

## Medical 511

### Chapter 511: Scarface\_2

The tiger in the air couldn't change its direction; all it could do was watch its prey dive beneath it, trying to roll away to safety.

The ambush had failed. The tiger roared furiously, standing still as it decided whether to continue attacking or retreat.

Only now did Yan Xiaobao realize that this tiger was none other than Scarface's tiger. Meanwhile, Yueyue's ice-blue eyes instantly darkened with danger. He wondered where Scarface might be and if his friends were safe.

Looking at the tiger, Yan Xiaobao had no intention of letting it escape. But now, he preferred to focus on ensuring the safety of his friends. After quickly surveying the tiger, Yan Xiaobao darted toward the upper level as fast as he could. Upon entering a room, he discovered a person tied up with a rope, their face buried beneath layers of bindings.

Seeing this, Yan Xiaobao's face broke into a smile. As a curious voice asked, "Where are you going?" he immediately turned around, preparing to leave.

Returning to the room, Yan Xiaobao smiled faintly and replied briefly, "Pest control!" Then, once again, he headed into the hallway, chasing after the oversized feline. His smile didn't waver, and his body brimmed with energy, ready to burst forth.

Yan Xiaobao felt extremely frustrated about not finding an exit for the underground city or a legal way out. However, he could now vent some of this frustration on the enraged tiger—how could he pass up such an opportunity?

Releasing his spiritual energy, Yan Xiaobao scanned the surrounding area. But if this beast was of higher rank than Yan Xiaobao himself, the effort would be pointless. Detecting a stronger opponent in hiding was nearly impossible.

The outcome was as Yan Xiaobao had expected. He found that locating the tiger was not a challenge, but given its ferocity during its ambush of Hui Yue, the white-haired youth was certain it still lingered nearby. He surmised it planned to kill them one by one to free its master.

Seeing the depth of its loyalty left Yan Xiaobao somewhat surprised, but this beast blocked his path. Even if the comradeship between Scarface and the tiger was profound, neither gave Yan Xiaobao a reason to show them mercy. Scarface held some value to him, but the beast didn't. In fact, it was just the opposite—a threat. Eliminating it was the only suitable course of action.

Back in the room, Yan Xiaobao was certain the tiger would ambush him again. He was on high alert, a blue flame in his hand, ready to strike at anything that moved.

The downside was that even though he was searching for the tiger, he couldn't be certain if it had truly left or was still lurking nearby—something that might waste his time.

Initially, Yan Xiaobao felt some excitement about the encounter. Yet, as he advanced deeper into the large house, inspecting room after room, he quickly grew quiet. His entire focus zeroed in on everything occurring around him. At last, he noticed faint, subtle movements.

Pretending as though he felt nothing, Yan Xiaobao kept looking straight ahead, casually scanning his surroundings. While he appeared distracted, in secret, his full focus was locked onto the movements hidden within the shadows of the room. As he entered, the blue flame in his hand expanded, ever so slightly.

Just like before, the massive tiger's body suddenly leapt out from the shadows. This time, as its claws sliced through the air, a dark silhouette emerged right in front of Yan Xiaobao. The tiger clearly intended to prevent the human from evading below.

From the air, dark energy burst forth as the tiger's claws neared Yan Xiaobao. The shadow of black blades, as sharp as the finest knives, flew toward Yan Xiaobao faster than most top speeds achievable by humans.

Being a magical beast, the tiger naturally possessed elemental attacks it was born with—these black blades were one such ability.

Seeing this, Yan Xiaobao hurled the blue fireball from his hand toward the black shadow. The two collided mid-air, and a deafening boom echoed throughout the mansion.

The tiger's eyes brimmed with disbelief as it witnessed the blue flame not only slow down the black energy but also completely disintegrate it.

Not giving the tiger a chance to react, Yan Xiaobao swallowed a mouthful of blood and dashed toward the beast, while blowing out another burst of blue flame from his other hand. He was acutely aware of its two massive claws and knew that if he wanted to prevail, he had to breach its defenses.

Charging forward, the tiger accepted the challenge and lunged at Yan Xiaobao, deploying its black slicing attack once again. The attack was deflected once more by the blue fireball. Neither combatant's attack relied heavily on physical strength, and in such terms, Yan Xiaobao was far inferior to the tiger.

While Yan Xiaobao lacked physical power compared to the tiger, his agility far exceeded that of the beast. Were it smaller in size, the situation might have been different; however, the seven-meter-long tiger wasn't particularly fast.

Using his agility, Yan Xiaobao struck with black blood, successfully inflicting a deep wound on the side of the tiger's head. As soon as he landed the blow, Yan Xiaobao retreated. The tiger whimpered, momentarily distracted by the injury, giving Yan Xiaobao enough time to launch the largest blue fireball he could summon at the tiger.

The tiger noticed the flames too late. Despite its frantic attempts to shield itself with black energy, it wasn't sufficient. In an instant, the stench of charred flesh wafted through the hallway. The smell was accompanied by the tiger's terrifying and blood-curdling screams, as the flames consumed it alive.

Yan Xiaobao stared into the tiger's eyes without a shred of regret. He knew that this world is one where only the strong survive. If the tiger had the chance, Yan Xiaobao would have been the one to perish instead.

Waiting for the screams to fade, Yan Xiaobao finally lowered his flames and gazed at the cooked corpse before him. Extracting black blood, he cut a dazzling gemstone—the beast core—from the tiger's head, wrinkling his brow slightly.

After obtaining the core, Yan Xiaobao had no desire for anything else. With a wave of his hand, he summoned the flames again. The blue fire engulfed the corpse instantly, reducing it to ashes.

Taking one final glance at the area where the battle had occurred, Yan Xiaobao turned and walked back toward the room. Upon entering, he noticed the alert expression in his friends' eyes. Their vigilance quickly gave way to relief.

"We felt the building tremble during the battle," Deng Wu explained. "It was very worrisome whether you'd make it out alive."

Hearing this, Yan Xiaobao smiled as he took a seat, popping a bottle of liquor into his mouth.

"What's your plan for this guy?" Sha Yun asked, pointing at the tied-up man, eagerly awaiting Yan Xiaobao's response.

"I'll trade him for information," Yan Xiaobao replied with a grin. "But for now, let's keep training!"

With that said, Yan Xiaobao took another swig of liquor before closing his eyes to begin cultivating.

No more words were spoken as Yan Xiaobao fell into a state of deep cultivation. After the battle with the tiger, his entire body needed to relax, and he needed to boost his personal power.

It might have seemed like Yan Xiaobao had easily dispatched the tiger, but a battle of life and death is never simple. Yan Xiaobao had plenty of experience fighting opponents much stronger than himself, and each time he did so, he committed fully to the fight. His focus was entirely on finding the smallest flaw in his opponent before pushing his stamina to the limit to exploit it.

He understood well how fortunate he was to manage injuring the tiger within seconds. From the very start, Yan Xiaobao had used his most potent skills, including black blood and blue flame.

