

Medical 571

Chapter 571 He is Not Alone_3

Upon hearing that he was about to enter the library, with a lord present, Yan Xiaobao became curious. At first, he wanted to ask where this library was, but after pondering for a moment, he fell silent. It was better not to push his luck too far. Besides, he did not doubt that these guards were taking him to Wan Qiao. They all revered her, and it was impossible for these guards to disobey her orders.

What truly piqued Yan Xiaobao's curiosity was the identity of this Lord Pan. He was likely the Forest King, but so far, Yan Xiaobao had only seen that pudgy man who had suffered misfortune months ago. In some ways, he hoped it was this man; he had already felt a certain kinship with him, having endured a similar fate.

Before long, they reached a massive wooden door made of heavy timber. Just like the door leading to Wan Qiao's private chambers, the center of this door was carved with a vermilion bird, flanked by engravings of the sun and moon. The same craftsman must have carved this door, as it bore a similar design.

Standing before the door, Yan Xiaobao was taken aback. He stared at the bird that almost seemed to shimmer on the door, his mouth agape.

While Yan Xiaobao was absorbed in admiring the carvings, one of the men cleared his throat several times, then knocked on the door, loudly declaring, "Lady Wan Qiao, this humble servant has brought Lord Yan Xiaobao. Please permit entry for this lowly one."

The voice snapped Yan Xiaobao's attention back to the guard standing before him. This man was an expert who had served the late King. Undeniably, he was someone not to be underestimated. His strength certainly surpassed Yan Xiaobao's—unless that youthful white-haired man was about to transform into a werewolf.

"Enter," a melodious voice granted permission, as elegant and graceful as ever, as if accompanied by thousands of blossoms and butterflies. The gentle resonance of the voice felt warm to the listener's ears. To Yan Xiaobao, however, it was undoubtedly a façade.

The woman they all revered was not as kind-hearted as she portrayed. She was not the calm and composed figure everyone expected. On the contrary, she was a strong-willed woman with bold ideas.

However, she was fully aware that while she harbored these ambitions, she lacked the sophistication to carry them out safely. Thinking about this made Yan Xiaobao's emotions toward her increasingly conflicted. He was deeply grateful for all the help she had provided—her training had proven to be the most effective he had ever undergone. However, her aspirations and desires for the future were not merely grand but overly ambitious, not only for her but also for the Divine Domain. Clearly, she lacked the necessary military insight, something that made Yan Xiaobao deliberate over his decisions more carefully.

With this in mind, the heavy wooden door opened before him. Nodding to the two guards, Yan Xiaobao stepped inside.

What greeted Yan Xiaobao inside shocked him. It was the largest library he had ever seen. It was even larger than the academy library in Liluo City. Bookshelves behind bookshelves were arranged in circular formations, and in the center, Wan Qiao was seated. Beside her stood a tall, lanky man with a hooked nose. His sharp eyes, long eyebrows, and a chin adorned with an extended white beard gave him a striking appearance. He was dressed in a magnificent white silk robe.

The elder in the white robe fixed his astounded gaze on Wan Qiao as he looked at Yan Xiaobao. "This young man... is he the one who wrote that astonishing work you showed me before?" he asked, his voice filled with incredulity, his eyes nearly popping out of his head.

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Chapter 572 War Art

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Although this man was full of incredulity, Wan Qiao's eyes held a trace of amusement, but outwardly, her face appeared solemn, and her voice steady. She nodded and replied, "Yes, this man is indeed the one who wrote this work titled 'War Art.'

"Indeed, his age is quite young," Wan Qiao began, casually sipping a cup of tea. "He may appear young, but he already has the ability to handle experts ranked at the King level. His beastly transformation is completely different from ours. It greatly enhances his strength. Not only that, he is capable of proposing tactics that we beasts lack. Even if we desire to be as intelligent as humans, we lack the ability to plan and develop complex strategies. We are beasts—simple creatures. However, if An Hee were to arrive, this young man might even be able to save us!"

Upon hearing Wan Qiao's words, Yan Xiaobao wanted to stop her. His tactics were absolutely not sufficient to contend against someone with absolute power like An Hee.

Seeing Yan Xiaobao opening his mouth, ready to refute her, Wan Qiao made a gesture with her hand, and the young man found himself soaring through the air before landing neatly in front of Lord Pan and Lady Wan Qiao.

"Come, sit down," Wan Qiao said with great interest. "When I read the masterpiece you wrote, I was utterly astonished!" she began, her voice filled with excitement, the stoic impression people had of her now entirely dissipated.

"Then tell us, Hui Yue, who is the Sun Master? We've never heard of him before, but if he truly created an astonishing book titled 'War Art,' then how is it we hadn't heard of him until now?" Wan Qiao asked, her gaze full of anticipation, her body language perfectly conveying her genuine curiosity. She sat at the edge of her chair, hands tightly clasped, her legs bouncing up and down impatiently.

Yan Xiaobao remained silent for a long time. Then, with a heavy sigh, he pondered how to explain his knowledge of the Sun Master. After a moment of deep thought, the young man finally came up with an idea.

"When I was young, I lived in a very poor village on the outskirts of the Magic Forest filled with Divine Beasts. We rarely had visitors since no one could locate our tiny village. However, one day, when I was six or seven years old, a man appeared before me," Yan Xiaobao began, his tone mysterious and grandiose, as though recounting a fairy tale. To his surprise, Lord Pan and Lady Wan Qiao were staring at him with wide-open eyes. Their breathing was slightly uneven, and they seemed thrilled, hanging on to every word he spoke.

"The man claimed he was not from this continent. When I asked him whether there were other continents, the old man merely laughed at me. He told me the world was far larger than I could ever imagine. Anything I could think of existed within this universe. Though this world might be small, other worlds were as vast as the endless sky itself. When I inquired about these unending tiny continents comprising the world, the man laughed at me again."

Yan Xiaobao paused momentarily, allowing the two Saints before him to fully grasp the implications of what he was suggesting. This person was someone who possessed knowledge of the existing universe. Not only was there one world, one continent, but the land of the Four Divine Beasts was merely one patch within an endless array of planes.

"The man's name was the Sun Master," Yan Xiaobao said after a pause, his voice trembling slightly as if recalling a figure of great renown. "He stayed with me for a few days, sharing the knowledge he had acquired from his many travels between worlds. He was undoubtedly a figure who eclipsed most others, and the strongest person I have ever seen."

