

## Medical 501

### Chapter 501: Yan Xiaobao's Intentions

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This area was considered the outskirts of the Dragon Core, where the second most influential family resided. Looking around, many Duke and King Ranking Experts could be seen. Yan Xiaobao understood that it was extremely important not to insult anyone here. Although he felt confident in dealing with Duke University Ranking Experts, doing so could result in severe harm. In this city, most Dukes had high-ranking Experts backing them; if they were beaten or killed, those Experts would be ready to retaliate.

Yan Xiaobao's intention was to move through the city as quickly as possible to reach the Dragon Core. Considering the strong presence of citizens walking about, his team's current strength was weak, and Yan Xiaobao felt that their luck had been better than the time they had spent.

What he had forgotten was that this city was filled with many caves; despite being a large city, the caves were no smaller than those at the Holy Festival. Passing through the Dragon Avenue cave indeed took longer than navigating the previous cave.

Crossing Dragon Avenue's cave required ten days, three days longer than the previous cave. This was because they spent every night at an inn, not to mention the winding roads made travel more challenging, and finding the path to the tunnels wasn't easy.

However, they were now at the entrance of the final tunnel system. The last stretch of their journey filled Yan Xiaobao's heart with excitement. They had finally reached the last cave.

"This is the real Dragon Avenue," Xu Biao said with a wry smile, looking at the tunnel they were about to enter. After paying the entrance fee, everyone stepped inside, once again breathing the familiar stale air. Initially suffocating and unpleasant, the air suddenly felt exhilarating. This was their final time passing through these tunnels. The moment to emerge from the dark tunnels into the strange underground world was nearing.

The six travelers joked with each other as they crossed the tunnel. Four days after entering the exit became visible to them. Everyone, even Xu Biao and Xie Lan, felt their hearts skip a beat upon paying the entrance fee and stepping into the Dragon Core.

As they walked inside, everyone was surprised to see King Ranking Experts moving all around the city. Only a small number of Dragon Clan soldiers ranked lower; when they prepared to leave the Dragon Core, they all occupied the middle layer of the Dantian rank.

Several Duke University Ranking Experts walked the streets adorned in extraordinary attire, accompanied by Kings Ranking beside them.

Looking around, Yan Xiaobao couldn't spot any familiar faces—not Scar-faced Killer, nor anyone else.

"Let's find the Dragon Army office and deliver the mission first," Yan Xiaobao sighed as he spoke. They began heading toward the city center, assuming the office must be located there.

The companions followed Yan Xiaobao through the city. Gradually, they noticed lower-ranking Experts, young people like Yan Xiaobao and his companions, clearly the younger generation.

As Yan Xiaobao observed the surroundings, different groups of people on the streets took notice of the considerable gathering of low-ranking Cultivators; everyone was curious as to who these newcomers were and why they were in the city.

Arriving at the city center, they saw a massive marketplace instead of the building they had anticipated. After some inquiries, they figured out where the Dragon Army's main office was located.

The office was situated where another tunnel lay. It seemed this office was responsible for deciding who would pass through the tunnels leading to the other three parts of the Holy Dungeon.

In addition to the entrances of other tunnels, it was connected to the Hope Staircase, leading up to the Central Palace. The organization claimed this location as their own.

Rushing toward the office as fast as they could, the team traveled for several days until they reached a magnificent castle built into the cave wall.

The castle stood over two hundred meters tall and one hundred meters wide. The gates were open, but King Ranking Experts guarded the entrance; they ensured only those with permission could enter.

Approaching the gate, Yan Xiaobao flashed his B-class badge. This caused the two King Ranking Experts to immediately show great respect to the group, stepping aside to allow them entry.

"What can I do for you?" a woman asked at the reception desk, waiting for the team to return from their mission. Seeing this group of young people who clearly didn't resemble Dragon Army members piqued her curiosity. When Yan Xiaobao handed over the items he had received from Zhou Long, she was deeply shocked.

"Please wait here for a moment," she said before rushing upstairs, leaving the six of them standing in the grand hall.

The six friends stood in the hall doing nothing but waiting; none of them knew the information contained within the scroll and the Memory Stone. Yan Xiaobao had a hunch it was related to him, but he couldn't verify it as he dared not check the information.

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"Did you say that white-haired young man brought this information?" The Dragon Company master sat behind a desk, staring at the woman who knelt before him. Her hands had just moved away from the scroll and the Memory Stone.

With a flick of his finger, the scroll and Memory Stone flew toward him. As he caught them, he placed the Memory Stone against his forehead, leaving the scroll in his hand. Briefly, a blue light flickered within the room when the man removed the stone from his forehead. A faint smile appeared on his face as he muttered, "Good. Good."

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"Find Zhou Long for me," he said to the woman who dared not move an inch, "Considering his usual pace, he should have arrived days, even weeks ago." The master of the Dragon Army continued as he nodded. The woman stepped backward, leaving the room without once turning her back on the master.

As the master of the Dragon Army leaned back in his chair, the room echoed with loud laughter once the woman was gone.

A while later, there was a knock on the door. Zhou Long entered, "Commander, you summoned me."

Unlike the previous woman, Zhou Long did not kneel but instead bowed deeply in front of the Commander. The Commander nodded, signaling his respect for the man before him.

"The white-haired boy finally arrived at the main office of the Dragon Army," said God. His words made Zhou Long lift his head, his expression brimming with happiness. "Commander, I believe you agree with me that we need to build a better relationship with him. Undoubtedly, he is a key figure to General Frozen."

"I do not oppose," the master said with a smile, "But we need to inform General Frozen that the young man has arrived at our Dragon Core. If possible, try to keep him here. Grant him an A-level rank and let him enjoy himself in the city. Ensure that four King-level experts follow him and keep his friends away. There is no need for us to eliminate them ourselves."

Upon hearing this, Zhou Long could only acknowledge it. Before he turned to prepare to carry out his orders, he bowed deeply once more.

As he left the room, a smile appeared on his face, and a self-satisfied chuckle could be heard as he walked forward. It was evident that they had achieved something endorsed by General Frozen. This was something from which Zhou Long would reap significant rewards.

Yan Xiaobao and his friends waited several hours before the woman returned. She brought with her a large stack of documents, a friendly smile lighting up her face.

"Honored guests," she began, her tone causing Yan Xiaobao a bit of concern. Why would she treat outsiders like them, who did not belong to the Dragon Army, with such kindness? However, before he had time to ponder, the woman continued, "Perhaps I could persuade you to stay within our Dragon Army. We have luxurious small accommodations with courtyards that will suit you perfectly. As long as you remain within our grand city, you're welcome to stay."

"That's not all," she added with a smile, continuing to list benefit after benefit, shocking the group of cultivators. "Finally, if you choose to stay here, you will receive an A-level clearance and be allowed to experience the Dragon Core in any way you desire."

