

## Medical 541

### Chapter 541: The Newcomer of Special Interest

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Finally, after passing through several gardens, buildings, and terraces, the servant leading Yan Xiaobao reached the outskirts of the castle, where the vast green fields stretched far and wide. Thousands of humanoid beasts stood in the cold morning air, divided into different groups.

When they stared at the figure leaning against a tree, all their faces were filled with amazement and confusion. The tree acted as a barrier around the practice grounds.

As they approached, Yan Xiaobao immediately recognized the figure—it was Wan Qiao. Somehow, he recalled the slap she had given him the day before when he had thanked her for the green pearl that healed him, causing his spine to shiver. If not for her, he would likely have been seriously injured and bedridden for months.

But she was here, and the moment his foot stepped onto the grass, a ripple of energy spread outward. In less than a second, the woman leaning against the tree found herself standing directly in front of the young man.

Seeing this, all the guards' attention shifted entirely to Yan Xiaobao now—the newcomer under special scrutiny, someone they instinctively disliked.

"You made it on time. Although Lan Feng might know what's going on, I'm amazed to witness it myself," the woman said with a smile on her face. With a wave of her hand, she produced a vest, two leg guards, and two arm guards.

"Put these on. They will increase your weight. For the next four weeks, unless I specify otherwise, you are not allowed to use your Inner Energy," she said. Yan Xiaobao, although confused, nodded and took off his shirt, accepting the weights without hesitation. The moment the heavy gear touched his body, it felt as if all his internal energy had completely halted. While he could still refine energy passively, he had no control over it at all.

Seeing the determined look in Yan Xiaobao's eyes, Wan Qiao was very pleased. She knew, however, that while some people might have resolve in the beginning, it didn't mean they were prepared to endure all that was required by the training.

Without the rotation of Inner Energy, Yan Xiaobao felt as though he were living exactly as he had on Earth. If he hadn't spent so many years living on Earth, he was certain that this sensation would feel completely foreign.

Noticing Yan Xiaobao suddenly neglected his focus on energy, Wan Qiao silently approved of his reaction, though she didn't show this outwardly. With a bark of command, she told Yan Xiaobao to run as far as possible. At the very least, he was not allowed to stop for the first two hours, though she hoped he could run for even longer.

Running was something Yan Xiaobao was accustomed to doing while training Martial Arts back on Earth. At present, his physical body was far stronger than it had been back then. Even if he couldn't use his Inner Energy, his body had been transformed over years of energy immersion. Now he could run faster and longer than ever before.

Nevertheless, Yan Xiaobao chose a steady pace. If he had been training specifically for Martial Arts, he might have picked a faster stride, but he adjusted his pace due to the additional weight he carried.

For the first ten minutes, he felt nothing. The next half hour slowly turned into a disaster, and by the end of the first hour, his body was crushed under the strain of fifty kilograms: ten per leg, five per arm, and twenty on his chest. Sweat soaked his body.

After completing the first hour, Yan Xiaobao felt somewhat satisfied, but he reminded himself of Wan Qiao's order to run for at least two hours. Gritting his teeth, he kept moving forward. At this point, every muscle in his body burned, his legs felt like jelly, yet Yan Xiaobao forced himself onward. One more step—that's what he kept telling himself as he ran.

At some point, Yan Xiaobao entered a trance-like state, his legs continuing to move, driving him forward, while everything else faded from consciousness. His sole focus was his body and the act of running. He no longer felt the heaviness; instead, he was light, suffused with inexplicable energy.

As for how long this trance-like state lasted, Yan Xiaobao didn't know, but suddenly he found himself in an area densely packed with guards. He couldn't comprehend how he ended up there. When his mind returned to reality, his legs throbbed painfully, barely able to support him as he dragged himself back to Wan Qiao, who stood smiling pleasantly.

"You did great!" she said with a smile. Yan Xiaobao's trance-like state far exceeded her expectations. To be truthful, he had kept the weights on his body for over three hours—something only possible because he had entered a perfect training-induced trance.

"Follow me," Wan Qiao said as she began walking toward her office. Yan Xiaobao pushed his unbearably sore legs to follow her, though he lagged slightly behind.

Lagging behind was unfortunate, as Wan Qiao showed no signs of slowing or waiting. Feeling entirely lost about his destination, Yan Xiaobao was eventually compelled to pick up his pace and rejoin her.

The walk back felt far longer than it had when he first arrived at the grounds. However, Yan Xiaobao had no choice but to chase after the eagle-like woman in front of him. When they finally reached her private quarters, Yan Xiaobao wondered if he was about to receive another slap.

Thankfully, that wasn't the case—Wan Qiao simply smiled at him. Her smile appeared somewhat sadistic, and a gleam of schadenfreude flickered across her expression as she gazed at him.

"Yesterday you said the beast within you would increase your strength. I very much look forward to seeing you unleash that beast. Don't worry—I'll keep you in check. Of course, if you become too wild, I can't promise I won't kill you, but I'll do my best," she said.

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Here is the English translation based on your guidelines:

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Upon hearing this, Yan Xiaobao's lips curled into a bitter smile. He couldn't help but feel helpless. He had willingly shed the extra weight, making it impossible to activate his inner energy. As the red mist passed through his body, his eyes turned crimson, and his body transformed into a massive werewolf.

His hind legs were now ten times stronger than before, and his hands—equipped with sharp claws—were deadlier than ever. His vision improved drastically, along with enhanced senses of smell and taste.

However, as Yan Xiaobao allowed this transformation to occur, he himself was forcefully pushed aside, and the red mist took complete control over his body.

When Wan Qiao witnessed the young man transforming before her eyes, she was utterly stunned. Formerly, he carried Lan Feng's divine beast energy and presence. Upon closer inspection, Wan Qiao was able to conclude he was indeed human, as his human aura emerged beneath Lan Feng's aura, though faintly detectable.

At this moment, Yan Xiaobao no longer emitted Lan Feng's aura, nor any human aura. The only aura Wan Qiao could sense was an overwhelming presence, one that exceeded even her own discarded aura.

Although Wan Qiao was at the peak of Saint-level, she still felt the oppressive weight of this malicious aura as it assaulted her. The wolf-like entity before her, with its cunning and swift claws, seemed ready to tear her to pieces.

Seeing this, Wan Qiao breathed a sigh of relief. Feeling the aura, Wan Qiao immediately realized that this beast, whatever it may be, had once been a king among kings—a Beast Monarch. Yet, despite being such a revered creature, it was now bound to the host body, Yan Xiaobao's body.

The red mist had drastically amplified Yan Xiaobao's prowess, though he had just entered the Duke level and was far from Wan Qiao's strength. Even with his increased power, it posed no real threat to the woman.

