

Medical 241

Chapter 241 Useless Skills_3

"What?" he asked cheerfully while sipping his soup. Every meal meant more energy, and more energy made it easier for Lan Feng to regain his strength.

"Is insurance an advanced martial arts skill?" Gao Yan asked with wide eyes and a hopeful expression, drawing laughter from Yan Xiaobao.

"No," he calmed down, wiping away a tear at the corner of his eye. "Insurance is... uh, I don't know how to explain it," Yan Xiaobao said thoughtfully.

"Imagine this: every full moon, we pay a silver coin into a shared golden memory stone. Then, if our house were to burn down, that shared golden memory stone would cover the cost of repairs—as long as we didn't intentionally destroy it." The others furrowed their brows uncertainly. It didn't seem like a profitable venture. Seeing their expressions, Yan Xiaobao sighed and decided to explain it differently.

"Alright, envision this. You own the entire Liluo City, with each house paying between one copper coin and one silver coin depending on its size. That's a lot of money. Yes, incidents like the Shan Family's misfortune can be costly for the insurance company, but how often does such an event occur? Not very often, right? So, insurance is a good thing."

At the time, Ma Kong, who was studying at the Black Market Auction House, was the first to calculate this idea, and the results left him stunned. Yan Xiaobao noticed the shock on his face and smiled faintly.

"Of course, it can also work in other ways," he continued, preparing to fully integrate Ma Gang Insurance. "Imagine cultivators paying a monthly fee of one copper coin and one gold coin, and in return, the insurance company promises to provide a substantial payout in the event of their death. This money would be transferred to the family of the deceased cultivator. In this way, cultivators can ensure that even if they perish, their families can enjoy a better life."

When Gao Yan heard the insurance theory, he was deeply surprised. As an ordinary person who grew up in the impoverished areas of Liluo City, he had always worried about what would happen if he died while exploring or fighting in wars after joining the military.

"Obviously, if you commit suicide, or if your death is due to your own actions, insurance wouldn't pay out—such as provoking a higher-ranked expert. But beyond these scenarios, it should work fine. This concept could easily catch the interest of many guards and mercenaries," Yan Xiaobao added, clearly tailoring his pitch for Ma Kong.

Gao Yan, the Rong twins, and Deng Wu all stared at Yan Xiaobao with wide eyes, astonished by the idea he presented. Even Deng Wu, who had already been amazed upon hearing about the water mill before, now realized that Yan Xiaobao couldn't have simply stumbled upon all of this during his time in the magical forest. Deng Wu finally recognized that Yan Xiaobao was far more mysterious than initially assumed.

"Take the day off tomorrow and come with me to meet the manager of the Black Market Auction House," Ma Kong offered. Yan Xiaobao quickly nodded in agreement. He had achieved what he wanted. Even if only one percent of those exposed to the insurance concept showed interest, it would be worth it—especially since his primary goal was to repay his friends.

However, Yan Xiaobao also knew he couldn't reveal all of his thoughts at once. Today, he had already introduced the concepts of Dengwu Water Mill and Ma Gang Insurance. If he went on to present ideas about increasing family income to Gao Yan and the Rong twins, instead of gratitude, he might risk suspicion from his clever companions about the true source of his profound knowledge.

...

Chapter 242 Interesting Pill

...

The day's lessons had already begun, but for some reason, none of the friends hurried to their classroom to attend. Instead, the five of them sat together for a long time, chatting about their daily lives until they finally parted ways.

The feeling of being with friends always warmed the deepest parts of one's heart, bringing a sense of comfort and fulfillment that helped Lan Feng improve slightly. His white feathers slowly regained celestial brilliance.

When the friends returned to the courtyard to cultivate, Yan Xiaobao finally felt a surge of excitement brewing within him. A thrill aroused by one particular thing. It was now time to spend some of the money he had earned from the auction the previous day.

The academy's currency was once again tied to the Memory Stones, so Yan Xiaobao extracted a spirit coin from his golden Memory Stone and added it to his student badge, then steadily made his way to the medicine outlet he had seen before but never entered.

The mountains housing the classrooms were bustling with people, but as Yan Xiaobao approached the medicine outlet, he noticed that the streets had grown desolate.

Medicine pills were considered divine aid for cultivators; however, their prices far exceeded what students would typically afford. Most young masters relied on pills sent by their families rather than those available for purchase at the academy.

The medicine pill outlet resembled the other buildings in the academy. It remained open daily, allowing students to enter at any time. However, unless they had sufficient funds in their student badges, entry was impossible for them.

There was no one in the room Yan Xiaobao entered, yet the entire space was filled with glass cabinets displaying various pills.

Most of the pills on display were evidently the three types distributed monthly: essence collection pills, Qi Refining Pills, and Qi Gra Pills.

Aside from these pills, there were a few floating medicine pills Yan Xiaobao recognized from the academy's infirmary, used to stabilize patients. This type of pill was described as capable of enabling the consumer to fly for short periods.

Undoubtedly, these four pills intrigued Yan Xiaobao the most, for the other medicine focused on superficial matters, such as the Sun Block Pills, which ensured one's skin would remain jade-like white as if they had never been exposed to the sun, no matter how long they walked under its rays.

Yan Xiaobao noticed the abundance of Qi Gra Pills and sighed lightly, feeling a trace of longing. Just as he reached out to take one of the medicine pills, a voice broke the silence.

"Student. Why are you here?" A stern voice rang out behind Yan Xiaobao, "As long as you have money, you can purchase pills of higher quality."

Yan Xiaobao slowly turned around, feeling slightly alarmed. This man had managed to appear behind him without making a sound, as Yan Xiaobao had been too engrossed in reading the signs describing various pills to take notice and had no guards up against this imposing figure.

"Elder, please tell me more about these high-grade pills," Yan Xiaobao politely said as he looked at the man in front of him.

The man did not appear very old, yet there was a profound depth within him, swimming beneath a pleasant exterior. This appearance did not at all match the ancient and irritable voice Yan Xiaobao had imagined.

"You seem to carry quite a bit of cash in your student badge," the elder pointed out, "We usually welcome students like you to explore our more refined pill selections."

When Yan Xiaobao heard that the elder knew he had inserted a spirit coin into his student badge, a chill ran down his spine. Suddenly, he felt grateful that he had resisted temptation and refrained from adding multiple spirit coins instead.

The academy's surveillance of student badges left Yan Xiaobao feeling slightly uneasy and more cautious about them. As his mood settled, he mentally noted this as a topic to discuss with Lan Feng.

Having decided, Yan Xiaobao expressed his intent to purchase high-grade pills and followed the young elder into the backroom.

