

Medical 581

Chapter 581: Dreaming of One Day

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Li Meilin gently bit her lower lip in thought, as she pondered over what events might unfold around her and within her world. Currently, she was receiving favorable treatment from all the beasts, making the chances of suddenly falling into peril very slim. Yet, despite this, her concern lay with the Siban Empire. In the capital stood the Royal Castle, home to her family who had never known fear as nobility. Even knowing this, Li Meilin was certain her family was enjoying their time, living the lavish lifestyle of the kingdom's upper class.

Their King dreamed of one day overthrowing the Divine Domain. Even now, despite the absence of the Saint's faction, he did not give it much thought. The Siban Empire had more than one Saint, and anyone foolish enough to attack his empire would find the Siban Emperor fully prepared for retaliation. These thoughts occupied Li Meilin's mind as she imagined the Emperor's reasoning, her mood growing melancholic as she contemplated.

"Perhaps he could be of use," Li Meilin murmured, recalling the white-haired young man living within the Divine Domain. As an imperial figure, Li Meilin could sense the aura radiating from the youth. Though he possessed the ability to transform into a werewolf, Li Meilin was certain he had endured his share of misfortune.

With resolute determination, she stood up and headed toward Yan Xiaobao's room. She had previously received his assistance there, though he had refused to help her in any way. Anyone with paler skin could tell he wanted nothing to do with her. But Li Meilin was not like the others. She was a woman willing to do anything to obtain what she desired, and now she wanted definitive answers about what had transpired. Normally, she wouldn't expect the young man to know the truth, but observing how much time he spent with Wan Qiao suddenly made her realize that the boy before her was far more powerful and influential than she had imagined.

The woman stood before the door and knocked softly. When it opened, she saw the young man seated on the bed, cultivating his Inner Energy. Upon seeing her appear before him, he stretched his body and let out a soft sigh.

"Ms. Li, what can I do for you?" he asked calmly, his eyes betraying a hint of irritation that Li Meilin failed to detect.

"Lord Xu," Li Meilin nodded respectfully to him, "Earlier today, I spoke with several guards. They all seemed to think the Divine Origin Kingdom intends to go to war with the humans. You are human — don't you find this unacceptable? Do you not have any family or friends who could be harmed by these beasts? Even if they suggest your entire family leave this place, how could you ensure everyone is safe and under control in such circumstances?"

As he regarded Li Meilin, Yan Xiaobao's gaze turned cold, his head tilting slightly to the side as he wondered what the woman wanted. Another sigh escaped his lips.

"The guards speculate about war, but do you truly believe it?" Yan Xiaobao raised an eyebrow and asked. "These fellows aren't soldiers. Look at them. They're guards. Do you imagine them suddenly turning into infantry, marching through the Divine Domain into the outside world? I think not."

Yan Xiaobao's tone carried a trace of mockery as he turned his gaze toward the window, observing the distant encampments.

"You're an Observer. Tell me, brute strength — does it triumph over strategy? Even if we have more experts, that doesn't guarantee victory. The only real way to win is by teaching the guards how to become soldiers."

Upon hearing this, Li Meilin couldn't help but agree with his words, yet deep in the recesses of her mind lingered a thought she couldn't dispel. A thought that said, while tactics were crucial, there were certain matters tactics alone couldn't resolve. The prospect of numerous beasts surpassing the human kingdom's handful of top experts truly frightened her.

Yan Xiaobao no longer paid attention to the woman as he saw a servant rush toward him, eyes fixed on Yan Xiaobao as though preoccupied with delivering some news.

"Lord Yue!" The servant called out from afar. "Lord Yue!" As the Beast Woman fiercely approached Yan Xiaobao, completely ignoring Li Meilin, the servant bowed deeply to Yan Xiaobao, exhibiting great respect.

"Mr. Yue, Lady Wan Qiao invites you to return to the library you visited previously. A guest awaits a meeting."

With this said, the servant bowed once more before Yan Xiaobao began heading toward the library. He did not even bother to bid Li Meilin farewell — Yan Xiaobao bore no fondness for the woman.

Grumbling to himself about how to shake her off, Yan Xiaobao hastened toward the library. He politely knocked on the door, waiting for someone to invite him inside. He did not have to wait long before hearing a woman's voice through the door, "Please, enter."

Opening the door, Yan Xiaobao was filled with curiosity about who was inside, as the voice clearly did not belong to Wan Qiao. His eyes stole a glance around the room, eventually resting on a woman seated in a chair beside Wan Qiao. Between the two chairs stood a small table, upon which rested a vial containing what appeared to be congealed blood.

"Good day," Yan Xiaobao murmured, his brows furrowing as his gaze alternated between the two women before him. Wan Qiao appeared as she usually did, but the woman beside her was equally stunning, though entirely different.

Her long, sleek black hair fell smoothly from her shoulders, elegantly framing her flawless back. It cascaded like a waterfall, pooling onto the floor around the beautiful woman. Her skin was pale, as pristine as freshly fallen snow — so white, it seemed she had been sculpted from white jade. She resembled a doll, a figure so delicate and fragile that the slightest errant breeze could shatter the beauty seated before him.

