

Medical 1381

Chapter 1381 - Blood-Reversing Corpse

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Around that time, Yan Xiaobao finally completed the first step of the Reverse Blood Corpse Refining pill. The forty-nine corpses had been thoroughly infused with the appropriate magical plants, and now he began using the Flame Stone to raise the temperature of the Blood Lake. Soon, the medicinal liquid within the forty-nine corpses began to take effect.

A month later, the Cultivators on the Middle Peak felt as if they had died inside. They were angry about the injustice of the situation and started thinking that Nightcrypt should not be called Plaguedevil.

But then, something happened!

The forty-nine corpses started to wither slowly. As they did, Bai Xiaochun's expression brightened, and he continuously made spell gestures, which in turn caused a gray Corpse Pill to rise from the Blood Pond.

"The critical moment has arrived!" Yan Xiaobao took a deep breath, then sent out a flurry of thoughts that caused the Emerald Zombie to open its eyes. Suddenly, forty-nine green strands of hair emerged from the Emerald Zombie, unraveling and thrusting into the forty-nine Corpse Pills, beginning to absorb them.

The Corpse Pills quickly withered and soon turned to ash. Their entire essence had been absorbed by the Emerald Zombie and transformed into forty-nine energy streams.

Yan Xiaobao's expression turned incredibly serious as he hurried toward the Emerald Zombie, waving his right hand back and forth. Almost instantly, the Emerald Zombie turned into a pill furnace, and the forty-nine energy streams inside began to form the Reverse Blood Corpse Refining pill.

As he waved his hands, the Emerald Zombie trembled, and with a violent surge of energy, its expression twisted and distorted. Yan Xiaobao's hair was a mess, looking tense. He waved his right hand, and the Emerald Zombie suddenly flew into the sky, then descended into the Blood Pond.

The Blood Lake almost immediately started to bubble and boil. Yan Xiaobao also flew into the sky, settled down cross-legged, and began creating complex spell gestures with his hands. With each movement of his fingers, the Blood Qi surged from the Blood Zombie within.

In the blink of an eye, three days passed. During this time, the forty-nine energy streams inside the Emerald Zombie seemed unable to merge together. Each time they tried, they spontaneously separated. The body of the Emerald Zombie began to shrink, with some parts seemingly on the verge of collapse. As it struggled, its sharp teeth, claws, bone spurs, and green hair all emerged and began to transform. However, they seemed unable to return to their original state.

"How could this be?!" Yan Xiaobao began to feel extremely anxious. It seemed that if he continued, the Emerald Zombie could be destroyed. Yet, he was unwilling to let this alchemical mixture fail. He suddenly raised his hand, pressing it against his forehead, causing it to open and revealing a heavenly Buddhist Law eye. Once it was revealed, he could clearly see the forty-nine energy streams inside the Emerald Zombie and how they were completely mixed and tangled.

The chaotic energy streams were clearly the result of the Blood Water from the Blood Lake. Although Blood Water was a precious substance on the Corpse Peak, Yan Xiaobao could now see just how mixed and impure it was.

At this critical juncture, the chaotic energy streams were polluting the Emerald Zombie, preventing the corpse's aura from merging together.

"Damn it! How could the Blood Water Medicine Liquid be so impure??" Yan Xiaobao was very tense. He knew that for most others, the medicinal liquid in the Blood Pond could be considered exceptionally pure. In reality, the liquid used by most cultivators for corpse refinement was of much lower purity.

However, Yan Xiaobao had cultivated with the technique of eternal life, his eternal Blood Qi being the truest form. That was why the Blood Lake seemed so impure in his eyes.

"I need to find a way to purify it quickly. There's no time to waste." Seeing that the Emerald Zombie wouldn't last much longer, he gritted his teeth and waved his right hand. Instantly, a hundred different types of magical plants appeared. Yan Xiaobao's eyes sparkled as he did mental calculations, then began to blend the plants together. By invoking the techniques of the All-Purpose Plants and vegetation, he fused the plants, ignited them, and sent them flying into the Blood Pond.

As they flew through the air, they transformed into medicinal liquid. When it entered the Blood Lake, it unleashed a powerful expulsion force, causing black smoke to rise and fill the area.

The fire wasn't on the water's surface, but inside it. As it burned, vast quantities of black smoke boiled and fused into the walls. At the same time, the Blood Water in the lake noticeably decreased.

This was a dangerous, rough method, the black smoke being not only difficult to eliminate but also very filthy.

However, Yan Xiaobao didn't have the time to consider other matters. Soon, the blazing flames released more and more black smoke, which fused into the walls and spread throughout the entire Corpse Peak.

As this happened, the lake's flames turned from black to purple, then finally to red. Over 90% of the Blood Water disappeared, but what remained was completely free of impurities. Yan Xiaobao made a spell gesture, pointing, and the remaining Blood Water flowed into the Emerald Zombie. As it fused in, Yan Xiaobao shouted. Finally, the forty-nine energy streams merged together, and the corpse's aura began to fuse.

As they did so, a swirling vortex formed in the Dantian Region of the Emerald Zombie, eventually revealing the shape of a large pill!

Yan Xiaobao began to grow excited, staring directly at the pill. He had resolved all the issues that could have led to failure. It was at this point that he suddenly remembered the black smoke.

Chapter 1382 - Reverse Blood Corpse (Part 2)

"Ah, maybe it's no big deal..." He looked up at the walls. There were many impurities in the smoke, which distressed him a bit. He honestly wasn't sure what the outcome would be...

However, reminding himself that he had repeatedly warned the Bloodline Master and the Great Elder, and that they assured him no issues would arise in the future, he felt more at ease.

He even wiped the pouch containing the Song Family Patriarch's Command Badge, feeling even better. He thought, "I didn't betray the sect."

Thus, he continued focusing on the concoction process.

That was when strange things started happening on Corpse Peak.

The first bizarre event happened to a young cultivator who was currently focused on his corpse refining project. At this moment, the corpse was floating in a reservoir in front of the young man.

He didn't notice it, but a strange aura suddenly emerged from the wall and began filling the entire area. Soon, the young cultivator started trembling and ceased his spellcasting motions. With an unprecedentedly solemn expression, he stood up, dashed out of the Immortal Cave, and then blew a hole in the ground.

After jumping into the hole, he began burying himself in the dirt up to his waist. Raising his hands above his head, he started swaying back and forth slowly. Strange events like this began happening in other parts of Corpse Peak as well. Cultivators emerged from their Immortal Caves; some serious, some shouting, and some seemingly entranced. Some even waved their arms and burst into laughter.

A cultivator stood before a large tree, wildly gesticulating and howling, his face twisting angrily, "Stop! If you act, I'll kill you immediately!"

In the distance, another disheveled cultivator threw his head back in laughter. "Hahaha! I've finally reached the Rock Core Formation. From now on, call me Elder!"

Another cultivator stood rigidly before his refined corpse, howling. Apparently, he thought he was the refined corpse, and his refined corpse was the master.

Such strange scenes were everywhere. As for the unaffected Middle Cultivators, they looked around, their faces filled with shock and terror.

"What's going on!?!"

"Heaven! What happened!?!"

"Damn it! The unaffected Middle Cultivators almost felt like they were going insane. The shocking scenes happening around them quickly brought vacant expressions to their faces.

Xu Xiaoshan flew around in the crowd in terror until he happened to bump into a large rock. Looking around fearfully, he turned to the boulder and said, "Did you see that? Something big is happening! All the disciples are hallucinating! This is bad, we need to go tell the elders!" After a moment of silence, Xu Xiaoshan stared wide-eyed at the rock. "Ehh? Why aren't you talking?"

Another moment passed. "Are you hallucinating?!?" Looking terrified, Xu Xiaoshan flew off in another direction until he found a refined corpse.

He trembled and said, "Patriarch! Sir, you must hurry. Something big is happening. Everyone is hallucinating!"

