

Medical 371

Chapter 371 The Next Dungeon_2

Upon entering the small town, they grew increasingly vigilant. Even here, no one walked the streets; only the light and laughter from inside the houses spilled into the desolate world.

Making a swift decision, Yan Xiaobao gestured with his hand, and the four of them turned back. None of them spoke a single word. As they moved, they were as silent as shadows, retreating from the city once more.

When the four returned to the forest and gathered behind the trees, the sun rose in the sky. They hid, ensuring no citizens could spot them while they waited.

As the sun ascended into the heavens, Yan Xiaobao quietly sat in the shadows of the forest, observing how the workers emerged under the sunrise, the sunlight streaming over them. The weather was typically autumnal, and the workers appeared to till the soil and plant seeds, an ingrained routine long since part of their lives.

There was absolutely no sign of any additional sunlight or wondrous energy ripples; one might expect the sun to be the strongest law, captured and contained.

According to him, the sun should have been brought to this city, and he had anticipated it would fill the town with sunlight and radiate tremendous heat. Yet, gazing at the city and fields, there seemed to be no telling what made this place different from other towns.

After waiting for hours, Yan Xiaobao finally stood up, stretched his stiff body, and flashed a brilliant smile.

"Let's see how they welcome visitors," he said, turning toward the fields and the citizens, his steps steady and confident.

Emerging from the forest, few farmers initially noticed them. But with every step they took, more and more farmers stopped in their tracks to stare at Yan Xiaobao and the others, their mouths agape as if they had seen ghosts.

Despite their reactions, Yan Xiaobao maintained his dazzling smile, nodding occasionally or winking at the pretty girls strolling through the fields.

The serenity and carefree expression Yan Xiaobao displayed were impossible for anyone else to replicate. However, seeing Yan Xiaobao walking ahead of the three others, especially someone so exotic as Sha Yun, the farmers immediately regarded Yan Xiaobao as someone not to be trifled with. Instead, the girls he nodded at blushed, feeling their hearts flutter at this esteemed man showing them favor.

Curiosity about who this man was and where his entourage had come from led many farmers to follow them leisurely as they proceeded toward the city. Yan Xiaobao showed interest in everything around him.

At first, only a few farmers had seen them. But by the time they reached the farmhouses, over a hundred farmers had joined the crowd. Despite having so many people trailing behind, Yan Xiaobao continued strolling leisurely, as if he were accustomed to such a legion of admirers.

The respect for Yan Xiaobao blossomed even among his three friends, as his demeanor transformed entirely into that of a young master. The four friends were particularly astonished, having to admit that even they felt a bit uneasy having so many unfamiliar farmers trailing them, some faint displeasure visible on their faces. This further solidified the theory of Yan Xiaobao as a young master traveling with his Magic Beast and two retainers.

As Yan Xiaobao moved slowly, appearing as a young master who feared nothing, he also observed his surroundings carefully during the daytime.

These farmers clearly belonged to the farmhouses, and people inside the homes quickly gathered together with their family members, whispering amongst themselves, creating a cacophony of murmurs—louder than anything Yan Xiaobao had heard before.

The quality of the farmhouses was decent, but even so, Yan Xiaobao could tell these were ranked the lowest in this city. He made a mental note of this information.

Looking around, Yan Xiaobao frowned as he quickly passed the area where animals were kept, his pace slowing again upon stepping onto a paved road lined with smaller but noticeably better houses.

They had now arrived at the location visited the previous night, but everything was starkly opposite, prompting Yan Xiaobao to smile faintly. However, his smile quickly turned into a frown when he surveyed the surroundings but couldn't find an inn.

Walking farther, the houses transformed into mansions. Finally, Yan Xiaobao and his entourage reached the town center and stood before an astonishing pagoda. Yet, no trace of awe crossed Yan Xiaobao's face. Instead, he appeared irritated, as if he hadn't even noticed the beautiful pagoda.

A young man mustered the courage to step forward and clear his throat. Yan Xiaobao deliberately ignored him multiple times until finally turning to face him with a noble yet gentle expression.

"Can I help you?" Yan Xiaobao's voice pierced the air like a sharp blade slicing through flesh, cutting to the bone—deadly yet so beautiful and alluring that everyone was willing to listen, just to hear it again.

Swallowing repeatedly, the young man opened his mouth and stammered, "My... Mil, what can I do for you?"

Studying the young man, Yan Xiaobao noticed how he shrank before what he perceived as a young master. The silver-haired youth nearly felt pity for him, but in his world, the only people who mattered were his friends and himself... He had long understood that in this world, pity was a luxury he could not afford.

"I'm looking for an inn," Yan Xiaobao said, his voice carrying across every farmer who had followed him thus far. But the square was no longer populated solely by farmers—it now included citizens from all walks of life within the small city. When they heard the word "inn," a collective gasp escaped them, followed by loud chatter.

Witnessing this reaction, Yan Xiaobao frowned. The man he had been speaking with was staring at him with an admiration akin to that of a devoted dog. Among the crowd, phrases like "He's from a city with inns," and "He's used to staying in inns," were audible.

Deep down, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but feel surprised by such an intense reaction to something as small as an inn, but outwardly, his expression remained composed. Instead, he impatiently scanned his surroundings as numerous citizens mustered the courage to approach him.

"Perhaps your lordship would consider staying at my humble abode?" one man asked very politely. But before Yan Xiaobao had time to answer, another person shoved forward and asked the same question.

Mere moments later, a fight broke out, leading to city guards forcibly intervening at the center of the mob, attempting to break it up with little success. Yan Xiaobao watched his disciple guards and sighed.

"Handle it," Yan Xiaobao said, his tone carrying an air of arrogance and command. Upon hearing the order, Deng Wu, Wang Julong, and Sha Yun stepped forward, ready to act.

It wasn't that Yan Xiaobao often spoke to his friends in such a haughty way, but all three of them had slipped into the roles the audience assumed of them.

As the trio approached the fight, the surrounding crowd quickly stepped back, fear clear in their retreat.

Sha Yun hissed lowly at the necessity to act, her tail sweeping out as she immediately blasted three men from the fighting group away. By now, one had been hurled into two other citizens watching the fight. All three crashed to the ground, blood spraying everywhere, fragments of broken bones stark against the flesh and clothes of the unfortunate visitors.

The other two weren't so lucky, for as they slammed into the ground after being tossed from the tower and spewing blood from their mouths, they showed no signs of life. Relief washed over the crowd, selfishly—though some citizens had died, at least they themselves hadn't been dragged into the unfortunate fray.