Nevertheless, the red mist bowed to no one. It would rather face annihilation than succumb to anyone's influence. It refused to allow anyone to dictate its fate, and even when facing an overwhelming opponent, the beast energy within the mist resisted with relentless fury. Despite the suicidal nature of its attack, the wolf-like entity flashed forward mockingly at lightning speed. The red mist condensed into blades fashioned from pure red energy, and these charged forward in an attack. One blade swept toward Wan Qiao, who simply raised her hand and directly countered using her physical strength.

\*Boom!\*

When the blade collided with her hand, a deafening explosion erupted. The impact was so intense, it reverberated throughout the palace, as though an earthquake had struck. All the lights trembled, bookshelves toppled, chairs and tables clashed, and the residents fell to the ground.

Wan Qiao's private chamber was utterly destroyed. The energy unleashed in the attack far surpassed Wan Qiao's expectations, utilizing all the fog energy stored by the beast.

Now, within the Dantian Cave containing the Demon Core, only a faint, translucent strand of red mist remained, spinning inside.

Yan Xiaobao was motionless, as was Lan Feng. Both of them seemed trapped within the Dantian Cave, their entire bodies drained by the red mist. However, as the last remnants of the mist returned to the tiny hollow of his Lower Dantian, Yan Xiaobao suddenly felt an overpowering loss of energy. His consciousness regained control of his body only to experience the world fade to black around him, and he collapsed onto the ground.

Wan Qiao gazed at the unconscious young man before her. The sensation of standing before a sovereign beast vanished, and now Lan Feng and a human aura returned to prominence.

Seeing this, Wan Qiao smiled faintly. She stepped toward the young man, lifting him into her arms. With a tender expression, she carried him through the castle toward the room she had lent him. Along the way, the already chaotic castle erupted further with rumors.

Wan Qiao was known as the Ice Queen. She had never shown any interest in the opposite sex, nor expressed any intention to produce offspring. Yet here she was, in the middle of the day, carrying a young man with a gentle smile on her face.

As for her thoughts, nobody knew—even she herself didn't. She walked steadily until she reached Yan Xiaobao's room. After placing him on the stone bed, she left a note on the table, instructing him to come to her room when he awoke.

Wan Qiao was filled with amazement—someone transforming into such a mythical beast was something beyond her wildest imagination. It felt as though this young man was overflowing with secrets, with countless mysteries hidden deep within him.

She recalled his unique healing ability when she struck him, along with how he had managed to cultivate to Duke-level before turning twenty. Wan Qiao inferred he possessed an extraordinary number of secrets—secrets she was eager to uncover, for he might play a pivotal role in her forthcoming plans.

Letting out a sigh, Wan Qiao returned to her room and gazed out the window. Her eyes fell upon the sprawling city stretching to the horizon—the gorgeous architecture, temples, shops, and homes. It was all she hoped to protect, her world as the last pillar. She was the final standing Beast Monarch.

Thinking of this saddened Wan Qiao; however, her eyes quickly hardened, knowing she had no time to dwell in sorrow. Instead, hope filled her resolve. Having witnessed Yan Xiaobao's inner strength and seen his capabilities earlier, she felt that finally, someone could become her second pillar of support.

She needed to ensure his rapid growth personally. She needed him, for whenever she looked into the distance, all she could see was chaos and warfare. She knew war was imminent—a war where only the strongest would survive. The thunderous drums of war echoed across the Divine Domain as every Forest King prepared armies for battle.

Yan Xiaobao slept deeply for a long time. His body was utterly exhausted, and his consciousness drifted in a pitch-black space.

In this dark void, Lan Feng suddenly manifested. His awareness floated toward Yan Xiaobao, and the two clung to each other until another entity suddenly appeared within the vast emptiness.

This being was unfamiliar to both Yan Xiaobao and Lan Feng. No, it was the wolf that Yan Xiaobao had transformed into while releasing the red mist within his Dantian.

As the wolf spotted Yan Xiaobao and Lan Feng, it swiftly morphed from a wolf into a werewolf. It began slowly advancing across the void toward Yan Xiaobao and Lan Feng. The three of them converged in this abyss—a place devoid of anything, an infinite void.

Walking through the void, the wolf approached Yan Xiaobao and Lan Feng, its blood-red eyes curiously fixed on Yan Xiaobao.

"Who are you?" Yan Xiaobao asked, looking curiously at the wolf before him. The usual malicious aura was nowhere to be found. The crimson eyes bore no intent to kill; instead, they shimmered with wisdom. Its tail wagged incessantly as though impatient, its arms crossed over its chest.

"Who am I?" it repeated mockingly, but after a long pause, a deep sigh escaped its lips. "I am you," it finally replied. "I used to be you."

"Used to be me?" Yan Xiaobao asked with curiosity. Lan Feng had previously suggested that these occurrences might relate to a past life, but hearing outright confirmation that he was this vicious, bloodthirsty wolf was entirely different.

"I lived on another plane," the wolf began. "A plane dominated by beasts. Humans did not exist, and I was the strongest one there. I was the sovereign among them all; every beast bowed before me. But to hold such power, I had to kill countless beasts. I killed all who stood in my way." The wolf's killing intent began to surface.

"Until one day, God descended to our realm. The battle lasted forty-seven years, but in the end, I had no power left. My only choices were either to submit to Him or to die with dignity.

"It wasn't a hard decision at all. I had lived countless years, and ending it was something I wished for. Our fight devastated the entire continent; we built ravines beneath the deep sea, valleys in the deserts, and cratered the land with massive holes. The battle was magnificent! I would love to experience the thrill of life-and-death combat once again. It was worth exchanging my life for."

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Chapter 543: A Trace of Longing

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Looking at the wolf, a hint of longing could be seen, and when it spoke, its killing intent surged. Even Yan Xiaobao felt a shiver run through him, for he understood what the beast was saying.

When battling beasts or human cultivators far superior to himself, he found life to be at its most exciting and intense. He also deeply craved the fights that forced him to give his all, the battles that made his blood boil and his adrenaline rush.

Seeing Yan Xiaobao comprehend his true feelings, the wolf's face showed a slight smile.

Just as Yan Xiaobao was about to ask the wolf another question, the void suddenly disappeared. He found himself in another state of darkness, a familiar darkness akin to when he used to close his eyes.

Opening his eyes, he realized he was in his own small room, sitting on his stone bed, utterly bewildered by how he had arrived there.

Qingyue quietly observed his surroundings as his gaze fell on a letter written by Wan Qiao. But before heading toward her room, Yan Xiaobao sat cross-legged on the bed, closing his eyes as he descended into his Dantian Cave.

Upon reaching his Dantian, Yan Xiaobao was shocked to see that Lan Feng was no longer alone. Beside him was a man resembling a red wolf, sitting near the bird. The two of them were chatting with each other.

Seeing Yan Xiaobao arrive, both greeted him. The foolish young white-haired man walked toward the two beasts dwelling within his Dantian Cave.

"Since I used up all my energy, I am now incredibly weakened," the wolf said with a sigh to Yan Xiaobao. "But releasing all that energy freed my soul from the beast core within your Dantian Cave."

