

Medical 561

Chapter 561: Yearning to Return_2

As memories surged into Yan Xiaobao, the red wolf in the Dantian Cave became increasingly transparent. A smile appeared on the wolf's face, and mixed emotions could be seen in its eyes. Emotions from the memories flickered in its two eyes.

Suddenly, the red wolf disappeared. The only thing left was the red mist and the beast core in the Dantian Cave, but unlike before, it no longer felt full of life. It no longer had its own opinions and life. No, now it felt like there was an extra Dantian; one that completely belonged to his Dantian Person. He now fully controlled this energy. He had become the red wolf. He had always been the red wolf; however, he had never noticed the memories that made the two merge.

His eyes had been closed for several hours, experiencing the memories, later going through the transformation of his body, but finally, he just opened his eyes and saw Wan Qiao looking at him with curious eyes.

"You smell like a beast now," she pointed out. "You no longer have Lan Feng's aura; you have your own. What happened?"

Hearing this question, Yan Xiaobao slyly smiled as he activated his Beast Transformation. Things had changed. He was now the red wolf and the white-haired boy. This also meant he was strong enough to maintain his beast form as long as he wanted. It no longer required him to use Fog Energy to maintain his form, but when attacking, he was still limited.

Yan Xiaobao didn't form a dual personality, but after merging with the wolf's memories, he still didn't change. His character was now more certain of himself and his ability to become God. He had walked this path, and doing so again wasn't as hard as before; however, it did require him to work harder and harder.

He and the wolf had always been the same person, yet Yan Xiaobao had never been able to guess this because he didn't understand that the memories were those of the wolf inside him.

Recognizing these phenomena as true memories of a past life, Yan Xiaobao no longer feared using other phenomena. He felt that having all the memories was what made him feel complete, and he pleaded with his eyes as he looked at Wan Qiao.

"I'll tell you tomorrow. I need to go home and train now," he said, standing up and rushing home to his room before waiting for an answer. He continued to sit on his bed, releasing the blue cloud from his Dantian Cave. The white mist once again enveloped the entire room, then transformed into a night sky filled with thousands of Constant Stars, entering his forehead one by one and disappearing.

The reason the cultivation initially started to hurt was due to the intense energy that had entered his body in the past few weeks. Every time he cultivated, the blue cloud would act on its own and force the sky to appear. Stars came from the clouds, continuously flooding into Yan Xiaobao's head. They filled Yan Xiaobao with energy that he couldn't pinpoint.

To grit his teeth, Yan Xiaobao focused on his Lower Dantian, as he continued to force his body to ignore the pain and cultivate. He hoped the blue cloud could soon consolidate into memories, yet the only thing he gained was a massive headache. Forcing the cloud to solidify seemed far more difficult than he had anticipated.

Although this garnered everyone's attention, and the pain as if someone was hammering his head didn't disappear, he soon found himself cultivating all night. Groaning in pain, he slowly stopped and felt the thing that wrapped around him. A warm blanket wrapped around him like a black moonlit sky, as his exhaustion and pain slowly disappeared because this blanket seemed to seep into his skin.

After the blanket, Yan Xiaobao was surprised to see how it slowly turned from a huge black blanket into a piece of blue cloud, then found its place in his lover's Dantian Cave.

Yan Xiaobao deliberately used the blue cloud to help himself because he wished for it to turn into memories, but that was not the case. Instead, the young man understood what it was doing for his body. Something he did not know.

Yan Xiaobao sighed deeply, deciding not to think about it anymore. Instead, he got up and went to Wan Qiao's room. Although he should follow his training schedule, he wanted to inform Wan Qiao of what had happened first. He felt his training plans would change in any case, since he was now able to fully control his Wolf Form. Yan Xiaobao no longer relied solely on Lan Feng's power. Whenever he was like a wolf, he was now as strong as a King. Although he still couldn't compare to the Emperor, he had the ability to fight against any King-level expert and expect to win.

With a smile on his face, the young man walked towards Wan Qiao's room. When he walked in, he saw a beaming smile on the woman's face, completely surprised.

"Tell me what happened," she asked curiously, recalling that the young man suddenly had the scent of a magical beast, leaving the night before. The scent of a magical beast with magical powers.

"It was me," Yan Xiaobao said with a smile. His words made no sense to the woman, who was he?

"The wolf was me," he explained. "The wolf was the memory of my past life. Now we are one, he and I, are the same person. I am the red wolf!"

This was something Yan Xiaobao and Wan Qiao had known for a long time, yet despite knowing, what Yan Xiaobao said now was a shock to Wan Qiao. She suddenly felt foolish. Of course, they were the same. How could there be two souls?

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Wan Qiao's lips curled into a smile because she understood what Yan Xiaobao was saying. "You need a new training schedule!" she said with an excited grin on her face.

When Yan Xiaobao saw the happiness in Wan Qiao's eyes, he couldn't help but let out a bitter smile. She quickly walked toward a table, where she found some paper and a pen, and swiftly began drafting a new training plan for Yan Xiaobao. Seeing the cunning smile on Wan Qiao's face, he couldn't help but let out a deep sigh, almost kicking himself for having revealed the truth to her. Still, he knew that her training, though somewhat resembling torture, was extremely effective. This was also why the young man accepted her training schedule.

Yan Xiaobao patiently waited for the training plan to be completed. When he received the document and saw the volume of training that had been assigned, his eyes widened in shock. Not to mention, almost his entire time would involve carrying weights.

One positive aspect of the training was that she wanted him to train in his wolf form. He wouldn't be fully human, nor would he be completely beast. He would resemble many of the other Beastmen in the city. Rushing toward the training grounds filled him with excitement. With a howl, he transformed into a half-beast, half-human form. Unlike before, it now felt so familiar. It was as natural as brushing his hair or changing his clothes. As a half-human, half-wolf, Yan Xiaobao felt an enormous surge in his strength. He sensed his muscles swelling and his legs bursting with explosive power.

His training began with running, and Yan Xiaobao was deeply amazed by the strength he felt within himself. Although he didn't start off frantically, his speed had already far exceeded what he had been capable of before. His body had now grown stronger, and he finally understood why Wan Qiao had increased the intensity of his training like she had.

While following the training plan, Yan Xiaobao paid no attention to anything happening around him. Instead, he focused solely on following the directives Wan Qiao had written down.

As he ran, a woman appeared at the edge of the training grounds. If Yan Xiaobao had looked at her, he would have immediately recognized her as Li Meilin. She was the woman tasked with keeping everything secure. The one Wan Qiao had personally brought back to the capital.

Li Meilin had spent the previous week living a carefree life, waiting for Yan Xiaobao to return to the capital. She had been given a room and provided food multiple times a day. She wasn't locked away anywhere and was allowed to wander as she pleased. By doing so, she managed to gather various pieces of information she believed were necessary to bring her back to the Siban Empire. Unfortunately, she hadn't figured out a way or a timing that would allow her to escape.

