

## Medical 321

### Chapter 321 Elemental Affinity

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Watching the dancing women and seeing Yan Xiaobao's dreamy expression, Wang Julong smirked, grabbed his hand, and dragged him to the other side of the room.

If anything could be worse, this part would be even more crowded than the previous one, and Yan Xiaobao quickly understood why. Before them were numerous tables arranged to form a stunning serpentine shape. Even the tablecloths were crafted to make the tables look slender and dreamlike. At the head of this giant serpent was every type of food Yan Xiaobao could imagine.

Staring at the food, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but lick his lips and quickly walked toward some dishes he particularly loved after reincarnation.

One dish was spring rolls, made of rice paper filled with vegetables and minced meat. Hui Yue wasn't sure what kind of meat was inside. These spring rolls were a dish that Yan Xiaobao always ate whenever he dined at the City Lord's manor alongside the Rong twins.

Another dish he favored was a cake-like creation. Yan Xiaobao always thought that every time he had something sweet, he felt an overwhelming sense of joy. But the vivid sensations evoked from Lan Feng's soul made Yan Xiaobao feel particularly good, and finally, he found himself indulging in these little sugary bombs as well.

After having some small snacks and nibbling on them, Yan Xiaobao noticed that at the tail of the serpent, there were more tables shaped like different elemental affinities and colors.

One table represented a yellow mountain, symbolizing Earth Affinity. Another displayed a silver gemstone, symbolizing Metal Affinity, while yet another was a tree unmistakably representing Wood Affinity. Others were crafted into red flames and blue waves, symbolizing Fire and Water Affinity, respectively.

All these affinity-themed tables were filled with drinks that outshone anything Yan Xiaobao had ever seen in this world and more. Beside the spirits were non-alcoholic juices; there was simple beer and

expensive wine. Yan Xiaobao watched everything sparkle, but before he had a chance to take a sip, Wang Julong pulled him toward the center of the room. freewebnovel.com

Looking at the center of the room, Hui Yue's face showed a hint of a smile. He saw the Rong twins being elevated, welcoming their guests, and patiently accepting their gifts with polite smiles.

Approaching the siblings proved more difficult than climbing stairs, and Yan Xiaobao had to use his elbows to squeeze through the crowd.

"Rong Yue said," Rong Xing called out, a genuine smile replacing the former polite one. She looked at the young man who had just entered the Inner Circle, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

Upon hearing the beautiful lady address such a warm and kind-hearted man, many of Liluo City's young masters began to look disdainfully at Yan Xiaobao. But after spotting Wang Julong by his side, those contemptuous looks turned into complex expressions.

Most of these young nobles had attended the academy in their youth. Though they had graduated, they still remembered how Yan Xiaobao mercilessly fought against Li Cheng in their formative years, leaving a lasting impression—many couldn't shake off the scars of witnessing his ruthlessness for the first time.

Although his name had long been forgotten in Liluo City, which now discarded geniuses left and right, Yan Xiaobao's actions had never been erased from memory because they marked the first moment many people had felt the threat of death up close.

Yan Xiaobao completely ignored the many piercing gazes fixated on him and instead turned toward the twins, holding a gift for each.

Upon receiving the gifts, Yan Xiaobao noted how both twins struggled. They hadn't hoped for him to bring them gifts since he had already given them vast treasures. Yet here he was again presenting gifts they didn't feel they deserved.

Yan Xiaobao was fully aware of this sentiment, but he still chose to offer the twins a gift. He knew that, in front of such a large audience, neither of them would be able to refuse.

While Yan Xiaobao deeply valued these two siblings, they were the kind of people whose best efforts had already been exhausted in their youth. Even now, Yan Xiaobao firmly believed that if needed, they would always have his back.

As the scent of medicine pills wafted through the air, everyone present opened their boxes and took a deep breath. It was obvious that for such fragrant pills, the quality must have reached Miracle level, and anyone below Master level would undoubtedly benefit greatly from such pills.

Greed flickered on the faces of many guests, but neither Rong Ming nor Rong Xing showed surprise. Instead, their faces displayed expressions of heartfelt appreciation.

Throughout the year, Yan Xiaobao had been producing medicinal pills for the team, but even with his ability to purchase most of them, he hadn't acquired all the Miracle Pills as quickly as he wanted. They were limited due to their use in paying the faculty at the Royal Academy, making the exported stock scarce.

For the two siblings, receiving such astonishing pills was a clear sign that Yan Xiaobao had been saving them for a long time. This thought warmed the hearts of the Rong twins, who smiled graciously as they accepted the precious gift from the young man they adored. With them, it seemed possible to attempt forcefully breaking through main encampments.

Although Yan Xiaobao wished to stay and chat with the twins, the time had come for him to retreat as more nobles lined up, eager for their turn to present gifts. Wang Julong had already delegated the tedious procedures to the elders of the Wang Family, who were also present at the celebration.

#### Chapter 322 Elemental Affinity\_2

As he left the center of the hall, Yan Xiaobao was looking around for Deng Wu, but no matter how much he searched, he couldn't find the young master now hailed as the number one genius in Liluo City.

Although Deng Wu had finally concealed his cultivation base, this hadn't made him as arrogant as expected. None of that had happened—Deng Wu was exactly the same as before.

Deng Wu broke through his master's requirements and refined numerous Qi Boosting Pills, which made his Qi purer. However, each refinement caused his total Qi to shrink. Even though he was now a master himself, he still worked hard to restore the lost Qi while increasing its purity.

Yan Xiaobao finally persuaded the stubborn Phoenix to help Deng Wu, but the Phoenix was so obstinate that it demanded some form of compensation from Deng Wu. It could be anything from information to items, though it was information that Lan Feng preferred most.

Yan Xiaobao sighed at the thought but, in the end, had no choice but to accept Phoenix's conditions.

After walking through the mansion twice, Yan Xiaobao finally saw a familiar face flirting with a servant while a mockery-filled smile appeared on his own face. For someone deeply devoted to Rong Xing, he certainly felt free when his "queen" wasn't around.

"Deng Wu." Yan Xiaobao silently called out for the big young man to stop flirting with the girl and turn around. He saw the silver-haired boy standing with Wang Julong. His foolish expression transformed into a smile, and he quickly walked toward them.

"So you've gotten yourself together," Deng Wu joked while observing Yan Xiaobao for any injuries. When he realized there was no harm after another encounter with assassins, he relaxed.

"I have something for you," Yan Xiaobao said flatly, immediately grabbing Deng Wu's attention. "But Lan Feng won't let it go unless you've got some interesting information to offer. Now's your chance to use it."

Yan Xiaobao said this jokingly, but after the words left his lips, he noticed both Wang Julong and Deng Wu exchange a glance, visibly shivering before their gazes returned to him.

"Uh, actually..." Deng Wu started, sweat beginning to drip down his forehead. "It's a small matter," he continued, glancing repeatedly at Wang Julong, who was slowly shaking her head, trying to avoid catching Yan Xiaobao's eye.

"What is it?" Yan Xiaobao asked, curiosity piqued as he looked between Wang Julong and Deng Wu. Neither seemed particularly eager to discuss the topic, but Yan Xiaobao had no intention of letting them off the hook.

It had been a long time since he had heard anything remotely interesting, but both Wang Julong and Deng Wu were acting strange, as if they were holding onto a secret they didn't want anyone else to know.

"If it helps, I could throw in some advanced Martial Arts Skills," Yan Xiaobao said casually, sensing Phoenix's interest in the gossip was as intense as his own.

