

Medical 1391

Chapter 1391 - Jade Zombie

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The two Great Elders visibly stirred. The fact was, neither of them wanted to participate in the competition. Seeing how smoothly Yan Xiaobao handled the situation, they felt better than before. Nodding, they continued to chat for a while, then clasped their hands together and left.

After sending them off, Yan Xiaobao returned to his Immortal Cave and sat cross-legged. After pondering for a moment, he chuckled to himself.

"I have a jade zombie from Corpse Peak, and I've already won the favor of an old man from Middle Peak. If I obtain a Stone Statue Ghost from Nameless Peak and cultivate my body on Little Swamp Peak, I will become more important in the Blood Flow Sect than ever before. I will be like a bleeding elder. Once Song Junwan becomes a Bloodline Master, I will have a better chance to secure the position of elder for myself!" Yan Xiaobao resolved, wasting no time. The next morning, in the crack of dawn, he left Middle Peak and headed to Little Swamp Peak.

Little Swamp Peak is the pinky finger on the hand that holds the Blood Flow Sect. Despite being smaller than other fingers, the cultivators there are physically strong and more fierce and powerful compared to their peers.

As soon as Yan Xiaobao arrived on the mountain, he could see the cultivators there were tall and stout. They exuded an aura of blood that filled the entire Little Swamp Peak.

Surrounded by so many powerful figures, Yan Xiaobao felt somewhat shocked. All the cultivators were like that, irrespective of gender. Despite feeling a bit anxious, he refused to be intimidated.

"Do you think you're as strong as me? Hmph! What use is being big and brawny? I have the strength of four Fierce Ghosts!" He blinked and quickly climbed up a mountain path. The faces of all the cultivators he passed showed expressions of vigilance, their eyes glinting with cold light.

Apparently, the Plague Demon's reputation on Little Swamp Peak was well-known, and the people there immediately recognized him.

Soon, Yan Xiaobao stood on the upper finger of Little Swamp Peak, and Elder Han Chundong was waiting for him there. After exchanging some pleasantries, Han Chundong led him to the Bloodline Master Hall of Little Swamp Peak.

Inside the temple, the Bloodline Disciples of Little Swamp Peak sat cross-legged. Yan Xiaobao walked into the chamber, and he stood up, smiling brightly.

"Junior Brother Nightcrypt!"

The Bloodline Master was a strong-looking middle-aged man, whose emanating energy seemed to exceed that of Han Chundong. Yan Xiaobao felt as though he was looking at a giant, his aura causing all the blood Qi in the area to increase rapidly.

The sudden pressure Yan Xiaobao felt caused him to pause mid-stride, astonishing the Bloodline Disciple who was hastening to meet him.

Yan Xiaobao closely observed and immediately grasped some clues about the fitness technique he used.

"Is this akin to the second level of 'King of Heaven Immortal'?" Despite being deeply shocked internally, his expression remained unchanged. With a smile, he clasped his hands and bowed to pay his respects.

"Nightcrypt greets the Blood Master."

The Bloodline Master looked at Yan Xiaobao with bright eyes, then let out a rumbling sound. "There's no need for such formalities, junior brother Nightcrypt. I am a straightforward person, and I hate beating around the bush. I need you to concoct a batch of fourth-level blood pills for me!

These pills serve only one purpose: to quickly elevate you to a new level by using Little Swamp Peak's secret body refining technique!

"War is upon us, and everyone is striving to prepare. Unfortunately, unless it's the fifth level, this medicine won't be of much use, and the fourth-level version can't be purchased in this parish. Thus, I don't need just one pill. I need at least a hundred fourth-level blood pills!

"Nightcrypt, are you confident enough to concoct a hundred fourth-level blood pills for me?!" As the Bloodline Disciple looked at Bai Xiaochun, his eyes sparkled, and his words reverberated throughout the Bloodline Master Hall.

Bai Xiaochun's ears were exceptionally pained by the Bloodline Master's voice. Unwilling to accept this, he cried out loudly and then replied, "If I have enough medicinal plants and pill cauldrons, then a hundred pills should be no problem!"

Initially, the Bloodline Master was surprised by Yan Xiaobao's roar. He was accustomed to speaking in a rumbling voice to others but not used to the opposite. After looking Yan Xiaobao up and down for a while, he began to laugh.

He said, "Oh, I have plenty of medicinal plants." "As for pill cauldrons, come on, little brother Nightcrypt. I want to show you a unique pill cauldron we've prepared for you!" The Bloodline Master's subsequent laughter shook the entire peak. With a swirl of his sleeve, he took Yan Xiaobao and the esteemed elder standing beside him, and then all three flew through the air, reaching an open space above the fingers.

It was protected by powerful spells, its fluctuations and aura so strong that even the illusory fog on Corpse Peak couldn't escape.

Apparently, Little Swamp Peak had taken many precautions before inviting him to concoct pills. Seeing all this, Yan Xiaobao let out a dry cough but said nothing. Following the Bloodline Master, he entered the Immortal Cave inside the spell formation.

Chapter 1392 - Jade Zombie (Part 2)

This is a newly constructed Immortal Cave, and deep inside is a huge hall designed to hold a single item!

Yan Xiaobao stared at it closely, gasping for breath, his eyes sparkling. He immediately began circling around the object, unable to contain his excitement.

It was a giant pill furnace, 90 meters in diameter, green, engraved with countless magic symbols. Its grandeur made it profoundly impressive.

"This pill furnace... the feeling... my primary issue has always been pill furnace explosions, which decreased the medicinal strength and prevented me from unleashing my full skills on the Medicine Path. I've had no choice.

However, the moment he saw this pill furnace, he was deeply shocked.

"Many years ago, Brother Nightcrypt, a Bloodline Master from Little Swamp Peak, snatched this valuable treasure from the Pill Sect. The fact is, it is not the original treasure, but a replica. However, it is merely a copy of the Heaven Furnace Cauldron!

"I personally arranged for you to use it today. With this furnace, you can boldly cook in the pharmacy. Don't worry, such a precious treasure will never explode under any circumstances!" The Bloodline Master leaned back, laughing proudly. He was a robust cultivator, but that didn't mean he wasn't cautious. He was familiar with the nickname Plaguedevil, and prepared a pill furnace that wouldn't explode, placed within an impenetrable spell structure that not even the tiniest aura could escape. Only after making all these preparations did he believe no misfortune would occur.

Yan Xiaobao took a deep breath and walked around the pill furnace to inspect it. He was eager to go all out and try the medicinal strength that had been impossible for him until now.

However, he was still a bit nervous. He looked at the Bloodline Master and asked, "Are you sure this pill furnace will never explode!?"

"I am absolutely sure!" the Bloodline Master replied, smiling proudly.

Yan Xiaobao gently patted the pill furnace and smiled, "Good. If you're absolutely certain, then Nightcrypt will concoct the medicine for you!"

The Bloodline Master joined him in laughter and then stared at him for a moment before tossing a bag.

He then turned and departed. The elder formally clasped his hands and also left.

Yan Xiaobao was now alone in the Immortal Cave, looking at the giant pill furnace, his excitement building. After a while, he checked the bag filled with medicinal materials and Flame Stone. It also contained a jade slip.

Aside from the pill recipe for a "Blood Pill," the jade slip also included Little Swamp Peak's secret refinement technique!

"Blood Demon Dao!" Yan Xiaobao immediately set about studying it. By the time he was finished, night had fallen, so he closed his eyes to ponder.

After a while, his eyes opened, glowing.

Cultivators on Little Swamp Peak studied the Blood Demon Dao passed down through generations; it was the source of the sect's massive power. Essentially, it was an inferior version mimicking the "Eternal Life Scripture."

It gained strength based on totem tattoos and was divided into power levels of Ancient Ferocity, Elephant, Fierce Ghost, Heavenly Demon, and Blood Demon!

By absorbing Blood Qi into one's flesh and blood, then catalyzing it through secret techniques, the basic structure of the human body would transform, ultimately able to unleash immense physical power.

Though it seemed to have many similarities with the "Undying Scripture" cultivated by Yan Xiaobao, it factually worked in the opposite manner. The Undying Scripture did not change one's basic physical structure; it directly released inner power, creating a powerful combination of offense and defense!