Upon hearing that they were even willing to grant them A-level clearance, all six of them were taken aback. They fully understood the value of B-level clearance to them, and now it could be upgraded to A-level.

Thinking about this, a gentle smile appeared on Yan Xiaobao's face. He nodded, doing the opposite of what his friends thought he would.

Yan Xiaobao was not drawn by the enticing rewards or the prospect of A-level access to the Dragon Core; instead, he remembered his promise to Lan Feng. A promise to investigate what had happened to all the laws that had been abducted by the Dragon Army—laws that seemed to have been affected for many years now.

For valid reasons, Yan Xiaobao could not disclose to his friends why he suddenly decided to stay at the Dragon Army Headquarters, but fortunately, none of them questioned him. Everyone accepted the decision he had made.

Yan Xiaobao nodded, as if everything had fallen into place. The group was promptly escorted to a large house in a quiet area. The house was spacious enough to accommodate over a hundred men, yet only six passed through the guarded gates, which made Yan Xiaobao smile slightly.

As soon as they entered the house, another servant appeared to change their B-level badges into A-level badges. This took less than a minute, yet just having the A-level badge filled Yan Xiaobao with excitement. With this badge, he could nearly go anywhere, and the goal to uncover the fate of the laws felt closer than ever.

After the woman and servant left the house, everyone turned to Yan Xiaobao, waiting for an explanation. Their original plan was to deliver the mission and find a way to escape the underground city, a route back to the surface world.

"Relax," Yan Xiaobao said with a smile, "With this rank badge, we should be able to quickly find the exit," he explained, taking his time to look around. "Not just the exit; we should also be able to figure out what is happening to these laws."

"Since the Four Divine Beasts created the dungeon, the laws have been in existence. They are vital to Lan Feng," he continued. Xu Biao and Xie Lan were puzzled as to why Yan Xiaobao, renowned for his

expertise, cared about some laws; however, they said nothing because their opinions were ultimately inconsequential.

"He wants us to find out and determine what's happening to the laws," he said, his ice-blue eyes glinting with golden light, his lips curling into a mischievous grin. He added, "He has permitted us to act as we deem fit, using any necessary means. Should a fight break out, he has already promised me that I may wield all of Wu Wei's sacred techniques that he has been diligently cultivating for this moment."

Seeing the smile on Yan Xiaobao's face and hearing the young man's words, all his friends couldn't help but let out a sigh of relief before starting to smile.

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"We may have the upper hand because everyone underestimates us, but I can't say for certain how much combat strength I can contribute; so, if possible, we should think of methods beyond brute force to achieve our goals," Yan Xiaobao said, his expression turning serious at last.

"For now, let's rest a few days, recover from the journey. Then we can start looking for clues across the entire area. After that, we can search for an exit," Yan Xiaobao concluded, glancing around.

Finishing his words, Yan Xiaobao fell silent. Instead, he chose a room in the large house, sat down, and began meditating. He allowed himself to become one with his surroundings, drawing the essence of heaven and earth, and started refining it into Qi and spiritual energy.

Watching Yan Xiaobao, his friends followed suit. After a while, the entire house became as quiet as it had been before their arrival. No sound could be heard, yet energy ripples continuously surged from the house, revealing someone was truly present within.

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"I've been ordered to eliminate the friends of this white-haired boy," a voice came from beneath a cloak. The speaker appeared ancient, his body hunched, voice low and raspy.

"Commander, I understand your position," he said, then turned to leave the room. "I understand your stance, yet I am executing my mission, and nothing will stop me from accomplishing it," he muttered as he left, shutting the door behind him.

With a deep sigh, the Commander could only watch as the man closed the door and walked away.

Outside the room, his hunched back seemed to suddenly uncoil. The aura of age disappeared, replaced by an unmistakable sense of power.

A cloak concealed the man, yet if it were removed, a scarred face would emerge, revealing him as the assassin previously tasked with clearing soldiers traveling to Qianli River Academy in the convoy.

Beside him, a small cat swished its tail, mewling softly at its master. Elegant stripes adorned its body, resembling the beast that once accompanied this man.

Scar-faced Killer navigated through various routes and grounds of the Dragon Company headquarters until he reached a house that appeared to be his destination.

This house happened to be where Yan Xiaobao and his friends were resting, meditating, and emanating ripples of energy.

Scarface's features twisted in frustration as he eyed the vigilant guards stationed at the entrance, not to mention the patrol guards who frequently lingered in the residential zones.

At the sight of the patrol team, Scarface moved swiftly, blending into the residential area as though he belonged. He managed to reach the rear of the building without drawing anyone's attention to himself.

The walls surrounding the place stood five meters high—so tall that humans would typically struggle to scale them. However, the small cat beside him transformed swiftly into the enormous beast it had once been, effortlessly leaping over the walls to enter the vicinity of the house. Even with Scarface's scars, the leap was easy enough.

Silent as a shadow, the tiger landed softly on the grass, shrinking back into an adorable little cat. Slowly, Scar-faced Killer crept closer to the house, thoroughly pleased as he sensed the energy ripples.

To him, it was advantageous if the group was fully focused on cultivation. The deeper their focus, the more they attuned themselves with the surrounding elements, leaving them less aware of his approach.

The house was large enough to accommodate hundreds of people, meaning there were entry points from all directions.

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Scarface couldn't help but laugh as he noticed that the castle's entire staff section was completely vacant.

Normally, when new residents enter such homes, multiple servants would be busy doing their best to accommodate the guests. Yet, not a single servant was visible. It was clear that the group decided against accepting any staff and simply had food delivered three times a day.

Thinking of this, the Scar-faced Killer couldn't stop smiling. As he slowly entered the house, his face wore an unsettling grin. The small cat followed behind him.

Scarface moved as silently as a mouse while walking around the residence. His eyes quickly located the weakest individual. He realized that there was only one sound that could expose him, so an ambush was his only option.

At the same time, he knew he had to be cautious. While he was strong—exceptionally strong, even compared to others of his rank—he also understood that if he had to fight two King Ranking experts, the battle would push him to his limits. Even with the assistance of his small cat.

Everyone who had heard of Scarface believed him to be a King-level expert. He had previously killed King-level experts and was highly regarded by the Dragon Army, but this wasn't the truth. In reality, Scarface was merely a ranking expert from Duke University—a specialist who could fight with people at his level, or even slightly above, using clever strategies, ambushes, and decisive strikes. He had managed to eliminate King-level experts before, but few were aware of the details.

He knew that encountering a King-level expert unprepared would mean his own demise. Despite this, he continued to advance through the house, eventually making his way toward the corridor where people were training.