Yan Xiaobao sat beside the two spirits and rubbed his temples. These two beasts seemed to be getting along well, as they were bantering about various topics.

"Hey Yan Xiaobao," Lan Feng said upon noticing the young man with white hair, "did you know that the blue cloud is actually a monk?" Yan Xiaobao had many questions he wanted to ask, but at that moment, he noticed another spirit currently residing within his body. His mind went blank when he heard what the Phoenix had said.

Shaking his head, he couldn't help but ask, "A monk? Why on earth would the blue cloud be important?" To Yan Xiaobao's confusion, there was now an additional soul present in his Dantian Cave. It was one thing to manipulate the fog energy, but now it had condensed into a being—a beast's soul.

The soul had a long tether, connected to the black beast core placed within the cave, but beyond that, it resembled Lan Feng—a Spirit sharing his body and emotions.

"That guy over there," the man resembling the red wolf pointed to the cave containing the blue mist, "keeps chanting spells to stop me from killing. I can't wait for him to become a spirit like me. Then, I'll deal with him personally."

"No!" Yan Xiaobao screamed instantly. "It's already crowded—I don't have space for more souls hiding within me! If that happens, I'll absolutely lose all sanity."

He had already suspected that the more energy he used, the denser the phenomenon of souls forming would become, like the werewolf's case.

Thinking this through, Yan Xiaobao concluded that he could no longer rely on the phenomenon within his body. He truly had no desire to host so many beings within him. Moreover, he knew that while uncomfortable, it still offered him protection. With the werewolf's presence within him, Yan Xiaobao could now fully control the red fog.

Suddenly, a thought rose in his heart. "I don't intend to form a soul contract with you," he said firmly. He recalled how Lan Feng had explained that without a soul contract, it would become a master-servant relationship. Although this red wolf was Yan Xiaobao's former incarnation, it was filled with cold-blooded killing intent, and that was something Yan Xiaobao couldn't trust. Hence, he concluded that a master-servant relationship would benefit him more.

Hearing this, the wolf was slightly taken aback but quickly nodded. The wolf had never expected to form a soul contract with the young man anyway but still felt a bit disappointed. Though disappointed, it fully understood the reasoning.

Yan Xiaobao breathed deeply, leaning against the wall. Closing his eyes for a moment, he forced himself to rise and stand upright. Within him, Lan Feng and the red wolf were talking about the lives of eight other people. Yan Xiaobao listened curiously but couldn't forget the letter Wan Qiao left behind. Wan Qiao was not someone who enjoyed waiting, and if angered, Yan Xiaobao wouldn't escape even a tiny punishment. Resolutely, he got up and began walking toward Wan Qiao's room.

As Yan Xiaobao walked through the hallway, he watched the sun setting in the sky. The palace was bustling with guards and cultivators. Some headed to their rooms while others moved toward the dining hall to fetch food.

"Stop!" Suddenly, as Yan Xiaobao turned and approached Wan Qiao's room, a voice shouted loudly from behind, stopping the young man and causing him to turn around. He faced the guard who had called out to him. Yan Xiaobao was caught completely off guard as to what he should do.

"You have no right to pass through here! This is Lady Wan Qiao's sanctuary," the guard said, his eyes filled with anger. "You have no right to enter here without bringing back this instance!"

"Um, I'm sorry, but I was informed to come here," Yan Xiaobao said, scratching the back of his head, bewildered as to how the guard had completely messed up handling this situation.

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Fighting with the guards is an option, but if he breaks anything in Wan Qiao's castle, he will likely get beaten.

Following the guards' orders and leaving meant leaving her behind, and he would definitely get beaten.

Thinking like this, Yan Xiaobao felt at a loss. He hoped to just enter the room, but he knew it wouldn't be that easy.

After much consideration, he finally let Lan Feng's aura surge outward. The sudden appearance of holy light caused the guard to step back, allowing Yan Xiaobao, who had already activated Velocity Flow, to dash past him and into Wan Qiao's room.

The moment he entered, he breathed a sigh of relief. He began looking around, but before finding Wan Qiao, he felt a slender arm lock around his neck. The arm around him tightened continuously, causing the young man to feel suffocated.

Just as Yan Xiaobao was about to faint from the open door, the guard rushed in, only to see Wan hugging Yan Xiaobao in a close, intimate way that took him completely by surprise.

"I... I apologize for disturbing, Your Highness Jasmine Hawk." The guard stammered as he bowed and exited the room.

Hearing his words, Wan Qiao laughed out loud, releasing Yan Xiaobao, who fell to the ground gasping for air with tears in his eyes, as if Wan Qiao thoroughly enjoyed tormenting the young man before her.

"Why didn't you come to see me immediately?" Wan Qiao asked. As she asked the question, her eyebrows furrowed. "You need to hurry so I can help you control the beast inside you," she said excitedly, looking at the young man before her with an almost manic smile. She raised her arm and stared at his hand, getting closer. She stared at his back, overall standing behind him, with her hands running through his entire body. She admirably bit her lower lip.

"It's amazing to witness such a complete transformation and see how swiftly you return to being human again," she said admirably, "The transformation ability is at least of holy beast rank. Tell me, what do you know about this beast? Can you control the red fog? Perhaps just a little?"

Looking at the woman in front of him asking multiple questions, Yan Xiaobao felt a headache, especially since Lan Feng and the werewolf were both talking about Wan Qiao's allure. Their voices made Yan Xiaobao annoyed with the two souls who became best friends while he was dealing with this sadistic woman who turned into their teacher.

"I've managed to bring it under control," Yan Xiaobao sighed while massaging his temples. "The reason I'm late is because of this. Lan Feng is no longer alone in my Lower Dantian. He's with the werewolf, and the two seem to have become good friends."

Yan Xiaobao was filled with indignation because he didn't want his body to suddenly become the host of multiple souls. Sharing with two souls was already troublesome, but having to share it with another eight would be a disaster. Yan Xiaobao quickly recounted to Wan Qiao everything that happened after he woke up. When she heard that there were nine caves in his Lower Dantian in total, she was completely shocked. The nine caves were filled with various phenomena, which happened to be the souls of his past lives.

"You said there's a monk?" Wan Qiao was completely surprised upon hearing about the souls, and she had to admit why Yan Xiaobao felt uncomfortable sharing his body with so many souls. She decided to look for a way to rid him of the many souls within him.

"Well, unfortunately, it's like this," Wan Qiao sighed, but deep down, she felt she indeed found the next pillar to support the Divine Origin. Controlling the werewolf, he already had immense power. This boost made him unmatched among the middle-level cultivators of the Dantian, even able to defeat the King Team.

"Hmm, your physique is still weak. Until the day you can fight me fairly, you'll have to follow my training plan," Wan Qiao said with a sinister smile as she found a piece of paper and handed it to the unsuspecting young man.

