

## Medical 1371

### Chapter 1371 - Astonishing Reward (Part 2)

After Song Junwan assumed the role of a Dharma Protector, and the Ancestor issued a warning, the crowd began to thin. Soon, the area was very quiet.

News about Nightcrypt was inspired by the fragments of the wall. Over the next month, Cultivators came every day to observe what was happening. As for Song Junwan, her eyes became increasingly bloodshot, and she seemed dazed, as if only Yan Xiaobao and that fragment of the wall existed.

She thought: "Nightcrypt has reached the awakening of the Reverse Blood Ancestor and also possesses terrifying abilities in divination. Now it seems he is a genius in the field of medicine. Many disciples study the remnants of this wall, but few succeed, and even fewer provoke a reaction from the wall!" Her eyes shone more brightly than before, for she once again realized that her previous assumptions about Nightcrypt were incorrect.

He appeared simple, as if one look could reveal everything. However, Song Junwan had to admit, what she saw and knew was just the tip of the iceberg.

"How could someone like him not notice 'Qi Condensation'? Did he really spend all his time preparing and preparing?" No matter how much she thought about it, she couldn't provide an answer. Meanwhile, as she watched Bai Xiaochun, the sparkle in her eyes continued to deepen.

Time flew by. Another month passed, and Bai Xiaochun forgot himself. He was completely focused on the Pharmacist and the process of concocting medicine.

He watched over and over again, the closer he got to him, the clearer his figure became. Eventually, the image turned into a different person, and soon, the concocting methods also changed.

Overall, the theory regarding Medicine Tao was the same. However, when it came to the concocting methods for plants or pill herbs, they varied from person to person. People changed, methods changed, but the foundation remained the same.

As Yan Xiaobao saw one concocting method after another, a shudder ran through him. Everyone used the same general principles to form the exact type of medicinal power they needed.

It was as if a massive door was opening in Yan Xiaobao's mind. At some point, he subconsciously reached out his hand and began to mimic what he saw on the wall.

As his hand moved, a green light appeared around him, drawing in the green light emitted from the stone wall. Soon, the two connected.

Bai Xiaochun's mind was filled with a rumbling sound, as countless pieces of knowledge about the Tao flowed into his mind through waves of light.

The team on Ancestor Peak was shaken; based on their cultivation foundation level, they could actually sense what was happening.

"Inheritance!"

"No wonder the Pill Sect has been doing everything it could over the years to restore that wall fragment. If the Taoist's Blood Sage hadn't expressed his dying command that the wall never be returned, it might have been sent back long ago."

"Therefore, this wall contains the inheritance of the Medicine Tao of the Pill Sect. Now that I think about it, doesn't the Pill Sect have wall fragments too?" The Clan Leaders of the Blood Flow Sect exchanged glances, and everyone saw the deep impact in each other's eyes.

Yan Xiaobao's heart was filled with pain as he received the heritage. He trembled, his eyes completely bloodshot, and he even cried out to the top of his lungs.

However, he wasn't willing to give up. Even a glimpse of the Medicine Tao knowledge he received was utterly shocking.

"With heaven and earth as the furnace cauldron. Use all creations as plants and vegetation. Bequeath Soul Seeds. Create the medicine of good fortune!"

Yan Xiaobao's mind was rocked by giant waves. Suddenly, he recalled the death of the Pill Sect disciple Fang Lin. The "Heaven and Earth Furnace Cauldron" he used was evidently mentioned in the first line of the wall fragment's heritage!

He also recalled what happened when Fang Lin died and the young man he saw with the face of a Yin Yang Symbol. Clearly, Fang Lin was unconsciously infected by the Soul Seed!

When time turned back, Bai Xiaochun barely paid attention to the young man with the Yin Yang face. However, he did not forget the event and had always been suspicious about it. Now, he realized what he saw was the manifestation of the Soul Seed inheritance!

Moreover, the heritage he now acquired was the All-Purpose Plants and Vegetation techniques!

Heaven and Earth Cauldron, All-Purpose Plants and Vegetation, Soul Seed Bequest! These three Holy Powers are the foundational Tao, the basis of the Wanliu Sect!

Unfortunately, the Blood Flow Sect robbed them of half of the wall fragments. Perhaps the lack of All-Purpose Plants and Vegetation techniques is why the Pill Sect has been in gradual decline for so long.

"By using all creations as plants and vegetation, the transformation of plants and vegetation can be used to form any type of medicinal effect! Such medicine is unimaginable!" Yan Xiaobao panted. He could never have guessed that his attempt to feign enlightenment would actually lead to him obtaining inherited magic.

As the heritage was passed on, the light emitted from the wall fragment grew weaker, while the green light around him grew stronger. Days later, the light from the wall disappeared, and Yan Xiaobao's eyes suddenly opened. The intense green light around him roared like thunder. At the same time, countless images of plants and vegetation spun around him, constantly merging, constantly transforming.

The strange phenomena witnessed by the disciples of the Blood Flow Sect left them shocked. It's hard to imagine, even the next day, how Nightcrypt's name will once again shake the Blood Flow Sect. Even other sects are bound to learn what happened, and Nightcrypt will become even more famous throughout the lower-east of the cultivation world.

Chapter 1372 - Astonishing Reward (Part 3)

" Nightcrypt ...." Song Junwan murmured, standing up. As she looked at Yan Xiaobao, worry was evident in her eyes. He had become much thinner, with slightly sunken cheeks, appearing just flesh and bones. However, his eyes shone with brilliant light.

He looked at Song Junwan and nodded. Before he could speak, he said: "I need to craft some pills!"

He needed to subconsciously absorb information and apply it urgently to pill crafting, so he could firmly remember the feeling of All-Purpose Plants and vegetation techniques. In the eyes of all attendees, he flew towards Half Mountain Peak. Even the clan leaders on Ancestor Peak watched him leave with faces full of expectation.

Returning to his Immortal Cave, he immediately entered quiet meditation. He didn't have many plants and vegetation with him now, but he crafted a pill furnace without hesitation and began to concoct, not Spiritual Medicine, but ordinary plants and herbal medicine.

Through this crafting process, he became more confident in manipulating plants and vegetation to achieve a specific level of medicinal potency. The traditional brand rooted deeper in his mind. He was so focused that he completely ignored matters like sleep and food. Meanwhile, the exact effect he wished to generate within the sect could be seen. The Song Clan Patriarch arranged for a large quantity of plants and vegetation, along with piles of Flame Stone.

They called upon all resources of the Blood Flow Sect to ensure that Yan Xiaobao quickly mastered the legacy he had obtained. Many medicinal plants he acquired were extremely rare, with a high price outside, potentially even becoming a target of fierce battles.

But now, the sect handed them over without hesitation.

They even sent a Pharmacist, who respectfully said: "Master, the Clan Leader sent me to inform you that this is just the first batch of materials. There are more medicinal plants here!"

With the continuous flow of medicinal plants, Yan Xiaobao's grasp of the legacy encountered no delay. As he crafted more plants and herbal medicine, his eyes emitted an increasingly intense light. Meanwhile, his skills in the medical path achieved leaps and bounds.

Yan Xiaobao was even delighted to discover aspects of the "Severe Medical Manual" he hadn't understood before but now made clear sense. In fact, the entire portion on the first page now became meaningful!

"I have a feeling, I can finally craft Level 4 pills! Maybe even Level 5!"