Sensing everyone in the area, Scarface positioned himself in the shadows of the corridor. The cat rested silently on his shoulder, and the two of them merged seamlessly with the darkness, completely undetectable.

Waiting like this, moments turned into minutes, and minutes stretched into hours. He had now spent an hour waiting.

Most people would have grown weary long before this, but Scarface was accustomed to waiting. As the minutes dragged on, the grin on his face grew wider and wider. The longer he waited, the more excited and thrilled he became. Finally, one of the doors opened, and a young man stepped out.

At first, Scarface's face was filled with extreme happiness and expectation. However, when he noticed who the person was, his expression turned grim.

Standing before him was the silver-haired young man, Yan Xiaobao, heading toward his position. The Scar-faced Killer now faced a difficult choice.

His first option was to kill Yan Xiaobao, but doing so would mean failure. That was out of the question.

Second, he could continue waiting and hope that the young man wouldn't sense or discover him.

Lastly, there was the option of attacking. He could attempt to knock the young man unconscious. But he needed to be precise with his power. If he used too much force, the man would die; if he used too little, he wouldn't knock him out and might alert others.

Clenching his teeth, Scarface watched as the silver-haired young man moved closer to him. He needed to make a quick decision.

Scarface gritted his teeth as he stared at the advancing young man. Although he appeared to be defenseless, the assassin was convinced that things weren't as they seemed. No one would allow themselves to be unguarded after just entering a new residence.

As Scarface had expected, Yan Xiaobao was indeed alert. While walking through the new home given to them by the Dragon Army, he had already sensed that something was amiss.

As he moved down the corridor, his spiritual energy scanned the surrounding environment. The moment he detected the aura of another person, that individual rushed toward him. The attacker's eyes were cold and determined, scars etching his face, as spiritual energy enveloped his hands.

Upon seeing this, Yan Xiaobao's gaze instantly turned icy. He activated Speed Flow, matching the assassin's pace. Spiritual energy surged from his body, fueling the flames in each of his palms. These flames, imbued with the combined might of his elemental flame and spiritual energy, burned fiercely, ever-growing in intensity.

One hand held red flames, while the other bore yellow flames tinged with a silver hue. Yan Xiaobao had spent a long time waiting for the other party to make their move. The moment they did, he retreated swiftly, and as he moved, the flames in his hands grew larger with the influx of spiritual energy feeding them.

Just as he stepped back, a hand struck down at his previous position. Clearly, it had been aimed to incapacitate or kill him if the blow had landed.

Witnessing this, as his pupils contracted, an involuntary shiver shot down Yan Xiaobao's spine. Drawing power from Lan Feng's elemental affinity, Yan Xiaobao's red flames imbued with Phoenix elemental affinity began to transform into blue flames. Initially tinged with faint purple, they quickly became a vivid, clear blue—strikingly similar to the brilliant shade of the young man's eyes.

Seeing the blue flames alongside the yellow-silver flames, Scarface instantly understood he was at a disadvantage. With a sharp whistle, the small cat transformed into a massive tiger. It roared at Yan Xiaobao, leaving the young man certain that he would need extra strength to handle both opponents.

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In order to seek help, all he needed to do was make a noise, and his friends would arrive immediately. However, just as Yan Xiaobao was about to hurl one of his fireballs to the ground, the massive tiger lunged at him. He had no time to make any sound as he rushed down the hallway.

Seeing that the young man was still conscious, Scarface's mood greatly soured. Killing him would have completed his mission; an important task for him.

Scar-faced Killer had long admitted that he was unable to rise to the ranks of the Upper Dantian users. This was one of the reasons why he sought to fight against the King, and the fact that he survived and defeated them earned him a special rank.

After finally obtaining clearance for B-level missions, he was now undertaking an A-level mission. His task was to kill the friends and supporters of these young people. After this, Scarface could finally enter a world where everyone was an Upper Dantian user.

For an assassin, Scar-face's self-esteem was quite low. It was mainly because of his knowledge that he could never break into the realm of the Upper Dantian. But he believed that joining the ranks of the A-level group was good enough for him.

Unfortunately, completing this mission didn't seem easy. Seeing Yan Xiaobao on high alert, holding two incredible flames in his hands, Scar-faced Killer knew he had already lost today's battle.

If the person in front of him had been anyone other than Yan Xiaobao, he would have hoped to continue the fight and at least kill one of his opponents. However, this guy couldn't be killed. His gaze filled with an expression of fury, he turned around and disappeared as quickly as he had arrived, flashing past the house like a shadow. Now the small feline followed him.

After leaving the house, Scarface knew it was no longer possible to ambush them inside. Undoubtedly, they would now prepare for it, and the thought made him clench his fists and grit his teeth in anger.

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"Did you just say Scarface was in the house?" Wu Yue asked in surprise when he heard what Yan Xiaobao had just said. When the white-haired young man nodded, everyone fell silent.

"He ran off after attacking twice," he explained. "I think despite Scar-faced Killer being dangerous, the tiger by his side seemed even more threatening. If you run into him and you're not Xie Lan or Xu Biao, then escape as quickly as you can."

Yan Xiaobao was very serious this time. As he looked around at his friends, his gaze was resolute, and one by one, everyone nodded in agreement.

"I'm heading out tomorrow," Yan Xiaobao suddenly said. "I plan to use the A-level badge to scout around. Maybe I can find a way out of this place, or even uncover those laws so we can figure out our next steps."

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As night fell, everyone stayed in the same room, so that if Scar-faced Killer returned, he wouldn't be able to ambush them separately.

Meanwhile, the group refused to eat any food prepared by the Dragon Army. Instead, they all preferred the dried food they had collected on their journey. While the food was far less tasty than the prepared ones, it had no potential poison, and the group didn't dare take any risks.

That night, as darkness enveloped them, they shared wine and had a good time together, drinking from a supply they had brought from the surface.

Everyone in the room was filled with restless anticipation. Yan Xiaobao had said he would go explore and hopefully find an exit or the laws, but either way, the group could barely contain their excitement. They all hoped to leave the Underworld as soon as possible.

The next morning, Yan Xiaobao instructed the five-member group to meditate and cultivate inside the house.

"I need all of you to become as strong as possible," he explained. "If I encounter the laws and see that they are poorly treated, we'll need to find a way to liberate them. In such a case, the stronger we are, the higher our chances of success."

"Don't worry," Lan Feng said into Yan Xiaobao's mind. "As long as no one ranking as a Saint is present, then I can handle them."

"You'll personally deal with them?" Yan Xiaobao asked curiously. Lan Feng had previously allowed Yan Xiaobao to deal with Wu Wei himself, yet this time, the bird seemed to have changed its mind.

"Last time, you wasted too much of my precious martial power," Lan Feng replied, his tone slightly indignant, as he shook his head in frustration.