She saw Yan Xiaobao leave Wan Qiao's room and followed him to the training grounds, where she watched him transform into a beast and run across the ground for some time. Then, he continued running, training his body and muscles in individual segments. Watching him work hard, Li Meilin felt surprised; however, what shocked her even more was the amount of time he spent in his beast form. She had previously understood that he seemed unable to maintain this form beyond a certain period, yet now it had been several hours. He trained for hours, yet he remained as he was—his previous Red Werewolf form.

As she considered this, Li Meilin began to wonder if she had indeed mistaken him for a human instead of a magical beast. The more she looked at the young man, the more convinced she became that he truly was a beast. But she had no choice other than to try to approach him and gather some information about this place and how to escape.

A few more hours passed, and Yan Xiaobao, exhausted to his core, reverted back to his human form. His face showed fatigue as he left the training grounds, only to be intercepted by Li Meilin.

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Chapter 563: The Way of Thinking is Very Simple

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"Yan Xiaobao!" she shouted loudly. Her voice pierced through the crisp evening air, her hair disheveled as she rushed toward the young man.

Seeing the woman, Yan Xiaobao frowned slightly. He had promised safety—or at least tried to—for the sole reason that Wan Qiao had commanded him to do so. Personally, he knew nothing about the woman. She was just another person around him, someone he didn't need to concern himself with. His thoughts were simple.

Within the Divine Domain, Yan Xiaobao understood that Frozen General held no real power, but he also knew that General Frozen could easily kill his friends in the Capital of the Divine Domain.

The last warning he was given still echoed throughout Yan Xiaobao's heart. If he became friends with someone, then that person would die. If he couldn't catch the one he intended to kill, who could say he wouldn't take away other friends instead. Therefore, Yan Xiaobao dared not form any relationships. He treated everyone with equal respect, but strangers could never get close to him. The only person who could be considered a friend was Wan Qiao, though their relationship was far from friendly.

Seeing Li Meilin approaching him, Yan Xiaobao was momentarily lost. He offered her a welcoming smile, "Miss Li," he said with a slight bow of his head. "I must apologize for my appearance, but I have just completed my daily training," he continued. He knew she was well aware of this; still, he made an effort to show courtesy.

The woman nodded, indicating her understanding. After a moment, as they walked together toward the main palace, neither spoke a word. Besides a warm bath, Yan Xiaobao considered nothing else that might soothe his aching muscles before delving into a night filled with cultivation. As he wondered about using the blue cloud, his brow furrowed. He vividly recalled the pain it had brought him.

Li Meilin misunderstood his furrowed brows, interpreting them as impatience. She inhaled deeply before hastily summoning her courage.

"Young man, are you human or beast?" she asked uncertainly, unsure if he'd even respond to her. Unlike last time, he now seemed distant, entirely unapproachable.

"Neither," Yan Xiaobao replied briefly before nodding slightly. Turning right, he left the stunned woman behind. Li Meilin narrowed her eyes slightly, her face contorted in displeasure. Lost in thought, she bit her lip, overwhelmed by a bittersweet sensation. It was evident Yan Xiaobao had no intention of speaking with her, but she was accustomed to rejection. In her work as a Senior Observer, she had dealt with reluctant parties refusing to communicate, often taking out their anger on the messenger. If one rejection from Yan Xiaobao was enough to dissuade her from trying again, then her name would not be Li Meilin.

Watching Yan Xiaobao's departing silhouette, a cold smile appeared on her face. She turned around and headed back to her room, her sharp eyes filled with determination as she prepared herself to try again the next day.

After parting ways with Li Meilin, Yan Xiaobao spent no extra time dwelling on her but focused entirely on his own body. All day long, he was overwhelmed by the sheer power inside him. Being a werewolf was simply astonishing. Even pushing past his limits no longer felt as difficult as before. He was thrilled by the speed at which his training progressed.

Out of curiosity, Yan Xiaobao experimented with his full-body wolf form; however, while the transformation was immensely significant, he still lacked the ability to fully control it. The werewolf form granted him greater strength and was much easier to manage.

After a particularly satisfying bath, Yan Xiaobao returned to his room, walking straight to his bed. Sitting down, he let out a groan as threads of blue cloud burst forth from his Lower Dantian. As soon as it happened, he fell into a trance-like state. His entire focus shifted to cultivation, refining the essence of heaven and earth, as white mist rolled off his body in waves. It created an illusion of a night sky, with stars being absorbed into the young man's forehead.

The pain was immense, but Yan Xiaobao persisted. He was no fool; though he couldn't yet control this golden energy or pinpoint the source of his torment, he understood that the golden energy belonged to Wu Wei. He couldn't locate it because it was likely stored in his Upper Dantian, the one he had yet to unlock.

This was all just speculation, but Lan Feng seemed to share the same thoughts as Yan Xiaobao. Seeing the youth transform into a truly mystical beast, the Phoenix within him was thrilled.

Lan Feng usually kept a low profile within the Divine Domain. Though it was his homeland, hearing Wan Qiao regarded as the supreme existence there shocked him. He wasn't entirely amazed by Wan Qiao's strength, but the fact she was still alive stunned him profoundly. Their relationship was notably strained, and for that reason, as long as Wan Qiao's training methods were followed, Lan Feng refrained from teaching Yan Xiaobao anything directly.

Despite his disdain for Wan Qiao, Lan Feng approved of her training plan. Long before she took on the role of caretaker, he had utilized it himself. Now, knowing Yan Xiaobao required the best preparation to stand a chance against his enemies, Lan Feng ignored his animosity toward Wan Qiao, feeling exhilarated by the youth's steady growth in power, day by day.

When morning broke, Yan Xiaobao endured yet another night of unbearable pain. Nonetheless, his gaze remained resolute. Though the suffering was immense, if it made him stronger, then he'd willingly march into Hell itself. To acquire the strength needed to rise to the pinnacle, to stand at the summit as a master among masters, Yan Xiaobao believed he would do whatever it took.

Chapter 564 Simple Way of Thinking_2

Yan Xiaobao had his own life goal. Initially, his hope was to reunite with Li Fen, but as the years passed, he realized that while she occupied an important part of his life, she was still a figure from the past. The reason he wanted to see her was to close a Chapter in his life, one that continued to occasionally trouble him.

