

## Medical 551

### Chapter 551 The Scent of Hope and Happiness\_2

"Our beasts have nothing, but we are proud of the return of kindness. That woman fought for our survival. She deserves to be saved. Please, I beg you, let her go."

Wan Qiao furrowed her brows and rubbed her forehead as she deeply contemplated the abyss in her eyes, not betraying her emotions. After a lengthy consideration, she let out a sigh.

"This lady may have been kind to us, but she is still human. She is a member of the delegation sent here to spread death and disaster. If we let her go, she will have to live in our Capital, where we can keep an eye on her. I refuse to let her learn about us and then send her back to her old Kingdom. All of our secrets would be exposed."

The young man's expression softened, and in gratitude, he bowed before the One-Horned Jasmine Eagle. "Even if she must live in our Capital, it's better than her death." He spoke with happiness in his voice.

"Oi!" Wan Qiao suddenly shouted, loud enough to halt the guards who were ready to attack the delegation. They stood still, looking only at her.

"You, you, you," she pointed at three groups of guards within range, "escort these citizens back to the Capital. Let them live inside Heaven Building."

Following her orders, it was evident how quickly the guards acted. Some of the guards carried children on their backs, facing the sky, while others marched on the ground, guiding the stronger villagers. The elderly villagers, however, had left behind belongings, bringing immeasurable grief to the survivors.

Seeing the guards swiftly obey her command, Wan Qiao felt satisfied as she turned to Yan Xiaobao.

"I've found a task," she said with a brilliant smile on her face, "and no one is more suited to it than you. This female Senior Observer Li, you must find her and keep her alive. As for the rest of us, we'll slaughter anyone who dares tread upon our lands."

Hearing this, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but gulp. Everyone within range was a King-ranked or higher cultivator. While transforming into a Werewolf would allow him to fight them for a short time, battling multiple opponents for an extended period would almost certainly lead to his defeat.

After some thought, he understood he couldn't refuse the responsibility placed upon him and began to figure out how to ensure her safety. The best idea seemed to be simply avoiding the battle.

Although these human-shaped Magic Creatures were very similar to humans in intellect and lifestyle, they were not humans. Deep inside, instincts they couldn't suppress would undoubtedly surface during the approaching battle. Seeing a woman alive, even if they were instructed not to kill, their deep-seated hatred toward humans would compel them to attack her amidst the confusion, noise, and chaos of combat, possibly leading to her death.

Though Yan Xiaobao was baffled by the task assigned to him, he never showed any of his thoughts outwardly. Instead, he began carefully planning the best way to rescue her, unsure of her cultivation level.

If Yan Xiaobao were to expend all his energy, he could transform into a Werewolf briefly, releasing massive energy waves in three to four strikes—strong enough to create an opening for two people to escape. However, after fleeing, he would be left powerless. That meant they would have to find a place to hide in order to survive.

While the plan sounded straightforward, it was far from simple. Hiding from a Magic Creature was nearly impossible. Their sharp sense of smell, keen eyesight, and exceptional hearing would make it likely they'd be discovered wherever they hid. If Yan Xiaobao had exhausted all his energy during their escape, there would be no one left to protect them.

With a sigh in his heart, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but hope this Senior Observer Li was strong enough to protect herself, leaving him only the task of finding a safe place to hide.

Wan Qiao had been observing Yan Xiaobao closely. She understood perfectly what he was thinking. She couldn't help but feel surprised as she saw the determination reflected in his ice-blue eyes. His demeanor had shifted from playful to that of a cultivator—a warrior who had faced life-and-death battles and knew the importance of caution. The fact that he wasn't affiliated with any of the guards meant that if one harbored a grudge against him, they might attempt to eliminate him in the chaos expected in the battle.

As the group of villagers left their proximity, Wan Qiao's eyes turned icy, and her arms raised into the air. Her golden-hazel feathers sprouted from her skin, and soon, a giant bird stood before everyone. Her wings spread wide, scattering fragments of trees in all directions with immense force. The once-dense forest instantly transformed; the bird created a clearing in the woods. Through the trees, the blue sky suddenly became visible, allowing sunlight to pour down onto the group of beasts and a lone human. As their killing intent surged, all of the beasts' eyes turned blood-red. Slowly, the creatures reverted to their primal forms, howling, growling, roaring—every sound from the beasts reverberated throughout the forest. Finally, Wan Qiao began moving. She lifted her wings, and a deafening, piercing cry echoed as the bird swooped into the dense forest, marking the start of the chaos.

### Chapter 552 The Scent of Hope and Happiness\_3

Following closely behind Wan Qiao, Yan Xiaobao activated the Velocity Flow. Considering that he needed to rescue Li Meilin, he had to be there from the start. Finding her would be challenging, but ensuring her safety was even more critical.

Wan Qiao was well aware of this and offered some assistance. She ensured her speed matched his maximum while using Velocity Flow. After the beasts roared behind them, the magical beasts began preparing for the inevitable battle. At this moment, Yan Xiaobao was the only person in human form. However, due to his limited control over his Wolf Form, he didn't dare to transform prematurely.

For approximately two hours, the pack of magical beasts pressed on until they began hearing distant clicks and shouts. The delegation had long anticipated the arrival of the beast tribe and had been ready to confront the oncoming horde.

Seeing this, Yan Xiaobao hid behind Wan Qiao as he expected, and the giant eagle screeched again. Its cry echoed throughout the forest as roars upon roars of beasts responded in unison.

Wan Qiao directly clashed with numerous humans. With a sweep of her wings and legs, she effortlessly caused at least twenty deaths on impact. However, just as she collided with them, she ascended into the air, drawing the attention of a bald man who was entirely focused on her as a flying bird.

When Yan Xiaobao saw this man, he was shocked. Without a doubt, this man was a Holy Name Expert. The deployment of a Saint demonstrated how seriously the Siban Empire regarded this delegation. Yet, they had never ventured to any place where humans could be found, nor did they ever intend for peace. Their true purpose in entering the Divine Domain was to gather any information possible for the Empire.

This journey was of utmost importance to the Siban Empire, which was why they dispatched Captain Song, one of their few Holy Name Experts. This Saint was so confident in his own powers that no matter how vile his actions were, he believed he would never face retribution. He was convinced of his strength being unparalleled. Yet, he had never encountered someone like Wan Qiao before.