Chapter 582 Dreaming of One Day_2

Standing there, staring at the beautiful woman, Yan Xiaobao was momentarily startled, but he quickly overcame his surprise and nodded to the two women.

"You summoned me, ladies," he said calmly, as if he hadn't been captivated by the beauty of this woman moments ago. His ability to swiftly regain his composure made his demeanor stand out in a mix of astonishment and admiration.

With an elegant gesture, she motioned to a chair in front of both Wan Qiao and herself—a small chair. Yan Xiaobao quickly sat down, his expression one of satisfaction as he nodded lightly.

"So, what should I be pleased about?" he asked curiously, his gaze shifting from one breathtaking woman to the other. When his eyes settled on the blood bottle between them, he couldn't help but wonder what exactly had transpired.

"A lovely day," the woman spoke, her voice as light as a summer breeze, as warm as rays of sunshine. Hearing her mesmerizing words felt as if someone had been transported to an eternal summer.

"I am here because my master, General Frozen, wishes for me to bring you a message." She continued, her voice as gentle as before, yet the room seemed to take on a heavier atmosphere. Yan Xiaobao suddenly felt as though a massive boulder had been placed on his shoulders. Upon hearing her words, Yan Xiaobao froze. He said nothing, but his eyes darted rapidly, every muscle in his body tensing. The two women noticed the young man's change in demeanor. Wan Qiao understood why this young man held such mixed emotions towards General Frozen. He felt a certain degree of fear because he knew he was utterly incapable of standing against the overwhelming power of this man. General Frozen clearly possessed enough strength to obliterate Lan Feng without much trouble.

Nonetheless, up to this point, Zhong Hui had been quite kind to Yan Xiaobao. There was a time when Zhong Hui had helped him, despite setting rules Xu Yue had to follow—which were straightforward and not particularly difficult. Thanks to this individual, Yan Xiaobao's plans eventually came to fruition.

He owed this formidable entity a great deal, but simultaneously, something told him that he shouldn't get too close to General Frozen. There was something about him that unsettled Yan Xiaobao, especially how he had managed to locate him in the Divine Domain. Was he extraordinarily skilled at deduction, or did he always have someone secretly monitoring him?

A shiver ran down his spine, but he remained silent. Instead, he watched the beautiful, dark-haired woman, waiting to hear her words.

"You have successfully sparked life into the dreams of these ancient beasts," she began, her voice never hurried—fresh and clean like water flowing in spring, as beautiful as nature itself. "The Frozen Lord says that as long as you promise to visit his Frozen Castle within five years, he will abstain from this war. The Frozen King has things he wishes to tell you." She concluded her statement with such grace that she lifted a small tea cup and sipped from it delicately. Having relaxed after delivering her master's message, she closed her eyes slightly.

Upon hearing her words, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but furrow his brow. It was clear that he knew what was happening deep within the Deep Origin Forest, but how had General Frozen figured it out? Could he

truly plant spies everywhere, even within Wan Qiao's most secluded chambers? Or had he simply deduced that the Lord's secret would come to fruition in this way? Yan Xiaobao did not respond; he wasn't certain that asking this alluring woman would yield him the answers he sought.

Wan Qiao's expression remained sour. She was clearly displeased with the messenger's news, yet she chose to remain silent. There was no doubt that Zhong Hui was not someone she wanted to interact with, unless she had no other choice. It remained unclear which of the two—Wan Qiao or General Frozen—was the stronger.

Staring at the captivating woman, Yan Xiaobao sighed. "If I visit, can General Frozen guarantee my safety?" Yan Xiaobao asked the beautiful messenger just as she gently placed her ornate tea cup down.

"His sovereignty will ensure that no harm comes to you. He seems to favor you, so rest assured; unless you oppose him, he will not harm you," she replied nonchalantly, unable to comprehend in her world why anyone would oppose that superior, handsome, and strong man. What disgusted her slightly, however, was the idea that Zhong Hui seemed to care only about Yan Xiaobao—the feeble creature who wasn't even a king but had somehow managed to capture the General's attention and retain it.

She sat quietly, lost in thought for a moment, before sighing softly. "You may leave us now," she said in a detached tone. "I will inform his sovereignty that you will comply with his request." The woman with the dark hair reached into her pocket and pulled out a Memory Stone, handing it to Yan Xiaobao. He was stunned to discover how cold it felt—chilling, as if touched by death itself. Her icy demeanor matched that stone, and it startled Yan Xiaobao.

Bowling respectfully to the two women, Yan Xiaobao slowly exited the room. Then, placing the Memory Stone against his forehead, he noticed that it projected a map leading to Zhong Hui's Frozen Castle.

After walking away, Yan Xiaobao glanced back at the door. Though the beautiful woman had independently determined Yan Xiaobao would accept Zhong Hui's deal, Yan Xiaobao realized he had no choice. If General Frozen entered the war, their victory would be far less certain than before.

