

## Medical 381

### Chapter 381 - There's Another Thing\_3

This place was unquestionably an ideal environment for cultivation. Politely nodding at the two guards, Yan Xiaobao and his friends slipped into the tunnel.

After closing the door behind the young cultivators, the guards let out a sigh of relief. The sheer density of energy swirling in the area was unbearable for them. Strangely, the young cultivators appeared as though they'd stumbled into a treasure trove, seemingly unaffected by the intense energy.

As Yan Xiaobao and his companions shut the door, the tunnel where they stood grew progressively darker. In this shadowed realm devoid of sunlight, Yan Xiaobao could feel adrenaline coursing through his veins as he heard the distant howls of magical beasts.

In the complete darkness, Yan Xiaobao felt more alert than ever. He quickly retrieved a light stone from his storage stone. The sudden illumination bathed the tunnel, causing shadows to flicker throughout the space. Some shadows were genuine, while others were creatures attempting to flee from the emitted rays of light.

Deng Wu picked out the stone Yan Xiaobao had given him earlier. Wang Julong drew out two stones from her storage stone, one for herself and the other for Sha Yun.

Though Sha Yun accepted the stone, she had no real need for it. As a magical beast with enhanced senses, her feline-like eyes were perfectly attuned to seeing clearly in either nighttime conditions or tunnels such as this.

Most magical beasts retreated from the light, but a terrifying howl echoed. The tunnel floor trembled slightly as something massive began charging toward Yan Xiaobao and the group.

This was evidently no lightweight magical beast. As it neared, energy fluctuations became palpable, prompting all the young cultivators to unleash their spiritual energy, forming shields surrounding their bodies.

Quickly flicking his hand, Yan Xiaobao summoned black blood into his grasp. A vivid red flame ignited in his palm and danced with life. His killing intent surged, and the advancing beast visibly faltered in its steps.

As Wang Julong began chanting her spell, green energy swirled around her. She clutched three types of plant seeds in her hand, spreading them before her while chanting in a low murmur.

Suddenly, the seeds began to sprout at an unimaginable speed. One of the plants grew rapidly, coiling around Wang Julong and forming a protective barrier against external threats.

The plant's winding vines were adorned with thorns and flowers—poisonous flowers—and anyone daring to approach her would need to contend with the barriers she had erected.

While the first seed had grown into a protective shield, Wang Julong continued her chants without pause. Ripples surfaced visibly as the roots extended farther and farther from the thin trunk of the sapling before settling into stillness.

With the conclusion of Wang Julong's spell, the last seed blossomed into beautiful poppy flowers on the ground. An alluring fragrance wafted from their petals.

Merely glancing at these petals, one could instantly discern their toxic nature. During the process of giving life to the three seeds, Wang Julong's complexion turned slightly pale. She sat within her protective barrier, closed her eyes, and began meditation.

The magical beast slowed drastically under Yan Xiaobao's killing intent, but it continued advancing. The nearer it got, the stronger the vibrations became, causing small fragments of debris to fall from the ceiling.

Deng Wu realized he couldn't activate his soul runes in this tunnel, as no creatures other than his companions were present for him to utilize. Instead, he turned to some fire inscriptions he had crafted during his prior residence in Liluo City.

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Chapter 382 - Creating a Grave

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With the inscription pattern, they retrieved a small Magic Gem from the storage stone. Once it was in Deng Wu's hands, he began chanting a spell, his focus fully fixed on the stone in his palm. Gradually, the gemstone began to liquify, transforming the previously brilliant red gem into a crimson liquid under Deng Wu's skillful spellwork. He swiftly collected the liquid in a jade bottle, then elegantly spread it over paper, forming a complex inscription.

At the center of this inscription was the symbol of fire, and after a brief moment, the paper lit up with a red hue. Once the inscription was completed, Deng Wu placed it on his arm, ready to use it when the roaring beast appeared.

Sha Yun glanced at the other two, her eyes carrying a slight hint of disdain as she stood there, waiting for the beast to show itself. Her skills could be used to protect Yan Xiaobao and herself, but her nature was far from defensive. Instead, she prepared to create a grave for the creature the moment it emerged.

Sha Yun, fortunate to be attuned to the earth, found spells unnecessary. With a wave of her hand, a chair made of stone emerged from beneath her feet, and she sat upon it with a satisfied smile, resembling a queen overseeing an amusing drama before her.

Yan Xiaobao had grabbed the black blood at the start, but upon seeing his friends' behavior, he chuckled softly and once more stored it in his storage stone. A smug expression formed on his face as he decided to let his companions handle whatever beast was charging toward them.

Under the dim light of the Light Stone, a colossal figure emerged, so imposing that even Yan Xiaobao hesitated to gaze directly at the creature before him. It resembled a wolf-like animal, yet it was not a wolf. Easily measuring 5 meters in length and 3 meters in height, it took up the entire tunnel.

Its fur was black, with gray legs and a long, snake-like gray tail. When its gaze fell upon Sha Yun, the sight caused Yan Xiaobao to let out a faint grunt, only to be silenced by Sha Yun's deadly glare.

It raised its head and looked skyward, its fangs reminiscent of a saber-tooth tiger's. Its eyes glowed red, their depths shining with inner intensity.

Staring into its eyes, Yan Xiaobao quickly noticed the wisdom hidden behind the creature's murderous intent. The moment the serpent-like beast spotted the poppy flowers on the ground, it abruptly halted, standing completely upright as its body lowered, poised as if preparing to pounce at any moment.

Seeing this expression on the wolf's face, the playful attitude previously felt by Yan Xiaobao vanished instantly, replaced by vigilance and alertness. Once again, he brought out the black blood, infusing it with his spiritual energy.

The wolf seemed to understand that the cultivators before it were not ones to be easily defeated, and with a low growl, it turned and began preparing to flee.

"Don't let it escape!" Sha Yun jumped up from the stone chair she had created for herself, her voice echoing against the damp tunnel walls. The urgency in her tone spurred Yan Xiaobao, Deng Wu, and Wang Julong to prepare for battle.

Wang Julong closed her eyes, once again entering meditation, but this time she murmured continuously, her voice a relentless hum.

For now, the wolf didn't flee quickly, but the moment it noticed the incoming spores, its speed increased dramatically.

Noticing this, Yan Xiaobao activated Velocity Flow, and with the added burst of speed, he charged directly at the wolf.

Right behind him was Deng Wu, wielding the inscription he had crafted earlier. The inscription wrapped around a Flying Sword, which shot forward at incredible speed.