As the giant bird soared through the skies, tree after tree was being felled. The trunks crashed into the heart of what was rapidly becoming a bloody battlefield. Magical beasts and humans fought relentlessly against each other. Yan Xiaobao drifted through the battlefield, doing everything in his power to avoid drawing attention to himself as his eyes finally landed on a formidable woman who was refusing to engage in combat with anyone.

Yan Xiaobao sprinted toward her, a faint smile gracing his face, as he hoped this might be the woman he had been searching for all along. When he reached her, he immediately noticed that she was far stronger than him—something that exhilarated him even further.

"Li Meilin?" he asked, his eyes darting across the battlefield in front of him. The number of guards was overwhelming, but so were the magical beasts. Golden and silver lights flickered everywhere, only to be countered by the beasts' retaliations. Near the ground, an array of colored mists swirled, while the ripples of each attack clashed in the air. Small explosions could be heard all around.

The woman looked at the young man with a hint of surprise, realizing that he knew her name. She guessed it had to do with the beasts she had saved. Deciding that it was better to let the man lead her away from the battlefield, she chose to follow him, especially as she had no intention of aligning with either side in this conflict.

She couldn't bring herself to fight against her own delegation, as she still felt a sense of loyalty to the Spanish Empire. However, she also understood why the magical beasts were seeking retribution. She knew this place, the Divine Origin, belonged to magic and was never meant to be a domain for humans.

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Chapter 553 The Young Man in the Midst of Battle

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"Who are you?" she asked the young man who had grabbed her hand and pulled her away from the middle of the battle.

They were everywhere, the ground soaked with blood. Streams trickled over the earth as both humans and beasts fell in combat. At this point, the sides seemed evenly matched—yet Yan Xiaobao knew better.

When the sky rose high above, Wan Qiao soared upwards, and the bald man cursed as the bird unleashed strike after strike of golden attacks. He made no attempt to hit her, and a mocking smile could be seen on the face of the Single-Horned Jasmine Hawk.

"I am Yan Xiaobao, nice to meet you. Now follow me and stay low," Yan Xiaobao whispered, as he discovered a small patch of unspoiled vegetation and immediately moved toward it. He hoped to use the tall grass to shield himself and his new companion.

"Why did you save me?" she asked. Although the situation was dangerous, the woman didn't seem overly concerned about her own safety. Though many divine beasts surrounded the area, most were at the King level—ones she could easily handle. However, being rescued by someone from the magical beast faction was unexpected. Thus, driven by quiet curiosity, she followed the young man who walked steadily forward.

Hearing her question, Yan Xiaobao did nothing but glance at the woman before shaking his head. This indicated he wasn't going to answer now but instead instructed her to stay silent, ensuring the nearby beasts wouldn't overhear them.

Hidden within the tall grass, Yan Xiaobao didn't let his eyes pause for a moment. They constantly scanned the surroundings. His ears tightened and his eyes remained alert, endlessly tracking the movements of both humans and beasts. Finally, the thing he dreaded happened.

The battle gradually shifted from a roaring head-to-head clash, where both sides collided like two massive waves fighting for dominance, into one-on-one skirmishes. The battlefield's transformation was clear. Humans fell into a disadvantage; although they still fought fiercely, they were forced to retreat. This caused the fight to inch closer and closer to Yan Xiaobao's position.

While Yan Xiaobao stayed focused on the battle surrounding them, Li Meilin had her attention on the young man leading her into this patch of grass, away from the conflict itself.

As she gazed at the youth, he appeared to be no older than twenty. His skin was soft and pristine, his long, snow-white hair cascading like fresh-fallen snow. His eyes were an intense blue, reminiscent of the clearest summer skies. His face was delicate, and rather than describing him as handsome, his beauty made his appearance strikingly ethereal.

Power-wise, his aura was that of a Duke's. However, there was a mysterious force about him—a strange, enigmatic energy that made her feel as though she couldn't see through him fully.

"What are you?" she finally asked softly as she studied the young man. Yet when the youth turned to her, all she received was a complicated smile. He shook his head before turning his gaze back toward the battle unfolding before him.

It wasn't that Yan Xiaobao didn't want to answer her—it was that he couldn't. Even he didn't know what he truly was. He had been born human, yet these phenomena within his body were part of his soul—a fragment connected to the magical beast within him. At least some parts of him were beast, while others were human. He had also entered into a soul contract with a divine beast, which had altered his soul. As a result, he was no longer human, nor was he entirely a magical beast. Yan Xiaobao belonged neither completely to the human realm nor entirely to the magical realm—yet paradoxically, to both.

Li Meilin was confused by the young man's response, but she said nothing. She considered telling him that she didn't need his protection, since she was an Emperor, and that only Captain Song or the Single-Horned Jasmine Hawk above could truly pose a threat to her. However, upon seeing the seriousness etched on the young man's face, she chose to remain silent and patiently wait for his explanation of the unfolding events.

As she continued to observe the youth, Li Meilin's eyes gradually widened. She noticed his gaze zeroed in on a particular beast—a creature that seemed to be one of the horned eagle species dominating this battle.

This One-Horned Eagle wasn't targeting humans in combat, but instead zeroed in on Yan Xiaobao and Li Meilin. When its gaze met theirs, its lips curved into a sinister smile, and it began making steady strides toward the pair's hiding spot.

"How irritating," Yan Xiaobao muttered, his tone clipped. Suddenly, his snow-white hair and alabaster skin transformed into crimson fur. His sapphire-blue eyes turned blood-red, his hands morphed into clawed paws with razor-sharp talons, and long, gleaming fangs protruded from his mouth.

Just moments ago, this woman, who had until now assumed that this young man was human due to his low rank and appearance, now found herself utterly reevaluating his strength and his identity as she stared at the red wolf standing before her.

"You disgusting creature!" the horned eagle snarled the moment it spotted Yan Xiaobao. Extending its arms into wings, it soared upward. Rising high into the sky, it twisted downward, shrieking as it descended in a lethal dive toward Yan Xiaobao. Like an arrow, it shot toward its target. Yet the red wolf's crimson eyes narrowed in response, showing neither fear nor panic as the creature charged toward him.

Lurking in the tall grass, Li Meilin remained intrigued, watching every moment of the unfolding scene. She was thoroughly curious about this young man and his association with the beast tribe—seemingly doing whatever he could to ensure her safety.