As he accepted the letter and saw the day's training schedule, despair washed over Yan Xiaobao's mind. He needed to undergo multiple practices. The practice trained every muscle in his body, and unfortunately, Yan Xiaobao had no choice but to accept it. He nodded quietly and left the room, heading towards the training grounds, starting the plan filled with complex emotions. Although he didn't want to undergo strict training, he was excited about gaining strength. About increasing his personal power; about being able to rely on his own strength without frequently depending on Lan Feng or any phenomena within him.

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"Deng Wu! Sha Yun! Wang Julong! Go! Fetch Ma Gang and Gao Yan. We've received a letter from Yan Xiaobao!" Rong Xing's voice boomed in Rong Ming's private room, and everyone in the room suddenly sprang into action. They all marveled as they ran in the direction of Rong Xing with excited smiles.

Since Deng Wu, Sha Yun, and Wang Julong granted them freedom and released the law, everyone went to the capital, saying to Rong Xing and Rong Ming. Living in the main branch room of the Royal Academy.

Students of the Royal Academy have multiple rooms in their dorms; this room has five private rooms and their friends.

Xu Biao didn't join them; instead, he now worked with Gao Yan. Ma Kong worked for his family business, and both Rong Xing and Rong Ming were busy with their studies.

Although they all saw their three friends return, they had long feared what was happening to Yan Xiaobao, but today, a year and a few months after he disappeared, a letter finally arrived.

Waiting for everyone to gather, Rong Xing was just as excited as they were. Finally, she opened the letter and read it out loud to the many friends gathered in the living room.

The words inside left them all excited and relieved. Knowing that Yan Xiaobao was alive was important to these friends, but their smiles faded once they remembered their current situation.

"Don't worry, when Yan Xiaobao returns, we'll be able to take revenge," Rong Xing said softly, patting Deng Wu's shoulder. The young man looked at her with a sad gaze but had a hint of a smile on his face. His blue hair was a mess, and his blue eyes were full of gratitude towards the young woman.

Seeing those blue eyes looking at her with inner sadness, Rong Xing had no other impulse but to give him a big hug and tell him everything would be alright.

"We must endure," Wang Julong said. Her eyes darkened with hatred and anger, her voice trembling. "We must endure until Yan Xiaobao returns, and while we wait, we must increase our power so that we are no longer a burden to Yan Xiaobao."

Hearing these words, everyone nodded, and with a last glance at each other, they all began to cultivate in the room.

After leaving Wan Qiao's room, Yan Xiaobao decided to follow the training plan to the letter, not to slack off or have a halfway attitude. Yan Xiaobao knew the training was specially designed for him. It would push him to continually surpass his limits over and over. But it wasn't so harsh that his body couldn't handle it. Yan Xiaobao knew that while Wan Qiao was a sadist, she seemed sincere while passing down her training plan. This woman had nothing to gain by harming his body. If anything, she appeared interested in controlling the phenomena within him and enhancing his power.

The schedule included push-ups, vertical push-ups, running, weightlifting, and various other exercises, fully balancing his training. Since he had been training in Velocity Flow for many years, he was already very flexible, so running was the thing Yan Xiaobao had to do the most. Wan's goal was to further enhance his agility.

Wan Qiao's training plan took ten hours to complete each day, after which he relaxed in a hot spring bath for two hours. Then the remaining time was used to cultivate his Inner Energy.

After staying for some time, Wan Qiao ensured he ate food every day. The food was full of magical and medicinal plants. As the Forest King, and especially as the strongest Forest King, she obtained a large number of medicinal herbs each year, not to mention her workers who planted and harvested the herbal medicines.

In all places of the Divine Domain, the Single-Horned Jasmine Hawk, Wan Qiao, was the most fearful creature. Her power vastly surpassed all other Forest Kings, and her age far exceeded the oldest magic beasts within the Kingdom. She was revered, and within her capital, she was worshipped like a deity.

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Chapter 545 Arduous Training

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This woman, who usually stayed in her office or private chambers, had recently undergone a drastic change, triggered by a young man. Nobody knew where this young man came from or who he was. The only information about him was that he was invited daily into Wan Qiao's private club, where he was undergoing intensive training, often supervised by her. They also knew he could maintain his complete human form, despite lacking the aura of a Saint.

What nobody realized was that, for the sake of training, Yan Xiaobao had been summoned to Wan Qiao's private club. This was so he could train himself further—not physically or spiritually this time, but to learn how to fully control the power of the Magic Beast dwelling within him.

Through grueling training, Yan Xiaobao discovered that the beast residing within his Dantian Cave was not, as he had initially thought, a second soul; the beast in his Dantian Cave was not part of his soul at all.

This also meant that Lan Feng and the Werewolf were two completely distinct souls. While Yan Xiaobao's soul was interconnected with Lan Feng's, they were fundamentally two separate persons' souls. However, the Red Wolf was unequivocally a part of Yan Xiaobao himself. Thus, Yan Xiaobao could ultimately wield power entirely as if it were his own.

At first, both the wolf and the human were apprehensive about accepting this truth. Even now, they stared at each other in peculiar ways, knowing they were the same being. Eventually, they came to terms with it, realizing they could merge, allowing Yan Xiaobao to harness the wolf's strength.

This revelation helped Yan Xiaobao fully comprehend that the wolf was, in fact, himself. No matter how he viewed it, the wolf was his past self. Beyond that, it also implied that others were aspects of his past. If he sought self-actualization, Yan Xiaobao could more effectively control them as well.

Another realization he unlocked from the wolf's soul was that his fire affinity had significantly increased. This was due to the wolf's inherent elemental affinity toward fire.

With these thoughts in mind, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but gaze at the green pearl within his Dantian Cave. If he managed to control this pearl, he could be much more adept at healing and even take on the role of an Alchemist. Nonetheless, knowing full well that the allure was immense, he understood that the only way to manifest this aspect of his soul was to strengthen it.

Enhancing the power of the green pearl would require fortifying the pearl itself, which rarely occurred. Another option was to feed the pearl superior pills, but Yan Xiaobao discovered that the pearl refused to absorb them, as if it somehow knew his intentions.

Yan Xiaobao let out a deep sigh, concluding that there was nothing he could do except wait and see what the future would hold. Standing in Wan Qiao's room, his body once again transformed into its Werewolf form. For him, the final metamorphosis—transforming fully into a wolf—was still an unattainable goal.

Although he had not completed the transformation, the power he gained when he took on the Werewolf shape was astonishingly vast. In this form, when utilizing his beast's Fog Energy alongside his spiritual energy and elemental affinity, Yan Xiaobao was as powerful as a King-level expert.

Wan managed to summon countless palace guards from countless armies to oppose Yan Xiaobao. This forced the young man to learn how to truly use the power he accumulated in actual combat.