"Duck!" Deng Wu shouted, and the white-haired boy complied. In the next instant, a deafening boom echoed throughout the tunnel, shaking loose small rocks that rained down from the ceiling as flames engulfed the space within.

Qi's knife had landed on the wolf, and upon impact, the inscription exploded with a power rivaling Yan Xiaobao's Fireball. This was Deng Wu's most relied-upon and practiced ability.

Although it was as powerful as Yan Xiaobao's Fireball, it came with considerable cost. Every time Deng Wu crafted a new inscription, he had to sacrifice some of his cultivation base and painstakingly rebuild it through arduous effort.

He did possess some inscriptions that didn't require cultivation base but instead relied on spiritual energy; however, these were far weaker, and their results lacked the force of cultivation-based inscriptions.

In general, Deng Wu disliked using his inscriptions for combat because they indiscriminately consumed life—whether allies, enemies, or innocent bystanders nearby, none were spared.

Nevertheless, this was the choice he had made upon realizing he was an affinity cultivator of metal. Deng Wu understood that Yan Xiaobao preferred targeted attacks and one-on-one duels. While this was highly effective in cultivator duels, Deng Wu knew it had limitations on the battlefield. And since he had long ago decided to stay by Yan Xiaobao's side, he also resolved to choose methods he deemed most beneficial to his friend.

No matter who stood in the way, Deng Wu would strive not to drag Yan Xiaobao down while enhancing his companion's power.

These were Deng Wu's thoughts as he watched flames ignite upon the black wolf in front of them.

Deng Wu wasn't the only one eager to showcase his skills. As the flames roared and the wolf howled in agony, spears emerged from all directions, piercing straight through the wolf's protective fur.

#### Chapter 383 - Creating a Grave\_2

The agonized screams escalated quickly, but within moments, the convulsing body ceased its movements. Instead, the beast's figure collapsed on the ground, with the final breath slipping from its twisted lips; the will to live had entirely left it.

In Deng Wu and Sha Yun's eyes, there was a glimmer of excitement, but the frustration in Wang Julong's gaze was evident due to her abilities not being utilized.

Deng Wu extinguished the flames with a cancellation inscription, then approached the beast, followed closely by Yan Xiaobao and the others.

This beast was like a treasure trove, teeming with valuables that would prove useful in the future.

First came the high-quality meat, its sheer quantity astounding. Properly dried, it could easily replenish Deng Wu's storage ring, which he had emptied earlier during a trade.

The fur was softer than any they had encountered before. Though uncertain about future challenges, Yan Xiaobao decided to skin the beast to prepare warmer garments, should the need arise. Even with Sha Yun's claws riddled with holes, the material remained of superior quality, and he was happy to accept it.

The beast core shimmered a pristine white, signifying the creature's pure cultivation. Such specimens were increasingly rare and explained the intelligence Yan Xiaobao had observed earlier.

Though beast cores of this caliber fetched a high price, Yan Xiaobao promptly handed it to Deng Wu, as it was one of the essential items for crafting new inscription patterns. One day, these high-grade inscriptions could save them in a dire situation.

Gazing at the fallen wolf, Yan Xiaobao knew the bones were another significant resource. With a chuckle, he crouched down and began to disassemble the beast, treating every part as though it were a priceless treasure.

The three friends were accustomed to Yan Xiaobao's meticulous work; they all collaborated harmoniously, like a single entity operating in perfect sync.

Wang Julong and Deng Wu retrieved wood from their storage rings to build a fire. Sha Yun used her innate connection with the earth to scout the area and set protective traps.

After completing her tasks, Sha Yun's face turned pale. She quietly approached Yan Xiaobao, tapping him gently on the shoulder. In a hushed, uneasy tone, she said, "I don't want to alarm you, but... a lot of wolves are heading our way. Truly a lot."

Upon hearing Sha Yun's warning, Yan Xiaobao immediately stopped dismantling the wolf's corpse. He placed one hand on the stone floor, melding with it to scout the tunnels ahead.

Just as Sha Yun had said, when Yan Xiaobao swiftly returned to his body, a cold smirk spread across his face.

Contemplating his next move, Yan Xiaobao motioned for the others to retreat to their starting position, where the tunnels narrowed. In the face of a colossal Wolf Pack, limiting the number of simultaneous combatants was strategically advantageous.

Taking up the rear, Wang Julong scattered her plant seeds on the ground once more. This time, she invoked only two spells: one for poppy flowers and another to sprout tree trunks beneath the stone floor.

With a sigh, Deng Wu swept a hand across his storage stone and picked up a stack of mid-tier inscriptions.

These inscriptions were powered by spiritual energy, but none matched the potency of the ones he had used on the earlier wolf. Lacking the luxury to deplete his cultivation base further, Deng Wu opted for the pre-made inscriptions instead.

Sitting on a stone chair, Sha Yun no longer appeared complacent. Instead, she concentrated on drawing energy from her beast core, readying a torrent of earthen spikes to impale wave after wave of wolves.

Yan Xiaobao was the only one who had yet to prepare. In his right hand, he gripped his black blood dagger. Infusing it with a small amount of spiritual energy, he circulated both his spiritual energy and Qi through his meridians, prepared to deliver the wolves a decisive blow if the others faltered.

At the narrow tunnel entrance, only one wolf could attack at a time. While this strategy was safer, it underscored the importance of preserving spiritual energy for Xu Yue and the others. Should their energy run out before the Wolf Pack was vanquished, they would face disastrous consequences.

As a training exercise and to conserve energy, the group quickly devised a strategy to defeat five wolves before rotating out. This ensured a reserve of energy among them, allowing someone to intervene should a high-rank beast appear or an unexpected danger arise.

A deep growl echoed as a wolf tested its luck, creeping toward the poisonous flowers and the young adventurers standing behind them.

Its eyes glinted with intelligence, much like the previous wolves', and its sharp fangs seemed to sneer as it drew closer at a deliberate pace.

The flowers bloomed gorgeously under the light that streamed from the light stone, and Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but feel a flicker of anticipation as he awaited the Wolf Pack's charge.

The wolf gazed warily at the flowers, and as if recognizing their toxicity, it took a deep breath and held it while advancing through the floral barrier.

Yan Xiaobao had never witnessed Wang Julong's abilities in action before, and he watched her with curious bewilderment. What would happen if the wolf overcame her flowers?

Turning to look at Wang Julong, Yan Xiaobao opened his mouth to speak, but before he could utter a word, a tortured howl resounded from within the flower field.

Yan Xiaobao whirled back around, his eyes widening in astonishment as the wolf disintegrated while still alive.