"Alright, that's fine. I'm the Saint between the two of us," he continued, recovering from his self-pity. "I need to be the one to take care of them."

Hearing this, Yan Xiaobao nodded slightly. For him, it was safer to leave it all in Lan Feng's capable, feathered hands. However, he couldn't shake the feeling that things wouldn't go as smoothly as the bird expected.

As he paced around the office, the first thing Yan Xiaobao noticed was how expansive the residential area was. At first, he tried to reach the end, only to see himself moving farther and farther away from the cave walls. He quickly turned back.

The exit must be within the cave walls, not just the exit, but the laws as well. He reasoned they would be kept in the most heavily protected area.

Returning to the office, Yan Xiaobao quickly entered the main building. All he needed was to show his A-level badge to get whatever he needed. Upon seeing the badge, everyone around him showed immense respect and friendliness toward the white-haired young man.

Heading back to the different rooms, Yan Xiaobao couldn't decide which ones to inspect, so he followed the flow of people he saw entering the building. Following them, he soon found himself in a hall packed with people.

Not only was the hall crowded, but there were three tunnels as well. Above these tunnels were the insignias of the Vermilion Bird, Black Tortoise, and White Tiger.

Reflecting on this, Yan Xiaobao recalled that there was another tunnel. However, unlike the three main ones that led into the dark, people were coming out of this tunnel, heading toward Yan Xiaobao.

The expressions of those entering one of the three tunnels were vastly different from those coming out of the fourth tunnel.

Those entering the tunnels were filled with excitement and hope, looking forward to a new future in another tunnel system. Their faces were lit with happiness, and they all seemed eager on their journey.

Those coming from the tunnel and entering the Dragon Army Headquarters were pale-faced, their bodies clearly drained of all energy. Their eyes and mouths showed no trace of joy. It was evident they had suffered greatly on their journey to the Sky Dragon Star Department located in the Divine Dragon Dungeon.

Continuing forward, Yan Xiaobao saw only these tunnels; however, turning around, he came to a hallway lined with doors. At first, Yan Xiaobao noticed the doors were locked, but he knew his A-level badge would grant him access. He quickly found a guard, and soon the guard unlocked a random door for him.

Standing at the doorway, Yan Xiaobao felt as though something in the room was calling out to him. As his eyes adjusted to the dim light, he noticed a staircase leading underground within the room.

He descended for what felt like an eternity, step after step, hour after hour. Yan Xiaobao felt as though he had walked through endless time, yet still couldn't see the end. The air grew stale and damp. It seemed that few had traversed these stairs, certainly not recently. At last, when he reached the bottom, a door lay before him. Stepping through, he entered a dark chamber filled with ancient air and a massive, sky-blue gemstone.

The room was circular, and the only visible object was the massive sky-blue gemstone. The entire chamber appeared to be designed solely to hold the gemstone in place. Apart from the gemstone, nothing else could be seen. The stone was so enormous that Yan Xiaobao could only see a portion of it from his position. As he examined the room, he noticed the doorway he had entered was the sole entrance into the chamber.

Staring at the gemstone before him, Yan Xiaobao's heart began to race. The stone was enormous, round, and slightly flattened, curving outward from the walls. As far as his eyes could see, the enormous gemstone seemed to extend indefinitely. Rushing toward the lower part of the stone near the ground, he quickly estimated its width to be about three hundred kilometers.

Stepping back, he realized the gemstone in front of him wasn't a gemstone at all. As he had first guessed... it was a giant feline eye. He discovered that he was standing at the far edge of the eye, its gem-like surface curving outward from the wall.

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Seeing such a huge surprise, Yan Xiaobao was even more supportive; his support was so much that he eventually crashed into the wall opposite. When he looked around, he noticed a small path next to the eye, not far from where he stood. Determined to see where it led, he headed towards it. Along this path, he noticed that the wall on one side was made not of stone like the other walls, but of sky-blue scales, one scale following another. As Yan Xiaobao walked along the path, his hand brushed against the sky-blue scales on the wall, causing his heart to flutter and his breathing to become unstable.

Had he found the body of the Sky Dragon?

Lan Feng was completely silent, but not because he had nothing to say. Yan Xiaobao could feel a strange shift in the bird's spirit. There was both reverence and a profound sadness directed at the crystalline beast in front of them.

The room was not lit, the only light coming from the light stone in the young man's hands. The soft white glow fell upon the stone where Yan Xiaobao stood. The closer he got to what looked like a sapphire creature, the more the movements and emotions displayed by Blue Phoenix strengthened his belief that this was indeed the Blue Dragon.

What he saw before him was an enormous eye. A cat-like eye, but far larger than anything Yan Xiaobao had seen before. Its entire body seemed to stretch on endlessly, and he finally recalled the words Lan Feng had once said to him.

"The four Divine Beasts made their bodies the foundation of the four kingdoms," the body he saw was certainly long enough to match the kingdom's length!

The Sun Kingdom alone was forty-three thousand kilometers long, and the size of the eye alone was evidence of the incredible authenticity of this beast.

"Lan Feng," Yan Xiaobao called out silently to the Phoenix, sensing how shocked the bird was upon seeing this.

"Yes. I'm fine," came the reply after a moment of silence, "I had no idea the Dragon Army could enter the body of the Ancestor."

As Yan Xiaobao walked further into the path, both bird and human remained silent for a time. The scales extended well beyond him, until he finally reached a section where the scales had been removed and the interior flesh was visible.

Seeing this, Yan Xiaobao frowned slightly. Even Lan Feng felt uncomfortable seeing this and wondered why anyone would harm the Ancestor.

"It might have been a mistake when they built this tunnel," Yan Xiaobao optimistically suggested, though deep inside a worry began to stir.

"No," Lan Feng instantly heightened his worry tenfold, "the scale is too difficult to be destroyed by humans."

"They must have found a way to do it somehow," Yan Xiaobao continued, but even he knew that only a handful of people in the world had enough power to cause such damage. One would have to be like God himself, or an expert from the Emperor.

"Do you think it's him?" Yan Xiaobao quietly asked, "The one we need to fight?"

It had been a long time since Yan Xiaobao and Lan Feng had talked about the one who had put the Phoenix in his current state.

A sigh could be heard deep within the Dantian Cave, "What was done." Phoenix said, without much concern this time, "It might even help us." he continued.

"Bring Deng Wu and Little Dragon here tomorrow. I have a way to get him out of his statue. He'd better thank me," Lan Feng said. Yan Xiaobao felt full of hope upon hearing this news. If Little Dragon indeed became like Lan Feng, then the group might gain another expert.

Turning around, Yan Xiaobao began rushing back up the stairs leading to the Dragon Army Headquarters. Climbing the stairs again took quite a bit of time, however, it was much faster than his descent since he knew where he was headed.