Wan Qiao decreed that everyone must remain in the palace, and no one was allowed to inform others about what they had done for her. All of these individuals were curious about the relationship between the young man and the woman known as the Divine Origin Queen.

The day passed like any other. Yan Xiaobao had finished his physical training earlier, leaving his body sore. He indulged in a hot spring bath for an hour to relax. Afterward, he had lunch, and now he stood in Wan Qiao's room, facing her in his Werewolf form.

The time Yan Xiaobao could sustain during this stage of transformation grew longer and longer. His control over Fog Energy—the energy employed in Magic—required time to master, yet Yan Xiaobao worked tirelessly day after day.

Magic Beasts lacked Dantians; instead, they possessed beast cores located in their minds. While they were considered equal in rank to Cultivators, their energy differed fundamentally from the energy of humans.

Beasts refined the essence of heaven and earth, cycling it naturally through their bodies. Once refined, the fog energy entered their beast cores and united with their elemental affinities. Unlike humans, beasts were born with elemental affinities; some possessed more than one, while others had only one. As beasts matured, their fog energy would initially align with Qi. Gradually, it would turn silver, eventually transforming into its final color linked to their elemental affinity.

This transformation of color led many inexperienced experts to mistakenly believe that Magic Beast energy was akin to human energy, thus placing them on equal footing.

Before owning a beast, Yan Xiaobao was unaware of the genuine differences between beast and human energy. This ignorance stemmed from Lan Feng. Despite being a beast, Lan Feng utilized Qi, spiritual energy, and martial power.

Yan Xiaobao created a Magic Beast within himself using the same energy, not understanding that this principle didn't apply universally to all Magic Beasts.

It turned out that Lan Feng could wield these energies due to the fact that he was a Divine Beast.

Divine Beasts were far stronger than other beasts. From birth, they could take on a fully human form and cultivate in the same manner as humans. Lan Feng and the other three sons of the Divine Beasts cultivated as humans did. This was one of the few things that separated Divine Beasts from standard Magic Beasts.

## Chapter 546 Arduous Training\_2

Thinking of this, it was clear that Hui Yue's wolf in his past life was not a Divine Beast; however, his strength far surpassed Lan Feng. This was something Yan Xiaobao was certain of.

All of these matters were things Yan Xiaobao had not known before but had learned during his personal training with Wan Qiao. After transforming into a werewolf, Yan Xiaobao quickly shifted his attention to a person.

He had enough time to maintain his wolf form, and he knew Wan Qiao planned to challenge him again in combat; as a werewolf, he could only win one fight at a time.

If he couldn't sustain his werewolf form long enough to defeat his opponent, that would be a stroke of bad luck for Yan Xiaobao. Should that happen, his opponent would leave him bruised and battered in black and blue. This outcome was something Wan Qiao ensured occurred regularly. Wan Qiao's reason for using this training method was that the battle-averse Yan Xiaobao would take the competition seriously. As a result, he would do everything in his power to strive for victory. If Yan Xiaobao lacked the ability to win, then he would learn lessons from the encounter and push himself to train even harder.

Yan Xiaobao fought the same guards every night until he possessed the ability to defeat them. Doing so ensured he gradually strengthened his powers bit by bit.

The guard Yan Xiaobao prepared to fight tonight was someone he had faced for three consecutive nights, yet he had not won a single battle. On the first night, victory was out of reach for Yan Xiaobao; he lost at a record-breaking speed within minutes. On the second night, he managed to last about ten minutes, while last night, he had come very close to winning after enduring for fifteen minutes.

These battles granted Yan Xiaobao a clear understanding of his daily progress. Yan Xiaobao stood in Wan Qiao's chamber, staring out of the window where he saw a seemingly youthful man passing through the courtyard outside. This man was heading straight for the building where Wan Qiao's private quarters were located.

Upon seeing this young man, Yan Xiaobao couldn't hold back a slight smirk filled with frustration. He knew the man was an Eagle Man, and he seemed much older than his youthful appearance suggested. This was someone who had chosen to halt his physical aging—a symbol of his ascension to the Upper Dantian, where he had become a King-level expert.

When Yan Xiaobao mentioned the man had ascended to the Upper Dantian long ago, he wasn't exaggerating. Indeed, this guard had been a King for over a century and was one of Wan Qiao's most trusted protectors.

Without waiting for this young man to enter the premises, Yan Xiaobao rose and left the room where he had been standing alongside Wan Qiao with a deep sigh. The woman trailing him flashed a smile on her face as she anticipated the imminent battle.

The three individuals—Eagle Man, the white-haired youthful man, and the beautiful woman—proceeded toward a small stage situated in the courtyard leading to Wan Qiao's private pavilion. With very few servants frequenting this place, the pair could engage in combat without interruptions.

Yan Xiaobao's gaze sparkled with determination. This time, he would prevail, refusing to be beaten senseless. This time, he would prove that he had what it took to defeat the guard handpicked by Wan Qiao.

Though Yan Xiaobao was mindful that this opponent was merely a guard, he knew that once this one was vanquished, another would take his place. It was a never-ending cycle of beatings and battles, but his focus remained solely on the guard before him. To overcome this particular adversary, Yan Xiaobao had trained rigorously according to his plan. He pushed his limits repeatedly and devoted minimal time to eating or tending to his aching muscles.

When Yan Xiaobao transformed into his wolf form, he did not require weapons. His body, equipped with razor-sharp claws and teeth as durable as black iron, sufficed.

Stepping onto the stage, both the guard and Yan Xiaobao shifted their forms. As Yan Xiaobao morphed into a ferocious beast, the Eagle Man transformed into a human. His wings vanished, and suddenly, a longsword appeared in his hand.

Before they began the fight, Yan Xiaobao had no intention of waiting for his opponent to settle. His claws sharpened visibly as he braced himself to strike. With taut leg muscles, he propelled himself forward like an arrow. His razor-like claws sliced through the air, distorting it with a faint buzzing noise. Energy ripples extended in the wake of the claws, releasing five powerful waves imbued with red energy as they surged toward the guard.

With a grunt, the guard raised the longsword to block the incoming energy ripples. Though he managed to fend off the dreadful energy, he was forced back several steps.

As Yan Xiaobao launched his attack, the seemingly youthful Birdman immediately lifted his sword.

"Zhing!"

The blade whizzed through the air, its sharp edge aimed at Yan Xiaobao's body. Despite its threat, Yan Xiaobao was unafraid; instead, he nimbly dodged the strike and retaliated with a powerful kick from his sturdy legs.

Seeing the incoming kick, the Birdman adjusted his sword's trajectory at the last moment and managed to block the blow with the flat side of the blade. Once again, the youthful figure was pushed back.

The guard was not the only one retreating. Yan Xiaobao, too, had to step backward; while his strength surpassed that of the guard, the latter's weapon outmatched Yan Xiaobao's defensive capabilities. For Yan Xiaobao, it was crucial to act cautiously while ensuring that each strike was decisive—after all, his time in wolf form was limited.