"No," Deng Wu replied sternly. Wang Julong's face took on a serious expression as she clenched her teeth, seemingly struggling within herself about whether or not to spill the truth.

"We're not entirely sure what's happening," Deng Wu apologized. "Something is going on within our families," he whispered, anxiously checking their surroundings to ensure no one was eavesdropping.

"Our fathers have always maintained a good relationship. It's likely due to their standing as part of the Hundred Major Names Families," Wang Julong chimed in before shaking her head slightly. "Lately, they've been meeting frequently. But unlike before, these meetings are shrouded in secrecy, and it seems they're planning something."

"We gave a copy of those blueprints to the Wang Family," Deng Wu suddenly declared, his eyes shining. "Those blueprints were a gift you gave to the Deng Family—not meant to gain more power, merely an affordable bargaining chip for the elders. But now, they want even more power!" Deng Wu exclaimed angrily. Even Wang Julong, who belonged to the Wang Family, nodded in agreement.

Benefiting from Yan Xiaobao's cultivation techniques, Wang Julong understood Deng Wu's feelings well. Both of their young masters were brimming with indignation.

Yan Xiaobao frowned. He held a poor opinion of Deng Wu's father from the start. For one, he disapproved of how the man treated his son. Second, Yan Xiaobao found him to be someone he would never trust. Clearly, the old man would do anything, even betray his closest allies, if it meant gaining more power.

Knowing the heads of the Deng and Wang families were having closed-door meetings unsettled Yan Xiaobao. This feeling was especially intense given the Deng Family's willingness to share their precious blueprints. The blueprints acquired from Li Fen were priceless treasures, so it was easy to guess how much the Deng Family had promised in exchange.

As for the Wang Family's point of interest, Yan Xiaobao couldn't decipher it. The Wang Family had been eerily quiet, and Yan Xiaobao couldn't understand what motivated these households to make such moves. For now, he was powerless to act due to his limited knowledge.

"Keep an eye on them," Yan Xiaobao said with a faint smile, noticing Gao Yan and Ma Gang were moving. For the moment, their current topic was closed, awaiting the next opportunity for their trio to speak freely without intrusion.

"Hello," Gao Yan greeted with a wide grin, the strong smell of alcohol lingering as he took a big swig of beer, clumsily planting himself on the ground as he continued sipping.

Clearly, this friend had spent much of the birthday celebration drinking, his intoxication evident.

Ma Gang was his usual self—a detached attitude often misinterpreted by those who thought he was mocking them.

Looking toward Hong Kong, Xu Yue couldn't help but frown slightly, realizing how few of the Ma Family were present. This felt peculiar given they were one of the pillars supporting the City Lord.

"Where is everyone?" Yan Xiaobao asked. He recognized many members of the Ma Family due to dining and discussing insurance matters with them frequently, but their absence today made Yan Xiaobao feel something was off.

"Well..." Ma Gang smiled. "It's a secret," he continued. "But since it's you all, I suppose it's fine to tell."

"Since we began this insurance business, we've been flourishing," Ma Gang explained, satisfaction evident on his face. He seemed pleased with the potential in Yan Xiaobao's proposition.

"We're now preparing to expand into Rich City," he said. Hearing this, Yan Xiaobao raised his brows. Even though he hadn't been informed about the Ma Family's major development, he was glad to hear it. Their growing strength was beneficial to him in the long term. Supporting them was not only an act of friendship but also an investment in reliable allies.

"Congratulations," Yan Xiaobao offered sincerely, prompting congratulations from Deng Wu and Wang Julong as well.

"Spit, wipe us clean!" Gao Yan roared before collapsing on the ground, head buried in the dirt. A crunch was heard as his nose broke, blood pooling onto the floor.

With a deep sigh, Ma Gang picked up his friend before leaving through the City Lord's gate, clearly heading off to provide medical attention and send Gao Yan home.

Yan Xiaobao stood by the gate, watching his friend turn to leave. His cheerful demeanor transformed into a serious expression. It was evident Yan Xiaobao wasn't in the mood for jokes; his two friends immediately sensed his mood and fell silent, following the silver-haired boy as he gestured for them to join him in a secluded area.

"So, your fathers are secretly meeting, and the Deng and Wang Families shared blueprints of the water mill?" Yan Xiaobao quickly summarized while watching his two friends nod in affirmation.

"I understand." Yan Xiaobao paused to think before continuing. "Handing off the blueprints of the water mill to the Wang Family might imply they need to construct the water wheels before taking action. For now, I need both of you to keep an eye on your families and notify me of anything you learn."

Fiddling with his storage stone, Yan Xiaobao finally retrieved two Memory Stones—one golden, the other white. He tossed the golden Memory Stone to Deng Wu and the white one to Wang Julong.

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Chapter 323 New Cultivation Method

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"I have a new cultivation method for you," Yan Xiaobao said calmly, looking at Deng Wu. "Your Qi might not be of the best quality, but I hope you can integrate the newly cultivated Qi because your Qi contains some Dragon Qi."

"Dragon Qi?" Deng Wu looked shocked, as if he had never heard of it before. After all, both friends had secrets they couldn't share with anyone else.

"Do you know that Little Dragon is helping you cultivate?" Yan Xiaobao asked curiously. Seeing Deng Wu nod, he continued. "Little Dragon has given you some of his own Qi. That Qi is of the dragon, hence it is Dragon Qi. Dragon Qi is extremely pure and immensely aggressive. We can use this to our advantage."

With that said, Yan Xiaobao sighed deeply and glanced around. All of this information had been provided by Lan Feng just hours earlier.

"The Qi is aggressive because it devours any non-Dragon Qi, using it to expand itself. Initially, it becomes fatter, but eventually, it will split into two Qi lines instead of one. We have given you a Qi method based on the zodiac of the dragon. This should be the most suitable technique for you, so practice hard. Who knows when we might suddenly need to protect ourselves."

Teaching Deng Wu the new cultivation techniques was a significant risk. As Yan Xiaobao had previously known, it was almost impossible for others to learn new techniques, as the imbalance within the Qi Spiral would lead to disaster, but Yan Xiaobao—and more importantly, Lan Feng—had a lot of confidence in the Dragon Qi...

The white, misty Memory Stone was thrown to Wang Julong, and Yan Xiaobao smiled as he saw the girl accept it. "This contains my Qigong Guard," Yan Xiaobao said, fully aware that as her Qi Lightning evolved, Wang Julong would need some assistance to prevent her attacks from backfiring.

"It also contains the Qi Whip," Yan Xiaobao said, noticing the dark expression on Wang Julong's face, recalling the intense pain caused by whips before. "It's an evolved version of Li Cheng's," Yan Xiaobao continued, completely ignoring the evident discomfort on the girl's face as he explained the weapon.

"I chose it because it suits you perfectly," Yan Xiaobao laughed, "It's a weapon that benefits from distance, and it will be ideal when you fly around with the wings of lightning. Those flashes of lightning."

Upon hearing this, Wang Julong couldn't disagree with Yan Xiaobao. She wasn't easily frightened, nor did she harbor trauma. Instead, she shuddered with excitement when she realized the level of damage

the whip could cause when experienced firsthand. This whip technique was much stronger than the previous one, once again igniting Yan Xiaobao's affection for her.

Wang Julong was not the only one who was very grateful for the gift. Deng Wu was extremely excited when he heard about the Dragon Qi, but he was even more excited when he received the new cultivation method, as he had already seen what kind of changes a cultivation method could bring to humans. Gao Yan was a clear example.

Before he quickly imprinted the cultivation techniques into his mind, Deng Wu allowed a bitter smile to escape, and then, filled with knowledge, he let out a breath that slipped away from him.