"However," Blood Demon Dao" does have certain redeeming qualities. Perhaps I can even use them to achieve an early breakthrough in the second level of the "Eternal Life King!" After further research, Yan Xiaobao's spirit was lifted, and he even tried some cultivation methods. As he did so, Blood Qi surged towards him, producing a rumbling sound. By utilizing the secret techniques of "Blood Demon Dao," he excited his flesh and blood without changing their basic physical structure but rather harnessed the power to drive the Immortal Heavenly King.

The night passed. The next morning, Yan Xiaobao opened his eyes, which gleamed happily.

"That day's cultivation was like three days of normal cultivation!

"So it really works! Yan Xiaobao thought excitedly, the Blood Flow Sect was indeed his personal Holy Land. Glancing at the giant pill furnace, his eyes sparkled with strange light, and suddenly, his hand flew towards the furnace. A loud sound echoed as the lid opened. Without hesitation, he flew up, stood at the edge of the furnace, and looked down inside, which astonished him even more than before.

"If this furnace really cannot explode, then I think I need to test the limit of the medicinal potency I can produce!" Just as he was about to start, he paused for a moment.

"Will it really not explode?" he hesitated.

"Ah, whatever. The Blood Master assured it would not explode. Taking a deep breath, he threw caution to the wind. As he prepared to concoct a large number of pills, his gaze took on a frenzied expression." Last time, I used Dragonchimp grass, I could only use one blade, but this time, I will toss in ten!

"Firecloud Pear, huh? Let's add twenty!

"Now, does it need Starlight Leaf? It says there should be half a leaf, but with such an incredible pill furnace, that's absolutely not enough. I'll throw in ten." he muttered to himself, continued to circle the edge of the pill furnace, tossing in one medicinal plant after another. After adjusting here and there, he would add more plants.

Flame Stone poured from his insulated bag and fell under the pill furnace, providing intense heat. However, this was no ordinary pill furnace. Other pill furnaces would turn bright red from the heat, but it seemed hardly heated.

Seeing this, Yan Xiaobao became more excited than before. He was gradually immersed in his pharmacy efforts, adding more and more medicinal plants to the mix, taking no measures to curb the rapid increase in medicinal potency. Meanwhile, he focused intently on calculations regarding the medicinal recipe.

He felt completely satisfied. He didn't have to worry about the cost of materials used, nor the medicinal potency reaching unsafe levels, nor losing control of the pill furnace. He only had to worry about how to concoct the pill.

His hair was disheveled, his eyes filled with blood streaks, but he felt wonderful, more excited than ever. Over the course of seven days, he continued to add more medicinal plants to the mixture. Eventually, more than half the storage bags were emptied. By utilizing the principles of mutual enhancement and suppression, Yan Xiaobao pushed the medicinal potency to an explosive level.

The pill furnace emitted a crackling sound, and at this point, the pill changed from green to bright red. Up until now, it seemed the furnace really wouldn't explode.

Seeing this, Yan Xiaobao turned around and laughed out loud.

"What a precious furnace!" he shouted. With that, he returned to the pharmacy. Based on his calculations of the medicinal formula, he continued to add medicinal plants. As inspiration hit, and his ideas progressed, he made adjustments he deemed fitting. By combining All-Purpose Plants and vegetation techniques, he gradually reached the medicinal potency he was chasing.

Another five days passed, and the rumbling within the pill furnace grew stronger. By now, the furnace was bright red, and Yan Xiaobao had added all the medicinal plants he desired. As he suddenly thought of something, he sat beside it, looking satisfied. Hurriedly leaning forward, he produced his own drop of undead blood and dropped it into the furnace.

Thus, he placed the lid back on the furnace and locked it tight.

At that moment, any outlet for medicinal potency was cut off, causing intense rumbling to echo, and the pill furnace started to shake, with the interior temperature beginning to rise rapidly.

Yan Xiaobao was so impressed with the magical pill furnace he didn't even consider any potential problems. As far as he was concerned, it would not explode. Therefore, he decided to practice some cultivation. Occasionally, as changes in medicinal power occurred inside the pill furnace, he would carefully check and make adjustments.

After a few days, he started to worry. The pill furnace had now turned bright red, emitting such intense heat that the area within three meters around the furnace was shifting. Cracks could even be seen on the ground surrounding the furnace as they crept outward.

Yan Xiaobao swallowed, retreating step by step and feeling waves of fear surging through his heart.

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Chapter 1393 - Nameless Peak

Sure, here is the translation of the provided text:

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"If such a large pill furnace explodes, I will surely lose that poor little life..." In a blink, he recalled what the Bloodline Master of Little Swamp Peak had said. This furnace would never explode under any circumstances. Only then did he calm down a bit.

"There shouldn't be any problem, right?" He had already started to regret investing so many medicinal plants. Lack of control was definitely one of his shortcomings. However, at present, the pill furnace didn't seem to be at risk of exploding.

He waited another four days. The furnace was still trembling, with the range of deformation increasing from three meters to thirty meters. The high temperature even slowly melted parts of the nearby rock walls. Every moment, the heat seemed to be increasing. Yan Xiaobao was braving the storm, his eyes already filled with fear.

He considered stopping the mixing process but couldn't intervene. The spiritual medicine inside the pill furnace had already started to take shape. He could only imagine how the temperature would rise since the medicine truly formed.

Yan Xiaobao took long, tense breaths. He felt like he was sitting atop a volcano ready to erupt at any time. Nervously, he retreated until he stepped out of the Immortal Cave. Finally, he prepared a tall, mysterious expression and was ready to leave Little Swamp Peak as he stepped out of the Magic Array.

To him, Little Swamp Peak was now too dangerous to stay.

On his way out, a Great Elder discovered him and flew over to stop him from leaving.

He politely said: "Brother Nightcrypt, where should you go now? Have you finished preparing our medicine?"

Yan Xiaobao was nervous, but his expression didn't show it at all. He held his hands tightly behind his back and calmly said: "Don't worry. The preparation process is complete. However, the development of a hundred Blood Replenishing Pills will take more time. In three months, I will personally come back to retrieve the pills from the furnace.

"Meanwhile, I will head to Nameless Peak. After all, I promised to prepare medicine for them as well." Although Yan Xiaobao was forced to scramble for excuses, his expression was as usual. The Great Elder of Little Swamp Peak was still a bit suspicious, but Yan Xiaobao's reasoning didn't reveal any flaws.

He said: "In that case, Brother Nightcrypt," I will personally accompany you to Nameless Peak!" He still felt something was wrong, but he gestured for Yan Xiaobao to follow him to Nameless Peak.

Yan Xiaobao blinked, then nodded, and followed. Soon, he reached the border of Nameless Peak, where a dwarf Elder met him. It was only then that Yan Xiaobao could breathe a sigh of relief. Even as he continued to Nameless Peak, he turned to look back at that Elder of Little Swamp Peak.

He said: "By the way, in the next three months, no one should enter that Immortal Cave. Absolutely do not let anyone touch the pill furnace. The pill furnace might suddenly explode; otherwise, you'll be responsible!" Thus, he turned his gaze away and followed the dwarf to Nameless Peak. He also decided never to return to Little Swamp Peak.

"If what the Bloodline Master of Little Swamp Peak said is true, then the pill furnace will not explode. Ultimately, the medicinal medicine will be made. If that pill furnace explodes, it's not my fault!" The more he thought, the more he believed he was right. Feeling better, he followed Nameless Peak's Great Elder to meet the local Bloodline Master.

In line with a previous agreement, the Bloodline Master gave Yan Xiaobao a Stone Statue Ghost. Moreover, they opened an Immortal Cave beside the little finger for him to prepare potions.

By the time he started working, news of his arrival had already spread across "Nameless Peak", causing the cultivators there to take deep breaths. They already felt that they would go crazy in the coming days.

They knew Yan Xiaobao's nickname "Plague Demon" and heard that his pill preparations were accompanied by terror, akin to the suffering made by a Clan Leader. All of them felt like they were facing a crisis of life and death.

Cultivators in Nameless Peak began reflecting on everything that happened on Middle Peak and Corpse Peak. They were not as confident as the cultivators of Little Swamp Peak, so they quickly shook their heads.