Yan Xiaobao's face turned red, as if he was recalling one of his most cherished memories. His eyes sparkled as he gazed into the air, seemingly lost in reminiscence about what had transpired. For a long time, he said nothing, until Lord Pan's mounting anxiety finally broke the silence. With a trembling voice, he whispered, "What happened then?"

It was as if Yan Xiaobao was startled awake, gazing momentarily at the man before him. A sorrowful expression flashed across his face, and he sighed. "That's all. One day, he stopped visiting and never shared his knowledge with me again. One day, it all came to an end—he disappeared, never to appear again. I assume he went to one of the vast places he had told me about, but honestly, I don't know. He might even be hiding somewhere on this continent."

Yan Xiaobao concluded his tale, his face truly showing regret, as though he genuinely missed someone. He took pride in his restraint, knowing full well that he would never reveal to these people that he had been reborn from another world. If they found out, it might bring trouble to both Yan Xiaobao and Lan Feng.

"Interesting story," said an amused voice inside Yan Xiaobao's mind. The white-haired boy almost made a face upon detecting the sarcasm in the tone. Lan Feng had spent much effort pretending not to be around as they approached Wan Qiao, but this time, even his impressive acting skills couldn't keep him from forming an opinion.

Chapter 573 War Art_2

Certainly! Below is the translated text:

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"What do you think will happen?" Yan Xiaobao asked his friend tentatively, seated inside the Dantian Cave.

"Well, Wan Qiao always manages to get what she wants. I don't think you should try to hinder her war ideas. However, if you can make it safer, so that the magical beasts can gain more territory, then I'd prefer that. Do your best to act within the limits of the nations we know. Personally, I'd suggest the Siban Empire."

"We know Li Meilin from Siban," Yan Xiaobao said with a bitter smile, gesturing to the Blue Phoenix with a sneer. "To communicate with us, they sent what appears to be a delegation. But what they've done is enslave our citizens. They think that because they hold power, they can do whatever they wish. I dislike them."

"Look at the options; we can either head to the Spanish Empire or the Sun Kingdom," Lan Feng continued. "While we don't know much about the Sun Kingdom, you're still here with your friend's family. War against the Sun Kingdom will turn chaotic, so they'll use your abilities to stand against Siban. Yes, we'll fight innocent humans, but they were the ones who first tried to enslave innocent beasts."

Lan Feng understood this point deeply, and Yan Xiaobao could only agree. Though he opposed seeing innocent people die, he had to make a choice between one nation or the other. Wan Qiao had already convinced herself of the necessity of war. Now, all Yan Xiaobao could do was attempt to plan the war in a way that minimized casualties on both sides while convincing everyone that the Sun Kingdom wasn't the place they should target.

Lord Pan listened intently to the entire story, his eyes wide with astonishment. Neither he nor Wan Qiao had ever doubted this young man before. Usually, these two weren't naive, but they hadn't encountered the Sun Master. From just glimpsing a small portion of the "Art of War," they both immediately understood that the unknown individual from the Divine Domain was someone from another world. He must be a God, traveling between worlds. Even Saints like the lady and the Lords from the Hui Clan treated a being like that with the utmost respect when confronted with a God.

"I'm fortunate that this young man encountered such an esteemed expert during his childhood," Lord Pan finally exclaimed. "I've heard there are thirteen Chapters in the book, "Art of War,"" he continued, "and all the Lords with their guards will take days to arrive here. If you manage to complete the writing of the entire book, it would greatly aid us. Convincing the less secure Lords to participate in the war will be instrumental, especially if we have a way to combat An Hee. If we can control him, then we absolutely don't have to worry."

As An Hee was mentioned again, Yan Xiaobao tried to speak once more, but neither Wan Qiao nor Mr. Pan heard him.

"Boy, what is your name?" Lord Pan suddenly asked, looking directly at the young man. At first, he hadn't truly paid attention to the young man, doubting someone of his age could teach the older generation anything. But listening to the story had changed his opinion instantly.

"My name is Yan Xiaobao," Yan Xiaobao replied evenly, neither polite nor impolite, speaking to the Lord the same way he talked with his friends.

Lord Pan paid no heed to the tone of how he was addressed. Instead, he nodded, imprinting the name in his mind to ensure he wouldn't make the mistake of disregarding the boy because of his age again.

"Alright," the Lord nodded, "I am Pan Long of the Firewing Mountains," the man said. "I am a Blood-maned Eagle. As for whether you're truly human or beast, I'll grant you the benefit of the doubt. But you are undoubtedly one of the most fascinating beings I've ever encountered. A holy beast's aura mixed with the scent of wolves, with spiritual energy spinning around you like a human's. Seeing you, I understand why Wan Qiao ultimately decided to act." The man revealed a faint smile as he accepted the fact that Yan Xiaobao wouldn't disclose exactly what he was.

"I hope you complete the writing of the entire Art of War before the meeting with all the Forest Kings. Persuading them all to follow suit and take an interest in human wars won't be easy. Many of these Lords enjoy comfortable lives in castles and manors. Convincing them to embrace war requires demonstrating that we can win without sacrificing extensive lives. Your Art of War is precisely what we need." Lord Pan continually praised the artistic strategy, while Yan Xiaobao felt both hopeless and hopeful. It would be good if beasts gained more land, but he wasn't sure if war was truly necessary.

Remembering Lan Feng's words, Yan Xiaobao nodded in understanding. He also realized he had to write the entire Art of War by any means.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, standing from his chair and bowing respectfully to the experts before him, "if I'm to complete the Art of War in time, I must excuse myself. I need to return to my room to finish my work."

Both Wan Qiao and Pan Long nodded in acceptance, agreeing with his words. Yan Xiaobao turned and left the library, only to be greeted by two guards outside the door. Clearly, these two guards were there to escort him back to his room, and none of the three spoke a word as they returned to the room they had initially picked him up from.

As the guards led Yan Xiaobao back to his room, none of the three spoke. The two guards were evidently curious about why Yan Xiaobao had been summoned, but neither asked, and Yan Xiaobao didn't volunteer any information.

When he returned to his room, the two guards nodded in silence, and he entered his quarters without a word. Normally, he would retreat to his bed to begin cultivation, but instead, he moved to the desk and sat down.

"Don't worry about the war too much," Lan Feng said in a concerned voice. He could sense the tremendous pressure weighing on Yan Xiaobao's shoulders and wanted to help ease the young man's burden.

"Wan Qiao is powerful, with so many experts in the Divine Domain. It's only a matter of time before she's compelled to launch into this war. For now, we can use this time to strengthen our bodies, improve our cultivation, and hone our abilities in battle planning and surviving the most dangerous environments."