The Qi in his Dantian Cave reversed, sucking in the essence at a speed Deng Wu had never experienced before, and this Essence Qi was automatically refined into Qi, then devoured by his Qi vortex spiral.

Everything happened just as Yan Xiaobao had described, and when Deng Wu observed these changes through mental projection, he was amazed.

Future cultivation would certainly become simpler. Yan Xiaobao looked at the two of them again, unable to suppress a slight smile. His friends became stronger during the day, and as they grew stronger, they certainly would not fall behind but instead become the best pillars he could rely on. Support is always important when one tries to become the strongest person in the world.

In the moonlight's waning glow, they walked back to the hall with Deng Wu and Wang Julong, spending the rest of the time together, finally reuniting with the Rong twins, who had completed their task and were now celebrating their own birthday instead of continuously preparing to welcome incoming guests.

Moving to a small corner of the room, Yan Xiaobao and the group sat down on chairs and started chatting about their daily lives at the academy.

Years passed, day after day, and throughout the years, Yan Xiaobao had his friends by his side. These friends were initially just people Yan Xiaobao spent time with, but as the years went by and one event after another occurred, Yan Xiaobao knew that no matter how dangerous the situations were, these people would not turn away from supporting him and leaving him alone.

These friends were willing to do anything Yan Xiaobao asked of them, even things that could get them into trouble, but they all believed that friendship was the most important aspect of their lives. How could one not be moved by such sincerity in retrospect?

As time passed, he revealed most of his secrets, telling them about the expert hidden in his body. He even shared his skills and the medicine pills he mastered with them. By relying on Yan Xiaobao, all his friends managed to become extremely powerful, standing behind Yan Xiaobao, protecting his back from anything they deemed a threat.

Some secrets are best left untold. No one knew about Hui Yue's reincarnation, and only Deng Wu knew about the four Divine Beasts. If Little Dragon had not been with Deng Wu, Yan Xiaobao was sure he wouldn't have told anyone about the four beasts and Lan Feng.

Chapter 324 New Cultivation Method\_2

Year after year, Yan Xiaobao worked tirelessly, perfecting his transforming weapons: dagger style, bow form, and sword style. In contrast, he had begun training with the Qi Fan he had previously given to Rong Xing, believing that its flight capabilities would prove useful to him.

The Qi Fan could be easily used in combat, as Rong Xing had demonstrated in the past, but it also had the unique ability to allow its cultivator to stand atop the fan and hover in mid-air. As long as the cultivator had sufficient Qi to sustain it, they could remain airborne indefinitely.

Through the years, Yan Xiaobao had refined all the Martial Arts Skills he had passed on to his friends. However, his primary focus remained on Speed Flow, transforming weapons, Qi Guard, and now Qi Fan.

The years went by, and the Rong twins had now turned twenty, as had Deng Wu, Ma Kong, and Gao Yan. These students had reached the time to bid farewell to the Royal Art Academy, as their graduation was upon them.

Deng Wu had long since been invited to remain at the main branch of the Capital Royal Art Academy, but due to personal reasons, he had declined.

Yan Xiaobao had previously inquired as to his reasons, but Deng Wu refused to answer. He would only smile faintly, shake his head, and pat Xu Yue's hair as though he were an older brother instructing his younger sibling to be patient and wait.

Observing this behavior, Xu Yue could not help but frown slightly, wondering what could be so important that Deng Wu could not share with them. At the same time, Yan Xiaobao decided not to make a big deal out of it. He trusted Deng Wu. For some reason, Yan Xiaobao, who knew more about this mysterious friend than anyone else, inexplicably trusted him.

As the conversation shifted toward graduation among the City Lord's numerous guests, waves of nostalgia surged within Yan Xiaobao.

It was clear that his twenty-year-old friends were about to graduate. Yet, while Deng Wu declined to join the main branch of the Royal Art Academy, both Rong Ming and Rong Xing had accepted the invitation. A year from now, the two of them would relocate to the Capital, where they would remain for who knew how long.

Yan Xiaobao and Wang Julong were at the age to stay in the academy, but Yan Xiaobao had no reason to linger. He had never really enjoyed the lectures. The main reason he attended was to spend time with his friends and to have a convenient place to purchase medicine pills.

Yan Xiaobao had long since read the entirety of the library, and his knowledge of the world and its various creatures far surpassed the norm. He had even studied Martial Arts Skills, hoping to find something like sparks to develop further, but had found nothing of significance.

"Oh, right." Deng Wu turned to Yan Xiaobao, "I heard there's a small estate up for sale. Why don't we go check it out together?" Hearing this, Yan Xiaobao's interest was piqued.

Leaving the Academy clearly meant Yan Xiaobao would no longer have a place to live, yet the young man had no desire to return to his parents' hometown. Instead, he planned to settle in Liluo City until he reached the master level. Unfortunately, Yan Xiaobao was realistic and understood that while he was currently at the Ninth Star of the healer level, achieving a breakthrough to the master level was still far off. It might take him an entire year to accomplish.

Nodding in agreement, Yan Xiaobao accepted Deng Wu's proposal. They planned to visit the estate the next day and potentially purchase it. Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but chuckle at the irony—at fifteen years old, he was considering becoming a homeowner, whereas in his previous world, at twenty-four, he was still living with his parents.

The two laughed as they talked, staying at the City Lord's Manor all night. When the sun rose, only then did Yan Xiaobao leave the mansion gates and head back to the inn.

Huixian had only been sighted at sunset, never in broad daylight, which was one reason Yan Xiaobao had stayed so long before departing. He had spent the entire night drinking and eating, and as he left the estate, his body swayed slightly from intoxication, leisurely making his way back to the inn while enjoying the crisp morning air.

Halfway back, as Yan Xiaobao's mind wandered in disarray, his brow suddenly furrowed. Though he didn't feel anyone following him, a persistent sense of danger crept over him. The red fog within his Dantian Cave churned furiously, like a caged beast trying to break free.

Hui Yue wasn't foolish. He immediately entered a state of heightened awareness, letting Qi course through his meridians into his body to clear away the alcohol. He continued walking as though slightly drunk, bypassing the inn and strolling through the streets as the townsfolk began to stir with the arrival of the first rays of sunlight.

Yan Xiaobao walked through the streets, only to find more people as he went farther. When he entered the marketplace, the mercenaries were already awake. He saw them lining up at various stalls, preparing for their daily ventures into the Magic Forest to seek mystical crystals, beast cores, or medicinal herbs.

Passing through the marketplace, Yan Xiaobao wandered the city for over an hour before finally finding a shadowy alleyway where no one was watching. There, he turned his back to the wall and prepared to deal with whoever had been trailing him.

Turning around, Yan Xiaobao spotted a black-cloaked figure behind him, but this time, he couldn't sense anything from the person.

'Be careful.' Lan Feng roared from within, "This person is far beyond anyone you've faced before. Do you want me to take over?"

Having Lan Feng with him calmed Yan Xiaobao, but he shook his head. It was crucial for Hui Yue to learn to fight his own battles. The red fog surged from his Dantian Cave, and his eyes gleamed with a crimson

light. The fog raced into his meridians, entering every cell in his body. His jade-white skin flushed with red, and an oppressive atmosphere radiated outward, intimidating the stranger before him.

Yan Xiaobao swiftly activated Speed Flow and his transforming weapon: Sword Wind, charging at the stunned man.

The slash was flawless. If it had been anyone Yan Xiaobao had fought before, their head would have been severed. But the man merely snorted as a yellow Spirit Shield flared, creating a roaring shockwave.