That fleeting moment determined the victor. Had fortune been less kind, Yan Xiaobao would have died. These truths sent his blood surging, filling him with excitement and vitality.

Yan Xiaobao decided to mentor the other young ones, beckoning them to sit down and join him in cultivation. The only two who didn't cultivate were Xu Biao and Xie Lan, both of whom watched the tied-up man twisting and turning on the floor.

After reflecting on the battle for a while, Yan Xiaobao finally allowed his body to relax, enabling him to refine more spiritual energy and absorb the strength it provided.

Xu Biao sighed deeply before striding toward the man, knocking him out cold before returning to Xie Lan's side. He picked up a bottle of liquor from Xie Lan's hand and smiled faintly at the woman who, year after year, worked without complaint, dutifully fulfilling every instruction.

...

Chapter 512: The Third Person to Wake Up

...

The night passed quickly. Yan Xiaobao and the young cultivator immersed themselves deeply in their refining process, completely ignoring what was happening around them.

Xie Lan and Xu Biao stayed up all night, chatting quietly and keeping a close watch on the unconscious man.

As the sun rose again in the sky, the young men woke up one by one. Their eyes shone with profound energy, and smiles spread across their faces.

Yan Xiaobao was the third to wake up. He immediately noticed the still unconscious man. When he walked over to pick up the body, his lips curled into a brazen grin.

"I'll be back soon," he said with a smile, hoisting the body onto his shoulder and striding out of the room.

Yan Xiaobao wandered around the Dragon Army Headquarters for a while, searching for what he wanted—the Commander's office.

Walking toward the office, Yan Xiaobao's grin widened as he carried the man on his shoulder. Upon entering, everyone's eyes fixed on him, curious about his purpose. However, as they saw him heading toward headquarters, many speculated that this was an important mission—one with a bound target.

Approaching the office door, Yan Xiaobao's smile grew even broader. He knocked and waited for a response.

After a brief wait following the knock, he heard a voice from inside: "Come in." Using his free hand, Yan Xiaobao pushed the door open.

Before him stood a middle-aged man, evidently an expert ranked as Emperor. The aura emanating from within carried a profound power—so overwhelming that if it suddenly intensified, the sheer aura could force Yan Xiaobao backward.

Despite the obvious strength of the man before him, Yan Xiaobao seemed unfazed. He casually tossed the bound man onto the floor. At this, the middle-aged man frowned deeply at the sight of the white-haired man on the ground.

He recognized the white-haired man immediately. Upon inspecting the bound man closely, he was astonished to sense the Scar-faced Killer's aura.

The Dragon Army's Lord regarded Yan Xiaobao with a curious expression. "What can I do for you?" he asked, feigning ignorance of the bound man's identity. Hearing this, Yan Xiaobao let out a disdainful snort.

"This man," he began, "broke into my residence and attacked my companions. As if that weren't enough, he even brought a wild tiger with him that ambushed me on my way back home from a walk!"

When Yan Xiaobao spoke these words, the Lord's expression soured further. However, noticing that Yan Xiaobao hadn't finished speaking, he chose to remain silent. He realized the young man was highly regarded by General Frozen. Without these connections, the young man would have long since met his demise.

"How can someone attack us in the middle of Dragon Army Headquarters?" Yan Xiaobao demanded angrily, skipping over the opportunity for the Dragon God to respond.

"I'm sorry to hear about your experience," the Lord said with genuine regret. "But if you've been attacked, it isn't our fault. We would never expect one of our own to cause trouble."

"You don't know? What an awful excuse. What if my companions had died? Isn't this man one of yours? As long as he's part of the Dragon Army, aren't you responsible for his actions?"

As Yan Xiaobao spoke, the Lord's face grew darker, but he was powerless due to the position of the man standing before him. He cursed Scarface silently and sighed deeply.

"Of course," he said with a diffident smile. "You're absolutely right. How could we allow one of our men to harm our respected guests? Don't worry, I'll make sure this man understands the gravity of his actions." With this thought, the Lord began considering how best to punish the bound man. His gaze was devoid of emotion.

"Alright, you know," Yan Xiaobao said, leaning in slightly, "there's one more thing I'd like to know." He continued, "Someone told me that the tunnels within the Dragon Army Headquarters lead to an exit toward the Upper World. Can you tell me where it is?" His curious expression piqued.

Hearing this, the Dragon King was momentarily startled. However, upon further contemplation, he concluded that Yan Xiaobao must have heard about the mystical staircase from General Frozen. If that's the case, divulging its location wasn't a concern.

"Head to the topmost level of our headquarters—in the easternmost room, you'll find a staircase known as the Hopeful Staircase," he explained. "This Hopeful Staircase leads you toward the Central Palace."

Upon hearing this, Yan Xiaobao felt elated and wanted to verify the information. Before leaving the room, he hastily stood and bowed deeply.

As the door closed behind him, the grin on his face stiffened, and fury surged in his eyes. His Qi writhed with rage, releasing an energy that shattered the glass before him and freed Scarface from the ropes used to bind him.

The Lord of the Dragon Army gazed emotionlessly at the unfortunate man. Rising to his feet, a streak of golden light shot forth, severing the man's head before he could react.

With a furrowed brow, the Lord opened his door and summoned a servant to clean the office. While doing so, he wandered around the main building, his thoughts a chaotic blend. He was consumed by the impulse to kill the white-haired youth for his lack of respect, but fear of General Frozen restrained him. After much pacing, he finally regained control of his emotions.

#### Chapter 513: The Third Person to Wake Up (Part 2)

When the master was filled with suppressed anger, Yan Xiaobao rushed to the location he had been told about. As he hoped to return home, his entire body was filled with anticipation and excitement. He thought of going back to inform his friends of the information he had discovered.

Finding the headquarters' upper level wasn't something that took a lot of time; soon after, the young man finally reached a room where a massive staircase stretched upward into the unknown.

Although Yan Xiaobao didn't climb the staircase, standing beside it, he could easily tell it was the Staircase of Hope—the path leading out of these horrifying tunnels.

Seeing these stairs, all the worries and pressure in his heart were finally released, and the young white-haired man was now filled with relief and excitement. As he turned around and made his way briskly toward the house where his friends were waiting for him, he couldn't hide the smile on his face. He would soon share the good news with them.

....

Frozen General Zhong Hui sat on his throne within the Ice Castle he had built. Beside him stood a beautiful woman, and his face was filled with boredom.

"How long has it been?" The general finally sighed deeply, glancing at the numerous white-haired men in front of him. Looking at the frozen men gave him some joy; however, something was still missing.

"Since what exactly? How long has it been since Meldor?" the woman asked curiously, gazing at the man beside her.

"The child from the Holy Dungeon," he answered bluntly. "Do you think this child has reached the Dragon Core yet?"

Seeing the yearning in the general's eyes, the woman couldn't help but wonder why he was so curious. However, she shook her head, indicating she didn't know.

Watching her reaction, Zhong Hui sighed deeply before standing up and shouting, "You're all dismissed!" He yelled loudly before transforming into a streak of light that disappeared into the distance.