Hearing this, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but nod. The Phoenix spoke the truth. Clearly, Wan Qiao had decisive intentions when it came to war. The timing of the conflict might be earlier than initially expected, given Yan Xiaobao's appearance, which had disrupted their plans.

Seeking quiet, Yan Xiaobao picked up his brush and wrote thirteen elegant characters in calligraphy:

Calculation or Planning

Challenges

Strategizing Attacks

Positioning

Guidance

Illusion and Reality

Engagement of Forces

Nine Transformations

Movement of Forces

Situational Positioning

Nine Situations

Fiery Attacks

Utilization of Intelligence

After reflecting on these thirteen Chapters, Yan Xiaobao wrote a quick summary for each one. He considered that if he couldn't complete the entire book, he could at least provide a quick explanation and be better prepared for the meeting when the time came.

Calculation was completed, which Yan Xiaobao renamed as "Planning." These were the things people needed to know before deciding if they could engage in war against an opponent.

Challenges briefly outlined the dangers of war. This Chapter warned against some of the fundamental elements of engaging in warfare, and Yan Xiaobao knew as he wrote it that this would rank among the best Chapters, especially considering that he lacked war experience, and it would be the most practical one.

The third Chapter focused on Strategizing Attacks, emphasizing how to strike critical positions and avoid damaging unnecessary sites. Forces needed to avoid destroying the lands they came to conquer. The ultimate dream of the Divine Domain was world domination; however, if they laid waste to the land,

cities, and people, what they'd gain would merely be desolate, barren landscapes. Was that what they truly wanted? Yan Xiaobao wasn't sure whether beasts desired annihilation or peaceful coexistence with humans on new land.

Yan Xiaobao stayed awake throughout the night, his eyes fixed and his mind preoccupied with recalling the Art of War. He spent hours in thought and committed it to memory, rewriting it in a world far removed from Mrs. Sunx's abode.

Xu Yue had been isolated in his room for several days. He hadn't left his chair, immersed in writing his treatise on the "Art of War." He appeared lost in thought, his gaze transfixed on the sheets before him, his memories of the old book and the history of its teachings flooding his mind.

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Chapter 574 The Ninth Star

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In this haze-like state, Yan Xiaobao didn't notice how the day began or ended. He didn't realize that he hadn't left his chair. He had become the bridge between the lives of two people.

Completely absorbed in writing, Yan Xiaobao wasn't aware of how his body was absorbing the essence of heaven and earth. Only after setting down his pen could he feel his strength increasing. The growth was so significant that even Yan Xiaobao was astonished and taken aback.

Previously, he had reached the Ninth Star or Duke Level; however, this time his cultivation base soared to the heavens once again. It rose all the way to the pinnacle of the Ninth Star, bringing him dangerously close to breaking into the ranks of Kings. His eyes sparkled with excitement, and his body brimmed with immense power. Compared to before, his mood had vastly improved.

Just as Yan Xiaobao noticed his strength increasing, he completed the final Chapter of "War Art." Although he tried to re-enter his previous haze-like state, he found it to be impossible. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't voluntarily slip into the state he had just been in. After an entire hour of effort, the young man finally gave up with a sigh.

Day after day, Yan Xiaobao had been preoccupied with building the bridge between two worlds. This wasn't a natural memory or recollection of the past. Instead, it was him returning to that moment, and the bridge evidently brought great benefits to the young man.

Although Yan Xiaobao knew that moving from the Ninth Star Duke to the First Star King Level was only separated by one single star, that single star demanded relentless effort and countless days of cultivation.

Rising from the chair he had been sitting in for several days, Yan Xiaobao stretched out his arms, trying to coax his aching body into motion, and let out a yawn. Noticing he hadn't been summoned yet, Yan Xiaobao stood in the room hesitating for some time. At one point, he felt an urge to head to the training grounds and test his newfound strength in the battles that were constantly taking place.

Having reached the Ninth Star, Yan Xiaobao was now at the late Duke stage. With his recent advancements, as Yan Xiaobao changed, he ought to now be a late-stage King, which filled him with excitement. Previously, he had been an early-stage King, and even back then, he possessed the ability to defeat any King he faced. Would the transformed Yan Xiaobao now have the power to defeat an Emperor?

This thought crossed Yan Xiaobao's mind, and the young man mocked himself with a derisive laugh. *What are Emperor-ranking experts?* They were so close to the pinnacle, surpassed only by Saints and Gods. While King-ranking experts were formidable, it was rare for an early-stage King to defeat a higher-ranked King, though it was still significantly more likely than a late-stage King defeating an Emperor. The difference was like day and night, as vast as heaven and earth. A King simply couldn't defeat an Emperor.

Although Yan Xiaobao couldn't stand against an Emperor, his strength as a King was unparalleled. Moreover, even in human form, Yan Xiaobao was capable of defeating most King-level beasts. Their Fog Energy was formidable, capable of standing against Wu Wei; however, Yan Xiaobao possessed King-ranking Fog Energy even in his human form. To him, his beastly essence was now as prominent as his humanity.

Walking to the window, Yan Xiaobao looked out and saw the training grounds packed with people. Every arena was occupied, and guards from various places were battling one another. Before deciding to leave his room, Yan Xiaobao shook his head several times, realizing how much he needed training.

Yan Xiaobao had never truly trained his body before; however, ever since he entered the Capital and encountered Wan Qiao, his focus shifted to physical training. Now, with the large number of foreign guards surrounding him, he no longer engaged in physical training, which left Yan Xiaobao increasingly restless. His body brimming with energy needed to be spent, but he lacked confidence in his abilities compared to those guards, making it impossible to utilize it.

Now, the situation had changed. As he headed toward the training grounds, Yan Xiaobao left his room with resolute steps. Today, he wore black training attire: a short cloak, a pair of trousers, and small leather boots on his feet.

Arriving at the training grounds, Yan Xiaobao glanced around in astonishment. It looked like a sea of humanity. Everyone was vying for space, their elbows well-practiced to make room for themselves. Some magical beasts, winged and transformed, flew in the sky. Not only was the ground crowded, but the air above was also filled with beasts trying to catch a glimpse of battles, participate in fights, or simply escape the human beasts.

Until Yan Xiaobao appeared. The young man, not wearing any of the guards' uniforms, stood out conspicuously in his black attire, but he paid no attention to the many cultivators. The surrounding cultivators appeared cautious toward the young man.