When Yan Xiaobao thought of Li Fen, he suddenly saw another woman standing in front of him. She was someone he had known for years. She was proud, yet slightly aloof. She cared for others but often remained quiet. She was gentle and warm, making him feel as though he had finally found the most important part of himself. She was Wang Julong. He remembered how his heart started to race. Yan Xiaobao sighed and looked out the window, thinking that somewhere, this beautiful woman might be waiting for his return. His eyes sparkled once again, filled with determination. He resolved to train as hard as he could, matching the dedication of his body with his unwavering spirit. He trained so fiercely that he would be able to return to Wang Julong and his friends. Feeling nostalgic as he thought of Wang Julong, a twinge of pain formed in Yan Xiaobao's heart. He couldn't help but let out a deep sigh, and with his newfound resolve, he opened the door, ready to step into the training field, where he would once more endure hellish training.

Just as he opened the door and was about to step out, he froze in his tracks, spotting Li Meilin standing outside. She was apparently waiting for him to come out. Seeing this, he couldn't help but frown. While he intended to be respectful to others, he felt unease around this woman. She was far stronger than him, and she obviously knew it. She worked for the Siban Empire and was clearly here to gather information about Divine Origin cultivators.

As a capital resident, Li Meilin had access to any information she desired. She had long heard of the Forest King, and when she discovered that the Divine Domain had over 64 Holy Name Experts, she was astonished. That number equaled the total number of Saints in the other three kingdoms combined.

This was information she very much wanted to report to the Siban Empire. She knew the Empire had sought large swaths of Divine Origin lands for a long time; however, if they were to go to war, Siban would likely cease to exist. She couldn't allow that to happen, which is why she contemplated any possible way to return to the human world—the world she felt she truly belonged to.

"Yan Xiaobao, your name is Yan Xiaobao, isn't it?" she asked curiously, her face shining with a smile that seemed somewhat seductive as she stepped closer to the young man. Li Meilin was quite a mature woman. She was aware of her alluring curves and captivating face, ensuring that her figure was revealed just enough as she approached the young man with an enticing smile on her lips.

"I'd really like to be your friend," she said sweetly. "I hope we can grow closer. Why don't you tell me a little bit about yourself?"

Yan Xiaobao was startled by the girl who was evidently flirting with him. He instinctively stepped back and carefully retreated a few steps, prepared to scoff. He ensured that the woman couldn't get too close to him. Although she appeared older than Yan Xiaobao, this young man had lived on Earth before, where he had encountered many attractive young women. Becoming the target of another Hui Clan member surprised him to some extent, but he wasn't easily swayed by women. He politely smiled at her to give her a chance to understand his lack of interest before he began acting rudely.

"Miss Li, I fear you're wasting your time on me," he said courteously. "I am merely an ordinary member of the Divine Origin Beast Family. I can understand why you might find it strange, considering you're the only true human here, but I'm afraid I have no time for you, as I must adhere to the rigorous training schedule personally designed for me by the esteemed Wan Qiao."

To remain polite, Yan Xiaobao bowed in respect to the woman, and without giving her a second glance, he walked away, his feet taking him to the training field.

When he arrived at the training field and realized Li Meilin hadn't followed him, a glimmer of relief appeared in his eyes. While he wouldn't easily fall for her cheap tricks, he knew her persistence far

exceeded his expectations. Though he had been rude the previous day, seeing the woman return earlier this morning made him attempt politeness.

The woman wasn't following him now, but he felt this was far from over; her persistence was giving him a headache. Despite his desire to leave the Divine Origin Jungle, he wasn't ready to leave yet. His time in the underground dungeon had taught him that even with Lan Feng by his side, Yan Xiaobao was still weak—extremely weak. If he encountered Zhong Hui again, he knew it wouldn't end as easily as last time. Yan Xiaobao's eyes grew cold as he shook his head. Wang Julong's image resurfaced in his mind, and Yan Xiaobao's gaze gradually turned resolute. He needed sufficient strength to protect himself and his friends.

Yan Xiaobao stopped dwelling on the matter and began to run. Running was always his first exercise as it warmed his body and prepared his muscles for the grueling training to follow.

Whenever Yan Xiaobao shifted into werewolf form, his physical prowess and cultivation equaled that of a king. His strength rose rapidly; however, Yan Xiaobao's goal was to reach King-level in human form before rejoining his friends. When he achieved King-level as a human, his werewolf form would advance to the late King-level, capable of fighting early Emperors. At such a level, he would undoubtedly be able to protect his friends in the capital.

Understanding his goal, nothing could deter Yan Xiaobao from working hard. During training, he barely thought about anything happening around him; his focus was entirely on his regimen. Because of this intense focus, he didn't notice the young woman standing nearby. She unconsciously tapped her chin, her dark storm-like eyes fixed displeasingly on him. Her gaze narrowed, and all she did was watch the young man train, while all the other beasts in the training field paid her no attention, fixated solely on their own training.

Finally, Yan Xiaobao completed his session, only to find the same woman standing before him. This time, her face bore no seductive smile. Instead, an angered expression played across her features—an emotion Yan Xiaobao hadn't expected.

Looking at him, Li Meilin seemed to have decided to stop playing games, muttering only two words: "Let's escape."

Hearing these words, Yan Xiaobao raised a brow. However, he too wanted to escape. After some thought, he decided to shake his head, refraining from answering the woman. Instead, he walked right past her, refusing to allow himself to be tempted by her suggestions. Seeing this complete lack of

response, Li Meilin's face turned sourer and more frustrated, but she could do nothing but watch the young man walk away.

As Yan Xiaobao departed, Li Meilin suddenly noticed Wan Qiao standing nearby, a fake smile on her face and her hand raised in a beckoning gesture. She motioned for the young woman to come over.

Though Li Meilin disliked living amongst Wan Qiao and the Beast World, she dared not defy the Forest Queen. She slowly approached the Single-Horned Jasmine Hawk, her heart pounding in her throat from fear that the young man might have informed Wan Qiao about her conduct and proposal to leave.

Wan Qiao's face remained expressionless, though there was a faint smile on her lips. Her hand continued to beckon Li Meilin closer.

When they finally met, Li Meilin wore an expression of confusion mixed with worry, while Wan Qiao maintained her enigmatic smile. "I hear you want to leave," Wan Qiao pondered aloud, lightly tapping her arm as if lost in thought. "Leaving isn't impossible," she continued, her words sparking a flicker of hope in the young woman's eyes. Hope fought against disbelief for a place in Li Meilin's gaze, her lips parting slightly before closing again. The statement left the woman utterly stunned. Hearing this, Li Meilin's eyes gleamed with hope and joy. She immediately bowed deeply to Wan Qiao before rushing towards the capital, eager to gather as much information about Divine Origin as possible. As Yan Xiaobao continued his training, she would strive to learn everything she could within Divine Origin, aiming to bring as much knowledge as she could back to Siban.

Li Meilin didn't notice the smile or subtle expression on Wan Qiao's face as she left. Wan Qiao's bright and radiant eyes seemed unconcerned by Li Meilin's excitement over the escape opportunity, never considering why such permission had been granted.