As Xu Xiaoshan exclaimed, another Middle Cultivator on Corpse Peak in the distance suddenly threw his head back and laughed. Scornfully and arrogantly, he looked around and said, "Blood Sect! How dare Yan Xiaobao challenge me to listen to everyone say I'm the Heavenly Dao Foundation's founder, Yan Xiaobao. Yes." Then, he swaggered through the crowd, telling everyone he saw himself as Yan Xiaobao.

The whole of Corpse Peak descended into chaos. The Grand Elder and Blood Elder rushed outside, gasping when they saw what was happening.

"What's going on!?!"

Even as the elder began spinning his cultivation base, the Bloodline Master appeared above Corpse Peak, staring confusedly around in complete chaos.

"They're all hallucinating!" the Bloodline Master muttered doubtfully. As for the bloody elders, they strode forward to gain control, but then their expressions turned blank.

One grabbed his head and began crying aloud. Another crouched down, placing his hands on the sides of his head, with his forefingers sticking up like a rabbit's ears. Looking around in confusion, he began hopping like a rabbit.

Another dashed at top speed towards an Immortal Cave, where a young cultivator was buried up to his waist. This blood-streaked elder quickly crouched by the young cultivator, glaring at him seriously.

The Bloodline Master and the Great Elder felt a terrifying tingling on their scalps. Then they looked towards where Yan Xiaobao was concocting medicine, genuine shock on their faces.

"Could all this have been caused by Nightcrypt's concoction?!?"

"Even concocting medicine shouldn't make such terrifying things happen!!" The elderly man gasped, and just as he was about to say something, his expression suddenly turned blank. He let out a piercing cry, spreading his arms like wings and flying into the air. At times, he would swoop down, grab Middle Cultivators, make strange noises, and then toss them back to the ground.

Apparently, he thought he was an eagle. As he soared in the air, he would spot cultivators below with sharp eyes and then swoop down to grab them.

This Bloodline Master's scalp tingled so much it might explode. He immediately flew high into the air, unwilling to be anywhere near Corpse Peak, his eyes full of fear.

"How can this happen!!!?!?"

The ones most concerned about Corpse Peak were the Middle Peak cultivators. As soon as things began unraveling, they flew over to see. Upon witnessing the strange spectacle unfolding, they began gasping and withdrawing, not daring to get too close.

"The plague has finally unleashed a whirlwind!"

"This is terrifying! What's wrong with them? Don't tell me they're hallucinating?!?"

"Such hallucinations must reflect their deepest desires.

"Heaven! I can't believe one of them has been saying he's Yan Xiaobao all along! What does he want, to become Yan Xiaobao?"

Song Qu flew into the air and looked toward Corpse Peak. The first person he saw was Xu Xiaoshan, who was bowing in front of a refined corpse, calling it Patriarch. Shortly after, Xu Xiaoshan flew off in another direction and reached a relatively open area on Corpse Peak, where he suddenly collapsed to the ground and stopped moving.

It wasn't just the Middle Peak cultivators who noticed the strange happenings. Soon, people from Nameless Peak and Little Swamp Peak realized something unusual was occurring and flew over to check out the situation. As they saw what was unfolding, they all gasped for breath.

"Who's that madman? Is he actually prostrating in front of his refined corpse?!?"

"Isn't that the Grand Elder of Corpse Peak? Why is he screaming like a bird? Does he really think he's an eagle? Heaven! He's diving toward a Blood Elder! Alas, he missed him!"

"Does that Blood Elder think he's a rabbit or something?"

"Look at the guy buried up to his waist. What's he doing? And what's the Blood Elder next to him doing? He hasn't even moved!"

The cultivators from the other three peaks were stunned. Eventually, Song Junwan appeared, gasping for breath as she looked at Corpse Peak.

At that moment, the Middle Peak cultivators felt mixed emotions about Nightcrypt. For some reason, they felt he had been quite good to them after all. The worst they had dealt with was exploding furnaces and diarrhea. Corpse Peak's situation was simply terrifying.

The Bloodline Master of Corpse Peak felt like crying but had no tears. He looked around blankly at everything happening, feeling he might lose his sanity at any moment.

Even as everyone was frightened, the Ancestors at the peak finally noticed the situation. Meanwhile, the young cultivator who was the first to be affected, the one who had reached his arms into the air and started swaying, suddenly looked at the Blood Elder crouched beside him without moving.

This young Middle Cultivator was quite curious about this. He had already noticed the Blood Elder arrived early, but after considerable thought, he couldn't recognize him. Finally, he decided to ask directly to relieve his confusion. Hesitating for a moment, this young Middle Cultivator asked, "Excuse me, are you an Immortal Herb?"

"No, of course not," the blood-streaked elder replied solemnly. "I am an Immortal Egg!"

Even as panic filled Corpse Mountain Peak, Yan Xiaobao lay in the grave, howling with all his lungs. Meanwhile, his Emerald Zombie trembled as two medicinal medicines appeared in its Dantian Region.

One was the Reverse Blood Corpse Refining pill, and the other was a smaller synchronized version.

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Chapter 1383 - Immortal Cave

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Bai Xiaochun's face revealed an expression of excitement. His right hand flickered in a spell-like gesture, synchronizing with the pill that flew out. Yan Xiaobao caught it in the pill bottle, carefully inspected it, then became even more exhilarated.

"It worked!" He felt incredibly proud of his work, gathering the Emerald zombie and pushing open the cemetery gates.

As he walked out of the Immortal cave, he heard commotion in the distance. However, knowing no one was gathered near his Immortal cave, he felt very relaxed.

"Seems like the black smoke wasn't a big deal after all, huh?" He sighed, starting to walk along the path, but suddenly froze in his tracks. In the distance, a bloodied elder was jumping around wildly towards his direction.

Yan Xiaobao widened his eyes, even wondering if he was seeing things. Heart pounding, he rubbed his eyes and looked up at a Cultivator from the infrastructure agency attacking a nearby tree while laughing hysterically. Then, he saw a young tiller walking on his hands.

There was even an unfamiliar Middle Cultivator who proudly laughed upon announcing himself as Yan Xiaobao. The man strolled with his hands clasped behind him, glaring at Yan Xiaobao saying, "Recognize me? I am Yan Xiaobao!"

Yan Xiaobao's eyes widened, and his scalp began to tingle. As he looked around, he realized that almost all the Cultivators on Corpse Peak were acting strangely.

"Why are they all behaving so crazily?" Fear rose within him, and he was about to flee when suddenly, he saw Xu Xiaoshan lying in the distance, motionless.

To Yan Xiaobao, Xu Xiaoshan was a friend, so he hurried to see if he could help. Just as he reached him and was about to investigate, Xu Xiaoshan's eyes suddenly opened.

"Don't move!" he whispered, "Everyone on Corpse Peak has gone mad. They're illusions! I could hardly believe it, but just a few minutes ago, I was chatting with a boulder. I even thought delicate corpses were one of the Clan Leaders!"

Luckily, I, Xu Xiaoshan, possess extraordinary potential and countless magical items. That's how I recovered so quickly."

"You're not mad?!" Yan Xiaobao asked excitedly.

"Just get out!" Xu Xiaoshan immediately replied. "Forget about me. I'm pretty sure all of this is happening because of that eagle. I tried to lure it here, and then I will kill it. After that, everything will be fine." He then gazed into the sky.

Yan Xiaobao instinctively looked up at the sky, his mind spinning. Soon, he saw the big elder, swinging his arms back and forth, occasionally letting out a piercing cry.

Yan Xiaobao looked around blankly. Meanwhile, everyone outside Corpse Mountain Peak saw Yan Xiaobao, their eyes started widening.

This was especially true for the Bloodline Master of Corpse Peak. He roared: "Nightcrypt!!"

As the cries of the Bloodline Master echoed, crimson light surged around him, shooting at Yan Xiaobao like a beam. In an instant, he was only 150 meters away.

Yan Xiaobao's heart started pounding, preparing to flee when Xu Xiaoshan threw his head back, laughing. Eyes gleaming, he leapt into the air.

"The eagle hasn't come, but the Blood Chicken has! It's all worth it!" Xu Xiaoshan howled as he soared into the sky, colliding with the Bloodline Master Wind Cliff. Yan Xiaobao took the chance to escape, although he was a bit upset.