"Plaguedevil is here! The terror his pill preparations bring is unimaginable. Remember Zhao Shuimu of Corpse Peak? He hallucinated himself as a cluster of Spirit Grass! Even to this day, if he sees Spirit Grass, he sometimes freezes..."

"It's nothing. You know Zhou Yibiao, right? Sometimes, while sleeping at night, he screams that he's Yan Xiaobao."

"In fact, many Middle Cultivators have recovered but have yet to grow their hair back, occasionally experiencing diarrhea. Actually, on more than one occasion, I've seen someone from Middle Peak gaining the upper hand in a fight, but suddenly looking extremely uncomfortable. You know what I mean?"

Such discussions spread like wildfire. As for the cultivators actually living near the place where Yan Xiaobao prepared pills, their scalps tingled like crazy, and many just left. Soon after, usually occupying Nameless Peak, more than half of the cultivators had abandoned their Immortal Caves and stayed with those they knew in the Inner Sect.

Yan Xiaobao was shocked by how quiet Nameless Peak had become. Near his Immortal Cave, he couldn't find any signs of life. He cleared his throat, thinking to himself: "I haven't even started doing anything yet! Why are these people so anxious?"

"I prepared medicine at Little Swamp Peak, and nothing happened!" A bit annoyed, he sat cross-legged, looking around the Immortal Cave for a while until his gaze settled on a corner far away.

Chapter 1394 - Nameless Peak (Part 2)

The black shadow floated there, exuding a cold and sinister aura.

It was one of the Stone Statue Ghosts on Nameless Peak, somewhat similar to the evil spirits found on Ghost Teeth Peak of Spirit River. The main difference is that the evil spirits are not intelligent nor are they large.

Instead, as the Stone Statue Ghosts grow, they become more intelligent and can even practice their own form of cultivation. In terms of strength and power, they are not weaker than evil spirits, but they are more cunning and sly.

Once they reach a certain level of power, they develop a strange divine ability that allows them to possess or control humans. By turning into an inner demon, they can kill without leaving any traces, maliciously draining the blood of their victims.

Different methods can be used to cultivate different types of Stone Statue Ghosts. One reason the Blood Flow Sect is known as the Demon Sect is because of the demonic Stone Statue Ghosts they cultivate.

Yan Xiaobao was not quite certain about the origins of the Stone Statue Ghosts. That was one of the big secrets of the Blood Flow Sect. As for the Immortal and the Stone Statue Ghosts with him, that was completely ordinary, lacking intelligence. It was even frightened by Yan Xiaobao's killing aura, not daring to approach him. Instead, it cowered in a corner, trembling. Yan Xiaobao looked at the trembling black shadow, then pulled out a violet jade pendant and said: "Come here!"

The shadow trembled again, then slowly floated over to Yan Xiaobao. Now right in front of him, he could discern a face within the black mist.

Just like that, he reached out to grasp it, only to find his hand passing through the mist. Clearly, the Stone Statue Ghost didn't have a physical body. Yan Xiaobao was more fascinated than ever.

"The Stone Statue Ghosts of the Blood Flow Sect and the evil spirits of the Spiritual Sect are similar in some ways. The ghosts come from the souls of the dead, but what about the Stone Statue Ghosts? Where do they come from?" After thinking for a while, he couldn't come up with any theories. However, there seemed to be a connection between him and the Stone Statue Ghost that was different from the jade control card given to him by Nameless Peak.

Eventually, he concluded that the Stone Statue Ghosts must be related to the giant hand and the eternal techniques of the undead.

Even as Yan Xiaobao sat there, the face in the mist suddenly twisted into a fierce expression as the mist lunged at Yan Xiaobao.

Coldness spread, filled with intense chill, as if intent on devouring Bai Xiaochun's soul. The sudden outburst from the Stone Statue Ghost took him by surprise, so much that he unleashed the power of his cultivation base and flicked something.

The Stone Statue Ghost let out a painful shriek, the mist gradually dissipating. With no other options, it hurriedly shrank back into the remaining corner, trembling.

"How dare you!" Yan Xiaobao said angrily. He stomped his foot, kicked at the shadow, which quickly dodged. Yan Xiaobao looked coldly at his jade pendant. The pendant was not only used to control the Stone Statue Ghosts, but also contained descriptions of the various punishments and rewards usually used to train them.

The most common method is to feed the Stone Statue Ghosts your own blood, which strengthens the connection and improves the Stone Statue Ghost's ability to understand commands.

As the Stone Statue Ghost grows, its cultivation base improves, allowing it to kill other things and drink blood, which also aids in the Stone Statue Ghost's growth.

The manual also mentioned that if the Stone Statue Ghost shows any signs of bad behavior, it's crucial to crush such behavior immediately. Attempts at rebellion will only become more intense before the Stone Statue Ghost becomes uncontrollable.

"You little thing, newborn Stone Statue Ghost!" he said angrily. "How dare you bite the hand!" He locked the Stone Statue Ghost in place with the jade pendant, then strode over and kicked it a few times. The Stone Statue Ghost's mist dissipated even more fiercely until only a little bit was left, and with that, it began to emit a piercing shriek.

"Remember this," Yan Xiaobao said sternly. "I'm the top dog around here. If you dare to mess with me, I'll put you in your place without hesitation. Humph. Now, what should we call you? How about Shadow?" After giving it a name, he ignored it, focusing instead on the prescription given to him by the Blood Master of Nameless Peak.

"The undead blood pill...." he murmured thoughtfully. He had heard of this medicine before. It was created by an ancestor inspired by a fragment of the holy medicine wall obtained many years ago. It has become one of the most useful spiritual medicines in the whole Blood Sect.

When raising a Stone Statue Ghost, it not only produces incredible results but also helps with corpse refinement and body refinement techniques on Little Swamp Peak. Because of its multiple uses, there has always been a high demand for it since it was first invented.

Unfortunately, it is difficult to concoct. The third level version is relatively easy, but the fourth level version is not easy at all. As for the fifth level undead blood medicine, it's far beyond ordinary medicine, capable of summoning some of the deepest reserve powers in the Blood Flow Sect. Even fourth level versions can be used to awaken some of the oldest Stone Statue Ghosts.

The more Yan Xiaobao researched the medicine formula, the more shocked he became. It required 97 kinds of medicinal plants, each containing various transformations that had to be suppressed with heavenly river water. It even needed spirit blood drawn from that giant hand. Only after all of this could the immortal blood pill be produced.

"Even the slightest mistake in the ratio of medicinal plants would lead to failure. Moreover, when merging plants, certain aspects of the connection need to be neutralized while some aspects fused. The result would create nine different Blood and Qi Flows!

"A single Blood Qi Flow is the first level version, and so on. The Blood Master of Nameless Peak wants me to concoct a fourth level undead blood pill, which includes four Blood and Qi Flows!" Yan Xiaobao's eyes sparkled as he continued to study the formula. As he did so, his admiration for the person who created it grew.

"No wonder this medicine is hard to produce. A single Blood Qi Flow is simple enough, but even just two Blood Qi Flows require huge amounts of prediction and other calculations, as well as incredibly complex medicinal techniques. Using three Blood Qi Flows is even more complicated, about ten times that of two. Then there's the four flows. That's just absurd. Clearly, the only way to succeed is to use all-purpose plants and vegetation techniques to simplify things!" Yan Xiaobao's eyes flashed with a strange light. Clearly, concocting the undead blood pill the usual way was just too difficult. The only choice was to figure out another way!

Having reached this point, Yan Xiaobao pulled out his pill furnace and some medicinal plants and began familiarizing himself with the blending process. He didn't aim to succeed on his first attempt but decided to run some tests first.

Time flew by. Soon, half a month had passed. Bai Xiaochun had never even left the Immortal's cave. He was entirely absorbed in his alchemy room. He would concoct several batches every day, and whenever he ran out of Flame Stone, he would simply request more. The same went for medicinal plants.

It even reached the point where medicinal plants had to be sent daily. Thankfully, the peak had deep reserves. Yan Xiaobao became more and more familiar with the undead blood pill, but as he did so, he continuously spoiled batch after batch of spiritual medicine.

In the past, he would have simply discarded such ruined spiritual medicine, but this time, he hesitated, looking at the cowering Stone Statue Ghost in the corner.