Tier-4 pills are the watershed between skilled Pharmacists and advanced Pharmacists! "I must craft pills!" Yan Xiaobao's gaze focused in his eyes. The revelation he gained from the "holy medicine wall" fragments, along with profound information from the "Severe School Medical Manual", allowed his skills in the medical path to break through from the perspective of being able to craft Third-level Medicines. Now he was confident he could craft Level 4 medicine!

In the downstream areas of the cultivation world, Level-4 Spiritual Medicine is almost priceless. Cultivators at the Foundation establishment absolutely need them, the most obvious example being the Foundation establishment pill!

Foundation establishment medicine is Level-4 Spiritual Medicine and is very difficult to concoct. In fact, anyone able to successfully craft them will be regarded as a Pharmacist!

Master Pharmacies are rare. Blood Flow Sect used to reside in them, but now they are few. Profound Stream Sect is similar. Obviously, the Pill Stream Sect has them, and they even have Master Pharmacists whose level is akin to main elders.

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Chapter 1373 - Root of the Dragon Soul

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Aside from the Master Alchemist of the Medicine Flow Sect, the only person was the Spirit Medicine Sect, and that was Li Qinghou!

But now, Bai Xiaochun was on the verge of breaking through from Level 3 to Level 4. The knowledge he possessed theoretically provided him with everything he needed for this breakthrough. Taking a deep breath, he stretched out his right hand and opened the pouch provided by the sect, containing various

plants and vegetation. Almost immediately, he gasped, trembling more and more as he studied the contents of the pouch.

"Is this the root of the Dragon Soul? I can't believe it's been over 700 years old..."

These are the leaves of the Peace Demon!! They've been around for over 400 years."

Revelation Fruit. Daoist Immortal bloomed.... It seemed that every medicinal plant he received was more valuable and rarer than the last. From the plants and vegetation he got, it was clear how important the Blood Flow Sect considered him. It actually exceeded his expectations.

He couldn't help but feel a bit conflicted. On one hand, the Blood Flow Sect had truly treated him astonishingly. On the other hand, he couldn't forget he came from Spirit Creek Sect.

Even as he was torn about what to do, he looked at the latest delivery, which included two bags of tasks.

One contained pill furnaces, and the other contained the unique Flame Stone of the Blood Flow Sect!

Aside from being more overbearing, Fiery Fire Stone was similar to the fiery flame crystal from the Spirit Creek Festival. The intense heat they emitted was essential for medicine concoction. Despite being exclusive to the Blood Flow Sect, after some inspection, Yan Xiaobao confirmed they could produce a tricolor flame.

Though he hoped to use a four-color flame as fuel, the tricolor flame was still satisfactory. Finally, he made a decision. He would concoct pills and then secretly keep some for himself.

As for the clover he harvested earlier, he still kept them in the bag. However, fearing misfortune, he dared not use the turtle pot within the Blood Flow Sect.

Upon careful inspection of the bag with the pill furnaces, Yan Xiaobao was more shocked than by all the precious medicinal plants. He widened his eyes and said, "Are there several pill furnaces here?"

Exhilarated, he counted over 100 pill furnaces. There were large and small, new and old. At first glance, Yan Xiaobao's gaze disappeared.

There were even dozens of pill furnaces that were clearly magical devices, and some pills emitted a pungent medicinal aroma, indicating they were frequently used by pharmacists.

"Did they snatch all these things?" he thought, rubbing his eyes. Upon further inspection, he realized almost all the pill furnaces were marked with a symbol resembling a large pot, the mark of the Pill Sect.

Apparently, over the years, these were pill furnaces that the Blood Flow Sect had seized from the Medicine Flow Sect by hand.

Besides the pill furnaces, the storage bag also contained some jade slips. After inspecting them, Bai Xiaochun's mind was shocked again. In fact, it took him a long time to recover. Those jade slips were clearly very valuable.

They were engraved with countless medicine formulas!

Some even had Level 5 formulas.

Bai Xiaochun sighed emotionally, his eyes shining with intense brilliance. Having so many medicinal plants and so many pill furnaces in front of him made him completely excited. He clasped his hands together, immediately pulled out a pill furnace and some clots of blood. After igniting the stones with some spiritual power, the scarlet flames filled the entire room.

"Mixed Medicine. Must concoct medicine!" He didn't start from the Foundation established medicine. Instead, he studied a formula called "Temper Crystal Pills," and after that, he began to concoct it.

Time flew by. In the blink of an eye, half a month passed. Yan Xiaobao never left the room, and soon, his hair became completely disheveled. He was completely immersed in his pharmacy. He accumulated experience and conducted experiments, repeatedly failing. He pursued new ideas, and whenever he came up with a new idea, he laughed out loud.

As his laughter echoed from the Immortal's cave, the blood tree trembled, and any Middle Peak cultivators who happened to pass by felt amazed, though mostly disdainful.

Most Middle Peak cultivators had some beef with Yan Xiaobao, although none of them dared to show it openly. However, as time went by, all sorts of gossip spread.

"Well, what if he's inspired by wall fragments? Does he really think he'll concoct some magical spiritual medicine?"

"Hmph. I heard all the sect's plant and vegetation resources have been sent to Nightcrypt. He's just digging his own grave. He'll utterly fail or, at best, concoct some ordinary spiritual medicine. Either way, he's doomed!"

"Who cares about medicine concoction? I don't even understand why the sect thinks it's important!"

However, Song Junwan and the other three elders, as well as the main elder on Ancestor Peak, were filled with anticipation. Even the Song Clan leader had the same feeling and continuously glanced toward Middle Peak.

Ten days passed. Middle Peak cultivators increasingly mocked Yan Xiaobao's secluded time. Of course, most were jealous. They envied his relationship with that Elder, envied how the sect cared about him so much, and envied that he had so many plant and vegetation resources.

But his overall ability was excellent, and everyone knew that. Since the Reverse Blood Ancestor woke, he had surpassed the True Human Dao Foundation Establishment Protector's abilities. The Earthstring Foundation Establishment elders began to feel threatened, and even the late Foundation Establishment experts felt worried.

Chapter 1374 - Dragon Soul Root (Part 2)

Three more days passed...

Yan Xiaobao had been engaged in medicinal concoction work continuously for a month. He worked like a madman in his Immortal Cave, pacing around the pill furnace with bloodshot eyes. He never stopped concocting, relying on his desired medical prowess, utilizing the plants and vegetation available to him. Each failure brought him new hope for success.

"This time I will definitely succeed!" he rasped, licking his lips and staring intently at the pill furnace. After a few more hours, the furnace began to tremble, emitting a medicinal fragrance. Bai Xiaochun's eyes were full of anticipation. Moments later, his excitement turned into fear.

"What's happening!?" he exclaimed, eyes wide. At the moment when the spiritual medicine should appear, the pill furnace suddenly began to overheat. Apparently, the strength of the pill would lead to instability, affecting the furnace itself. Even the Flame Stone was affected, causing a peak in temperature. Instantly, a strong sense of danger filled Bai Xiaochun's heart.

With a rasping sound, the pill furnace began to shake violently, cracks spread across its surface, covered in dazzling scarlet flames. From its appearance, the pill furnace was about to explode.

An enormous force erupted inside, causing the pill furnace to expand rapidly.

"It's going to blow!!" he gasped, head tingling. This was Level 4 Spiritual Medicine, far beyond Level 2 or Level 3 Medicines.