On the Frozen General's face was an expectant smile, his eyes sparkling with excitement. "Let's see how you escape from me this time," he murmured as he rushed toward the Staircase of Hope.

....

Yan Xiaobao stepped away from the Staircase of Hope, feeling a chill. But as he looked around, he noticed no one was nearby. Shaking his head, he began doubting if he was overreacting. Giving one last glance toward the staircase, a faint smile blossomed on his face. He couldn't help but hum a little tune as he strode back to the house, eager to finally share some good news with everyone.

"What? Can you repeat what you just said?" Xu Biao asked in disbelief, his eyes wide and his heartbeat irregular, causing him to gasp for breath. Xu Biao wasn't the only one who was shocked—Xie Lan also stared at Yan Xiaobao with an expression of skepticism. She wasn't as emotionally invested as Xu Biao, so her reaction was more composed.

While Xu Biao and Xie Lan were stunned, Deng Wu, Wang Julong, and Sha Yun were all brimming with happiness.

Just moments earlier, Yan Xiaobao had returned home and shared the news that he had traded information about the location of the Staircase of Hope with the Scar-faced Killer. The entire team was filled with joy and excitement. Finally, it seemed they could leave these underground tunnels, shed the oppressive feeling of being trapped beneath a ceiling, and ultimately return to the friends they had long left behind.

Looking back, Yan Xiaobao was surprised to realize it had been roughly two years since the battle in Liluo City. It had been two years since he last saw his closest friends.

Thinking about it, Yan Xiaobao felt an intense longing to return to Liluo City and see the changes that had unfolded over the years. He hoped to reunite with Ma Kong, Gao Yao, and the Rong twins once more.

Gazing at his friends, he knew that Deng Wu and Wang Julong both missed their families. It was clear that Deng Wu especially missed Xu Xing, even though he had never explicitly mentioned it. Sha Yun also missed her sisters, but during their two years of traveling, not a single friend had complained to Yan Xiaobao; none had ever brought up the discomfort of leaving home. They all relied on Yan Xiaobao deeply and were incredibly grateful to him.

However, though he now knew where the exit was, he couldn't simply leave. He had promised Lan Feng that he would uncover the laws and figure out what was truly happening to them. A promise like that was one he would never break. He was a man—a man who kept his word.

"I'm sorry, but I need to search for the laws again," Yan Xiaobao said apologetically as he turned to leave. He still had a few hours of daylight to continue his search. Now that he had found the exit, Yan Xiaobao felt closer to his goal than ever. He was already halfway there.

As they left, all his friends either nodded or waved goodbye. They had been waiting a year for the chance to leave these dark, depressing tunnels—a few more days wouldn't matter. As Yan Xiaobao sprinted out of the room, silence once again descended upon it as the three young men resumed their cultivation.

The days spent training had strengthened them considerably. Sha Yun and Wang Julong were progressing at the same pace, both nearing the breakthrough to the next star level. Deng Wu spent half his time crafting inscriptions and the other half cultivating.

While many might think Deng Wu spent an excessive amount of time on inscription crafting, it was crucial for metal cultivators. Although time-consuming, it made them exceptionally powerful.

....

Yan Xiaobao had explored nearly every room in the headquarters when he spotted a small house on the outskirts of the city, one he had never seen before. His mood grew increasingly sour. The house appeared to be heavily guarded, and as Yan Xiaobao approached it, he realized just how many guards were present.

"No unauthorized personnel is welcome inside this house!" one of the men called out, his face stiff. Seeing the man, Yan Xiaobao flashed his A-level badge, but none of them moved aside as he had expected.

"I'm sorry, sir," the man said, still blocking the way. All the guards were King-level experts, and Yan Xiaobao knew he didn't stand a chance against them.

"This house is only open to S-level experts," the man explained. "We only have three S-level experts, and unless you're the leader of the Dragon Army, we cannot grant S-level clearance."

Upon hearing this, Yan Xiaobao shot the house one last glance, then politely nodded and walked onward. Deep within, he was filled with conflicting emotions.

Yan Xiaobao explored other parts of the Dragon Army Headquarters but found nothing. Now, as he finally located a building that seemed to hold what he sought, he wasn't allowed to enter.

This realization only made him more certain that this was where the laws were hidden. As he walked back toward the room, a cold glint flashed across his eyes. Now he knew where the laws were hidden, and the presence of guards so clearly unwilling wasn't driven by their own volition. It was easy to understand what he would do next.

Returning to the main house, Yan Xiaobao soon noticed that he was being followed by a King-level expert guarding the house. Although the expert didn't take any offensive actions, the blatant act of being tailed revealed how seriously they treated preventing anyone from entering the building. Unfortunately for them, Yan Xiaobao was sharing his body with a divine beast. If Lan Feng wanted to enter the house, no King could stop him.

Back at the house, the expert followed right up to the front door. Only once he entered did the man turn back. Yan Xiaobao walked distractedly into the room where his friends were. All of them were cultivating; even Deng Wu had paused his inscription work to focus on cultivation.

Seeing this, Yan Xiaobao approached Xu Biao and let himself collapse onto the ground. The past few days had been tense for the younger man. He had been searching for an exit and hunting for the laws. During his search, he unexpectedly came across the Azure Dragon's corpse—something he hadn't anticipated. A lot had happened over the past few days, and he knew that before tonight, he needed to calm his mind.

Yan Xiaobao could have chosen to sit next to Xu Biao to relax. But instead of resting, the young man went to the corner and lay down on the bed. During the entire time the room was full of people, they had never truly slept, as they had been cultivating all night. As Yan Xiaobao sank into the pillow, a comforting blackness descended upon him—a world he hadn't experienced in a very long time.

...

Chapter 514: The King's Guard

...

When Yan Xiaobao was sleeping, Xu Biao and Xie Lan looked at the group, not knowing what Yan Xiaobao had done before going to bed. Although he had a plan, he wouldn't reveal it to his friends until he was completely certain. Only then would he let them know.

Waking up in the middle of the night, Yan Xiaobao noticed that some people in the room were also asleep. Some were sleeping, others were cultivating, but no one was awake. Yan Xiaobao glanced at his many friends, slid out of bed, left the house, and handed over control of his body to Lan Feng.

Lan Feng, being a Saint, made the body belong to a Holy Name Expert as long as he was in control. He drew out the aura and swiftly moved toward the building he had seen earlier.

On this pitch-black night, Yan Xiaobao didn't use any powers; clad in a black cloak, he became one with the shadows. He easily managed to evade the first group of guards. His main problem was figuring out how to get past the gate guarded by two King-level experts.

Lan Feng moved around the house, searching for a window or any corner that could serve as an entrance. Unfortunately, there was none, and his mood soured slightly.

There was only one way to incapacitate each of these top-ranked experts. Killing them was not an option; he could only render them unconscious.

Lan Feng retreated from the house, once again blending into the shadows, leaving many guards behind. On the outskirts of the grounds, he encountered his first guard to deal with.