Yet what truly worried Yan Xiaobao was not General Frozen. Despite not knowing whether he or Wan Qiao was stronger, those two seemed bound to quarrel for years to come. However, if the General were to arrive, it would transform into slaughter—a massacre.

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The two women sat in the library, the air between them heavy with tension. Neither spoke, but both seemed to have words they wished to say. Ultimately, the dark-haired woman could no longer restrain herself. Turning to Wan Qiao, her face darkened.

"What's so special about that young man?" she asked. Her once crisp and melodious voice now brimmed with hostility, laden with hurrying tones. If Yan Xiaobao were to see her now, he wouldn't recognize her.

Wan Qiao looked at the stunning woman with an expression that bore no surprise—only an inexplicable pity softened her features, making her appear gentler than before.

"This young man, as you call him, has a brilliant mind. He possesses knowledge unlike anyone else, and most importantly, his body harbors significant secrets—secrets that cannot be shared with others. I presume your master has noticed these traits, and that is why he seeks this young man," Wan Qiao explained.

"Master is a collector," the woman remarked, her eyes still betraying traces of indignation, puzzlement, and dislike. "Every young person my Lord takes interest in is immediately captured, and even those unwilling eventually enter the Frozen Brigade." She continued.

"Some of those exceptionally talented individuals in the Frozen Brigade even become Frozen Commanders." Her voice carried a certain pride as she spoke. "To be part of the Frozen Brigade, or better yet, a Frozen Commander, is an honor any talent on this plane should cherish. Yet to think this young man would disrespect my master! I cannot believe it." The more she spoke, the angrier she seemed to grow.

Taking a deep breath, the woman eventually let go of her fury. Slowly, her anger dissipated, and as she regained her composure, she rose and adjusted her robe.

"I apologize to Lady Wan Qiao," she said, her voice once again seductive, like how she spoke in Yan Xiaobao's presence earlier. Nodding briefly toward Wan Qiao, the woman left the library without waiting for anyone to show her the way; instead, she exited the castle with purposeful strides. As she stepped outside, a cloud suddenly materialized at her feet. At first translucent, it gradually grew

denser—so dense it could carry the beautiful woman. Soon, she was soaring through the skies, returning to the Frozen Castle and her master.

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Chapter 583: Good or Bad News

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Wan Qiao still sat in the office, her hands holding her head. When she watched the young man and beautiful woman leave through the closed door, her expression was obvious. Standing up to leave the room, Wan Qiao ran to Yan Xiaobao's room. She immediately opened the door without knocking, not waiting for permission to enter.

"Come with me," she said seriously. As she turned around, making Yan Xiaobao confused but curious, he quickly got up and followed Wan Qiao to her private room.

Wan Qiao sat in one of her rooms, sighed, and then pondered how to begin explaining what she needed to say.

"Yan Xiaobao, you've caught the attention of the Frozen General. I'm not sure if that's good or bad," she sighed, "The Frozen General is a collector. Anyone he takes a liking to is invited to his Frozen Castle, where he gives them an offer they can't refuse. He forces them to drink a concoction he created; a brew that includes his blood and his Wuwei."

"Along with this brew, Zhong Hui also uses inscriptions on the bodies of these talented individuals."

"What happens is these people die. You may have noticed that even today, the woman who came here has no heartbeat. Her skin is as white as the purest snow, with no blood flowing through her veins. Although their bodies are dead, their souls remain within, and their bodies cannot decay.

"I don't know how he created this inscription, but he did, and it forces many under the Frozen General to blindly follow his orders. They die for Zhong Hui, and their afterlife will be used for their master. Their bodies and minds have become one. They all do whatever their master tells them to do, without question."

Hearing this, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but swallow, worried this might be his future. However, before he could express his concerns, Wan Qiao eased that worry, "Although he is interested in you, he hasn't turned you into a Frozen Soldier yet. You seem safe from fate, but as for what you want, I really can't say."

Hui Yue nodded, knowing that regardless of what he did, it was impossible to escape the claws of the Frozen General unless he greatly enhanced his own power. As he bade Wan Qiao farewell and rushed back to his room to enter meditation, his eyes hardened. He needed to quickly break into the King's team.

In the room, Wan Qiao could only sigh, feeling she had put Yan Xiaobao in a disadvantageous position. Knowing what happened to all the other talented young people when forced to meet the Frozen General, she could say it was not a good thing. But even so, to ensure the war proceeded as planned, they couldn't allow the Frozen General to join. If he did, the outcome would be harder to predict, and Yan Xiaobao's strategies would become more essential.

Looking at the doorway, Wan Qiao vowed silently that Yan Xiaobao had to see the Frozen General whom she would follow. She would help take care of this young man and ensure he wouldn't die. If it meant she had to fight against the Frozen General, then so be it. This young man had done all he could for the Divine Domain and her, and the least she could do was to ensure his safety when he met Zhong Hui again.

"I'm not comfortable with this either," Yan Xiaobao said to the Phoenix within the Dantian Cave, as they both discussed what had happened. "Though I'm wary of his intentions and their plans for us, I believe we have no choice. If he truly wishes for me to visit him, he might even fetch us both himself, and then both of us would have no choice but to follow him."