Surveying his surroundings, Yan Xiaobao headed toward an arena where he noticed a King-level expert had just been defeated. As he approached, the others slowly drew back, allowing the white-haired young man to move freely.

Yan Xiaobao made no effort to conceal his cultivation level, which caused great confusion among the other guards. His aura was distinctly that of a human Duke, but his energy signature clearly belonged to a magical beast—not just one magical beast, but the aura of two combined.

Chapter 575 The Ninth Star_2

Trying to speculate what this young man truly is, they all concluded that he must be an expert hiding his true power or simply aiming to confuse others about his actual situation. Seeing how closely everyone watched him, Yan Xiaobao's face showed a bitter smile as he walked toward the arena, where he always fought against the castle guards.

Inside the arena stood a tall man who was clearly a late-stage King-level cultivator—a King who knew how to fight against others. A large scar marred his face. His eyes narrowed as he gazed at Yan Xiaobao, his crimson pupils revealing nothing but displeasure.

"Kid, this isn't a place for you to mess around," he said in a stern voice. "If you step onto this stage, I will fight you with everything I have. Seeing how weak you are, boy, you'll likely die in an instant."

Upon hearing these words, irritation flashed across Yan Xiaobao's face. He knew he'd always had a fragile outward appearance in the past, but now his features were much more neutral. This wasn't something that truly annoyed Yan Xiaobao, yet hearing this man use his appearance as an argument for his inability to fight, Yan Xiaobao fixed him with a resolute gaze. His steps were neither rushed nor slow as he walked toward the arena, where he leaped onto the stone platform.

"Thank you for your warning," Yan Xiaobao spoke calmly, his voice carrying clearly to every spectator eager to witness the unfolding battle. "Although you've warned me, I can't help but look forward to seeing your techniques in combat."

"Thank you for your warning," Yan Xiaobao repeated, his voice steady and deliberate as the spectators listened intently to every word. "Although you've warned me, I can't help but look forward to seeing your techniques in combat."

Hearing the silver-haired young man's words, the tall cultivator's expression darkened, and rage began to gleam in his eyes. This surprised Yan Xiaobao, who raised an eyebrow. The man had been extremely rude to him; however, as Yan Xiaobao responded in kind, the man's fury erupted. Yan Xiaobao abhorred those who were quick to throw harsh words and bully others but couldn't handle the same treatment themselves.

As he stood on the stone platform, Yan Xiaobao sighed lightly. His expression remained carefree, and he didn't transform into his beastly form. Instead, he casually summoned flames into his hand. The flames were yellow, but within them shimmered small specks of silver. These specks resembled droplets, and observing this odd phenomenon, one couldn't definitively determine the energy source from which they originated.

Seeing the flames, the opponent squinted for a long moment. However, since neither he nor Yan Xiaobao initiated any movement toward each other, the guard had ample time to observe the man and his flames.

Though this individual appeared humanoid, resembling the form of a human, the guard eventually realized that this person might not be as straightforward as he had initially presumed.

For a beast to take on a fully human form, one must reach Saint-level status. But looking at this individual before them, though his aura and the swirling energies surrounding him were chaotic, no one believed he was a Saint. Saints would never stoop to fight Kings—unless it was purely to disgrace higher-ranking experts. As no one in the training grounds had ever seen Yan Xiaobao before, it was impossible for the opponents to insult him.

As the other man refrained from charging directly at him, Yan Xiaobao realized that although this man was provoked, he had not let anger cloud his ability to fight. A sly smile appeared on his face. This battle had the potential to become quite challenging.

"Which God do you serve?" Yan Xiaobao asked casually as he began to manipulate the yellow flames swirling within his palm. Guards typically declared their allegiance openly, because they sought to demonstrate their master's strength by proving their own capabilities. However, this tall opponent hadn't expected such a question from Yan Xiaobao, especially considering he wasn't wearing the uniform of a guard.

Nonetheless, the man immediately opened his mouth to respond proudly, "I hail from Sunfury Ridge. I serve directly under Mr. Liu's guidance. And who do you serve?" He returned the question to the young man before him, primarily out of curiosity. Although intrigued, the man wouldn't have asked if Yan Xiaobao hadn't initiated the question. Yet now that Yan Xiaobao had, the young man was left with the decision of whether or not to answer.

"I don't serve anyone, but I suppose you could count me as a part of the Wan Sect," Yan Xiaobao replied casually, his tone slow and even as his expression remained contemplative, reflecting on who he truly was and what he represented.

As Yan Xiaobao responded, his opponent's eyebrows rose in surprise. His words confirmed that this young man was indeed different from the guards, likely belonging to a class of people they could not afford to insult. Still, he had entered the training grounds to fight, and thus the guards couldn't allow any rudeness or intentional defeat. Even if the cultivator in front of them proved to be someone highly respected, purposeful failure in combat would be regarded as an insult. The guard stood ready to fight with everything he had. While watching the young man before him, he was curious. Even if this opponent required careful tact, it was essential to fight earnestly—not merely to show respect but also to avoid bringing shame to his master, Mr. Liu.

After hearing the answer, the guard adopted a posture Yan Xiaobao had never seen before. One leg positioned in front of the other, his fingers curled as if forming claws, and his face abruptly bore a sharp, bird-like beak. Witnessing this transformation, Yue Yue sighed deeply. Most beasts he had fought recently belonged to bird-type species, and he yearned to face beasts of other classifications.

His decision to back away from a fight now was completely against Yan Xiaobao's style. Instead, a feigned smile appeared on his face. Silver liquid dripped from his left hand onto the flames, causing them to expand, eventually splitting into six fireballs. At the center was a large flame encircled by a fiery pentagram. This flame represented one of Yan Xiaobao's most devastating attacks—an entirely spiritual energy-based assault capable of overwhelming most King-level beasts.

Though its potency was undeniable, Yan Xiaobao still wanted to test its efficacy, and with swift hands, he launched a fireball toward his opponent. The speed of Yan Xiaobao's throw was blindingly fast—so much so that the human eye couldn't track the projectile. Yet, his opponent, being a late-stage King-level cultivator, managed to evade most of the fireballs. Still, one struck him. While it didn't cause significant damage, it inflicted just enough harm to elicit a sense of pride in Yan Xiaobao.

Seeing that the fireball hadn't caused any substantial damage, Yan Xiaobao turned around, summoning a dagger. It was a small black dagger etched with simple inscriptions—a weapon that had accompanied Yan Xiaobao for a long time and held undeniable power.