#### Chapter 554 The Young Man in the Middle of the Battle\_2

Yan Xiaobao looked at the bird rushing toward him like an arrow, feeling neither fear nor dread. He did not use black blood, nor did he summon blue or red flames. Instead, he narrowed his eyes and focused intently on the bird. He calculated the timing of its approach until it was directly before him. When it hovered just a few centimeters above his head, the red wolf Yan Xiaobao lunged to the side, forcing the bird to break its attack. However, as his enemy attempted to change directions, a massive claw swept outward. The force behind the strike was so strong that a whirlwind could be heard; ripples of energy landed on the bird's body, sending it tumbling and rolling far away.

Defeating the first beast was no problem for Yan Xiaobao, but his actions drew the attention of other guards. The opponent he had just defeated was someone who severely underestimated Yan Xiaobao. He had expected his rank as a King would give him the edge against a mere Duke. However, this Duke was far from simple. That one quick sweep was enough to deal with a King Ranking Expert.

Having defeated the man, the other guards took notice of the massive red wolf. Although there were tens of thousands of different kinds of Demons, the red wolf that Hui Hui had transformed into was a beast that didn't exist anywhere on this continent. He was unique, and it made him stand out on the battlefield like an agonized sore thumb, drawing hostility from both humans and beasts alike.

However, only one particular beast ultimately charged toward him. The other beasts, though they despised him, were intelligent enough to realize his importance in Wan Qiao's life. He wasn't someone the guards had the authority to attack.

While most guards held this perspective, a few disagreed. After glancing upward at the sky, they gazed at Yan Xiaobao with sinister smiles, hate and jealousy clear in their eyes.

"How dare you sully our Queen with your filthy hands," shouted the man charging toward him. His eyes were as red as Yan Xiaobao's, and his arms transformed into wings while his legs turned into claws. These claws were as sharp as those on Yan Xiaobao's, but far faster. Nevertheless, Yan Xiaobao had found the perfect battleground to deal with these guards.

He led Li Meilin to a place filled with vegetation, not just tall grass. Thick forests stretched behind them, areas Wan Qiao had yet to clear. The trees in the vicinity put the birds at a disadvantage. Their expansive wingspan couldn't unfold freely, nor could they call upon the speed the Single-Horned Eagle Team was known for.

Standing amid the grassy field, Li Meilin watched the young man battling beasts with wide, round eyes. Though he had transformed and exuded an imposing aura, Li Meilin had never heard of a Duke capable of defeating a King. Yet here was such a person right before her.

The first victory was so overwhelming that no doubt remained about the red wolf's capabilities. The current battle had scarcely reached the first exchange, but even so, the red wolf had dragged the old eagle into the forest, severing all the advantages he might have had, showcasing his intelligence in combat.

"If you like her so much, why not confess your feelings instead of attacking me?" Yan Xiaobao retorted in a frustrated tone as he dodged the feathers volleyed at him. More feathers, like arrows reinforced by fog energy that turned them as tough as black iron, shot toward him.

There was no benefit to hiding behind trees, as they splintered under the impact of the feather-arrows, causing Yan Xiaobao to curse at the bird. Knowing how destructive these arrows were, he wondered how Li Meilin might react if one of them touched her. Though she was strong, Yan Xiaobao didn't indulge in thoughts of her strength; his focus remained steadfast on the task of protecting her.

Looking back at the old eagle, Yan Xiaobao realized he was different from the guards he had fought previously. Though they were serious and harsh with their blows, none inflicted any significant harm. This man clearly had a different plan. Instead of merely hurting him lightly and letting him go, he was clearly aiming to kill, which caused Yan Xiaobao to frown as a cold killing intent rose within him.

Despite residing in Wan Qiao's palace and living alongside these guards, Yan Xiaobao felt no emotional connection to them. All he shared with them was mutual dislike.

Though he had no inclination to kill the guards, he certainly wouldn't allow them to live after being so merciless toward him. Leaving them alive would undeniably cause trouble for him, something Yan Xiaobao couldn't afford. He already had enough people who hated him; he didn't want to waste his time on anything unrelated to his training. The more he trained, the sooner he could vie against Wan Qiao and Zhong Hui.

Thinking of the handsome man he had encountered underground, Yan Xiaobao's eyes became as cold as a winter morning, overwhelmed by a surge of complex emotions. He knew he couldn't trust the King Ranking Expert, yet he couldn't deny his immense strength.

That man had allowed Yan Xiaobao to escape the Dragon Core, but had clearly also made it his intent to ensure Yan Xiaobao wouldn't find a group to belong to. Threatening to kill them was an ominous warning that compelled Yan Xiaobao to do his utmost to avoid forming connections with others.

On this long journey, even now, Yan Xiaobao wanted nothing more than to reunite with his friends. He worried about whether they had safely arrived at the Capital, met the Rong twins, and settled within the Sun Kingdom's capital.

Yan Xiaobao missed everyone for a fleeting moment, but then he recalled Wang Julong's beautiful face appearing before him. His heart tightened slightly as he realized it would take years to grow strong enough to return to them. He would grow, and they would grow, but he hoped that no matter how long it took, those friends would wait for him.

Thinking about his friends, Yan Xiaobao fell into nostalgia, momentarily losing focus in the battle. As a result, his leg suddenly throbbed with sharp pain. When he glanced down, he saw a feather as hard as black iron embedded deeply in his leg, causing blood to cascade down. The intense pain snapped Yan Xiaobao out of his melancholy, forcing him to concentrate wholly on the fight.

Unable to fly himself, battling an aerial beast was agonizing. All he could do was remain grounded, evading the downpour of attacks aimed at him. A burst of flame suddenly erupted from his hand. Initially red, it quickly transformed into blue.

Seeing the blue flame, both Li Meilin and the eagle in the sky were shocked. Blue flames were rare. In fact, the only beasts ever known to produce blue flames were Divine Beasts. Yet, looking at the red wolf, he was clearly not a Divine Beast, but still, he generated flames as vibrantly blue as the scales of a Sky Blue Dragon.

As the flame flickered between his two claws, Yan Xiaobao continuously shifted it, allowing more and more small fireballs to form in the air around him. The fireballs moved unpredictably. Some flew, one after another, to destroy feather-arrows, while others darted at the flying bird, aiming to strike and burn it to ashes. Despite the fireballs' incredible speed, the eagle managed to dodge them, narrowly ensuring the flames didn't touch him.