Once Yan Xiaobao entered, his nostrils were hit with an even stronger scent than before. Clearly, the pills here were more potent than those in the previous room. Not only were the aromas stronger, but they were also larger in size and brighter in color.

Some of the pills bore the same names as those displayed in the earlier room. However, these versions were visually more vibrant and emitted a stronger fragrance, making it obvious to Yan Xiaobao that they were more refined.

Among the medicine pills in this room, one particularly alluring scent drew Yan Xiaobao toward it, as though it were beckoning him.

The pill was green on the outside, with a glossy finish that made it shine as though it had been polished. This pill was called Qi Boosting Pills, claiming to absorb a portion of the essence from heaven and earth and convert it into Qi equivalent to middle-tier cultivators. The higher the quality of Qi, the lesser the amount in each pill.

Without a doubt, these pills were the highest-grade medicine pills Yan Xiaobao had found in this shop, and he felt he absolutely needed them.

"Mister, do you have more of these pills?" Yan Xiaobao asked with wide eyes, pointing toward the Qi Pills on display.

"We do," the elder replied with a satisfied smile, "but they are very expensive."

The pills were payments made to the teachers working at the Royal Academy. Currently, each was priced at 100 gold coins, a sum far above market rates. The elder was fully aware of this but seemed indifferent. After all, the money ultimately funded the Royal Family.

"I'll purchase as many as I can with one spirit coin," Yan Xiaobao said, his eyes gleaming. They grew even wider as he watched the elder bring out ten small jade boxes, each containing one Qi Pill.

Chapter 243 Interesting Pill_2

The old man gestured with his hand, summoning the student's badge from Yan Xiaobao's waist to his own hand. He pressed his finger onto it, causing the spirit coins to withdraw from the emblem. After the coins were extracted, the badge and ten pills were returned to Yan Xiaobao, who bowed quickly before rushing back to his courtyard.

Although Yan Xiaobao wanted nothing more than to immediately consume one of the Qi-gathering pills in his hand, he sat under a tree in his courtyard and forced himself to delve into his thoughts, projecting his spirit outward, towards the Dantian Cave.

Since yesterday, Yan Xiaobao had felt subtle changes in his body, and he hoped to understand exactly what had happened before attempting to absorb the pill.

Initially, Yan Xiaobao saw no changes. Suddenly, however, he noticed a stream of blue light connecting his spiritual projection to the Medicine Blue Mist. The blue glow embedded itself into the hearts of the two soul projections, causing Yan Xiaobao to frown slightly—he had never encountered anything like this before.

When he observed Lan Feng remaining motionless, Yan Xiaobao grew anxious. A strand of light darkened at the point where it embedded in Lan Feng's heart and the end connected to Yan Xiaobao.

No matter how Yan Xiaobao tried to comprehend this peculiar phenomenon, he could not grasp its nature or why it had appeared so suddenly. Resolving to investigate, Yan Xiaobao allowed his consciousness to explore the mysterious light within the range of his spiritual projection.

As soon as his consciousness came into contact with the light, all the energy within Qi Cave pulsed, and the Qi Spiral itself began rotating at an insane speed. A surge of power filled Yan Xiaobao as he felt a portion of his energy being released from the Qi Spiral and merging into the blue light.

Upon entering the light, Yan Xiaobao lost all connection to his energy. Yet, even though he could no longer feel it, he could still see how it slowly moved toward the Phoenix.

The energy flowing through the light gradually seemed to darken one side of Lan Feng's body, and his complexion appeared slightly better.

This unexpected reaction left Yan Xiaobao astonished. But beyond mere shock, he felt joy and immediately gathered more excess energy from within Qi Cave. He pushed another strand of light forward, observing as it drifted toward Lan Feng while he infused it with every ounce of spiritual energy available.

After hours of sustained energy infusion, feeding Lan Feng, the Phoenix finally opened his eyes. He gazed downward at the blue light, a look of astonishment etched across his face.

'Soul Fusion?' he exclaimed in disbelief.

'Soul Fusion?' Yan Xiaobao echoed, his spiritual projection subtly furrowing its brows. It was clear that Yan Xiaobao and Lan Feng's souls had fused, and while the Phoenix's shocked delight rang through, unease crept into Yan Xiaobao's heart.

"Soul Fusion is not the same as intertwined souls," Lan Feng explained, answering Yan Xiaobao's unspoken thoughts, his eyes widening in surprise.

"When we intertwine our souls, they become knotted together like threads. Unless we achieve our goal, these knots cannot be undone. We can perceive one another's emotions and sensations because our souls press tightly against each other. However, once we finish, our souls separate completely, and such feelings are lost forever." Lan Feng elaborated on matters Yan Xiaobao already knew; Phoenix City had previously explained the nature and use of soul contracts.

"Soul Fusion is different," Lan Feng sighed deeply, and Yan Xiaobao began to wonder if this shift within him had caused recent changes. "Soul Fusion literally integrates parts of our souls. Even when our objective is achieved and our souls separate, the connection remains. A fragment of my soul has melded into your body, while a piece of yours now resides within mine. Since you've merely used your energy to replenish me, I possess more of your soul than you do of mine."

These words left Yan Xiaobao speechless. His mental state grew disoriented, his spiritual manifestation turning transparent due to his lack of focus. Only one thought passed through Yan Xiaobao's mind,

"So you're saying I can never get rid of you?" he asked Lan Feng, startled, his tone laced with panic. This triggered an indignant expression from the Phoenix. "Sorry," Yan Xiaobao chuckled afterward, "I'm just shocked. How could this happen?"

Although Lan Feng could sense sincerity in the apology, it still somewhat irked the Phoenix's feelings. Nonetheless, he decided to reply to his bewildered friend.

"We merged our auras for so long, coupled with my potent presence in our bodies—it must have been the trigger. However, it could only occur because we have a soul contract. Our souls were already so closely bonded that now, they've fused together. Honestly, it's sort of magical!" Lan Feng remarked with excitement as the realization struck.

"Magical, how?" Yan Xiaobao inquired, still a bit unsettled at the prospect of always carrying a fragment of Lan Feng within him—not to mention that part of his own soul would forever remain within the Phoenix.

"The good news is that now you can use some of my abilities, since part of my soul resides within you. At the very least, you should be able to utilize my elemental affinity to craft skills far superior to the pathetic Mars Fire sparks you've wielded previously."

"Can I use Spiritual Arts?" Yan Xiaobao asked eagerly, his eyes lighting up with hope, only to be denied by Lan Feng.