He shouted, "Wind Cliff, I told you there might be issues before I started brewing. You personally said not to worry at all! What do you think you're doing? You might be a Bloodline Master, but don't think Nightcrypt will be afraid of you!"

He was actually very nervous, but he pretended to be angry, even deliberately unleashing killer Qi power. Meanwhile, he raised his right hand to the sky, within it a pill bottle.

"This is the fourth level Reverse Blood Corpse Refining medicine you asked me to make!" During his struggle with Xu Xiaoshan, Bloodline Master Wind Cliff looked up at Yan Xiaobao, forced to suppress his anger.

The truth is he did say those things. Although he had never imagined such a situation, he was a Bloodline Master, capable of being ruthless. Moments later, his anger dissipated, he laughed so much his eyes widened.

He said, "I was a bit hasty. "Brother Nightcrypt, it's no big deal. As long as the spiritual medicine is fine, I will keep my promise."

Yan Xiaobao ignored the implied threat in his words, throwing the pill bottle towards Wind Cliff. Windcliff caught and opened it and immediately moved. His face even radiated joyful expression. Despite the chaos at Corpse Peak, which was somewhat annoying, the fact of successfully mixing the pill outweighed all other minor issues. Yan Xiaobao ignored the implied threat in his words, throwing the pill bottle towards Wind Cliff. Windcliff caught and opened it and immediately moved. His face even radiated joyful expression. Despite the chaos at Corpse Peak, which was somewhat annoying, the fact of successfully mixing the pill outweighed all other minor issues.

"Thank you so much!" He said with a smile. Then, as he shot towards Ancestor Peak, his eyes gleamed with a cold light, where he consulted with the main elder about resolving the issue at Corpse Peak.

Yan Xiaobao watched the Bloodline Master leave, coldly laughing at how unreasonable the man was. Although Bai Xiaochun had been helping him take the pill, the chill now seemed clearer than ever.

Chapter 1384 - Immortal Cave (2)

"Humph!" he thought, "Although quite honest, I'm smart, and that's a good thing. If he doesn't use that Reverse Blood Corpse Refining pill, then it doesn't matter. But if he uses it, then I'll be able to command his refined corpse!" Yan Xiaobao felt very proud of himself. With just a light press, he turned the Bloodline Master of Corpse Peak into ashes. Raising his chin, he looked at the crowd. As his gaze swept over them, cultivators from the other three peaks all trembled and retreated quickly, claspng their hands in respect to him.

Now, everyone was fearful of Nightcrypt. His alchemical techniques had long gone beyond the realm of divine capabilities. He could even eliminate enemies without touching them.

"Ai Ya. Wherever they go, distinguished individuals are always the center of attention. Even though he felt very proud of himself and sighed inwardly, he suddenly found himself looking into Song Junwan's eyes. The sneer on her face made his spine chill.

"Um... hey, Big Sis Song...."

Her eyes widened. "Oh, back to calling me Big Sis, huh?"

She sneezed coldly and turned to head back to Middle Peak. Everyone exchanging awkward glances in the area then started to leave.

Soon, Yan Xiaobao was left alone hovering in the air. He began to worry. Song Junwan clearly intended to make him see her expression, and suddenly, he wondered what new strategy she might employ while tormenting him. He sighed.

But now, he had no choice but to return to Middle Peak. He did his best to sneak into his Immortal Cave, sitting silently, anxious and uneasy.

"What should I do...? This Song Junwan really holds grudges! All I did was leave the mountain a bit, right...?" He rubbed his forehead, continuing to try to think of ways to get along with her. Over the next few days, he kept pondering the matter.

The hallucination-induced situation quickly spread to Corpse Peak but ended swiftly. As the cultivators there recovered, they looked around in confusion. Then they started recalling what happened, and soon, angry shouts rang out.

"Nightcrypt! Our hatred is irreconcilable!"

"ARRGGHH! Nightcrypt! I will kill you!!"

The fury of the Bloody Elders was particularly intense, and they all went directly into serene meditation. As for the Elder, once he recovered, he lowered his head, letting out a painful moan. From that day on, no one dared to mention the word "eagle" in front of him. He also chose secluded meditation.

But even more extreme situations arose. For instance, a young man had always believed himself to be a corpse and tried to perfect himself. Upon waking up, he let out harrowing screams that echoed in the distance.

Many of them wanted to kill Nightcrypt, but no one dared to go to Middle Peak. All they could do was gnash their teeth in rage. Of course, meanwhile, Nightcrypt's nickname "Plaguedevil" dominated throughout the sect.

Eventually, the word of plagues spread worldwide.

As Yan Xiaobao stirred things up, he was actually touched. Although his impression of the cultivators in the Blood Flow Sect only deepened in terms of their violence and irritable tempers, he was also deeply grateful for the leadership's good treatment of him. Whenever he caused big problems, he never had to handle any consequences.

As for Song Junwan, he finally came up with an idea of how to treat her.

"The only choice is to give her a gift...." he sighed. After careful consideration, he began concocting some medicine. A few days later, he made a green pill, placing it into a pink pill bottle. Then he left his Immortal Cave, nervously heading towards the summit.

Along the way, all the Middle Cultivators of Middle Peak he encountered would greet him respectfully. However, he completely ignored them during his advance.

Of course, the colder his treatment of them, the more things seemed to return to normal in their eyes. If he turned and smiled at them, their hair would stand on end from fear.

Soon, Yan Xiaobao was in Song Junwan's Blood Pond. After traversing the path to the area behind the Blood Waterfall, he clasped his hands in a bow.

"Nightcrypt requests an audience with Big Sis Song."

The four guards standing outside the door exchanged glances, then one walked inside to report the situation. Another hurried to tend to Yan Xiaobao. Up to this point, there were various rumors in the sect about the exact nature of Nightcrypt's relationship with Song Junwan. But no one wanted to offend Nightcrypt and stand on the disadvantaged side. The four guards standing outside the door exchanged glances, then one walked inside to report the situation. Another hurried to tend to Yan Xiaobao. Up to this point, there were various rumors in the sect about the exact nature of Nightcrypt's relationship with Song Junwan. But no one wanted to offend Nightcrypt and stand on the disadvantaged side.

Yan Xiaobao waited for two hours, during which his internal anger and anxiety began to accumulate. That evening, Song Junwan finally agreed to let him in. The door opened slowly, and Yan Xiaobao strode inside, trying to appear cold and full of steel veins.

Once inside, he glanced at the large hot spring, but Song Junwan was not in it. Instead, she sat behind a desk in the adjacent hall, staring at Yan Xiaobao with no expression. Clearly, she was still angry.

"Didn't you say you would never come back?" she calmly asked. "But here you are, back again. She wore a long violet gown, her long hair coiled atop her head, adorned with a Phoenix hairpin. Her attire was embroidered with black designs, making her look especially solemn. However, tiny water droplets were visible on her pearl-like neck, indicating she had just taken a bath. Overall, anyone looking at her would find it difficult to avoid embellishing her beauty on the spot.

Yan Xiaobao blinked, then puffed up his chest and waved his sleeve. His expression was cold, and he frowned, saying, "Enough!"

Song Junwan's eyes widened. She never expected Nightcrypt to speak to her in such a tone. She smacked the arm of her chair, trembling with anger. Yet, this only made her look more captivating.

She seemed on the verge of explosion. Her eyes were icy, and just as she was about to start cursing him, Yan Xiaobao snorted coldly and swung his right arm, sending a pill bottle flying towards her.

Her anger did not abate. She sneered, waved her hand, shattering the pill bottle and sending the pill flying.

As the pill landed on the ground and rolled aside, Yan Xiaobao calmly watched her. Slowly, his eyes seemed to diminish in self-worth.

"I, Nightcrypt, returned for one reason, and that is to give you this pill bottle. I am completely impoverished. All the medicinal herbs the Clan Leader gave me were put into the pills I concocted for the sect. Hence, I had no choice but to go to Corpse Peak to concoct medicine for Winklefield. Only then was I able to gather enough medicinal herbs to make this single pill. I concocted a special spiritual medicine with the sole purpose of giving it to someone special!