As he emerged, he saw that the day had come to an end. Moonlight fell upon the buildings, and Yan Xiaobao dashed towards the building where his friends were.

Entering the house, Yan Xiaobao walked towards the room where Deng Wu and the others were. All were laughing while drinking wine and eating food. Seeing this, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but laugh out loud. While they were enjoying their time, he had been running around.

"Alright, alright, alright, what do we have here?" he asked in a cheerful voice as a bottle of wine was tossed in his direction, which he caught in the air and took a big swig from.

"Sorry to break up your party, but I need Deng Wu to come with me." His face quickly turned serious, and Deng Wu immediately stood up, ensuring he had a storage stone that contained the sky-blue Dragon Statue.

"We might be back in a few days, maybe," Yan Xiaobao said as he dragged Deng Wu with him, rushing back to the stairs leading to the body of the Sky Blue Dragon.

Descending the long staircase, Deng Wu was completely unaware of what was happening. Whenever he asked Yan Xiaobao, the white-haired young man would only say he didn't know what was happening; Lan Feng had told him to pick up Deng Wu and the sky-blue Dragon Statue.

Yan Xiaobao didn't even know what the plan was exactly, even if he wanted to tell Deng Wu what was happening, it would be impossible. He couldn't explain anything because Lan Feng refused to comment on the matter. The bird seemed to be busy with cultivation.

When they finally entered the room, Deng Wu was also stunned by the room's vastness. However, when he saw the enormous eye before him, his eyes turned in surprise.

Deng Wu stared at the eye before him, his heart beating irregularly just like Yan Xiaobao's had earlier that day. The sheer size of the eye itself was so astonishing that it was easy to believe the body was really as large as the kingdom above it.

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"What... what are we doing here?" Deng Wu asked in shock as he turned around to face Yan Xiaobao, who stood there smiling.

"I can't tell you," Yan Xiaobao sighed and said, "Follow me, Lan Feng will help Little Dragon. Besides, let him out—I believe he will want to see this."

Upon hearing Xu Yue's words conveyed by Deng Wu when the sky-blue dragon statue fell into his hands, the small statue emitted sounds of surprise and joy.

"Is... is this the Heavenly Sound Dragon?" Deng Wu asked in astonishment when he finally realized what he was looking at. He turned toward Yan Xiaobao, who nodded affirmatively. The white-haired youth began walking along the narrow path beside his body. Deng Wu didn't wait long before following behind him. Just as Yan Xiaobao had done earlier, he reached out to touch the beautiful sky-blue scales visible on the side.

"This is truly incredible," Deng Wu said as he was deeply moved by the sights before him. Glancing at Yan Xiaobao, he saw the white-haired youth smiling as he continued walking further away until he finally stopped.

"Alright," Yan Xiaobao turned around, his face now serious as he looked at Deng Wu. "This is difficult, but Lan Feng said it's possible. We are going to extract Little Dragon from the azure dragon statue."

Upon hearing this, Deng Wu was filled with astonishment and disbelief. If Little Dragon could be liberated from the small statue, it would be extraordinary—it would mean their side had gained more expertise. He then remembered the detail Lan Feng had forgotten to mention earlier.

Yan Xiaobao calmed himself down, letting his consciousness enter his Dantian Cave to allow Lan Feng to take over his body and explain what was about to happen. With the control shifted, Lan Feng immediately turned around, picking up the sky-blue dragon statue from Deng Wu's shocked hands, before proceeding to explain the events to come.

"Don't worry about anything," Lan Feng said as he grabbed Deng Wu's arm and dragged him toward the visible wound on the Sky Dragon's corpse.

"What are you doing?" Deng Wu asked with a slight furrow of his brow, curious about what was about to happen as he stared at the wound.

"It's simple," Lan Feng began to explain. Looking over at the wound, then at himself, and finally back at Deng Wu, he broke into a mischievous smile. "You can't see us, nor can Little Dragon return to our bodies soon. We've been controlled by the ones who sealed us in these cursed objects, but that doesn't mean we have to stay confined in them forever."

"A creature like Little Dragon can potentially enter another person's body and coexist within that host," he continued. "Now, as for me, I'm not thrilled about sharing one body with an annoying lizard, so I need your assistance."

"How do you need my help?" Deng Wu asked. His curiosity about what might transpire grew, but he also seemed to understand he would play an important role.

"Well, you see..." Lan Feng began to explain, "When I entered Yan Xiaobao's body, I had to exert myself immensely. Unfortunately, it led to our deaths," Lan Feng said, shocking Deng Wu with a revelation about his reincarnation. "Now, my relationship with Yue is quite fascinating, but you won't die from being consumed by the sky-blue dragon statue."

"This means Little Dragon would typically remain trapped in this little statue for a long time. Fortunately, we've encountered a relative—his father, the Divine Beast. What we need to do now is use his blood to connect you two so that you can share one body."

Hearing this, Deng Wu's eyes widened in alarm as he took a few steps back. "I... I'm not sure I want to share my body with anyone," he said hesitantly. However, when he saw the smile on Yan Xiaobao's face, he realized Lan Feng had anticipated this reaction.

"Worry not! Sharing your body with an expert is actually a wonderful feeling," Lan Feng said while slowly moving toward the Azure Dragon's body, reaching out to touch the wound. A strand of golden light could be seen controlling Yan Xiaobao's body to further intensify the dragon's injury through the Phoenix.

Despite Lan Feng applying martial power, the wound on the Sky Dragon remained small—just large enough to yield a few drops of blood. Holding onto these drops, Lan Feng waved his hand, allowing one drop to fall onto Deng Wu's forehead and another onto the sky-blue dragon statue. Both drops of blood were swiftly absorbed by their respective recipients, disappearing without a trace.

"What did you just do?!" Deng Wu cried out with a sharp, high-pitched voice, his eyes shut tightly as his hands clutched his head. The older man soon collapsed to the ground, groaning in agony as he looked like his head was about to explode.

Seeing this, Yan Xiaobao felt deeply uneasy. Deng Wu was his good friend, and witnessing him being tormented by Lan Feng heightened his awareness of the unfolding events. "Is he going to be alright?" Yan Xiaobao asked nervously as he watched his friend writhing on the ground in pain.

"Yes, don't worry," Lan Feng replied, standing upright nonchalantly as he observed the suffering man. "Compared to what happened after you perished, he will only endure a little discomfort."

"Near death is hardly the best comparison," Yan Xiaobao muttered, watching Deng Wu gradually sit up while resting against a cold stone wall, his hand gingerly touching his forehead where the blood had entered his body.

"Hello?" Deng Wu asked as he looked around, turning his head back and forth. Standing up and observing where he had been sitting, he turned to Yan Xiaobao, now glaring at him with an enraged expression.