Even the explosion of Third-level Spiritual Medicine was utterly shocking, but the thought of how much force a Level 4 explosion could release made Yan Xiaobao's pupils contract. From the aura emitted by the pill furnace, Yan Xiaobao could tell its power could rival that of a Foundation Establishment Middle Cultivator.

There was no time to sit and think about what to do. Yan Xiaobao screamed, reaching out to grab the swollen furnace, then using all the strength from his cultivation base to rush outside and hurl it skyward.

"Everyone, beware!" he shouted at the top of his lungs. The pill furnace sailed above Middle Peak and then exploded, releasing thunderous sound that shook heaven and earth. Shockwaves rang out, sweeping through everything.

As the pill furnace exploded, pill remnants were shot in all directions. Even more terrifying was the burning shrapnel that flew around from the exploded furnace.

Countless disciples from Middle Peak were terrified, rushing out to see what had happened.

"What's going on?!"

"What happened?!"

"Is the Spirit Creek Sect attacking us?!"

In their shock, they looked up to see the flames like meteors spread across the sky, landing in various places near Middle Peak. When each hit the ground, it echoed with a booming sound.

Soon, alarms rang out. Wherever the remnants of the pill furnace landed, flames rose up. Some unlucky cultivators even caught fire and began screaming at the top of their lungs.

The entire Middle Peak fell into chaos. Song Junwan was stunned, rushing out and seeing Middle Peak engulfed in flames. She could smell the acrid scent from the destroyed pills, and could see large chunks of the pill furnace raining down.

"Is this what happens when you concoct medicine?" she gasped, thinking. "I can't believe concocting medicine is so terrifying!" To her, the process of concocting medicine should be a calm, peaceful activity, with nothing capable of causing such disaster even if things went wrong.

If disciples of the Spirit Creek Sect were present, they would surely understand what had happened and perhaps feel sorry for the Blood River Sect, saying: "Once Uncle Bai starts concocting medicine, disaster strikes." Bai Xiaochun's heart was pounding with anxiety. The exploding pill furnace was not only shocking but dangerously close.

"If I were slower, it would've blown up my Immortal Cave! But that's not the worst part. I could've lost my miserable little life!" Yan Xiaobao hung his head, trying to apologize to the angry crowd around him. He quickly adjusted his cave's spell formations and then hurried back inside.

There, he steeled himself to face the mob, but nothing happened for an entire day. Surprisingly, he waited even longer, yet no one appeared.

"Strange... Oh well, I guess it's fine. I'll continue concocting. Now, why did the pill furnace explode?" he thought, sitting cross-legged and rubbing his chin thoughtfully.

What he didn't realize was, the reason no one came looking for him was because people were calling him Nightdevil. He had gained a notorious reputation, and although people wanted to hold him accountable, his bloody sword-slaughtering method left them no choice but to grit their teeth and endure.

Another reason was that despite the explosion being powerful and causing many fires, it didn't truly negatively affect anyone beyond that.

Three days later, Yan Xiaobao slapped his thigh.

"In the past, my Third-level Medicines also exploded. But this time, the reason for the explosion is different. When Level 4 Spiritual Medicines reach the final stage of condensing into pills, they absorb Qi from the surroundings, causing instability!

"It has nothing to do with the Flame Stone." Expelling a breath, hair disheveled, eyes enlightened, he quickly rolled up his sleeves and crafted a new pill furnace.

This time the concoction process went quicker. After a day, the spiritual medicine had already formed. He watched carefully and prepared for any outcome. Suddenly, the pill furnace turned bright red, and cracks began to spread across its entire surface. Erupting with a violent surge, the pill furnace even began to bulge in a shocking manner, more intensely than before.

Yan Xiaobao gasped, waving his sleeve to put away the pill furnace, then rushing outside to throw it high into the air. Unfortunately, this time there was no time to issue a warning.

As the pill furnace exploded, the deafening sound echoed, bombs shot out in all directions, accompanied by violet flames.

Then, as the shards fell on ground, booming reverberations rose, along with the sound of roaring.

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

"Nightcrypt, are you really concocting medicine? If you want to kill us, why not fight us!?!"

"What's he trying to concoct?!?!"

About ten Middle Cultivators were directly affected, although they were very angry, they didn't do anything but grit their teeth. They dared not cause any problems for Nightcrypt.

Yan Xiaobao stayed fearfully in his Immortal Cave. However, after some time, no one complained, he sighed and looked up at the distance.

"You understand the situation, and choose not to make trouble for me. Don't worry, I promise this will be the last time." Breathing deeply with sincere effort, he began concocting again.

Three days later...

"Damn, what's going on!?" Feeling like he was going mad, he rushed outside to throw the pill furnace into the air.

BOOM!

Five days later... BOOM! Seven days later... BOOM! Ten days later....

"How can this happen?!" He felt he was going crazy. This time, he tossed an exceptionally large pill furnace into the air!

BOOOOOOOO MMM!

In the past ten days, Middle Peak (Middle Peak) was utterly chaotic. Every day or so, another pill furnace would explode, showering shrapnel and igniting fires. Many areas of Middle Peak were scorched.

Many newly built Immortal Caves were burned to ashes, one after another cultivator screamed in anger. Eventually, not a single blade of grass or plant on Middle Peak was untouched.

Though God Master Davina's Immortal Cave wasn't harmed, it did catch fire at least once.

The murderous intent among Middle Peak cultivators intensified to the point of nearly exploding.

The situation was somewhat better for the index finger. However, the fires eventually spread far away, where the Foundation Establishment mid-late stage cultivators thrived. The entire Middle Peak became a ticking time bomb.

"Nightcrypt, do you want to die?!?! "

"If I don't kill Nightcrypt, then I'm not human!"

"Damn! Is Nightcrypt going to burn Middle Peak to the ground? He's not concocting medicine, he's trying to kill us!"

The extraordinarily large pill furnace he threw into the sky exploded only upon landing. After crashing into one of the blood waterfalls, a huge roar sounded, with massive amounts of blood and water surging in all directions. Song Que appeared, screaming in agony, engulfed by flames. His hair and eyebrows were almost instantly burned off.

"Nightcrypt!" he shouted, shooting toward the cave of Yan Xiaobao the Immortal. His actions triggered an emotional outburst from other cultivators, screaming together at the top of their lungs.

"Kill Nightcrypt!"

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Chapter 1375 - Emotional Outburst

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"If Nightcrypt isn't dead, then we'll all be killed!"

"First he makes a mess of the Blood Qi, then he chases that rabbit, now he has these explosive furnaces. Nightcrypt is a walking disaster!"

"You're dead, Nightcrypt! During the bloody incident, you destroyed my Immortal Cave, then again because of the rabbit, now destroyed with pill furnaces!!"

The cultivators of Middle Peak had never been so united. From early to late Foundation Establishment, ninety percent of the cultivators were filled with killing Spiritual Energy when firing at Yan Xiaobao's Immortal Cave, intending to destroy it hand in hand.

Even though the sect prohibited such behavior, they didn't care. They firmly believed that the sect wouldn't cause problems for all the Foundation Establishment Cultivation Personnel of Middle Peak because of one person.

Yan Xiaobao's scalp began to tingle with fear when he saw what was happening. Even though he was already in the mid-stage of Foundation Establishment and confident that he could easily defeat even a large group of opponents, he was shocked to see so many Foundation Establishment cultivators racing towards him, including Mortal-Dao and Earthstring types, from early to late stage, all these beings filled with killing intent, many without hair or eyebrows.