"The medicine is out, so I excuse myself. From now on, you are the Elder, and I am Nightcrypt!" His voice seemed pained and filled with anguish, as if the shattered pill bottle reflected his inner state, and the fallen pill transformed his favor into ashes.

He clasped his hands tightly, bowed deeply, then turned around and strode towards the door, appearing completely alone.

Song Junwan looked on in shock. She thought Nightcrypt would become endearing. In fact, the reason she left him waiting outside for so long, besides ensuring he had time to bathe and dress, was to make sure he acknowledged the forefather's opinion of him mattered not. On Middle Peak, she was the Great Elder, not someone boldly defied.

However, to her surprise, he began mocking her. Given her pride and noble status, she could not help but be incensed. When he threw the pill bottle to her, that fury exploded, and she destroyed the bottle. Of course, she noticed the pill rolling to the side. But how could she predict the next set of words from his mouth?

Song Junwan looked down at the pill, then watched Yan Xiaobao weakly walk out the door. For some reason, her heart suddenly seemed empty, a feeling she had never experienced before.

"Wait a minute!" she blurted out.

Yan Xiaobao stopped in his tracks, then turned around, calmly clasping his hands in a composed manner.

"Do you have orders for me, Great Elder?" His phrasing was courteous, without a hint of warmth or emotion. His expression was cold and detached, almost as if he had severed and buried the memory deep within his heart. More tellingly, he addressed her as "Great Elder" rather than "Big Sis Song."

"You..." Her face turned pale, and for some reason, her heart seemed completely stirred.

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Chapter 1385 - The Immortal Transformation

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"If there's nothing urgent, then I'll leave." Yan Xiaobao maintained his usual expression, turned around, and left the Immortal Cave. Only after he had put some distance between himself and his fingers did he let out a long sigh. His heart was still beating.

"This move should work..." he thought. "If not, then I won't know what to do." He anxiously hurried back to his Immortal Cave, sighed to himself, saying women are more bothersome than ordinary women, especially those with power. After Yan Xiaobao left, Song Junwan was left alone in the Immortal Cave, feeling somehow restless and frustrated. However, she somehow didn't know how to vent her feelings. All she could think about was his cold expression when he walked away and turned around.

"Nightcrypt, you ignore me!" she growled, biting her teeth. Then she lowered her head to look at the pill on the ground, grabbed it from the air into her palm.

After careful inspection, she was moved. It was a Level 4 Spiritual Medicine, not meant to improve cultivation base or heal wounds. Instead, it contained a subtle and sweet fragrance that was very pleasant.

"A Level 4 Spiritual Perfume Pill..." she murmured in shock. Although she couldn't brew medicine herself, she was an experienced and knowledgeable person, able to immediately tell that this spirit medicine was a spiritual perfume pill for women Middle Cultivators.

After consuming the medicine, the whole body would emit a wonderful fragrance. It also makes one's skin fairer and removes old scars. As for versions above Level 4, they can even purify bones. Though the final result in nature is common and doesn't lead to a transformation to immortality, it's enough to make any woman more beautiful than before.

Such Level 4 Spiritual Medicines, even relatively useless to male cultivators, can be auctioned for high prices. Since she is from the Song Clan, even Song Junwan can't easily find them.

As she looked down at the pill, her face softened, recalling Nightcrypt's words just now. As she quietly stood there, she realized her heart was trembling. After a while, the feeling disappeared, and a mysterious smile appeared on her face.

"You little rogue. You were just giving me a complicated pass, weren't you? That's what you've been doing all along! Humph, I saw all of it, rude child. Do you really think I can't see your plans?! she coldly snorted, checked the pill again to ensure it was pure. After confirming it was safe, she consumed it.

In the next few days, Yan Xiaobao nervously waited in his Immortal Cave, uncertain if his masculine charm would work. One day, Song Junwan arrived outside. He immediately stood up to greet her. When she said, "Your pill got dirty, so I threw it away." He was ready to put on a cool, masculine demeanor and step out the door. I have a task for you. Use the allure to attract me some things."

Without saying a word, she turned and left.

Yan Xiaobao was a bit surprised. From the moment she arrived to the moment she left, it seemed like hardly any time had passed. Apparently, she was only going to say one sentence.

"What does that woman mean by this move now?" For a moment, his eyes widened in shock. Then, he sniffed the air, his brows rising in amusement.

"This is obviously the fragrance of my Spiritual Perfume Pill! I added jasmine essential oil to it. Anyone who eats it would naturally smell like this." He immediately felt relieved. The fact that she ate the medicine first and then asked him to concoct another batch indicates that their previous conflict has been resolved.

"Wow, this woman really has a lot of demands. What does she want with charm medicine, isn't she charming enough already? Even though he shook his head, his heart suddenly skipped a beat, his eyes widened in fear.

"Wait, hold on. What does she intend to do with the spirit medicine? Does she plan to consume it and tempt me again? Heaven! First, he became more nervous, but after thinking for a while, he realized that in this way, he might not truly need to become the Great Elder to obtain the Eternal Relic.. If he could freely enter Song Junwan's Immortal Cave, he would definitely have a chance to secretly find the relic.

Although the thought excited him, it also made his heart race.

"It's just a sacrifice," he thought. "She's a deadly woman. I must be very careful not to let her fall. If I really mess up, what will I do? I can't defeat her in battle, if she tries to force me, it would be absolute terror." He blinked, then reconsidered. Finally, he tucked in his chin. He showed pure justice, and he flicked his sleeve.

"Fine. It's all for eternal life. I just need to endure it. If Song Junwan really is a true predator, then I... I will have to endure it!" With a heavy heart willing to sacrifice everything for the chance of immortality, he settled down to brew medicine for Song Junwan.

He put a lot of effort into this batch. A few days later, a new Spiritual Perfume Pill appeared in the medicine furnace. This was actually a mid-range pill.

Chapter 1386 - Immortal Transformation (Part 2)

It's specially designed for the cultivator. Not only can it make the skin whiter and purify the bones, but it can also make women more attractive. Moreover, she'll emit a fragrant scent, which men will find irresistibly alluring.

Yan Xiaobao held the Spiritual Medicine in his hand and took a sniff; the fragrance overwhelmed him. Instantly, he could tell that this was an aroma a man could lose himself in and never awaken from.

"It's working!" he exclaimed passionately. It took him a while to recover, then he sniffed the aroma of the pill again. By doing this repeatedly, he got used to the aroma and even managed to create a separate spiritual medicine specifically to counteract the effect. After confirming he had built a strong resistance, he looked at the pill with satisfaction and then gazed at the sky, deeply melancholic, saying, "This is the chance to live forever!"

He emerged from the Immortal Cave and found the sky had already darkened. As he began to advance toward the peak, he continued to contemplate whether he would yield if Song Junwan truly went mad. He was truly troubled by what needed to be done.

After walking for some time, while struggling with the decision he made, his teeth unconsciously grinding, his expression suddenly shifted when he saw the bald figure on another mountain path nearby.

It was Song Qu. He was absolutely hairless, not even a hint of eyebrows, and slightly perturbed. He had just returned from visiting his aunt. Although he had raised some questions about cultivation with her,

he was criticized and taught a lesson, leaving him in a foul mood. Yan Xiaobao practically noticed him the moment he spotted Song Qu.

Their eyes locked, and Yan Xiaobao's eyes widened. He hadn't seen Song Kui in several days, almost distinctly.

He couldn't help but blurt out curiously, "Eee? What's the new look? You're slimmer and hairless too?"

Only then did he suddenly realize why Song looked like this, and then he saw the fierce look rise in his eyes. Without hesitation, he said, "By the way, you look great. Much better than before. Really...."

Song Que widened his eyes, eyes blazing with inner resentment, as he instinctively ran his hand over his bald head. In a recent explosive furnace incident, all his hair had been singed off. Apparently, because of the pill used in the explosion, even though months had passed, his hair hadn't recovered.