Forced to retreat swiftly, Yan Xiaobao cursed under his breath, pressing his back against the wall for protection. Yet pain suddenly erupted from his right shoulder. Gaspng, Xu Yue looked down to see an earthen nail embedded in his shoulder, piercing muscles and tendons and protruding from the other side. Hui Yue gritted his teeth, refusing to collapse from the agony.

Qi Yue threw his left hand out, cutting the nail down before leaping away from the wall. Now completely vulnerable and with his right arm impaired, he knew this would be a grueling fight.

Blood dripped steadily from Yan Xiaobao's shoulder, staining his pristine white robe red. Circulating his Qi, Yan Xiaobao managed to staunch the wound, though he couldn't heal it completely, and his right arm remained incapacitated.

Relying entirely on Speed Flow, Yan Xiaobao dodged earthen spears one after another. Dispelling his transforming weapon, he summoned Black Blood with his left hand while activating Qi Fan to gain flight, slightly offsetting the earth cultivator's advantage.

Using Qi Fan's agility to evade the spears, Hui Yue closed in on the man and struck his Spirit Shield with Black Blood. Yet no matter how many attacks he launched, the shield remained unyielding.

As black spots clouded his vision and the world before him darkened, Yan Xiaobao gritted his teeth. Hui Yue channeled Qi Fan once more and lunged at his opponent. The attack failed again, leaving Yan Xiaobao helpless as another earthen spear emerged beneath him.

Forced to use the last of his Qi to evade, Hui Yue barely managed to escape aboard Qi Fan before a wave of darkness engulfed him completely.

He awoke to searing pain in his leg. Yan Xiaobao didn't enjoy the darkness for long; his black, comforting numbness vanished instantly, replaced by the throbbing ache in his shoulder and the stabbing pain in his leg.

Hui Yue forced his eyes open to face reality, only to find another earthen spear impaling his leg. The injury was severe, with the bone visible. Thankfully, the bone wasn't shattered, though Hui Yue forced himself upright as he saw the black-cloaked figure approaching from behind.

Currently stranded on a rooftop, bleeding heavily, Yan Xiaobao only narrowly avoided unconsciousness as Qi Fan disappeared after transporting him to safety.

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#### Chapter 325 The Situation Is Terrible

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Gritting his teeth, Yan Xiaobao circulated the Qi within his body, forcing it to leave the Chongmai Meridian and enter his bloodstream. Yan Xiaobao hastily rushed over, forcefully pressing his foot against the wounds on his leg and shoulder to seal them, stopping the current blood flow leaving him at this critical moment once again.

Yan Xiaobao summoned an earthen spear once more, but this time he managed to evade it. Despite the dire situation, Yan Xiaobao felt the urgency to deal with matters and forcefully suppressed the fiery Phoenix within his Dantian Cave, preventing it from emerging.

Judging by Yan Xiaobao's current physical condition, if he utilized the energy belonging to Lan Feng, his body could not endure it. Instead, Yan Xiaobao activated the Speed Flow again, launching himself to a distant position. At present, there was no way he could attack the turbaned man and survive. His only option was to retreat and handle the situation as his injuries began to stabilize.

But how could escape come easily? Even though Yan Xiaobao managed to maintain control over the Speed Flow, his Qi Spiral shrank smaller and smaller, clearly pressured by time as Qi continued to

prevent the bleeding of his body. With his focus locked on Speed Flow, Yan Xiaobao barely dodged the widening tips of earth nails each time.

The one fortunate thing was the spiritual Master incessantly muttering spells and shaping his will with his square-formed hands. This created more distance between them, allowing Yan Xiaobao to rely solely on speed for his escape, sustaining only a few scratches but avoiding more severe injuries.

Hui Yue dashed across rooftop after rooftop until he finally leapt into another alley. His Qi was nearly depleted, and as the entire world kept spinning, he ceased to focus on anything else.

Lan Feng continuously spoke to Hui Yue to keep him from losing consciousness. In the meantime, Hui Yue clamped his jaw shut, forcing himself to stay alert as he painfully dragged his battered body back to the shop.

Crossing through the front door, the manager immediately recognized Yan Xiaobao, now a formal member. Seeing the boy's white robe soaked in blood, an overwhelming shock filled his heart.

"Young Master!" he exclaimed in stunned alarm. "Should I contact a therapist?" he asked, but Yan Xiaobao was barely managing to stay conscious, his distant gaze veiled by a faint red mist. A murderous intent flickered on and off, shifting into something eerily tranquil. Those battling emotions gripped the nearly unconscious boy.

The manager froze in place, unable to utter another word, as he felt his heart pounding frantically. A crazed expression crossed his face, fearing that if his heartbeat could be heard, this maddened youth might ultimately kill him.

Yan Xiaobao walked as though he were in another world. Black dots danced before his eyes, blurring everything. Nothing appeared before him, yet his intuition guided him back to the inn—the safest place he could think of—with Lan Feng shouting persistently to snap him out of his trance.

Yan Xiaobao trudged through the inn's front door, seeing and hearing nothing at all. His utterly exhausted body had long given up, and the last thread of Qi had been spent during his return journey. Instead, red mist and blue clouds alternated to seal his wounds, even as they wrestled to become the dominant energy within his body.

Blood dripping onto the elegant carpet as he ascended the staircase, Yan Xiaobao finally opened a door to find Sha Yun waiting for him. A faint smile flickered across his face when he noticed the familiar presence beside him, and without saying a word, he collapsed onto the floor.

Yan Xiaobao floated in a black abyss. Beyond the infinitely expanding darkness, it seemed as though nothing else existed. In this boundless void, Hui Yue felt he could move, so he began sluggishly distancing himself from his previous position. Yet all he encountered was an endless black expanse devoid of ground or sky—just the eternal abyss.

Yan Xiaobao felt as though he had existed within this realm for an eternity before a shift finally occurred. Within the dark abyss, the first sight to greet him was five flames of varying colors and sizes forming a pentagon.

The yellow and red flames were indisputably the largest among the five, followed closely by the silver flame. The green and blue flames also flickered, yet their diminutive size suggested they struggled to survive.

Beholding these flames, Yan Xiaobao theorized they were connected to his and Lan Feng's elemental affinity, as the red and yellow flames seemed to represent his essence. However, the presence of all the flames gave him pause, as Phoenix had only ever taught him about two affinities.

Could Lan Feng have been mistaken? Hui Yue furrowed his brows, fixating on the seemingly eternal elements. Yet even as he pondered, Hui Yue was unable to comprehend their meaning. Resolving to move forward, he wondered what else he might discover in this infinite abyss. Yan Xiaobao journeyed deeper into the black realm, pacing across what felt like eternity, encountering no movement apart from himself. This world seemed frozen in place.

Finally, a light emerged in the darkness—a light that felt strangely familiar. Yan Xiaobao suddenly found himself within a room unmistakably akin to his Dantian Cave, yet devoid of color and sound. The Qi Spiral lay frozen, and Lan Feng was visible, fast asleep beside him.

#### Chapter 326 The Situation is Terrible\_2

The only source of light and movement came from the small cavities created on the walls of Daniel's cave. Within the cavities, there was a thin, blood-red mist and a vivid blue sky. At the moment, both phenomena were actively stirring, as though they had sensed Hui Yue. However, what drew his

attention was no longer the two open cavities. Instead, he rushed straight toward a sealed cavity ahead of him.