The battle had reached a desperate point. Yan Xiaobao wasted time in his transformed state, but as long as the eagle above targeted him with its feathers, he couldn't revert to his original body. The eagle in the sky dared not engage in close-quarters combat, clearly seeing how fierce and terrifying the wolf on the ground was.

Cursing the bird, Yan Xiaobao could feel that his transformation wouldn't last much longer, but he refused to yield. Instead, he summoned all the red fog energy coursing through his body. It instantly surged from the cavity within his Lower Dantian, flooding through him.

The energy rushed into his legs, and Yan Xiaobao felt power emanating outward. When he could no longer inject any more energy into his legs, his knees bent and his muscles tensed. Finally, he released the energy, propelling himself into the sky like an immense arrow aimed directly at his target.

Although the eagle saw him coming, it was unable to evade. Instead, it decided to attack, meeting the wolf head-on. A smug smirk formed on the eagle's face. However, it quickly froze as it witnessed a long arm with deadly claws reaching out toward it. The strong hand seized the eagle, its claws tightening with a crack around its neck. As the eagle's eyes dimmed, an expression of disbelief lingered. The battle ended abruptly. Such a desperate fight had an unexpectedly simple conclusion, though for Yan Xiaobao, the ordeal had truly been burdensome.

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Chapter 555 Saving All the Energy

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Yan Xiaobao dealt with the old hawk, exhausting all the energy he had stored. He needed at least a few hours to recover his strength. Yan Xiaobao collapsed to the ground and walked directly towards Li Meilin, who was waiting for him amidst the tall grass. Upon entering, he sat cross-legged before starting his training, casting only a brief glance at Li Meilin.

Li Meilin knew that Yan Xiaobao could tell she was much stronger than him, which is why he allowed himself to focus on cultivation.

Sitting down, his entire focus shifted to refining the essence of heaven and earth; however, the woman beside him was staring at the battle unfolding in the sky above.

Li Meilin had always known that the Saints of the Spanish Empire were at the peak of cultivation, and one of their geniuses was Captain Song; yet, watching the battle in the sky, Wan Qiao was currently fighting the captain, but it wasn't much of a fight. If anything, Wan Qiao was toying with the other Saint in front of her, demonstrating true power.

Looking up towards the heavens, Li Meilin was shocked to discover that the only Saint in the delegation, Captain Song, was being toyed with, unable to even retaliate as the attacks rained down upon him.

He managed to dodge some attacks, while others left marks on his body. As he stumbled midway through the fight, he had already lost an immense amount of blood. Those witnessing the battle saw blood raining from the sky—it poured down like a torrential autumn storm.

Wan Qiao seemed to relish tormenting this man; her conduct brought immense distress to the remaining members of the delegation who had survived.

Watching Wan Qiao, her face remained calm, but as her gaze focused on a bald man who had just moved a short distance away, the man cursed his misfortune.

This was a Single-Horned Jasmine Hawk. They were far from being as weak as ordinary Horned Eagles; they were more ferocious and exceedingly dangerous. Her feathers were as tough as black iron, coating her entire body in an armor-like shell. Not only did she possess terrifying defense, but she also excelled in close-range combat. Her claws were incredibly sharp.

Realizing this, the bald Captain Song cursed his bad luck and his earlier actions. He finally understood that he had been too arrogant. Because they were merely magical beasts, he had looked down on the inhabitants of the Divine Domain. Yet the magical beast in front of him was anything but ordinary. He knew that if he approached her, he would surely meet a swift and certain death, prompting him to back away.

Unfortunately, Captain Song failed to realize that Wan Qiao's abilities in ranged combat were also above average, and with a simple flap of her wings, the faraway Captain Song was swept into a tornado-like gust of wind. The storm hurled him toward a massive tree, which instantly splintered into several sharp pieces. Many of these fragments pierced Captain Song as he lay in front of the shattered tree, while others embedded themselves into his back. The blood that had previously flowed from his chest now flooded out from his back, leaving no part of his robes unsoaked with blood.

"You're nothing but a damn bird!" Captain Song finally shouted, his voice filled with hatred, "Birds like you are born only to follow the orders of humans! Surrender now, and I'll make you my personal pet—if only to show I'm not heartless."

Though everyone could see the dire state he was in, no one dared to say a word. All eyes were focused on the battle in the sky, waiting to see what would unfold. Aside from Yan Xiaobao, everyone else kept their eyes closed, completely immersed in their cultivation. Normally, this young man would do anything to witness two experts battling each other. However, he was now deeply absorbed in a state of trance. In this trance-like state, his thoughts blended seamlessly with the surrounding world. He merged with the essence of heaven and earth, becoming one with the Ancestor's World Power. This was a rare occurrence for him; a small whirlwind began to form. Not only did it absorb essence, but it also drew in the Ancestor's World Power—something that should have been impossible.

Quietly seated, Yan Xiaobao had no awareness of what was happening outside. He didn't even notice the woman he had promised to protect, Li Meilin.

All he could feel was an incredibly tender warmth enveloping him. It made him feel as if he were lying in a bathtub. He could hear no sound and smell no scent; he simply felt the comforting warmth enter his body. Soon, he began to feel full. His entire body became saturated with energy, and to his surprise, he suddenly saw golden specks of light.

At first, there were only one or two. They were tiny specks of golden light, so small that Li Meilin didn't notice them. However, she did notice a large whirlwind forming, which began to absorb all the energy in the air, seemingly funneling it directly into Yan Xiaobao.

As time went on, Li Meilin found herself unsure whether to watch the battle in the sky—a one-sided massacre—or to observe the strange phenomenon unfolding beside her. In the heavens, Captain Song refused to yield, yet no matter what attacks he used, he continued to fight, incapable of even scratching the smallest Wanqiao Feather.

On the ground, everyone had ceased their own battles, staring intently at the combat above. Only Li Meilin remained torn between choosing which of the two scenes intrigued her more.

The initial few golden specks around his body multiplied into numerous golden dots. These specks were all absorbed into the forehead of the young man, disappearing one by one like tiny orbs.

#### Chapter 556 Accumulating All the Energy\_2

When she saw this energy being absorbed, Li Meilin felt fearful. Even if she wanted to stop, the energy was too powerful. Li Meilin could only feel fortunate that there were no guards paying attention to them. If they had been, things would have become troublesome.