Before charging at the youthful-looking guard, a loud growl erupted from Yan Xiaobao. This time, as he surged forward, he concentrated all his power into his claws. The wind began to whip around Yan Xiaobao, releasing energy ripples once again.

As Yan Xiaobao closed the gap, the guard grew increasingly composed, lifting his sword once more to block the young wolf-man pouring all his strength into his claws.

Yan Xiaobao was determined not to squander the limited time he had in wolf form. He understood that if he fully leveraged his wolf abilities, his chances of success were higher than prolonging the fight. This exchange would be their final confrontation. If Yan Xiaobao won, he wouldn't have to face this guard again. However, if he lost, he would relive the same ordeal the next day.

The energy ripples around Yan Xiaobao grew fiercer, and the wind itself seemed to clear a path for him. Suddenly, as he thrust his claws forward, a resounding howl echoed. The sheer energy unleashed was enough to tear small holes in the fabric of reality, revealing glimpses of the abyss beyond.

Seeing this, the guard cursed loudly as he retreated swiftly. Yet, no matter how fast he moved, he couldn't escape to a safe distance. Yan Xiaobao's claws, shrouded in a crimson mist, collided with the opponent. The collision released a torrent of energy, sending the youthful guard flying out of the arena, where he landed beside Wan Qiao, coughing up fresh blood. Slowly, he sank to the ground, struggling to catch his breath.

Wan Qiao's face lit up with a radiant smile as she surveyed the defeated guard and then Yan Xiaobao, who was slowly reverting to his human form. Exhausted after the fight, his body felt utterly drained.

"Well done," she said, clapping her hands. "You've defeated another King-level expert with sheer strength alone. Tomorrow, we will train against opponents who use Fog Energy. Don't expect your future opponents to be as lenient during combat. Be prepared." These were her final words before granting him permission to complete the rest of the training.

One day slipped into another. Against Fog Energy users, Yan Xiaobao endured repeated, severe injuries, losing frequently. Controlling the mist was incredibly challenging, but as he continued to train, his strength steadily increased. Mastering red fog allowed Yan Xiaobao to dramatically enhance his physical strength. Not only did his physical prowess improve, but he also refined his control over red fog and Inner Energy.

Hui Yue spent an entire month defeating the first opponent who used Inner Energy. During that month, his arms were pierced, the muscles in his legs were torn, and he was stabbed repeatedly before ultimately overcoming his adversary.

Now, two months later, Yan Xiaobao had perfected his use of mist energy and improved his physical strength to the point that—even as a human—he could now challenge King-level experts. In human form, he could survive and escape, but as a wolf, he could defeat Kings, even those wielding martial power to fight him.

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Chapter 547: Inner Energy

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Upon witnessing his Inner Energy, his ranking within the world soared dramatically, adhering to Wan Qiao's rigorous training regimen. As he engaged in physical training, his body absorbed vast amounts of Heaven and Earth Essence. His ranking climbed to fourth within the Duke Level, and his Inner Energy pushed toward the ranks of Kings.

During Yan Xiaobao's entire period in Chenyuan, he had done everything he could not achieve within his Dantian Cave using his soul. He hoped they wouldn't coalesce into the true fragments of his soul, like wolves. He yearned to trust his own strength, which was surging rapidly.

\*Knock\* \*Knock\*

Yan Xiaobao opened his eyes and gazed as Wan Qiao's smile surfaced on her face.

"Prepare yourself; it's time for some new training. A human delegation from the Siban Empire has entered the Divine Domain. We plan to meet them and learn the reason for their intrusion into my domain."

Upon hearing the command, Yan Xiaobao knew he had no choice but to comply. He quickly stood up, stretched a little, and then followed Wan Qiao out of the palace.

In the palace grounds before them, numerous guards awaited Wan Qiao's arrival. When they saw her appear, pride filled their expressions; however, their brows furrowed and their eyes glared in discontent upon noticing their goddess walking shoulder to shoulder with a young man with white hair. Clearly, this interaction was nothing extraordinary.

All the guards were familiar with Hui Yue, personally trained by Wan Qiao herself—a woman capable of disrupting even the resilience of the palace guards.

But this young man was a mystery. Though he was not a Saint, he possessed an aura that made him appear human. His restrained beast aura seemed nearly imperceptible unless he assumed beast transformation.

Wan Qiao often made him fight in both human and beast form. She had him battle against guards one by one, and rumors about him quickly spread among the ranks. None of the guards could comprehend why Wan Qiao devoted so much time and effort to a mere human.

Though hostility simmered from all those present toward Yan Xiaobao, none dared to utter a single word. As they awaited Wan Qiao's command, the entire courtyard remained silent.

The woman cast a fleeting glance at them, fully aware of their thoughts, but saw no reason to address them. Nor was she inclined to shield Yan Xiaobao. This expedition would teach him the lesson of trust—namely, not to trust anyone. It would teach him perpetual vigilance and unwavering obedience to her commands. The guards, comprised of mystical beasts, would all assume their primal forms and hunt down the dispatched delegation. Yan Xiaobao would have to imitate them in his human form, enduring their relentless torment.

In Wan Qiao's eyes, this was a form of training. It was how young beasts were molded into individuals, and Wan Qiao somewhat regarded Yan Xiaobao as her fledgling—the one she sought to shape and train.

Yan Xiaobao stared at the guards and immediately grasped Wan Qiao's intentions. Letting out a sigh, he understood that on this expedition, he would suffer harm and be beaten. Yet his eyes gleamed with an icy resolve, for he vowed to make anyone who followed him pay a hundredfold. Anyone bold enough to raise a hand against him would know he wasn't someone easily defeated, nor easily bullied.

Wan Qiao observed Yan Xiaobao and was satisfied with what she saw. She studied him for a moment longer before spreading her arms and focusing her gaze on the hundred guards standing before her.

"Brethren! We have just been informed that the Siban Empire has dispatched a delegation to our lands—a delegation of cultivators wreaking havoc upon village after village. They have captured our subjects and taken them prisoner; they have ravaged our land."

"Everyone! Follow me. Follow me as we hunt down those humans who dare enter our Empire. Let us show them what happens when arrogance blinds them to reason!"

When Wan Qiao's words thundered through the courtyard, everyone raised their arms high. Slowly, they each transformed into various formidable beasts. Some took flight as birds, while others became land animals. Among them were blood foxes, Purple Maned Lions, scale demon horses, Unihorn Eagles,

and Swift Queen Sparrows. Yan Xiaobao watched as beasts appeared from all directions. Even Wan Qiao beside him transformed—a giant eagle towering two meters tall, with a wingspan of four meters. Seeing the thought flash across Yan Xiaobao's eyes, he shifted his legs into wolf-like limbs, leaping high into the sky before landing squarely atop Wan Qiao's feathery back.