"In theory, yes. But you're not capable of it yet. Even if you can access my elemental affinity, you're still unable to convert Qi into spiritual energy. You'll only be able to achieve this once you've unlocked the Middle Dantian."

Lan Feng fell silent, and Yan Xiaobao could sense the Phoenix lost in thought. It was as if a barrier had formed between them, cautioning Yan Xiaobao against engaging. He could almost visualize the ideas spinning inside Lan Feng's mind; at times, fragments of those thoughts leaked into Yan Xiaobao's awareness, letting him infer that the Phoenix was currently exploring the implications of their Soul Fusion.

"There is a way," Lan Feng slowly opened his eyes, the invisible barrier dissipating between them.

"When a Soul Fusion is established, it becomes possible to borrow power from your fusion partner. If I enhance my spiritual powers, you could use them too." Yan Xiaobao was initially thrilled, but upon learning the method, his excitement was doused like cold water.

"You can't master numerous spiritual powers at once," Yan Xiaobao frowned at the blue light between them, sighing in disappointment.

"That's true," Lan Feng replied, "But you wouldn't need much to inflict significant damage on your partner."

Yan Xiaobao's interest was reignited as he glimpsed a way to potentially defeat stronger opponents like Wang Julong.

"Imagine a Mars Fire—not as merely sparks, but infused with spiritual energy," Lan Feng said, his smile widening.

Yan Xiaobao shared the smile. The Mars Fire that Lan Feng had used was far from perfect. If Yan Xiaobao practiced diligently and harnessed Lan Feng's spiritual powers, creating a Firepower Bomb surpassing the original would not be an impossible endeavor.

"I don't know much about Soul Fusion, so I suggest you thoroughly inspect your body before savoring those incredibly tempting pills in your pocket," Lan Feng said, and Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but laugh. After living alongside this peculiar bird for ten years, Yan Xiaobao had to admit, the Phoenix's presence had grown on him—truthfully, they perhaps could never truly part ways.

Following the advice, Yan Xiaobao sat cross-legged within the Qi Spiral, his spiritual projection settling into meditation.

Slowly, as the Qi Spiral moved wildly, his spiritual projection began to turn transparent until it entirely faded. Yan Xiaobao had poured his spiritual projection into the Qi Spiral itself, and he could feel the Qi pulsating with power, trying to break away from the spiral.

A thread of Qi was allowed to break free, shooting outward from Qi Cave at high speeds. It entered the meridians near his stomach area, where Yan Xiaobao noticed how his meridians had grown wider.

Chapter 244 Black Memory Stone

...

The walls were as white as snow in the sky, and the entire area was bathed in a heavenly glow. The closer the seven men approached the Jade Palace, the more uneasy they became. If Yan Xiaobao were to witness them expressing fear, he would surely be surprised.

Inside the Jade Palace, a young man was patiently waiting. His eyes sparkled with intensity, one corner of his mouth curling into a subtle smile as he watched the seven black-clad men, who instinctively feared him.

It took the men only a few minutes to reach him in the jade hall, and as soon as they did, all seven knelt before him, pressing their foreheads against the cold floor.

The young man made a beckoning gesture, and one of the black-clad men quickly raised a hand. In it, he held a ring adorned with a small black stone. However, this black stone was not ordinary; it was the highest-grade Memory Storage Stone.

Two simple black Memory Stones emerged from the main stone, immediately flying toward the young man. As he caught them, a flicker of excitement appeared on his face, and he promptly placed them against his forehead.

The light emanating from the stones upon activation was far brighter than expected, and all the rays gradually seeped into the young man's forehead, making his smile grow wider and wider.

"I see it now!" The man burst into a crazed laughter, his voice tinged with a certain despair. "Sang Yang, did you really think you could pull the same trick twice? Hahahahaha!"

He laughed for a long time before finally settling into his seat, picking up a tall crystal goblet crafted from white jade. A flash of red light passed through his hand, as he poured red liquid from a Memory Storage Stone into the goblet. Slowly, he looked joyfully at the seven men still kneeling before him.

"Stand up," he commanded. As his voice resonated through the room, the seven men rose to their feet immediately.

"This man once sold me two skills identical to the ones you purchased at the Black Market Auction House. Back then, I was deceived, my naïveté causing me grave pain. But never again! Now that you've found him, bring him to me immediately!"

The seven men bowed deeply, then steadfastly marched out of the room. It was now time for them to return to Liluo City and capture the expert they had previously allowed to elude them.

"Do you really think it's a wise idea?" A gentle, alluring voice echoed from a corner of the jade hall, causing the young man's expression to subtly darken.

"These puppets aren't the same as the ones you crafted with Zhong Hui," the voice continued. "He may not be pleased with your actions."

Upon hearing this, a trace of dissatisfaction flashed across Zhong Hui's face, and he let out a cold snort.

"If I want them to catch Sang Ang's thugs, they'll go after Sang Yang. He won't care, even if he loses these seven puppets. After all, he gifted them to me, so he has no further say in the matter."

Upon hearing this, the second person in the hall remained silent, biting her lip, as the sound of footsteps crept closer. Looking toward the horizon, Zhong Hui turned away from his chilly jade throne. As he stared into the red liquid in his goblet, his face was overtaken with a smug smile.

A few miles outside Liluo City, a carriage passed through the city gates. Inside the transport were five young adults and a child around the age of ten.

As the child leaned against the wall of the carriage and fell asleep, the five young adults conversed with one another.

That child was clearly Yan Xiaobao. Over the past six days, Yan Xiaobao had not rested. His days were devoted to training, meditation, and strengthening his body, while his nights were spent absorbing the essence of the world. Not a moment was spent sleeping or playing, which led his friends to worry about him.

Upon hearing his friends' concerns, Xu Yue couldn't help but smile. He was determined to assure them that Yan Xiaobao was practicing something important. Once they learned about his training, none of them tried to distract him or drag him out of the courtyard, though they did visit him occasionally.

Their care and concern warmed Yan Xiaobao's heart, but even so, he remained steadfast in his practice. It wasn't until Ma Kong told him they needed to visit the Black Market Auction House that Yan Xiaobao finally paused his relentless training and began preparing to go with them.

Seeing Yan Xiaobao finally leave his courtyard, all of his friends decided it was their time to depart the academy and head to Liluo City for their visit.

Yan Xiaobao followed Ma Kong to the Black Market Auction House, discussing the insurance concept Yan Xiaobao had previously brought up.

Yan Xiaobao eagerly anticipated implementing the insurance idea in Liluo City, excited for its potential.

In a world filled with murder and death, insurance seemed like an idea that could take root.