"I know," Phoenix said with a bitter expression on his face. Admitting he was too weak was difficult for him to accept, but he also clearly knew that if he were to go all out against Zhong Hui, he wouldn't survive long.

"Even if we don't want to, we have no choice. Just like you said," Lan Feng murmured, "But even so, I don't trust this Zhong Hui. There's something about him that makes me shiver."

"We could easily agree to this, but if we go to war, we can't help them. If we don't go to war, then he will have no reason to mess up our plans, in which case, I can disregard his offer." Yan Xiaobao sighed in

agreement and nodded to Lan Feng. "Yes, if the Lord truly wishes to wage war against humans, it's just a matter."

Sitting quietly for a while, both Lan Feng and Yan Xiaobao believed that if they did not go to war, everything would become simpler, but they knew better. They both thought that avoiding war was unlikely.

Yan Xiaobao didn't realize that Wan Jiao was talking to herself, ensuring that when Yan Xiaobao met the Frozen General again, he wouldn't encounter any trouble. If he knew, he would have felt more at ease, but the lady still sat in the library, pondering what the Frozen General truly wanted from the strange boy, Yan Xiaobao.

As both the Single-Horned Jasmine Hawk and the human boy sat in different parts of the castle, far apart but pondering the same thing.

Suddenly, both focused on the same thing—the loud bell sound echoed in the castle courtyard. The sound resounded throughout the entire castle and city, a sound that caught the attention of everyone. Yan Xiaobao was puzzled about the meaning of this sound, while Wan Xiao had a big smile on her face. Her eyes opened wide, and as she stood up from her chair, she quickly fell back into it.

Chapter 584: Good or Bad News_2

"At last," she said as she walked steadily toward the door, "at last, they're all here!"

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In the castle courtyard, there was a massive clock placed in a corner. Standing in the yard was a woman. She could not be described as beautiful. Her face bore a long scar that stretched across it entirely, disfiguring her appearance. The woman stood in the middle of the yard, startled when the loud ringing of the bell echoed beside her.

Moments earlier, the woman had arrived; two guards in the courtyard saw her and announced her presence. As her name was uttered, the bell chimed loudly. Their faces filled with excitement and pride, as they were among the first to witness the arrival of this woman.

"What does all this mean?" the woman asked. Though she was not beautiful, every movement she made exuded grace, her voice deep yet soothing.

"Lady Fu!" Wan Qiao's voice rang across the courtyard, overpowering even the deafening bell. When Wan Qiao appeared, the guards hurriedly silenced the bell. Clearly, something extraordinary had transpired. It was evident from more than just the chime of the bell—there were expectant smiles, smiles so wide they graced the face of the Single-Horned Jasmine Hawk.

"Lady Fu, I assume you've ordered your guards to remain in the camp outside the castle walls?" Wan Qiao asked politely as she strode forward to greet her friend. Hearing the question, the scarred woman nodded. "What is the meaning of this loud bell?" she inquired, curious, as the echo of the loud sound was still reverberating in her mind. Her hearing was far sharper than that of ordinary beasts. Her true form was a shadow-bearing bat, a creature whose reliance on sound and agility made her one of the deadliest among her kind.

"It's a message for all the Forest Lords," Wan Qiao quickly explained. "A signal to inform them that everyone is now present."

"Oh?" the woman's face lit up with surprise. "Am I the last one? We wasted no time traveling here; the others must have hurried greatly." Though she said this, her expression showed no concern about being the final Lord to arrive.

"Wan Qiao, find me a suitable place to settle. We can begin tomorrow, regardless of your reason for calling us here." Lady Fu spoke with indifference to the activity around her. Without waiting for Wan Qiao's reply, she headed toward the castle, leaving the smiling bird behind.

Li Meilin stood in the courtyard, observing everything unfolding before her. Her eyes narrowed, her focus sharpening. She made no attempt to hide herself, knowing full well that concealment was futile against these Saints. Instead, she positioned herself at the right side of the courtyard, silently watching every movement.

The revelation that even the Lords were unaware of the reason for their summons shocked her, yet within her, a sliver of hope grew. Perhaps, just perhaps, the experts had no interest in launching a war. Maybe it was merely the desires of the lower-ranking beasts.

With such thoughts in mind, the woman felt more at ease, calmer, until her tension loosened entirely, leading her to retire to her room. Before visiting Yan Xiaobao to observe his practice, she decided to rest. Her escape from the Divine Domain hinged entirely on Yan Xiaobao and his cultivation. Li Meilin remained steadfast, unbothered by Yan Xiaobao's disdain for her. She easily dismissed such feelings, but she could not dismiss Wan Qiao's insistence that she would not leave the Divine Domain until the youth reached King-level. With all this transpiring in the capital—the Lords gathering in one place—Li Meilin felt pressed to depart the Divine Domain, so she could notify the Siban Empire that they were barred from sending delegations here again.