The battle in the sky was slowly fading. Captain Song was covered in blood. His energy couldn't last much longer, and no matter how much he used, so far, this bird hadn't suffered any harm.

Seeing this astonishing eagle far surpass him in strength, Captain Song began regretting his previous actions. Unfortunately for him, regret had come too late. With a swing of Wan Qiao's wings, the man was slammed onto a nearby slope. The mountain trembled violently from the impact. Boulders collapsed, and Captain Song fell into an underground crater on the hillside. His consciousness vanished the moment of the collision, and as he hit the ground, his soul dissipated into thin air along with his body.

Witnessing this, Li Meilin was stunned. She felt no pity for the captain, but seeing him lose so miserably still surprised her. At the same time, she felt relieved that this young man had focused on her and saved her. Otherwise, she would have ended up like the foreign delegation outside, meeting her demise.

After the battle concluded, the pressure on both of them increased dramatically. At first, no one noticed them because the attention was entirely on the battle above, but now, several guards scanned the surroundings. Upon seeing the grassy field, they couldn't help but notice how much energy had merged in the area. Not to mention, the whirlwind had grown so massive that anyone who glanced at that patch of grass could clearly see it.

Li Meilin bit her lip while considering what to do. One option was to escape now and return to the Empire of Siban, but doing so seemed unlikely to succeed. Staying with this cultivating young man appeared incredibly dangerous—his allies were attacking him and calling him all sorts of names.

Seeing someone staring at the grassy field, Li Meilin felt completely uncertain about what choice to make. But before she could decide, numerous flying beasts encircled the area. Some curiously glanced down, while others looked downward with jealousy, hatred, or indifference.

It became evident that none of the guards liked this young man; however, only a few among them seemed intent on killing him. Unless they had gone mad, they wouldn't take action. Everyone clearly understood that Yan Xiaobao was under Wan Qiao's protection. Even if they despised it, that was the truth. Opposing Yan Xiaobao meant certain death.

The only issue was that there were beasts within the guard ranks who didn't seem to care about their lives. These creatures desired to eliminate anything that could pose a threat to their queen or their master. To protect all that she cherished, Wan Qiao would act even if she unknowingly made an erroneous decision.

Among those surrounding Yan Xiaobao, there were two such guards. Their eyes glimmered as they believed they now had the best chance to rid themselves of the young man.

However, as they charged forward, the sound of wings flapping resonated, and energy from the wings precisely targeted these two guards. The force sent them flying backward, away from the cultivating Yan Xiaobao, who remained oblivious to what was happening around him.

"Anyone who dares wake Yan Xiaobao will be killed instantly," Wan Qiao declared, her icy gaze sweeping over the entire guard group, causing them to step back at least one step. All of them displayed their intent clearly—they had surrounded him, but they didn't plan to attack.

After saying what she needed to say, Wan Qiao reverted back to her human form and landed in the spot where Yan Xiaobao was seated. Crossing her arms and legs, she glared at those staring at her in astonishment.

"I command all of you to return home and assist the refugees, ensuring they feel welcomed," she ordered. Upon hearing this, everyone acted immediately. Although they would have preferred to stay with their master, they knew there was no danger on the road that could harm her. As long as General Frozen didn't show up, it was safe for her to travel alone.

After the guards left, Wan Qiao turned her gaze toward Yan Xiaobao and Li Meilin. Yan Xiaobao continued absorbing the radiance on his forehead, while his body devoured the essence of heaven and earth as if he were a bottomless swamp. He seemed insatiable, absorbing more and more.

"Does this sort of thing happen frequently with magical beasts?" Li Meilin finally asked. She was deeply curious about magical beasts, but her interest had truly been piqued when she saw a village where beasts lived like humans. Witnessing that had proven their intelligence to her, and she was constantly seeking new information.

"Dear," Li Meilin suddenly said, looking at the seated woman who was still observing the cultivating young man, "why did this young man have to save me?" She finally voiced a question that had been lingering on her mind for some time. The only response she received was a smile from Wan Qiao. "You don't need to know," Wan Qiao sighed. "You won't thank us. You must follow us to the capital and live with us until we deem you capable of leaving."

Upon hearing this, Li Meilin was slightly taken aback, but she nodded nevertheless. This was the best opportunity to study the magical beasts she had been obsessed with for years. Even if it meant spending most of her life in the darkest forests of Chenyuan, it was still worth it.

### Chapter 557 Saving All the Energy\_3

She finally thought of her parents and softly apologized before disappearing. She turned her gaze to Wan Qiao. Their eyes locked, and she spoke earnestly, "I want to follow you to the Capital and see how your beasts live."

Seeing the determination in Li Meilin's eyes, Wan Qiao couldn't help but laugh. She understood what emotion currently ran through another woman's heart because she herself had made the decision many times to live among humans as a human. However, hiding as a human was far easier than Li Meilin pretending to be a beast. Every beast in the Capital knew she was human, making things far more complicated.

Although Wan Qiao understood this, she said nothing and instead refocused her attention on Yan Xiaobao. He had now been sitting in the same dazed state for over three hours, and it seemed he wouldn't be waking anytime soon.

As she observed his ongoing trance, Wan Qiao remained silent, but she noticed the golden speck of light disappearing from the young man's forehead. In all her past lives, this was her first encounter with such an occurrence.

This golden energy was undoubtedly Wu Wei; however, she knew the only way to obtain martial power was to refine the essence of heaven and earth into Qi, then refine that Qi into spiritual energy, and finally distill the spiritual energy further into martial power. As for how Yan Xiaobao directly absorbed it from the air, Wan Qiao was at a complete loss.

Beyond the grasslands, the terrain was soaked in blood, scattered limbs, and mutilated corpses. Some of these belonged to humans, while others were from magical beasts.

Not long afterward, magical beasts began appearing in the forest. These beasts seemed indifferent to which side the corpses had belonged to; all they saw was meat pleading to be devoured before it decayed.

As the beasts moved around the battlefield, none dared to step into the grasslands occupied by the three cultivators—one entirely dazed and the other two patiently waiting for the man's awakening.

Yan Xiaobao finally woke after eight hours. As he did, his usually blue eyes transformed into gold, radiating a glow so bright they resembled two miniature suns.