"I wonder if the Stone Statue Ghost eats spiritual medicine? They're ruined, but they still have some power." After some thought, he tossed one of the pills to the Stone Statue Ghost.

"Eat it," he said expectantly. The Stone Statue Ghost's intelligence was just beginning to develop, but it understood what was said and pounced on the pill. Moments later, the pill turned to black smoke, which the Stone Statue Ghost quickly absorbed.

"Wow, he really did eat them!" Yan Xiaobao was delighted. From then on, he fed all the ruined pills to the Stone Statue Ghost. After absorbing the smoke from each pill, the Stone Statue Ghost would grunt loudly and then emit a blissful expression. Eventually, it would fall asleep.

"Hahaha! I'm so clever! After ensuring that the Stone Statue Ghost suffered no ill side effects, he felt that he was doing great more than ever. Thus, he continued concocting pills, occasionally glancing at the Stone Statue Ghost and then tossing him a ruined pill. He wasn't stingy at all.

Time flew by. Gradually, another half month passed.

During that time, Yan Xiaobao concocted many batches of pills, but each one failed. Even though he became inspired by the all-purpose plants and vegetation techniques, he was not familiar enough with the technique to use it consistently. Problems continued to arise. However, Yan Xiaobao always found ways to solve them. Moreover, he didn't waste any ruined pills, feeding them all to the Stone Statue Ghost.

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Chapter 1395 - Broken Pills

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"Apart from these ruined pills, I have nothing else to offer you." Yan Xiaobao actually felt quite satisfied with this situation. Cultivators couldn't consume the damaged pills, but they seemed harmless to the stone gargoyle. In fact, the stone gargoyle grew quite a lot last month. He now looked less like a mischievous sprite, about the size of a 7 or 8-year-old child. Of course, he was black, surrounded by a black mist.

Most notably, the stone gargoyle seemed to have become smarter. Now, he wasn't completely useless, and he could offer Yan Xiaobao some help after receiving simple commands.

Several times, he seemed unwilling to eat the damaged pill, but he didn't dare defy Yan Xiaobao's orders.

Once, Yan Xiaobao made a mistake; it could be said the pill furnace was about to explode. He immediately backed up and shouted loudly: "Shadow, you handle it!"

Shadow flew over, passed through the outside of the pill furnace. Once inside, he took a deep breath, absorbing all the spiritual medicine. Then, he lay on the ground, twitching sideways, with his eyes glistening.

Yan Xiaobao clicked his tongue, impressed by the stone gargoyle's behavior.

"Not bad, Shadow, not bad." He continued concocting with excitement. Once, the pill furnace started to emit pulsing black smoke, Yan Xiaobao knew this would lead to some catastrophe, including acid rain, diarrhea, hallucinations, or others.

Again, he called on Shadow.

"You handle it, Shadow!"

Shadow leapt, taking a deep breath, inhaling all the smoke. Then he fell to the side, the smoke causing severe damage internally. If he had saliva, he'd surely be foaming at the mouth.

Yan Xiaobao was moved.

"Well done, Shadow. You're amazing!" Yan Xiaobao was very excited, he had already decided he needed to bring Shadow every time he concocted medicine. Shadow was truly remarkable. Whether it was pill destruction, toxic smoke, or pill furnace explosions, he could resolve all issues that arose while handling the pill impurities.

Yan Xiaobao was so engrossed in his pharmacy that he didn't notice the spark of intelligence rising in Shadow's eyes, which was evidently due to consuming all the impurities. Ordinarily, he remained hidden and always tried to appear oblivious and foolish in front of Yan Xiaobao.

Once, Yan Xiaobao looked at a batch of failed pills, resulting in a mysterious pill. He didn't know what the pill was for when he looked at Shadow, just as he was about to put it in his storage bag.

He blinked and said, "Shadow, you handle it."

Shadow trembled but then flew over and ate the pill. After drinking, he flipped on his back. Yan Xiaobao widened his eyes. Just as he was about to approach to examine Shadow, Shadow suddenly jumped to his feet, wailing as he turned to mist. Screaming, he rushed out of the Immortal's cave. Yan Xiaobao

chased after him, noticing the stone gargoyle seemed to have gone mad. He ran around wildly, jumping here and there, sometimes collapsing into shapeless mist, sometimes reforming into shape. After a while, he collapsed back onto the ground.

From that moment on, whenever he looked at Yan Xiaobao, his gaze was filled with profound fear.

Things progressed for about half a month. Yan Xiaobao worked diligently, and the Level 4 undead blood pill slowly began to form. He had already been able to forge pills with three strands of Qi and blood, and was on the cusp of producing four strands of Blood Qi.

During this time, Shadow continued taking the pills. Although the quality of these pills was improving, they were still destructive pills, occasionally even poisonous, but Shadow generally liked them.

Shadow also enjoyed occasionally leaving the Immortal's cave and flying over Nameless Peak. When he encountered other stone gargoyles belonging to other cultivators, it was clear that Shadow's fierce aura was much weaker than their expressions.

The law of the jungle prevailed in the Blood Flow Sect, and survival among stone gargoyles was even more brutal. Middle cultivators had to strictly control their stone gargoyles to avoid major issues. However, Shadow was somewhat unusual. He got along well with all other stone gargoyles on Nameless Peak, never battling with them...

Yan Xiaobao was surprised by this but didn't give it much more thought. He focused on concocting medicine. After another half month, he finally made a breakthrough, concocting the Level 4 undead blood pill.

When four strands of Blood Qi finally fused together, Yan Xiaobao started laughing with his lungs. Of course, his excitement wasn't because he concocted the Level 4 undead blood pill, but because during the concoction process, no one was affected.

No acid rain, no explosive furnace, no toxic smoke, no diarrhea, nothing. Most exciting was that Yan Xiaobao finally felt as if he understood what it was like to become a master pharmacist.

"Hahaha! Now people absolutely cannot call me Plague Demon! I concocted medicine for Nameless Peak without a single issue arising!" Of course, he felt surprised and delighted. All the other cultivators in the Blood Flow Sect, especially those on Nameless Peak, were also surprised. Although they were still somewhat nervous, there seemed to be no sign of disaster. Clearly, Nightcrypt's medicine concoction was indeed done under completely safe conditions.

"Has Plague Demon really changed his ways?"

"I can't believe nothing happened during his medicine concoction!"

But there was one thing, unnoticed by anyone. Yan Xiaobao's stone gargoyle shadow had been touring around Nameless Peak, making acquaintances with all the stone gargoyles there.

Chapter 1396 - Broken Pill (Part 2)

The Bloodline Master and the Great Elder of Nameless Peak were delighted with the successful concoction of the Level 4 undead blood pill. As promised, they offered generous compensation and held a grand ceremony. They even decided to collaborate with Nightcrypt in the future.

Although the ceremony was held at Nameless Peak, Elder Song Junjun was also invited to attend. It took place in the Bloodline Master Temple at Nameless Peak, where Nightcrypt was lavished with endless praise. Yan Xiaobao felt it wasn't the right time to draw attention, so he simply lifted his chin and calmly smiled.

Beside him, Song Junwan smiled as she watched the proceedings, her eyes sparkling every time she looked at Nightcrypt. Soon, the ceremony went on for about an hour. Then, the Bloodline Master of Nameless Peak laughed loudly and approached Nightcrypt.

"Brother Nightcrypt, you are a true genius in the Medical Path, a rare gem in the world. In the future, your name will surely influence the entire Eastern Cultivation World. If you concoct the Level 5 undead blood pill, you will surely shake the entire sect! I'm certain that day isn't too far!"

Then, the Great Elder of Nameless Peak interjected, saying: "Anyone who concocts the Level 5 undead blood pill will receive great rewards from the sect and be considered to have served greatly!"

As everyone gathered around Yan Xiaobao, chatting and laughing, he listened to their words with great pleasure. Just as he was about to boast, a deafening rumble could be heard from outside.

Like thunder from the heavens, it came suddenly, startling everyone. Nameless Peak shook violently, cracks even appeared on the ground. A wave of heat swept through everything. Everyone in the Bloodline Master Hall at Nameless Peak looked toward the door, faces filled with astonishment.