With his aura withdrawn, no one could detect him there. Even if they performed martial power scans of the area, they wouldn't be able to find someone of a higher level than themselves. Thus, Lan Feng was relatively safe as he approached the man before him.

To be honest, Lan Feng didn't care whether these people lived or died. However, he understood that if he slaughtered a group of King-level experts right in the middle of Dragon Army Headquarters, higher-ranked experts would likely intervene. If that happened, things would no longer be as straightforward as they had been up to this point.

Lan Feng confidently moved through the shadows to approach a King's guard from behind. In a flash, Phoenix manipulated Yan Xiaobao's spiritual energy into his hand and struck the guard sharply below the ear. As soon as his hand touched the skin, his spiritual energy was injected into the guard's brain.

Although spiritual energy was something King Ranking Experts could easily defend against, they needed to sense the energy incoming and use their internal energy to counteract it. Unfortunately for this man, he never saw the attack coming. The Master-level spiritual energy of the young ranking expert was far from sufficient to kill the guard but was still enough to knock him unconscious for at least several hours.

Lan Feng glanced coldly at the unconscious man lying on the ground and quickly moved toward the next guard, striking him down as well. He left the bodies sprawled on the ground, unnoticed under the moonless night sky.

One by one, the guards fell under Lan Feng's swift assaults. One by one, they were sent to the ground. Before long, the ground was littered with unconscious guards, leaving only the two men standing at the gate.

Lan Feng paused slightly in the darkness, pondering how to remove these two from the gate. Simultaneously attacking both would not be easy unless he used martial power, and employing martial power attacks against King-level opponents would likely result in one or both guards' deaths.

Lan Feng exhaled deeply, made his decision, and charged at the two guards. Though neither could clearly see him, they both spotted a shadow. Golden light erupted from their bodies, enveloping them entirely in streams of golden radiance. However, how could a Saint possibly fear two pure Kings? With a dismissive snort, golden light appeared in Lan Feng's hands, forming two golden blades. As he reached the two men, Lan Feng deftly beheaded the guards. Watching the two beheaded guards, Lan Feng sighed heavily. He hadn't intended to kill anyone, but this was the only method he could think of to enter the building without making any noise or alerting the other guards.

Having killed the two guards and knocked all the others unconscious, Phoenix slowly opened the door to the building, only to discover it was locked. He snorted in frustration while trying to leave, and once again, a streak of golden light flashed. The door opened as the lock vanished soundlessly.

Upon entering the building, everything was pitch-black. There was absolutely no light inside, and the windows emitted no trace of radiance. The door he entered through was the only entrance to the house. From a storage stone, Lan Feng retrieved a light stone, which illuminated the eerie darkness within the building.

Looking around, Yan Xiaobao saw that the entire structure was just a massive room. Mats were scattered across the floor, one after another, with people lying on them completely unconscious.

Inside the room were about three hundred men, women, elderly, and children. All of them were unconscious, yet none of them were dead. Though they seemed alive, their bodies were warm, yet no one was breathing.

Yan Xiaobao could feel Lan Feng's inner anger, a fury he had never experienced before. Considering the laws created by his father and other Divine Beasts, it was apparent he felt protective of them. He sensed a certain connection to them.

#### Chapter 515: The King's Guard\_2

Looking around, there were no signs in the room indicating that these people had been abused. Each of them had their own mattress, though some of the mattresses were empty. Upon closer inspection, traces left by someone lying there were visible. Those who belonged to these mattresses had already been removed. As for where they were now, neither Lan Feng nor Yan Xiaobao had the slightest idea. However, both of them quickly understood that this house was merely a storage facility.

Taking one last glance at the laws, although Lan Feng wished to take all of them with him, Phoenix silenced his urging and turned to leave, heading back to the room with his companion.

When they returned home, Yan Xiaobao regained control of his body, and Lan Feng requested to be left alone to think. Hearing this, Yan Xiaobao nodded and leaned against the wall for a moment. While replaying in his mind everything he had seen in the house, he closed his eyes. A cold, merciless expression appeared on his face as he resolved to fight for their freedom.

...

"But Commander!" Seven guards stood inside the main office of the Dragon Company headquarters. "Xiao Li and Wang Yan were both killed last night! This was clearly done by that young white-haired man. He was the only one paying attention to the house yesterday; it must have been him!"

"Shut up!" The Commander shouted again, his eyes dimmed by fury. "Even if it was him, he didn't do anything but watch around the house. If he wanted me to let him inside, I would have allowed him. So what if he killed two King-level experts? Think for a moment: he's just a Master. How could he possibly kill two King-level experts? If he could, and if he happened to conceal his true aura, then he must be a Saint. Do you honestly believe such a young man could deceive me with his aura?"

"But Commander! We need to avenge our comrades! They died like dogs; they deserved better!"

"I don't want to hear this any longer. Go back and keep watch. If the white-haired young man appears again, allow him entry. Although he only has an A-level clearance ranking, he might as well be S-ranked. We need him to have a positive experience here."

Despite the Commander's dislike for Yan Xiaobao, he had to admit that the young man was connected to General Frozen. If anything happened to this young man, the Commander would have to answer to the General, which was something he had no desire to do. Although he was the Commander of the Dragon Army, he was still just a Commander. If the General decided to intervene, the entire Dragon Army could be wiped out in an instant.

Whatever the white-haired young man wanted to do, he was allowed to proceed according to the Commander's orders. Even though these actions irritated the Commander, and he greatly disliked the

white-haired youth, he couldn't help but feel that as long as the boy behaved appropriately, everything would unfold without any issues.

...

For two reasons, Yan Xiaobao returned home the next day. First, he anticipated that the Dragon Army would arrive and start questioning him because of his interest in the house the day before. However, strangely enough, no one showed up, leaving Yan Xiaobao feeling perplexed.

Although surprised, he was also relieved that no one came to visit him, as it gave him time to speculate where the laws might have been taken. He had already explored all the rooms and areas within the headquarters. The only remaining option seemed to be that the laws were being held in another house, similar to the one he had seen.

For most of the day, Hui Yue waited for nightfall, and once darkness descended, he allowed Lan Feng to take control of his body again. Then he left the house, preparing to search for another building. He assumed there would be another house near the previous one, housing the unconscious laws. If this was being done in the middle of the headquarters, transporting them back and forth would attract too much attention. Therefore, Yan Xiaobao speculated that another house might be located on the outskirts of the city.

Today was purely reconnaissance. Yan Xiaobao's plan was that by the time he began to act and reveal his true intentions, his friends would have either been sent to the Stairway of Hope or be by his side, ready to fight through the entire Dragon Army if necessary.

Yan Xiaobao sighed deeply within the depths of his Dantian Cave. He knew how important this was to Lan Feng, and he resolved to do everything he could to support Phoenix as they tried to rescue the laws.

One concern weighing on Yan Xiaobao was why the laws seemed neither dead nor alive, and how they had managed to keep them in such a state. The mystery grew even stranger when some of them were removed.