He felt dizzy, light-headed, and a bit nauseous; yet aside from that, his body brimmed with energy. His rank had risen to the ninth position of Duke Level—an astonishing leap in cultivation, unlike anything he'd ever heard of.

Not only him but Wan Qiao, Li Meilin, the wolf Yan Xiaobao, and Lan Feng had all witnessed his power surge, leaving them deeply shocked. His power was now at least double what it had been before, a feat most could only dream of.

Though his rank had soared considerably, this was not the greatest benefit Yan Xiaobao had gained from his trance. His mind was now brimming with insights into various facets of existence—insights into combat techniques he'd spent time refining, insights into his elemental affinity, and most importantly, insights into the world he inhabited.

He now understood what it meant to be a part of the world; he now saw why merging entirely with an element posed dangers. He grasped the concept of becoming one with the world—abandoning one's self and transforming into something else entirely. He also realized what he needed to advance to the King Team. However, he lacked sufficient spiritual energy to break through to higher levels—a fact that simultaneously irritated and excited him.

Spiritual energy was something one could always improve upon. If he focused completely on refining it without any distractions, he could possibly break through to King-level within one or two months. A broad smile spread across his face at the thought.

As he smiled and laughed, Wan Qiao's hand suddenly transformed into a claw, creating a clean cut on his cheek and extracting three drops of blood to store in Xiao Yu's small box.

The sharp cut on his cheek yanked Yan Xiaobao back to reality, which was precisely what he needed. After politely nodding at the two women, Yan Xiaobao slowly stood and stretched his body, feeling as though he'd been sleeping for days.

"I didn't expect you to wait for me," he remarked casually as he glanced at Wan Qiao and Li Meilin. Rising to his feet, he scanned the surroundings and took in the sight of the blood-soaked battlefield. Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but frown at the scene—a chaotic mess of corpses piled everywhere, with blood and scattered limbs littering the ground.

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Chapter 558 Three Souls Linked Together

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The two girls didn't answer. They just stood there, smiling at him, waiting for him to say something about what had happened to him. Both of them believed he held the answers they truly wanted to hear, and they were right. These two women, Lan Feng and the Werewolf, had long figured out what had transpired, but it was something Yan Xiaobao wished to keep to himself. Though they looked at him expectantly, he kept his mouth shut.

Within his Dantian Cave, both the wolf and bird agreed with his decision. They grew increasingly silent, offering him only the simplest explanation of what had occurred. Truth be told, even Yan Xiaobao was

waiting for the full story. He knew they wouldn't tell him unless he was alone in his room without disturbances.

Wan Qiao noted his silence and nodded in agreement. If it were her, she wouldn't say anything either. Transforming into a giant bird, she grabbed Li Meilin in one claw, placing her on her back. Wearing an expression of distaste, she turned to Yan Xiaobao.

"Find your way home. Don't even think about being late. I'll give you one week. If you don't return within the week, I'll personally make sure you never walk back into the world outside again."

Hearing this, Li Meilin was stunned once more. Listening to this strange beast boy talk about wanting to leave the Divine Domain right before her, she was utterly baffled.

But before Li Meilin had time to think further, the great eagle soared into the sky. In mere moments, the two figures vanished into the distant horizon, leaving behind a young man with a furrowed brow.

Before his consciousness entered his Dantian Cave, Yan Xiaobao once again sat on the grassy field, crossing his legs. The three souls finally connected as one.

"What is this about?" Yan Xiaobao curiously asked upon seeing the wolf after glancing at the bird. "I know it has something to do with the Werewolf, but I don't know why or how."

"I'm not called Wolf," the wolf said gruffly. "If you want my insight, then learn to be a bit more respectful."

Hearing the growl, Yan Xiaobao shrugged, not paying it too much attention. He and the wolf were the same being, merely different reincarnations. Though they were alike, Yan Xiaobao couldn't shake the uneasy feeling that he was missing something important in their relationship.

Thinking this, Yan Xiaobao sighed and shifted his focus to the bird, waiting for Lan Feng to explain so they could begin making their way back to the capital.

"When he passed away, you became the wolf of a divine spirit," Lan Feng began explaining. "As you may have already sensed, when you channel the wolf's power, your physical strength rises by an entire level. That's because of the higher rank he held upon his death."

"That's also why what happened today transpired. As a god, the energy he wielded belonged to the World Power of the Ancestors. When you take the beast's form, a portion of that God-level essence lingers within it. The battle, where you exhausted all your energy, triggered a reaction from your beast core, drawing the energy it required. The beast core within your Dantian Cave is undoubtedly divine, the rarest core in existence. A core so valuable it couldn't be bought with mere money."

"You possess one such core yourself, which means in certain scenarios, you can control the World Power of the Ancestors and martial power. This truly is a blessing!"

"I can control the World Power of the Ancestors and martial power?" Yan Xiaobao asked, stunned. His entire body suddenly tensed, for this was the most remarkable news he had ever heard. If he controlled martial power, he could easily defeat the other kings he had fought against. But before he could savor this revelation, his brow furrowed. "How does he control the World Power of the Ancestors and martial power?" Yan Xiaobao abruptly asked.

"I'm sure only Divine Beasts can generate martial power," Yan Xiaobao recalled a past conversation with the Phoenix. He remembered it perfectly.

"That's for normal beasts," Lan Feng scoffed, "Any beast that ascends to the divine rank automatically becomes a Divine Beast."

"Oh," was all Yan Xiaobao could mutter in response as he looked at the wolf in the Dantian Cave. The wolf certainly appeared powerful, yet Yan Xiaobao still felt as though something was lacking—whether it came from himself or the wolf. Both felt somewhat out of sync when facing each other.

Shaking his head, Yan Xiaobao resolved not to take any further action; instead, he focused inward on his own sensations. His spiritual energy had already soared to the final star of the Duke Level, slightly unsettling the balance of his cultivation base. Returning to the capital wasn't a bad idea, as it would allow him to challenge beasts and stabilize his cultivation base. Determined, Yan Xiaobao managed to make his way back to the capital on time. He dashed to the city's central palace, where Wan Qiao was waiting for him. Knowing she awaited, he hurried as quickly as he could, recalling the greetings they had exchanged during their very first meeting at the palace. The memory of her firm slap still stung his mind.