Activating Velocity Flow, Yan Xiaobao stomped forcefully on the ground, sending up a cloud of dust. Then, as he charged forward toward his opponent, he leveraged the momentum of his stomp to further accelerate.

His movements were unpredictable, his speed astonishingly swift. Many King Ranking Experts observing the battle struggled to keep track of the young man's motion. Although the opponent facing him clearly had no difficulty following Yan Xiaobao's movements, every time Yan Xiaobao launched an attack, his adversary would adeptly evade it. When he failed to dodge, he retaliated, causing Yan Xiaobao to counter again with his rapid agility.

The battle unfolded at an incredible pace, leaving most spectators seeing only blurred exchanges. Their arms and legs moved ceaselessly, weaving between attacks and counters as they dodged and struck at lightning speed.

Currently maintaining his human form, Yan Xiaobao had now reached the level of a Duke. Through the rigorous physical training instilled by Wan Qiao, Yan Xiaobao's stamina had far surpassed the average King Ranking Experts, rivaling even some higher-tier cultivators.

Had the experts devoted equivalent effort to enhancing their physical strength, official comparisons between Yan Xiaobao and the guard before him would reveal whether Yan Xiaobao could challenge a higher cultivation realm. Clearly, the opponent hadn't spent time boosting his stamina. Instead, his focus was centered entirely on internal energy—a path Yan Xiaobao himself had once followed before entering the Divine Domain.

This is why Yan Xiaobao had the physical ability to match this man, ensuring neither held an advantage as they traded blows. After an unbelievably long exchange, Yue Yue utilized Velocity Flow to retreat. He backed away to the distance permitted by the arena, only to see the guard mirroring his move.

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Chapter 576 Securing a Place for Oneself

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The two stood on different parts of the arena. After an incredible rapid exchange, both were panting heavily. Yan Xiaobao's eyes were dark because he understood that the person in front of him was an opponent that Yan Xiaobao, as a human, could not compete against. Slowly, a red mist-like energy began emerging from Yan Xiaobao's body as he commenced his transformation; the shift was unexpected for the spectators.

Typically, your human form correlates to your beast form. Just like birds have beaks or curved noses; their sharp eyes and every aspect of their behavior reflect the traits of their beast form.

Yan Xiaobao was an exceptionally handsome young man, with white hair and blue eyes. Many people initially thought he might be a white wolf, a white tiger, or some other white beast. But now, as they witnessed his transformation before their very eyes, the red fur and taller frame that appeared drew expressions of astonishment from many.

The only ones unsurprised were the Wanqiao Guards. They had seen his transformation long before. While they didn't particularly like Yan Xiaobao, now all of them wore bright smiles on their faces, a shared sense of happiness evident among them.

This arena was a place where people fought either to gain favor from leaders or to earn a bit of fame for themselves. Seeing Yan Xiaobao transform into the red beast, everyone knew he was becoming serious, and when he was serious, he truly was a dangerous opponent. All of the Wanqiao Guards believed Yan Xiaobao was destined to win this fight, and they thought he was likely to secure a seat of honor for Wan Qiao. Anyone who brought glory to Wanqiao was someone they would appreciate.

"Be careful," Yan Xiaobao roared. His voice sounded hoarse and menacing as his powerful hind legs propelled him into the air, closing the distance between him and his opponent to mere centimeters.

The sudden shift in speed and power left the other man momentarily dismayed. He had always been a human beast. Unless he became a full beast, there was no way to further improve his strength. If he transformed the battle into an aerial combat, he might gain an advantage. Though entering his full beast form was a rare occurrence, this man didn't hesitate, he immediately sprouted wings instead of weapons, replacing even his feet.

Seeing this change, Yan Xiaobao knitted his brows. Predicting what the bird-man intended, he immediately swung his arm toward the man. His ferocious swing sent ripples of energy that created a shockwave, disrupting the other man's ascent into the air.

Witnessing his success, Yan Xiaobao smiled faintly and let out another loud howl. Activating his Speed Flow, the wolf's agility surged, making him faster than ever before. Appearing behind the bird-man, Yan Xiaobao raised his hand and replicated an attack he had seen Wanqiao use earlier. With a flattened paw, he struck the bird square across the face.

The moment the paw connected with the face, Yan Xiaobao could feel the force of his swipe ripple into his opponent, sending the man flying before he crashed onto the stage below.

Much like how Wanqiao remained conscious after suffering a slap, this man also stayed awake following Yan Xiaobao's blow. However, as he rose to his feet, his legs trembled uncontrollably, and streams of blood leaked from the corners of his beak. His dark eyes carried a storm of fury as he roared beast-like, charging at Yan Xiaobao from the sky, his claws and beak poised to gouge at him in the most agonizing way imaginable.

The tall man's hatred and anger burned brightly in his features, showing utter disregard for the pain he was enduring, his entire being consumed by the humiliation of being slapped and losing face. The calm and collected demeanor he had before transformed into unbridled rage.

While rage and fury can grant someone significantly increased power, being in such a state often leads them to disregard their own meridians, pushing excessive energy through them. This is a disadvantage, as enraged individuals frequently lose sight of strategy and fail to see a plan through. Beasts driven by anger tend to become simplistic in both offense and defense. This was what made Yan Xiaobao smile. Rage could be powerful, but it needed control—without it, rage would become a weakness instead of a strength.

Watching the fury in the tall guard before him, Yan Xiaobao grew curious about whether the man had let his anger override his rationality or if his mind remained clear.

Noticing that his opponent didn't immediately lash out with a reckless attack, Yan Xiaobao concluded that his anger hadn't completely taken over. He smirked bitterly, cursing his luck. Clearly, nothing was unfolding as hoped, but eventually, he decided it was better this way. In the end, Yan Xiaobao was here to challenge himself, and he had deliberately chosen to confront the most formidable King-level expert in the training arena—someone who would force Yan Xiaobao to focus all his attention.

As he concluded that the man before him had full control of his body, Yan Xiaobao feigned a smirk, his claws surrounded by blood-red mist. The mist spiraled around him, slowly solidifying into a protective barrier encasing the young werewolf. More energy began to emerge, and with a flick of his hand, three large crimson claws condensed into shockwaves, unleashing a thunderous attack toward the towering opponent.

Chapter 577 Securing a Place for Oneself_2

The claw shockwaves were the most common attack for Yan Xiaobao in his wolf form, but after merging with memories from his past life, Yan Xiaobao had gained profound new abilities. Seeing his shockwave miss its target, he finally seized the opportunity to try another ability he had learned but never had the chance to use.