"I can't hear Little Dragon. Did it not work?" he asked in frustration. His furrowed brow revealed uncertainty about whether he should feel pleased or disappointed by the outcome. His inquiries, however, were met with a scoff from the bird controlling the white-haired youth.

"Of course, you can't hear his voice," Lan Feng interjected, speaking to the older man. "You haven't completed the most crucial part of the transfer yet. What I did was merely prepare your body to contain Little Dragon's soul."

"Oh," Deng Wu responded, appearing quite foolish. "Will it be as painful as this again?" he asked hesitantly. While he knew he could withstand pain, having endured an unbearable ordeal once made him reluctant to go through it again.

"Don't worry," Lan Feng replied dismissively as he focused on the sky-blue dragon statue in his hand. "This won't hurt."

He stared at the dragon statue intently for some time before speaking to himself. Finally, he sat back down, his expression becoming grave as he looked at Deng Wu.

"When you encounter Little Dragon, he will be a holy rank beast," Lan Feng began explaining, knowing he wouldn't repeat himself. Both Yan Xiaobao and Deng Wu listened attentively.

"Little Dragon will then pass along part of his cultivation base to you," Lan Feng continued. "By doing so, your Qi will begin to merge with a type of energy that only belongs to dragons: Dragon Qi. In an astonishing twist, you've managed to keep Dragon Qi alive within yourself. Only that damned lizard would risk giving away his cultivation so recklessly." Lan Feng rambled as he once again gazed at the man with black hair, his tone serious.

"Since you've survived Dragon Qi, I've presented you with a cultivation technique," Lan Feng said, continuing. "There was roughly a fifty-five percent chance you'd die, or you could succeed in transforming all the energy in your body into Dragon Qi. Thankfully, you've managed to astonish me further by converting all of your Qi into Dragon Qi."

"Now, remember, I've told you that only dragons possess Dragon Qi, so seeing a human with it is something I've never witnessed before, nor have I heard of. Without Dragon Qi in your heart, I wouldn't be able to give you some of our revered ancestor's Blood Essence.

"What this Blood Essence essentially does is transform every cell within your body. Your body no longer contains human cells; instead, it contains dragon cells. You've essentially become a human-dragon hybrid," Lan Feng revealed casually, his words eliciting utter shock from both Yan Xiaobao and Deng Wu. Initially, they were horrified to learn how Lan Feng had gambled Deng Wu's life, but secondly, neither could grasp the reality that Deng Wu was no longer human—he had become a human-dragon!

"You see, Little Dragon's soul is a dragon's soul. While I can easily place him within your body now, tragically, he is no longer a holy rank beast, and transferring him might require killing you. Killing him is simply an emperor's choice, meaning he no longer has enough power for both of you to reincarnate. Thus, I need to procure something else."

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Chapter 508: Dragon Statue

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"Now that you have the body of a dragon, we might be able to make the transition smoother," Lan Feng said with a smile. "What I need the two of you to do is as simple as a soul contract. It's really straightforward; Xu Yue and I succeeded long ago."

Deng Wu cleared his throat and looked at the small statue in Lan Feng's hand. His thoughts drifted back to the times the dragon had helped him in the past. Determined, he nodded and directed his gaze at the young man, currently controlled by the Phoenix, his hair a ghostly white. With a steady voice, he said, "Tell me what to do."

"Alright," Lan Feng said, satisfied with the expression on Deng Wu's face. "This is very different from the situation I had with Yan Xiaobao," he began. "When we formed the soul contract, Yan Xiaobao and I already shared one body. However, we need to create a body between you and Little Dragon so that he can enter yours."

"Come here," Lan Feng ordered directly, not waiting as Deng Wu stepped toward him. Once Deng Wu reached him, the Phoenix tapped into some of Yan Xiaobao's spiritual energy and, with a steady hand, carved a deep wound into Deng Wu's arm. His blood splattered onto the Azure Dragon statue.

Deng Wu turned pale, but the pain was insignificant compared to the transformative awakening that every cell in his body was undergoing. He succeeded in suppressing the agony with relative ease.

"Channel your consciousness into the Azure Dragon statue," Lan Feng shouted sharply. Deng Wu followed his instructions. As soon as he entered the statue, brilliant azure light shot out, illuminating the corridor they were standing in.

"Now merge the two of you," Lan Feng commanded, but Deng Wu merely frowned, seemingly unsure of how to integrate himself.

"Your spiritual energy—combine it—figure out why you're sharing a body!"

Upon hearing the shouted instructions, Deng Wu seemed to grasp what to do. As his spiritual energy flowed into the Azure Dragon statue, his hands started to glow. Moments later, the intensity of the light grew greater and everything inside the Azure Dragon statue slowed down. His hair turned azure, and his eyes deepened to a dark blue hue.

As he sat down, eyes wide open and overwhelmed, he was rendered speechless and stunned. Seeing this, neither Lan Feng nor Yan Xiaobao spoke a word to him, knowing well he was communicating silently with Little Dragon.

After waiting half an hour, Deng Wu staggered to his feet, slightly dizzy from blood loss and the shocking transformation he had undergone. Despite this, a smile crept across his face.

Seeing this, Yan Xiaobao's face lit up with another smile as he regained full control over his own body.

"Let's leave this place and return somewhere else," Yan Xiaobao said with a laugh. Supporting Deng Wu, the pair made their way back to the room with the staircase, and together, they slowly ascended.

They reached ground level fairly quickly and were fortunate to find no guards in the vicinity. The moon hung in the sky, its position suggesting the hour was early. Neither Deng Wu nor Yan Xiaobao could tell how long they'd been underground.

In a small, dimly lit room illuminated only by a single stone, they didn't have the chance to measure the passage of time. Upon returning to their dwelling, they soon discovered their friends were still in the same room. Some were asleep, while Xu Biao and Xie Lan kept watch over the slumbering Sha Yun and Wang Julong.

When the door opened, the two watchers lifted their heads, alert and wary, until they caught sight of Yan Xiaobao. However, their widened eyes shifted to Deng Wu beside him, shocked by his transformation. His hair now gleamed azure, his eyes a deep blue shade, his face pale from blood loss, and a long scar stretched across his arm.

Witnessing their astonishment, Deng Wu did nothing but smile faintly. He hadn't anticipated his appearance would change so drastically after engaging in the soul contract. As he glanced at Yan Xiaobao, he realized his own ignorance. He remembered Yan Xiaobao explaining how his appearance had shifted significantly after his soul contract with Lan Feng. Reflecting on his own naivety, Deng Wu recognized how foolish it was to believe he would remain mostly unchanged when someone like Yan Xiaobao had been transformed so dramatically.

Seated below, Yan Xiaobao retrieved several bottles of alcohol from his storage circle. Randomly tossing the bottles at the awake individuals in the room, they exchanged silent smiles and nods. Soon, they gathered on the ground, quietly sharing the stories of their experiences.