Wan Qiao had just finished meeting with a delegation sent by the Siban Empire, a group that included Saints, and now had much paperwork to deal with. She had lost many guards whose families needed this mournful news, along with the financial aid to sustain them now that their livelihoods were gone.

While some received tragic news, others who had excelled in battle were promoted or rewarded for their outstanding performance. Wan Qiao's task was to ensure these warriors were properly compensated while assisting those who would never see their loved ones again.

#### Chapter 559 Three Souls Connected Together\_2

In this Beast Kingdom, fortunately, there were only beasts. In the end, if they couldn't manage themselves in the cities, they could choose to return to the forest and unleash their beast instincts. Then, they could revert to their original form.

When Yan Xiaobao returned to the Capital, he was excited and hopeful, fervently wishing that Wan Qiao's mood would be cheerful. He couldn't help but wonder what kind of training awaited him now.

Although Yan Xiaobao was happy to follow the training arranged by Lan Feng's caretaker, he couldn't suppress the peculiar feeling as though someone was tugging at his soul; as though he had missed something entirely apparent.

Yan Xiaobao shook his head and mocked himself. Even if something seemed amiss, he couldn't shake the feeling that eventually, he would understand what was happening. Either way, worrying about such feelings wouldn't benefit him. He couldn't afford to concentrate on things he didn't understand. He needed to grow stronger, tougher, so strong that he could return to the Sun Kingdom; strong enough to see his friends who he missed dearly.

When Yan Xiaobao arrived at the palace, he was stopped by a pair of guards. The two guards were pleased to see Yan Xiaobao return safely yet another time. While they wished to block his entry and ensure he couldn't enter the palace, they knew full well that he was Wan Qiao's personal guest. Denying him entry was extremely risky, as they would likely face punishment from their mistress — punishments that ranged from lashes to being personally torn apart by her. Though they were strong beasts, Wan Qiao's strength easily surpassed any beast within the Divine Domain; everyone feared her wrath.

As the two guards glared at Yan Xiaobao, they had no choice but to step aside for the white-haired, slightly disheveled young man. At every turn in Wan Qiao's chambers, the guards who encountered Yan

Xiaobao stared at him intently, but none dared to act beyond that. Each of them held tremendous respect for Wan Qiao.

Yan Xiaobao paid no attention to the guards. His only focus was meeting Wan Qiao to prove he had returned on time. Once that was done, he hoped to return to the training grounds. Reflecting on it, every time Yan Xiaobao thought of the friends waiting for him, his chest tightened with pain. They had been waiting for well over a year. The young man couldn't help but wonder whether they would continue waiting for him.

Clenching his teeth, he saw Wang Julong's figure in front of him. However, as always, she would turn her back and walk away from him, leaving his heart trembling in agony. Her retreating figure left him feeling restless and anxious, worried that it may become reality. Nearly panicking, he hastened towards Wan Qiao's quarters.

Upon arriving at his destination, Yan Xiaobao knocked forcefully on the door. "Enter." A voice from inside answered, and Yan Xiaobao stepped into the room to present himself.

Yan Xiaobao had expected Wan Qiao to be alone in the room, but he quickly discovered Li Meilin was accompanying her. The two women were speaking in hushed tones. Upon his entrance, they halted their conversation and turned their gazes toward him. Li Meilin's surprise was evident in her eyes — it was clear she hadn't expected the young man to return on time. While surprise was plainly visible in Li Meilin's expression, satisfaction was written across Wan Qiao's face.

"Welcome back, my little beast," Wan Qiao said with a smile as she looked at Yan Xiaobao. When she had first taken him under her wing, he had been a blank slate, filled with immense potential yet in disarray. But now, as she gazed at him, she saw a young man who exuded strength. His cultivation foundation seemed no longer uneven or erratic; instead, it was evidently stable. The young man carried a certain arrogance and confidence that he had never displayed before. Witnessing this transformation, Wan Qiao could easily envision him as the perfect pillar of stability.

"I will need to discuss those mysterious phenomena with you later," Wan Qiao said, intentionally avoiding elaborate details because she didn't want anyone else to discover the secrets hidden within Yan Xiaobao — particularly the woman who represented another Empire here.

Yan Xiaobao understood her meaning and bowed slightly to the two women before stepping out of the room, heading towards the quarters previously assigned to him.

After returning to the Capital, Yan Xiaobao had traveled day and night, incessantly engaging in battles until he finally returned. On his return journey, Yan Xiaobao spent time becoming more accustomed to his newfound power, though he lacked the time to formally cultivate.

Typically, during his travels, he would dedicate each night to cultivation, but this time, fearing punishment for his lateness, he knew he couldn't spare the time to cultivate.

Now that he had returned, it was finally time for him to resume cultivation.

Entering his room, he found that none of his belongings had been touched during his absence. This gave him a sense of relief, as he had worried the guards might seek vengeance. But it seemed he had misunderstood them. While they might loathe him, they wouldn't stoop to such low measures.

Yan Xiaobao shut the door, sat on the bed, and began steady breathing exercises. A faint, involuntary smile appeared on his face as a soothing calm enveloped him. His consciousness entered his Lower Dantian, where his two beasts — a wolf and a bird — awaited.

Yan Xiaobao let out a deep sigh and began roaming through each meridian, including his Dantian, meridians, and veins, to inspect any significant changes within his body. He realized the energy he had absorbed was far stronger than the energy belonging to the Middle Dantian; however, no matter how thoroughly he searched, he was utterly unable to locate even a trace of this astonishingly powerful force. He recalled this force from the laws and realms he resided in — a power known as the Ancestor World's Great Might.

Failing to uncover any indications of this immense force, Yan Xiaobao could only sigh and return to his Lower Dantian to begin cultivating. As he cultivated, he fell into a deep trance. While engrossed in this trance, the blue clouds from one of his Dantian caves began to stir into action.

The cloud left the cave, encircling the unconscious young man. A thin white mist began emerging from his body, condensing into a dense fog from every vein and pore. The mist gradually transformed from white to the grand blue spectacle of a starry sky. Stars shimmered brilliantly within the expanse, their golden radiance glinting magnificently. Soon, one by one, the stars touched Yan Xiaobao's forehead and then slowly dissolved. Immersed in cultivation, Yan Xiaobao was oblivious to everything. The only change he felt was a slight increase in cultivation speed, but he deemed investigating it unnecessary.