The smell of blood lingered as the fight continued, and when they saw the unlucky ones Sha Yun had taken out, shock crossed their faces. They became even more alarmed seeing the threatening expression on her otherwise beautiful face. It was evident that she strongly opposed the brawl they had just witnessed.

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Chapter 372 Soul Shadow

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The guards stood motionless, their limbs frozen by fear, as they contemplated what they should do in the face of the young master who appeared with such overwhelming power. They all knew that if they opposed him, they were no match for him.

Soon after, Yan Xiaobao noticed that all the citizens wore student ranks, while the guards were practitioners. In the entire area around the pagoda, it seemed no one had unlocked the Dantian at their core.

Everyone was completely silent and stunned, but from afar, Yan Xiaobao noticed a commotion as someone attempted to move toward the center. His attention had been on them from the very beginning, a trace of interest flashing in his eyes as the faint smile never left his lips.

Those approaching were expert-level practitioners. Yan Xiaobao surmised that in this city, such a cultivation base was considered quite advanced. But to him, this group was nothing more than appetizers for the soul shadow of Deng Wu.

Breaking through the human crowd, a group of twenty people made their way to the plaza. Yan Xiaobao stood leisurely at the center, while his companions stood by his side, prepared to carry out Yan Xiaobao's wishes.

This group of twenty newcomers was clearly different from the guards who had appeared so far. Their faces bore an air of arrogance, and their uniforms were a striking bright red. Yet the moment they saw Yan Xiaobao, their expressions were visibly shocked, and the one in the lead took a few steps forward.

"Young Lord," his voice still carried a hint of arrogance, but he bowed respectfully to Yan Xiaobao. "The City Lord wishes to welcome you to our humble city."

"The City Lord wishes to welcome you to our humble city," the guard in red spoke softly. "Please follow me to the City Lord's mansion, where you may reside as long as you wish and as you see fit."

Yan Xiaobao nodded and followed the guard unhurriedly. Everyone who had previously crowded close now scattered, allowing them passage. None of them could forget the moment when the Snake Woman lightly killed at least three men with a single flick of her tail.

Yan Xiaobao strolled leisurely through the small town once again, observing everything around him. He quickly noticed they were taking a winding route to the City Lord's mansion. Nevertheless, Yan Xiaobao still gained an understanding of the street layout.

The mansion of the city's Lord was relatively small compared to the mansions in Liluo City, but its size was still considerable. It was undoubtedly larger than the estate Yan Xiaobao had purchased.

As they exited the mansion, more guards in red uniforms appeared. They were all at the practitioner level and displayed immense respect toward Yan Xiaobao and his followers. The leader at the forefront seemed proud to play the role of escort.

After passing a few residences, they finally arrived at a city hall where they were invited inside. This open hall had no partitions, only carefully carved wooden pillars. At the end of the hall, five seats were arranged, with a middle-aged man sitting in the center, flanked by two elderly men on either side.

As he gazed at Yan Xiaobao with keen interest, the middle-aged man's black hair and beard framed his face, outlining his intelligent yet arrogant eyes.

The robe he wore was clearly made of materials far more luxurious than any citizen's attire. Even the striking red uniforms appeared somewhat dim in comparison beside him. Four Divine Beasts were embroidered with gold thread—two on the front of his clothing and the other two on his back.

Looking at this man, Yan Xiaobao estimated his cultivation level to be roughly equivalent to his own, while the elders on either side were slightly higher.

It was undeniable, however, that while the elders had a slightly higher level, their strongest days were clearly in the past, leaving them unable to fully leverage their cultivation bases. None of them were above the Master level; at best, they ranked as nine-star Masters, much like Deng Wu.

The five of them regarded Yan Xiaobao and his entourage with mixed expressions. One displayed arrogance, another reverence, and yet another surprise.

It was evident that a cultivation level as high as the young master's had never been seen in this place. While some felt awe and reverence, others reacted with arrogance, as if to declare themselves his

equals, unwilling to admit being inferior. This was particularly true of the elders, whose life experience and perceived wisdom gave them a sense of superiority over the younger generation.

It was clear that the City Lord himself found Yan Xiaobao and his group unexpectedly extraordinary, prompting a mocking smile deep in Yan Xiaobao's heart.

Although the City King outranked Yan Xiaobao, his life experience was far inferior. It was evident that this city was isolated from the rest of the sacred dungeon, although Yan Xiaobao did not yet understand the reason or method of its isolation.

Meeting Yan Xiaobao's gaze with pride gleaming in his eyes, the City Lord nodded slightly in greeting. Yan Xiaobao returned the gesture, deciding to display as much courtesy as he could manage toward the man.

Seeing Yan Xiaobao neither clasp his hands nor bow toward him caused the City Lord's brows to twitch with frustration, yet he said nothing. Even more so when he noticed that the young man's entourage was even less polite, barely sparing him a glance of acknowledgment. Instead, the three of them seemed preoccupied with surveying their surroundings, as if readying themselves for escape if necessary.

"Young Master," the City Lord finally spoke, forcing an expression of welcome and politeness onto his face. Yet Yan Xiaobao could tell he was unaccustomed to receiving guests. It seemed this city was indeed isolated from the rest of the Underworld.

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"We are delighted to allow you and your... friends... to stay with us, as long as you want to. We have a banquet tonight—perhaps you would like to join us?"

When he saw that the boy was considering, Yan Xiaobao paused for a moment, a faint smile appearing on his face. "It would be my honor, but I must bring my friends. In a new place, they would never allow me to go alone."

Such a request was natural, and the City Lord had already guessed he could not attract the boy solely with a refined cultivation method, so he nodded in agreement. Complex emotions surfaced on his face every time his gaze landed on Sha Yun.

There was a barely veiled arrogance and curious desire. Sha Yun was clearly not an ordinary person, yet the City Lord did not seem to think she was a mystical beast. Perhaps she was a human from another tribe—those people had undergone many transformations over the years.

Breaking free from his deep thoughts, the City Lord approached Yan Xiaobao. His eyes darted to Sha Yun multiple times, as if fearing he'd lose sight of her yet knowing it was inappropriate.

Snake Woman's eyes narrowed in displeasure, her usually beautiful lips curling into a cold sneer. Her deep hostility towards the City Lord, who showed such minimal respect to Yan Xiaobao, was evident; yet besides the mockery in her eyes, she did nothing else. She stood unwaveringly beside Yan Xiaobao, glaring at the advancing black-haired City Lord.