Chapter 384 - Creating a Grave\_3

The flowers released a toxic mist, enveloping the wolf pack, clinging to their soft fur, and slowly corroding their skin. The mist infiltrated their bodies, transforming the petrified wolves into masses of liquefied flesh and bones.

Witnessing this, Yan Xiaobao froze for a moment and couldn't help but whistle in admiration. Though the flowers were immobile, it was evident they had managed to deal with the wolves in a simple yet effective manner.

The stench of blood quickly agitated the wolf pack, and deep in the tunnel, one howl after another echoed through the air. The howls were so piercing that the guards standing outside the tunnel's entrance trembled from the sheer sound. They immediately sent a message to the City Lord, informing him that something was amiss inside the tunnel. Even these guards, despite their limited capability, understood that this was caused by the companions they had permitted inside.

As the remnants left behind by the first wolf caught Yan Xiaobao's eye, he noticed the nearby flowers appear to draw the slimy liquid from the carcass via budding rootlets above the ground, triggering a transformation in the poppies.

Seeing this unexpected result, Yan Xiaobao abandoned his earlier thought of instantly cultivating and instead chose to let Wang Julong persist for as long as possible, as he found the transformation quite intriguing.

Although watching valuable materials turn into plant fodder brought a twinge of pain to his heart, he did not complain. Instead, he decided to observe and see whether these plants could retain themselves.

Moments later, Xu Hui was stunned as he witnessed the flowers fighting amongst themselves to absorb the beast cores. Every flower in the area seemed to go mad in their efforts to consume others. Some attacked outright, while others preferred ambush tactics.

The once sprawling field of poppies rapidly dwindled, leaving only a few larger survivors. Just as the final poppies were about to engage in mutual combat, another wolf's sound emerged. They immediately froze in their tracks, slowly settling onto the stone floor, patiently waiting once more for the wolves to intrude upon their domain.

The petals were a radiant red, now glowing with crimson hues, the mist eerily similar to the Qi inside Yan Xiaobao's Dantian Cave. This time, Yan Xiaobao dared not divert his gaze from the flowers, meticulously observing every moment of their assault.

The incoming wolf could not see the previous beast's corpse, giving it an unwarranted sense of confidence as it passed near the flowers. But the instant it came within reach, Yan Xiaobao was astonished. He saw the flowers refraining from emitting their previously toxic smoke. Instead, they used their roots to entangle the unsuspecting wolf, spreading poison and immediately absorbing the remaining flesh.

Not content with merely attending the wolf feast, the flowers tore their roots apart and moved toward the already dead wolf, injecting their toxins, digesting its corpse, and enhancing their own power.

From that moment on, vines and roots coiled around the wolf, claiming its life in less time than it took for an incense stick to burn. The wolf didn't even have the chance for a desperate cry.

Although the smell of blood intensified, more wolves appeared in the distance, drawn by their assumption that the first wolf had triumphed without experiencing any pain. However, once they saw the flowers feasting on their fallen brethren, hatred and fury burned in their cunning eyes. As two wolves crowded together, a few angry barks rang out, redirecting their focus from the young human to the flowers consuming their comrades.

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Chapter 385 - Never to be Underestimated

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The wolf pack must never be underestimated, because when two wolves attack together, the poppy flowers begin to lose their grapevines and roots. Unfortunately for the wolves, biting into the roots is filled with poison. Yet even so, they continue their relentless struggle, determined to take down the flowers.

When the two wolves finally succumb to the poison, only one poppy flower remains standing—a flower that hadn't participated in the previous battle but took the opportunity to absorb the cores of the two fallen beasts.

Yan Xiaobao finally understood Lan Feng's words: even flowers have a cultivation foundation and can acquire power like humans. These seeds are undoubtedly special, allowing cultivators with an affinity for wood elements to share their cultivation foundation with the flowers.

After some pondering, Yan Xiaobao turned to Wang Julong. "This flower..." He flashed a sly smile. "Will it last for a while, or live only until it breaks?"

Wang Julong mulled over the question. She often practiced cultivating her ornate fields, but this was the first time she had fought in a battle where she could use them. However, her previous experiences told her that the flower would persist until it was destroyed.

"Perfect!" Yan Xiaobao cheered as he patted the girl's shoulder. "Keep the flower here. Use the wolf corpses. Feeding them to your flower seems to make it stronger. Having such a watchdog isn't a bad idea."

Hearing Yan Xiaobao's suggestion, Wang Julong didn't waste time and closed her eyes, directing a sliver of will towards the plant to relay the order.

The plant, though highly intelligent, executed the order immediately. Two vines twisted around the dead wolves, while three more coiled around the remains of the fallen flowers, pulling all four corpses back to its creator and swiftly beginning to absorb the new energy.

Seeing how effortlessly Wang Julong handled the wolves and even managed to produce a plant that intrigued Yan Xiaobao, Sha Yun couldn't help but feel envy churn in her gut. She surged forward, determined to face the wolf pack next and show Hui Yu what real power looked like.

Sha Yun grumbled, as not a single wolf came her way. Her tail gently dragged on the ground, a clear sign of her displeasure.

However, the wolves showed absolutely no signs of attacking. Instead, they settled down some five hundred meters from the entrance, patiently waiting for the cultivators to yield or to attack them all at once.

Wolves may not be as clever as young cultivators, but while less shrewd, they are far from stupid. It quickly became apparent to them that every wolf attempting to challenge humans inevitably perished. Given how frequently this occurred, it was clear that the wolves had little chance at their current positions.

Consequently, the protagonist packed up his burdens and summoned all the wolves he commanded back to his side, relocating them to a place with all the wolves gathered while ensuring Yan Xiaobao couldn't slip past them unnoticed.

After merging with the earth, Hui Yue observed the retreat and reluctantly had to admit the wolves were smarter than expected.

Though weaker than Hui Yue and his companions, the wolves held a shocking advantage in numbers. Even if Yan Xiaobao went all out, it was likely he would sustain injuries in the process.

Getting injured on the route to the radiant Dragon Army was not on Yan Xiaobao's agenda. Instead, he leaned against the cold tunnel wall, closed his eyes, and began pondering their options.

Unfortunately, as soon as his eyes closed, he felt the flicker of a figure's shadow. When he opened them, he noticed Sha Yun rushing toward the wolves. Swearing under his breath, Yan Xiaobao darted forward and signaled for the others to chase after her.

Following Sha Yun, Yan Xiaobao eventually shouted some rapid orders, "Deng Wu, now's your chance to get some Beastly Soul Shadows."

Calling for the black-haired youth, Yan Xiaobao focused on the path ahead, narrowing his eyes as he picked up pace, his lips sighing faintly in frustration, trying to catch up to Sha Yun.