Thus, every time he checked himself in the copper mirror, his mood sank. If that was the only thing he had to worry about, he might have tolerated it. But then there was half a month of diarrhea. One time, he went to the bathroom over a hundred times a day, so what Yan Xiaobao just said seemed like naked provocation!

In the "Blood Flow Sect," Song Qu had always been someone no one dared to provoke. Considering that he had experienced three disasters because of Nightcrypt, he was suddenly taken aback.

"That's it, Nightcrypt!!" he shouted, stepping forward to block Yan Xiaobao's way. "Ever since you came to Middle Peak, not even the beasts can sleep. Everyone hates you! I'm going to-"

Song Que's anger actually provoked Yan Xiaobao's anger. He had just said very conciliatory words. Furthermore, everything that happened was an accident. Therefore, he was forced to interrupt Song Qu.

"Quiet, boy! Get lost, go play."

Song Que almost exploded. Nightcrypt was speaking to him as a senior generation might speak to a child. He threw his head back, let out a shout, and unleashed the power of cultivation. Eyes bloodshot, he reached out with his right hand towards Yan Xiaobao.

Yan Xiaobao's eyes flashed coldly. If he was dealing with someone else, he might be a bit nervous. However, he already got familiar with Song Qu in the "Fallen Sword" abyss, and further so after entering the Blood Flow Sect. The moment Song Qu's hand began to move, Yan Xiaobao stepped forward, reached out, grabbed his forearm, and then flung him violently onto the path leading to the base of the mountain.

When the explosive physical power of the Immortal Heavenly King erupted, Song Qu felt utterly unable to control his own body. Air whistled past his ears, and as he smashed into the ground and then tumbled off the mountain, his mind reeled.

"Nightcrypt!!" he screamed. He wanted to stop moving and correct himself, but the unleashed power was something he couldn't resist.

Yan Xiaobao tidied his clothes, then ignored Song Qu, once again considering what to do if Song Junwan tried to pressure him. Such thoughts occupied his mind all the way to her Immortal Cave.

It took Song Que a long time to finally stop. For a moment, without pausing, he shot furiously up the mountain, faced with the ashes, his heart filled with murderous desire. Although Bai Xiaochun's terrifying strength filled him with a deadly sense of crisis, he would never let someone of his generation treat him like that within the "Blood Flow Sect!"

"This Nightcrypt is cunning and sly. He's brought disaster to the sect; he's a topic of general complaint at Zhongshan Peak. He dares to curse but won't speak reason? I don't care if the ancestors favor him, or my aunt likes him. He's just an outsider, without any ties in this sect. I'm the eldest son of the Song Family's generation! I don't care what might happen, I'm going to my aunt to seek justice! She'll surely drive this guy away. Even if she doesn't, she'll at least make him bow to me. Then, he'll know who the boss is!" Song G gritted his teeth, furiously raging, sprinting towards the upper finger as fast as he could. Song Qu advanced quickly, exuding murderous intent, fully believing his aunt would champion justice first. She will either kill Nightcrypt or force him to obey Song Que.

"I am the eldest son of the Song Family! If it weren't for Yan Xiaobao from Spirit Creek Sect, I'd surely reach the Heavenly Dao Foundation. Then I wouldn't have to help Aunt Junwan become the Bloodline

Master. I could have gone to discover it myself!" He raced forward like a beam of light towards the upper finger.

"Well, there's nothing I can do about it now. Besides, Aunt Junwan simply strategically wants to become the Bloodline Master to ensure Xue Mei doesn't take the position. As soon as I enter the later-established Foundation, I can strive for the Bloodline Master position myself. That troublesome Nightcrypt! If I can use him in the future, I will, but if he refuses to accept my grace, I'll kill him and ensure he never gets a proper burial! A master points to Elder Song Junwan's Immortal Cave behind Blood Lord Lake.

Behind the waterfall, he saw four young guards. Instantly, their eyes snapped open, watching him approach, eyes shining.

Song Qu didn't even stop. Just as he was about to enter the Immortal Cave, four young attendees threw themselves into his path.

One of these young guards knew Song Qu's status very well. Even so, he had no choice but to try and block his path. He encouraged himself and said, "Elder Song, please wait-"

The fact that the young attendant blocked his path caused Song Kui to frown. Then, his anger and killing intent surged as he roared, "Don't bother me! I want to speak with the Great Elder!"

Usually, entering Song Junwan's Immortal Cave posed no problem for him. Considering his identity, technically he didn't have the freedom to rule as he pleased, but for all intents and purposes, he did. After all, Song Junwan liked her nephew very much.

But now the young attendant actually dared to block his path. Song Qu snorted coldly, then pushed them aside and continued forward.

The faces of the four young attendants flickered, wanting to stop him. After all, they were quite certain it was important to maintain the confidentiality of other identities inside the cave. However, they didn't truly have the ability to stop Song Qu.

Before they could even react, Song Qu was already inside the door.

Normally, Song Qu wouldn't be so impetuous. But this was his aunt, and he was also consumed by anger. Thus, he completely lost his usual composure. Additionally, from his perspective, he wasn't requesting anything outrageous.

As he stepped into the Immortal Cave, even before he entered the hall, he heard his aunt's laughter, this strange laughter sounding both cheerful and humorous simultaneously.

Looking surprised, Song Qu hurried forward. As he pulled the curtain aside, his sight disappeared from view. As his heart spun, his jaw dropped. He could hardly believe the incredible scene teasingly playing out before him.

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Chapter 1387 - Ye Xue

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His aunt, Song Junwan, was sitting in a chair, smiling faintly, her left hand covering her mouth like a woman in front of her lover. Nightcrypt was sitting next to her, tightly clutching her right hand, carefully studying it. As he leaned in, he even seemed to be subtly sniffing it.

Song Que was almost struck mute. He felt like he might collapse from the shock, and even wondered if he was hallucinating...

However, the scandalous image now burned into his mind could no longer be mistaken for anything else, leaving Song Qu completely stunned.

The moment Song Qu stepped into the room, Song Junwan yanked her hand out of Yan Xiaobao's. Her smile vanished, and she gave a dry cough. Her expression turned dark and stern, looking very much like someone from the senior generation as her gaze swung over to Song Qu.

"Barging in like that, how incredibly rude," she said. "What's the matter?" Although she was trying to look like someone from the senior generation, her cheeks were still flushed. The blend of flirtatiousness and solemnity made her unbelievably attractive.

At the same time, she felt somewhat humiliated and angry. If anyone else had barged in the way Song Qu did, she would have punished him harshly. But Song Qu was her nephew, so there was almost nothing she could do.

Yan Xiaobao had been startled by Song Que's sudden entrance and quickly straightened up. In fact, he felt guilty at being caught red-handed. After giving Song Junwan the spiritual medicine he had concocted, he had taken the opportunity to volunteer to read her palm.

Song Junwan had never forgotten his outstanding performance in the Spiritual Stream, and had immediately allowed him to hold her hand. Then, he showered her with praise and compliments, making her laugh with delight.

Yan Xiaobao took a deep breath and remained where he was, looking over at Song Qu with the same melancholy expression as Song Junwan.

Song Que stood there gasping for quite a while before he could straighten up. Even then, he could barely believe what he was seeing. In his eyes, his aunt was a lofty, magnificent figure, yet here she was, letting a virtual stranger hold her hand. And then she had even smiled at him flirtatiously.

Although all of this was completely beyond Song Que's expectations, if the person who had just been holding his aunt's hand hadn't been the creepy Nightcrypt, he might have been able to accept it.

Song Qu's anger was rising to an explosive level, until he almost couldn't breathe. As he glared at Yan Xiaobao, his eyes turned bloodshot, and he howled madly, "Ye Xue!"

Taking a step forward, he glanced over at his aunt, Song Junwan.

In his heart he was roaring furiously, "Ever since Nightcrypt came to Mid Peak, Aunt Junwan has had one disaster after another. All the disciples here hate his guts because of how he screws them over. I actually suspect he's a spy, sent into the Blood Flow Sect to stir up trouble! Aunt Junwan, please set an example with him and kick him out of the sect!!"