Outside, the sky had turned gray, and everything was still shaking. Not just Lonely Peak; Corpse Peak and Middle Peak also swayed back and forth.

Both the Inner and Outer Sects plunged into chaos. People shouted, and when people flew into the air, beams of light could be seen almost instantly.

Even the grand magic of Blood Flow Sect was activated.

"What just happened?!?!"

"Don't tell me someone's attacking Blood Flow Sect!!"

"War has begun!!"

Even Ancestor Peak was thoroughly shaken. As a wave of heat swept over, the shocked main elder sent a divine sense to scan the entire sect.

As Yan Xiaobao ran out of the Bloodline Master Hall with the others, his expression fell. The entire group was shaken, and as for Yan Xiaobao, he was panting. After a while, he was outside. Song Junwan remained vigilant, looking around.

Cultivators flew over from all other peaks, faces mixed with shock.

Soon, all eyes moved toward Little Swamp Peak!

Shocking black smoke rose into the sky from that direction.

The source of the smoke lay between upturned fingers, where massive cracks spread in every direction from a large hole.

Due to the swirling black smoke, everyone quickly realized the origin of the massive boom.

"Little Swamp Peak?!"

"What happened over there...?"

Yan Xiaobao looked up at the black smoke, eyes raised. Moments later, his eyes widened, and his heart began to race.

The earlier massive boom seemed a bit vague, but after seeing the source of the black smoke, he realized it was where he was concocting medicine on Little Swamp Peak. Evidently, the previous sound came from a pill furnace explosion.

At that moment, he suddenly recalled a batch of pills he had left on Little Swamp Peak.

Sweat dripped down his forehead, and his heart started pounding harder. Then, painful cries began to rise from Little Swamp Peak, and Yan Xiaobao's scalp tingled.

"I'm finished. Captain."

Even as Yan Xiaobao began to tremble with fear, the rest of Blood Flow Sect was stunned, and several beams of light flew out from Little Swamp Peak. Leading them was the Bloodline Master of Little Swamp Peak. He trembled visibly, eyes bloodshot. As he looked down at the chaos on Little Swamp Peak, he appeared close to tears. Moments later, he lowered his head with a mournful howl.

He knew everything was because of Nightcrypt. Like this, he prepared to shout out the guilty party and then find and kill him.

However, before the name "Nightcrypt" could escape, Yan Xiaobao took action. Forcing his eyes to immediately become bloodshot, he strode toward Little Swamp Peak's Bloodline Master, shouting loudly enough to shake heaven and earth: "My treasure!!!"

He pounded his chest with his fists, tore at his hair, howling like a madman, then shot toward the top of Little Swamp Peak at top speed.

"Why did this happen? Dear heavens! What happened? My precious pill!!!" He seemed crazed as he flew towards the source of all the chaos at Little Swamp Peak.

Little Swamp Peak was now completely charred black, more than half of the buildings and Immortal Caves were utterly destroyed. The state of the cultivators appeared dire, with flames of anger burning in their eyes. However, the moment they saw Yan Xiaobao, their faces filled with fear.

Yan Xiaobao ignored them as he ran toward the direction where he had been concocting medicine at Little Swamp Peak. The entire area was a crater. No spells formed, no Immortal Cave remained. The only thing left were scattered fragments of the pill furnace and intense heat.

In the air above the peak were Bloodline Masters, Great Elders, and Blood Elders. Blood seeped from the mouths of many of them, and all appeared deeply shocked. Everyone knew Nightcrypt could be troublesome, but no one imagined he would cause such disastrous results.

"Nightcrypt!!!" The Bloodline Master roared as he flew toward Yan Xiaobao, eyes burning with shocking murderous intent.

As the Bloodline Master began to move towards him, Yan Xiaobao started trembling. He turned around, shouting frantically: "Bloodline Master of Little Swamp Peak!!

"I spent three months on that precious pill! I poured my blood, sweat, and tears into it! It was almost Level 5 Medicine!!!" Yan Xiaobao's face seemed filled with sorrow and madness, a twisted aura gradually forming around him.

"Damn it, Bloodline Master, didn't you tell me the pill furnace couldn't explode? Didn't you say it was a precious treasure?!?! Yan Xiaobao appeared crazed, angrier even than the Bloodline Master of Little Swamp Peak. At first, it seemed he was merely furiously blaming himself.

"You...." The Bloodline Master of Little Swamp Peak was furious, but as he began to speak, he realized he was almost speechless.

"Why? Why did you deceive me? All my hard work, all my efforts were based on lies! You said this was a precious treasure taken from the 'Pill Sect' that wouldn't explode under any circumstances! If you had told me the pill furnace might explode ahead of time, then I would never have wasted so many precious medicinal plants! I could have used normal concoction methods! Oh, my treasure!" "Do you know how much of my own blood, sweat, and tears I infused into this precious pill?!" Yan Xiaobao hoarsely yelled. "Damn it! Why didn't you tell me the truth instead of deceiving me!?! " Blood Flow Sect's cultivators gathered at the scene to watch, divine senses from Ancestor Peak aligning in the area.

"I told you not to approach the pill furnace. Tell me, did you approach it?" Yan Xiaobao finally began to laugh bitterly, face filled with disappointment and sorrow.

The Bloodline Master and the Great Elder of Little Swamp Peak had no way to refute Yan Xiaobao's words. The Bloodline Master did indeed tell Yan Xiaobao the pill furnace wouldn't explode and also promised to be responsible for any situation that arose. Yan Xiaobao's accusation hit particularly close to home.

In truth, due to the constantly increasing heat from the pill furnace, which slowly singed everything on Little Swamp Peak, they felt they had no choice but to go and check.

They were mistaken, but the losses suffered by Little Swamp Peak were so great they couldn't contain their anger. The Bloodline Master gritted his teeth and said: "You are mocking the troublemaker! Little Swamp Peak trusted you! We asked you to concoct medicine for us, and if you did, I would take responsibility. But I have no spiritual medicine! You've destroyed Little Swamp Peak, Nightcrypt. I need an explanation!"

The Bloodline Master sneezed coldly, stepping forward as if to grab Yan Xiaobao, hoping to gain something from this catastrophe.

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Chapter 1397 - Fragrance of Medicine

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"Wait!" Yan Xiaobao said. He looked serious, stepping forward and taking a deep breath through his nose. "There's something here. That smell... do you sense the fragrance of medicine?"

The Bloodline Master from Little Swamp Peak frowned. He sneezed coldly and walked towards Yan Xiaobao, but despite that, Yan Xiaobao suddenly moved, appearing next to what used to be a brick in the pill furnace wall a moment later. He looked shaken and incredulous as he pulled the brick aside, revealing a pill beneath, emitting a five-colored glow!

It also emitted a strong medicinal fragrance, combined with the five-colored glow, attracting everyone's gaze. Their minds began to whirl, many even gasping with shock or bursting into tears!

"Is that a Level 5 Spiritual Medicine?"

"I've never seen Level 5 Spiritual Medicine before. Even Pill Sect, only a few people can concoct them. Level 5 Spiritual Medicine is a priceless treasure!"

"When concocting Level 5 Spiritual Medicine, the appearance of five-colored glow is one of the signs!"

"Heavens! I can't believe this is actually Level 5 Spiritual Medicine!"

As the crowd erupted into a frenzy, Yan Xiaobao mustered his courage, extending his hand to grab the pill. He never imagined that he would eventually concoct Level 5 Spiritual Medicine, only wanting to simply consume it and run. However, with so many people present, it was impossible.

Yan Xiaobao was not the only one shocked. The Bloodline Master from Little Swamp Peak, Great Elder, and Bloody Elders stood aside, all gasping.

When he saw Yan Xiaobao pick up the spiritual medicine, the Bloodline Master suddenly burst into laughter, his murderous aura disappearing.

"A misunderstanding, that's all. Misunderstanding hahaha... I was just pulling your leg, Master Narfat." The Bloodline Master hurried forward, a sincere smile on his face.

Yan Xiaobao snorted coldly. However, he couldn't think of anything to say, as he was already racking his brains trying to figure out what to do next.