Whether human, beast, or plant, soul shadows can be forged from any being. To improve soul shadows, one must be a Necromancer; however, cultivators with all types of metal affinities can refine and use energy within Soul Shadow Runes.

Several laws forbid Undead Wizards from crafting human soul shadows. Only the worst felons earn sentences of being turned into soul shadows, and they typically linger alive until a soul person capable of terminating them emerges.

Across the Sun Kingdom, when Deng Wu embarked on the path of the Necromancer, only three such criminals could be found.

The Royal Family employed a Necromancer whose primary task was creating Soul Shadow Runes; Deng Wu spent his life savings—alongside borrowed money from Xu Yue—to purchase centuries' worth of accumulated soul shadows.

The rise of laws governing Necromancy stems largely from the cycle of reincarnation. When something dies, its soul can transcend the rift between sky and earth and reach the Void World. There, the soul wanders, waiting for its memories to dissipate before it is reborn anew.

## Chapter 386 - Never to Be Underestimated\_2

Every deceased person will be measured and weighed. The life of a thief is likely to become a flower or a beast, while a generous person is likely to become a beautiful family.

Everything is decided by the King of Hell. He is the one who allows these souls to enter his world. However, he does have a rule that is ironclad.

It's not just the souls of the dead that have no right to enter his world. This includes the souls captured by Soul Shadow Runes, forcing them to dissipate into the essence of the world upon destruction.

There are no rules about beast soul shadows, and Yan Xiaobao feels some pity for them. Pity might turn into trouble later. As long as Deng Wu treats his soul shadows cautiously, he might retain them forever.

As Yan Xiaobao rushed towards the beast, he heard the first cry of agony and reached the spot where Sha Yun stood within seconds, her silver eyes glittering with a ruthless expression. She summoned multiple Earthen Spears consecutively, each taking down wolves running at them.

Deng Wu glanced at the area and stood there, where he found parchments one after another, then bit his thumb and used his blood to smear the inscriptions on each.

Yan Xiaobao gestured to Wang Julong and her oversized poppy flower. Both immediately stood next to Deng Wu to protect the young man, as his entire focus was on the dying wolves.

Seeing the other two were safe, Yan Xiaobao joined the battle, drawing the black blood and rushing towards the first wolf he saw. Seeing it advancing towards him, a malevolent aura burst from within, a red glow appeared in his eyes, and he charged decisively. He buried the dagger deep into the wolf's eye without even giving it a chance to react.

Yan Xiaobao had already activated Velocity Flow, and his speed constantly changed, making it impossible to predict where and when he would appear next.

One wolf after another fell at the hands of Yan Xiaobao and Sha Yun, while Wang Julong dealt with the few near Deng Wu and herself.

Every time a wolf died, a blood-red seal would be seen on its body. Before this, a tremor would run through its form, then the seal would shoot through the air towards Deng Wu, where it would settle on the clear parchment.

Due to the sudden assault, the pack initially fell into chaos. The leading male wolf quickly howled, and moments later, the surviving wolves all lined up.

In the initial few minutes, a large number of wolves had died, but despite this, about a hundred wolves were forming; they lined up, prepared to pounce on the young cultivators slaying their kin.

Yan Xiaobao's gaze locked on the top male wolf, and vigilance could be seen in both since neither wanted to make the first move.

Seeing the wolves retreat, Wang Julong stepped forward, leaving Deng Wu's guard to her poppy flower.

Wang Julong's combat strength was certainly above average, and her aid was greatly beneficial to them. She allowed her Qi to flow through her body, activating Qi Lightning.

The wind picked up in the tunnel, a worried expression appearing on the Dragon Head's face. A loud roar, evidently an order, caused all the wolves to advance instantly, leading to tremors throughout the tunnel.

Yan Xiaobao grasped the black blood in one hand and a red flame in the other. As Yan Xiaobao fed it spiritual energy, flexing his fingers, the fire grew larger, slowly splitting the large flame into multiple small fireballs.

This entire process took less time than a blink as it required only a thought, and as the wolf pack reached Yan Xiaobao's side, a huge flame blazed behind the young man. This fire constantly devoured the spiritual energy fed by Yan Xiaobao, continuously generating small fireballs from the large flame.

Fireballs ignited one after another, relentlessly lunging at the wolf pack and burning each to a charred corpse one after another.

Unfortunately, this only led to the wolves behind the leader pouring forth, a deadly pack of wolves continually surged at them.

With the wolves upon them, Yan Xiaobao could not hold back and fully unleashed the red fog. Suddenly, every wolf around him slowed, and Yan Xiaobao's speed and power increased; then he drew the Qi dagger swinging it to finish making fireballs.

The flames soaring behind Yan Xiaobao dyed his white hair red, and the red mist filled his beautiful cold eyes with a bloodthirsty and threatening aura.

A chilling icy wind struck every nearby wolf, but before they could react, they were already injured, quickly to be hit by the slash of a dagger or the fireball from a large flame.

One wolf after another died at Yan Xiaobao's hands, each sealed upon death, allowing their souls to be absorbed by Deng Wu.

Sha Yun was busy with her own wolves. Earthen Spears burst forth everywhere, piercing the wolves with perfect aim, while she herself danced among the wolves, her tail flicking here and there. Sometimes rolling around the wolves to strangle them, while sometimes using her strength to crush them.

Wang Julong was the same towards the wolf pack as they continuously attacked her. When the wolves came slightly closer, small visible scratches appeared on her body, but none of these scratches caused significant harm, and Yan Xiaobao's face showed a stern expression; no one dared approach him.

Looking at the wolf pack, Yan Xiaobao let out a frenzied roar, then used Velocity Flow again to escape from the wolves. As the main male lunged at Yan Xiaobao, his roar was answered by a terrifying howl.

Staring at the wolf in front of him, a malicious smile appeared on his face, the red glow in his eyes grew larger, his teeth lengthened once more, and his entire being emanated a savage aura.

With a loud howl, every wolf in the cave finally stopped their frenzied attack and moved back, Sha Yun and Wang Julong did the same as all eyes in the tunnel focused on Yan Xiaobao and the male Dragon Head.

Even Deng Wu opened his eyes, ceasing his spell, creating the last soul shadow inscription preparing for the loser of the battle before him.

Red steam emanated from beneath Yan Xiaobao's skin, moving entirely towards the flames behind him, where they already fueled the already large fire with vigor. The flames seemed as though they tried to break free from some invisible constraints that bound them.

As the steam quickly consumed, the speed at which fireballs spewed from the flames increased. Yan Xiaobao's red eyes locked onto the wolf before him.