"We are grateful for the City Lord's generosity," Yan Xiaobao said clearly, his voice firm and unyielding before the taller and stronger man.

"Please, call me Liu Wei." His voice radiated friendliness and flattery, so much so that Yan Xiaobao had to exert effort not to stare at the older man incredulously. Instead, he clasped his hands tightly and offered a slight bow, introducing himself: "I am Zhang Xiao."

Yan Xiaobao felt no positive sentiment towards the elders or the City Lord, so he gave a name that felt most generic to him. He noticed the others reacting subtly to the name, revealing faint expressions of relief. Though these elders were no longer in their prime, they still had the ability to discern even small lies from facial cues.

Upon hearing the name, Lord Liu Wei nodded again, spreading his arms wide in an excessive gesture of goodwill. "As long as you are staying in my mansion, you are free to go wherever you wish. My servants will assist you in finding accommodations." He gestured toward a group of servants. Yan Xiaobao nodded in acknowledgment as he prepared to follow them.

"We'll see you at tonight's banquet." Yan Xiaobao turned with a smile and left with his friends.

Once Yan Xiaobao's shadow disappeared from sight, the smile vanished from the City Lord's face, replaced by a look of worry.

"Why are so many senior experts appearing here?" he asked, furrowing his brows.

"They must be from outside the tunnels," replied another elder, his face contorted with displeasure.

"From outside the tunnels?" Lord Liu Wei's face turned pale as he voiced the question, but before any elder could answer, he shook his head, his expression solidifying resolutely.

"They cannot be from outside the tunnels," he declared firmly. "Their group emerged from the forested side of our lands. It's impossible for them to infiltrate our entire city unnoticed. They must be from the forest. Is there perhaps a village within the forest capable of salvaging some cultivation techniques?"

At this suggestion, the elders' eyes widened collectively, and one of them began to breathe greedily in anticipation. Everyone understood the extreme difficulty of acquiring cultivation techniques. Each person had to find their own path, tailored to themselves, yet the methods they possessed lacked the efficiency to develop talents like Zhang Xiao.

Finally, an elderly figure seated beside Lord Liu Wei sighed deeply and said, "Let's see what they reveal at the banquet." His voice caused everyone in the room to nod in agreement, before dispersing to prepare the mansion for the promised event welcoming the newcomers.

As the elders discussed the new arrivals, the group of young people followed the servants to their allocated courtyard. Surveying their surroundings, Yan Xiaobao had to admit that although this place was underground and much smaller than Liluo City, it was far from being a humble outpost, and the land extended far beyond what he had anticipated.

The group eventually reached a courtyard where they all sat quietly. The room was filled with Memory Stones that recorded the events occurring within, but fortunately, the stones did not record audio. Talking in whispers, the group began to plan their next moves, relieved to have finally secured a place to reside.

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On the surface, the frantic search had persisted for four months, attempting to locate a young man who had vanished from the face of the earth.

That young man was clearly Yan Xiaobao. The search was initiated by the Royal Family, eager to discuss the cultivation method of the white-haired boy, hoping that they themselves could achieve the Holy Land at such a young age.

Initially, the Royal Family believed the experts within Liluo City were lying, embarrassed by the fact that a King-level expert had been slain by no more than a Master-level practitioner. However, when they used truth potions on these experts, they revealed that, indeed, a Saint had appeared on that fateful day. Unfortunately, the expert disappeared as soon as he arrived.

Chapter 374 Soul Shadow_3

The Royal Family ordered everyone in Liluo City to remain silent about Yan Xiaobao and his rank; however, some rumors have left the city, causing ripples in the usually quiet Sun Kingdom.

Fortunately, those rumors ended there. Everyone had heard of the miraculous young prodigy who had reached the Holy Land before the age of twenty, but no one knew where he was now or if it was even true.

Everyone quickly assumed it was started by experts in Liluo City for fame, or as an explanation for the disaster where an expert named Wang was slain by his own son.

The Royal Kingdom has sent a silent crow to every corner of the Kingdom, but even a trace of the young genius and his friends has not appeared.

"What do you mean he disappeared?" Zhong Hui's voice carried far more weight than usual; the icy-cold man standing before him shrugged, his youthful and handsome face twisted with worry.

"After the battle for the City King of Liluo City, we lost track of him," the cold man explained again. Although it was apparent Zhong Hui was his superior, he showed no sign of fear upon seeing this anxious young man.

"Good. Very good," Zong Hui said as he leaned against his icy throne. With a straight face while he pondered briefly, suddenly a brilliant smile illuminated the room.

"Let's see how long he can hide. Send seven Crusaders to find him!"

Seated in the yard, Yan Xiaobao sighed deeply, as the arrogance previously emitted was no longer there. Instead, he once again appeared as a calm and composed young man, very handsome, but his noble aura had faded.

"We will have to stay here for a while," Yan Xiaobao said apologetically while looking around, noting the positions of each recording stone, then began destroying them one by one with the help of black blood.

Hui Le infused spiritual energy into it, precisely throwing daggers that landed on the stones, after which he recalled them by activating the spiritual energy stored within. After dismantling every stone of the new residence, they wore a brilliant smile on their face. As he leaned against a tree, a satisfied sigh escaped his lips, and a glimpse of happiness appeared on his face.

"As far as we know, the Sun should now be inside this city." When they all sat down, Yan Xiaobao explained the reason for entering the city.

"Initially, I hesitated to enter this place because I feared our strength was insufficient, but looking at these cultivators, I think we are safe even though our foundation is quite unstable after the spiritual energy spring."

Pausing for a moment, Yan Xiaobao glanced around. "We need to find Sun, but we know nothing about her. We don't know what she looks like, and we aren't even sure if Sun is her real name, nor do we understand why they brought her here. All we can do now is investigate slowly so they won't suspect we're planning anything."

Yan Xiaobao seemed fleeting as he knew that although their rank was higher than most cultivators in this city, abusing such power to attack citizens was not a good idea because they weren't cautious enough.

"Let's see how much information we can gather from them at the banquet tonight. Then tomorrow, we'll try to enter the market, to see if we can purchase some information. I believe everything we've brought from the ground can be sold here at an incredibly low cultivation rate."

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The group nodded in agreement. Any item inscribed with an inscription, even the most basic one that merely triggered flames or simple, weak Martial Arts Skills, could fetch them a fortune. One could imagine how much they could earn if they decided to sell planting techniques.