Night after night, Lan Feng searched behind the house where the laws were housed, eventually discovering another building. However, while the first house was surrounded by guards, the second house was abandoned, without a single guard standing outside to keep watch.

Upon entering, they found the house filled with small rooms. Each room's door was locked, but every room had a window, allowing anyone in the hallway to observe its occupants.

In the initial rooms, nothing happened, but Lan Feng and Yan Xiaobao slowly made their way through the building. Each room contained a single bed with straps attached to it. These were the only visible features of the rooms. Lan Feng waited in the building for sunlight to filter through the sky above the cave. He waited for the many cultivators in the city to awaken, wondering if he could uncover what these laws were enduring inside this house.

Lan Feng concealed his aura and withdrew his presence, wearing a black cloak as well. This made it nearly impossible for anyone to notice him. He managed to hide well within the building, as it remained fairly dark.

Just as Lan Feng began to grow impatient, the front door opened, and three King-level cultivators entered. Each carried a law. Two were children, while the third was a teenager.

Each law was placed in a room, with a King-level cultivator following them in. Watching the now-empty hallway, Lan Feng positioned himself so he could see through the windows, and what he observed shocked him to the core. When he saw them fastening straps around the laws' necks, his eyes widened in disbelief.

However, the laws had yet to be bound fully, as they were currently not breathing. He watched one of them begin breathing again, their eyes about to open, only for the straps around their necks to tighten, causing the laws to struggle. The King Ranking experts made sure they would never regain consciousness.

As they were about to die, a golden light emerged within the laws, filled with energy that rippled throughout the house. The King Ranking experts opened a Xiao Yu case, using it to absorb the golden light. Then, they once again lifted the bodies—neither alive nor dead—and left the house, taking the children back to the silent, dim world of laws.

Lan Feng finally understood what was happening. As long as the world continued to exist, the laws could not truly perish. Their bodies were filled with energy, the energy granted by the four Divine Beasts. Whenever a law was on the verge of death, this energy would be released, leaving their bodies in a state neither alive nor dead—a state where the body was repairing itself.

Some of this energy would leave the body, which was the energy being harvested by the Dragon Army. This realization caused the blood in Lan Feng and Yan Xiaobao's veins to boil, Phoenix and the young man both filled with cold killing intent, straining to suppress it.

It was clear these laws were being used for their energy, but the purpose of this energy was unknown to Yan Xiaobao. Even Lan Feng didn't understand what it was being used for. All he knew was that he would do anything to stop it.

Yan Xiaobao and Lan Feng quietly slipped out of the building, rushing back to the house where their friends were. They worked to rein in their emotions. Both knew that while these laws weren't dead, they also weren't truly alive. Yan Xiaobao desperately hoped to grant them freedom. His eyes darkened as he recalled how earlier in the day, the Dragon Army had referred to their captives as "cargo" when General Deng Wu and his friends were seized.

Lan Feng burned with rage as he handed control of the body back to Yan Xiaobao. The two walked in complete silence toward the room where their friends were waiting.

When the door opened, Yan Xiaobao's anger dissipated, replaced by heightened vigilance. In the middle of the floor sat a man he had never seen before, chatting with Xu Biao and Deng Wu, while Sha Yun and Wang Julong cultivated nearby.

...

Chapter 516 Steadfast Friendship

...

As Yan Xiaobao entered the room, the man who was seated lifted his head. When his eyes landed on the alert young man, his face bloomed into a radiant smile.

The man in the room, much like Deng Wu, was also young—twenty years old, maybe. His face was strikingly handsome. His long black hair was bound by intricately crafted white jade ornaments, his skin was as pure as fresh snow, and his eyes reminded one of a beautiful Phoenix—black like the midnight sky without moonlight.

This handsome man was smiling as he conversed with Deng Wu and Xu Biao, but as Yan Xiaobao walked through the doorway, his smile gradually widened.

"Hello!" he called out. "My name is Zhong Hui. I apologize for interrupting you and your companions, but I was alone, and noticing someone next door, how could I resist paying a visit?"

It was the same friendliness he always showed. Although he appeared sincere, the more Zhong Hui spoke, the more an unsettling feeling crept into Yan Xiaobao's heart.

Yan Xiaobao kept smiling as he walked further into the room, yet every step he took was measured. Inside, every fiber of his being screamed that something was off.

The man seemed like a young master from a distinguished family. His attire and jewelry were of the finest quality, his face looked innocent, yet it was evident that he was accustomed to things always going his way.

Yan Xiaobao couldn't fathom why this man had entered their home, but he was certain it wasn't just out of neighborly curiosity.

What concerned Yan Xiaobao was that this young man might have come specifically to keep an eye on him. It was obvious he suspected Yan Xiaobao of possibly killing two high-ranking experts. This was the only plausible assumption, as nothing had happened after their deaths—except for the appearance of this young man.

Everything suggested he was no ordinary individual. The white-haired young man casually sat down beside Deng Wu. He smiled politely at the newcomer and nodded, thinking his best course of action was to cultivate. If he convinced the Dragon Army that he was a Master-level expert, the theory that he was the attacker would inevitably collapse.

This was Yan Xiaobao's plan as he sat down and began cultivating. He absorbed the essence of heaven and earth while unmistakably emitting the aura of a Master-level expert. However you looked at Yan Xiaobao, there was no denying that he was indeed a Master-level cultivator.

Observing this, Zhong Hui's smile grew even wider, a curious expression flickering across his face as he stared at Yan Xiaobao. He had previously heard stories from the war about how Yan Xiaobao, seemingly weak, was able to generate strength far beyond what his actual level suggested.

Zhong Hui was entirely convinced that this was due to the young man sharing his body with the spirit of a true expert. Though rare, such occurrences did happen occasionally, and it was more or less the only explanation Zhong Hui could think of. And who was Zhong Hui? He was General Frozen—a revered expert capable of making even the Dragon Army Commander tremble in fear, a man in control of the entire tunnel system.

General Frozen's name was recognized by every top-ranking expert in the world. It was well-known that he was a ruthless expert who liked to collect beautiful humans or individuals of extraordinary talent. Over the years, countless geniuses had ultimately become part of his Frozen Corps, a brigade that followed only General Frozen's orders. Once someone joined the Frozen Corps, their ordinary life came to an end; no one could ever leave.

Aside from General Frozen, no one knew for sure whether the members of the Frozen Corps were truly dead or alive. Still, everyone understood that the moment someone entered the White Jade Palace, their life was effectively over.

All of this was common knowledge among the world's top experts. Sadly, Yan Xiaobao was just a seventeen-year-old youth. Despite being a Master-level expert, his understanding of the broader world was frighteningly limited. This young man didn't even know what he was dealing with.

Lan Feng, too, had failed to notice the gravity of the situation. As the Phoenix Divine Beast, his impression was that anyone they came across was someone he could handle with ease because of his Saint-level rank. His confidence was immense. Back when he roamed the world, Saint-ranked experts were incredibly rare. But the Phoenix overlooked just how much the world had changed over the thousands of years he had been trapped inside the hairpin.

