure everything looked as real as possible, he continued to stare at the wall for ten days and nights. Soon, he began to appear as if he was in a daze, and indeed, this was no charade. He was truly in division.

This was a profound and deep daze, so much so that it actually appeared as enlightenment, to the extent that any outsider would be unable to discern the difference.

His mind was weakening. After all, he had just broken into the mid-stage of Foundation establishment and still couldn't recover quickly. His time in a daze increased until he finally realized he had spent nearly half a day in this state. At this point, he thought he might have done enough of a performance.

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Chapter 1370 - Astonishing Rewards

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Just as he was about to finish and perform his show to seek some amazing reward from his efforts, he trembled. Before he could avert his gaze, his eyes widened, suddenly intently staring at the wall fragment.

He began to pant heavily, his pupils constricting. He wasn't sure if he was hallucinating, but a moment ago, just as he was about to turn away from the wall, he saw a blurred figure, seemingly engaged in preparing medicine. From what he could see, the method differed from what he had learned about the Medicine Tao.

"Wow!" He shivered all over. After calming down, he once again gazed at the wall fragment, focusing all his attention, which drained his energy faster than before. Moments later, his soul seemed to leave his body, entering the wall, appearing beside the blurred figure.

Upon closer examination, Yan Xiaobao realized he was watching someone preparing medicine. He wasn't sure of the exact type of spiritual medicine being concocted, but the Pharmacist's method was incredible.

Apparently, he wasn't even using a pill formula. He casually chose two medicinal herbs, then invoked the principles of mutual enhancement and mutual suppression, creating transformation instead of discarding impurities. A new medicinal strength emerged, which he infused into other medicinal herbs to alter them.

He completed all tasks in a completely smooth and natural manner. Sometimes, the ingredients in the pill furnace exploded during the chaos, while other times they remained calm. Sometimes they boiled, sometimes they were as quiet as death. Regardless of the changes or outbursts of energy, the Pharmacist maintained complete control throughout.

He controlled every aspect with skill and finesse!

This medicine was very different from what Yan Xiaobao learned in "Spirit Creek". The Pharmacist within the wall fragment was on a completely different level.

It seemed, the Medicine Path guidelines of the Spirit Stream Sect were meant for amateurs, while this Pharmacist used expert methods.

"He's not cooking the medicine, he's actually growing plants and vegetation!" Yan Xiaobao forgot about the passage of time. He was completely focused on watching the shadowy figure within the wall fragment. Eventually, the figure finished the preparation of this batch of medicine and opened the pill furnace. What appeared in his hand was a green pill, actually resembling a plant. Yan Xiaobao's mind was filled with booming sounds, along with faint understanding.

"Before preparing medicine, you must refine the plants and vegetation! Depending on the medicinal strength you seek, you can search through countless medicinal plants. If you can't find what you want, then create it yourself!

The limitations of Medicine Tao depend solely on your imagination, and your skill in preparing medicinal plants and vegetation!" Yan Xiaobao felt as if his mind was struck by lightning, even beginning to tremble. He deeply immersed himself in the images within the wall fragment.

Meanwhile, the holy medicine wall fragment began to glow green. As the light intensified, it transformed into a green pillar, soaring high into the sky. The entire Blood Flow Sect was shaken! The green pillar shot towards the sky, making everything tremble. Even the Blood Qi in the area was blasted away. Instantly, the entire Blood Flow Sect was shaken.

Middle Peak Great Elder Song Junwan suddenly snapped out of contemplation, opening her eyes. Shocked, she burst out of the Immortal's cave, gazing at the green light, quickly realizing it came from the holy medicine wall fragment.

"Nightcrypt is there seeking enlightenment. Don't tell me...." Her heart quivering, she flew into the sky. Not only her, countless beams flew from various peaks towards the holy medicine wall fragment.

There was even a sacred feeling flowing down from Ancestor Peak. Instantly, everyone looked deeply at Yan Xiaobao, expressions bewildered. He even seemed somewhat intoxicated. Anyone looking at him could tell he was being enlightened by the wall fragment.

"Every few hundred years, there's someone successful in gaining enlightenment. But no one has ever caused green light to shoot from the wall fragment!"

"I remember reading in ancient records about how a Daoist Saint was enlightened 8,000 years ago. That's when the green light shined.... Could this be the same enlightenment?"

"I can't believe Nightcrypt is so gifted in the Medicine Path!"

"I recall how he made medicine several times before. If he can gain enlightenment from the wall fragment, then in the future, the Blood Flow Sect might have another Master Alchemist!"

It wasn't only the major Elders who noticed what was happening. As they looked at Yan Xiaobao, two pairs of eyes flashed like lightning.

One belonged to Ancestor Wu Jixian, and the other to Song Family Patriarch!

In those eyes, strange lights could be seen, seeming to flicker. Soon, it was clear that countless figures were congregating around the wall fragment, prompting the Song Clan Patriarch to quickly say, "Song Junwan, as Nightcrypt's Guardian. If anyone tries to intervene, kill them immediately!"

Song Clan Patriarch's voice was icy cold, echoing into everyone's ears. Instantly, the Middle Cultivators near Yan Xiaobao stood up, hearts filled with fear. Some of them were actually considering whether to interfere, but now they pushed such thoughts aside.

Song Junwan took a deep breath. Holding tight to her respect for Ancestor Peak, she moved a few steps forward and sat cross-legged beside Yan Xiaobao, assuming the role of Dharma Protector.

The other cultivators personally directed by Song Junwan also sat cross-legged, forming a wider perimeter, coldly staring at the surrounding cultivators.