Song Qu led everyone, a swarm of wasps, their buzzing like thunder, shaking the mountain peak.

"Listen to me, people!" Yan Xiaobao cried, his face ashen with fear. Supporting him, he tried to offer an explanation, but his voice was drowned out by angry shouts. As people closed in, their cultivation bases surged with astonishing power, they became like a violent wind, above which Yan Xiaobao's paddle boat was nearing death.

That's when a cold snort echoed from Ancestor Peak, filled with nasal tone. It pierced the crazed minds of the mob, immediately stunning all the cultivators who were planning to attack Yan Xiaobao.

Only an elder or clan leader could calm down so many people so quickly. It didn't matter who just made the sound, it made everyone tremble.

Meanwhile, Elder Song Junwan appeared in front of Bai Xiaochun. She coldly looked at the group of cultivators, frowned and said, "Enough. Nightcrypt didn't do it deliberately. It's difficult to avoid accidents when brewing pills!"

The surrounding Foundation Establishment Cultivation Personnel said nothing. However, despite their awe and respect for the elder, they were arrogant by nature and still as angry on the inside as before. Even their eyes emitted a cruel coldness.

"The clan leader agrees on this point!" Song Junwan continued calmly, her eyes emitting cold light. When the cultivators heard this news, they had no choice but to sigh painfully. They bit their tongues and turned away. Of course, their hatred for Yan Xiaobao still burned within them.

All of them thought the same thing: "You can't hold on forever. The ancestor's patience is limited, sooner or later you'll meet a painful end!"

Inside, they chuckled coldly, anticipating the day when Nightcrypt would face punishment from the sect.

After the crowd dispersed, fear still lingered in Bai Xiaochun's heart. Looking at Song Junwan, he patted his chest and said, "Those people are so unreasonable! I'm brewing pills for the sect!"

Song Junwan, who had already turned to leave, looked back at Bai Xiaochun with a strange expression. Then she shook her head. Even she couldn't imagine the brewing process would be so dangerous.

After hesitating for a moment, she said, "Nightcrypt, you'd better end this by brewing pills that satisfy the ancestor."

With that, she gave him a profound look and left.

She didn't want to be more detailed than this. She was sure Nightcrypt would understand what she meant. The leadership of Blood Flow Sect cared about the result, not the process. Ultimately, if

Nightcrypt could brew pills that satisfied the clan leader, then everything that happened along the way would become irrelevant. As long as he didn't go too far, they would overlook the misfortune and protect him from the consequences.

But, if he failed to produce satisfactory pills, then he'd be deemed useless, and the sect would demand compensation.

Essentially, the more useful he was, the more they'd utilize him, and he'd grow stronger within the sect!

Bai Xiaochun's eyes flickered. Naturally, he understood what happened. He gradually understood the way Blood Flow Sect did things on Corpse Peak.

"They care about the result, not the process." He sighed. "What a great sect!" He coughed lightly, returned to the Immortal Cave, and continued brewing.

Back at Ancestor Peak, the Song Clan Patriarch sat in a large hall. He faced away from Middle Peak, smiling with two elder companions beside him. All of them seemed very pleased.

"Isn't Nightcrypt's brewing method a bit excessive?" An elder shook his head and said.

Another elder laughed. His tone had a hint of irony, "This is what a disciple of Blood Flow Sect should be like. Don't brew pills like others! With one look, you can see he's on a path of evil. All others brew pills like drinking warm water; he brews them with explosive breath!" Ten days passed. The pill furnace exploded twice, but Yan Xiaobao couldn't do anything about it. Lowering the drug strength seemed like the only option. As for Bai Xiaochun, these pill furnaces were too weak.

After lowering the medicinal strength and utilizing the techniques of All-Purpose Plants and vegetation, he gradually managed to stabilize things, finally successfully brewing a batch of Level 4 crystallized temperature pills.

#### Chapter 1376 - Emotional Outburst (Part 2)

Although only five types of medicine came out, all of them were low-level medicines, they still contained more spiritual energy than any other spiritual medicine Yan Xiaobao had concocted in the past. Holding them in his hand, he could even feel the spiritual energy pulsing within them.

They seemed almost intelligent.

That was one of the unique characteristics of Level 4 medicine. After inspecting them closely, Bai Xiaochun became even more excited than before. Though he was confident that pills like these would meet the elders' requirements, they might still not be good enough for the Song Family Patriarch.

"I need to greatly improve the success rate. Then, I'll surely convince the Song Family Ancestor!" He proudly lifted his chin and continued to refine his already refined technique.

He hoped to gain more control over Level 4 Spiritual Medicine and achieve a higher success rate, similar to his understanding of Third-level Spiritual Medicine. Yan Xiaobao completely ignored himself, began to ignore the outside world, and immersed himself in the Medicine Path. Next, he chose another classic Level 4 Spiritual Medicine formula, "Mist Spirit."

Days later, the new batch of spiritual medicine emitted a fragrant aroma, and Yan Xiaobao's eyes immediately began to shine. His right hand flashed in a magical gesture, and the pill furnace opened, causing a puff of green smoke to rise into the air.

"Hmm?" The most shocking thing to Yan Xiaobao was not the green smoke, but the fact that no spiritual medicine was visible within!

"What went wrong?" he thought, shocked. He carefully checked the pill furnace, but found nothing inside, not even any medicine residue. The spiritual medicine in the pill furnace had almost vanished into thin air.

Considering the smoke, he looked around the Immortal Cave but found nothing unusual. Frowning, he began to research the next batch, determined to find the source of the problem.

The same thing happened with the next batch. "Again turned into green smoke?"

The green smoke rose and, in a short amount of time, completely disappeared. No matter how he tried to capture it or stop it from dissipating, it would vanish.

"Interesting. Each Level 4 Spiritual Medicine seems to have its unique properties." He was not discouraged. Quite the opposite. Over the next month, he tried various methods to resolve the issue. However, the approximately twelve batches he completed during that time all resulted in green smoke, which quickly vanished.

As Yan Xiaobao continued to research "Mist Incense," the cultivators on Middle Peak finally awoke from the nightmare of the explosive pill furnace. However, before they even had a chance to rejoice, they found themselves in another nightmare.

The first unfortunate cultivator was Master God-Diviner. About ten days ago, in the middle of the night, he was suddenly showing someone an eight trigram, and suddenly his face fell off. To the cultivator seated in front of him's amazement, Master God-Diviner dashed out of the room, his face bright red. That night, he felt like he was going to collapse. The next morning, his face was gray-white.

"What's happening? I haven't eaten anything in over ten years. How can I have diarrhea...?" He clutched his abdomen tightly, trying to perform a divination, but before he could complete it, a hoarse voice echoed within him.

Soon, cultivators were affected one after another. Whether they were in the Immortal Cave or not, anyone who breathed in the aura of green smoke on Middle Peak would have diarrhea, no matter when or where... it didn't matter.

If it were ordinary diarrhea, it might not be a big deal. However, as days passed, the situation only continued to worsen. The best performers could eventually only go to the bathroom ten or more times a day, but for others, it exceeded a hundred times.

The cultivators on Middle Peak began to go mad, unable to even imagine the poison causing this situation. Some Foundation Establishment cultivators couldn't cope, and began to faint.

"Someone poisoned us!"

"Damn! What's going on? This isn't Nightcrypt, right?!"