However, Yan Xiaobao was unwilling to sell anything that could alter the lives of the citizens. He still felt guilty over the Deng Family's rebellion, which was fueled by the mechanism he had provided for their waterwheel.

Because of the technologies Yan Xiaobao shared from his old world, both the Deng Family and the Rong Family underwent significant changes. He suddenly realized that by sharing his knowledge, something he had done out of gratitude, he had altered the lives of thousands of citizens in Liluo City—not to mention the countless casualties brought by the wars it caused.

Knowing he was partially at fault drove Yan Xiaobao to risk everything in an attempt to end Liluo City's conflict once and for all. Although Deng Wu personally executed his own father, and Wang Julong had also lost her father, he knew neither of them blamed him. Yet, he continued to blame himself, which made him even more secretive about everything he knew. His knowledge was reserved strictly for his own use; in the worst-case scenario, he would only share it with his closest friends, but only if their lives were at stake.

This was why Xu Yue allowed Deng Wu and the others to sell only items of barely any value at the market the next day.

"Alright then, that settles tomorrow," Yan Xiaobao finally said. "Tonight, we'll be honored guests at the banquet, so we'd better dress appropriately." Yan Xiaobao smiled as he chose a sky-blue cloak adorned with silver embroidery. It was crafted from the finest materials money could buy. Putting on the Celestial Cloak, Yan Xiaobao once again looked like a young Master.

Deng Wu couldn't help but chuckle at the transformation. Then, he quickly selected a black robe with a red sash, its edges embroidered with red patterns. It too was made of the finest materials, elevating Deng Wu's status to rival that of Hui Yu.

Wang Julong didn't have anything feminine to wear, but she donned a stylish golden robe adorned with red and orange Phoenix embroidery, earning Lan Feng's approval for her taste.

Watching the three young Masters, Sha Yun snorted disdainfully. She, a witch, took pride in her stunning appearance, so when she removed her own cloak, she immediately revealed the dazzling jewelry adorning her graceful yet scaly figure.

"One day, you should make little baby snakes," Lan Feng said dreamily as he admired the exotic beast before him. Even Yan Xiaobao could feel the dangerous heat rising from within, prompting him to quickly avert his gaze, much to Sha Yun's displeasure.

Clearing his throat awkwardly, Yan Xiaobao turned to see Deng Wu's amused smile, Sha Yun's lightly blushing cheeks as she coquettishly glared at him, and Wang Julong impatiently stomping the ground, clearly displeased. As for why she was so unhappy, she blamed it on the ridiculous snake flaunting her figure. Although Wang Julong was a woman, she would never attempt to be so seductive, and every time Sha Yun managed to estrange two members of their group, it frustrated her to no end.

Drawing inspiration from Wang Julong's stomping, Yan Xiaobao quickly composed his expression, releasing a faint blue mist from within his Dantian, enveloping his entire being in a serene aura.

A faint smile appeared on his face, and his eyes once again radiated an air of arrogance, as if everything beneath him was inconsequential. Beside him walked Wang Julong and Sha Yun, while Deng Wu chose to follow behind him, guarding his back.

Most people wouldn't trust someone who had killed their own father, but Yan Xiaobao trusted Deng Wu with his life. The young man following behind him had countless opportunities to kill him but never once betrayed his secrets. Though Deng Wu was flirtatious, he was reliable in the most peculiar ways, and this was no exception. Yan Xiaobao was willing to fully support Deng Wu's efforts to restore his clan, and in return, Deng Wu was ready to lay down his life for Yan Xiaobao.

Both Deng Wu and Wang Julong had been exiled from Liluo City, but they had succeeded in securing a future for their families. Thus, they remained eternally grateful to Yan Xiaobao and his assistance. From that moment on, both had resolved that their lives belonged to the white-haired boy, astonished by the realization that this little boy they followed would lead them across lands, exploring places no one had ever seen before.

As he walked behind Yan Xiaobao, all these thoughts churned in Deng Wu's mind, and he resolutely vowed that he would follow his young friend, even if it meant an early grave.

Yan Xiaobao, completely unaware of the important vow Deng Wu had just made, was cheerfully chatting with Sha Yun. Meanwhile, the air around them carried such a commanding presence that no one in the City Lord's mansion dared to approach him as he drew closer to the great hall.

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In the past, there was only an empty room, and the main hall with five throne-like chairs was now filled with a large table, placed on a square table in the middle of the room, with cushions on the floor around the table to invite guests to sit. The table was laden with a variety of delicacies, and Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but feel the success of their feast prepared in such a short time.

Yan Xiaobao sat down and noticed that City Lord Liu Wei sat down next to him, with Deng Wu soon sitting on his other side, not allowing the elders to follow, taking Yan Xiaobao from his home.

Finally, Yan Xiaobao let Deng Wu sit beside him, then sat next to Sha Yun, and finally Wang Julong. On the other side of Yan Xiaobao were Liu Wei and five elders beside him.

Besides these nine people, there were many high-status individuals in this fascinating city, mostly from aristocratic families, but none of them could capture Yan Xiaobao's interest because they all relied on lower Dantians. freewebnovel_com

Yan Xiaobao felt deeply puzzled as he couldn't understand why someone as strong as the sun would follow these weaklings to a city where they didn't even seem to use her power.

"Perhaps you could tell me where you're from?" Liu Wei asked curiously, offering various food trays to the politely accepting Yan Xiaobao.

Upon hearing this question, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but chuckle. "Do you think I'm from Lord Liu Wei?" This question completely surprised the mayor, as he was shocked at not getting a direct answer. Currently, the City Lord was convinced that Yan Xiaobao hadn't arrived from outside the tunnel, but he couldn't know where he came from. This cave was known as the world's ultimate destination, yet somehow, someone appeared from an unknown place, and he wasn't alone.

"I guess you're from outside the tunnel, but I'm curious if I'm correct," the City Lord asked, trying to coax Yan Xiaobao into saying that he indeed wasn't from the tunnel, but this white-haired boy wasn't unfamiliar with interrogation, as he had experienced much from his old girlfriend in his previous world, and Hui Le's face showed a complacent expression as he answered, "Where else could we come from?"

The question was a simple one, but once it left Yan Xiaobao's lips, a collective shudder ran through the bodies of Lord Liu Wei and his elders. Everyone from outside the tunnel was a terrifying cultivator, and compared to the last delegation that appeared from the tunnel, these young men were by no means geniuses.

"I apologize to the young master," Lord Liu Wei dared not act arrogantly in front of Yan Xiaobao anymore, fearing offending him.