"Thanks for the lift," Yan Xiaobao said shamelessly. Wan Qiao was taken aback, but after a moment, the woman burst into laughter. She had never imagined anyone would act so brazenly, yet she couldn't help but let out a hearty laugh. "Of course, if you can hold on, I'll give you a lift. If not, don't die from the fall!"

With that, the massive bird soared into the sky. The beasts followed, both on the ground and in the air, glaring daggers at the young man who now sat comfortably atop their beloved Queen.

When the guards saw Yan Xiaobao assert himself atop the Queen, they were dumbstruck. Many of them hoped Wan Qiao would immediately kill him for his insolence—surely, she wouldn't stoop so low as to serve as a mule for a mere youth. Yet when they heard her beautiful laughter echo through the air as she ascended, the guards were struck with disbelief. The young man hung leisurely from her golden feathers, his belly tickled from the motion as they reached speeds far surpassing anything he'd experienced before. Compared to her flight, even Velocity Flow was slower than a tortoise.

#### Chapter 548 Inner Energy\_2

Other winged Divine Beasts soared into the sky like a flock of birds, but none could match her speed. After flapping her wings a few times, the massive Single-Horned Jasmine Hawk had to circle back to the other beasts so they could follow.

On the ground were all the non-flying beasts, each moving as fast as they could. They all knew they would arrive after the birds, but even so, they did not ease their pace, hurrying to the location Wan Qiao had pointed out earlier.

Yan Xiaobao felt a surge of excitement for this journey. Though he traveled alone, he did not regret pursuing this expedition. What he felt deeply was sorrow for the village drowned by the delegation, for the beasts now migrating to a new location or captured by humans.

Yan Xiaobao's eyes turned icy as he remembered the kindness he encountered in one of the villages he passed through. Though the villagers regarded him as a Saint, they treated him with great courtesy and warmth. They hosted him freely and even offered him their best food. Imagining this village ransacked and its inhabitants captured filled him with sorrow.

Looking at the man sitting on her back, Wan Qiao was astonished to see the resolve and ruthlessness in those ice-blue eyes. He was determined to defeat this delegation.

Yan Xiaobao had spent a long time in the Divine Domain. While many of the guards watched him with displeasure, none had genuinely mistreated him. They took his training seriously. He knew their sincerity was owed to Wan Qiao, yet he was satisfied with how his personal power had evolved during his time in Chenyuan. For this, he deeply appreciated the guards who sparred with him.

The group's flying speed was astonishing. The forest beneath Yan Xiaobao had barely swept by when they quickly left the grounded Demon Beasts behind, heading swiftly toward the mountains.

This mountain range divided the Divine Domain from the outside world. The distance they covered was comparable to Hui Yue's solo journey. It had taken him over a month to cross the wilderness, but now they traveled the same distance in mere hours—though this was evidently not Wan Qiao's maximum speed.

As they neared the mountain range, Yan Xiaobao and Wan Qiao descended to the ground, where the Single-Horned Jasmine Hawk resumed her humanoid form.

They landed at what was once a village. Every house was burned to ruins, leaving only blackened wooden posts consumed by flames. The ground was soaked in blood, scattered with fragmented corpses.

The sight of murdered children caused hatred and killing intent to flood Yan Xiaobao's eyes. This delegation was no mere mission; it was clearly a declaration of war. Gazing at Wan Qiao, Yan Xiaobao noticed her shoulders trembling. Golden light gathered in her hands, and in an instant, flames erupted from her palms, consuming the spread-out corpses. Proceeding to the village center, a massive stone was erected as a memorial. A colossal flame was carved onto the stone, etched with the golden mist-like energy radiating from Wan Qiao.

"They were just here not long ago," Wan Qiao stated in a tone devoid of emotion, utterly flat. Yet in her eyes burned flames of rage and hatred. She was the Queen of the Divine Domain, the mightiest among the many Forest Kings, ensuring that all her people lived safely. Whenever delegations like this appeared, it was her duty to ensure they never returned. No one had ever gone back to tell of their experiences within the Divine Domain.

Thousands of years ago, when Lan Feng roamed this plane, humans coexisted with magical beasts, sharing land and cities alike. Sadly, things changed. Something created a gaping chasm between humans and magical beasts, forcing the latter to flee to the Divine Domain, where they nurtured themselves and stayed away from mankind.

But humanity was driven by greed. Even possessing three Kingdoms was not enough. Time and time again, scouts and delegations were sent into the forests of the Divine Domain uninvited, hoping to exploit hidden beasts, only to be killed in their audacity.

In particular, no single Kingdom sought to surpass the Divine Origin; all three Kingdoms sent delegations to the untamed lands. Yet, no matter how many they sent, none ever returned. Once, they decided to form a delegation jointly representing all three Kingdoms. Even such a massive delegation of over a thousand was annihilated the same way. The moment they entered the Divine Domain, the Forest Kings stood united and wiped them out within mere minutes.

As a Forest King, it was the sole duty to remain ever-prepared for challenges from other Saints. Only the strongest could claim the title of Forest King, an ongoing process of natural selection. How could any Kingdom believe that merely sending a delegation might allow them to return?

Initially, these delegations were thought to comprise only mid-tier Dantian Experts. Yet now, they included Kings, Emperors, and occasional Saints.

Thus, Wan Qiao continued these journeys, ever-ready to confront the strongest and ensuring no one left the forest alive—not a single soul.

Yan Xiaobao was undoubtedly the weakest among them. Every guard heading to the village was King-level or higher, while he remained merely a Duke. Despite this, Wan Qiao trained him daily against higher-level experts, enabling him to defeat most Kings.

Chapter 549: Inner Energy\_3

When he fought against the guards, he knew that if he lost—and lost badly—the worst he would face was a beating. This wasn't a life-and-death battle; Wan Qiao wanted him to join the fight. That was the reason she brought him here.

Looking at him, Wan Qiao was utterly surprised. When she first encountered him, he was selling a pill. Lan Feng had done everything he could to conceal his aura, yet despite his efforts, anyone who had met Lan Feng before would undoubtedly recognize him. Just like she did. But at the same time, she discovered that his aura intermingled with that of a Human.

Wan Qiao was dissatisfied with Lan Feng. When she tried to train him, the bird never listened to her; when she offered him anything, he didn't follow her instructions. Instead, he seemed to believe a woman had no right to tell him what to do, which led to frequent clashes between the two.

Seeing him alive, Wan Qiao was overwhelmed with mixed emotions. Part of it was shock and amazement; the other part was fury and indignation. It wasn't until she stole some of his blood that she truly understood—while this person was Lan Feng, he wasn't entirely Lan Feng.

The blood she obtained belonged to a ten-year-old boy. However, the aura of this Human boy matched Lan Feng's aura. This left only one plausible explanation: the soul contract.

When Wan Qiao confirmed this to be the case, she hurried back to the Divine Domain to make preparations. She started getting ready for Yan Xiaobao, expecting his eventual call. She had anticipated this event but never thought it would happen so quickly. It truly thrilled her.