Unaware of who Zhong Hui truly was, Yan Xiaobao sat beside Deng Wu, his entire focus zeroed in on cultivation. The essence of heaven and earth began to coalesce around him. To those observing him from the outside, his refinement process seemed neither slow nor fast, and since General Frozen couldn't perceive the purity of his Qi, no one truly understood just how terrifying his cultivation speed had become.

Though Yan Xiaobao no longer needed to utilize Qi for combat, resulting in a popular misconception that refining less sophisticated Qi might be simpler, he further refined his Qi into spiritual energy. The finer the Qi, the better the spiritual energy. This alone was one of the reasons Yan Xiaobao's abilities far exceeded those of any cultivator below the King-level.

While Yan Xiaobao was engrossed in cultivation, Zhong Hui once again began casually chatting with Deng Wu and Xu Biao about nothing in particular. Their conversation ranged from discussing the weather expectations inside the cave near the Dragon Army headquarters to mundane topics like their dinner plans for later.

Zhong Hui seemed fascinated by anything related to the group of friends. He skillfully extracted a wealth of information without anyone harboring any suspicions about him. As for how he managed to do so, it seemed no one was paying attention. From the moment he had arrived until the moment he sat beside Deng Wu, not much time had passed. Yet, in that brief interval, it appeared that no one could clearly recall exactly what had happened.

#### Chapter 517: Continuously Friendly\_2

Time passed slowly; an hour slipped by as Zhong Hui finally stood up, ready to return to his residence as he had mentioned. When Yan Xiaobao returned, not one of the girls had awakened. Yan Xiaobao himself was completely immersed in his cultivation, oblivious to Zhong Hui's departure. As Zhong Hui stood at the doorway, he nodded slightly and cast a final glance at the white-haired boy. He smiled faintly at Deng Wu and Xu Biao before stepping out.

Xu Biao and Deng Wu were not slow to notice the shift in Zhong Hui's behavior upon Hui Hui's arrival to the room. Yet, neither of them understood why his demeanor had changed. Their puzzlement led them to surmise that Zhong Hui might be captivated by her unusual appearance or curious whether her veins carried the mystical blood of a rare beast.

After reaching the Dragon Core, Xu Biao and the others were immediately locked inside the residence. Once Yan Xiaobao completed what he had to do for Lan Feng, the group spent their time training and preparing to leave the Underworld.

All of Yan Xiaobao's friends were keenly aware that he was planning something that could potentially put them at odds with the Dragon Army. Nevertheless, every single one of them resolved to stand by the white-haired youth, ready to assist him if needed.

Finally, Yan Xiaobao discovered the laws he had long sought after. What he saw shocked him to the core. The mistreatment he witnessed went far beyond his prior imagination.

Knowing that they were being used as a source of energy, Yan Xiaobao understood that these individuals would not die. Their bodies were brimming with astonishing energy. However, harvesting this energy and being able to wield it were entirely different matters.

This energy originated from the laws themselves. It was the power they created—the very same energy used to construct the tunnel system, the energy that forged the entirety of the world. This was known as the Ancestor World Power.

The Ancestor World Power was unfathomably mighty and indestructible. It was this force that ensured the perpetual shining of the sun and moon, cascading their light across the world. It was this energy that drove the changing seasons and the ebb and flow of the tides.

In this world, every aspect of existence—birth, life, and death—was governed by the Ancestor World Power. Even the essence of heaven and earth emanated from the Ancestor World Power.

Humankind could cultivate this through refining essence into Qi, further refining Qi into spiritual energy, and ultimately integrating it into martial power. For the Dragon Army to harvest it in this manner was utterly unprecedented, dangerous, and profoundly astonishing.

While devoting himself to cultivation, Yan Xiaobao became deeply contemplative. At present, he did not know where the energy was being used or its intended purpose. Neither he nor Lan Feng understood the ultimate function of this energy, as its power far exceeded the essence of heaven and earth. It closely resembled the abilities of the Upper Dantian expert Wu Wei.

Bearing this in mind, Yan Xiaobao decided to first figure out Wu Wei's usage of the energy, but only after planning how to preserve all the laws being exploited. Once their bodies recovered and their accumulated Ancestor World Power was drained, they'd meet their demise without mercy.

Having reached this conclusion, Yan Xiaobao opened his eyes. Discovering that the handsome young man had disappeared, he felt both alarmed and relieved. His instincts warned him to stay away from this youth, who radiated danger. The most likely reason was his connection to the Dragon Army, but regardless of the cause, Yan Xiaobao decided that he didn't need to befriend him. It was clear to him that the more allies he had, the more likely he would face betrayal again. His intuition urged him to keep his few trusted friends close and face numerous challenges ahead.

Yan Xiaobao sighed deeply, looking at each of his friends. Clearing his throat, he began to seriously recount what he had discovered. He vowed not to blame anyone who chose to leave the tunnels instead of assisting him and aiding the laws. What mattered was that they understood the true peril of their undertaking.

"What are you leading us into?" Deng Hui asked with an enraged voice as Yan Xiaobao explained the situation. "Do you think we'd abandon you and run from danger? When we were captured, you did everything in your power to save us. When our families faced trouble, you stepped in to help. You've always been there—supporting us, helping us grow in our cultivation," he said, his voice sharp with emotion. "Given everything we've been through, do you think we'd desert this mission just because it has become dangerous?"

Hearing Deng Hui's words, though they were full of indignation, warmed Yan Xiaobao's heart. He felt a surge of joy knowing his friends were ready to fight alongside him.

Though the two girls lacked the strength to battle the King-ranking experts, Xu Biao, Xie Lan, and Deng Wu were all capable of supporting Yan Xiaobao and Lan Feng. While Wang Julong and Sha Yun couldn't directly participate in combat, they could assist with support roles or execute parts of the plan that didn't require direct fighting. The determination etched onto their faces as they decided to stay filled Yan Xiaobao's heart with gratitude and warmth.

Now certain of who would stand with him in his plans, Yan Xiaobao sat down to contemplate his next move. Fragments of plans swirled in his mind, but none of them came together cohesively. He lacked a complete strategy for the rescue and escape.

The ideal scenario was for Yan Xiaobao and his friends to escape from the tunnel system's oppressive laws before the Dragon Clan's commanders realized what was happening. However, if they failed to escape in time, he needed to devise a way for six people to elude the clutches of thousands. While Yan Xiaobao undertook the task of saving the laws, he had long ago resolved that ensuring the survival of his friends and himself was also a paramount priority. He still had goals he wished to achieve in this world.

As Yan Xiaobao busied himself with crafting various plans and timing his actions, Zhong Hui did not return to the neighboring residence but instead headed to the Dragon Clan's main headquarters.

When the commander caught sight of the smiling youth entering his office, he immediately rose to his feet. Bowing as deeply as he could, his face drained of all color.

"My lord, General Frozen!" the commander said, slowly straightening up. "I never imagined you would come here alone. How may I serve you?"

Looking at the commander, Zhong Hui's smile quickly vanished, replaced by a stern expression.