The diarrhea plague struck the lower finger of Middle Peak. Regardless of the height of the cultivators' bases, there seemed to be an invisible poisonous mist affecting any cultivator who encountered it. Soon, Middle Peak was almost a ghost town. Everyone was going crazy, but had almost no energy to move.

Unfortunately, it wasn't a problem that disappeared after a short time. Song Qu lay weak and sluggish. He had gone to the bathroom countless times, and at this point, he almost felt like a mortal.

"What happened!?" people moaned.

"It must be Nightcrypt! He's brewing medicine, the aura spreads, doing this to us!"

More and more people began to reach the same conclusion. However, no one could go investigate. The diarrhea became so severe that most couldn't leave their Immortal Cave.

Soon, the upper finger was affected. Just when Song Junwan left, fearing the idea of brewing medicine.

"What is he doing?" she sighed, looking sympathetically down at Middle Peak. "How could it be so terrifying!?"

Eventually, word spread to the other three peaks, where cultivators began to laugh about the matter. Some of them went near Zhongshan Peak to investigate, but quickly returned and went into deep meditation.

Eventually, cultivators on Middle Peak began to leave. Unfortunately, they could only crawl, which was their way of escape. They crawled away slowly, unwilling to stay behind. Sadly, they had been severely poisoned, so even after leaving, the symptoms persisted. Everyone teetered on the brink of collapse, staring at Yan Xiaobao's Immortal Cave in terror. If they had to choose between this furnace and the explosive furnace, they would choose the furnace.

"Nightcrypt is extremely malicious! He's definitely getting revenge on us!"

"Damn! We shouldn't call him Night Demon, we should call him Plague Demon!!"

"Dark Night Plague!"

As time passed, Foundation Institution cultivation personnel were plunged into agony, and their hatred for Yan Xiaobao dissipated. Most of them decided that in the future, they would do everything possible to avoid angering him.

He was indeed a terrifying figure, and his strategy of using invisible medicine to take down enemies was truly numbing.

Moreover, quite a few cultivators changed their thoughts about Medicine Path and decided they should spend more time studying it.

Even Ancestor Peak noticed what had happened. Of course, Bai Xiaochun didn't know what had happened. Because he practiced the immortal technique of eternal life and immortality, he was completely unaffected, totally consumed by the Medicine Path. A month later, he finally solved the green smoke problem, and successfully concocted Mist Spirit Fragrance.

Then he continued to brew some other Level 4 Spiritual Medicines. Eventually, he increased his success rate to seventy percent. By then, he had run out of medicinal plants and had to take a break. Holding spiritual medicine in his hand, he sighed and walked out of the Immortal Cave.

It was a sunny morning, but for some reason, everything seemed unusually quiet. Bai Xiaochun looked around, discovering that Middle Peak was completely empty.

At first, he was shocked, but then he felt happy. He finally managed to brew some medicine without affecting the people in the area. He sighed again, and began to stroll across Middle Peak. Before long, he began to feel nervous.

"Why is it so quiet?" he thought. Something seemed off. When he reached the bottom of the mountain, he hadn't seen a single person, nor discovered any signs of life. All the Immortal Caves seemed empty.

"Where is everyone?" he blinked, becoming more nervous, then quickening his pace. Soon, he saw a Middle Peak Foundation Establishment cultivator staggering with the help of two Inner Sect disciples.

The cultivator looked up and saw Yan Xiaobao, and he began trembling all over, pointing a quivering finger at Yan Xiaobao with eyes wide with fear.

"A-are you done brewing?" he asked.

"Uh?" Bai Xiaochun replied, somewhat puzzled. "Uh, I'm finished!"

As soon as the words came out, the cultivator shivered, then turned towards the Inner Zone, shouting: "You can all come out now! Let's return to the Immortal Cave. Plague Devil finished brewing the medicine!!"

Soon, with countless figures appearing, and the support of Inner Sect disciples, cries of relief echoed from the numerous Immortal Caves in the Inner Sect. They all appeared staggered and sallow, their expressions simultaneously sluggish and excited.

"Are you serious?! Plague Demon finally finished his medicine brewing?"

"Heaven indeed has eyes!"

"We can finally return to Middle Peak...."

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Chapter 1377 - Above the Law

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Song Qu was in the crowd, shaking his legs as he glared at Yan Xiaobao. He was different from others. He was not frightened and still wanted to kill Nightcrypt.

The disciples in Yan Xiaobao's heart crowded together, helping the cultivators who established the Foundation return to Middle Peak.

Within the time it took for incense to burn, he watched hundreds of people pass by him. Then Song Junwan flew overhead and turned to land in front of him, her face full of excitement.

"Big sister's song..." he said carefully.

"Is the concoction finished?" she asked with a bitter smile. "Give me the spiritual medicine, and I'll deliver it to the Clan Leader."

Yan Xiaobao quickly took out five Level 4 spiritual medicines from the bag he held. They were only part of what he concocted; he naturally kept the rest for himself.

Song Junwan accepted them and, after briefly inspecting them, was evidently touched. She gave Yan Xiaobao a deep look and then smiled. Telling him to wait for her, she flew to Zhongshan Peak.

Bai Xiaochun was already feeling very tense. He knew the rules in the "Blood Flow Sect." Although he was confident he had done enough to impress the leaders of the "Blood Flow Sect," he was still somewhat anxious.

He waited for the incense to burn, and soon Song Junwan returned. When she handed him an order token and then lifted his chin with her finger, a strange expression could be seen in her eyes. Her breath smelled like orchids, as if she were saying: "The Clan Leader wants me to tell you, from now on, as long as you don't betray the sect, you will be treated as a direct descendant of the Song Family!"

Bai Xiaochun's eyes sparkled at the thought of being able to do almost anything he hoped to in the sect. He felt extremely proud of himself, glancing back at the adorable Great Elder, and then extended his hand to lift his chin with his fingers.

"Does this count as betraying the sect?" he said with a smile. Song Junwan's eyes widened in surprise; in her lifetime, she had never encountered anyone daring enough to flirt with her like this. She blushed immediately, but then her eyes flashed with cold light.

"It seems I need to teach someone why they should respect their elders!" The order token was a gift from the Song Family Patriarch, and it ensured that as long as he didn't betray the sect, he could almost do anything he wanted in the sect.

He could even kill while getting away with it!

Unfortunately, dealing with Song Junwan was useless. It didn't matter; he was still in the middle of establishing the Foundation, and there was no way for him to compare with top figures like her. Naturally, Song Junwan didn't attack him; she just glared at him for a while before turning to leave.

In the following days, the news about how Nightcrypt successfully concocted Level 4 spiritual medicine spread throughout the entire Blood Flow department. Everyone, including the elders, had heard about it.

Even the Blood Splitter, who was almost always in a state of meditative contemplation, was drawn by Nightcrypt's name. The other Clan Leaders as well.

The Song Family Patriarch seemed to particularly value him, and his attitude determined the stance of the Song Family. Of course, the Song Family was the main force of the Blood Flow Sect, with very deep roots.

Eventually, the news about Nightcrypt and his medicine concocting leaked from the sect to the Cultivator Clan. Word even reached Spirit Creek Sect. Hou Yunfei and Yan Xiaobao's other friends were left speechless. Some couldn't help but think of Yan Xiaobao, but the idea that the two were connected was so ridiculous that they quickly dismissed the thought.