The earlier he arrived, the easier it would be to mold him. In just the past few months, the young man had increased his physical stamina tenfold and sharpened his combat prowess—especially in his Werewolf form.

Yan Xiaobao and Wan Qiao both shook their heads, clearing away unrelated thoughts before scanning the village once again, now a memorial of fallen villagers. They exchanged glances briefly before starting to head in the direction where the delegation had departed.

Determining the correct direction wasn't difficult. The delegation consisted of over a hundred cultivators, none of whom bothered to conceal their actions. They rampaged through the forest, slaughtering beasts and plants alike.

In their wake were tracks left by beasts, evidence that the delegation had indeed captured some villagers. This was when Yan Xiaobao and Wan Qiao both saw something red; both were fiercely

determined to rescue the villagers and teach the delegation what happens to Humans who enter the Divine Domain and wreak havoc.

As Yan Xiaobao and Wan Qiao pressed deeper into the forest, more and more guards joined their ranks. None could match Wan Qiao in speed, but one by one, they gathered, forming an ever-growing group chasing after the delegation.

"We'll catch up to them tonight," Wan Qiao said, her eyes narrowing, the murderous intent rolling off her like waves. It was a bloodthirsty intent as intense as the red fog hidden within the Werewolf side of Yan Xiaobao.

As more guards joined, her killing aura expanded. Eventually, every less-intelligent Magic Beast—those incapable of assuming Human form—fled desperately from the bloody and terrifying group of magical creatures. The beasts instinctively felt their territorial drive to protect their lands, quickening their pace as they rushed toward the delegation, which was slaughtering its way through the cherished lands of these creatures.

"Captain Song, my understanding was that we came here as a delegation—a group wishing to meet with the residents of the Divine Domain to peacefully gain information about this place. How can we possibly explain to our superiors what happened to the last village? As a delegation, hasn't our mission already failed?" The speaker was a stunning young woman who appeared to be around twenty-five years old. Her features were graceful and devoid of any trace of immaturity. She exuded an air of maturity, yet at this moment, she seemed troubled and upset.

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Chapter 550 The Scent of Hope and Happiness

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"Senior Observer Li, I can understand your confusion, but we're here as a delegation, and there's no one in this village. What they have are merely magical beasts that appear human. Seeing beasts pretending to be human is sickening."

Captain Song was a tall man, his body bulging with muscle. His cold, vigilant eyes glanced with disdain, accompanied by a mocking sneer curled on his lips. He brazenly wore a yellow robe. Since they had left

their horses outside the Divine Domain's boundaries, he hadn't bothered to change. The robe, however, did not hinder his movements.

"Captain Song, though they are magical beasts, we might encounter more of them. They've created a city, and it's very likely that the civilization in this region is entirely populated by human-like magic beasts." Her voice was sharp and filled with discontent over the situation. She had been told she would be the Senior Observer of this delegation, tasked with offering gifts and speaking with the lord of the realm.

Unfortunately, everything changed the moment Captain Song saw the human-like beasts. His eyes sparkled greedily, his face sneering incessantly at the beasts who were bound and tied amidst the warriors.

Witnessing this, Senior Observer Li felt deeply uncomfortable; as she gazed at the beasts now turned prisoners, her expression was pained, and she couldn't stop herself from thinking that there was no turning back. What had been done could never be undone.

She remembered the mutilated bodies of the elderly, children, and adults who resisted them. Anyone showing even a hint of defiance was swiftly killed on the spot. They gave no thought to whether the victim was a young boy, a child, or an elderly woman.

Even so, even those who didn't participate in combat—many of the elderly—were killed because they couldn't keep up with the group. Captain Song's philosophy was to leave no one alive.

After inspecting this village, Senior Observer Li speculated that those within the Divine Domain were not humans like those of the other three kingdoms but magical beasts. Beasts evolved from ones left behind in Africa's other three kingdoms.

The delegation ventured deeper into the forest, where they encountered more magical beasts—some human-like and others merely ordinary creatures.

All magical beasts were remarkably intelligent. Some preferred to remain in the forest, living by their instincts, while others chose to live in cities. All of these beasts were significantly more intelligent than those outside the Divine Domain.

The forest was also filled with ordinary animals, preyed upon by many magical beasts. Lower-level magic beasts were also targets for the smarter beasts. Everywhere seemed to be ruled by magical beasts, with no humans in sight.

After walking for an entire day, the sun dipped quickly below the horizon. Night approached as Captain Song finally called the group to a halt, announcing that they would set up camp.

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As Captain Song drifted into sleep, most guards followed suit. A shadow moved stealthily across the camp. It slipped past the outskirts, hiding continuously in various patches of darkness. Near a location guarded by three sentries, approximately fifty human-like magic beasts were imprisoned.

The shadow was none other than Senior Observer Li, whose full name was Li Meilin. She approached the three guards. These guards were King-level experts. Li Meilin smirked coldly, disappearing from her initial position and reappearing behind one of the sentries.

In a flash, she took out the guard with remarkable precision. Before moving toward the prisoners, she subdued the other two guards just as swiftly. Golden light sparkled briefly, and moments later, the chains binding the human-like beasts fell loose.

Realizing their freedom, all the beasts bowed deeply to the woman who stood before them. The woman waved dismissively and swiftly retreated to her previous position, merging once more with the shadows.

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The freed prisoners didn't charge ahead but vanished into the depths of the forest instead. Retracing their previous path, they moved cautiously, fully aware that someone had come to their rescue. They moved toward the rescue team.

Just as expected, they didn't have to travel far before encountering the rescue team, led by Wan Qiao and Yan Xiaobao. Both groups rushed eagerly toward each other.

The moment they reached the rescue party, the villagers breathed in relief, their hearts filled with hope and happiness.

"How did you escape?" Wan Qiao asked the village leader curiously. She knew how greedy humans could be, and that human-like magical beasts fetched exorbitant prices in their cities.

The village leader, a young man whose original form was that of a deadland lion—a beast known for its power and speed—began to explain. Despite fighting valiantly for the safety of his village, he had been the only one among the delegation taken captive.

"There was a woman, they called her Senior Observer Li," the guard began, "She opposed the delegation's actions, saying they were only here to speak with the residents of the Divine Domain. But the Captain refused to listen, claiming we were worse than dogs. Their Captain was far more monstrous than any beast; indiscriminately slaughtering the weak, the elderly, women, and even children! Avenge us!" The leader's voice trembled as he spoke, "Avenge our children, our elders, our brothers and sisters."

Hearing his quivering voice and seeing his reddened, tear-filled eyes stirred Wan Qiao deeply. The lion struggled to hold back tears as he cleared his throat. "This woman, the Senior Observer, is our Savior. During the massacre in the city, she resisted the Captain. When we were captured, she was the one who liberated us." The man knelt before Wan Qiao.