"How about it, Master Nightcrypt: Little Swamp Peak wants to triple our previous compensation!" The Bloodline Master, Great Elder, and Bloody Elders hurriedly gathered around Yan Xiaobao.

At that moment, Song Junwan, who had been standing aside, stepped forward calmly: "How dare you threaten one of our Middle Peak Cultivators."

The elder's heart started racing, and the Blood Master's face twisted into an extremely unpleasant expression.

As the two parties faced off, an ancient voice suddenly emanated from Ancestor Peak.

"Nightcrypt has concocted Level 5 Spiritual Medicine and is the true choice of the Blood Sect. Let him be appointed as Middle Peak's Bloody Elder!"

Simultaneously, a blurry figure appeared overhead, an old man in a blood-colored robe. The incredible pressure emanating from him shocked everyone in the area, who spontaneously bowed their heads in formal greeting, clasping their hands tightly.

"Regarding the pill, it belongs to Little Swamp Peak. However, Little Swamp Peak will prepare the necessary materials and personally craft a bloody robe for Nightcrypt!!"

The old man was the Song Family Patriarch. As soon as Yan Xiaobao realized who it was, he took a deep breath and then bowed with clasped hands.

No one dared defy the Song Family Patriarch's order.

However, the Patriarch was not finished speaking. His calm voice continued to reverberate through the sect. "It's great that everyone is gathered here because I'm going to announce three important messages!

"First. In eight days, the cultivators of the four peaks will all sacrifice some Qi blood to summon the Great Witch Demon of Bloodstream Sect!"

"Second. In a month, the trial by fire for the position of Middle Peak Bloodline Master will begin!"

"Third. We will soon go to war!"

As the Song Family Patriarch looked around at the gathered cultivators, gasps could be heard, and fierce auras began to form.

"War!!"

"War!!" Everyone started shouting at the top of their lungs, causing the entire Blood Sect to shake. Although Yan Xiaobao shouted like everyone else in the crowd, he actually felt very anxious inside.

"Well, you're all dismissed!" The Song Family Patriarch looked at Nightcrypt, smiling, and then turned and disappeared.

Everyone was filled with confidence about the impending war, and each person returned to their respective peaks. Though Yan Xiaobao was reluctant to give up the Level 5 Spiritual Medicine, he had no choice but to hand it over to the Blood Master of Little Swamp Peak. Then, he left with Song Junwan, returning to Zhongshan Peak.

On the return to Zhongshan Peak, Song Junwan didn't say much, but her eyes flickered with a cold light. As for Yan Xiaobao, he was lost in his thoughts and didn't want to say much either. When they finally arrived, Song Junwan looked at him and said: "Nightcrypt, in the trial by fire for the position of Middle Peak Bloodline Master, I want you to be my Dharma Guardian to help me win the championship!"

"The trial by fire will be dangerous, so you don't need to give me an answer now. I will prepare in secluded meditation. When I come out, you can tell me your decision." She looked at him deeply, then pointed upwards.

Yan Xiaobao watched her leave, his complex emotions twisting his heart. Ultimately, he found himself back in the Immortal Cave, sitting cross-legged, more worried than ever.

According to what the Song Family Patriarch just said, Yan Xiaobao realized that all the discussions within the Bloodline Clan led to a decision. The war with the Spirit Stream Sect would occur in just a few months.

Chapter 1398 - Fragrance of Medicine (Part 2)

The next seven days passed relatively smoothly.

On the morning of the eighth day, the sound of a bell rang out. Yan Xiaobao took a deep breath and walked out of his Immortal Cave, discovering that almost all the Foundation Establishment cultivators from the four mountain peaks were flying up towards the summit of their respective peaks.

Then, eight figures appeared, emerging from Ancestor Peak. They were like giants, causing a rumbling sound in the entire area and emitting dazzling lights that obscured their outlines.

As soon as those eight figures appeared, the cultivators knelt down and prostrated themselves.

"Greetings, Clan Leaders!"

Yan Xiaobao was instantly shocked. Those eight individuals were the eight Clan Leaders of the Blood Flow Sect!

The ancestor of infinity and the Song Family Patriarch were among them. One person in the group was clothed in a violet robe. As he hovered in the air like brilliant sunshine, he seemed to surpass all the other Clan Leaders.

The immense pressure immediately descended on the entire area.

"Everyone, release your blood qi and open the blood portals!" A voice resounded, full of the might of the entire Blood Flow Sect. As a colossal spell emerged, everything quivered.

Blood qi erupted from Little Swamp Peak. As the blood qi flowed from the fingertips, it formed pillars of blood-colored light that shot straight into the sky. Next, Nameless Peak, Middle Peak, Corpse Peak, and Ancestor Peak experienced the same occurrence!

RUUUUUUUUUUMUM!

Five beams of blood-colored light shot up, dyeing the entire sky in blood and forming a massive vortex. The cultivators of the Blood Flow Sect trembled, and as they unleashed the power of their cultivation base, their blood qi boiled.

At that moment, a Clan Leader came forward, a handsome middle-aged man. There was something fascinating about him, making anyone who looked at him feel compelled to admire and trust him.

"I am Droughtflame, and I will lead the summoning of the Blood Flow Sect's reserve forces. I need the assistance of nine disciples to help enhance the blood qi!"

"Xu Xiaoshan, Song Qu, Xue Mei, Han Dong, Zhou Zhengfeng...." Despite his calm tone, he was a Clan Leader, and even his ordinary words carried immense pressure. Whenever he called out a name, that person would fly into the air and stand before him.

Soon, eight people were summoned, and the gaze of the gathering made it hard for other disciples of the Blood Flow Sect to breathe. Each of the eight groups consisted of Earthstring Foundation Establishment cultivators with multiple Tideflow functions! All these individuals were the Chosen Ones of the Blood Sect!

Then, Clan Chief Droughtflame's gaze fell onto Middle Peak, and he spoke the final name in the group of nine.

"Nightcrypt!" Although Yan Xiaobao was somewhat surprised, he swiftly maintained an ominous expression on his face, ensuring his fierce aura was fully displayed. Then he soared into the air, appearing alongside the other eight before Clan Chief Droughtflame.

No disciples of the Blood Stream Sect were surprised to see Nightcrypt become part of the assembly. In fact, having Clan Chief Droughtflame summon him was something many had expected.

No one even dared to comment on the matter. Clearly, the Plague Demon was one of the most renowned individuals in the Blood Stream Sect, and everyone acknowledged him as a formidable Chosen One!

Not only did the disciples on the mountain peaks feel that way, but Song Qu and another elector also showed no doubt about his qualifications, even though cruelty flickered in their eyes.

Yan Xiaobao had worked in the Blood Flow Sect for several years. While this might seem long to mortals, for Middle Cultivators, that period flew by quickly. Even so, it wasn't considered a very short time. Through arduous efforts, Yan Xiaobao worked his way up to the present moment, becoming the center of everyone's attention and gaining recognition throughout the sect.

Yan Xiaobao could sense this fact, although he had prepared for the coming day. Despite this, he couldn't help but breathe heavily over the status he achieved. It made him satisfied and proud.

"Hmm! No matter where Lord Bai goes, he ultimately shines like the sun or moon. Ai... He looked just as cold and dangerous as ever, possessing a powerful murderous aura that rivaled the other eight chosen adversaries.

The eight Clan Leaders were blurry and difficult to discern clearly, but as they observed Nightcrypt, it was evident they nodded in approval. Some Clan Leaders even studied him more closely than other Chosen Ones.

The rise of the Mortal Dao Foundation initiator Nightcrypt was so peculiar that some Clan Leaders became suspicious and secretly investigated him. However, due to the mask he wore being a true treasure, not a single clue revealing his secret surfaced over the years.

Additionally, his skills in the Dao were so critical to the Blood Flow Sect that no Clan Leader took their suspicions too seriously.

"You nine will meditate before these Blood Altars," Clan Chief Droughtflame announced. He waved his hand, causing nine beams of blood-colored light to shoot out, transforming into nine blood-colored altars. "Channel your qi into blood to assist me in opening the portal and summoning the Great Lich!"

Yan Xiaobao and the others settled down in front of their respective Blood Altars.

In reality, the nine cultivators didn't need special assistance to summon the Great Lich. However, after some discussion, the Clan Leaders decided that they should witness firsthand the sect's power due to the impending conflict.