With Li Meilin now allowed to leave, she ceased trying to draw Yan Xiaobao's attention. Instead, she immersed herself in gathering information wherever possible.

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Chapter 565: Day After Day of Training

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Li Meilin wasn't the only one rushing forward. Due to day-by-day training, Yan Xiaobao was full of resilience. He swiftly returned to his daily guardian battles, his combat power continuously growing stronger.

Yan Xiaobao didn't understand what Wan Qiao wanted from him, but ever since she assisted him in his training, he felt deeply grateful for her help. One evening, when Yan Xiaobao had finished his training, he saw Wan Qiao waiting for him. She nodded politely, and he once again followed her to her room.

When they arrived, they sat indoors, silent for a long time. Neither Wan Qiao nor Yan Xiaobao said anything; the two simply sat there, watching each other for a while.

Finally, after a few minutes passed slowly, Yan Xiaobao cleared his throat and looked at Wan Qiao expectantly. Day after day of training had left him feeling his body's strength swelling, growing, making him strong enough to defeat ordinary King-level experts.

"When I send you back to the sun, I will bring Li Meilin to me, letting her return to the human world," Wan Qiao said, observing Yan Xiaobao's reaction. When she noticed the frown on his face, her eyes gleamed.

"I bet you're wondering why," she said with a knowing smile as she read his expression. "Think about it. So far, whenever someone enters the reason we call home, everyone ends up dead. Imagine the joy they would feel when someone brings information back to them. But once they learn of this information, their joy turns to tears. Training humans is far more difficult than training beasts. They don't have as many Holy Name Experts. Imagine how terrified they'd be upon hearing about our Forest King." A mocking smile crossed her face.

"Yan Xiaobao, you may not realize it, but the war drums are calling us. Our beasts are about to reclaim what rightfully belongs to us. Our beasts are about to reclaim what rightfully belongs to us." Upon hearing these words, Yan Xiaobao was instantly shocked, his mouth agape, his mind reeling. Magical beasts roamed across the continent, yet only in the Divine Domain had Yan Xiaobao discovered these humanoid beasts living in their own society. He could guess this had something to do with the Dark Era and the great sins of the past.

When he was younger and attending the academy in Liluo City, he first heard of the Dark Era and the great sins. As for what happened then, he was told he wouldn't know until he grew stronger—strong enough to become an Upper Dantian Expert. The truth of this world was an enormous secret.

The young man sat in Wan Qiao's room, gasping for breath as he listened to the explanation. He waited to hear news from this woman who seemed to have lived through the great changes happening in the world.

Seeing the excitement and eagerness in Yan Xiaobao's eyes, Wan Qiao couldn't help but chuckle. After smiling briefly, she raised her head and stared directly at Yan Xiaobao.

"Long ago, when the great ancestors still roamed the continent, the land was filled with magical beasts and humans. Some villages were dominated by humans; others by beasts. Humans and beasts lived side by side, with some even interbreeding. Life was simpler back then—humans and beasts were like wolves and cats, merely different species."

"When the great ancestors went to sleep, their sons took over. Although things changed slightly, it wasn't significant for the masses. Years flowed by, decades passed, thousands of years flew by without any alteration—until one day the four sons vanished. Their castles became ruins, and from those ruins emerged a young man. He was but an Emperor, yet his strength exceeded even that of a Saint. Anyone who opposed him either died or was defeated. Those who weren't killed were sent to the prison he had created."

"This young man was named An Hee. He became the most powerful being on our continent. As he ascended in power, he declared himself the savior—the savior of humanity. He claimed he was a slave who grew up fighting against darkness, a world filled with misery."

Pausing briefly, the woman stood motionless before beginning to sing a small song:

"Behind the Dark Era lies the great sin,

A sin so great, darkness shall forever win.

Sin is embedded deep within our souls,

Darkness itself achieves its goals.

A hero is born from the chains of this life,

A hero who rebelled, breaking free from strife.

As rebellion rose, blood poured like rain,

The darkness washed away, freedom could reign.

A reborn world lay in ruins, wasted and torn,

Even now, freedom remains the prize we mourn."

Hearing the song made Yan Xiaobao remember a book he once read at the academy. Back then, no one knew what the great sin truly was; however, everyone knew of the Dark Era.

"This song was composed by An Hee himself. He stood before all and promised them a world belonging solely to humans. At first, no one followed him, but as his strength was revealed and openly displayed, hundreds of families followed him after the disappearance of the four Great Saints, the sons of the great ancestors. Those hundreds of families, along with An Hee, executed any creatures who dared to live like humans. He killed all humanity and showed no mercy even to children."

"To An Hee, the only thing that mattered was exterminating all impurities," she spat out the word 'impurities,' her eyes as dark as a moonless midnight. To Yan Xiaobao, her anger was palpable, and the young man could vaguely guess how this story ended.

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Yan Xiaobao learned for the first time the name of the opponent he and Lan Feng swore to kill together.

"Tell me more about An Hee," Yan Xiaobao asked, looking at Wan Qiao. "Alright," she agreed, clearing her throat, trying to dispel the anger still simmering inside her. "He's a human cultivator. Four thousand years ago, he was active in our world; however, he withdrew from worldly affairs a thousand years ago. No one knows where he is now or what he's doing. Either way, he's a brilliantly talented boy, even if I don't want to fight him. As for why he disappeared, we can only speculate."

"He once resided in the Central Palace, but whether he's still there now, no one knows." Wan Qiao fell silent. "Over the past thousand years, many things have happened in the world. The time has come for our beasts to try to return to the rest of the world. Our beast clans far exceed the Divine Domain. There are many beasts we must hunt among ourselves. I don't want us to continue this anymore. I hope we can resist the humans who caused the Divine Domain to seal itself off for so many years."

"If he shows up, what will you do?" Yan Xiaobao asked curiously, noticing a sly smile on Wan Qiao's face. "I've lived a long life," she shrugged. "We'll bet on him not interfering. I think he's sitting somewhere, perfectly content to watch all these people struggle to survive."

Yan Xiaobao sat in silence for a while. He would never take such a risk, but he understood that he was far younger than Saints who had lived for thousands of years. For those who had experienced everything life had to offer, their final wish often was to raise their heads high once more and retreat freely to the lands where they had dwelled for years. Although they were safe within the Divine Domain, to the beasts, it felt more like a prison than a sanctuary. To see Wan Qiao take this step, one could understand the immense pressure she faced as the most powerful being in the Divine Origin Forest.

"Why are you telling me all this?" Hui Yue asked, gazing at Wan Qiao in contemplation. A wide smile suddenly broke across his face as he posed the question.