Although Yan Xiaobao was now a remarkably wealthy child, he realized that just one of those spirit coins could allow his family's entire village—currently surviving on meager gold coins—to live a more luxurious life.

Yan Xiaobao wished he could give his wealth directly to his family, yet he had no way to avoid drawing unwanted attention. Thus, his enthusiasm centered on the insurance concept. By collaborating with the Black Market Auction House to guide his vision, he could potentially earn revenue from his idea. Even if the income were small, Yan Xiaobao was determined to send the money to his family, easing their burdens and helping them live more comfortably.

Chapter 245 Black Memory Stone_2

Today, the twins and Gao Yan also headed to Liluo City. They claimed they were going to this city for a visit to the Martial Arts School, but Yan Xiaobao knew they would come because he needed to enter the city, and for the first time in a week, allowed himself to relax.

Unfortunately, relaxing led him to fall asleep almost immediately. When Yan Xiaobao was sleeping, others mocked him, but none considered waking him because they all knew how hard he had been working recently.

Deng Wu was also in the carriage. He needed to visit his family, but he refused to tell others why he needed to go. Whenever they asked and treated it as family business, he just laughed.

Ma Kong, Gao Yan, and Rong Xing had no interest in Deng Wu's behavior, but Rong Ming was too curious and the more Deng Wu refused to answer, the more Rong Ming wanted to know.

By the time Yueyue woke up, the carriage had already dropped off the Rong twins and Gao Yan at the City Lord's palace, where they would meet the City Lord before the three of them went to the Martial Arts School.

Since it was his carriage, Deng Yue was also inside, but he was very friendly in helping all his friends reach their destinations on his way home.

Yan Xiaobao woke up because the carriage had come to a halt, realizing he had just slept in front of all his friends, with a silly expression on his face.

Even though he was just a boy, he still acted in such a way, making him feel embarrassed. If it were others, Yan Xiaobao would never have fallen asleep, but the reason he slept so soundly was precisely because it was his friends.

Arriving at the Black Market Auction House for the third time, Yan Xiaobao was no longer surprised by the buildings and architecture before him. However, he knew this should be his first visit, so he pretended to be amazed, widening his eyes and gaze at the building before him.

This display made him inwardly smile as Ma Kong led Yan Xiaobao. The guards respectfully acknowledged Ma Kong and openly treated the white-haired kid as a VIP.

Ma Kong led Yan Xiaobao up the ornate stairs, past the auction rooms, and once again, Yan Xiaobao stepped into the third floor.

The only change was that Yan Xiaobao was here as Ma Kong's friend instead of an unknown expert.

Finally reaching upstairs, Yan Xiaobao had sometimes seen similar situations. However, unlike those times, no one stood respectfully along the walls to greet Yan Xiaobao, instead of bustling around, moving documents from one office to another.

When he saw these busy people, Yan Xiaobao smiled. It made him feel so at home because they reminded him of the crowded corridors within the university and how students and teachers rushed from one classroom to another. From his previous visit, it was definitely an improvement.

Ma Kong was a young man of few words, saying little so far during the trip, so when Ma Kong stopped at a large door, Yan Xiaobao quietly mimicked his behavior, standing just slightly behind his friend, waiting for permission to enter.

The auction manager sat at his desk, still rather dazed from the auction that happened the previous week.

He, selfishly, did not charge a fee from the auction, and now he had become a legend, but rather than receive blame from the other elders as he expected, the manager found they all approved of his actions. Moreover, after totaling the ticket revenue, he quickly found the earned money was indisputable.

After the auction ended, everything was perfectly handled, however, something still hovered over the manager's head.

Who was that unknown expert? Why did she suddenly come to this little town, and how did she know of someone as insignificant as the Deng family's young Master?

As the manager delved into thinking about this unknown expert, he suddenly heard a knock on the door. Since he didn't recall having any scheduled meetings today, he showed a frown, but quickly regained a calm demeanor as he leaned back in his chair.

"Enter!" His voice swiftly spread, with Ma Kong smilingly indicating to Yan Xiaobao the way to help the young boy relax.

Yan Xiaobao was very grateful for this gesture from Ma Kong, feeling even more that Ma Kong truly cared for him. Although he brought him here, he still made sure the child wasn't afraid.

"Uncle," Ma Kong said respectfully, entering the office. After Yan Xiaobao closed the door, he slightly bowed his head.

The manager stared blankly at Ma Kong, who was bringing a little child. Was the young master planning to marry someone? Where could he have found such a white-haired child?

Yan Xiaobao had grown with the mentality of an adult, needing to strengthen his mental resilience over the years; however, even if someone excels at concealing their emotions, Yan Xiaobao would have an impulse to laugh at the current stunned expression spread across the manager's face.

It was clear the manager was also good at hiding his emotions; however, from their past interactions, Yan Xiaobao knew this time he seemed completely unprepared.

"Young Mr. Kong," the manager quickly returned to his serious expression, "what does this mean? Who is this lovely friend of yours?"

As he asked, the manager spent a lot of time thinking. He felt like he had recently heard about a white-haired kid, but didn't know where he got that information and it was impossible to connect Yan Xiaobao with any family. If a noble family within Liluo City had such a child, others would know.

"Uncle, this is my classmate Hui Yue," Ma Kong introduced, and as he did, the manager vaguely remembered a rumor about a beautiful prodigy student who had fought Master Wang to a standstill.

Despite Yan Xiaobao standing out at the academy for his various performances and exceptional talents, it was still not enough to make him an important figure among those residing in Liluo City.

After all, this world is filled with prodigies, but only a few can survive long enough to break into the upper echelons of Dan Ding.

"Yan Xiaobao was very shocked by the fate of the Shan family and came up with a rather interesting business idea that I think we should explore,"

When asked how Yan Xiaobao thought of such an excellent idea as an insurance policy, that's the excuse Yan Xiaobao himself had used. Unfortunately, when he heard Ma Kong speak to the manager in a serious tone, he never expected it to sound so naive.

"I bet if they knew the mastermind was standing in front of them, they would feel ashamed," Lan Feng mused aloud. The past six days had given Lan Feng a more brilliant glow than before, and his demeanor was more relaxed.

"I'm sure if they knew, we'd all be done for," Yan Xiaobao replied with a laugh, calmly observing the two men from the Ma Family.

"I like your insurance idea," Lan Feng commented, "but are you sure they won't connect you to the expert? I mean, this person has spoken to you before."

Yan Xiaobao knew the risk he was taking was quite significant, but the greater the stakes, the more worth it. After all, who would think that the unknown Saint-level expert would turn out to be just a ten-year-old child?