As his shout echoed through the Immortal's cavern, Bai Xiaochun's expression flickered. When he realized that Song Qu had come here specifically to complain about him, anger welled up in his heart. Unfortunately, some of Song Qu's accusations were actually true, which made Yan Xiaobao's heart pound nervously. Just as he was about to loudly defend himself, Song Junwan's face went cold and she slapped her hand down on the table.

The harsh cracking sound that rang out instantly drowned out Song Qu's voice.

"Shut up!" Her expression was icy and murderous. As her voice echoed out, the Immortal's cave suddenly became very, very cold, making Song Qu shiver. Ever since he was very young, he had always been a bit afraid of his aunt, and seeing her this angry made him instinctively lower his head to stare at his own toes.

Seeing Song Qu react in this way eased some of Song Junwan's anger. He was her nephew, and she loved him dearly. Looking both sincere and disappointed, she slowly said, "Quill, you're the eldest son of the Song Family. There's no limit to what you could accomplish in the future. How can you be so muddle-headed and short-sighted? Nightcrypt has a clean background and has rendered outstanding service to the sect. It's true that he's irritated some other members of the sect, but none of that was intentional! You and I both have no idea what kind of humiliation he's endured in pursuing the Dao for the sect!" From her tone, it really sounded like she was lamenting her nephew's unreasonable behavior.

Sitting off to the side, Yan Xiaobao was deeply moved. He gazed softly at Song Junwan, thinking that everything she said was absolutely right. He had never intentionally done anything to annoy or harm anyone.

He suddenly felt that Song Junwan understood him on a deep, even intimate level. In fact, he really had nothing good to say about how the Blood Flow Sect had treated him.

Just as Yan Xiaobao was sighing inwardly, Song Qu was still standing there trembling. From the time he was very young, his aunt had often scolded him, and he rarely spoke back to her. But the current situation was something he simply could not accept. That was especially true when he considered the emotional look on Yan Xiaobao's face. Song Qu couldn't help but recall how Nightcrypt had been holding his aunt's hand, and how the two of them clearly seemed to be involved in some sort of illicit affair. Song Que lifted his head and said, "Nightcrypt, you—"

When Song Junwan saw that Song Qu refused to admit he was wrong, her expression grew even darker, and she shouted angrily, "Quill! Stand down!" Then she looked at Yan Xiaobao and said, "Junior Brother Nightcrypt, please don't take offense. Quill just doesn't understand adult matters, the little rascal."

Yan Xiaobao sighed. Looking every bit the picture of the older generation, he nodded and smiled bitterly.

He said, "There's no harm done. Quill is young and full of vigor, which is normal at his age. Members of the senior generation like us can only do our best to give him more guidance and education."

Chapter 1388 - Ye Xue (Part 2)

When Song Qu heard Yan Xiaobao call him "Qu'er," he felt like he was going insane. His cultivation base immediately erupted with powerful energy, a murderous aura emanating from him.

"Nightcrypt, I'm going to kill you!" he shouted, then charged towards Yan Xiaobao. Because he was so close, Song Junwan didn't have time to intervene.

As Song performed the spell gesture, a rumbling sound could be heard, and he nearly summoned a massive bloody hand directly in front of Yan Xiaobao's face. The hand was brimming with energy, destroying the chairs and tables. Bai Xiaochun's eyes flickered in the shortest instant, deciding not to dodge or evade. The hand struck him, causing his face to pale. He coughed a mouthful of blood and staggered backward.

Seeing this, Song Junwan was both worried and angry. She waved her hand, unleashing a wave of power that suppressed Song Qu. Song Qu was unable to stand, standing there with bloodshot eyes, his body trembling. He knew Nightcrypt deliberately spat some blood. Even if injured for some reason, it would never be possible for him to spit any blood.

"Song Kui, how dare you!" Song Junwan yelled at the top of her lungs. Just as she was about to chastise Song Qu, Yan Xiaobao raised his right hand to stop her.

He wiped the blood from his chin, looked at Song Junwan and said, "Quill didn't do anything wrong. I may be senior, but I'm not perfect. I make mistakes too. My mistake is that Quill now has no hair. Therefore, I will immediately retreat to concoct some spiritual medicine to help him grow more hair."

He even extended his hand to hold hers, demonstrating his sincerity.

Song Junwan's cheeks immediately flushed red. Holding hands with her nephew right in front of her made her heart race. It was a very strange feeling.

Pulling her hand back, she looked at Song Qu angrily and said, "Quill, apologize to your uncle immediately!"

Song Qu stood there trembling, blue veins bulging on his neck and face. He smiled and said, "You two Fonika—"

Before he could finish speaking, Song Junwan's eyes flashed coldly, and she waved her hand. A gust of wind blew through Song Qu, carrying him out of the Immortal Cave.

"Song Qu, your rudeness earns you three months of meditation! During that time, do not tread on your Immortal Cave!" Yan Xiaobao felt it was no longer suitable to remain in the Immortal Cave. Seeing Song Junwan's blank expression, he sighed softly before bidding her farewell. Song Junwan hesitated, then nodded. After making more apologies for Song Qu's behavior, she said, "There's a few months until war. Zhongshan Peak will conduct a great trial for the position of Bloodline Master. When the time comes, I hope you can provide assistance."

Her eyes were filled with anticipation.

Yan Xiaobao looked back at her, his own eyes flashing. After a moment, he nodded, then left.

Once inside the Immortal Cave, his heart swelled with pride. Taking a deep breath, he felt satisfied for mopping the floor with Song Qu.

"Hm! From now on, Quill, I'm your uncle!" Although he felt fantastic, his expression was pale and cold as he returned to his Immortal Cave thoughtfully.

Entering the room, he stretched lazily, pondering the extent to which he now surpassed Song Qu. Then he waved his wide sleeve.

"Ah, whatever. As a senior member, my job is to help educate the young." Sitting cross-legged, he set aside daily affairs and began cultivating.

Meanwhile, he continuously analyzed methods for concocting Level 4 spiritual medicine. Although he'd recently achieved success, he was still not completely satisfied with the results.

"There must be something wrong with the pill furnace...." he sighed. The more he thought about it, the more he realized his ideas for concocting medicine would actually lead to any pill furnace exploding.

The only way he could prevent such an occurrence was by attempting to lower the potency of the medicine. However, this would only allow him to achieve half the potential strength of the medicine, leaving him feeling somewhat indifferent.

"What a pity," he sighed. "I think my medicine concocting will now be limited by this." Realizing there was nothing he could do about the matter, he decided to wait until he returned to the Spirit Creek Sect. Then, he could consult Li Qinghou about the situation.

Regarding cultivation, he wasted no time. In the following days, he absorbed Blood Qi all day and devoted himself to the second volume of the "Eternal Technique of Immortality," "Immortal Heavenly King."

The first level of the Eternal King was ten Mammoth Berserker Ghosts, something he'd already accomplished perfectly. The second level was ten Ghost Heavenly Demon Corpses. Due to his diligent work, and the Blood Flow Sect being the Holy Land for the technique of immortality, his constant absorption of Blood Qi quickly helped him break through the power of four ghosts!

Although he hadn't had a way to test his strength, based on some basic calculations, Yan Xiaobao was confident his capability was immense.

Indeed, he was sure he was strong enough to defeat almost anything that crossed his path. His flesh was so strong that it was nearly invincible. His offensive capabilities were not only enough to rock mountains and rivers but also possessed immense defensive capability.

Song Qu's earlier all-out attack was nothing more than Yan Xiaobao's grip on the ground, while the blood he coughed was forcefully squeezed out by his own Spiritual Ocean.

Then there was the divine ability brought forth by the Immortal Heavenly King's Mountain shockwave force. Even though he hadn't had many practice opportunities, during the few chances he had, he could still feel its formidable nature.

Indeed, he believed that if he could fully utilize it, he could truly smash a pit into the massive mountains! Concerning humans, it was clear what fate awaited them.

"At this point, I think I'm actually stronger than any of those Devils from the heavens!" he suddenly pressed his hand on the rocky ground, feeling like he was pressing tofu. He filled his palm with stone and then crushed it into ash, almost without feeling.