"Forgive me, but are you here out of personal interest or as a representative from the Dragon Army?" Observing Yan Xiaobao, everyone at the table held their breath, their hearts pounding in their chests, eyes wide with fear. Seconds felt like hours, every pair of eyes glued to Yan Xiaobao.

Yan Xiaobao smiled slightly before finally opening his mouth and answering, "I wish to see the world on the other side of the tunnel." His voice calm and filled with youthful yearning before he took the time to respond to the anticipated extreme response. Suitable for different places. "I came here for personal reasons. Don't have any amusing thoughts," he warned them, "my family knows where I am."

The pending threat hung in the air, but everyone expressed relief. A slight frown appeared on his face, as he didn't notice any sign of worry about his last words. It seemed the Dragon Army was indeed very fearsome.

The frown almost vanished as soon as it appeared, but his friends noticed it and noted down the name of the Dragon Army. The next day, they needed to seek information; this was definitely something they needed to investigate.

Although not much was said at the feast, Yan Xiaobao had already gained two important pieces of information: one was the unknown tunnel, evidently inhabited by experts on the other side, and the second information was the Dragon Army.

Contemplating the provided information, Yan Xiaobao formulated various theories, but one thing was certain. The cave they were in connected with at least another cave, where cultivators lived and controlled the surrounding environment.

Since these underground cities were located beneath the Azure Dragon Kingdom, the Dragon Yues believed they must be related to Azure Dragon. However, are they remnants left from when the Azure Dragon roamed the earth, or were they named for other reasons?

Curiosity overwhelmed Yan Xiaobao, and he couldn't wait to see his own tunnel, but he knew that before delving further into the dungeon, he needed to find Sun and bring her back to other laws.

Suddenly, a thread of sunlight opened up a discussion about the laws in his mind, and Yan Xiaobao felt as if he finally understood something.

To celebrate loved life, Yan Xiaobao managed to thoroughly enjoy the rest of the feast through pleasant conversation and merry talk, then stood up to apologize for leaving early. His journey had exhausted him, and no one at the table dared to say anything in reply. When he rushed back to the courtyard, there were only polite nods and friendly smiles.

Following closely, his friends had long noticed something was different, and all three were searching for something that might stand out, as Yan Xiaobao's only thought was to return to the courtyard.

Fortunately, the journey ended without any trouble, and Yan Xiaobao arrived safely at the courtyard, where he immediately sat in a meditation position, closed his eyes, and immersed himself in the brilliant enlightenment he experienced during the feast.

Watching Yan Xiaobao and hearing a sigh, but when the three friends looked at each other, it quickly turned to laughter. Yan Xiaobao was undoubtedly the one who brought them together. They worked with him at the academy for many years, battled in Liluo City, managed to overcome the trauma of killing many people, and chased away their homes.

During the months-long journey, they got to know a side of Yan Xiaobao they hadn't noticed before, and one thing was his desire for breakthroughs. Once he achieved enlightenment, he'd stop everything for meditation. Whether in the middle of a stream or rushing through fields, it didn't matter.

Usually, the white-haired man would meditate on his enlightenment for longer than an hour, but this time seemed different. As Yan Xiaobao sat down to meditate, Sha Yun, Deng Wu, and Wang Julong all gathered around him, ready to protect him in case the masters suddenly changed their opinion on how to treat the young master.

One hour passed, then another, dusk turned to dawn; the sun rose in the sky, morning broke, bringing the noise from the bustling metropolis.

Watching Yan Xiaobao who had stayed in the same position for hours, Deng Wu finally stood up, stretching his sore body.

"It seems he'll stay like this for quite some time," he commented while stretching more. "I suggest we split up. One of us stays here to ensure no one disturbs Yue, while the others go into the city to gather information."

Hearing Deng Wu's suggestion, Wang Julong and Sha Yun both nodded. Before reaching Wang Julong, Deng Wu thought for a bit.

Sha Yun was delighted to stay, and she quickly settled beside Yan Xiaobao. Ensuring she didn't disturb his meditation in any way, but there wasn't much hair between the two of them.

Wang Julong's face turned a bit sour but quickly returned to her usual expression as she donned a black cloak that hid her features. Deng Wu decided to wear something similar, and the two cloaked figures disappeared at the mansion's entrance.

Once the two left the courtyard, followers appeared; however, their abilities were too weak to follow Deng Wu and Wang Julong. As soon as they walked through the gate, the two cloaks gradually disappeared into the crowd.

Passing through the town, Deng Wu aimed for the market, but he was soon shocked to find everything in the city different from their expectations.

There was no such thing as a market; instead, there was a corn distribution center. There, Deng Wu discovered that money didn't exist in this city, as everyone shared what they had with others.

All of the harvest was donated to the City Lord's mansion, and then the mansion shared it among every family in the city. Not to mention the manufacturing work, everyone did everything for free.

There was a family akin to an aristocracy, but the aristocratic family was seen as equal to the City Lord, and this family shared all their harvest with the citizens.

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Chapter 377 No One Remembers His Face

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Everyone did their own work at their own time, but no one was paid, not even the smallest coin. Instead, they did it to receive the weekly food distribution.

Watching like this, a smile appeared on Deng Wu's face. Although there was no money in the city and everyone was eligible for food, if they were sick or orphaned, many of them would not get enough food. So Deng Wu immediately changed his plan, targeting not the merchants but the poor areas of the city.

The poor areas were the first places they saw when they entered the city for days, and when people saw the appearance of Deng Wu and Wang Julong, everyone disappeared into their huts.

Deng Wu decided to stop in the middle of the street. After watching for a while behind him, a deep sigh could be heard from under the cloak. He quickly moved it away, letting his features appear again.

Although Deng Wu had walked through the day before, no one noticed him because all attention was focused on Yan Xiaobao. Deng Wu was nothing but a retainer, now ensuring no one remembered his face.

While adults worried about his sudden appearance, especially because it was the face of a man they had never seen before, most children hesitated, rushing toward him as he knelt to greet them.

Suddenly, several strips of dried meat appeared from his storage ring, and the children's eyes grew wide with excitement. Not only because of the meat but also because of the way it suddenly appeared.

Deng Wu chewed on a meat strip himself, sharing with the children, and smiled with a grateful expression.

Inside the houses, women began appearing at the doorways. "Excuse me." One of the young women finally had the courage to speak to Deng Wu, her arms crossed over her chest, with a half-worried expression on her face.

"Is there anything we can help you with?" she asked again, looking at Deng Wu while worrying about what he might do, her voice slightly trembling.