Either way, the stories about Nightcrypt made other sects view him as a far more important person within the Blood Flow Sect. Some even placed him alongside Song Qu.

Of course, within the "Blood Flow Sect," the situation was different. Many people already considered Song Que inferior to Nightcrypt. Nightcrypt not only possessed awe-inspiring combat abilities but was also ruthless, vicious, and had a demonic way of concocting medicine. Rarely did anyone dare even approach him.

The plague of diarrhea struck the whole mountain, causing countless hearts to experience greater fear than before.

His nickname soon changed from Nightdevil to Plaguedevil. The thoughts of how he could cut people down with even less or no blood were simply terrifying.

Yan Xiaobao actually liked the change in attitude. Most Middle Cultivators on Middle Peak would go to great lengths to avoid him.

No one wanted to provoke him, although some people still resented him, no major issues arose.

As for the Inner Sect disciples, they considered him a kind of vicious beast. Just thinking of him made their legs go weak, and based on the stories circulating among them, he was someone willing to wipe out entire peaks.

However, Yan Xiaobao's life only lasted a few days. Song Junwan called her to take on the role of the Great Elder of Middle Peak, issuing a series of orders that summoned him. She made him sweep all the roads on Middle Peak, had him repair all the destroyed Immortal Caves, and told him to do other similar tasks. She found so many ways to keep Yan Xiaobao in check that he frowned on the verge of tears.

"So I took a little time to slip away...!" Yan Xiaobao said. Just as he finished sweeping through Middle Peak, he received another order from Song Junwan. Now he had to scrub all the trash bins on Middle Peak.

"I can't believe she's bullying me so much! How can she get away with this, but I can't do the same!?" Yan Xiaobao was furious. Given his status in the sect, how could he be sent to clean trash containers everywhere? Just at that moment, a beam of light approached from a distance, turned, and headed toward Yan Xiaobao.

When he looked up, he realized it was the Great Elder from Corpse Mountain.

Chapter 1378 - Above the Law (Part 2)

"Hey, Nightcrypt, old man," the Great Elder laughed, landing nearby Yan Xiaobao, he walked over and saw Yan Xiaobao's broom being held. He said, his eyes sparkling, "Were you punished? I can't believe you really dared to make a move on Song Junwan!"

Despite being an elder of Corpse Mountain Peak, he knew Nightcrypt was an extraordinary person who might become Clan Leader. He nearly had limitless potential and was arrogant. Thus, this elder had long regarded him as a cultivator of the same generation.

"Yeah, so what?" Bai Xiaochun replied, eyes wide, then raised his chin. "She made a move on me first!!"

This Great Elder carefully looked around, then lowered his voice and said: "Nightcrypt, old man, listen to me. Do you know what kind of person Song Junwan is? She's a damned scorpion, that's what! Over the years, among all the guys who dared to provoke her, not one has ended up with a good outcome. In fact, years ago, when she was at the "Qi Condensation" stage, I saw with my own eyes how she dealt with someone who treated her improperly. She kept him alive...."

"Kept him alive?!" Yan Xiaobao gasped.

This Great Elder sneakily glanced around and then continued: "Have you heard of Bloodline Situ Hao of Little Swamp Peak? Years ago, he harbored ill intentions towards Song Junwan. She chased him all the way to Nameless Peak, practically scared him to death!"

"She has the courage of a bloodline master?!" Yan Xiaobao felt his scalp go crazy. He knew in the Bloodshed Sect, similar to the Sect Leader, Bloodline Masters occupy a high position. In fact, in some ways, they are even stronger than the Sect Leader. The Sect Leader cannot directly command cultivators of peaks, but Bloodline Masters can!

Moreover, only by reaching Core Formation and becoming a Bloodline Master does one have a chance to become a Blood Splitter! Blood Splitters are the most important power next to the Clan Leader in this sect!

For various reasons, Bloodline Masters can drive countless other sect members insane.

Yan Xiaobao was more tense than ever. He glanced at his finger, then looked back at the Great Elder of Corpse Peak and said: "Anyway, what are you doing here? Trying to scare me, huh?"

"Why would I want to scare you, Nightcrypt, old man?" he answered with a broad smile. "I'm just telling you the truth! Hey, since your time in the Inner Sect, we've been friends, haven't we? Such good

friends.... In fact, I even went to the sect's leader to ask if I could invite you to Corpse Peak to brew some medicine. If you do, then you won't have to follow the one named Song Junwan's orders, right?

"How about this: take a lot of time to think about it. Don't worry, I'll provide you with all the medicinal ingredients. Actually, they're already prepared. Once done, you'll be deeply grateful! Oh yeah, Corpse Peak's Bloodline Master said if you agree to brew medicine for us, he'll give you a delicate Emerald Zombie as a gift!" The elders from Corpse Peak slapped a bag, taking out a command badge, which was none other than the device to control the jade zombie.

Yan Xiaobao looked at it, confirming it was the control device he handed over, which was the control device for the jade zombie. Of course, if he wished, he could render the command badge invalid anytime.

However, the idea of brewing medicine on Corpse Mountain to escape punishment from Song Junwan seemed like a brilliant idea. But he didn't immediately agree. Instead, he hesitated a bit.

"You know," he said hesitantly, "whenever I brew medicine, other sect members often end up suffering..."

"I'll personally kill anyone who complains," the elder immediately replied. "Nightcrypt, old man, rest assured, brew to your heart's content! As long as you can make me a level 4 Reverse Blood Corpse Refining Pill, everything will be fine!"

Yan Xiaobao cleared his throat. Suddenly, his index finger echoed from master fingers, he would continue to strive hard.

"Nightcrypt, why haven't you started scrubbing!?"

"Then there's you, old smoke. What are you doing near Corpse Peak?? Why do you always interfere with my business at Middle Peak!" It was Song Junwan. As her voice rang out, Yan Xiaobao grabbed the Great Elder's arm from Corpse Mountain Peak.

"I agree! When do we leave!?"

"Now!" The Great Elder answered cheerfully. He bowed his head, laughed loudly, released the cultivating base's power, and with Yan Xiaobao shot like a beam towards Corpse Mountain Peak.

Initially, Song Junwan's jaw was in shock. But then, in her heart, a curious flame began to ignite, she flew out to block the path of Corpse Mountain Peak's Great Elder. "Nightcrypt, where do you think you're going??"

But just at that moment, a blood-red beam shot out from Corpse Peak. It was a middle-aged man with hair dyed the color of blood, wearing a long robe stained with blood. Even his skin was the color of blood, eyes illuminated by a piercing glow. Clearly, he had a Foundation-establishing cultivating base, but the energy he emanated was no less than an elder's. In a step, he was directly placed in front of Song Junwan.

"Junwan, Brother Nightcrypt is a renowned figure in this field. Even the Clan Leader likes him. Forcing him to do such base and shameful tasks is fundamentally wrong. Brother Nightcrypt has agreed to go to Corpse Peak to brew medicine, so calm down, we won't treat him badly!" The man waved his right hand, while Corpse Peak trembled as if resonating with him. Meanwhile, an incredible pressure bore down in all directions.

"Winklefield, I don't care if you're Corpse Peak's Bloodline Master, what gives you the authority to interfere with Middle Peak's affairs!?" Song Junwan stared at the blood-red figure, her eyes flashing murderous intent, other than the Blood Master Wind Cliff of Corpse Mountain Peak, nobody dared!