Yan Xiaobao felt a call. His eyes grew ever wider as he slowly raised his pale white hand and placed it on the energy screen that kept the cavity closed. Watching as it slowly dissipated under his touch, the energy gleamed brightly and flew into the Qi Spiral, which began to rotate ever so slowly once again.

At first, his vision was overwhelmed by the intense light emitted from within. The bright green and soothing hues illuminated the dark versions of the Dantian Cave around them.

The previously frozen Qi Spiral was now rapidly revolving around itself, while Hui Yue's projection refined the energy that had once sealed the cavity.

Within the cavity was a small green pearl, its shape resembling the Qi Spiral. As the door opened, the pearl spun a few times before ultimately releasing long green rays of light that emerged from Qi Cave and entered the Chongmai Meridian.

Hui Yue could see nothing more, as he once again found himself enveloped in a black abyss, floating aimlessly. But now, his body seemed to ache faintly.

The ache turned into intense pain, and the agony seemed to strengthen. With the first burst of searing pain, the abyss was illuminated for one-tenth of a second by white flashes. Oddly enough, the greater the pain he felt, the lighter his surroundings became.

As the pain transformed his surroundings, Yan Xiaobao seemed to gradually return to the world. Yan Xiaobao finally opened his eyes and looked at a worried Sha Yun, who had been trembling as she tried to soothe his injuries, tears streaming down her face.

As the trembling ceased, Yan Xiaobao couldn't suppress a hiss. Sha Yun's long, sharp nails had pierced his injured shoulder, and he quickly motioned for her to stop what she was doing.

Looking downward, Yan Xiaobao saw a patch of green light before him healing his leg wound right before his eyes. Although the pace was far slower than that of a professional therapist, it was undoubtedly much faster than Hui Yi's past healing efforts.

The green light seemed oddly familiar. Yan Xiaobao's eyes widened as he realized that this light was the one he had previously released within the black Dan Ding Cave, only to have it trapped in the black abyss.

"Come over here," Lan Feng called out. Yan Xiaobao managed to sit up and begin meditating. Though his healing leg felt uncomfortable and his injured shoulder remained bearable, he allowed his Spirit to project itself into the Dantian Cave.

Scanning his surroundings, despite predicting that changes had occurred, Yan Xiaobao was still stunned. Within his Dantian Cave, the Qi Spiral had grown immensely and become incredibly powerful, practically pushing him toward a breakthrough into the primary level.

The Qi Spiral had not only changed, but one of its sealed doors had now opened, revealing a green pearl the size of Yan Xiaobao's thumbnail. This pearl was much smaller than the one he had seen within the black abyss.

"What happened?" Lan Feng asked anxiously. Hui Yue quickly recounted the events that occurred while Yan Xiaobao was unconscious.

"I see," Lan Feng murmured, furrowing his eyebrows slightly. "I've never experienced anything like this before," he continued. "You seem like someone with many secrets. But I can confirm that the green pearl was larger before. It suddenly released some of its power, and your body began to heal itself."

Yan Xiaobao nodded, speculating that the pearl was the reason for his recovery. However, this pearl vastly differed from the red mist and blue cloud. It didn't exhibit emotions clashing against barriers. Instead, it seemed patiently waiting within the Qi Spiral Cave, gradually absorbing essences refined into green energy, causing the pearl to grow very slowly.

"How long was I unconscious?" Hui Yue asked, circling the small green pearl slowly, while Lan Feng observed it from various angles.

"Only for a moment," came the reply. Lan Feng also circled the pearl, but no matter how long the two studied it, they could uncover no clues.

"The only thing we know is that it's somehow connected to the red mist and the blue cloud. We don't yet understand how." Hearing this, Yan Xiaobao nodded. "Don't forget to mention its healing abilities. It seems my body healed quickly because of it."

"That's true, but you can't rely on it indefinitely," Lan Feng pointed out, sensing that Yan Xiaobao began to feel overly optimistic. "Everything has its limits, and it's obvious this pearl has one."

"Although it healed you, its size has diminished. We don't know how long it will take to regain its former scale, but for now, it's as if you no longer have such healing capabilities. Staying cautious is always wise."

Hearing this, Yan Xiaobao smirked bitterly but nodded. He had indeed gotten somewhat ahead of himself, but this was one reason he appreciated the bird that shared his body.

After inspecting himself, Yan Xiaobao eventually ended his contemplation and gently smiled at Sha Yun, who had patiently waited by his side. At first, she had been panicked, but seeing how quickly he regained consciousness, not to mention his rate of recovery, she had calmed down and kept a vigilant watch over him.

To Sha Yun, Yan Xiaobao was the most astounding person in the world. Even though she was merely a Magic Beast with traces of human blood, he treated her kindly and allowed her to have her own opinions or hobbies, as long as they didn't conflict with his. Overall, Hui Yue had never exercised a master-servant relationship but aimed to be friends.

Sha Yun's long-awaited new life in the Magic Forest had finally come to pass, and she couldn't help but feel grateful to the person who had made it happen.

"I'm fine now," Yan Xiaobao said, though his condition remained far from ideal. He felt dizzy as he tried to stand. Although Yan Xiaobao's wounds had healed, his blood was lacking. It seemed the green light couldn't increase his blood volume.

Yan Xiaobao sighed deeply and moved from his seated position to the bed, allowing his heavy body to collapse once more, only to discover that he had left behind a small Memory Stone.

"Can you do me a favor?" Yan Xiaobao asked softly as he leaned back against the plush pillow. Sha Yun immediately moved her tail to pick up the stone. "Tell me what to do," she said firmly.

"This message—I need you to deliver it to Deng Wu. I'd do it myself, but I think I need to rest first." With those words, Sha Yun took one last glance at her friend before stepping out the door and nodded. Her silver snake eyes gleamed with malice as she thought about the person responsible for Yan Xiaobao's severe injuries.

"Is this from Yan Xiaobao?" Deng Wu asked upon receiving the Memory Stone, but Sha Yun merely nodded before rushing off. She would ask Yan Xiaobao for compensation later, but for now, she wasn't calm enough to think that clearly. After all, the vulnerable young man was now lying alone in their inn room.

Sha Yun hadn't heard of any murders the previous night, so it was evident Yan Xiaobao hadn't succeeded in killing the culprit. This made the Snake Woman uneasy as she darted through the city like the wind, arriving once more at the inn.

During her initial stays at the inn, the manager had treated her like a beast, but now she was regarded as an esteemed guest. Sha Yun nodded politely in greeting before climbing the stairs again, heading back into the rented room.

Yan Xiaobao was currently sleeping on the bed, showing no signs of harm occurring during her absence. She breathed a sigh of relief, the tension that filled the Snake Woman subsiding.

She left the room once again before heading downstairs. There, she ordered all the food she could think of that was rich in iron. This was her moment to pamper Yan Xiaobao and do her utmost to help him replenish his lost blood.

Meanwhile, in the town, Sha Yun focused on food while Deng Wu held the Memory Stone. Quickly scanning the message, he read aloud: "We must go inspect the house tomorrow. Something has come up, and I need to stabilize my Qi today."

Deng Wu read the message over and over, frowning deeply. Yan Xiaobao was not someone who would alter his plans unless absolutely necessary. If he had done so, then the matter must have been incredibly dire. Otherwise, Yan Xiaobao would never have asked Sha Yun to deliver the message to him.

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## Chapter 327 Regaining Power

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Upon hearing the news, Deng Wu couldn't help but feel worried, but at the same time, he decided to let his friend rest and stabilize his Qi. Clearly, Yan Xiaobao didn't want Deng Wu to know what had happened, and Deng Wu respected that. After all, both friends had secrets they could not share with others.