While Li Meilin continued watching Wan Qiao's interaction with Lady Fu, Yan Xiaobao was initially intrigued by the bell, but he soon dismissed it. He understood that if the matter concerned him, a guard would likely inform him. Venturing out to investigate would undoubtedly invite trouble upon himself. He had not forgotten the eagerness of some guards to see him leave, let alone the desires of certain Lords who hoped for his demise.

Yan Xiaobao recognized how unlikely it was for the Lords to agree with Wan Qiao. He knew Wan Qiao had brought up war matters to the Upper House precisely because of him. It was evident that as long as Yan Xiaobao stood behind Wan Qiao, she had reason to defend him. He also understood that Wan Qiao found relief in General Frozen's agreement to suppress the matter. If anyone sought to stop Wan Qiao, they would have to eliminate Yan Xiaobao.

For now, his safety depended on the concealment of his existence. Yan Xiaobao hoped few would learn about him before the secret meetings began. Killing him during the secret meetings, in Wan Qiao's presence, would be impossible. However, assassinating him in his room, while he was alone, was a far simpler feat. Yan Xiaobao hoped he could prove his worth during those meetings and gain the respect of the Lords afterward. If not, he believed Wan Qiao had the capability to protect him.

"Don't be so despondent," a voice echoed from within. Lan Feng, speaking with the young man, was irritable. "I understand you're in a precarious position now. In fact, I'm in danger because of your knowledge, but I believe this is for the best."

"As a sacred beast, I wish the world could return to an era where beasts and humans coexisted. But if that's not possible, then I hope to see equality prevail. By taking over one of their kingdoms, the beasts would at least possess two kingdoms equal to the humans." Lan Feng's reasoning reminded Yan Xiaobao of Wan Hui. Both beasts were straightforward, honest, sparing nothing in their expression. Nodding, a faint smile curved his lips as his gaze turned to the distant sky beyond the window, his eyes narrowing with resolute determination.

So long as he could ensure his friends' safety, then so be it. In opposition to the Spanish Empire, Yan Xiaobao cared little. They had already sent multiple delegations into the Divine Domain, and their latest delegation even included a Saint—a clear sign of testing the Divine Domain's strength.

"Other kingdoms have also sent delegations before, though never Saints," Yan Xiaobao remarked in his Dantian to the Phoenix. "While they know sending delegations every two years is highly risky, their greed propels them forward. I believe it's fair to send them back their consequences. However, I wish to minimize the harm to innocent lives."

"There's a way," Lan Feng said slowly, as though pondering. "That woman, Li Meilin—she's desperate to return to her kingdom. Let her know we're planning a war, and she will do everything in her power to warn the kingdom. I swear, when the citizens hear of looming beasts capable of devouring their land, they will scatter as fast as they possibly can."

Considering this, Yan Xiaobao slowly nodded. Using Li Meilin would be his best option. But for this, he needed Wan Qiao's approval. The massive Single-Horned Jasmine Hawk was far less rational than Yan Xiaobao. She held no sympathy or compassion for the lives of those in the kingdom she wished to attack. To her, these people were daily irritants; it was only natural for her and her beasts to feast upon them.

Yan Xiaobao sighed deeply, rising from his bed of refined essence. Now that he had completed another task, he acted swiftly, leaving the room and hurrying toward Wan Qiao's private quarters.

Reaching his destination, he could hear faint voices within, yet he still knocked on the door. When it opened to reveal Wan Qiao and Lord Pan inside, his face displayed a relieved expression; the latter was someone he had met before. Upon entering the room, Yan Xiaobao bowed in greeting to both Lords.

Yan Xiaobao leaned against the wall without saying a word, waiting for Wan Qiao to summon him forward. The conversation between the two Lords was so hushed that Yan Xiaobao couldn't discern a single word. Watching them, he quickly realized they were using their power to muffle their voices to an inaudible level. As he continued to contemplate his strategy, Yan Xiaobao remained leaning against the wall, shrouded in shadow, not impatient. He had no certainty as to whether Wan Qiao would allow Li Meilin to leave. Warning the citizens of the Siban Empire and granting them the time to escape was what Yan Xiaobao truly wished to do, but persuading Wan Qiao would undoubtedly prove difficult.

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Chapter 585 The Pros and Cons of War

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"Yan Xiaobao, come over here," Wan Qiao finally called the young man. She turned her head to look at the young man who had been leaning against the wall for hours. Although the waiting time was long, it passed quickly as Yan Xiaobao spent time conversing with Lan Feng. The two of them continued discussing the pros and cons of war, as well as what might happen if Li Meilin were allowed to return home.

The Emperor of the Spanish Empire was highly likely to refuse surrendering his Kingdom to beasts and was even more likely to force the population to remain within the Kingdom, as a Kingdom without citizens was worthless. Despite this, Yan Xiaobao sought nothing more than to try; as long as he gave his best effort, he wouldn't feel bad.

"What brings you here?" Wan Qiao asked curiously, looking at the young man walking toward her.