"In fact," Deng Wu spoke slowly and clearly, so everyone could hear his words, "I'm looking for someone to answer some questions for me. I will exchange meat for information, but whatever I ask must remain confidential."

Hearing this, more women came over, and Deng Wu was invited into a house, where he was invited to speak with the women.

Outside the door was Wang Julong, ensuring no one entered who was not allowed to do so.

Before Deng Wu appeared from the house again, the sun had set behind the city, his face full of expressions. To pay respect to Wang Julong, Deng Wu covered himself with the black cloak again before he started moving back to the courtyard, curious if Yan Xiaobao had already awakened, as he had gotten quite a bit of information.

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Yan Xiaobao had been in a frenzy. During the banquet, he had a moment of enlightenment. However, the harder he stayed with the master trying to grasp the clear information from the beginning, he finally had to leave the meal ahead of time with the excuse of needing to go home and rest.

On the way back, Yan Xiaobao could only think of the words swirling in his mind. "Natural laws," "Gods," and "cultivation method." Xu Yue was grateful he didn't have to worry about his surroundings because he knew he was protected. Most importantly, it allowed him to focus on his enlightenment while his friends handled everything else.

Seeing the courtyard come into view, Song Yue sighed in relief. He immediately sat down, closed his eyes, and projected his spirit into the Dantian Cave, where it entered Yan Xiaobao's most profound meditation possession at the moment.

Yan Xiaobao was submerged inside himself, once again thinking of the three words emerging from the golden light of enlightenment.

This world is based on natural laws. Each law is a specific property that cannot be altered.

The sun will rise during the day and can only be replaced by the moon at night. Regardless of what happens on the continents and kingdoms, the wind will blow, and time will continue to flow.

But natural laws are not limited to the sun and moon, seasons, and weather. Everything is touched by these natural laws, and each law was created by the gods. To escape these laws, one must become a god. One must become a creator.

The Time Law makes this difficult, and the Death Law always looms, but for anyone willing to pursue fortune, the cultivation law is open.

Yan Xiaobao sat still, frowning, as he understood some things, but others were still too profound to grasp.

This world is full of laws, created by the gods when they created the world. They are as old as the world and will live and die with the world. Although the sun was taken away, her laws remain true, meaning as long as the world stands, she will survive too.

Clearly, saving her was nothing more than Lan Feng giving him a trial, hoping to help him improve his cultivation foundation.

Everything in this world relates to laws. There is a Sun Law and a Moon Law. There are the life law and Death Law. Every element has its own rules, just like there are always clouds in the sky, there is a sky on the ground; there are always laws governing. Even heaven and earth have their own rules.

The continent where Hui Le resides is merely one of the many small continents in the world created by the four gods. Even things like cultivation have associated laws and rules that cultivators must abide by.

When creating the world, what the gods did was set laws, and from the laws, the world emerged. Anyone living in this world is bound by its laws unless they manage to break through to the level of a god.

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This made Yan Xiaobao truly understand that only through cultivation could one reach the level of God. Only when an ultimate expert gains enlightenment about the world of God can they reach this level.

This is why Lan Feng had never managed to reach the level of God. For years, he lingered at the peak of cultivation, but sadly, his comprehension was insufficient; he never grasped the ultimate laws or the ways of the universe, which prevented him from ascending to the tier he had aimed for all his life.

Yan Xiaobao's thoughts were shaken by the myriad laws that existed within the world as he finally began to understand. Cultivation was the path he had embarked on, but to become a God, an immortal, it was not solely what cultivators chased.

Immortals... beings who live forever. Those who control the laws themselves.

As a cultivator, Yan Xiaobao had taken the first step on his journey toward achieving this goal, yet he was still so weak that even the faintest law was far stronger than him. But when he realized one does not need to become strong to attain immortality, a sudden thought sprouted in his mind. All one needs is understanding, far beyond normal people. If they completely comprehend the laws of the universe, even a newborn could become immortal.

Meditating, Yan Xiaobao felt his heart filled with power. This power was vastly different from anything he had previously experienced because it did not increase his cultivation base. Instead, the silver ocean within his Middle Dantian gained a faint golden hue. It was as if the sea itself understood that Yan Xiaobao's comprehension had leaped forward.

As various laws entered his mind, Yan Xiaobao's head throbbed in pain. Each law had a primary law, followed by multiple subsidiary laws. For instance, there was a law concerning the Water Element, but there were also laws for water currents, rain, lakes, and oceans.

While Yan Xiaobao truly wished to master the knowledge flowing through his mind, he struggled to comprehend it, some of it fading into obscurity. What he didn't grasp was the notion that everything in this world was constituted of laws, and these laws were created by God, who could in turn break them.

These laws were unlike humans, yet they were still entities. As long as the world created by Gods stood, they could survive. These laws were even older than Lan Feng!

Opening his eyes, Yan Xiaobao looked puzzled as he saw Deng Wu, Sha Yun, and Wang Julong sitting across from him. They weren't meditating; instead, they were watching him intently. A knowing smile played across their faces, while Yan Xiaobao couldn't hide the confusion on his own.

This wasn't the first time he had abruptly stopped what he was doing for the sake of enlightenment, but somehow, this time felt different.

"What's the matter?" Yan Xiaobao finally blurted out, his curiosity getting the better of him. His body felt sore from staying seated in the same position for so long. Slowly, he stood up and stretched, as if he'd never moved before. His entire body trembled with unused energy, his spiritual energy sea and Qi spirals brimming with power, overflowing as if they'd been harnessed for weeks.

"Had a great time, didn't you?" Deng Wu asked with a brilliant smile, causing Yan Xiaobao to frown slightly. So focused was he on the enlightenment of the laws that time had completely slipped his mind; he had no idea how much of it had passed.

Seeing his confused expression, Sha Yun immediately felt pity for Yan Xiaobao. Sliding over to him, she gently massaged his shoulders. "You've been gone for three days," she said dangerously close to his ear, her snake-like tongue slipping through the air beside the young man.

Hui Yu immediately extracted herself from Sha Yun's gentle grip, shooting her a warning glare, but the Snake Woman ignored it, examining her nails instead.

With nowhere to go in the face of Snake Woman's antics, Yan Xiaobao sighed before focusing on her words. His eyebrows rose in surprise as he realized he didn't feel any different than he had before entering meditation.

His body functioned perfectly; he wasn't hungry nor did he feel any natural physical needs. Everything was exactly as it had been three days earlier. The only explanation Yan Xiaobao could muster was that his enlightenment must have ensured his body received the necessary nourishment.