"Master Wu!" someone called from outside Deng Wu's courtyard. "It's time to meet with the Wang Family." Hearing this, Deng Wu ceased thinking about the Memory Stone and instead channeled his Qi through his body to his hand, where he crushed the Memory Stone with his energy.

As Deng Wu stepped onto the shattered pieces of the stone on his way to the staircase leading to the main hall, a crunching noise echoed.

"We all have our little secrets," he muttered as he strode past the servant who had summoned him. "Some secrets are bigger than others. Don't hate me for this, Xiao Yue."

Back at the inn, after Xu Yue woke up from sleeping most of the day, he felt his body had grown taller than before. His movements were less fluid, and he felt like his head had been stomped on by an elephant. In many ways, Yan Xiaobao felt hungover again, reminiscent of experiences from his previous life.

Yan Xiaobao let out a deep sigh, sitting up in his tired body, only to be greeted by Sha Yun and a table piled high with food. However, as he looked at the table, the only things he could see were roots and red meat—a large quantity of both.

"What's this?" he asked curiously, his stomach growling as a shy smile spread across his face.

"It's packed with iron," Sha Yun said seriously, her expression stern. "It'll help you regain your strength," the Snake Woman explained as she loaded a plate with vegetables mixed with several blood-red steaks.

Though Yan Xiaobao had been hungry before, his appetite vanished the moment he saw the steaks. They were charred on the outside but clearly raw in the middle—a roughness that was truly off-putting.

Looking at the roots, Yan Xiaobao could only sigh. It was evident Sha Yun had cooked for him, and while he deeply appreciated the gesture, he preferred his vegetables cleaned before being served.

Yan Xiaobao slowly walked down to the inn's lower level, which housed a small tavern, and ordered a more carefully prepared meal, inviting her to dine with him.

For the rest of the evening, Yan Xiaobao did his best to entertain the Snake Woman, but no matter how much she asked, he continuously refused to tell her who had caused his injuries. Yan Xiaobao knew Sha Yun well; he knew she'd seek revenge on his behalf. Though Sha Yun was strong, she had never truly valued her cultivation, and as a result, she wasn't as powerful as Yan Xiaobao. If this adversary had managed to leave Yan Xiaobao in such a precarious state, how easy would it be for him to turn Sha Yun into a snake-skin bag?

Sha Yun was easily distracted by Yan Xiaobao, and the two chatted idly into the night until Yan Xiaobao felt his wounds had healed enough. Yet, he still required more rest, and so he dragged his weary body to bed, letting himself enjoy another night of peaceful slumber.

Although Yan Xiaobao had slept a lot recently, it hadn't been his usual habit as a cultivator. He often sought to use every hour in the day for cultivation. However, since Yan Xiaobao was now injured or had completely depleted his cultivation base, he allowed himself this night of rest to naturally replenish his body and Qi vortex. This would minimize stress on his body while stabilizing his Qi.

When morning arrived, Yan Xiaobao woke up once again, neatly unfurling the snake tail wrapped around him before heading to the kitchen, where he ordered two hearty breakfasts.

Today was the day they would meet Deng Wu to view a place that might become their new home. Sha Yun shared Yan Xiaobao's excitement, and the two quickly finished their breakfasts before heading out the door, slowly making their way toward the Deng Family estate.

Greeting Yan Xiaobao with a smile, Deng Wu's eyes gleamed with excitement. In his hands, he tightly held a Memory Stone, which he planned to use to unlock the mansion they were about to see. However, his excitement quickly faded, replaced by concern as he noticed Yan Xiaobao wasn't his usual self.

Typically jade-white skin had turned gray. Eyes that once shone with vitality and resolve now carried an exhaustion. Walking beside him, Sha Yun supported him with her arms.

"Are you alright?" Deng Wu asked worriedly, looking for a response from the returning figure—who only gave a firm nod. Seeing this, Deng Wu grew curious about what could have happened to the young boy. Yet, try as he might, he could find no visible wounds or injuries.

"Let's take the carriage," Deng Wu said, glancing at Yan Xiaobao again before signaling for the carriage drawn by his Demon Beast.

Sitting inside the luxurious vehicle, Yan Xiaobao gazed out the window for a while. The mansion they were heading to was located in a better part of town, though still far from the family estate. This mansion was built for smaller families, not large clans, and one of the houses was precisely what they were heading to.

As Yan Xiaobao stared at the bustling streets outside, his demeanor suddenly grew serious when he locked eyes with another man. The man was burly, with a wild beard and sharp eyes. Draped in a black cloak, the man raised his hand and slowly brought his fingers to his throat—a silent but menacing gesture indicating he was coming for Yan Xiaobao.

#### Chapter 328 Regaining Power\_2

Yan Xiaobao saw the gesture of the bearded man and narrowed his eyes, evidently promising pain to come. This man was undoubtedly the cultivator who accompanied Hui Yue the night before. The white-haired boy felt the red mist inside him boiling, countering the blue cloud.

Yan Xiaobao took a deep breath, closed his eyes, calmed himself down, and gradually dissipated the murderous intent. As he opened his eyes again, they were filled with coldness, combined with his pale skin, making him look like a grim reaper.

Sha Yun and Deng Wu both noticed the difference in Yan Xiaobao, but when they looked out the window, they couldn't see the usual city streets because the magical beast pulling the carriage swiftly swept past them.

No one dared to ask Hui Yue what he saw, and tension suddenly filled the carriage, so Deng Wu started talking about birthday celebrations and all the new gossip he had heard that evening.

Most of the gossip was about cultivation and the rankings gained by different family members, not to mention which sons and daughters were now of age.

At social gatherings, different families would engage in conversations and seek allies. Some even decided to solidify alliances through marriage. Hui Yue was fortunate as his background was unknown, which is why no one tried to discuss this matter with him.

Deng Wu kept talking about the ranks of members from various families before arriving at a good spot in Liluo City.

This area was very similar to the district, with green trees along the sidewalks and small parks and gardens situated between buildings.

The house they stopped in front of had three floors, each room adorned with a roof topped with beautiful red tiles, with a carved dragon atop. The second story had a balcony made of red wood with more dragon carvings. These dragons were painted in golden colors, shimmering when the low winter light hit them.

After leaving the carriage, Yan Xiaobao was greatly surprised, quickly forgetting everything about the cultivator he once struggled against. Instead, all his attention was focused on the house before him, as it far surpassed his expectations.

This residence was built on an elevation above the street, with stone steps leading to a beautiful gate. The place was so large that Yan Xiaobao could never imagine living there alone.

Upon ascending, Yan Xiaobao noticed three small gardens behind and around the mansion. One of the gardens was a rock garden, with gravel neatly arranged as a floor, and various statues placed atop. The second garden, with a bridge, had a lake and a small pagoda. This lake occupied a large portion of the garden, with dragon fish swimming vigorously, their scales shimmering in the sunlight.

The final garden was filled with green trees and shrubs, with a small stream supplying water from an external source to the lake. A path ran through the garden, leading Hui Yue, Deng Wu, and Sha Yun to a small clearing with a training area and hot springs.

Seeing the surroundings, Yan Xiaobao felt how the serene blue cloud inside him surged, as if it was expanding within these three picturesque gardens.

Yan Xiaobao also noticed the change in the essence he absorbed from these gardens, as if he realized that the plants and atmosphere seemed to produce more essence than any other place in Liluo City. Even large family compounds didn't have such places, as all the essence would be consumed before it had a chance to accumulate.