Yan Xiaobao apologized and admitted he hadn't yet found an exit or the legal authority governing the area. Instead, he had only discovered tunnels leading to other parts of the dungeon, constructed atop the corpses of a crow bird, a black tortoise, and the White Tiger.

Upon hearing this, Xu Biao felt a faint sense of confidence in their current strategy. If they were truly cornered, they could escape to other parts of the dungeon. While the Dragon Army held ultimate sway over the Holy Dungeon's dragon section, the other three sections of the dungeon were relatively free from their influence. If they managed to flee to those areas, they'd find safety in case of dire circumstances.

"Alright, though we now have an escape plan, I still intend to seek out an exit and any legal systems," Yan Xiaobao said seriously. While speaking, Yan Xiaobao kept an eye on Deng Wu. Though Yan Xiaobao himself possessed a soul contract, he had never lived his life independently of Lan Feng. Sharing a body was commonplace for him.

Chapter 509: Dragon Statue\_2

They spent a year traveling from Cave's End to Dragon Core. Now Hui Yue was sixteen years old. Sharing a body with Lan Feng felt as natural as breathing, but for Deng Wu, who had never shared his body with anyone, the experience was unnerving. Hearing another voice within his mind and feeling someone else's presence in his Dantian was beyond strange.

As Xu Biao observed Deng Wu, he noticed that although the older man still looked slightly pale, his complexion had improved, and there was even a faint smile on his face. Deng Wu chatted with Xu Biao while smiling, but he refused to divulge the reason behind his sudden change.

Soon enough, his eyes began to droop without him even realizing it. Then, Deng Wu slowly collapsed to the ground, falling asleep as his body could no longer bear the stress of the day's events.

Watching the sleeping Deng Wu, a wry smile appeared on Yan Xiaobao's face. Even he hadn't expected Lan Feng to plan so intricately for his friend's sake. Although he felt a twinge of guilt for what Deng Wu endured, Yan Xiaobao was nonetheless very pleased with the outcome. Their team had gained an additional expert. Though not yet at the Saint rank, it was still much better than before.

The next morning, both Sha Yun and Wang Julong made a big deal about Deng Wu's transformation, but even so, the young man refused to tell them what had happened. All he said was that he was fine and had significantly strengthened—something that, from Yan Xiaobao's perspective, was not a lie.

"Deng Wu," Yan Xiaobao called out. It was the first time he spoke that morning. "Now that your strength has increased, I'll need to rely on you to protect the others," he said solemnly. "I'm going out to see if I can find a way forward or some clues." Without waiting for Deng Wu's response, he turned on his heels and swiftly left the house.

This wasn't because Yan Xiaobao was rude or dismissive of their friendship but because he was in a hurry. He, along with everyone else, wanted to leave the Underworld as soon as possible.

Leaving the house, Yan Xiaobao didn't notice a man lurking in the corner, waiting for this very moment. As the white-haired young man left, the cloaked figure stepped away from the shadows and disappeared behind the mansion.

Once behind the mansion, the man's arm-length kitten transformed into an astonishingly large size. Moments later, the tiger and its master scaled the mansion's walls and leaped over. The mansion's security was relatively lax since it was filled with cultivators.

The cloaked man swiftly infiltrated the mansion, fully aware that no one other than the white-haired youth's friends would be present.

He had expended much time and effort preparing for this moment, fully knowing the ranks of the various cultivators. He needed to keep an eye on the two King-level experts, but the other three friends were merely mid-level Dantian users, just Masters at most.

Hiding in the shadows and sneaking through the corridors, the Scar-faced Killer completely suppressed his aura, blending seamlessly with the environment around him. He did this out of concern that the King might search the surroundings alongside Wu Wei. It was a common tactic used by King-ranked experts to quickly survey their vicinity and identify anyone nearby.

As the Scar-faced Killer made his way through the rooms, Deng Wu finally began to explain to everyone what had happened to him and the reason behind his physical changes.

Although he refrained from discussing the soul contract tied to him, Sha Yun and Wang Julong had already figured out who it was with. Xu Biao and Xie Lan, while curious, did not press him further. In any case, they felt reassured by the addition of another expert to their team.

Deng Wu was vastly different from before. His sense of smell had become incredibly acute—nearly rivaling Sha Yun, who was herself a Magic Beast. His physical strength had also increased significantly; it now paralleled that of Hui Yue, whose body had been tempered and reconstructed several times, rendering him as resilient as a Magic Beast.

Deng Wu's vision had also improved along with many other aspects of his physique. He had grown over ten centimeters taller and now stood at two meters in height.

All these transformations occurred because Lan Feng had allowed Deng Wu to absorb a portion of his blood essence. However, it wasn't until recently that Deng Wu truly began to comprehend the extent of his changes.

His soul contract was notably different from the ones shared by Yan Xiaobao and Lan Feng.

When Lan Feng and Yan Xiaobao had fused, Lan Feng was forced to use all his martial power to preserve both of their existences in this world. By contrast, Little Dragon didn't need to expend anything. When he was moved into Deng Wu's body, he retained the cultivation base of an Emperor Beast and the martial power he had accumulated over millennia locked within his soul.

Knowing they had an Emperor-tier cultivator on par with Wu Wei thrilled Yan Xiaobao. When he realized that Little Dragon and Deng Wu could shield the group, Deng Wu, in turn, felt exhilarated. Now, he could protect everyone just as Yan Xiaobao and Lan Feng had previously done.

Though not a Saint anymore, Little Dragon was still an Emperor—a rank only one in a hundred thousand individuals could achieve. Even within Dragon Core, among the countless experts in the Dragon Cave, there were rarely more than one or two Emperors in each major family.

Speaking of Little Dragon, Deng Wu yielded his body to the dragon briefly, allowing him to experience what it felt like to be in control once again. While this occurred, Deng Wu's consciousness retreated into the Dantian Cave, where he witnessed everything Little Dragon did firsthand.

Suddenly, the dragon paused, its nostrils flaring as it caught wind of a foreign scent—a presence alarmingly close by.

Not wanting to alarm the others, Little Dragon excused himself with a polite smile, claiming he needed to use the restroom. Closing the door behind him, a glint of cold determination flickered in his eyes as he recalled the promise he had made to Xu Yue earlier that day.

Although using Wu Wei would cost both Deng Wu and Little Dragon some of their power, it was essential to protect their group, and doing so could not be considered a waste.

If Deng Wu had retained control of his body and had been forced to wield Wu Wei, much of the stored energy would undoubtedly have been squandered, just as Hui Yue had warned. However, Little Dragon was fully capable of meting out the exact amount of martial power necessary without wasting a single drop.