Suddenly, a thought flashed in his mind, and his eyes lit up with an unusual gleam. He no longer cared whether Sha Yun had attempted to flirt with him earlier or about the triviality of bodily functions.

Yan Xiaobao had a faint but novel form of enlightenment, but this kind of realization had never happened before. Typically, he would gain insight after battles, while contemplating puzzles, or during spiritual art practice. Yet, this enlightenment struck him during a feast, where he wasn't brooding deeply about anything useful.

Xu Hui rarely mentioned Lan Feng's laws, but that wasn't reason enough for such immense enlightenment, especially since he hadn't pondered the matter at the time.

The only thing Yan Xiaobao could deduce was that he might have come into contact with something related to laws, which triggered such a reaction. A smile spread across his face as he felt it might lead to discovering the Sun.

Although the Sun couldn't die, she was still a living entity. Just like the other laws Yan Xiaobao had encountered in the forest, he couldn't help but think there was a connection between this enlightenment and her. She must be somewhere within the City Lord's mansion.

Seeing the smile on Yan Xiaobao's face, his friends around him mirrored the gesture. This brazen expression only appeared on Yan Xiaobao's face when he stumbled upon something that could benefit them all.

"So, do you want to hear about what we discovered from the city's trade?" Deng Wu asked curiously, and Yan Xiaobao nodded. Before delving deeper into their troubled world, the four of them couldn't possibly take any action without gaining more understanding.

"Alright, first of all, these dungeons are divided into two types of zones. Some are caves like this, and others are tunnels. The tunnels connect the caves to one another," Deng Wu explained, recounting information he'd gleaned from women after trading days earlier.

"The caves belong only to humans and very weak Magic Beasts, while the tunnels are home to stronger beasts." Hearing this made Yan Xiaobao nod. In that case, it made sense why they were shocked, as they were cultivators who had managed to break into regions belonging to the beasts themselves.

"This area is known as the Cave's End," Deng Wu continued to report. "It's the extremity of all the caves, and it seems nobody knows the entrance we used to get here. Nobody even knows about the cabin we came across in the forest."

"There are no cultivation methods inside this cave; everyone cultivates in their own way. When I asked about what they meant by 'their way,' it seemed none of them could properly describe it," Deng Wu added. But when he brought up something about an individual method, Yan Xiaobao's eyes turned vacant as he once more recalled his earlier enlightenment.

Their own way. That truly mattered. Although Yan Xiaobao was cultivating in line with conventional paths, he was also forging his own destiny and decisions through the actions he took. Somehow, Yan Xiaobao felt his path tied to the laws of the world, but once again, he couldn't quite articulate its meaning. Complex thoughts and reasoning flooded his mind, and he eventually stopped mulling over it when no further enlightenment arose.

"Apologies," he muttered weakly, as he'd once again left his friends waiting for him—but they didn't seem bothered at all. Deng Wu simply nodded and continued speaking.

"This place, Cave's End, is the weakest of all zones. In the same way, the beasts inside the tunnels leading to the next cave are also the weakest. The closer you get to the center, the stronger everyone becomes." At this, Deng Wu let out a low sigh. "Nobody can tell me anything about the center because nobody has ever ventured there before. It's the distant goal every cultivator wants to reach."

Upon hearing this, Yan Xiaobao nodded, as he gained a rough understanding of the world they'd found themselves in. This was perfect for their training since it grew progressively harder. Quietly, Yan Xiaobao inwardly applauded Lan Feng's thought process.

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Chapter 379 There's One More Thing

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"There's one more thing," Deng Wu said with a smile on his face, as if he was saving the best for last.

"There's something called the Dragon Clan," he began, and Yan Xiaobao suddenly recalled the name from the day before. "This group appears once a year, and each year they demand taxes. In return, they ensure that no magical beasts will leave their caves. The Dragon Army is much stronger than the City Lord and his elders. People are happy to pay taxes, but whenever they're here, they inevitably take whatever they desire on their way back, including killing former masters without hesitation. If they fancy a beautiful woman, she will be taken, forced to leave her parents behind."

Hearing this suddenly made Yan Xiaobao understand the pervasive fear surrounding the Dragon Army. He nodded slowly, just as Deng Wu raised his hand and gestured mid-air, seemingly about to say something.

"This year, I heard they don't require any grain, and the City Lord has managed to propose a plan that even ensures women won't be endangered," Deng Wu said with an unapologetically smug smile. Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but smirk himself. It seemed Sun was a coveted item by the Dragon Army.

"Tell me this kind of thing sooner!" Yan Xiaobao exclaimed with a laugh, sitting down cross-legged, already pondering their next steps.

Over the following days, Hui Yue meticulously examined the City Lord's mansion, but no matter how thoroughly he searched, nothing seemed to reveal itself.

As the guest of an elder, everything within Yan Xiaobao's reach was open to them. Yet, despite scrutinizing every twisted crack and corner, he found nothing related to Sun.

Yan Xiaobao's explorations uncovered few secrets, and within days, the City Lord's entire mansion had been combed through—from the tallest tower to the lowest cellar.

While Yan Xiaobao busied himself searching the mansion, Deng Wu was mingling with the town's female population. Despite Yan Xiaobao's favorable standing in the city, Deng Wu was nothing more than a retainer—a servant to the boy with white hair. Though Lord Liu Wei and his elders thought Deng Wu was strong, he paled in comparison to his master. Spending time on befriending him seemed wasteful.

On the first day Wang Julong and Deng Wu left the mansion, their followers soon gave up, but after several days, they managed to trail him to a farmhouse.

In this region, Deng Wu was more popular than Yan Xiaobao, and even more celebrated than the City Lord, as he flirted with all the girls and generously shared meat with anyone interested.

It must be said that Deng Wu owned more than one storage ring filled with provisions suitable for long journeys, and his heart truly didn't regret sharing with the common folk. Somehow, though, the pretty girls always ended up getting more than the rest.

Spending his days with the town's youth, he gathered plenty of information to share with Yan Xiaobao and the others.

"The Dragon Army will arrive in a few weeks. That's probably why they're so worried about you being part of it," Deng Wu said, lounging in the courtyard, resting his body after a full day in town.

Hearing this, the previously frustrated Yan Xiaobao's face broke into a smile. After repeatedly searching the site without any leads, Deng Wu's causal remark sparked an idea in him.