"It should be fine," Yan Xiaobao sighed, speaking to both himself and Lan Feng, after noticing the two Ma people stopped their conversation and were staring at the white-haired boy.

"I'm sorry," Yan Xiaobao said shyly, "What was I thinking, please repeat."

The manager looked at the boy very confusedly. Ma Kong briefly explained what they were discussing here, and the idea was definitely capable of bringing quite a profit.

Who would have thought that such an idea came from a young child? When the manager saw the white-haired boy, he was very surprised and began to humorously think of him as a genius the Ma Family needed to make friends with.

"Mr. Xu, could you kindly explain this insurance concept in detail," the manager said respectfully, finally leading the two young men to his desk.

On his desk, he pressed a small memory stone that lit up, and a few minutes later, a knock could be heard on the door.

"Enter," the manager said again, this time, the boy from the last errand appeared at the chair, respectfully placing it in front of the desk, ensuring there were two seats; one for each of the young men.

Yan Xiaobao sat down, waiting for the manager to indicate he was ready to explain. Currently, he was clearing the desk of various memory stones and paper scrolls while searching in the desk drawer for an empty memory stone.

His plan was simply to record everything the child said and then forward it to the Ma family's other elders so they could decide whether to try the idea.

Finally, the manager was ready, he gestured to Yan Xiaobao to begin speaking.

...

Chapter 246 Important Focus

...

It was most likely that the growth of his meridians had resulted from the infusion of Lan Feng's high-quality spiritual energy, returning after it ignited with miniature sun-like sparks. Expanding the meridians was an immense blessing, as it allowed a greater flow of Qi through their channels at once.

As he directed his consciousness deeper into his body, Yan Xiaobao's scalp tingled with anticipation and joy. When he reached the end of the twelve open Qi channels, he saw the opening of the thirteenth route collapsing inward and witnessed how the spiritual energy caused the end of the meridian to cave in.

He immediately craved more Qi channels, but instead of recklessly forcing them open, he allowed Qi to flow slowly into the newly discovered meridian. Eventually, the opening fully expanded, letting Qi seep in and crawl through the previously unknown passage like a snail.

This meridian was the Chongmai Meridian, also known as the Penetrating Meridian. Its purpose was to enable meridian energy to enter blood vessels and even organs. This allowed cultivators to use Qi as an internal barrier while simultaneously empowering the organs and bloodstream itself.

'Kid, this is incredible!' Lan Feng's voice echoed from the depths of Qi Cave. "Unlocking the Chongmai Meridian while still in the student stage is extraordinarily rare. It puts you a step ahead of all other cultivators of your generation."

Yan Xiaobao himself was brimming with excitement like Lan Feng. He withdrew his consciousness back into the Qi Cave, where he recreated his mental projection and synced it in tandem with the Qi spiral line, which had slowed significantly.

"What should I do now?" Yan Xiaobao asked, slightly bewildered. It seemed last night's disaster had turned into a blessing in disguise. Not only had he fused souls with Lan Feng, but his meridians had also grown—and he had even unlocked the Chongmai Meridian.

What's more, with so many medicine pills awaiting consumption, Yan Xiaobao felt that his body contained countless treasures. He was unsure where to focus his attention.

"I suggest you start by consuming one of these wonderful pills. Absorb all the Qi within it into the Qi spiral, then proceed to train the advanced martial arts attack skill that I'll teach you. Once you're finished with all the Qi channel training, you'll meditate and refine more Qi until the Qi vortex returns to its normal form. Then you'll force Qi into your Chongmai Meridian, beginning the process of fortifying your internal organs and dissolving as much Qi into your bloodstream as possible. When you've exhausted the Qi, you'll meditate again until the Qi channels fill back up to their usual capacity before consuming a new pill and repeating the same sequence."

Upon hearing Lan Feng's advice and realizing that Phoenix was finally prepared to teach him advanced martial arts skills, Yan Xiaobao's heartbeat quickened.

"You must not practice Mars Fire until you've completed at least some spiritual substance exercises," Lan Feng admonished sternly, and Yan Xiaobao nodded in agreement.

Yan Xiaobao dissipated his spiritual projection and awakened, sitting under the tree in his backyard. Most of the day had passed, and the sun was descending below the mountaintop.

Yan Xiaobao sighed. Although he was eager to take one of the pills, he fully understood that rushing into it could backfire, and he disliked the thought of setbacks.

Lan Feng's schedule was designed in a way that allowed Yan Xiaobao to stabilize the Qi he gained from the pills, strengthening his organs while simultaneously practicing martial arts attack techniques. This approach should stabilize the Qi enough for him to consume another pill shortly after. However, Yan

Xiaobao knew not to expect to consume a pill every day. Cultivation was inherently arduous, and mastering new martial arts techniques was no easy feat.

As he left his courtyard, the boy's face still carried a hint of a smile as he headed toward the dining hall. The next day would mark the true beginning of his cultivation journey.

Yan Xiaobao could not sleep the entire night. His excitement over trying a pill for the first time—and learning a new martial arts skill—kept him awake. Ultimately, he gave up on sleep and sat on his bed, sinking into deep contemplation.

Yan Xiaobao had long noticed that the emblem of being a student wasn't as simple as it appeared. Whenever he was in his courtyard, he would stash it under his pillow, which ironically disappointed the elders who hoped to witness a prodigy train.

As the first bird began to sing in the sky, Yan Xiaobao's eyes fluttered open, his face glowing with an excited smile. Grabbing his coat, he leapt out of his house and planted himself in the damp grass beneath the tree in his courtyard.

Yan Xiaobao completely ignored how the dew soaked through his clothes. He finally had the chance to try a medicine pill he'd never consumed before.

In his hand appeared a delicate jade shell, trembling slightly. Yan Xiaobao carefully opened the lid, allowing the heavenly herbal fragrance to quickly rise and fill the air.

With a greedy smile on his face, he swiftly grabbed the pill and tossed it into his mouth.

As soon as the pill touched his saliva, its hard shell instantly dissolved, releasing profound waves of sweetness in his mouth. Soon, the entire pill liquefied and slipped down his throat effortlessly.

Once the liquid passed through his throat, it transformed into fine streams that traveled through his meridians and various blood vessels, surging toward his Qi Acupoints.

Each streak of light emerged and directly charged into the Qi spiral line, merging with the Qi inside it. Gradually, the Qi thickened and then began to split into two distinct flows.