Thinking of how much stronger he was than before, his excitement built up. Every time he absorbed Qi and blood, he felt incredibly wonderful. He also indulged in his "Blood Annihilation World," and although he didn't actually notice, his speed at crafting Blood Swords was increasing. The Blood Swords he formed were also becoming more powerful.

When he absorbed Qi and blood, he almost felt as if he was at Middle Peak, as if he himself could rock the mountain.

Of course, he dared not attempt anything actual, as he feared that things would quickly spiral out of control.

As for his "Violet Qi Heavenly Curse," his basic technique, and the only truly hidden Daoist magic in the Spirit River, as the saying goes: everything is difficult at the beginning, but over time becomes easier. Initially, he needed the help of Heavenly River Water, but after entering the middle level of the technique, successfully absorbing a drop of water from his Spiritual Sea, he now had a certain degree of control over the Heavenly River Water. Directly absorbing water from the Heavenly Bay River was absolutely domineering, a characteristic already manifested in Yan Xiaobao's cultivation.

Now, in the middle phase of the Foundation, he could actually absorb an entire cup of Heavenly Bay River's water. Above his Fourth Spiritual Sea, it was quickly absorbed. With the help of some pills, Yan Xiaobao aided the entire process and felt his Spiritual Energy was increasingly like a heavenly river.

Yan Xiaobao felt strange that his current power level did not grant him invincibility within the Foundation's establishment but certainly would allow him to crush nearly any opponents pursuing his forward path.

After arriving at the Blood Flow Sect, he hadn't released the Heavenly Eye many times. However, he continued cultivating it, making it increasingly itchy while also becoming stronger. Yan Xiaobao had a feeling that once he opened that eye and displayed its power, it would shake the heavens and earth.

The only things Yan Xiaobao was dissatisfied with were his human control over great magic and super electromagnetic power. After starting the cultivation of the Violet Qi Heavenly Curse, his control over it improved, but still remained relatively limited.

He spent a lot of time studying the original magnetic power and never abandoned his plan to develop original magnetic power. However, he seemed to have reached an obstacle he couldn't surpass.

It was very frustrating, but aside from spending some time every day researching and contemplating how to advance, he was powerless.

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Chapter 1389 - Bloodline Master

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He also spent a lot of time thinking about what Song Junwan had mentioned: Middle Peak's judgment of the Bloodline Master, and how she intended to seek his help.

"If Song Junwan becomes Bloodline Master, then there'll be reason to overturn the elder position. Normally, someone is promoted out of the Bloody Elders. But I'd bet that if someone is famous enough, even if they're not one of the Bloody Elders yet, they might still be considered!"

By this time, Yan Xiaobao had suffered so much at the paws of the talking rabbit that he only made comments in his heart. But when he thought about an elder position opening up, his eyes still shone with light.

That would be his best chance to successfully obtain the Eternal Indestructible Relic and finally be able to leave the Blood Flow Sect.

"In the Blood Flow Sect, I'm already as famous as Song Qu, which means I've surpassed the Bloody Elders." However, I might not be famous enough to directly become Great Elder. In the next few months, I need to do some things to make myself even more famous. Whether it's good or bad, I have to convince people that, even though I'm only in the Mortal-Dao Foundation, I'm still a shocking and utterly unbelievable expert!" His eyes shone even more brightly than before.

Thus the days passed. The war between the deep sect and the Pill Sect had already reached the point where both factions had mobilized their full strength.

Rumors about the war were flying everywhere. Some of the stories were true, some were false, but all of them left the disciples of the Blood Flow Sect reeling. At the same time, the war preparations of the Blood Flow Sect were nearing completion, and disciples had already been dispatched by the Sect to unknown locations.

Yan Xiaobao could see that the Blood Cloud coiling above the Sect was growing larger and heavier. Even the Blood Qi within the Sect itself seemed to be getting stronger.

Although Yan Xiaobao had remained in secluded meditation the whole time and rarely appeared, stories about Nightcrypt were still spreading, and as time went by, they became increasingly bizarre.

For some reason, many people knew why Song Qu had been sent into secluded meditation as punishment. It even seemed as if some hidden force was trying to stir up anger toward Nightcrypt. As time passed, the cultivators of Middle Peak continued to dislike him more and more, and to fear him more and more as well.

People even started talking about the relationship between Nightcrypt and Miss Xue Mei, and many hoped she would eventually take him down.

"Miss Xue Mei, please come out and teach Nightcrypt a lesson!"

"Nightcrypt is way too terrifying! Everyone on Middle Peak and Corpse Peak is suffering because of him.

"The Big Boss of Middle Peak always stands on Nightcrypt's side. Miss Xue Mei, please come out and chop him down!"

Xue Mei received such requests almost every day. At the same time, the tales about Nightcrypt kept circulating. In the end, things reached the point where many people thought of him as a Devil King.

However, there was nothing Xue Mei could do. Nightcrypt was favored by the Clan Leader, and he was highly skilled in Daoist medicine, very famous, with a reputation that placed him on the same level as Song Qu.

Someone like that was not a person Xue Mei should openly oppose. Moreover, she could sense that he possessed extraordinary battle prowess, and she knew that if she fought him, she would not be able to defeat him quickly.

Thus, she sat cross-legged in her Immortal Cave, eyes flickering coldly as she pondered the matter. The fact that someone was trying to provoke her into killing Nightcrypt did not make her lose her head.

In the end, she didn't care who was doing such things. After all, she already wanted to kill Nightcrypt.

"Before long, when the Blood Demon Master begins the great fire trial, that slut Song Junwan and I will finally confront each other. Song Junwan is probably counting on Nightcrypt to help her, so getting rid of him is a blessing for me." Xue Mei let out a cold chuckle, the killing intent in her eyes growing even stronger.

"Nightcrypt never made much of a name for himself before. But after he came back from the Fallen Sword Abyss, he suddenly shot to the top. It's almost like he's a different person. Way too strange!

"He definitely has something fishy about him. Absolutely!" Because she knew it would not be an open showdown, it was time to start plotting in secret. With the Sect on the verge of erupting into war, the potential for destructive fallout was even greater. As Xue Mei investigated Nightcrypt's background, rumors began spreading through the Blood Flow Sect. It was said that after receiving a pill from Nightcrypt, the Bloodline Master of Corpse Peak had immediately gone into secluded meditation, and

still hadn't emerged. However, powerful ripples were beginning to emanate from the Bloodline Master's temple on Corpse Peak.

Quite a few people noticed those fluctuations, especially the bloodlines of Little Swamp Peak and Nameless Peak. At the moment, all three Bloodline Masters were relatively equal in strength, but now it seemed that the Bloodline Master of Corpse Peak was in the process of breaking through.

It was unlikely he would reach Gold Core, but after arriving at Corpse Peak, a breakthrough in corpse refinement techniques would cause his battle power to increase rapidly and dramatically.

Therefore, the Bloodline Masters of Little Swamp Peak and Nameless Peak began to grow nervous. A few days later, the Big Boss of Little Swamp Peak shot into the sky in a beam of light and appeared outside Yan Xiaobao's Immortal Cave.

He was a tall, brawny man with an imposing appearance and a powerful aura of Blood Qi. As a body cultivator, he stood there like a mountain, radiating intense pressure. He said, "It's me, Elder Han Chundong of Little Swamp Peak. Little brother Nightcrypt, are you home?"

The Blood Trees outside Yan Xiaobao's Immortal Cave trembled, but didn't dare to flee. No matter how afraid they were of outsiders, Nightcrypt was even more terrifying. All they could do was grit their teeth, stay where they were, and glare at the elder from Little Swamp Peak.

Chapter 1390 - Bloodline Master (Part 2)

Yan Xiaobao is currently deep in thought in his Immortal Cave. When he sensed the arrival of the elder a short while ago, he was somewhat surprised. However, he had already guessed the reason for the visit. After a moment of silence, he waved his right hand, causing the cave door to open, then instructed the Blood Tree to clear a path.