Among the eight Clan Leaders, Clan Chief Droughtflame was the most determined in his advocacy for war, and thus took charge of summoning the sect's reserve forces and overseeing the testing of the nine cultivators during the process.

His gaze seemed to contain tremendous pressure, causing Yan Xiaobao to shudder inwardly. It was as if he could see the hidden secrets of every person he observed. Even the other eight cultivators around Yan Xiaobao humbly glanced in his direction.

Ultimately, Clan Chief Droughtflame shifted his gaze towards the sky. Then he raised his right hand, sweeping it in the air. In response, the blood-colored light beams shooting from the five mountain peaks thundered and began expanding. Simultaneously, the blood vortex enlarged, revealing a gigantic blood-colored eye at its core!

As the eye opened, the sky darkened, and colossal winds arose. Immense pressure enveloped the entire world, and blood mist spread everywhere. Below, all disciples of the Blood Flow Sect trembled before the eye.

"Look up and behold the might that makes the Blood Flow Sect dominate over the other three sects!" Clan Chief Droughtflame's voice seemed to contain an eerie power, compelling everyone who heard it to look up at the blood in the sky.

Yan Xiaobao was deeply moved. However, at that moment, his "Eternal Undying" technique continued evolving, gradually forming a mysterious resonance with the blood eye.

Song Qu, Xue Mei, and the others were all astonished, yet none dared to lower their heads. They steadfastly gazed upward at the blood eye in the vortex.

Many people cried out in shock. Even Song Qu and another Chosen One, despite their elevated position and deeper understanding of the sect's secrets, couldn't help but gasp in astonishment.

Yan Xiaobao's eyes widened as his mind seemed filled with crashing lightning.

Outside the blood pupil in those blood-colored eyes, four shadowy figures could be seen, one of which was a massive violet skeleton!

The skeleton crackled with lightning, surrounded by whirlpools of death. Although it didn't move at all, it exerted mighty pressure, shaking anyone who could see it.

Yan Xiaobao knew a bit about Corpse Peak, and quickly concluded that this figure was the Great Witch Demon! On Corpse Peak, nothing was stronger than the Great Witch Demon, even surpassing the Ghoul!

"A Ghoul can compare to Middle Cultivators in the Core Formation stage, but a formidable Witch Demon is like a newborn Soul Patriarch!"

The second blurry figure in the eye was a black mist that seemed filled with tens of thousands of faces. All these faces appeared to belong to elderly men, exuding a strong sense of time. Within the mist was a Stone Statue Ghost, judging by the incredible pressure emanating from it, it seemed more powerful than the Great Witch Demon!

The third shadowy figure was nothing more than a heap of dry skin, so ancient that its age was indeterminable. It emitted a terrifying aura, even more powerful than the Great Witch Demon or the Stone Statue Ghost. Just looking at it evoked a sense of wonder. Many Blood Sect cultivators who saw it gasped.

With a shiver, Yan Xiaobao glanced at the fourth shadowy figure, which was actually a sword!

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Chapter 1399 - Blood-Red Sword

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It was a blood-red sword, with a deep red little demon on it. The small black ape had no hair on its head, and although it was only the size of a human hand, it exuded a strong killing intent, surpassing the other three shadowy figures!

"The Great Witch Demon of Kopsis Peak, the million-faced monster of Nameless Peak, the totem banner of Little Swamp Peak, and the ancestral sword of Middle Peak! These are the iconic relics of the Blood Flow Sect, actually defending another powerful backup force of the bloodline ancestors!"

"Behold the complete Blood Donation Blade Path!" Clan Chief Droughtflame waved his right hand, the pupils in his blood-eye began to expand, slowly revealing a fifth shadowy figure!

Clearly, it was protected by four figures beyond the elementary level. After seeing this fifth precious resource of the sect, Yan Xiaobao began to pant heavily, and as he looked slowly, his eyes widened.

Scarecrow!

Its appearance was strange, one hand held a piece of human skin, the other hand held a balance beam. A terrifying smile hung on its face, as if mocking the world... When Yan Xiaobao looked into the scarecrow's eyes, that smile seemed to fill his entire mind.

In an instant, the Heavenly Dao Spirit Energy within Yan Xiaobao dispersed, driving the image of the scarecrow out of his heart. As he sat there, gasping for air to recover, he noticed that Grandfather Droughtflame seemed to be looking at him in agreement.

The other eight chosen individuals around him were still in a daze. Xue Mei followed closely, then Song Qu. They step by step dispelled the images from their minds.

"These are the backup forces of the Blood Flow Sect," Grandfather Droughtflame said, speaking to the entire sect. "Release your Blood Qi. As for you chosen nine, begin the refining process. Help me summon the Great Witch Demon!"

"After the Great Witch Demon is summoned, the other spirits will eventually awaken their own will. Once they all awaken, the Blood Donation Organization can emerge from the blood-eye world!" Then, countless Middle Cultivators below the core formation stage in the Blood Flow Sect began to rotate their cultivation bases.

The Foundation builds Middle School, Inner Disciples, Outer Sect Disciples. Tens of thousands of Middle Cultivators called upon their cultivation bases to exert power, releasing Blood Qi. A blood mist formed, rising towards the nine Blood Altars and merging with them.

Yan Xiaobao sat in front of the fifth Blood Altar, as the powerful Blood Qi began to integrate into the altar, and through it into his body, a tremor swept through him.

Before he even had time to think about what was happening, his "Immortal Undead" technique began to operate, absorbing the Blood Qi. He looked around, seeing Xue Mei, Song Qu, and others all absorbing Blood Qi. Clearly, they used their bodies as vessels. Combining the secret magic of the "Blood Flow Sect", they transformed "Qi" into blood.

Xue Mei was the first to succeed. A drop of blood emerged from the top of her head, floated up and stopped above her. Next was Song Qu... Yan Xiaobao quickly imitated, using his special undead blood refining technique to transform the Blood Qi in his body into a drop of blood, which then floated up from his head.

Soon, blood oozed out of all the chosen nine. As time passed, the drops of blood grew larger. After enough time for an incense stick to burn, Xue Mei's eyes suddenly opened. The blood above her head, now the size of a fist, flew towards Clan Chief Droughtflame.

Grandfather Droughtflame's eyes flickered, then he nodded slightly. The blood then turned into a red beam of light, shooting towards the Great Witch in the blood-eye. Moments later, it hit the Witch Demon's bones, making them tremble slightly and start to emit a faint life force.

"Eight more drops of blood!" Clan Chief Droughtflame said calmly.

As a large amount of Blood Qi continued to pour into the Blood Altar, Yan Xiaobao felt melancholy. However, deep inside, he was shocked.

"So much Blood Qi," he thought. "Should I help myself a little?" At first, Yan Xiaobao was hesitant. He looked around and saw, in front of their Blood Altars, that none of the other chosen individuals besides the successful Xue Mei had finished using their Blood Qi.

After confirming the situation, Yan Xiaobao actually started to feel anger at the others' excesses. Take Song Qu for example. He had an eight Tideflows foundation, and while it seemed reasonable that he would be slower than Xue Mei, he shouldn't be that much slower! Yet, he was clearly only about seventy percent done.

Everyone else was in similar situations, with the slowest in the group being only thirty percent complete.

"Clearly I was too honest!" he thought. "I can't believe I'm still trying to find a solution while those other bastards are already helping themselves to replenish Qi and blood to enhance their cultivation!" Feeling more righteous than ever, he glanced at Xue Mei contemptively. She really was a fool. Obviously, her honesty was almost on par with his.

"Ah, whatever. I guess I'll succumb to peer pressure. Since I'm here undercover, I don't want to do anything to stand out. I need to blend in, that's for sure... Ai, I really don't want to do this." With an inward sigh, he took a deep breath, then began to siphon off about 90% of the Blood Qi...

Due to his sudden movement, the half-formed Blood Ball above his head withered suddenly. Although no one below noticed, Song Qu and others noticed, their eyes filled with fury as they inwardly cursed him.

Clan Chief Droughtflame hesitated, making Yan Xiaobao take a closer look. On the faces of the other Clan Leaders, strange expressions could be seen. In fact, aside from calling upon these nine chosen ones to help summon the Great Witch Demon, the Clan Leaders also intended to have them take advantage of this opportunity to enhance their cultivation bases.