Pacing back and forth with each other, both the wolf and Yan Xiaobao waited for the other to take the initiative, but when Yan Xiaobao could hold back no longer, with a thunderous roar, he advanced towards the wolf. Velocity Flow was activated, and a complete duplicate appeared beside him; both ready to send the wolf's soul directly to Deng Wu.

However, the wolf had no intention of staying stationary and instead dodged. As it dodged, its claws were enveloped by a dark shadow, this shadow grew according to the wolf's desire, weakening Yan Xiaobao's left arm.

Seeing his attack fail, Yan Xiaobao halted his charge, standing there with an indifferent and nonchalant expression directed at his injured arm, then a layer of silver light covered it. He used spiritual energy to prevent the bleeding from bothering him in the future.

Seeing his direct attack backfire, Yan Xiaobao let out a slight growl. His expression became increasingly like a beast, his skin growing redder.

As he looked at the wolf that was no longer as confident as before, a trace of a sneer appeared on Yan Xiaobao's face. Its face was filled with vigilance, but deep within those intelligent eyes lay fear.

The aura exhibited by Yan Xiaobao was so powerful that the wolf couldn't exert its maximum capabilities. Howling, it fiercely lunged towards Yan Xiaobao, only to leap to his side, aiming for the rest. As it reached next to the handsome young man, a smile stretched across his lips, the dagger fully drawn along the entire flank of the Wolf Head, but it was not enough to kill it.

The limping and howling wolf chased after its pack, disappearing into the night. Yan Xiaobao made no moves to stop them, instead, the echoes of frantic laughter could be heard in the tunnel where he still stood.

Hearing the laughter, shivers ran through the bodies of his friends, fear appearing in their minds as Yan Xiaobao turned around, biting his neck, looking at them with the most sinister eyes they had ever seen.

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Chapter 387 - Imminent Attack

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Yan Xiaobao didn't look like his usual self. A radiant smile stretched across his mouth, revealing sharp teeth the size of a wild dog's fangs. There was no trace of sympathy or concern in his eyes, only sheer killing intent. Blood gushed from his arm, and the rest of his body was drenched in the splattered blood of the wolves he had slain.

As his friends looked at him, it seemed Yan Xiaobao was about to strike, but suddenly, the young man collapsed to the ground. The entire tunnel echoed with his pained screams as he clutched his head in his hands. Red fog erupted from his body, mixing suddenly with a blue mist, marking a change that was far quicker than the previous slow transformations to his body.

The struggle appeared to continue, until the young man suddenly fell limp on the floor. Only then did his friends dare to approach him.

"We need to find a safe place," Deng Wu said, his gaze ever-watchful of their surroundings.

Slowly opening his eyes, Yan Xiaobao was greeted by the worried faces of his friends as they peered down at him.

As walls and ceilings were stained crimson, the pungent scent of blood filled the air around him, glistening under the glow of the light stone in Wang Julong's hand.

Seeing all the blood, Yan Xiaobao deduced that, since the blood had yet to coagulate, not much time had passed since the battle ended.

Gradually, Yan Xiaobao realized that the last few minutes seemed to have vanished from his memory. He felt perplexed as he became aware that he couldn't recall what had happened between him and the giant wolf.

Surveying his surroundings, his gaze landed on the corpse of the small wolf. Slowly, fragments of his lost frenzy began to resurface. When he remembered how he looked at his friends during that moment, a wave of nausea churned in his stomach. Deep within, he recalled how the killing intent had urged him to slaughter, to tear them apart, and devour them.

Luckily for him, the tranquil clouds within his mind took advantage of a moment of clarity, breaking through and overpowering the killing intent. The mental conflict had dragged Yan Xiaobao into opposing emotions, and under the strain, he had collapsed.

Neither emotion could fully take control of Yan Xiaobao's body, but Lan Feng, who had remained hidden until now, released strands of golden light to restore balance and order within him.

When Yan Xiaobao sat up, his head throbbed with pain. Yet, to his surprise, he discovered that the wounds on his arm had fully healed. This observation led him to notice that the green pearl within his Dantian Cave had shrunk significantly compared to before.

Yan Xiaobao was certain that the pearl had not activated during the battle, but only when his body collapsed to the ground. The white-haired boy made a mental note to spend some time later testing the capabilities of the green pearl.

Unlike the growing strength of the killing intent, where Hui Yue seemed to grow stronger the more he killed, the tranquil clouds expanded with every addition to his cultivation base. However, the green pearl appeared indifferent, neither charging nor discharging energy.

Although the healing properties of the pearl seemed to wane with each use, it would always recover to its original size within a few days, ready once again to pour its energy into healing Yan Xiaobao when needed.

With a throbbing head, Yan Xiaobao offered his friends a sheepish smile. His smile carried a touch of guilt as he gazed at them, but his friends, seeing his familiar expression return, couldn't help but smile back.

"I'm sorry," he said with a sigh as his eyes roamed over the numerous wolf corpses scattered through the tunnel. Before anyone could respond, he moved to the nearest corpse, withdrew the black blood with a tired hand, and began methodically dissecting the body.

He removed the fur and stored it with the pelts they had previously collected. The beast cores were also stowed with other magical beast cores. The meat was carefully packed into neat paper bags, ready to be dried or smoked as soon as they found an appropriate campsite.

As for the bones, they were meticulously cleaned and stored in another storage stone, meant to be used by Yan Xiaobao when he next depleted his energy reserves. The bones, rich with essence from the heavens and earth, could be crafted into powerful tools, while their marrow was exceptionally refined.

Watching Yan Xiaobao dive into the task of cleaning up the wolf pack once more, his friends couldn't help but shake their heads or let out hollow laughs at the thoroughness of his work. Nothing was left behind—not even the blood, which was stored in small jade bottles.

Because Yan Xiaobao refused to abandon even a single beast's corpse, the cleanup took far longer than expected. To him, survival in such hostile environments necessitated preparedness—and that meant ensuring they had sufficient provisions and materials for future use.

Yan Xiaobao had anticipated scenarios like these, which was why he had brought a large number of storage stones. He nested the stones within one another, avoiding the inconvenience of wearing multiple rings or sporting a belt cluttered with magical stones.

The cleaning process took several hours. Throughout this time, no magical beast dared to venture near the young cultivator's domain. The pungent stench of magical beast blood was enough to keep them at bay. This situation was a relief to Wang Julong and Sha Yun, who had little desire to wait around while Yan Xiaobao skinned and dissected more creatures.

"What do we do now?" Wang Julong asked, her beautiful face adorned with an impatient expression as she gazed into the oppressive darkness that dominated the tunnels.