"The most talented young man who ever lived on this plane back then was An Hee," she said with a hint of expectancy in her voice. "He was strong. At just thirty years old, he reached the rank of Emperor. But you... you are different. With the special help of these strange phenomena, you might achieve the rank of Emperor even sooner."

"You want me to become the new An Hee?" he asked curiously, glancing around the room, uncertain if he had guessed correctly. He knew he wasn't very enthusiastic about his own appearance. He wasn't sure if he was willing to get involved in the war.

"This war requires talent," she sighed. "If you can't survive it, you'll have no chance of fighting An Hee. Why not see it as a learning experience? I swear we'll guarantee your friends' safety."

Hearing this, Yan Xiaobao cared little for the conflict between humans and beasts. The only thing he truly cared about was his homeland and his friends in the Capital. Hearing Wan Qiao promise their safety, he was somewhat inclined to help her. He had undergone a transformation himself and

understood the urge for freedom. He understood that for beasts, being confined within the Divine Domain wasn't an easy way of life. While holy ranking experts could leave as they pleased, lower-ranked beasts were not so fortunate.

All Divine Beasts in the Divine Origin Jungle had long been consumed, and the beasts feasted on one another. Given the hostility between beasts and humans, the beasts would prefer eating humans.

That said, these beasts weren't shy about fighting one another. While they possessed human intelligence, they were, at their core, pure beasts—beasts fighting for survival, devouring their kills, and living off instinct. Even Wan Qiao, who seemed completely human, was filled with murderous intent at the thought of humans. If she were a beast, her feral self wouldn't hesitate to devour a few humans.

This was something Yan Xiaobao couldn't picture himself doing. Although he felt like a magical beast and knew he could fully immerse himself in that identity, he still couldn't bring himself to eat humans. He had been raised among humans, and most of the people in his life were human.

Letting out a deep sigh, Yan Xiaobao felt as though he were perched on the edge of a cliff, one wrong decision sending him plummeting to his doom. However, if he could push past this, his strength would multiply tenfold. Where did his loyalties lie? Would he side with the beasts, or would he support the humans?

No matter his decision, for now, he had no choice but to befriend the beasts. He was in Unihorn Eagle City, the capital of the Divine Domain, surrounded by beasts. Returning to the Sun Kingdom's capital also relied on the beasts in front of him. Thinking about all this, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but feel a bit anxious.

Although Yan Xiaobao felt this way, he was unwilling to fight his friends and family or place his friends in a disadvantageous position, forcing them to choose between him or their own friends and family. Although they were safe for now, was it truly possible to guarantee the safety of everyone connected to Yueyue? Where was the line? Where were the limits?

Thinking along these lines, Yan Xiaobao looked at Wan Qiao, recalling the first time he met her in the Divine Domain. It was clear she had been deeply enraged by this young man and the Phoenix within him, but now she had completely changed, actually viewing him as a pivotal figure in her future plans. He hoped he wouldn't regret what was being offered.

"To be honest," Yan Xiaobao said, his face weary, "I need to know what exactly your beasts are trying to achieve. Who are we fighting, and why are we fighting them? What do we hope to gain from this struggle? Do we want control over the entire continent? Do we want a kingdom? Do we want to blindly slaughter humans?"

"I truly can't give you an honest answer at this point. I know so little about your plans."

Hearing this, Wan Qiao's eyes narrowed slightly, and she sighed. "I understand," she said. "I suppose I've been a bit too hasty."

Taking a deep breath, she noticed Yan Xiaobao focused entirely on her. A sly smirk appeared on her face, as if she were preparing to say something cunning.

"We won't aim to conquer the entire continent. We'll either settle in one of the kingdoms or intimidate two neighboring kingdoms enough for the Magic Village to establish itself within their borders. We wish to outlaw the hunting and enslavement of humans. We really only want freedom, though we haven't decided what form of freedom we seek. Perhaps you're ready to take on greater responsibility and help us? After all, you're someone who can see what's possible, unshackled by growing up in the Divine Domain."

Every word Yan Xiaobao heard darkened his expression and worsened his mood. Was this war nothing but a game for this revered expert?

"Wan Qiao," Yan Xiaobao called her name. His tone was bitter, his gaze sharp. "Are you telling me you're waging war against humanity, but none of you know where you're headed, or who exactly you're fighting? And all you know is that you're fighting for freedom?" He felt nothing but disdain for the Single-Horned Jasmine Hawk's almost cavalier attitude toward the whole matter.

"In truth, I haven't discussed this war with anyone else," Wan Qiao admitted. "You're the first I've spoken to, because I feel you're heaven-sent. You're both beast and human; you're living proof that humans and beasts can live in perfect harmony, something I know the beasts within the Divine Domain have long missed." Her face grew somber as she spoke, but Yan Xiaobao was left utterly stunned by her words.

"War isn't a simple matter," he said, unaware of how this woman, who had lived for so many years, viewed it as though they could plan one together over a cup of tea.

"We need infantry. We need cavalry. For the sake of nobility—or in the Divine Domain, for the Forest King—we need warriors and cultivators ready to die."

"Do you even have an army?" he asked, feeling entirely drained of energy by the conversation. In his studies of history, Yan Xiaobao had become well-versed in war. He had even written a paper on China's famous work, *The Art of War*. It had given him a deep understanding of the truth about war.

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Chapter 567: Need to Understand Both Yourself and the Enemy

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"To win the war, we must understand both ourselves and our enemy. Simply forming an army and entering a random nation won't be enough to hope for victory. Doing so would ultimately cost us more lives than we can afford to lose. The first thing you need to figure out is: what is the purpose of this war? What exactly do you want? Yes, you've said freedom, but in what form? Do you want to take over a kingdom? An empire? Do you intend to wage war on both places simultaneously? Do you want the Divine Origin to expand and surround another kingdom, or do you seek coexistence with humans?"

Yan Xiaobao sighed deeply, feeling a headache coming on. Wan Qiao's eyes sparkled as she gazed at him, her lips curling into a grateful smile.

"I knew you would excel at this," she said with a laugh. "So, what's the first thing we need to do?" she asked, catching Yan Xiaobao completely off guard. It seemed she'd been toying with the idea of a prolonged war all along. But then, she was a magical beast. She wasn't used to planning and preparing for everything beforehand.

Yan Xiaobao sighed again, deciding he might as well help this woman. By assisting her, he would have some power to protect the people he cared about in the Sun Kingdom while granting the beasts the freedom they truly desired.

"First, gather all the Lords of the forest," Yan Xiaobao said with a sigh. "We need to hold a meeting as soon as possible. First, we need to determine whether they're even interested in participating in the war. Second, we need to learn about their territories. I need to know how many guards and soldiers each of them has. I need to understand their possible terms, the locations of their lands, and the distance each must travel to meet up with the main army; I believe this will be your guards and soldiers from the capital."