"Since I can't find Sun, I suggest we leave immediately. The only entrance and exit from Cave's End is through the so-called tunnel. While we haven't found Sun, it's very likely she'll be traded to the Dragon Army. All we can do is evade the army and rescue her for her friends."

"You're suggesting we should confront people far stronger than us?" Wang Julong asked bluntly. But seeing the smile on Yan Xiaobao's face, she sighed deeply and nodded. It was clear Yan Xiaobao hoped to fight the Dragon Army to test their strength.

"We'll stay here for a few days," Yan Xiaobao said with childlike excitement. "While I haven't located Sun yet, I'll find her, and if I do, we'll stick to the earlier plan to get her out. If I don't find her, then we'll proceed with the second plan—to ambush the Dragon Army and rescue her." Yan Xiaobao spoke with determination, and anyone looking at him knew he had already decided on the second option.

Even though the Slaughter Aura within him was usually subdued by serene clouds, the excitement of an impending battle stirred once again, igniting a faint murderous intent in his blue eyes with a slight crimson tint.

Seeing Yan Xiaobao so eager for a fight made his friends laugh, even Wang Julong rarely broke into a smile.

To dismiss his friends, Yan Xiaobao left the courtyard once again to inspect the mansion, but once again found no trace of Sun.

Returning to the courtyard, Yan Xiaobao shrugged. He didn't mind; after all, facing the Dragon Army was far more intriguing.

Hui Yue gathered all their belongings, expressed gratitude for Liu Wei's generous hospitality, and their group set off on their journey again, led by Deng Wu, who had received directions from his female friends in town.

Leaving the city, they noticed fields and farmhouses dotting the land, much like the territory they'd crossed when entering from the other side of the city.

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On this side, there were no visible forests, only a cave wall far in the distance that one could see. It would take days to reach it, but everyone in the group was in high spirits. As they chatted and joked along the way, they needed to find the tunnels.

While walking, Deng Wu was searching for a very important storage stone, which held all of his inscriptions.

Deng Wu had ventured onto the path of a Necromancer, a road deeply unpopular due to the sheer number of deaths caused by such a cultivator. Necromancy would inevitably follow a Necromancer wherever they went, and at the moment, Deng Wu was using a new inscription that allowed him to transfer longevity from one person to another.

Deng Wu was a genius when it came to crafting inscriptions. If not for his brilliance, it would be almost impossible for him to injure—let alone kill—a King-level cultivator.

Indeed, the power Deng Wu wielded did not entirely belong to him; it was Little Dragon's. However, without Deng Wu, Little Dragon would never have had the ability to unleash its energy, for Deng Wu hadn't created the synchronizing inscription.

After receiving power from his cultivation base, Little Dragon infused Deng Wu's body with Dragon Qi—a Qi that continued to grow in strength thanks to Yan Xiaobao's gift of the Dragon Shengxiao cultivation technique. The amplification of Dragon Qi enabled Deng Wu to craft an inscription granting Little Dragon the ability to channel a surge of energy to Deng Wu. This inscription allowed the dark-haired man to release the energy of an Emperor-level Divine Beast in mesmerizing beams of light.

When sealed within the hairpin, Little Dragon was akin to Lan Feng. They had only their cultivation base left behind as they found no method to increase their power due to the lack of bodies capable of refining energy.

Little Dragon brought Deng Wu some cultivation foundations and unleashed a surge of power in defiance of his father, forcing Little Dragon into the Emperor-level.

Sacrificing one's cultivation base is something cultivators only resort to when there is no other way to win the battle. Though it is possible to restore it, it requires immense effort to complete the refining process anew.

This was yet another reason why so few dared to become Necromancers. While the control over life and the appeal of commanding the undead were tempting, the incessant sacrifices of one's cultivation base were a heavy price to pay.

Looking at Deng Wu from behind, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but let out a sorrowful smile. He knew Deng Wu had chosen this path because it made him strong. Deng Wu was acutely aware of the power he possessed now, as well as the strength he would need to survive in the future.

As a Metal Affinity user, those who practiced necromancy were the strongest by far, but Gemstone Masters weren't to be looked down upon, even if they weren't ranked first.

As a Metal Affinity cultivator himself, Yan Xiaobao understood the various paths available to him because of his affinity, yet he regretted that he hadn't spent enough time thoroughly exploring them.

Yan Xiaobao gazed at Wang Julong. She and Deng Wu had taken completely different roads, as Wang Julong specialized in healing. Her combat prowess was somewhat lower than the others, but Yan Xiaobao truly valued her during this journey. Healers were always indispensable assets.

While Yan Xiaobao assessed the strength of his team, he felt deep satisfaction within. On his own, he might be no weakling, but alongside his friends, he was undoubtedly a force to be reckoned with—without even relying on Lan Feng.

Their trek across the fields had taken an entire day, once again drawing the farmers' attention. Unlike last time, however, everyone seemed to know exactly who Yan Xiaobao was, and none dared follow him; they all assumed he was heading home.

When they reached the cave wall, Yan Xiaobao let out an astonished whistle. The wall was intricately carved and had been smoothed over years of erosion.

Yan Xiaobao had expected these tunnels to be difficult to locate, or at least similar to the ones they had come across earlier, but instead, what he saw was a towering gate guarded by two sentries. He was taken aback.

The gate was immense, made of heavy wood, and it could not be opened unless the cultivator had considerable strength.

Around the gate, there was nothing but fields. Although Yan Xiaobao had initially planned to camp outside and await the Dragon Army, he quickly realized this would be impossible. Any hostile actions

would be immediately noticed, and the villagers who observed them would most likely report it to the City Lord.

While pondering, Yan Xiaobao gritted his teeth and made a swift decision. The four of them would enter the tunnels and see what lay within.

"Let's go in," he said, noticing the three smiles from the faces beside him, who all nodded in unison.

Turning to the guards, who bore pale expressions, they all knew this was a group claiming to have emerged from the tunnels—but they knew better. No one had left the tunnels since the Dragon Army last ventured here, yet they dared not discuss these matters with the mysterious cultivators before them. Their power was simply too intense.

The two guards nodded to each other and began opening the heavy wooden door. As it creaked open, sounds of strained wood echoed, dust fell from the top, and even the ground within the cave trembled due to the sheer weight of the gate.

In the fields, the farmers froze in their tracks, staring at the distant open gate. Yan Xiaobao could feel their watchful gazes, but he soon forgot all about them, for an immense surge of Heaven and Earth Essence, along with Earth Essence, flooded out from the opening. It was so dense that Yan Xiaobao almost felt as though he was walking underwater, a smile creeping across his face.