"I'll scan the area in a moment," Yan Xiaobao began to reply, but before he had a chance to sit down and properly initiate his scan, Sha Yun had already completed hers. The glance she shot at Yan Xiaobao made it abundantly clear that she didn't have much faith in his scanning abilities—not after their earlier misstep in the maze-like labyrinth.

#### Chapter 388 - The Imminent Attack\_2

Yan Xiaobao wore a bashful smile on his face, for he was unable to refute. He happily looked at the large amount of items stored in his storage ring while waiting for Sha Yun to complete her scan.

"There's a stone room not too far from here," Sha Yun's voice sounded as her eyes remained closed. Looking at Snake Woman, Yan Xiaobao noticed that her entire tail had turned to stone, and her skin on her belly was also slowly transforming into rock.

"Sounds good," Yan Xiaobao replied cheerfully, but Sha Yun wasn't finished. "There are some Magic Beasts along the way," she frowned, "The stone room seems to belong to one of those beasts, though it's currently not home. From what I can sense, we should be capable of defeating all of them."

With that, Sha Yun opened her eyes, and the previously stone-bound parts of her body suddenly twisted back to their original form.

A short moment after heading out in the direction Sha Yun indicated. Initially, Snake Woman insisted on cutting through the walls for a faster route, but Yan Xiaobao immediately rejected the idea.

The reason for entering the tunnel was that they ambushed the Dragon Army under the sunlight. If the tunnel collapsed, it would likely jeopardize their chances of reaching Cave's End City—if they even managed to reach it—and would certainly keep them under heavy alert.

Though Yan Xiaobao desired to dissect and preserve every beast they killed along the way, they ultimately refrained from taking on overly arduous tasks. Wang Julong quickly persuaded him to allow her oversized poppy flower to consume them, bolstering its strength and size.

The stone room turned out to be far larger than Yan Xiaobao had initially anticipated. Its sheer enormity was on par with the courtyard of the City Lord's mansion in Cave's End City, and Hui Yue quickly took a liking to the cave itself.

At one end stood a small spring, trickling water near an area filled with broken bones of Magic Beasts. The bones had all been shattered; the marrow long extracted, leaving them completely clean. Eyeing the skeletal remains briefly, Yan Xiaobao ignited a flame above his fingertip, burned the bones into a small pile of ash, and promptly discarded them outside the stone room.

In the center of the room stood a small raised platform, and Yan Xiaobao could feel the essence of heaven and earth thickened significantly around its vicinity.

As he climbed onto the platform, Yan Xiaobao was taken aback, for he spotted a tiny red flower at the center of an energy ripple, continuously emitting waves of power.

This flower was unmistakably a Holy Flower, akin to one Yan Xiaobao had obtained earlier, but unlike the former, this one seemed much weaker. The stem had been shaped by Qi, alongside its petals, yet instead of secreting drops of spiritual energy to the outside world, it gathered them within its pistil, where a small pool of silvery liquid resided.

The silvery liquid appeared on the verge of being absorbed by the flower, and by doing so, the flower could evolve further. Afterward, it would no longer merely produce spiritual energy in silver droplets but might even manifest golden rays of Wu Wei power.

Staring at the flower, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but wonder if he should pick it up and consume it directly or allow it to continue growing within their new dwelling.

'Idiot!' Lan Feng's voice echoed from within the Dantian Cave. This was a rare occurrence these days, as Phoenix was focused on refining Wu Wei. Even if Yan Xiaobao tried to converse with the bird, it would completely ignore him.

"I've told you before, as long as heavenly and earthly essence exists, a flower will continue to grow indefinitely," Lan Feng's voice drifted into Yan Xiaobao's mind, reminding him of what Phoenix had indeed mentioned earlier—when they acquired this flower from the Deng Family.

Plucking the flower, Yan Xiaobao carefully placed it within a jade box and then stored it inside a storage stone. Even inside the storage stone, the flower would complete its evolution.

Hui Yue shared the results of their harvest with his friends. When the flower succeeded in transforming into a Holy Flower capable of spiritualizing Wu Wei, they all convened to discuss its usage.

Yan Xiaobao then started a fire—not a spiritual energy fire, but a genuine campfire using wood he retrieved from his storage ring. To the flames, he added herbal medicines, letting the smoke emit a pleasant fragrance. Afterward, he removed wolf meat from his bag, sliced it into thin strips, and placed it above the fire, letting the flavored smoke roast it.

Smoking the meat took time—a task Yan Xiaobao couldn't rush. As the smoke filled the tunnel, the aroma inevitably attracted Magic Beasts lingering around the stone room.

These beasts didn't come in packs but scattered, which made them relatively easy for Wang Julong and Deng Wu to handle.

The two decided to collaborate, benefiting mutually from the slaughter. Deng Wu captured additional soul shadows from the beasts, while Wang Julong ensured her poppy flower devoured their corpses.

The already oversized flower, initially reaching up to Wang Julong's waist, now outgrew her height. The vines stretched a meter long, slithering across the ground like serpents instead of embedding into the stone floor.

Both roots and vines were covered in small crimson thorns, seemingly imbued with the same poison as the alluring petals themselves. Touching them recklessly would be foolish, and even Yan Xiaobao held a deep respect for the venomous plant.

As blood pooled throughout the tunnel, fewer beasts ventured toward the stone room Hui Yue claimed as his own. Even the original owner seemed to choose escape over attacking the youths.

Once the influx of Magic Beasts ceased, Yan Xiaobao ordered his friends to remove all traces of the blood, ensuring no evidence remained. He couldn't predict when the Dragon Army would arrive, but everything had to look perfectly ordinary when they did.

The subsequent days remained peaceful. As Yan Xiaobao spent time analyzing the phenomena within his Dantian Qi Cave, the smoked meat had been prepared.

The red mist had grown notably denser, brimming with a furious energy as if enraged by being confined within its usual dwelling.

Beside it was the blue cloud, which also expanded in size, though its serenity remained in stark contrast to the volatile and wrathful red fog; its calm and tranquil presence quietly lingered in its designated cave.

A green pearl was slowly spinning, as each vortex of Qi circulating through the Qi Cave flowed into the pearl, refining its energies.

Yan Xiaobao scrutinized the Moongazing Pearl, initiating various experiments. Some involved deliberately injuring himself, others were conducted when his friends were harmed, while a few were performed amidst battles during momentary injuries.

No matter what experiments Yan Xiaobao conducted, he observed the pearl would occasionally begin healing him, while other times it ignored the wounds entirely. It seemed activating the pearl was entirely random.