"I am here because someone who caught my eye is here. Assign me the residence next to his immediately and elevate my status among the young nobles of the Dragon Core," he demanded.

Without waiting for a response, Zhong Hui turned and began to walk away. He didn't wait for the scrambling commander to find the keys to the residence General Frozen desired.

"Milord," the commander said in a subdued voice, "the youth you are interested in has shown curiosity about our energy supply. You are aware of whose energy we are harvesting. It's crucial to understand that if he becomes a threat to our operation in any way, he must be eliminated from existence. Perhaps, if you act swiftly and recruit him into the Frozen Brigade, it would be for the best."

His tone was tactful as he expressed his hopes. He knew there was only one person above General Frozen, and no one, not even General Frozen, dared offend him.

The commander clearly disliked Yan Xiaobao. The young man's demeanor lacked the deference the commander expected, particularly in relation to the Scar-faced Killer incident—that event lingered in his mind repeatedly. Coupled with the fact that Yan Xiaobao had killed several King-ranking experts, the commander found him profoundly unsettling. He neither knew Yan Xiaobao's true capabilities nor his intentions. Therefore, ensuring that the youth did not become a liability to their plans was a safer route. It would also allow the commander to personally ensure that Yan Xiaobao could no longer make decisions for himself.

...

Chapter 518: Frozen Brigade

...

The cold sneer from the Commander's words glittered on Zhong Hui's lips, and a deep chuckle broke through the silence.

"You want me to make him part of my Frozen Brigade?" he asked, his voice dangerously low, a not-so-friendly smile decorating his handsome face.

"In truth, I can't make this person part of my Frozen Brigade," he continued without waiting for an answer or giving the man any time to respond. "My Frozen Brigade is reserved for talents that have yet to bloom, but this young man is different."

The Commander was stunned, hearing what General Frozen had just said. He waited to hear what made him different, but Zhong Hui seemed unwilling to say more. He simply walked quietly toward what was his house.

Seeing the General's silence, the Commander found himself unable to press any request, leaving him filled with questions. The main issue was, regardless of how the Commander viewed him, what rank did this young man—who seemed like a Master—truly possess?

The Commander grew increasingly curious. The farther they walked, the stronger his curiosity became. Unfortunately, his chance to ask dissolved when he saw General Frozen arrive at the house next to Yan Xiaobao's residence. With a satisfied nod, General Frozen accepted the key to his new home and entered. As he glanced toward the room where many of his friends were known to gather, his face lit up with another smile.

Regarding the warnings the Commander had issued earlier, Zhong Hui seemed utterly unconcerned. He also appeared to have no thoughts about accelerating their plans.

....

Yan Xiaobao's gaze was focused as he and Lan Feng discussed their various plans and options. They were now aiming to save numerous laws.

As night fell, Lan Feng once again took control of Yan Xiaobao's body, and the two walked the short distance to the house where the laws resided. Along the way, they noticed an increase in guards. Not

only had the house doubled its defensive presence, but patrols were now roaming openly within Dragon Core. If Yan Xiaobao hadn't relinquished control to Lan Feng, this would've been glaringly obvious long ago.

Moving through Dragon Core and headquarters, Hui Yue took three times as long as he previously needed. This time, however, he chose not to kill any of the guards he encountered along the way; nor did he plan to enter this house. Seeing all the additional security measures made it clear that none of the laws had been moved elsewhere.

Though many Kings were in the vicinity, Yan Xiaobao knew that only King-level experts were nearby. Even with their current numbers, Lan Feng could easily eliminate them all.

After observing for a while, the man and Phoenix returned to their current dwelling, once more entering meditation to adjust their plans and expectations.

"If he had no choice, do you think Little Dragon could deal with the Commander?" Yan Xiaobao suddenly asked Lan Feng, pondering a few matters.

Gazing at the young man, Lan Feng shrugged. "According to our plan, I'll make him regret ever taking the Commander's position," he said carelessly. "Why would Little Dragon fight him? Compared to letting me handle it, it might end up bloodier and far more troublesome."

"I know," Yan Xiaobao sighed, "I just feel like we've overlooked something. I have this feeling... that there's a strong presence nearby. If, say, a Saint-level expert were to appear and we had to fight, could Little Dragon handle the Commander?"

Lan Feng was quiet for a while before nodding. "Little Dragon should hold the advantage. He's more or less at Wu Wei's level—a former Holy Name Expert. Although he's fallen from grace, his strength still vastly exceeds that of a typical Emperor."

Grunting in acknowledgment, Yan Xiaobao nodded. Knowing he had Little Dragon by his side, along with two King Ranking Experts, he felt more secure. Although these two girls couldn't fully assist in battle, Yan Xiaobao had assigned Wang Julong and Sha Yun the perfect roles, crucially important, yet not requiring their participation in the fight itself.

Sitting silently, Yan Xiaobao emerged from his cultivation. His eyes shimmered in the silver moonlight cascading from above. The young man smirked coldly, knowing that the final day of his preparation would arrive soon.

With that thought, his heart began to race, and he quickly closed his eyes to steady his breathing.

After sitting like this for a while, Yan Xiaobao opened his eyes, revealing a frosty gleam within. As he gazed at the many friends around him, the chill in his stare gradually melted. He moved toward the window, peering outside.

Across the way, a young Zhong Hui was chatting inside. The sight gave him a sudden shiver.

Though Zhong Hui appeared gentle and friendly, there seemed to be something about him that kept Yan Xiaobao wary. At present, the man was standing outside. When he noticed Yan Xiaobao's gaze, he cracked a broad smile. Raising his hand into the air, he waved at the white-haired young man.

Seeing this, Yan Xiaobao felt another chill ripple down his spine. The young man outside seemed utterly unfazed by the fact that he had been watching their room since dawn. Regardless, something about this man unnerved Yan Xiaobao further. He quickly nodded in acknowledgment, then retreated into the room, avoiding the stranger's stare.

As Yan Xiaobao continued his cultivation, the night drew to a close. A ray of sunlight fell upon the young man's strikingly handsome, white-haired face as he opened his blue eyes with a faint smile.

Chapter 519: Frozen Brigade\_2

Today is the last day before the giant rescue begins, and Yan Xiaobao decides to go shopping in the gigantic Dragon Core. He asks his friends to join him, but Sha Yun and Wang Julong both refuse because they are training as hard as they can. They both feel they are far behind in their cultivation.

Honestly, compared to Yan Xiaobao and Deng Wu, they are not too far behind, as they both possess the souls of Divine Beasts.

Remarkably, Yan Xiaobao does nothing to persuade them to join him. He truly admires their dedication to training. With a smile, he heads out with Deng Wu, Xu Biao, and Xie Lan, only to notice their strange neighbor waiting for them.

Seeing this man, Yan Xiaobao stares at the young man, recalling the previous night, his eyes narrowing. He wonders if this young man has been standing there, waiting for the group to leave together.