"I want to talk to you about your plans," he said, deliberately vague, because he didn't know how much Lord Pan knew, nor how much he was supposed to know. Nevertheless, upon hearing his words, Wan Qiao nodded and looked at him expectantly.

Seeing this, Yan Xiaobao knew that anything Wan Qiao knew, Lord Pan also knew. He could speak freely.

"As a human myself, I'm not a fan of hunting humans just for the sake of killing them," he began, his gaze serious as he analyzed the changes in the woman's expressions before him.

"While I agree that we need to battle their forces, I would prefer we send war information to Li Meilin and let her return to the Spanish Empire. Let the Empire prepare for war. No matter how they prepare, they'll be unable to defeat our armies, especially since General Frozen refuses to assist them. While I agree that we need to battle their forces, I would prefer we send war information to Li Meilin and let her return to the Spanish Empire. Let the Empire prepare for war. No matter how they prepare, they'll be unable to defeat our armies, especially since General Frozen refuses to assist them."

Yan Xiaobao had previously been told about many hidden experts within the African Continent. He understood that no Kingdom possessed experts as powerful as Wan Qiao and General Frozen. Surely, there might be some hidden experts, but none had any motivation to assist the Spanish Empire.

"Even if they receive help from other Kingdoms, they still won't be able to beat us. By doing this, we can confront the Spanish Empire step-by-step. I have one condition to help you resolve this war: no harm should come to innocent humans. Allow these people to migrate out of the Kingdom. If you choose not to heed my words, I will personally invite Zhong Hui to join the war, and then we will see which side wins."

Yan Xiaobao knew threatening Wan Qiao wasn't the best solution, but he couldn't think of anything else. He wanted to convey how serious he was. Wan Qiao and Mr. Pan both remained silent for a long time, clearly deliberating what would be most beneficial for everyone involved. At last, when she opened her mouth, the woman nodded, ready to make her decision.

"Long ago, humans and beasts coexisted. Humans were killed by savage beasts who refused to take human form, but that was natural. I don't mind not slaughtering villages from our past," she said, pondering for a moment before a satisfied smile appeared on her face. She nodded. "I like the idea of letting them prepare. The more time they have to prepare, the easier it will be for us to deal with them. Fighting their army is far better than overrunning their land and destroying their Capital. This way, we can keep citizens away, just as you wish, while still achieving our goals."

"The only problem I see with this idea is that the guards are not soldiers," Lord Pan interjected suddenly, having clearly been thinking about Yan Xiaobao's words as well, though his sole concern was this point.

"While our warriors are far stronger than their opponents, these cultivators are not soldiers. They lack experience in war. However, if you're willing to train them, perhaps even incorporating some of Master Sunx's theories in the training, then I see no issue with following your suggestion," Mr. Pan said, his eyes gleaming with a strange light that Yan Xiaobao couldn't decipher; it was as though he was considering future matters.

Reflecting on his words, Yan Xiaobao knew that training soldiers was no easy task, but he also understood that all the guards he trained were highly intelligent beasts, all King-level or above. Training them for war shouldn't be the most challenging thing he'd ever done. After deliberating for a while, he finally nodded. Upon hearing Lan Feng's praise, Yan Xiaobao showed a bitter smile. Clearly, Phoenix was also interested in this war. It was only natural that Lan Feng would show interest in beasts occupying more territory. When magical beasts once roamed everywhere and engaged with humans, Lan Feng had lived in this world. Coming back now and seeing no humanoid magical beasts openly living on these lands shocked Lan Feng greatly. Finding Sha Yun and her sisters was one of the few things that brought a glimmer of hope back to Phoenix, as he feared that all beasts—all humanoid beasts—had been completely wiped out from this world.

Seeing them in the Divine Domain, Lan Feng felt both relieved and excited, though his excitement was clouded by concerns about reuniting with Wan Qiao. However, this proved not to be too tragic. Now, both Lan Feng and the Single-Horned Jasmine Hawk were eager to reclaim the lands that once belonged to them.

Chapter 586 The Pros and Cons of War_2

"We don't know how many lords will agree to our plan," Lord Pan continued, "but having you on our side will surely improve our chances. We've read the astounding work titled 'War Art,' and I must say, sharing this among others should make them eager to join us. We possess everything necessary to seize the kingdom. Your proposal regarding the Siban Empire seems to be our best option. The Siban Empire is right beside us, and they continually send delegations to our lands. Once they've had the opportunity to digest 'War Art,' attacking them will likely be something everyone can unanimously support. Training the cultivators under Master Sunx's theories with this young star, Yan Xiaobao, should allow us to begin the war in six months."

"Giving this woman six months to prepare for war against the Siban Empire should be ample time. Within half a year, we will crush their army and reclaim our kingdom." Lord Pan's eyes reddened, and as Yan Xiaobao was slightly pushed back, the killing intent radiating outward caused him to breathe heavily, his entire body stinging from the oppressive aura. Suddenly he understood — although Wan Qiao was the Queen of the Divine Domain, many Forest Kings far outmatched the combined prowess of him and Lan Feng.