This unpredictability frustrated Yan Xiaobao greatly. Even inflicting the same injuries resulted in inconsistent outcomes—healing sometimes and being disregarded at other times. The uncertainty drove Yan Xiaobao to near madness.

Eventually, he had no choice but to abandon his efforts. Grumbling to himself, he shut his eyes, seated in a meditative posture, and immersed himself in cultivating more spiritual energy. He carried on with this while waiting for the rest of the smoked meat.

Day after day passed swiftly within the stone room. Yan Xiaobao and his friends used this time to stabilize their cultivation base while making the most of the spacious chamber to practice combat.

Daily, two would venture out to hunt for food, which included Magic Beasts of various kinds, while the remaining pair stayed behind to guard their new home.

The first order Yan Xiaobao gave Deng Wu was to create inscriptions that would alert him whenever a passage leading to the end of the cave was opened, enabling them to detect the Dragon Army's movements. Several times each day, Yan Xiaobao and Sha Yun merged with the earth to scan the surroundings, hoping to spot signs of the Dragon Army's advance.

Thus far, there had been no discoveries, and after a week of repeated skirmishes, hunting Magic Beasts, and merging with the earth, Yan Xiaobao finally felt his cultivation base had stabilized significantly. It had become far more robust than before. A contented smile appeared on Yan Xiaobao's face as he opened his eyes, brimming with excitement.

Though he hadn't advanced in rank, he could feel that his power had grown substantially through this stability. His cultivation base was no longer an obstacle; this exhilaration caused the waves of his spiritual energy sea to surge dramatically. At the center of the sea, five flames burned larger and brighter, this sight bringing immense joy to Yan Xiaobao.

#### Chapter 389 - Spiritual Energy Sea

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Yan Xiaobao opened his eyes, took out a storage stone from another storage stone, and poured its contents on the floor in front of him. A large pile of magical beast bones appeared in front of him, and the now empty storage stone was once again deposited back into the stone embedded in his belt. Yan Xiaobao pulled out another stone and took out a jade bottle and Parchment from it.

Yan Xiaobao sat with his legs crossed, took a deep breath, and then picked up a bone from a magical beast, carefully observing it.

It was the hind leg of a wolf they had killed earlier when they first entered the tunnel. Though it was not one of the strongest wolves, it was still a very large bone.

Yan Xiaobao closed his eyes and traveled to the spiritual energy sea, where he summoned the silver flame before allowing it to fill his entire body. Its energy flowed through his meridians and into his veins.

Gold was an element Yan Xiaobao had not spent much time truly understanding or increasing his affinity with. However, now that they were stuck in the boring tunnel, he thought it was the best time to try it. As he sat with the wolf's hind leg bone, he couldn't help but feel excited.

Initially, he removed all the bone marrow from the bone and placed it in a bowl before he generated the silver flame. The silver flame hovered between his two palms, but unlike the flames he usually created, this flame emitted no heat; instead, it seemed as if a cold air radiated outward from Yan Xiaobao.

This flame produced some silver tendrils, which dug into the bowl on his knees, engulfed the marrow, and brought it to the center of the flame.

At first, Yan Xiaobao expected the flame to accomplish all the work on its own, but he quickly noticed that the flame was instead starting to drain energy from the marrow. It provided energy from within itself rather than wrapping around, preventing Yan Xiaobao from refining it for later use.

Sending his will into the flame, Yan Xiaobao noticed that although the flame was under his control, it was still battling against his will, as if the flame craved the energy hidden in the marrow.

Yan Xiaobao gritted his teeth, refusing to yield. Instead, he concentrated his intent, throwing another portion of his will into the flame, demanding more than before. By constantly focusing on the flame, Yan Xiaobao eventually subdued it, yet he knew he couldn't relax his control over the flame, or it would ultimately consume the energy he aimed to refine.

The marrow no longer retained the same structure it had before; instead, it was now a red, viscous liquid, continuously shrinking in size but deepening in color.

Its former fleshy appearance had now become a shimmering red energy, and after ensuring it could be refined no further, Yan Xiaobao placed his first refined energy into the jade bottle.

Before Yueyue sighed with relief, the jade bottle quickly closed. Observing the small drop of energy he had refined, Yan Xiaobao quickly realized that over half of the marrow's energy had been consumed. This happened before he managed to control the flame, by feeding it the metal flame.

Energy is like fuel to the flame; it provides enhanced strength and toughness to the elemental flame. However, it has no lasting impact on the flame, resulting in wasted energy.

Even though Yan Xiaobao wasted some energy, given this was his first attempt, he was very satisfied with the final outcome. In fact, managing to refine even a drop of energy excited him greatly.

Looking at the bones in front of him, Yan Xiaobao considered whether to begin refining bones or finish all the bone marrow first. After a period of thought, Yan Xiaobao picked up another bone, scraped out the marrow, and prepared to refine it once more. His hope was to at least obtain double the energy he had acquired during his last attempt.

Yan Xiaobao decided not to start refining the bones until all the marrow was finished, knowing the bones were more difficult to refine because they contained more energy. He continually refined bone marrow because the bones didn't refine in the same way, preferring to repeat the same motion rather than switching between two different refining methods.

Hour after hour passed, and by the end of the day, Yan Xiaobao had worked through half of the bone marrow he had stored after the battle ended.

As evening turned into night, Yan Xiaobao was still refining marrow, showing no intention of stopping anytime soon. As usual, once he focused on a task, the young man found it impossible to stop until he accomplished his goal.

Yan Xiaobao had long since perfected the method used for refining bone marrow. His mind now recited spells to control the metal flame reflexively, yet he still showed no sign of giving up.

The world inside the tunnel was a long night. Without the sun shining, nor any other light sources, only the light stones brought by Yan Xiaobao and Wang Julong provided illumination. Though the darkness was constant, it made no difference to anyone as they focused solely on Hui Yue and his obsession with refining.

Initially, he filled one jade bottle with pure bone marrow energy, but soon after, one bottle became five. Then five bottles became ten, and now twenty-three bottles sat beside him.

The energy from the marrow was perfectly suitable for inscribing practice, and there was certainly enough of it to allow for inscription practice over a long period.

After several hours spent refining, it should have been morning, but as usual in the Underworld, there was no other feeling besides excitement as he gazed at the twenty-seven jade bottles filled to the brim with bone marrow energy sitting beside him.

#### Chapter 390 - Spiritual Energy Sea\_2

This energy is the essence of beasts. Like the essence of heaven and earth, every creature has its own core essence, which can only be found at the very heart of its existence. For most creatures, this lies in the marrow of their bones.