"I am not useless trash like Situ Hao!" Wind Cliff took another step forward, halting her pace, while the elder dragged Yan Xiaobao towards Corpse Mountain Peak.

"Nightcrypt, get back home now!" Song Junwan shouted angrily.

Seeing Song Junwan's path blocked, knowing he was safe now, Yan Xiaobao shook his head vigorously, stepped back, "No matter what you say, I won't go back!"

"Are you coming or not!?" she cried, stamping her foot angrily.

"No!" He shook his head again.

"Oh, look at you, Nightcrypt. Think you're tough now, don't you? If you don't come back this instant, then you can forget coming back ever again!" With that, she turned in anger and headed towards Middle Peak.

"Fine!" Yan Xiaobao sneezed angrily. "I'll never go back again!" Then he turned towards Corpse Peak.

At this, the elder began to look towards Yan Xiaobao, then turned back to the equally furious Song Junwan.

"You two...?" He hesitated, starting to wonder what exactly happened between them.

The recent exchange left the Great Elder at the top of Corpse Mountain, alongside Blood Master Wind Cliff, blinking in shock. Something about the whole conversation seemed slightly off.

They weren't the only ones to react this way. Any other Middle Cultivator hearing their argument couldn't shake the feeling they were listening to a quarrel between a couple. Like a husband storming out of the house while his wife curses him.

Song Junwan returned to the top of Middle Peak, flew over Blood Lake, rushed towards the Immortal Cave. Even before the door opened as usual, she kicked over.

A huge rumbling echoed, spreading cracks across its surface, the door trembled.

"Damn Nightcrypt! Thinking he's grown up now, huh? He actually dares say he won't come home with me!" She kicked the door again, it collapsed, plunging into the Immortal Cave.

The four attendants outside shook in shock. They've never seen the Great Elder so angry; she actually destroyed the door to her own Immortal Cave.

Soon, more bangs and crashes could be heard from inside as Song Junwan threw things down and smashed them against the walls. However, she only partially dissipated her anger. She sat, face flickering with a hint of bitterness, even she wasn't aware of.

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## Chapter 1379 The Outsider

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"Nightcrypt, you ignorant fool! I had you sweep the paths of the Middle Peak and repair the Immortal Cave, so people wouldn't dislike you so much! When someone like you makes a big scene, people are bound to be jealous. Okay, maybe asking you to scrub the trash cans was a bit much, but all you had to do was come ask me, beg me, and I'd get you out of trouble!" Song Junwan was getting more hysterical.

"But then you decided to collude with outsiders! I can't believe you ran away! You said you wouldn't come back? Fine! Don't ever come back in your life!" She grabbed a nearby jug of wine and smashed it on the ground.

Outside, the servants exchanged awkward glances and then just stared down at their toes, pretending they hadn't heard anything.

Meanwhile, in the Bloodline Master Temple on Corpse Peak, Yan Xiaobao was sitting there, seething with anger. He thought Song Junwan was too overbearing. What right did she have to demand he do all these things? Did she have charge over whether he concocted pills for others?

"That woman's temper is ridiculous!" he complained.

The Bloodline Master Windcliff was sitting opposite him, a half-smile playing across his face. The elder nearby also wore a strange expression. The two exchanged a glance. So far, both were sure something was going on between Nightcrypt and Song Junwan.

"Take a deep breath, Brother Nightcrypt," Bloodline Master Windcliff said with a smile. "Why don't we talk about the situation with medicine concoction?"

Yan Xiaobao looked up. This was his first real insight into Windcliff. After examining him for a moment, he nodded.

Recently, he realized that given his reputation, he should act more arrogant.

"First," he said, lifting his chin. "If anything bad happens when I'm concocting pills, you must take responsibility!"

"Don't worry!" Windcliff said. He was smiling as he handed Bai Xiaochun a bag. Yan Xiaobao's arrogance not only made him indulgent, but he actually agreed to this point. He cared about Level 4 Spiritual Medicine. As long as Nightcrypt could concoct it, it meant his own refined corpse might become stronger.

The elder laughed heartily. "Come on, Nightcrypt, old boy," he said. "Let me show you the Immortal Cave we've prepared for you. If anything's missing, just say the word."

With that, the Great Elder glanced at the Bloodline Master before leading Yan Xiaobao out of the Bloodline Master Temple.

Corpse Peak considered Nightcrypt an extremely important person, and arranged a special location for him in the boundary between the lower and upper fingers. The area had been cleared of other cultivators.

Of course, news that Nightcrypt was concocting medicine had already begun to spread throughout "Corpse Peak." Having heard the news, many Middle Peak cultivators turned pale. Considering the tragic fate of the Middle Peak, they decided to be more vigilant than ever.

"I heard the Bloodline Master and Great Elder personally invited Nightcrypt to concoct medicine. We definitely need to be on guard."

"Nightcrypt is also known as Plaguedevil. The terrifying way he concocts medicine is all anyone talks about on the Middle Peak."

Some cultivators didn't take this issue too seriously, assuming the stories were exaggerations.

Who cares about medicine concoction? Will it really have much impact on us? The incident with the diarrhea happened because they became careless. As long as we remain alert, nothing bad will happen."

"Hmph! Let's see what happens when this Nightcrypt concocts medicine and causes an upheaval!"

No matter the various reactions of Corpse Peak, the Bloodline Master and Great Elder ordered the area near Yan Xiaobao's pharmacy to be off-limits. No one was allowed to approach.

Yan Xiaobao was quite pleased with all the preparations, especially the Immortal Cave they had prepared for him. Once the elder left, he sat cross-legged in front of another awkward cross-legged figure, a green-haired corpse. Surprisingly, its hair was no longer that long. However, its fangs were as sharp as ever, and bone spurs still adorned its skin. It grew wicked claws and emitted a shocking killing aura.

This was Yan Xiaobao's jade zombie!

Clearly, the zombie was much stronger than when he initially created it. Its skin looked tougher, and overall, it appeared more robust and powerful.

Its eyes were green, releasing an aura that made it look unusually intelligent.

Just looking at it made Yan Xiaobao's hair stand on end. Although he personally created the jade zombie, he still felt a sense of horror.

"Not cute at all..." he remarked. "Get rid of those fangs and claws, and shorten the hair slightly." As soon as the words left his mouth, the jade zombie shivered. Its fangs, claws, and bone spurs vanished. As for its hair, it retracted until it was nearly invisible.

Its killing aura also gradually disappeared. It was still green, but now appeared more normal. Moments later, it stared at Yan Xiaobao with a seemingly blank expression.

"That's better." Yan Xiaobao said happily. Taking one last look outside the Immortal Cave, he opened the bag given to him by the Bloodline Master, which contained a large amount of medicinal herbs. Although

not as much as what the Song Family Patriarch gave him, they were equally valuable. There were even some herbs more valuable and of higher quality than those provided by the Song Family Patriarch.

"Corpse Peak's Blood Master seems to have many resources!" In addition to the storage bag, there were abundant Flame Stones and pill furnaces, along with a jade slip containing the Reverse Blood Medicine formula. Corpse Refining Pills.

#### Chapter 1380 - Outsider (Part 2)

Yan Xiaobao took the medicine recipe and began researching. Soon, his eyes widened. In fact, the drug formula was not easy to understand, and many areas were still vague. Without real knowledge of how to formulate Level 4 Spiritual Medicine, it is impossible to understand it.