"Lord Pan, there's no need for such urgency," Wan Qiao chuckled, noting Yan Xiaobao struggling to breathe as her gentle aura encircled the young man. This alleviated his difficulty in breathing, and the stabbing sensation gradually faded.

"Alright, milady, milord," Yan Xiaobao nodded toward the two experts standing before him. "If there's nothing else, I'd like to return to my room. I am still far from reaching the strength level I aspire to possess."

With these words, Yan Xiaobao turned around intending to leave the room, only to feel a hand land on his shoulder. A light pat startled him.

"We'll summon you when it's time for the secret meeting," said Wan Qiao, withdrawing her arm. A satisfied smile appeared on her face. She felt that as long as she had Yan Xiaobao by her side, losing the war was impossible, nor could she fail to convince the lords of her righteousness.

Yan Xiaobao left the room and returned to his quarters, where he sighed deeply once again. He felt the increasing weight of responsibility pressing down on him, and though he still didn't feel fully prepared to shoulder it, he nevertheless hoped not to let Wan Qiao's expectations go unmet. He wished to prove his worth, knowing that this experience would ultimately yield growth.

Sitting in his room, Yan Xiaobao neither ate nor left to exercise; the only thing he did was remain in his room refining the essences of heaven and earth. Two days later, someone knocked on his door, calling him to the Upper House Council chambers.

As Yan Xiaobao stood up, his eyes opened wide, his lips curled into a smile. This was the last obstacle he had to overcome; the moment to prove his worth. It was time to face the Upper House Council. It was the pivotal moment to showcase his value to countless Saints, gambling on how many among them were willing to bet on someone like a Duke — someone who appeared as much beast as human.

Opening the door, Yan Xiaobao was surprised to see two guards dressed in ceremonial attire politely nodding at him. These guards weren't Wan Qiao's; he could tell they were undoubtedly experts serving the Emperor. Seeing the pair, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but feel slightly tense. Being escorted by such experts made it abundantly clear how important this secret meeting was, something he couldn't fully comprehend while alone.

Behind the Guardian Beast, Yan Xiaobao surveyed the surroundings, noticing guards in the finest uniforms stationed at every castle door. Every doorway they passed was monitored, and Yan Xiaobao's walk through the castle did not go unnoticed. Some guards displayed curiosity, while others betrayed jealousy and hatred. Judging by their demeanor and the solemn atmosphere, the young Duke finally grasped just how unusual it was for him to attend the Upper House Council. Yet even with that knowledge, this young man did not falter; instead, he straightened his posture and looked ahead with determination. In his mind, he revisited every tenet of 'War Art,' and as the memory of its principles flooded him, his heartbeat slowed; he suddenly felt much calmer. He was ready to face the secret meeting.

Walking through the castle, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but be startled by the numerous guards stationed along the corridors. Approaching the library near the site of the secret meeting, Yan Xiaobao passed no fewer than a thousand guards — each one affiliated either with the Emperor or late Kings.

Seeing so many guards in the castle, all dressed in varying uniforms, Yan Xiaobao grasped the importance of the secret meeting. Such a significant deployment of guards to protect the castle meant that even Zhong Hui wouldn't dare enter uninvited as he could once have done. Sixty-four Saints along

with countless Emperors and Kings walked these halls, turning the palace into the safest place on the entire continent.

Astonished by the sheer number of guards, Yan Xiaobao quietly followed behind, escorted by the two experts as they slowly made their way toward the library. Standing outside, Yan Xiaobao felt his palms dampen with sweat and his heart beat irregularly as the grand doors before him opened at an agonizingly slow pace.

The library no longer resembled its former self. No longer merely a few chairs in the center, the space now housed a massive table surrounded by sixty-five chairs, the majority of them filled with beasts.

As the doors opened, every individual at the table turned their gaze toward him. In that moment, seeing the variety of eyes fixed on him, Yan Xiaobao's heart nearly came to a stop. Snake eyes, feline eyes, human eyes, ursine eyes, equine eyes, and leonine eyes stared at him. Some eyes burned red, others glowed green; the one thing they all shared was curiosity, with some tinged faintly with admiration.

In every Saint's hand was a sheet of paper — upon it written the title 'War Art.' In the preceding days, Wan Qiao made certain that each expert had been provided a copy of 'War Art' to read and familiarize themselves with.

They were deeply astonished to find the writer was someone so young — clearly just a Duke — who now stood before them.

"Step closer," Wan Qiao finally commanded. Without hesitation, Yan Xiaobao walked toward the direction of the Single-Horned Jasmine Hawk. His reflexes showed no trace of delay, though his eyes slowly scanned each beast present before him. Of all these creatures, Yan Xiaobao had previously encountered only two: Wan Qiao and Lord Pan.

Lord Pan sat beside Wan Qiao, and as Yan Xiaobao's eyes briefly landed on him, the man offered a slight nod. Looking at the others, Yan Xiaobao found himself surprised to see that while some lords appeared more beastly, others resembled humans entirely. Everyone present in the library fixed their gaze upon Yan Xiaobao as he slowly took a seat in the empty chair next to Wan Qiao. Not a sound could be heard. Absolute silence reigned in the room, quiet enough that the drop of a pin onto the floor might be audibly clear.