"We also need to uncover what these Lords truly want when they speak of freedom. Do they want to expand the Divine Domain? Do they wish to coexist with humans in the same world? I genuinely don't know what they want; all I can do is talk to them."

Wan Qiao was thrilled by the flood of words pouring from Yan Xiaobao's lips. She had already decided she wanted to start a war, but in her world, the only way she planned to wage it was by bringing in numerous Saints and crushing the Saints from the other three kingdoms. This would render them powerless and allow beasts to take over everything. That might work to a certain extent; however, it was unlikely to help those lower-grade beasts who ventured into human territories. The humans could easily capture them and force them into beast contracts because Lords couldn't be everywhere at once.

Yan Xiaobao sighed once again, pondering what the most beneficial solution might be. "Wan Qiao, I hope you can invite all the Forest Lords and have them arrive as soon as possible," he said as he stood up slowly. "Before they get here, I will focus on my training. Please try not to throw anything too overwhelming at me, or I fear I won't be able to handle it," he said with a sigh, bowing slightly before leaving the room slowly. After Yan Xiaobao departed, Wan Qiao ran around excitedly to prepare for dispatching the Forest King, summoning them to her castle.

While Wan Qiao was filled with energy and gratitude upon hearing Yan Xiaobao's words, she also felt joy seeing that the young man was willing to involve himself in war preparations. This was exactly what she had hoped for. As a magical beast, strategy wasn't her strength, nor was she good at the practicalities of war. To her, power was the only thing that mattered. If she possessed power, she had everything she needed—in this situation, that belief was proving flawed.

On the other hand, Yan Xiaobao was not energized by the situation at all; instead, he felt both shaken and uncertain about how to proceed. While he held several military strategies in his mind, to find the best path forward, he needed to know exactly what the beasts were seeking.

After spending some time in Chenyuan, Xu Yuan realized he still didn't fully understand the world of beasts. He hadn't noticed their deep desire for freedom. Pondering this, it became clear to him that the

Divine Domain didn't house any ordinary beasts, which in turn explained why Divine Beasts had to turn to each other for food.

To Yan Xiaobao, this wasn't unusual at all. While living in Liluo City and traveling to the Magic Forest where his parents resided, many magical beasts preyed upon each other, especially lower-intelligence ones like boars, rabbits, birds, and deer. For him, magical beasts hunting other magical beasts was simply natural, yet from what Wan Qiao had said, this was uncommon. Now, it had become so dire that intelligent beasts were hunting other intelligent beasts, leading to the plight of the Single-Horned Jasmine Hawk.

Yan Xiaobao could somewhat understand the Hawk's predicament and genuinely wished to help, yet he wasn't certain how to do so. Deciding not to dwell further on the war for now, Yan Xiaobao returned to his room, where he sat down and began cultivating. He never missed a night dedicated to refining the Heaven and Earth Essence. With his eyes closed, his soul grew quieter as it absorbed the essence, gradually purifying and refining it further into spiritual energy.

The night passed, and Qing Yue woke early the next morning. Unmindful of the war situation, he headed to the training grounds, where he began working on his training regimen. Every day, he could feel his body gaining strength, and while his physical prowess increased, his ability to harness internal energy improved as well. The spiritual energy circulated faster than ever before, allowing him to use greater amounts at once. It was astonishing how much of a difference this made to both his body and his mind during training.

Chapter 568: Need to Understand Both Yourself and the Enemy_2

Initially, Yan Xiaobao didn't notice anything different. He ran through the fields as usual, but suddenly he realized something was amiss. Usually, when he arrived, many guards would be present on the field. After completing his training, Yan Xiaobao would ask some of the guards to assist them. This helped him improve his combat skills; however, today, he didn't see any guards on the battlefield. It was as if they all had been called away. Seeing this, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but frown, wondering if it was related to the conversation from a few days ago.

As it turned out, that was indeed the case. Wan Qiao had dispatched many guards as a delegation to summon the sixty-four Forest Lords. Each of these lords was significant to the Divine Origin and worthy of respect. That's why the delegation needed to be large and bring gifts to demonstrate Wan Qiao's goodwill. Although she was rumored to be the strongest person in the forest, even she couldn't fight against the other sixty-four lords alone.

Hearing Wan Qiao's decision to handle it this way, Yan Xiaobao could only nod in agreement. Although he found the One-Horned Jasmine Eagle to be quite poor in advance planning, she at least understood the proper way to invite people to her capital.

Although many guards were sent with the delegation, there were still many guards within the capital; however, because Wan Qiao ordered them to patrol the city and surrounding areas, Yan Xiaobao hadn't seen them.

When the lords arrived, undoubtedly, they would bring their personal guards. It was Wan Qiao's responsibility that these guards wouldn't cause trouble within her territory.

These Forest Kings were all high-profile experts. The citizens within the Divine Domain knew this was the first time in a millennium that someone had called together all these experts for a meeting. Gathering all these saints in one place was both prestigious and risky. Despite the risks, the moment Yan Xiaobao suggested it, Wan Qiao instantly dispatched her guards to invite these experts. Her actions didn't show the slightest hesitation.

The young man sighed deeply, knowing there was no turning back now. All he could do was use the knowledge he had gained in his previous life to keep the Sun Kingdom safe; thereby keeping his friends and family away from this war between beasts and humans.

Thinking of this, Yan Xiaobao reaffirmed his resolve, recalling the thirteen Chapters from War Art during his training, along with other Roman and Greek warfare tactics that might be useful in the impending war.

When he knew there was no turning back, this young man who had never prayed before started to pray, emitting a slight hissing sound. He prayed for God to watch over him, someone, An Hee, who showed no interest in keeping the world away from magical beasts. If he waited for the war and decided to participate, Yan Xiaobao feared that no matter what he did, his little book, along with his previous knowledge, would be worthless. Against ultimate power, strategy was futile.

After completing his training, Yan Xiaobao returned to his room from the training ground. Since there were no guards allowing him to fight like before, even if there were, Yan Xiaobao didn't have time to fight today. What he needed to do was to write down some things from memory. He needed to write down the Art of War.

He sat in his room, trying to remember the book's content.

"Sun Tzu said: The art of war is of vital importance to the state." The first sentence came to him easily, but the rest was vague. Gritting his teeth, he almost felt as if he was struggling. It had been many years since his past life, and even so, he hadn't written a book report in years.

Without remembering the exact words, Yan Xiaobao wrote down what he could recall, and before him, the language began to appear. Finally, after some time, the first Chapter of the Art of War was nearly fully written.

The first Chapter is about making plans. It's about preparing for war, a Chapter he needed to write before the Forest Kings arrived at the capital. He needed to be ready to showcase this.

"This is a matter of life and death, a road to safety or ruin. Hence, it is a subject that requires careful exploration."