Even with such skill, the formula remains difficult. Fortunately, Yan Xiaobao's skills in the way of medicine had already reached the point where he could formulate Level 5 Spiritual Medicine. Therefore, after studying the formula in detail, he began to understand it. In the end, he took a deep breath.

"This Reverse Blood Corpse Refining Pill uses corpses as a furnace to brew Corpse Pills. Forty-nine corpses must wither into the form of Corpse Pills. Then, combine forty-nine Corpse Pills together to make the Reverse Blood Corpse Pill!

"This is not a medicine intended for consumption by humans. It should be put into a refined corpse. With this medicine, the Shadow Zombies can be upgraded to the core formation level airborne Ghouls!!

"This is not a Level 4 Spiritual Medicine; it's more like a Level 6 Medicine. This medicine has been simplified to some extent by the All-Purpose Doctors of the Way of Medicine. Only by splitting it into 49 smaller processes can it be successfully formulated by Level 4 personnel!

"Simplified Spiritual Medicine like this will be much weaker than the original medicine, and the success rate is limited. However, combining certain other techniques might increase the success rate a bit.

"So, spiritual medicine can also be formulated like this, right?" Yan Xiaobao could hardly believe it, so he decided to continue studying the formula. He muttered to himself, occasionally looking up at the Emerald Zombie.

After years of refinement by Corpse Peak's elders, the Emerald Zombie has reached combat capabilities equivalent to the Qi Condensation Circle. If a breakthrough could be achieved, it would become a Shadow Zombie, equivalent to the Foundation Establishment stage.

"Giving such a spiritual medicine to the Blood Master would be a huge waste. It would be better to concoct it and use it on my own zombies... But in that case, how would I explain it to Corpse Peak? I can only imagine the bad things that would happen...." He pondered, looking at the medicine recipe. His eyes sparkled, and he continued to research further.

Time flew by. Half a month later, Yan Xiaobao suddenly looked up, panting. His eyes sparkled as he began chortling wildly.

"If I keep the first step unchanged, but tweak the final step a little, then I should be able to make synchronized Blood Corpse Refining Pills!

"After refining forty-nine Corpse Pills, I can use the Emerald Zombie to act as a large pill cauldron and ultimately reverse its blood flow. Once the pills are completed, a second pill will be produced, the synchronized pill. I can give the synchronized pill to the Bloodline Master, and if he uses it to successfully refine his corpse and breakthrough, my Emerald Zombie will be able to control it!"

Yan Xiaobao clapped his thigh and then bowed his head, laughing. His messy hair and excited expression made it clear he couldn't wait to try this mixing method. After looking around, he began mocking himself.

"So, this is just a test, right? You can't even make the Reverse Blood Corpse Refining Pill with a pill furnace." After some thought, he realized the medicine recipe was indeed a test. If he couldn't understand it, then naturally, he couldn't concoct it.

Only by truly understanding the formula could he actually formulate this medicine.

Thus, he stood up and called for the Great Elder of Corpse Mountain Peak. When he arrived, he said he needed forty-nine corpses and more flame stones. The elder didn't seem surprised at all but began to laugh excitedly. He quickly made spell gestures, and then waved his fingers inside the Immortal Cave. With the emergence of a passageway, a rumbling sound echoed.

Shockingly, the passage led to an underground crypt!

Inside the crypt was a Blood Lake, surrounded by forty-nine zombies, all of which emitted a murderous aura.

Yan Xiaobao looked around. Hands clasped behind his back, chin lifted, he appeared dissatisfied.

The elderly man respectfully clasped his hands and said, "Ye Xue, old man, this is the real place for formulating medicine!"

He wholeheartedly believed in Yan Xiaobao's skills in the way of medicine. The fact is, the Bloodline Master had given the same medicine recipe to many other Pharmacists, but none of them truly understood it. Only because he and the great elders could use certain ancient records did they know the real concocting method.

However, Nightcrypt had grasped the key aspects in only half a month. This elder was very excited. Seeing that Yan Xiaobao seemed displeased, he courteously clasped his hands again. After providing an explanation, he handed over a large batch of medicinal plants, softening Yan Xiaobao's expression.

"Please leave," he said calmly. "Without my permission, no one may enter!"

The Great Elder of Corpse Mountain Peak clasped his hands tightly and then hurried away, more capable than before at concocting the Reverse Blood Corpse Refining Pill. Yet, after leaving, he hesitated for a moment, then sat cross-legged nearby.

"I should remain vigilant to ensure no accidental incidents occur!" Determined, he even summoned ten Bloody Elders of Corpse Peak to stand with him.

This kind of treatment is normally only offered to a Blood Master.

Yan Xiaobao ignored what was happening outside. In the depths of the crypt, he walked back and forth excitedly. In his many years of medicine preparation, he had never formulated such a large pill!

"Anyone above Level 6 is advanced medicine!" Yan Xiaobao took a deep breath. He ignored the ferocious auras emanating from the forty-nine corpses and spent some time inspecting the Blood Pond.

The blood in the lake mixed with heavenly rivers and powerful blood and Qi.

As for the forty-nine corpses, they were all specially selected. Though they were pale zombies, they were all at the peak of Qi Condensation. Not one of them had visible wounds, and they all possessed powerful corpse aura.

After some observation, Yan Xiaobao felt very satisfied. He sat cross-legged, meditated for a full day, bringing himself to his optimal mental state. When he opened his eyes, he waved his right hand, causing the medicinal plants to fly out from the holding bag. As they floated in front of him, he made a clenched gesture, causing the plants to break and turn into liquid.

More and more plants were added to the liquid. As Yan Xiaobao observed the process, he called upon All-Purpose Plants and vegetation techniques to analyze and adjust the substances. Then he sent the liquid into the surrounding corpses.

When the medicinal liquid was poured into the zombie bodies, it seemed to possess an almost intelligence.

"Each corpse pill made by the forty-nine zombies appears to be the same, but actually, they all have slight variations. In general, all pills must be intentionally flawed, leaving a small gap.

"The most difficult part of the concocting process is using the gaps in all forty-nine corpse pills to bind them together. Then, their complementing aspects will merge together, forming the final major pill." Sweat began to trickle down Bai Xiaochun's forehead, but he paid no attention as he was completely immersed in the concocting process.

Time flew by. Soon, half a month had passed. Everything on Corpse Peak was quiet. Soon, the cultivators there began to relax. Many of them started to think that when it came to Nightcrypt's pill concocting, the Middle Peak cultivators had indeed made a mountain out of a molehill. It seemed there was nothing terrifying at all....

A month passed, and nothing happened on Corpse Peak. To this point, the cultivators there were completely relaxed. As for the cultivators on the Middle Peak, they all felt astonished.

Having heard that Nightcrypt had gone to Corpse Mountain Peak, they prepared for a spectacle. But as two months passed, Corpse Peak seemed as it always had, and the cultivators of Middle Peak began to feel somewhat dissatisfied.

"How can we be so unlucky? I can hardly believe it! Plague Demon hasn't caused anything on Corpse Mountain Peak!!"

"Why hasn't the furnace exploded? Why hasn't there been a diarrhea outbreak? It's not fair!"

"Don't tell me the Plague Demon has changed his personality?"

Another half month passed. The cultivators on Corpse Peak were fully relaxed, and some even forgot the fact that Nightcrypt was there concocting pills. But not the Middle Peak cultivators. They continued to watch Corpse Peak, as if refusing to rest until they saw the place plunge into misfortune.

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