Upon entering the mansion, he noticed a lovely courtyard with a small fountain in the center. The rooms were built around this enclosed courtyard, with each room visible from all three floors, each room comparable in size to his old home.

Looking around, Yan Xiaobao knew this was a place he could call home. He was as excited as a child on Christmas Eve, wandering around the house and marveling at the stunning carvings and finely crafted statues of magical creatures.

Yan Xiaobao wore a radiant smile on his face. Unlike when he first arrived, it was clear as day that Yan Xiaobao no longer had any doubts that this was the place he wanted to return to.

Purchasing the mansion required a hundred spirit coins, a hefty price for such a structure, which was why it remained unsold on the market for so long.

Although Huili made a lot of money when selling skills during the first year in Liluo City, Yan Xiaobao spent more than half on medicine, and now he spent so much on the home, but every coin Yan Xiaobao spent was worth it.

His income had been steadily increasing, but even though he received a substantial sum from the Deng Family and their mill, it was still only twenty to twenty-four spirit coins. Yan Xiaobao used at least fifty spiritual pills each year for himself and his friends.

If he received money from the insurance, his financial situation would be more stable. Even so, Yan Xiaobao never regretted donating money to his hometown, allowing his father to spend more time refurbishing the old house and indulging Yan Xiaobao's little brother, encouraging him to cultivate. Yan Xiaobao held his family, including his new brother Hui Lei, in high regard. Yan Xiaobao wished they all would be well.

Even though Yan Xiaobao already knew they wouldn't move away from home to live with him, the mansion he bought was large enough for the whole village to move in. Whenever they happened to be in town, the villagers always opened their doors so they would have a place to rest.

Although the villagers received a considerable sum from the insurance, it was all used to improve the standard of living within the village. Despite every villager contributing, it was still a matter that required time and money.

Every young person in the village was now trained according to a specific cultivation method, allowing the younger generation to become cultivators, all benefited from Yan Xiaobao, who seemed more accomplished than their parents.

After purchasing the mansion, Yan Xiaobao received the main stone of the house and returned to the academy with a sense of nostalgia. Many events that occurred at the academy constantly resurfaced in his mind.

He recalled the time he had just entered the academy and had a confrontation with Wang Julong. Discovering Wang Julong was a girl and meeting Deng Wu, Gao Yan, and Ma Kong. He had many questions about his new friends and finally trusted them. Yan Xiaobao also remembered the first person he killed, Li Cheng.

Looking back, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but chuckle. Back then, killing made him uncomfortable, but he lost his steadfast resolve and accepted it. Since then, he had killed many humans and magical beasts, whether for assassinating assassins or hunting beasts.

Yan Xiaobao had a slight smile on his face, knowing that even though he had left the academy, he still lived in Liluo City, and his friends would remain lifelong friends.

Unlike others, Yan Xiaobao didn't graduate but dropped out. He didn't achieve the Master Rank, nor was he twenty years old, so the academy considered him to have dropped out.

To withdraw, Yan Xiaobao was required to meet with the Academy Chair and hand over his student badge, returning everything he had previously received from the academy.

For Yan Xiaobao, this was not an issue. Unlike most students, Yan Xiaobao never attended lectures as the library's books were always within his reach. Since he returned to Mars Fire a few years ago, he hadn't borrowed any Martial Arts Skills. This was because Lan Feng disdained the varieties available in the academy, far inferior to what Li Feng knew.

If it was something from many years ago, Hui Yue might have worried about Lan Feng being noticed in front of the Academy Chair. However, after Lan Feng absorbed energy from the Divine Flower, not to mention the amount of spiritual energy he honed over the past few years, now only experts stronger than Lan Feng himself could detect him.

The one thing Yan Xiaobao left behind was his courtyard. He spent most of his time in the courtyard over the past five years, particularly fond of the large tree on one side, shielding from sunlight and rain, allowing young Hui Yue to cultivate in peace.

As he walked out of the academy, Yan Xiaobao looked back once, remembering how he had entered the place hoping just to buy pills, and now, after making friends for a lifetime, he and Lan Feng were both satisfied with their base.

Once Yan Xiaobao left the academy, he no longer spent time lamenting the past but instead allowed Gao Yan to visit him at his new home. Upon arriving, Gao Yan's jaw dropped so much that if it dropped any further, Yan Xiaobao would worry whether it was still attached at the joint.

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Chapter 329 Choose Any

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"What a wonderful house!" He exclaimed excitedly as he looked at Yan Xiaobao's mansion, now a proud owner. Yan Xiaobao nodded slightly, a smile appearing on his face as he agreed with Gao Yan's words. He also found his new home to be stunning.

"I need your help." Yan Xiaobao led Gao Yan into the kitchen, where he prepared some food for the two of them. Sha Yun busied himself running around, familiarizing himself with every room and the garden.

"I need you to find someone to work here. I need a servant to take care of this mansion, a chef to cook, because God help me, I refuse to eat another dish cooked by Sha Yun, and I need a messenger boy." Yan Xiaobao listed the people he needed, and Gao Yan nodded each time. For him, such tasks weren't difficult, and he immediately considered interviewing everyone he would think about hiring for Yan Xiaobao.

Seeing Yan Xiaobao with a new home, the Rong twins thought it was important for him to hold a housewarming party. Despite only a few days having passed since their birthday party, they were ready to attend another party, and no matter what Yan Xiaobao wanted to say, he couldn't persuade them otherwise. Both Rong twins were happily laughing as they left the mansion that evening.

His guests walked to the door, and Yan Xiaobao was slightly stunned because his eyes were fixed on a bearded figure he immediately recognized. The assassin clearly had the ability to track him, and Yan Xiaobao felt a shiver down his spine. The previous assumption that whoever sent these assassins didn't want him dead suddenly vanished. This man truly intended for Yan Xiaobao to die.

Gazing at the man's cold and ruthless visage, a glint of light sparkled in Yan Xiaobao's eyes. He took out a Memory Stone, left a message, and then tossed it to the bearded man.

The bearded assassin looked somewhat taken aback as he caught the stone, but he quickly glanced at the Memory Stone, and a trace of a smile appeared on his face when he received the invitation to the housewarming party.

As he looked at the robes in front of him, Yan Xiaobao sat in his room, trying to select the appropriate attire for the occasion. Usually, he would just wear whatever he felt like, but today Rong Xing told him his appearance should do something special to impress everyone present.



The reason Yan Xiaobao invited this assassin was because he had the impression that the man was not just someone who turned to unsavory dealings out of poverty. Yan Xiaobao was certain the man had some status in Liluo City and invited him to his party, hoping someone might recognize him. In such a case, Yan Xiaobao could gain some information about this mysterious figure.

Despite having this plan, Yan Xiaobao wasn't sure if the assassin would truly attend the party. Considering his ability to follow Yan Xiaobao, the white-haired boy thought his plan might be rather obvious. But even if he might see through the plan, the assassin might still underestimate Yan Xiaobao.

If Yan Xiaobao was underestimated and the assassin showed up at the party, then the white-haired boy might gain a lot of information, but even if he didn't show, Yan Xiaobao wouldn't lose anything. In fact, he would know that the assassin didn't underestimate him.

Looking down at the busy servants and his friends, Yan Xiaobao smiled as he descended the stairs to approach the Rong twins.

#### Chapter 330 Choose Any\_2

Although Gao Yan was in charge of staffing the party, the Rong twins were tasked with sending out invitations. So far, Xu Yue still didn't know who had been invited and hadn't truly cared to find out.