After hours of cultivation, every star had been absorbed into his forehead. Yan Xiaobao opened his eyes, furrowing his brows slightly as he wondered what he had just experienced.

Seeing no apparent difference from usual, he shrugged and concluded that he'd find out later whether it mattered. He rose and returned to Wan Qiao's quarters, knocking on her door once again. As before, her voice called for him to enter.

This time, the room was empty except for Wan Qiao. Upon seeing Yan Xiaobao arrive, she smiled faintly, though the smile was far from comforting. Yan Xiaobao had long understood that Wan Qiao's smile often signaled danger. Whether she had arranged for him to fight against another extraordinarily powerful opponent or had concocted a new way to torment him, the threat lingered beneath her pleasant demeanor.

Although she sought to shape him into a steadfast pillar, Wan Qiao couldn't help but think of Lan Feng whenever she looked at the young man, a memory that left her profoundly bored. Fortunately, she had long mastered the art of merging her desire to torment him with her intention to teach him. She felt immense joy crafting training regimens for him from Hell itself. What she hadn't anticipated was the young man's unshaken adherence to her schedule—following it to the letter. While she harbored distaste for Blue Phoenix, she felt pride and maternal affection toward Yan Xiaobao. Eventually, she abandoned her desire for revenge against the bird, focusing instead on honing the skills of this gifted young man.

"Come in and sit," Wan Qiao said cheerfully upon seeing Yan Xiaobao. She gestured to the chair where Li Meilin had sat earlier. At her instruction, Yan Xiaobao sat down, his face showing a gentle smile. He knew Wan Qiao was rigorous in training him, yet he yearned deeply to reunite with his friends and family.

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Chapter 560 Yearning to Return

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Looking at him, Wan Qiao could immediately see he was considering something else. She sighed and sat down in front of him.

"Why are you so eager to return?" she asked curiously. Yan Xiaobao had told her everything about his adventures before. She knew it was because of his friends, but she didn't understand why they were so important to him.

"You've even been betrayed by some of your friends before!" she pointed out, her expression completely bewildered. Seeing the confusion on her face, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but chuckle.

"They're my friends," he shrugged and said. "Even though there's a chance they might betray me. I would rather be betrayed than become someone who distrusts his friends and falsely accuses them. If I'm betrayed by friends, I'll deal with it. But if I push everyone away from the outset, how could I ever succeed?"

Listening to the young man's sentiments about his friends, Wan Qiao sighed and decided not to delve further into the topic. She chose to change the subject. "You said your Lower Dantian had nine caves, didn't you?" Wan Qiao asked. Yan Xiaobao nodded. The conversation was about to turn serious, and he was eager to see where it would lead.

"How many of these caves are open, and what do they do?" she asked again. She knew she'd inquired about this before, but this time she wanted to focus entirely on the phenomenon. The caves were clearly a significant benefit to Yan Xiaobao. Anyone could see how much the first cave had already done for him, although it was unfortunate he dared not explore the others too freely.

Yan Xiaobao hesitated slightly before beginning to describe his internal life. "The first cave contains a beast core and red fog, tied to my red wolf self. You know it allows me to transform into a werewolf."

"The second is the blue cloud. It facilitates faster cultivation, and once I was even able to use it to absorb the energy of others. It's incredibly beneficial in many ways. I've used it extensively before, but knowing that it could eventually carry another soul, I've refrained from relying on it recently."

"Next, in my Dantian, there's a green pearl. The longer this green pearl grows, the more injuries I suffer. But it heals me as well. Unfortunately, it's not very cooperative. Most of the time, it won't assist me, and when it does, it decides how much help it wants to provide. If I take pills, it steals the healing properties from them and uses them to grow. But lately, it has stopped doing that. It seems unwilling to develop any further."

"The last open cave contains wings. These wings absorb Weiwei's energy, allowing me to fly with them. I can't use them often, but I suspect they conceal additional secrets as well."

Listening to all these descriptions, Wan Qiao nodded. Her eyes seemed empty, as if she were lost in thought. Her fingers gently tapped the armrest, and her lips were pursed. Yan Xiaobao knew better than to disrupt her contemplation and instead sat quietly in his chair, pondering the phenomena within himself.

He now understood that these phenomena were connected to his previous lives. They were echoes of who he had been before. However, the depiction of the red wolf in his Dantian Cave seemed somewhat amiss. Why did it have its own soul?

Suddenly, as though struck by lightning, everything became clear to Yan Xiaobao. The spirit inside his Dantian Cave wasn't a soul—it was memories. Yan Xiaobao himself was the soul, and his soul couldn't split into two. He would have noticed such a thing. Instead, he was shocked to realize that the red wolf represented memories of his past life.

Without wasting another moment, Yan Xiaobao entered a state of meditation, his consciousness appearing within the Dantian Cave and rushing toward the red wolf. Until now, Yan Xiaobao had never truly focused on the spirit within, but upon closer inspection, he could see the red body was connected intricately to the Dantian Cave. Reaching out his hand, he touched the red wolf, and as he did, images began to flicker before his eyes.

Some of the images were from his time as a young pup, born amidst the refuse around the rocks. His mother cared for them, teaching him and his siblings how to hunt.

As time passed, the cubs grew up, their bodies absorbing more and more of the Heaven and Earth Essence. They became stronger and more dangerous. As other beasts preyed upon them, their numbers dwindled. Even as a wolf, Yan Xiaobao had endured attacks from humans. While some survived by chance, as time went on, he grew increasingly powerful until he became capable of defending himself.

Time flashed before Yan Xiaobao's eyes as he witnessed how the red wolf found a mate and had cubs of his own. With the wolves growing ever stronger, he fought tirelessly to protect his bloodline. Ultimately, he achieved unparalleled strength, reaching the pinnacle as an entity akin to God!

This beast, who once fought for survival every single day, suddenly stopped. No longer did he find anyone who could rival him. As time wore on, he suffered the loss of his cubs and mate. All of them died of old age, while he merely sat there, longing for the days of life-and-death battles he had once experienced. He returned to their home cave one day where his mate and pups had once waited for him to bring back food.

Yan Xiaobao lived through these memories, unaware of how much time had passed. It felt like an eternity, but even though it seemed immeasurable, it had raced by in an instant. At last, another God appeared—one who challenged the red wolf. The two fought fiercely. Day after day, they battled, reigniting the wolf's sense of vitality once again.