Until now, Yan Xiaobao had never utilized the red wolf's elemental affinity. He still did not completely understand how it worked, but the moment the red fog emerged on his body and slowly condensed into flames, his entire body appeared to ignite. As the attack he was about to use was considered Yan Xiaobao's ultimate strike, he retreated backward, as it required time to charge.

Although the attack required a charging period, his entire body was protected by the flames enveloping him, and he could continue to attack with his limbs.

The flames behind him began gathering into a massive flaming wolf head. When this wolf head appeared above him, the weather suddenly changed from sunny to stormy. The wind howled as if a full wolf pack was crying behind him. Finally, Yan Xiaobao let out his own loud howl. The attack he was about to unleash was anything but simple.

The howling grew louder, and the wind intensified. The entire crowd was stunned as they saw a 20-meter-tall wolf head swirling around Yan Xiaobao.

Initially, Yan Xiaobao only wanted to test the power of this attack. However, now that he realized just how powerful it truly was, he also understood he couldn't use it now. If he were to unleash the attack, it would not only kill the tall man before him but also most of the King-level experts within a 20-meter radius.

This attack truly deserved its title as the ultimate strike. It was an attack invented by Wolf Hui Yue during his time as a God Expert, clearly showcasing the immense strength of wolves. The attack required an enormous amount of Qi energy, making it executable regardless of a beast's rank. As the wolf was born from fire, it also relied on the wolf's innate fire elemental affinity.

The true reason this attack was so overwhelmingly powerful lay in the elemental affinity Yan Xiaobao had inherited from the previous Wolf Yan Xiaobao. This affinity, combined with the compatibility of Lan Feng's elemental affinity and his innately close relationship with it, made his overall fire elemental affinity utterly astounding.

The power of this attack altered the weather, drawing more and more experts to the training grounds to see what was happening. Even the Forest King arrived, shocked as they felt the ground tremble and heard the roaring winds. The moment they stepped out of their rooms, they were shaken to their cores upon seeing the massive flaming wolf head. Even the furious man before Yan Xiaobao sobered up; his face turned pale as fear overtook him. His mouth opened and closed, words failing him as terror gripped his heart.

Flames burned brightly in Yan Xiaobao's eyes. His body seemed to be ablaze, yet not even a single strand of his fur was harmed. Glaring at his opponent, Yan Xiaobao let out a deep sigh. Finally, the massive wolf head began dissipating into thin air, the flames fading away little by little. In the end, even the fire surrounding his body vanished, and Yan Xiaobao leaped out of the arena. Having tested this

ability, he was satisfied with what he had achieved. He decided to stop because he had no more beast energy left in his body. Indeed, he could still rely on his spiritual energy to continue fighting, but the young man decided he had trained enough for the day.

"You're just a loser!" a voice suddenly shouted from behind him. A young man with white hair stood up, turning his body to face the tall man who had spoken.

"What did you just say?" he asked, his voice cold, his gaze colder than the deepest winter night.

"I said you're a loser!" the man repeated. "Before the battle, you spoke so arrogantly. And here you are now, retreating with your tail between your legs just because you're afraid of me! Pathetic!"

Yan Xiaobao stared at him in astonishment. He was stunned that this man couldn't comprehend that Yan Xiaobao had withdrawn the attack to avoid killing multiple King-level experts—and yet here he was, spewing nonsense.

Just as Yan Xiaobao was about to respond, a loud snort echoed from behind the guards. "Are you proud of yourself? Do you intend to drag my name through the mud?!"

The voice was thunderous. The very ground trembled, and the sky seemed to shake. The sound was like rolling thunder, striking a deep chord of fear in everyone present. It was obvious the speaker wielded immense power, and equally apparent that he disapproved of what had transpired.

The crowd slowly parted to make way for the man with the booming voice. After what felt like several minutes, the man finally approached the stage. As he neared, he glared fiercely at the tall cultivator who had been yelling. Casting a glance at Yan Xiaobao, his expression darkened even further upon noticing the young man's icy and indifferent demeanor.

Yan Xiaobao, on the other hand, didn't seem to mind the interruption, especially when he realized the newcomer's anger was directed at the man still standing in the arena.

"How dare you speak this way to the young lord?!" the man bellowed. His face turned red as he continued shouting at the expert atop the arena. "Come here right now and apologize. Be grateful he didn't use that attack just now, as it would've killed not only you but countless others as well!" The man

was clearly furious on Yan Xiaobao's behalf, yet Yan Xiaobao himself remained silent. He simply stood there, arms crossed over his chest, watching everything unfold before him.

The man on stage had been silent for a while, glaring at Yan Xiaobao with eyes full of rage and hatred. "Commander, this brat was extremely arrogant before the fight, but he left the arena without defeating me and still acts as though he's the victor. How can I, as a Martial Artist, tolerate such arrogance?" the man finally managed to voice his anger, his tone filled with fury.

"Are you deaf or blind?!" the man addressed as the Commander demanded. His face grew redder with mounting anger.

"Commander, I don't understand why you're siding with such an arrogant brat. What has he done for you? How can you turn against your own subordinate?!"

"This young master is far stronger than I ever imagined," the Commander said, casting a glance at the still-calm Yan Xiaobao. The young man stood there silently, his eyes observing everything while a faint smile played on his lips.

"If you had said nothing, you wouldn't have been chastised. But to call this merciful young master a loser and even insult him—that's sheer stupidity!" the Commander continued, turning then to Yan Xiaobao and bowing deeply before the young man in a gesture of utmost respect.

"I, Commander Hu of Sunfury Ridge, apologize on behalf of my subordinate. I hope you, young lord, will be merciful toward this man, who has eyes but fails to see what stands before him."

The Commander gave Yan Xiaobao an enormous gesture of goodwill, and Yan Xiaobao wasn't so arrogant as to not return it. Nodding, he smiled at the Commander. "If I seemed to insult the guards of Sunfury Ridge in any way, I apologize, as that was never my intention. However, if he insults me again, do not blame me for being rude." The white-haired young man smiled before turning and leaving the training ground. Yan Xiaobao returned to his room, feeling much better than before.

Not far from the training ground, a group of ten to twenty people gathered. All of them had observed the battle from beginning to end. Many of them were too shocked by what they had seen to say a word.

These experts were all Forest Kings. Some had heard stories about Yan Xiaobao from guards, Wan Qiao, or other lords. Somehow, they had used spies or money to acquire information about this mysterious young man.