Chapter 247 Important Focus_2

Hui Yue exerted immense effort, sweat pouring down his forehead, until he finally captured any glimmers of light coursing through the blood vessels. If he hadn't opened up the Chongmai Meridian, then Yan Xiaobao would have been unable to find those glimmers, resulting in a loss of more than half the medicine pill's effectiveness.

Yan Xiaobao's Qi Cave expanded by one-seventh of its original size—a seemingly modest increase, but considering the years of arduous cultivation required to develop its original dimensions, this was undoubtedly a miraculous gain.

Yan Xiaobao finally opened his eyes and gazed at the sun; noon had already passed. He had spent several hours absorbing the pill's energy, but in the end, he managed to suppress the pill's lingering effects.

Leaping to his feet, Yan Xiaobao instantly felt the energy within erupting from his core, surging through his meridians and threatening to force itself out of his body. A radiant smile flashed across his face as he began unleashing a furious sequence of techniques—Stone Fist, Crushing Kick—his power now at least double the level he displayed when striking down Wang Julong.

"Stop fiddling with those meaningless techniques," Lan Feng's spectral voice echoed in Yan Xiaobao's mind. Though Lan Feng's tone brimmed with disdain, Yan Xiaobao's childish sense of superiority made it impossible for him to squash the mocking laughter directed at the foolish bird.

"I've absorbed the pill," Yan Xiaobao chuckled, glancing around the courtyard. Within their shared body, his soul urged Lan Feng to grasp the fact that he eagerly anticipated what high-ranking Martial Arts skills awaited him.

Lan Feng let out a laugh, which elicited a foolish grin from Yan Xiaobao. Neither bird nor human could separate their emotions or thoughts from one another. The two were bonded together like inseparable gum.

"Alright, alright," Lan Feng chuckled as Xu Yue swiftly assumed a meditative posture, and upon entering his inner domain, a spiritual projection took shape within the Qi Cave.

The blue-haired boy approached the seated Yan Xiaobao as he often did, extending a finger to his forehead and extracting a stream of blue light that danced on his fingertips.

The blue light drifted through the air, embedding itself into Yan Xiaobao's head before shattering into a myriad of knowledge and information.

"Transforming Weapon"—that was the name of this skill, a Martial Arts attack classified under the Intermediate King Ranking.

This skill allowed Yan Xiaobao to figuratively step into Lan Feng's shoes, understanding why Lan Feng looked down upon the attack techniques Yan Xiaobao had learned so far.

The Transforming Weapon skill enabled Yan Xiaobao to mold his Qi into various weapon forms; however, the weapon's size must not exceed the cultivation personnel's height.

Yan Xiaobao instinctively knew he could currently only craft knives and short swords. Even with these limitations, recalling his days of practicing Martial Arts brought him undeniable joy.

Maintaining his seated posture, Yan Xiaobao enabled his Qi to flow through his meridians in a pattern outlined by the newly imparted instructions. Gradually, he felt his Qi threatening to erupt from his hands, taking the shape of a blade.

At first, the attempt ended as barely perceptible wisps of hazy mist. However, even while holding the fleeting Fog Blade in his hands, Yan Xiaobao could feel the fog's form and exhilarating energy reverberating through his body.

He repeated the same action throughout the afternoon, until he had completely drained his Qi reserve. Given the level of training he was undergoing, he couldn't maintain the amount of Qi required for a Perfect Skill. Nevertheless, Yan Xiaobao still sensed how his Qi steadily diminished throughout the past hours.

As the last drop of Qi spiraled out from his Qi Spiral, Yan Xiaobao opened his eyes, a satisfied expression lighting up his sweat-drenched face.

Despite hours of practice, Yan Xiaobao had managed to form only an outline of the blade in his hand. Though this outline fell far short of perfected skill, the rapid pace of his progress was extraordinary by normal standards.

This was partially thanks to the purity of his Qi, but the majority of credit belonged to Lan Feng, who had already mastered the technique. Now, with their souls partially fused, Yan Xiaobao absorbed an instinctive pre-understanding of the skill.

Yan Xiaobao realized the remaining time might not suffice to attempt a full consolidation of his physical abilities. Instead, he sat basking in the warmth of the setting sun, drawing in the essence of the world and refining it into Qi, slowly restoring his rapidly depleted Qi Spiral to its former glory.

The following evening was no different from before. Yan Xiaobao focused on converting Essence Qi into Qi, gradually expanding the size of his Qi Spiral.

The next morning mirrored the previous one. Upon hearing the first birds chirping to awaken the mountaintop, Yan Xiaobao promptly jumped out of bed and made his way to the courtyard beneath the trees for another session of meditation.

Taking his time, he carefully crafted his spiritual projection, immersing himself within his Qi Cave, and proceeded to meditation, aligning his thoughts entirely with his physical body.

The spiritual projection once more vanished into the Qi spiral line, sending streams of Qi down the Chongmai Meridian before circulating into Yan Xiaobao's body, wrapping itself around one of his internal organs.

At first, it was like a guard protecting the entire organ, akin to the Qi Country Guard. Soon, however, this bubble-like protective layer gradually sank into the organ, emitting a faint white glow. Another strand of Qi coiled around the same organ, repeating the process.

This technique allowed Yan Xiaobao to internally strengthen his body, making it resistant to internal injuries. However, body reinforcement was a lifelong endeavor, as Qi and other forms of energy constantly evolved.

Body strengthening was also a time-consuming process. By midday, Yan Xiaobao had not finished reinforcing his first organ and had completely drained his Qi Pool.

The organ itself was now noticeably fortified; Yan Xiaobao could feel every strand of Qi taking more time to saturate the tissues. Yet, he patiently nurtured the improvement of his internal organs until the final trace of Qi vanished, leaving his face worn but fulfilled.

With the time nearing high noon, Yan Xiaobao decided after careful assessment not to consume another pill as he had before. Instead, he sat down, cultivating while letting his Qi vortex rotate and strengthen again.

An hour later, Yan Xiaobao regained sufficient strength and resumed his practice of the Transforming Weapon skill.

A week flew by in the blink of an eye; Yan Xiaobao abandoned his academic duties entirely, skipping his classes without hesitation. His entire focus shifted to consuming medicine pills every other day, mastering new Martial Arts techniques, and internally fortifying his body.

Seven men clad in black robes had traveled for six consecutive days before arriving at the mountain range bordering the Divine Domain.

This specific part of the mountain range lacked the terrifyingly powerful Magic Beasts found elsewhere but contained a valley leading to a magnificent icy peak.

From this mountain, icy winds perpetually swept forth into the world, bringing death to any creature they touched. This explained the total absence of life visible within range.