Chapter 1400 - Bloodred Sword 2

As for whether they can improve their cultivation foundation without drawing too much attention, that depends on each individual.

Because Xue Mei focused on becoming a Bloodline Master, she despised these actions, and the Clan Leaders turned a blind eye to it. But then, even though midnight had not yet arrived, Ye Xue suddenly began absorbing most of the Blood Qi for itself.

If Nightcrypt was the only one doing this, it might not matter. However, moments later, Song Qu, Xu Xiaoshan, and others also followed suit. The Clan Leaders would not allow such a thing to continue.

After all, beneath the eyes of blood, fires were starting to burn underground.

"Anyone who delays completing the summoning of the Great Witch without burning incense sticks will be personally turned into a Witch Demon by me!" The Song Clan Patriarch coldly snorted and spoke in a voice only Yan Xiaobao and others could hear.

Yan Xiaobao's heart trembled. The Blood Qi he'd just absorbed had already helped him immensely. His Immortal Heavenly King had climbed to the power of five ghosts.

"So stingy!" he muttered to himself. However, he dared not defy the Ancestors and immediately restrained himself. Everyone else lowered their heads, and soon, the allocated deadline arrived.

By then, the blood balls of Yan Xiaobao and the others represented about ninety percent of the total. The final ten percent would require full attention until the last second. After all, no one wanted to complete the task early. The best course was to wait until the last moment, then use the incredible opportunity provided to further cultivate with the help of the entire Blood Flow Sect.

In a short time, with the burning of incense sticks, Yan Xiaobao's "Undying King of Heaven" achieved another breakthrough. Now, his physical strength equaled that of six frenzied ghosts. He felt tingling all over and had to resist the urge to look up and stare at his lungs.

"Unfortunately, I can't keep up. The time is almost up..." Despite his reluctance to stop, he had no choice. Sighing inwardly, he was about to use the last few breaths to consolidate the blood ball when his heart suddenly leaped.

"I wonder... if I put my own undead blood into it, could I control the Great Witch Demon?"

The thought excited him, and if it truly worked, it could be considered an incredible service to the Spirit Stream Sect. But then he thought of how the Blood Flow Sect had treated him, and he was torn.

Clan Chief Song Jun, the Song Family Patriarch, and other elders had all treated him well. Sighing, he also considered that with his current cultivation foundation, it seemed unlikely he could control the Great Witch Demon. However, he still couldn't make a decision.

"Well, I might as well try it out." Yan Xiaobao's eyes shifted, and he lowered his head. As everyone else transformed Qi into blood, he did the same. However, he also drew some Blood Qi from the "undead blood" and mixed it with the Blood Qi provided by others.

Minutes passed, and Clan Chief Droughtflame's eyes glinted as he announced the process was now complete. At that time, Song Kui, Xu Xiaoshan, and everyone else flew over their blood balls. Nervously, Yan Xiaobao opened his eyes, and his blood ball also flew over.

His blood ball looked the same as everyone else's, but inside it also held some genuine undead blood.

"They shouldn't notice," he thought. "After all, my immortal blood is authentic. Any other kind of undead blood is just a replica. Even if they notice, they'll think it's because I'm stronger than anyone else. After all, I did undergo a Reverse Blood Ancestor awakening..." As the eight blood balls flew over, Clan Chief Droughtflame briefly studied them, then waved a hand, sending them flying toward the Great Witch Demon in the blood eyes.

As the blood balls merged into the Great Witch Demon, Yan Xiaobao breathed a sigh of relief. Moments later, a powerful life force erupted, and the Netherworld Fire in the Great Witch Demon's eyes began to burn brighter than before.

Then the Great Witch slowly stood up, throwing back its head to roar. That roar shook the ground, making all the light dim with its shocking energy.

A strong wind blew by, sweeping over everything, plunging everything into pitch-black darkness.

As the Great Witch Demon awoke, the millions of Stone Statue Ghosts, withered skin, and Blood Swords trembled. Evidently, they were now moving toward awakening.

As cracks began to fill the pupils of the blood eyes, the sound of cracking echoed from all directions, as if a magical seal had been broken!

Before Yan Xiaobao had any time to assess whether his plan had worked, Clan Chief Droughtflame, like all the other Clan Leaders, shook his sleeves. Eyes flashing, they all flew toward the eyes of blood. The last to arrive was the Song Clan Patriarch. Turning his head to look at everyone below, he said, "In a month, trials by fire will commence for the position of Middle Peak Bloodline Master!"

Even as his thunderous voice continued to echo back and forth among the sect, he stepped into the eyes of blood. At that moment, facing the million Stone Statue Ghosts, they awoke. The withered skin suddenly began to emit life force, and the little ghosts on the Blood Swords opened their eyes.

Meanwhile, more cracks continued to spread over the pupils, starting to collapse. It's as if a door had been opened, and the eight Clan Leaders of the Blood Flow Sect were now entering.

Rumble!

The sky suddenly disappeared, and the eyes of blood vanished. Below, the cultivators of the Blood Flow Sect lifted their heads from meditation. Then, the Sect Leader and the Great Elder dispersed the crowd. However, everyone present was still pondering many questions.

They all saw the power of the reserves, but were unsure why the Ancestors had entered the sight of blood. For some reason, no matter how they thought about it, they couldn't help but think it was related to the war.

Yan Xiaobao was more nervous than ever before. In the end, he couldn't determine if his plan had worked. When he returned to the Immortal Cave, he pondered the matter, where he stabilized the increase in his physical strength. In the blink of an eye, nearly a month passed. Soon, just three days before the designated date mentioned by the Song Clan Patriarch, trials by fire for the position of Middle Peak Bloodline Master commenced.

By then, everyone in the "Flow Sect" was talking about the trials by fire. Each generation of the "Blood Flow Sect" always had four Bloodline Masters, who would eventually become Blood Tearers, a position higher than the main elders.

In this generation, the Bloodline Master of Middle Peak was the last position that needed to be filled. With war on the horizon, the final trials by fire would take place to select the person to become the Bloodline Master. Once the Bloodline Master was chosen, the battle capabilities of the entire Middle Peak would be enhanced.

This was a significant event for the entire Blood Flow Sect, and even more so for the Middle Cultivators of Middle Peak. After all, theoretically speaking, any Foundation Establishment Middle Cultivator from Middle Peak could eventually become a Blood Master.

Of course, it was widely known that the Blood Master of this generation would be one of two people. Either Miss Xue Mei or Elder Song Junwan!

As the trials approached, discussions grew more intense.

"It has to be Miss Xue Mei. She's at the peak stage of the Earthstring Foundation with nine tidal streams. If she doesn't become the Bloodline Master, it would be a huge loss for us here at Middle Peak!"

"I think the elder also has a significant chance of success. After all, she is at an important stage of Foundation Establishment. Xue Mei might be at the peak of Earthstring Foundation, but that's still only the mid-stage of Foundation Establishment. Her stature isn't the same as a grand elder!"

"The trials by fire aren't just about basic strength. There are other factors involved, such as the strength of the Dharma Protectors they bring."

The night before the trials, Yan Xiaobao was meditating in his Immortal Cave, when suddenly, Elder Song Junwan appeared outside. As she stood at the door, shrouded in moonlight, she looked more beautiful than ever as she smiled.

"Little brother Nightcrypt, are you well-rested?" she softly asked. In the days before Elder Song Junwan arrived at his Immortal Cave, Yan Xiaobao had thought about what to do. He knew she would come

looking for him after emerging from seclusion, seeking his assistance during the trials by fire for the Bloodline position. It had been many days since.

Just as he was trying to decide whether to take the initiative to see her, he heard her voice. At that moment, his eyes sparkled, and he cleared his throat. He didn't immediately open the door to the Immortal Cave but decided to take advantage of the situation by making her wait outside, enhancing his own perceived value.

In truth, he wasn't sure which decision was the right one. After all, if he didn't join her, he could take advantage of her absence to try and sneak into her Immortal Cave to obtain the eternal indestructible relics. If he succeeded, he would definitely not have to participate in the trials by fire.

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