When they saw him in battle, they weren't initially surprised by his ability to utilize spiritual energy. However, the final attack he unleashed had terrified them. Despite being at the King Ranking level, even they had to be careful not to be harmed by such a technique. Witnessing this, Wan Qiao became even more determined to keep this prodigy close.

"It seems this young man has both the brains and the strength to become the new Beast Monarch," one person finally sighed, his voice filled with admiration.

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Chapter 578 It's Still Early for Fashion

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"It's still too early to make any judgments," another said, with a bitter expression on his face. "This young man is merely a Duke. As for how his strength reaches King-level during transformation, I don't know. But he is clearly far from Monarch-level."

Hearing the various conversations, all the members of the expert group began discussing whether this young man was their future hope or if his significance had been exaggerated.

"Alright, we all know he's related to what Wan Qiao wants to talk about. I think this young man's secrets go far beyond what we currently know." An elder sighed, concluding the discussion. Everyone who heard him speak ceased their debates and nodded silently. Soon, the group of experts fell completely quiet, curious about how this young man managed to ignite Wan Qiao's aspirations.

After leaving the training field, Yan Xiaobao could feel hundreds of gazes fixed upon him as he leisurely strolled along the path. Some of these gazes were admiring, others confused, some were disapproving, and even a few were filled with hatred. Regardless of the emotions lingering behind those eyes, the white-haired young man never turned to look at them. Instead, he returned to his room, and once inside, he sat down and immediately began cultivating.

Yan Xiaobao possessed a complete set of weapons suited to his wolf form. He had a shockwave generated by his sweeping strikes, along with his immense physical strength. His claws and teeth were so powerful that they could easily seize an opponent's neck or tear their body apart. He could let out a howl terrifying enough to intimidate anyone. His kicks solidified Fog Energy into blades that slashed everything in their path. Yan Xiaobao had yet to attempt many of his abilities, but unleashing his most ferocious attack had been something he wanted to try for quite some time.

The power of the attack had completely stunned Yan Xiaobao. If he hadn't stopped himself, many guards would have been killed; the devastating strength of the attack was indeed astonishing.

However, stopping that attack caused Yan Xiaobao internal injuries. This, along with the fact that all his Fog Energy had completely vanished, was why Yan Xiaobao halted the duel before defeating the guards.

"You've done well," Lan Feng said inside the Dantian Cave. "We're working to build alliances with many Lords; we can't just go around slaughtering their men. Honestly, the fact that you chose restraint instead of jeopardizing the entire plan makes me extremely proud," continued the bird. As he spoke, Yan Xiaobao felt increasingly comforted.

The days that followed were spent by Yan Xiaobao in his room, focusing on refining energy and healing himself, so that by the time the last Lord arrived, he could move to the secret meeting chamber uninjured. If Yan Xiaobao weren't in good condition, standing before numerous Holy Name Experts would undoubtedly crush him under the weight of their presence.

As Yan Xiaobao dedicated significant time to cultivating his talents, one leading figure after another passed through the gates, and soon, the castle was packed to the brim, filled beyond capacity.

When this happened, many guards were dispatched to the city walls, where they set up camps. Looking out his window, Yan Xiaobao could see one of these camps. The previously bustling training grounds filled to the edges were now empty, replaced with temporary arenas erected outside the walls. The entire army seemed to be arriving gradually. At least a million guards could be seen—at least a million King-level experts!

The castle at the heart of the city had grown eerily silent, following such extended bouts of commotion; it was a silence that Xu Yue adored but one which made Li Meilin distinctly uncomfortable.

"Why are there so many experts around here?" she asked, frowning while addressing her servant. This was the seventh servant she had posed the question to today. However, like all the others, this mouse-like woman instantly transformed into an actual mouse, vanishing the moment the question was raised. She left her uniform behind alongside the clothes she was wearing.

Witnessing this, Li Meilin was initially shocked by the sudden transformation. But soon, as she picked up the clothes and washed them before hurrying back to her room, a slight smile crept across her face.

Once she entered her room, still holding onto the items, she glanced around and smiled faintly, noticing that no one paid attention to her. As she stepped inside her chambers, her face bloomed into a smile so bright it could hardly conceal the happiness she felt within.

She quickly changed into the garb, pleased that the maid's hat was large enough to cover her ears, and the outfit long enough to hide her tail. Running back and forth, no one would suspect whether she was human or beast. She stood before the mirror and smiled at her reflection.

"You think you can keep my secret, huh?" she spun around, speaking mockingly to her reflection as she adjusted to the outfit she wore. "I'm a Senior Observer. My job is to watch others, understand why they do what they do, and speak like them. With all these guards and Lords arriving, do you think I wouldn't notice such a massive change?" She kept questioning her reflection as the smile on her face bordered on mania.

"I'll see what kind of intel I can get from around here, and when I've gathered enough, I'll be extremely sought after in the Siban Empire. The Emperor will reward me greatly for all the information I bring back." Smiling at herself in the mirror, Li Meilin turned and left the room, her face hidden by the garments she carried.

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Li Meilin didn't know where she should take the laundry, so she simply wandered around the castle, searching for someone she could question. After walking for a while, she found another maid busy cleaning the floor in front of her.

"Good afternoon," Li Meilin said softly as she approached the young maid in front of her. Although she was in disguise, Li Meilin worried about being seen, so her heart was racing. Qi was flowing through her meridians, ready to channel into the woman if needed.

The maid raised her head from the floor, her eyes filled with confusion. "I'm cleaning the floor. This is my punishment for being late. No one is allowed to speak to me," the maid whispered with a trembling voice. "You should hurry; otherwise, Lady Hu will catch you!"

Hearing this, Li Meilin frowned. It turned out gathering information was harder than she had imagined, but she wouldn't give up so easily. Before the maid in front of her could react, she was knocked unconscious by a small dose of invisible force, and Li Meilin dragged her into a room filled with brooms, buckets, and other cleaning tools.

As she waited for the maid to regain consciousness, Li Meilin's mood soured. Talking to the maid wouldn't necessarily give her the answers she sought. Either way, the woman would tell her what she needed to know. The only other option was to kill her and hide the body in a place it wouldn't be found. If she were discovered, a Water Element Mage might be able to connect the murder to something she couldn't afford to expose if she hoped to leave this place freely.