Yet, these seven men were utterly unfazed by the deadly winds. Even their black cloaks seemed untouched by the breeze. As they approached the peak, they courteously saluted various sentries stationed within the white landscape.

All the patrols were similarly cloaked in black robes, but no one spoke or displayed the slightest camaraderie among them.

The seven men knelt at the mountain's base, patiently waiting for permission to enter.

"Enter!" A voice roared across the valley, causing the snow to tremble and the trees to sway. Every sentinel dropped to one knee in obeisance to the imposing voice, while the awaiting seven men bowed their heads before finally ascending the steps toward the habitation.

Previously indifferent to Lan Feng, the men now moved with extraordinary caution, as though the slightest misstep might spell disaster. After thousands of steps, they finally reached the mountain summit.

The icy peak was the tallest mountain by far, its summit buried beneath layers of snow that endlessly blanketed the land below.

Atop this snow-covered peak stood an enormous structure, akin to the Black Market Auction House. However, while the auction house had a wooden framework adorned with gold and gemstones, this building was constructed entirely of white jade.

...

Chapter 248 Profitable Business

...

"Look," he began, causing Ma Kong to give him a massive stare. Lan Feng couldn't help but burst into laughter. "I heard that the poor Shan Clan had to leave the comfort of Liluo City because they were unjustly targeted. Some extreme experts attacked them, then disappeared without compensating for the damage."

"Pwhahahahahahaha... Child, what have you done to your voice?" Lan Feng laughed uncontrollably; his laughter reverberated even in Yueyue's mind.

"Now cut it out, I need to focus. I just used a bit of Qi to alter my voice slightly, making it sound different. Let me fully commit to this act, or I won't be able to perform well."

"Got it," Lan Feng chuckled, and while he quieted down, he couldn't completely stop laughing.

"My idea is that households pay a fixed amount of money every month. Depending on the size of the house, this could be as little as one copper or as much as ten gold. They would keep paying every month, and if their house gets destroyed by fire, natural disasters like weather, or even by an unknown expert, then the insurance would cover the repair costs," Yan Xiaobao patiently explained.

As Yan Xiaobao paused for a moment, the manager nodded, amazed at how this concept could be turned into a profitable business.

"Miss Yang also mentioned that you might have an idea of how we can apply such insurance to cultivators?" The manager continued, his tone now slightly more curious than before.

"Indeed," Yan Xiaobao adjusted his voice, causing both Lan Feng and Ma Gang to let out a small hum of approval, though Ma Kong was utterly baffled by the sudden change.

Even though Yan Xiaobao felt a twinge of guilt about placing Ma Kong in such a perplexing situation, he recognized this was the only way to ensure his own safety during the managerial meeting. Besides, for a boy, it wasn't unnatural for his voice to fluctuate at his age.

"We have many cultivators in this city with families. I can't help but wonder—if a cultivator dies, what happens to their family?"

Yan Xiaobao looked regretful. "Think about it—a cultivator has been bringing wealth home for generations, and their sudden death... it would be devastating. So, my proposal is similar to how we handle houses, but with slight modifications."

Yan Xiaobao paused briefly to see if the manager was following. The manager kept his eyes fixed intently on the young boy, treating him not like a child, but as a respected consultant.

"To clarify, the amount they pay varies. For example, mercenaries pay more than guards. Additionally, high-ranking experts pay much less than lower-ranking ones. If an expert is the cause of their own death, then they will not qualify for compensation."

Yan Xiaobao first laid out the basics. This was insurance, not just child's play. To establish an insurance network, the Black Market Auction House would need mathematicians and bookkeepers to account for all possible scenarios, or else they might suffer heavy losses. However, if they managed to iron out the kinks, they could rake in an enormous fortune, particularly in a quiet town like Liluo City.

"What do you mean by 'caused their own death'?" Ma Kong asked curiously, then leaned back in his seat. Thus far, he hadn't intervened in anything, but this topic intrigued him. He could see the potential profits behind it.

"Let's say I insult an extreme expert, and that leads to my own death. Or if my family is impoverished and I can't earn enough money, so I choose to commit suicide. In these cases, I would be the cause of my own death. Insurance wouldn't provide compensation according to the terms of the agreement, because you wouldn't want to encourage self-destructive cultivators," Yan Xiaobao explained.

After hearing this explanation, Ma Kong nodded slightly, glancing at the manager, who lifted his finger from the Memory Stone he'd been pressing.

So far, none of his recordings of "insurance" had been inscribed onto the Memory Stele. He intended to discuss this topic with the other elders at their next family gathering.

If they carried out a trial, this could become an essential part of their business. Yet, the managerial team wasn't rushing into implementation. The manager understood well that patience was a virtue—doing things the right way would yield better results.

Yan Xiaobao nodded in satisfaction, noticing the manager wasn't making any immediate commitments. He also realized how dangerous it would be if their preparation wasn't thorough.

"So, after proposing such an excellent business strategy, what do you hope to gain?" the manager finally asked, tucking the Memory Gem into the pocket of his robe.

"One percent of the revenue," Yan Xiaobao replied solemnly. He could've requested a higher percentage, but he knew this was already a precariously high tax rate. If he demanded more, it wouldn't be worth it for the Ma family.

Moreover, a portion of the revenue was technically his family's money. To them, one percent of the profits from the insurance business was an unreasonably large sum. For himself, he still had a fifth of the income from the water mill, as he was fully confident the Ma family members would agree to his request.

Chapter 249 Profitable Business_2

"What did you just say?" Deng Zeng asked, his voice filled with surprise. At the moment, he was staring at his calm and collected son, who seemed to have transformed into someone entirely different. The boy was kneeling on the floor in front of his father, holding a Memory Stone in his hand.

"Just as I mentioned earlier, Father," Deng Wu said respectfully, gently pushing the gemstone, allowing a scroll of paper to unfurl in his hand.

The Memory Stone was another storage stone, albeit of low quality. The only things stored within were the blueprints for creating a water wheel and the necessary adjustments required to modify their production.

"These diagrams depict an astonishing mechanism that will enable us to harness river currents as a power source, without relying on any spiritual energy," Deng Wu decided to reiterate Yan Xiaobao's words as he slowly approached his father and respectfully handed over the two scrolls.

A glimmer of cold light flashed in the middle-aged man's deep black eyes, and a faint smile appeared on his face.

"A method to gain power without spiritual energy?" he repeated, evidently very pleased with his son. When Deng Zeng had requested an audience with all the elders in the clan, Deng Zengying had initially been discontented. Yet, considering his status within the family, Deng Zengying had no choice but to summon the family elders.