As Little Dragon roamed the house, he refrained from using his martial power to scan the vicinity. If he did, the invader would sense it and likely attempt an immediate escape. Instead, he relied on his heightened sense of smell to pinpoint the intruder's location.

A golden sheen cloaked Little Dragon's hands, faintly shimmering on his skin, ready to strike at a moment's notice.

Deep within the Dantian Cave, Deng Wu observed this and was left speechless. The sensation of his body moving without his conscious input felt utterly bizarre, but even more so was the feeling of wielding martial power. From the instant it was activated, a gentle warmth radiated through his entire body. Deng Wu focused intently through Little Dragon's senses on the shadowy darkness where they anticipated the intruder to be.

Both excited and nervous, Deng Wu watched as Little Dragon brimmed with exhilaration. For over four thousand years, the dragon had been unable to fight, forced instead to passively watch as the world changed around him. Everything familiar had disappeared, replaced by a new existence to which he felt he no longer belonged.

Although Little Dragon now wielded martial power, he was in the same predicament as Lan Feng—unable to replenish it automatically. However, he had the ability to refine the energy further and store it within his soul.

Knowing this, Little Dragon resolved not to let Deng Wu fight, as he was certain the young man would squander a considerable amount of martial power. At last, Little Dragon understood the importance of caution with strangers and even with allies. He could not afford to take risks anymore.

"He's in this room!" Little Dragon's voice suddenly echoed within the Dantian Cave, sharpening Deng Wu's focus as they honed in on the intruder supposedly nearby.

Scanning the surroundings, Deng Wu realized they were now in a second-floor corridor, directly above the room where his friends were gathered. Neither Deng Wu nor Little Dragon had any idea what the intruder was doing there, but the shadows were as impenetrably dark as a moonless night. No matter how carefully Deng Wu searched, he couldn't spot the intruder.

When one sense failed, Deng Wu—or rather, Little Dragon—shifted to another. Just as he was about to pinpoint the intruder's exact location, a figure suddenly emerged from behind him.

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Chapter 510: Scarface

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He held a dagger in his hand, his face wearing an icy and composed expression. It was evident that this man was confident he could eliminate Deng Wu with a simple ambush.

The Scar-faced Killer couldn't determine who this man standing before him was. He couldn't recall anyone with sky-blue hair in the team, but here he was, someone who definitely didn't belong here.

Earlier, from watching him relinquish his aura, it seemed as though this man bore the aura of a Master—someone Scarface thought was an easy target. Determining that the opponent was weaker than himself, the assassin lunged forward with a knife in hand, his eyes as frigid as ice.

Upon seeing this, Deng Wu's face broke into a mockingly insincere smile as Little Dragon raised his hand. In the next moment, a golden light enveloping his hand exploded forward. A web appeared, catching the ambusher without giving him even the slightest chance to struggle.

Letting out a scoff, Little Dragon glanced at the man now thoroughly entangled in the net, unable to budge as if his muscles were frozen stiff.

"Did you think I'd be that easy to assassinate?" he asked in a ridiculing tone, before lifting the bound man and slinging him over his shoulder, then turning toward the others.

The Scar-faced Killer was terrified as he felt himself restrained by Wu Wei. It was a pressure far more intense than anything he had ever experienced before.

What he didn't realize was that, while he felt subdued by Wu Wei, Little Dragon was actually using the absolute minimum amount of martial power; he dared not waste his critical energy unnecessarily.

"Look, I've caught a rat!" Little Dragon's voice boomed across the room, drawing everyone's gaze to Deng Wu, who stood by the doorway. He looked like a proud hound that had taken down its prey.

"Find something to bind him with," Little Dragon said through Deng Wu's lips. "I can't keep wasting Wu Wei holding him!" As soon as Deng Wu spoke, everyone in the room immediately searched through their storage stones. Ropes appeared on the floor, then quickly wound around the already restrained man.

Once no longer held by Wu Wei, the man could twist, turn, and even speak, despite being tightly bound with ordinary ropes.

The group sat down around the prisoner, observing him intently, debating how to deal with him. Looking closer, they all recognized him as the Scar-faced Killer. However, what puzzled them was that the tiger-like beast usually accompanying him in the tunnels was nowhere to be seen.

Deciding not to dwell on it for now, Little Dragon and Deng Wu shifted their focus back to the situation. The young man finally returned to his own body, slightly shaken by the experience.

When Little Dragon activated and used Wu Wei, Deng Wu could feel an overwhelming surge of strength within. He understood that these emotions arose because of the soul contract binding him to the sky-blue dragon; he now shared a body with him.

"So, what do we do with him?" Wang Julong asked, tilting her head as she studied the man still futilely struggling against his bindings. Her expression was casual, yet a cold glaze covered her eyes. It was obvious she didn't like this man.

"Let's kill him!" Sha Yun exclaimed, her excitement evident. "He's been tailing us for a long time," she continued, offering what she felt was a perfectly valid justification for her brutal suggestion. "If he had caught us, we'd be dead. Now that we've caught him, it's only fair he dies." The more she spoke, the colder her gaze became. It was clear that Sha Yun truly wished to kill the man then and there.

"No," Deng Wu finally interjected. "At the very least, we'll keep him here until Yue returns. I trust he'll know what to do with this guy."

With Deng Wu's decision made, no one challenged it. After all, Deng Wu was the one who had caught the man in the first place. It was only fitting he had the final say. Besides, his decision seemed reasonable enough.

With the matter settled, the group returned to their prior activities. Some sat down to cultivate, others took turns guarding the prisoner; one individual worked on crafting a scroll, while the rest relaxed, eating and sipping wine.

Outside the house, Yan Xiaobao wandered around, moving through one building after another, descending flights of stairs, and even ascending between different levels of the Dragon Company's headquarters. But no matter how many rooms he searched, there were always more. The area was too vast to be thoroughly explored within a few days. By the end of the day, Yan Xiaobao felt an involuntary sense of unease. As the moon rose overhead, the young man reluctantly returned home, resolving to resume the search the next day.

Entering the house, Yan Xiaobao paid little attention to his surroundings as he made his way toward where his friends were. Suddenly, a savage roar grabbed his attention. A massive tiger-like beast lunged at the unsuspecting white-haired young man.

The roar made Yan Xiaobao spin around, only to find the tiger already airborne, pouncing toward him. Each claw was as large as Yan Xiaobao's head, razor-sharp talons glinting menacingly. The tiger's cold, merciless eyes gleamed with intelligence and immense rage, as if it was imagining exactly how it would tear him to shreds.

As for why the massive tiger was inside their home, Yan Xiaobao didn't have time to think about it. Instead, his body reacted instinctively. Contrary to the beast's expectations, the young man dove beneath it like flowing water, rolling out of its reach onto the ground.