With a sigh, Li Meilin's emotions grew heavier. But for the Xibi Empire, she was willing to do anything to get the correct answers. Finally, the maid woke up. Her eyes were filled with terror, her entire body trembling. Li Meilin tied her to a chair, stepped behind the maid, and pressed a Wuwei Blade against her neck.

"Why are so many Lords and guards coming to the Capital now?" Li Meilin growled, her voice altered by Qi to shift from that of a woman to that of a man. She debated whether she should spare the maid's life.

"I don't know," the captive maid cried out in a low voice. "No one tells me anything," she continued, her voice gradually becoming louder, filled with indignation as though she felt deeply wronged. Hearing this, Li Meilin gritted her teeth. Her eyes bore into the maid in front of her. How could someone be so useless?

"Tell me why you think they are here," she roared again, her tone brimming with impatience. The maid didn't take long to respond, her trembling lips and shaking body betraying her fear. "It must be a secret meeting for Lords," the maid stammered in a terrified voice. "A secret meeting to decide what they will do about the Divine Region."

"What do you mean?" Li Meilin frowned, her expression darkening as the maid's shock grew even more palpable. "The Divine Region has been home to beasts for years, but there are too many of them. How can we survive in such a small Kingdom? They must be working hard to find new land—new places to live and build villages for all of us," the maid answered honestly, clearly terrified, revealing everything

she knew. This left Li Meilin's heart cold. Could the Lords be interested in taking over other parts of the continent? But why had they never acted before?

Before letting out a long sigh, Li Meilin pondered deeply and decided that while killing the maid would be the safest course, it would also bring greater risks later. Instead, she struck the back of the maid's neck with her hand, rendering her unconscious, then slowly slipped out of the room, gambling that the maid wouldn't be able to tie this incident to Li Meilin. Once more, she sighed with resignation.

Li Meilin didn't change her disguise; instead, she left the castle. In the city, she collected various candies and snacks before making her way to the campsite outside the city walls. When she arrived at the campsite with her assortment of treats, her face was lit with a radiant smile.

"Hello," she said, blinking as she approached a muscular guard who resembled some kind of fox-like beast. "I wonder if I might tempt you with some candy?" she asked curiously, pulling out a tray filled with various snacks and sweets, delicacies that people didn't often get to enjoy.

But who was Li Meilin? She was the Senior Observer of the Siban Empire delegation. This meant she had possession of gifts meant to be presented upon their arrival at the Capital; however, Li Meilin had not handed over these items to Wan Qiao. Instead, she had kept them for herself. Now, she was using some of them to purchase information, hoping the soldiers would be more forthcoming than the maid. The military guards were more likely to know what was going on.

The first guard she questioned knew nothing, but as she delved deeper into the ranks, bits of information began to surface.

"Yes, as soon as Lady Wan Qiao's delegation arrives, we'll be leaving. As for what's being discussed, we don't know; the guards won't tell us anything."

"We had to wake up at midnight to leave, and if we're going to war, this can only mean one thing—it's a secret about who we're going to attack!"

"Although some say it's war, I highly doubt it. We've lived in the Divine Domain for thousands of years. Starting a war out of nowhere benefits no one. I believe they're here to discuss rights over the beasts. They're very likely planning to give that title to my Lord."

Chapter 580 It's Still Early for Fashion_3

One theory after another emerged, yet no one could truly uncover what had happened. Each individual clung to their own conjectures. Amid all this speculation, Li Meilin's face turned pale as she grasped the ominous truth—that half of these theories pointed towards warfare against the outside world. This revealed the cultivators' unsettling readiness to wage war against humanity.

As she scanned her surroundings, she saw thousands of King-level and higher cultivators. Her heart sank into her chest, heavy with dread about this possibility becoming a reality. Li Meilin's complexion remained pallid as she wandered through heavily guarded camps. Sweat rolled down her back, and her mouth grew parched from the persistent worry of being discovered. Fortunately for her, her attire was once worn by a Beast Woman, which helped conceal the human scent lingering around her.

She searched for clues to unearth what had happened to the Lord and why so many guards had been summoned. Unfortunately, most guards speculated that war was imminent—the thought that frightened Li Meilin most of all.

"What do you hope will happen?" Li Meilin forced her voice to remain steady as she conversed with a guard wearing a deep green uniform. Gazing at the uniform, Li Meilin couldn't discern the beast's exact origins, but it mattered little to her as long as she could glean some information.

"War. I want to wage war against those frail humans. They've deluded themselves into believing they're the strongest beings on this continent for far too long!" the guard grumbled, and as he spoke, the other guards nodded their heads in agreement.

"Those who hunted us down have kept themselves hidden for a millennium. Now, the time has come for us to rise and rule. The time has come to repay those pitiful humans who drove us from our homes all those years ago!" another guard said, his murderous intent advancing like a tidal wave, leaving Li Meilin momentarily unable to breathe. She feared her heart might stop beating altogether.

Li Meilin was an Emperor—a figure far stronger than the experts surrounding her. Nevertheless, she was presently undercover. While she could eliminate some of the guards around her, should she risk exposing herself by escaping near Wu Wei's forces, she would certainly be overwhelmed—a fate she desperately wished to avoid.

"Humans and beasts once lived harmoniously together," a third guard suddenly interjected. "Who caused humans to turn against us abruptly, driving us all out and forcing us to leave the homes we built for our lives? They will pay for the mistakes born of their own treachery!"

Hearing so many varied opinions, Li Meilin froze, her surprise melding with fear. Upon reaching King-level cultivation, she had gained access to her nation's intelligence regarding the Dark Era; however, the narratives she was hearing now diverged vastly from what she had been told. She began to wonder whether her received knowledge was fabricated lies—or perhaps, whether all the information available was deceit.

Whichever the case, one thing was undeniable—the beasts harbored fierce rage whenever they thought about humankind. Slowly, Li Meilin retreated to the castle, hastening to return to her room. She stripped off the uniform and re-clothed herself in her own robe. With a flick of her wrist, a small flame emerged, consuming every trace of the maid attire she had previously donned.

"It must be war," Li Meilin muttered, dazedly staring at the wall, her mind weighed down by the new information she had gathered. "It seems these beasts blame us for their imprisonment in the Divine Domain. How dare they accuse humanity of forcing them away!" A sudden wave of anger flickered in her eyes as she mulled over the situation. "But when I became a King, I heard of those beasts roaming freely, subjugating humans and forcing them into servitude as slaves or prey. Why would these beasts now claim we once lived side by side?" The beautiful woman furrowed her brows deeply. No matter how she pondered the matter, she couldn't reach a viable conclusion.

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