Deng Zengying harbored jealousy toward his son. Though Deng Zengying was a King-level expert, his talents had never been as formidable as his son's. Currently, the elders only allowed Deng Zengying to serve as the family leader due to his son's accomplishments.

This was one of the reasons Deng Zengying hated his son. It was evident that one day the old man would be displaced, paving the way for Deng Wu to become the new leader. Fortunately for him, Deng Wu was

still pursuing his studies, giving Deng Zengying the capacity to weigh his options for retaining his position.

Unfortunately for him, the family gained substantial prestige thanks to Deng Wu, particularly through his association with an unknown female expert. Consequently, Deng Zeng's resentment toward his son intensified. However, no matter what, Deng Wu was still seen as a young man whose contributions and possessions rightfully belonged to the family, which, in turn, was under Deng Zengying's control.

This made Deng Zengying hope he could meet this unknown expert, but it seemed she vanished swiftly after leaving town on the day of the auction and had not returned since.

Even so, now, a week after the auction, Deng Wu had suddenly delivered the expert's gift. It was an item far more valuable than the two advanced skills she had sold.

"If we are to attempt these water wheels, Li Fen has asked for five percent of the proceeds in exchange for providing us with the machines. She also mentioned the possibility of assisting us again in the future with other mechanisms that require no spiritual power," Deng Wu spoke slowly and deliberately, ensuring everyone heard his friend's request for five percent.

"Shameless!" Deng Zengying shouted. "Sending cattle out to pasture and getting no return on the meat!"

"She is not merely donating for our benefit but for collaboration. Besides, it is only five percent. We still retain control over the remaining ninety-five percent." Having said that, the elders all nodded in agreement with Deng Wu's words.

"We must keep in mind that these water wheels can more than double our current production. Isn't it worth expressing such gratitude? I hope we can establish a strong relationship with such an exceptional expert in this process. For us, this is undoubtedly a highly advantageous situation."

The elders standing behind Deng Zengying all nodded in agreement. None of them were aware that Deng Zengying was actually jealous of his son, and the elders were, in essence, exacerbating the situation.

"You said we can double our current revenue?" Deng Zengying asked angrily. These water wheels could indeed bolster his position so he could better deal with his son in the future.

Dealing with Deng Wu would take a considerable amount of time, especially considering that even he himself did not know Deng Wu's true cultivation level.

As Deng Wu stood to explain the functionality of the water wheels to his father, his gaze brimmed with mockery. Though the elders were unaware of the hostility between the father and son, how could Deng Wu possibly forget the animosity?

Nevertheless, despite Deng Zengying's hatred toward Deng Wu, it did not trouble him. Deng Wu understood clearly that the elders were all in his favor, and one day he would inevitably assume the position of family leader, leaving his father free to rant all he wanted.

"Uncle Wu," one of the elders said after examining the blueprints for some time, "please inform the esteemed expert that we are deeply grateful for the opportunity she has given us, and we will always keep our doors open to her. Should she need a place to stay."

Hearing this nearly left Deng Wu in disbelief, for he knew exactly who "Li Fen" truly was. Nonetheless, outwardly, Deng Wu maintained his respectful demeanor, promising the elder that he would convey this message to her.

After dismissing himself, Deng Wu returned to the courtyard, resting for a moment before heading back to the academy. The expression on his usually smiling face hardened, emanating a frosty chill, making him unrecognizable to those who typically saw him as a cheerful person.

Deng Wu did not have much affection for his father, nor did he harbor significant sentiments toward the Deng Family itself. However, he did feel grateful toward Yan Xiaobao—not just for the prestige offered to him but for delivering invaluable machines like the water wheels.

Chapter 250 Profitable Business_3

Yan Xiaobao was interested in Deng Wu because he lost interest after finding the tianhuo blue statue. Both of them had deep internal power, a puzzle he had never encountered elsewhere.

When he thought of the many adventures awaiting him, Deng Wu's signature smile returned to his face. It was clear that this little dwarf, Yan Xiaobao, was no ordinary person. Equally obvious was that by befriending such a remarkable child, they would not only gain fame and prestige but also find a way to escape this dull childhood city.

After Deng Wu left the hall, Deng Zengying sat there for a while.

"Once we have implemented all these new waterwheels and confirmed they are indeed effective, we will begin to take action." He nodded solemnly to all the elders.

"Why not tell Master Wu about our plans?" one of the elders asked, noticing the anger in Deng Zengying's eyes.

This anger was because he was once again being told he should include his son in matters where the younger generation should have no say. However, the elder believed it was due to the dangers of their plan. Involving Deng Wu would also share the danger equally with him.

"No one knows anything yet," Deng Zengying said harshly. Then he picked up a Memory Gem and handed it to one of the elders present, "Give this to our informant and have him act according to this order. Under no circumstances should you read it yourself."

When Yan Xiaobao and Ma Kong finally left the manager's office, dusk was approaching. Outside the Black Market Auction House, the Rong twins and Gao Yan were already waiting for them. The five friends started walking towards the Deng Family Mansion together.

Deng was the only one in the group with his own means of transportation, so it was natural for the group to rely on him when moving back to the academy.

Rong Xing had contacted Deng Wu using a Memory Stone, and he informed them that he was currently at home, leading the five of them to head towards Deng Wu's home.

Yan Xiaobao felt a bit anxious about visiting the Deng Family Mansion again but was also somewhat curious, hoping to see how terrifying the Shan Clan estate looked in daylight a week after the devastating fires.

Yan Xiaobao still felt no guilt about what happened to the Shan Clan. Shan Ping had previously caused him trouble, and although their family mansion was burned to ashes, no one died, as the fire broke out when the guards collided with the walls around the main hall.

As they walked through the streets, many of them discussed the day's events. The twins and Gao Yan enjoyed visiting the Martial Arts School, where they once assisted teachers, giving students the impression that as long as they worked hard, they would definitely make it to the Royal Art Academy. Gao Yan had become their hero.

Upon arriving at the front of the Shan Family estate, Yan Xiaobao raised his eyebrows in surprise. He had expected to find an area still showing significant damage, but that was not the case.

The entire area had been dismantled, with only a few barracks remaining, where the Shan Clan's guards were patrolling. These guards would stay here until the auction began, with several noble delegations sent here to discuss buyout prices in advance.

Yan Xiaobao was surprised because he realized how Shan Clan had managed to so perfectly reorganize themselves within a week, despite losing their home.

Although the Shan family was a low-level noble family within Liluo City, they still had a significant number of cultivators who had opened their Middle Dantian. Yet, they had not produced a cultivator capable of breaking through the Upper Dantian, thus bringing new prestige to their family.

...