The Great Elder of Little Swamp Peak strode into the courtyard outside Yan Xiaobao's Immortal Cave, even as Yan Xiaobao appeared. At their meeting, the elderly man laughed sincerely and gestured with both hands in formal greeting.

"Brother Nightcrypt, the moment you left Blood Cliff, I knew you were destined for extraordinary things. Your choice to go to the Middle Peak was unfortunate. I had hoped you would come to Little Swamp Peak."

Yan Xiaobao smiled, though considering he wore a mask, it was a very sinister and cold smile. He clasped his hands tightly and said, "Great Elder, your visit brings honor to my humble abode. Please, come in!"

Discarding any other formalities, the elder followed Yan Xiaobao into the Immortal Cave. Once inside, they sat facing each other, and the elder said, "Junior Nightcrypt, you possess an extraordinary cultivation foundation and astounding potential. After prolonged and arduous preparation, you've achieved incredible advancement. Junior Peak Nightcrypt, the Middle Peak is truly privileged to have you!"

Though Yan Xiaobao was pleased to hear such words, he maintained a dull expression and did not even respond to the elder's comments.

"Even more astonishing is that the Clan Leader favors you." The elder sighed and proceeded to discuss the war between Abyss and Medicine Creek Sect, and various other bloodlines. Great and small sects are vital. He also used various methods to compliment Yan Xiaobao.

From his expression, Yan Xiaobao seemed unimpressed, but he was actually savoring the moment. He felt very proud to be the object of such flattery. Occasionally, he nodded, sometimes shook his head, and at times laughed heartily.

After about an hour passed, the elder evidently felt Yan Xiaobao had sufficiently warmed up. As he prepared to address the real reason for his visit, he suddenly realized Bai Xiaochun was looking at him with hopeful eyes. He hesitated for a moment and then began another round of praise.

"Brother Nightcrypt, you are a man of astonishing appearance and talent, like a mighty Giant Dragon in the world..."

"In fact, you can count on one hand the number of people within the Blood Flow Sect who can compare to you...." After a sufficient amount of time had passed, and the elder's mouth felt dry, he deemed it might be time to address more significant matters. Yet a quick scan of Yan Xiaobao confirmed he seemed entirely absorbed in the feeling of being praised.

The elder hesitated for a moment. However, he came seeking help, so he gritted his teeth and pondered new ways of flattery. After another hour, the elder finally found himself at a loss for words. Yet Yan Xiaobao seemed more pursued than ever.

"Eh? Why did you stop speaking?" He looked curiously at the Great Elder.

The elder of Little Swamp Peak was taken aback, but he gritted his teeth and added a few more compliments. At last, he sighed deeply, realizing that Nightcrypt was absolutely not to be regarded as an ordinary cultivator. He tightly clasped his hands and bowed.

"Brother Nightcrypt, you are so intelligent. I admire you greatly. Truly, since it is such, I shall no longer beat around the bush. I came here today because I cannot tolerate the injustices in the world. Brother Nightcrypt, your potion-making is shocking. But despite the fact you concocted medicines for 'Corpse Peak,' the heartless 'Corpse Peak' Middle Cultivators not only refused gratitude, they actually chose to hate you!"

As Yan Xiaobao recalled what had transpired, his expression became stern, exuding a chilling aura.

"The Great Elder and Bloodline Master of Corpse Peak are the worst among them," the Great Elder continued, eyes filled with righteous indignation. "You actually went personally to concoct medicines for them, but they repaid you by venting their anger onto you. Utterly ridiculous! But you can rest assured, Junior Brother Nightcrypt. Little Swamp Peak's Bloodline Master has already requested the Sect publicly declare your name!"

Yan Xiaobao shook his head and sighed. "Elder, I express my deep gratitude to you. The Blood Master as well. But the matter is already settled. Furthermore, I actually learned a lot from the whole affair."

"Brother Nightcrypt, no need to be so polite. You achieved the awakening of the Reverse Blood Ancestor and are extraordinarily talented in physical improvement. You possess a fierce ghost defense! At our Little Swamp Peak top, you are like family to us!" The elderly man laughed loudly. "Corpse Peak doesn't know the difference between good and bad, so we might as well ignore them. But considering we are practically family, what say you: Brother Nightcrypt, why don't you concoct some spiritual medicine for Little Swamp Peak? I assure you, even if you raze this mountain, neither the Bloodline Master nor I would bat an eye!" The Great Elder even patted his chest to emphasize his honesty.

"Hmm..." Yan Xiaobao said, somewhat hesitantly.

"Don't worry, Brother Nightcrypt, I understand protocol." He retrieved a pouch from his robe and placed it before Yan Xiaobao.

Upon picking it up and looking inside, Yan Xiaobao discovered an abundance of medicinal plants and spirit stones. Feeling very delighted, just as he was about to agree, his expression suddenly flickered. The Great Elder of Little Swamp Peak also furrowed his brow, and both looked out of the Immortal Cave.

"Brother Nightcrypt, are you home? It's me, the Great Elder Kang of Nameless Peak." The elder of Nameless Peak, a dwarf, was right outside. His expression as usual, but internally, he felt very anxious. For a long time, he and the Bloodline Master of Nameless Peak had been wavering over Yan Xiaobao's pill concoctions.

However, upon hearing that this illustrious elder from Little Swamp Peak had shown up at Middle Peak, they knew they couldn't just sit idly by. Especially true for Nameless Peak's Bloodline Master. Therefore, he hurriedly dispatched the Great Elder, constantly worrying if he could persuade Nightcrypt to concoct medicines for Nameless Peak.

Yan Xiaobao blinked, then stood up and went out to receive the elder from Nameless Peak, guiding him inside.

As Nameless Peak's Great Elder entered, he saw Han Chundong. When their gazes met, they erupted in dazzling light.

The dwarf said, "Little Brother Nightcrypt, I am not one to waste words. If you concoct a special 4th-grade spiritual medicine for Nameless Peak, then we will double the price Little Swamp Peak is offering you. Our only condition is that you first concoct medicine for us!" The dwarf spoke in a very domineering manner. However, before Yan Xiaobao could respond, Han Chundong made a gesture, emanating a murderous aura directed at his feet.

"Little Brother Nightcrypt, that pouch contains only the initial deposit! Should you choose to first concoct medicine for us, we will provide you access to fully utilize our secret body refining technique. You can even cultivate Little Swamp Peak's secret magic!" The Great Elder from Little Swamp Peak gritted his teeth. He wasn't certain how much free time Yan Xiaobao had, but he knew his concoctions typically take many days. Considering war loomed, he desperately wanted those medicines made.

Thus, he would do whatever it takes to ensure the Bloodline Master from his peak took precedence.

Yan Xiaobao was moved. The fact is, he really wanted to study the body improvement techniques of Little Swamp Peak. After all, they seemed connected to the Immortal Codex.

Beside him, the dwarf seemed stunned by the elder's words. However, upon seeing Yan Xiaobao's expression, he gritted his teeth and said, "Little Brother Nightcrypt, Nameless Peak has prepared a Stone Statue Ghost for you! We can teach you Nameless Peak's Stone Statue Ghost Refining Arts!" Han Chundong responded angrily, glaring at him.

Yan Xiaobao trembled in eagerness. Nameless Peak's Stone-statue Ghost Magic was top secret, and Middle Cultivators from outside the peak had to spend a large number of merit points to study them.

Their unbelievable value was beyond words.

Han Chundong looked at Yan Xiaobao and said, "Little Brother Ye Xiao, the best rule to follow is first come, first served. Little Swamp Peak was the first to request creation of medicines, so please weigh it carefully!"

The dwarf glanced over and said, "Little Brother Nightcrypt, Nameless Peak is willing to double the offer!"

Yan Xiaobao rubbed his forehead, then looked back and forth between the two. With a smile, he said, "Indeed. First come, first served is most fair. I will start with Little Swamp Peak. I hope the elder and Bloodline Master from Nameless Peak would not take offense. Furthermore, there's no need to offer double rewards. I know you're both here representing your respective Bloodline Masters. How about this: I promise that no matter who I concoct medicines for, I will complete it before the war starts—for both of you! I promise!"

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