"Therefore, the art of war is governed by five constant factors, to be considered in one's deliberations. These five methods are used to measure your strength and compare it with the enemy, to see who holds the advantage in warfare. These five constant factors first include the moral law, followed by Heaven, third Earth, fourth the commander, fifth is methods and discipline.

"The moral law causes people to be in complete accord with their ruler, so that they will follow him regardless of their lives, undisturbed by any peril." At this part, Yan Xiaobao felt satisfied. He had once seen how beasts were willing to die for Wan Qiao, but whether other lords held the loyalty he needed to find out.

"Heaven signifies night and day, cold and heat, time and seasons." These were indeed things he needed to consider. Until he spoke with other lords, he wouldn't be certain.

"Earth comprises distances, great and small; danger and security: open ground and narrow passes; the chances of life and death."

"The commander stands for the virtues of wisdom, sincerity, benevolence, courage, and strictness."

"Methods and discipline should be understood as the arrangement of troops in their proper divisions, the gradation of officers, the maintenance of roads to supply the army, and the control of military expenditure."

Remembering all five major parts, Yan Xiaobao recalled most of the first Chapter of the thirteen Chapters when the final letter was written on the paper before him. If many Forest Kings truly wished to wage war on humans, Yan Xiaobao would emphasize the importance of ensuring they followed correct preparations.

He knew the lords didn't grasp the Art of War, just as he knew Wan Qiao didn't know how to wage war.

All of this meant he needed to see which monarch was the most renowned? Which country benefited from Heaven and Earth? Which side had the strictest discipline. Which army was the strongest? Which side had well-trained officers?

In viewing these points, he should be able to determine which side would win; however, the final thing he couldn't account for in his considerations was An Hee. He was an unpredictable factor, and when it came to deciding who would be the victor, all his plans would be futile.

Yan Xiaobao sighed deeply, feeling uneasy. It was as if this immense figure had always been faintly present above him. Truthfully, Yan Xiaobao didn't feel he truly needed to use the Art of War, as he had many saints and an entire horde of beasts by his side. It was well-known that beasts were stronger than humans of the same level, and all the guards were King-level or above. This army was one that any country on the African Continent would fear and dread facing.

Suddenly, a loud cheer could be heard from outside, prompting Yan Xiaobao to stand up, curious about what it was. He left the room and walked towards the castle entrance, where a group of guards stood. Everyone was bowing in respect to a short, stout man. This man was at most one and a half meters tall; his waist nearly equaled his height. A small white mustache adorned his face, and he was bald. Initially, the man's strange appearance left Yan Xiaobao staring with his mouth agape; however, he soon realized this man was not to be underestimated.

Multiple guards accompanied this man. Some of these guards were the ones Yan Xiaobao had seen before. These belonged to Wan Qiao and the capital, while the others wore blue suits. Everyone stood quietly and respectfully behind the bald, short man.

An energy ripple emanated from the old man as he made every movement, his body filled with strength. Observing this man, Yan Xiaobao finally understood that he had seen the first Forest King apart from Lan Feng. This man truly seemed to enjoy food, but his eyes were filled with wisdom. The man raised his head and looked directly at Yan Xiaobao, ignoring the guards around him, including those from the capital and his own.

"You there," he said, his clear and powerful voice resonating in the castle courtyard, his eyes locked onto Yan Xiaobao.

"I've never seen you here. Who told Wan Qiao to summon all of us? What exactly is going on. Don't tell me you've been suggesting her so-called ideas of war." He continued, his face slightly sour, his voice brimming with authority. Opposite this man, Yan Xiaobao felt a strong pulsating energy rushing towards him, clearly not in a friendly manner.

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Chapter 569 He is Not Alone

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If Yan Xiaobao were alone, he would have been crushed under the pressure of this man; however, he was not alone. Once the strong man appeared, he and Lan Feng changed their stance entirely. The two were now two Holy Name Experts confronting each other. When their auras collided mid-air, faint explosive sounds could be heard.

"You're not too bad, kid," the bald man finally said as he withdrew his aura. The moment he acted, Lan Feng relinquished control of his body to Yan Xiaobao. The two of them exchanged a look with arched eyebrows and a conspicuous fake smile curled on their lips as they faced the bald man.

"So, young man, why don't you take me to meet that lovely lady, Wan Qiao?" he asked suddenly, his tone shifting to friendly. A radiant smile stretched across his face, and his demeanor transformed completely. Noticing the change, Yan Xiaobao felt slightly uneasy but still respectfully nodded and bowed to the man. "This way, please," he said politely, guiding the man toward Wan Qiao's private chamber.

Yan Xiaobao knew this woman preferred spending her time in her private quarters rather than her office, so he led the man directly to her room. He wondered if this was a wise decision. Still, he did not

have the mind to confront a Saint he didn't understand. All the drama could be dealt with by Wan Qiao. Her ideas allowed all these Saints to visit her city.

Upon reaching the door, Yan Xiaobao knocked gently. A voice rang out, "Enter," commanding firmly yet with apparent focus, which piqued Yan Xiaobao's curiosity.

When he opened the door, he stepped aside and allowed the expert to enter first. Then he followed, only to see Wan Qiao engrossed in reading a stack of papers that looked astonishingly familiar. Staring agape, he quickly realized the documents she was studying were the very ones he had prepared just before hearing the guards in the courtyard.

As for how those documents had ended up in Wan Qiao's private chamber, Yan Xiaobao had no idea. Seeing his papers there, he couldn't help but feel startled. At the same time, a shiver ran down his spine. Could it be that Wan Qiao had been monitoring him?

Wan Qiao greeted him with a brilliant smile, appearing completely unfazed by the work in her hands. Instead, she waved cheerfully, her grin growing wider.

"Yan Xiaobao, this is incredible!" she exclaimed, her face beaming with admiration and her eyes fixed on him as though he were a genius. "Who would have known you're so skilled in the art of war? You even wrote thirteen Chapters. This Sun Master demonstrates exceptional mastery! Why have I never heard of this before?" Wan Qiao was brimming with excitement, and her attitude toward Yan Xiaobao changed dramatically, as if she no longer viewed him as subordinate but as an equal.

Yan Xiaobao wasn't sure he liked this newfound position since he quickly realized Wan Qiao was entirely different from what he had anticipated. She wasn't the composed and elegant woman she had grown into over the years; her mind was vibrant, like that of a spirited youth enjoying life. Though she had accumulated much wisdom and was a renowned Cultivation Master, her thinking was often simple and impulsive, driven by sudden whims.

Yan Xiaobao hadn't yet fully understood that the entire concept of war might just be something Wan Qiao had dreamt up long ago. Yet, knowing she had the ability to plan and prepare for it, this long-held dream felt tangible. As she spoke with Yan Xiaobao, she discovered the young man filled the void she had been seeking. Hearing her words, Yan Xiaobao began to wonder how the other Divine Origin Lords truly perceived this woman.