Deng Wu and Ma Kong had not been asked to assist with organizing the event. When he graduated from the Royal Art Academy, Ma Kong was busy introducing his work within the Ma family, and Deng Wu was preoccupied with doing something that Yan Xiaobao had no idea about.

In the past few weeks, Deng Wu and Wang Julong had both been tied up with family affairs and didn't seem interested in delving into the details of what was happening. The only thing Yan Xiaobao had been told was that he would eventually find out, and that it had nothing to do with him.

Hearing such vague responses, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but grow slightly wary. However, now wasn't the time for him to start doubting his friends, as he was far too busy dealing with the constant assassination attempts targeted at him.

When Yan Xiaobao descended the stairs, Rong Xing noticed him. Seeing her approving nod, he heaved a sigh of relief. It seemed that his timely pliancy, clever schemes, and the assistance of Mo Yi had truly helped him avoid disaster this time.

Everyone present was dressed in their finest attire, and even the servants wore matching uniforms. It was all designed to help establish Yan Xiaobao as a prominent figure among the elites of Liluo City.

Yan Xiaobao was not, by any means, noble. He lacked any background that could lend him solid footing. Everything surrounding him was shrouded in mystery. He was a young boy who four years ago had been regarded as a disciple of a respected expert, though no one could verify this claim.

Then, in his very first academy tournament, Yan Xiaobao's performance shocked the entire city. However, in every tournament thereafter, his skills appeared unremarkable, leaving him consistently ranked only first among the top eight.

As time dulled the initial impression of his first year, the citizens of Liluo City concluded that Yan Xiaobao's success had been mere luck. Sweeping through easier opponents and catching a fortunate break in the finals were all they attributed to his brief moment of glory. Now, they no longer viewed Yan Xiaobao with the admiration they once did.

As for his master, since the day she burned down the Chen Family Mansion, no one had seen the esteemed expert. Most believed that once she had achieved her purpose in selling her skills, she had long since left the city.

This was one of the reasons Yan Xiaobao tried to keep as low a profile as possible. In his first year, he had indeed gone all out. But since then, he had thoroughly grasped how much stronger he was compared to other students in the academy, and he found no reason to always exert himself fully.

Every day, he sparred with Wang Julong. Though their relationship had improved significantly since their initial antagonism, a competitive tension still lingered between them. Neither side was willing to back down.

In the beginning, Wang Julong was the loser in all their matches. However, once she began training under Hui Yue's cultivation techniques, Wang Julong discovered that she had grown several times stronger. Not to mention the benefits she received from the skills Yan Xiaobao had indirectly passed down to her.

Their battles often ended in stalemates as both showcased average performance. Their current record was tied, with Yan Xiaobao leading 52 wins to Wang Julong's 4 wins and 6 losses.

They had long given up challenging Deng Wu. Any time they did, he would simply wave his hand, use his spiritual powers to subdue his opponents, and then sit down to read a book until the others yielded.

This world offered many different paths to combat. Hui Yue had chosen the path of strength and agility, directly confronting opponents with sheer force, while Deng Wu had opted for control. Every time Deng Wu decided to engage in combat seriously, his rapid mastery of techniques left his enemies trapped, unable to retaliate effectively.

Reflecting on all these past battles, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but grin. But when he noticed the first guests arriving, the grin quickly morphed into a polite and courteous expression.

The first group of guests consisted of the Ma family, led by Ma Kong, and the manager of the Black Market Auction House. The two headed straight for Yan Xiaobao, offering him two storage stones.

"Congratulations on your new home," the manager said with a gentle smile. Regardless of his declining reputation in combat, Yan Xiaobao's believed potential as a genius still held constant appeal for the Ma family. To them, he was someone who had granted them opportunity, and Yan Xiaobao could only be grateful for their unwavering attitude towards him.

Setting the stones aside, Yan Xiaobao thanked the delegation before they entered the room. Servants approached them with food and beverages, while the Rong twins quickly mingled with a group of guests, engaging in light-hearted gossip.

Hui Yi tried to track down Sha Yun, knowing she had an exceptional fondness for gifts. However, he found no trace of the serpent stone that might give away her location. Yan Xiaobao chuckled softly to himself as he moved towards the central courtyard fountain, enjoying the sound of the gentle dripping water, which was as soothing as music.

Before long, another delegation arrived, cutting short Yan Xiaobao's moment of peace by the water. This time, it was another merchant family, similar in stature to the Ma family, who presented him with an assortment of unidentified storage gems.

A large group seemed to accompany the second delegation, as family after family arrived to pay their respects. Despite his busy schedule, Yan Xiaobao greeted them all with deep gratitude, clasping hands firmly as a sign of earnest appreciation.

Amid the bustling arrivals, Yan Xiaobao's sharp eyes abruptly grew vigilant. He spotted a man entering the mansion—a bearded figure whose face held a disarming smile but whose eyes glinted with an unsettling ruthlessness.

The bearded man passed through the courtyard like a shadow. No one stopped him, and it was as if no one even acknowledged his presence. As Yan Xiaobao wondered whether this man had come to assassinate him, he furrowed his brow, only to quickly dismiss the thought.

Staring at the bearded man, Yan Xiaobao realized that he was unlikely to underestimate him. Today's visit clearly had a purpose tied to their previous encounters. Drawing closer, Hui Yue forced herself to suppress the sinister killing intent that welled up within her, although faint wisps of red fog continued to escape her blue cloud aura's control.

The man finally stopped in front of Yan Xiaobao, his eyes shrouded in a thin layer of crimson mist, his expression cold and unfeeling.

"You have quite the remarkable aura there," the bearded man remarked. His voice was unexpectedly soft, like the smooth caress of black velvet curtains, rather than the raspy tone Yan Xiaobao had anticipated. Hui Yue squinted at him, finally mustering the effort to reclaim full control over the red fog.

Suppressing the fleeing red mist yet again, Yan Xiaobao stared at the man before him, a flash of the same ruthless resolve from his past flickering in his gaze. This time, however, it was tempered, replaced instead by a mischievous glint.

"You're incredibly talented," the bearded man remarked softly. "I've kept you alive this long, but you seem quite well. You should share your secret with me."

Hearing this, Yan Xiaobao let out a faint chuckle. "Even if I were to tell you, would you not then try to kill me? Or grant me the courtesy of explaining why I was even targeted in the first place?"

"Heh," the bearded man smiled. "I wouldn't do that," he replied, appearing visibly unbothered by the prospect of refusing to answer. "But I will give you a gift," he added, handing over a Memory Stone.

"Interested in learning more about me?" the man asked, slipping into the crowd and disappearing from Yan Xiaobao's sight, leaving behind a contemplative young man with silvery-white hair.

Several more families arrived after that, each bringing gifts, until Yan Xiaobao finally had a moment to meet all the guests. Though he was expected to mingle and converse with the crowd, Yan Xiaobao took the opportunity to step aside, casting a glance at the gifted Memory Stone in his hand.

Placing the stone to his forehead, a few sentences echoed in his mind. "I was hired to kill you. Consider this a reward for your narrow escape last time, and a housewarming gift for your new residence. You have ten days to prepare."

Upon receiving the message, Yan Xiaobao furrowed his brow. He could do nothing to dissuade the bearded man's intentions. At the very least, he had managed to buy himself ten days of respite. Irritated, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but curse under his breath. Yet he quickly composed himself and began engaging with the various groups of guests once more.

A few years ago, Xu Yue had only just appeared in this city. Yet now, with enough money to purchase one of the most extravagant mansions in town, he stirred up heated debates among nobles, many speculating whether this young man was truly just a particularly fortunate person who had struck gold some years prior.

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