Although Xu Yue quietly thinks about the encounter the previous night, Xu Hui and Zhong Hui have already started chatting, and Yan Xiaobao is in contemplation. Before he can decline, the two King Ranking Experts have already invited Zhong Hui to join their shopping spree.

Looking at Zhong Hui, Yan Xiaobao doesn't know why he makes him so uncomfortable. From the start, he noticed that Zhong Hui was not merely a simple Master-level cultivator; he seemed like a pampered young master who does nothing himself.

Even after asking Lan Feng, the Phoenix knew nothing about him. If anyone asked him, this young stranger had nothing to worry about.

Zhong Hui chatted with Xu Biao for a while, then moved beside Yan Xiaobao, starting to talk about the interesting things they both saw the previous night.

Yan Xiaobao said nothing, as the man beside him kept discussing the weather, the Dragon Core, and his family, but whatever he said, Yan Xiaobao didn't react. As they left the headquarters and traversed the city, he constantly looked around, moving towards one of the nearest markets.

Zhong Hui sighed deeply, a flash of annoyance in his eyes quickly replaced by amusement.

"You know," he suddenly whispered, though Yan Xiaobao didn't want to listen to the young man, he couldn't ignore his words, "do you know I'm actually not from this cave?" he asked, his eyes growing lighter, the smile on his face widening.

"The truth is, I actually come from above this world!" he said, and as he spoke, as he looked at the young man beside him, Yan Xiaobao squinted. Yan Xiaobao had completely ignored him before, however, now Zhong Hui completely ignored Yan Xiaobao.

Yan Xiaobao felt a shiver down his spine, a feeling of fear beginning to surface within him. Because this seemingly carefree young man frightened him by choosing those words, but Yan Xiaobao felt it was to

mock him. If he was right then, the young man knew they came from this world, and he had done a lot to stay hidden.

"I'm from this world, I used to live in a city called Liluo City," he continued, and the more he spoke, the larger Yan Xiaobao's heart became.

Yan Xiaobao previously thought he was merely mocking him, but the man in front of him was trying to get Yan Xiaobao's attention, it was no longer subtle. For him to have such knowledge, it was clear he wasn't an ordinary young master from some renowned family, not even from a family above ground; his understanding of Yan Xiaobao was too accurate.

When he heard these words, Deng Wu stood by his side as if struck by lightning, even Xu Biao and Xie Lan were shocked to hear him say he was from above the world so casually.

"Who are you?" Yan Xiaobao asked in a low voice, his eyes narrowing. His breathing was again controlled, as his heart beat rapidly. He was currently waiting for Lan Feng's response, both human and phoenix were shocked by what this young man had said.

If he simply said he was from above the world, it could easily be dismissed, however, claiming to be from Liluo City, Yan Xiaobao immediately understood that this person knew who Yan Xiaobao was well, which made him very anxious.

"Me? I've already told you, I am Zhong Hui." he replied, "You don't know how amazing Zhong Hui is, that's not my fault." he joked, but beneath the playful words, a serious tone was floating, creeping into Yan Xiaobao's consciousness.

Yan Xiaobao finally realized that by not reading experts worldwide, he made a significant mistake. Thinking that young-looking man was a supreme expert made him uncomfortable.

Knowing the man beside him could conceal his cultivation base meant he was even superior to Lan Feng, which made Yan Xiaobao very uneasy. Not only Yan Xiaobao, but also Lan Feng was overwhelmed by a sense of crisis and danger, as they all became very alert when they looked at the young man in front of them.

Seeing their discomfort, Zhong Hui finally felt somewhat satisfied after being ignored for so long, a hint of a smile appearing on his face, "As long as you don't cause too much chaos with laws of energy, I can guarantee your safety." he said with a smile, "I can even take you out of this wretched place."

Looking at this young man, Yan Xiaobao wished he could disappear without a trace, and upon hearing his words, his eyes filled with vigilance.

### Chapter 520: Frozen Brigade\_3

"I thank you for your help," Yan Xiaobao said softly. "However, although it will be very helpful, I'm afraid I cannot leave with you. I first need to complete a few tasks within this cave. Only after finishing them can I leave the Underworld." Hearing this, Zhong Hui frowned slightly, as he recalled the words of the Commander from the previous day.

Zhong Hui let out a deep sigh and glanced around. "Alright, I won't force you to follow me," he said kindly. "If I can, I'll help you, but if you go too far, I'll have no choice but to stand against you," he sighed again.

"By the way, the expert who shares your body seems weaker than me. You really should find some way to increase your strength. Being overconfident can get you killed, and that won't end well." Zhong Hui warned him before turning around and leading the entire group into the marketplace. Aside from the market itself and the items he hoped to buy, Zhong Hui refrained from saying much. In many ways, he looked just like Deng Wu, treating Yan Xiaobao in much the same way he treated Rong Xing.

Yan Xiaobao felt deeply uneasy about the young man's concern and consideration. He couldn't quite understand why this man was giving him so much thought. The only thing he knew was that he couldn't offend him, so he started talking about various topics.

In the marketplace, Yan Xiaobao bought many seemingly random items that, according to Zhong Hui, made no sense. Some things were useful for the tasks ahead, while others were clearly gifts for women. Zhong Hui couldn't help but wonder what it was all for, and no matter how he thought about it, he remained puzzled.

Yan Xiaobao did this on purpose. He purchased some pills that, when crushed, would turn into smoke and serve as a smokescreen.

He also bought pills that would emit a bright light when broken, and even purchased some light stones. Additionally, he acquired some sleeping drugs.

No matter how Zhong Hui tried to piece it together, many of the substances seemed unrelated, and using some of them would render others ineffective. Seeing the complex expression on Zhong Hui's face, Yan Xiaobao felt great satisfaction as he continued to purchase more and more items.

After several hours, Yan Xiaobao finally stopped buying and the group returned to the house that currently belonged to him. Without waiting for an invitation, Zhong Hui entered the house and headed straight to the room where Sha Yun and Wang Julong were both training.

Yan Xiaobao brought out various pieces of jewelry, placing them in front of the girls while they were still in the midst of their cultivation. This was something he did whenever he had the chance. Giving them jewelry brought joy to both Sha Yun and Wang Julong. One would express happiness openly, while the other would blush, which filled Yan Xiaobao with immense satisfaction.

At first, Zhong Hui was baffled by his actions, but he soon laughed as he realized that Yan Xiaobao had just revealed his first weakness to the General Frozen.

Sitting inside the house, Hui Hui felt that Zhong Hui's level of vigilance now seemed lower than before. Although he remained alert, knowing this man could very well be stronger than Lan Feng, he also understood that such an expert was unlikely to lie about his intentions to help Yan Xiaobao. As he waited for night to fall, the white-haired young man continued to sit cross-legged.

When night came, both Wang Julong and Sha Yun opened their eyes simultaneously with Yan Xiaobao. Xu Biao and Xie Lan also awakened, and they all stood up together.

Zhong Hui observed them rising, his face showing a hint of uncertainty about what he should do. But as time passed, he remained in the room, refraining from following Yan Xiaobao. He didn't know that he could not be held to blame for this.

...