From the few exchanges they had shared, Yan Xiaobao discerned that Wan Qiao had harbored thoughts long ago that did not align with other Lords. However, Yan Xiaobao had unknowingly made it easier for her to articulate these ideas clearly. How long had this been going on?

Realizing this, Yan Xiaobao slightly bowed to the two Lords before him and excused himself as he left the room. He returned to his own chamber, needing to think about what to do next.

As he exited the room, there was a thunderous crash followed by a pounding noise that made Yan Xiaobao wince in pain, reminding him of the slap he had received on his first visit to Wan Qiao. It seemed he wasn't the only one to fall victim to the Divine Origin Queen's strikes. Much like Yan Xiaobao, the bald expert appeared too slow to dodge and ended up soaring from a slap he would remember vividly. As for the bald expert's claim about appreciating the welcoming gesture, Yan Xiaobao wasn't certain and didn't stay to find out. He quickly strode away toward the room he hoped to retreat to until the expertise of the group had fully assembled. His task was to attend the council and explain the War Art he had provided to Wan Qiao, hoping...

Just as Yan Xiaobao anticipated, he remained focused on enhancing the essence of heaven and earth as he heard group after group of guards return to the castle. Cheers echoed from the courtyard, and soon hurried footsteps could be heard outside his room as the guards sought spaces to settle themselves. Many guards arrived, endlessly chattering, and even though Yan Xiaobao never opened his door, their voices were audible outside.

While hiding within his chamber, Yan Xiaobao successfully improved a significant amount of spiritual energy, elevating his mood. Although he understood he was now part of something much larger, his ultimate aim remained to reach a King's level so that he could leave the Divine Domain and reunite with his friends. However, another reason Yan Xiaobao focused on refining his methods was primarily because of An Hee.

Chapter 570 He is Not Alone_2

Four thousand years ago, he knew his goal had always been to stand at the pinnacle of power. Clearly, he had not grown weaker over the millennia. What was worse, it seemed as though he had vanished from the surface of the world. He appeared uninterested in the evolution of the world, which suggested he might have left the plane or simply enjoyed watching petty humans struggle in their mundane lives.

When most of the foreign guards arrived, Yan Xiaobao ceased his physical training. Looking out the window of his room, he could see the training grounds, which were filled every day with guards wearing various uniforms. They constantly sparred amongst each other, competing to see who was the strongest.

All these guards were King-level or above. To Yan Xiaobao, their battles carried significant risks—although he could defeat King-level senior experts, he had nothing to do with these new guards, making it uncertain whether they would show leniency. They were much stronger than Yan Xiaobao. Though he wished to improve his combat prowess, he was uninterested in risking injury during this critical period. The duels on the training grounds seemed utterly ruthless, as if they were fighting to determine who ruled the strongest county.

Yan Xiaobao let out a deep sigh, realizing it was the first time he hadn't followed Wan Qiao's training plan for him. He decided to take this moment to thoroughly evaluate its impact on his body.

Yan Xiaobao had long since succeeded in defeating the King Team. Whenever he entered his beast-like state, his strength far exceeded that of his human form. His power and mist-like energy were on par with a King-ranked magical beast, elevating his combat prowess by an entire level!

Whenever Yan Xiaobao was in his human state, as long as he was not fighting particularly formidable individuals, he could easily overpower early King-level senior experts. His spiritual energy was exceptionally pure. It was pure because it was refined from Pearl White Qi cultivated by Yan Xiaobao in his youth. While spiritual energy was weaker than martial power, the gap between him and early King-level opponents wasn't significant. Through raw physical strength, he could overcome this disparity.

Training his physical body marked Yan Xiaobao's most defining difference. Though he hadn't become bulky, he managed to amplify his strength tenfold. His muscles were lean but brimming with vitality. When Hui Yu examined his body, pride was evident as he noted its transformation, power coursing beneath the skin. After a moment, a smile appeared on his face.

Just as Yan Xiaobao was about to assess his internal strength, there was a knock at his door. The young man opened his eyes as he walked toward the door. He had anticipated being summoned soon; however, it had only been three days since all the Lords had traversed Divine Domain at such an astonishing pace, leaving Yan Xiaobao surprised. As he passed through the castle, guards became a ubiquitous sight. It was as though the castle had turned into a gathering ground for the military.

Seeing so many senior experts manage to arrive at the capital so quickly left Yan Xiaobao amazed. It had only been three days since the delegation left to demand the convening of the Forest Country conference. The entire upper echelon of Chenyuan had gathered in this small, cultivator-filled castle.

The ones sent to fetch Yan Xiaobao were two of Wan Qiao's guards, accompanied by two Unihorn Eagles. Both guards looked displeased.

When Yan Xiaobao first arrived at the castle, everyone mistook him for a Holy Name Expert. However, that misconception was dispelled when he began dueling one guard after another. The young man seemed to harbor a distinct dislike for Wan Qiao's guards. It was clear he was inferior to many of them; nevertheless, he had still managed to capture the attention of their revered Wan Qiao.

Yan Xiaobao paid no mind to the guards, focusing solely on his training and raising his cultivation level.

When Yan Xiaobao didn't head toward Wan Qiao's private residence, the guards were a bit taken aback. He assumed the woman would want to speak with him before attending a meeting involving all the senior experts of the Divine Domain. Frowning, he asked the guards, "Where are you taking me?"

Glancing back at Yan Xiaobao, neither guard answered. Instead, they continued walking. Finally, Yan Xiaobao halted, crossing his arms in front of his chest. He looked at the two sour-faced guards and said, "I won't take another step until you tell me where you're taking me. For all I know, you could be tossing me into some purged dungeon where I'd never be able to leave."

Though his tone was rude, the white-haired young man didn't care in the slightest, especially after noticing the earlier glares from the two guards.

Before either of them could respond, a collective sigh escaped the pair. One of them finally opened his mouth, saying, "The lady ordered us to fetch you. She commanded it herself, so just follow us and stop asking questions."

"That won't work," Yan Xiaobao replied immediately. "Every time Wan Qiao summons me, I'm taken to her private residence. This clearly isn't the same route to her private residence, so I demand to know where you're truly taking me."

As Yan Xiaobao spoke, the expression on the guards' faces seemed to shift; their spirits dimmed. Yet neither dared to treat him too unkindly. It was evident that if he complained to Wan Qiao, disaster would surely befall them.

"The lady isn't in her private chambers; instead, she's in the library. I believe Mr. Pan is with her," one of the guards finally sighed. "Now that you know our destination, please follow us and cease your questioning. This isn't a public meeting."