Having perfected an improved method, Yan Xiaobao spent some time contemplating his next move. Though he was eager to start crafting runes, he knew that next to him lay a pile of shattered bones, containing another form of energy and essence he could also leverage for his inscriptions.

Yan Xiaobao sighed, casting a glance at the jade bottles filled with marrow before swiftly storing them all in a storage stone. Then, he turned his full attention to the pile of broken bones. His expression grew serious once more as he picked up a bone from a magical beast.

Refining marrow from numerous bones allowed Yan Xiaobao to perfect his ability to process certain materials, which also significantly boosted his affinity with the Metal Element.

Unfortunately for Yan Xiaobao, there were countless refining methods for different materials, as innumerable as the stars in the sky. Each material had its own unique quark during the refining process, and Yan Xiaobao needed to perfect them. Without wasting another word, he sat down and focused on the broken bones, now devoid of marrow.

Holding a bone in his hands, Yan Xiaobao once again entered his consciousness and arrived at the spiritual energy sea, where he summoned a silver flame.

His previous refinement process relied on cooling the Metal Flame to liquefy the marrow and then reducing the liquid within the flame until all unwanted particles burned away, leaving only the purest essence of the wolf.

Refining bones was entirely different, though it began in the same manner. Staring at the bone before him, Yan Xiaobao summoned the Metal Flame onto his hand. Magical beast bones were highly durable and resilient, and Yan Xiaobao aimed to enhance these very traits.

Facing the bone, Yan Xiaobao summoned drops of spiritual energy to strengthen his power. Then, he began grinding the bone between his fingers, letting bone dust fall into the Metal Flame.

Once the dust entered the flame, it expanded. Yet, Yan Xiaobao anticipated this and projected most of his willpower into the flame, suppressing its growth. He focused on compressing and sealing the powdered bone within the small jade box, preventing the flame from consuming the energy.

Instead, the powdered bone clustered within the Metal Flame, where it was refined into a fine powder.

The fine dust slowly drifted toward other scattered remnants on the ground. Eventually, they coalesced into incredibly fine sand, which Yan Xiaobao stored within a small jade box. When mixed with materials, this dust would enhance their toughness and durability.

Wiping sweat from his forehead, a sense of satisfaction washed over Yan Xiaobao. A relaxed smile formed on his lips as he gripped another bone with determination in his unyielding eyes.

"Yue!" Deng Wu suddenly called from the back of his cultivation room, his voice brimming with excitement and his eyes glowing with joy.

"The door is open!" the black-haired youth declared with wild elation. He had spent many days in the damp, dark tunnels, relentlessly hunting magical beasts without catching sight of any beauties around.

Hearing Deng Wu's news, a smile crept onto Yan Xiaobao's face. At the same time, the Metal Flame in his hands erupted into the air, consuming all the amassed energy in the bone dust and immediately burning it to nothingness as he relaxed his suppression.

Deng Wu's shout echoed throughout the stone room, filling every corner with excitement. Wang Julong and Sha Yun, both training in their respective stone rooms, rushed toward Deng Wu. The excitement and relief in their eyes were unmistakable.

The only one content to spend his time within the cave was Yan Xiaobao. The others had grown impatient, waiting every day for the Dragon Army to appear. Now, over a week had passed, and the message had finally arrived. At last, it was time to move.

Yan Xiaobao placed his hands on the many beast bones, quickly storing them all in his Memory Stone. He dismissed the Metal Flame he had maintained for hours.

"So," Yan Xiaobao said, his teeth gleaming under the Light Stone's glow. As they gathered together, eager expressions adorned everyone's faces as they began discussing various plans.

"We should ambush them," Deng Wu declared. "I'll let some of my soul shadows devour them!"

"No, that's a terrible idea," Sha Yun argued. "We should use the earth to trap them in a prison and kill them one by one!"

"We should let the poppies eat them," Wang Julong interjected, gently stroking the flower beside her.

Wang Julong was someone who usually found it hard to attach herself to others, yet over the past week, the poppy flower had followed her everywhere. It even stayed beside her patiently during the nights, standing guard against the surroundings.

Every moment spent with the plant over the past week softened Wang Julong. Now, she smiled more openly, stroking the flower tenderly at her side. Even her behavior toward her friends had shifted slightly.

Seeing Wang Julong smile more freely, Yan Xiaobao felt a quiet joy in his heart. Still, he didn't linger on that emotion, instead turning to the others. His eyes glinted mischievously as he spoke. "I don't think we need those kinds of plans."

The other three looked at him expectantly upon hearing this, leaning closer to catch his explanation, unwilling to miss even a single word.

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After discussing their plan, the four friends walked toward the section of the tunnel leading to the entrance. As they approached, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but wonder whether they should wait near the gate at the cavern's end or delay a little more to ensure the guards at the gate couldn't overhear what was happening.

Ultimately, Yan Xiaobao decided to wait a bit longer. The four friends settled down, quietly awaiting the arrival of the Dragon Army.

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Yan Xiaobao, as resolute as ever in his cultivation, seized the opportunity to sit down and continue refining more bone powder from shattered wolf bones.

Watching their diligent friend, the others sighed deeply before resuming their own research or refining their tools.

Wang Julong spent her time tending to the poppy flower, gathering various seeds and using her spiritual energy to catalyze them before feeding them to her oversized poppy.

Deng Wu soon flipped through his many Parchment scrolls containing beast shadows. After a while, he began crafting Attack Runes, only to sigh deeply once boredom set in.

In the last few days, all the magical beasts had learned not to mess with Yan Xiaobao and his companions. This, in turn, ensured that the only battles Deng Wu witnessed were the occasional squabbles between his friends.

"When will they arrive here?" Deng Wu asked, his eyes roaming absentmindedly over every corner of the tunnel where they waited.

"I don't know," Yan Xiaobao muttered through clenched teeth as he struggled to control the silver flame, preventing it from growing by absorbing beast essence.

"How many of them will there be?" Deng Wu continued, oblivious to Yan Xiaobao's increasingly annoyed expression.

"I don't know," Yan Xiaobao repeated through gritted teeth, channeling another portion of his willpower into the flame, slightly tipping control into his favor.

Fed up with Deng Wu's incessant questions, Yan Xiaobao finally brushed aside his refining attempts after failing to perfectly process four bone fragments. He swept the bones into his storage stone and shot a glare at Deng Wu, causing the older boy to shrink back slightly, his chatter abruptly silenced.

"The reason we're using this plan, as I've already explained, is because we don't know how many there will be," Yan Xiaobao sighed, patting the dust off his clothes as he slowly stood up.

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