Yan Xiaobao felt strange under the intense scrutiny of all these eyes as he sat down. His composed gaze met theirs, revealing a calm demeanor devoid of arrogance. Silence pervaded the room, with each occupant observing the others. Wan Qiao's face lit up with a smile. She felt relieved seeing that none of the lords immediately started questioning Yan Xiaobao's presence among them. If she had to fight for everything, even the right for him to sit, her efforts to share her vision would have been far more challenging.

Wan Qiao cleared her throat and stood up. In her hand was the document containing 'War Art,' of which every individual had their own copy and had already read.

"My fellow beings!" Her voice boomed, shattering the quiet in the room and resonating to the core. All the lords shifted their gaze from Yan Xiaobao to this woman standing tall to address them. "We have lived in the Divine Domain for many years. It has been thousands of years since we could freely roam the outside world without fear for our safety; thousands of years where our species has been confined to the Divine Domain, forced to feed on other magical beasts and unable to risk venturing beyond."

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Chapter 587 Year After Year

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"Year after year, I have sat in this castle, waiting for this sign, waiting for the moment that allows us to claim what rightfully belongs to us. The key is to leave these pitiful forests behind and see the open plains and other beasts."

"Earlier this year, this young man appeared! Yan Xiaobao is one of my friends. He is both human and beast—a person caught between two worlds. He saw how our beasts suffer within the Divine Domain, and he offered me the War Art."

"This War Art was created by the Sun Master, a God who appeared on our plane a few years ago. He admired this young man and imparted some of his knowledge to him. This book is a masterpiece of warfare; it encompasses strategies tailored to counter our beasts' weaknesses."

"The Sun Master also left behind tactics and other resources with Yan Xiaobao. This young man is skilled in the War Art; he is the one capable of leading the Divine Domain Army into another kingdom. We no

longer need to retreat to this world as before. We shall fulfill our goal—a kingdom where our offspring can roam freely. They will see new horizons and consume more than magical beasts!"

"What do we have to fear? I know An Hee might resurface, but he vanished over a thousand years ago. Why would he concern himself over the rise or fall of a kingdom? He has everything he desires. Zhong Hui? There's no need to fear him; he already sent a messenger declaring that as long as our friend Yan Xiaobao eventually visits him, he will stay out of this war. With Zhong Hui removed and his Frozen Brigade promising not to act, should we truly fear An Hee's wrath?!"

"Yes, our forces are not yet soldiers, but we have Yan Xiaobao! Let him train these cultivators until they become warriors. Let them follow his strategies! We have both the art of war and our own strength. We shall be invincible!"

"Wait!" One of the Lords finally interrupted Wan Qiao, standing up. This man was at least three meters tall. His whole body seemed awkwardly compressed into a small chair, but now, as he stood, his full stature was revealed. His physique was solid, with a tail visible behind him. His eyes, like those of a cat, were red—fierce and powerful.

"You said we won't hunt humans. If we don't hunt humans, how are we supposed to take over a kingdom? Young man, I understand your ideals, but this is war; we cannot afford kindness!"

Looking at Yan Xiaobao, Wan Qiao did not speak in place of the white-haired youth. Yan Xiaobao sighed, stood up, and prepared to reply to the man before him.

"I understand that without spilling human blood, we cannot seize this land. I only hope that after we take over the kingdom, there won't be widespread hunting of humans. If humans attempt to enslave beasts, if they try to kill them, or if they refuse to share their lands and coexist with us, at the very least, I will have given them a chance. If they do any of these things, then so be it. I will not oppose retaliation. However, I will not condone the slaughter of innocents."

Upon hearing this, murmurs ran through the room as the Lords conversed among themselves, contemplating whether this condition was one they could accept.

"Why do we still need you now that we already possess the War Art?" one of the Lords asked. It was a woman with reptilian eyes, short and snakelike. Her demeanor was arrogant, and she looked at Yan

Xiaobao with a gaze that carried curiosity but also disdain. To her, Yan Xiaobao had already proven his worth; in the Snake Woman's eyes, he was no longer of use.

"That may not be true," Yan Xiaobao said, his voice clear and his eyes piercing. Though he was speaking to a Saint, he had neither retreated nor shown any discomfort or fear. "It is true that I have given you the entirety of the War Art; however, that is only one part of leading an army to war. Right now, you possess an impressive number of guards, but they are mere guards, not soldiers. I am the one capable of transforming them into soldiers, of preparing them for battle. I am the one who holds the tactics necessary to win this war. You may think my potential is limited, but if you wish to win this war with the least possible casualties, I am the person you need."

Hearing the confidence in Yan Xiaobao's voice, all the Lords were taken aback, particularly the one who first doubted him. She had never thought that someone merely a Duke, or worse—a half-beast—could stand up to her like this. A smile appeared on her face, and she nodded, signaling her acceptance of his answer.

"Let us take a short break and discuss the implications of this information," Wan Qiao's voice rang out again across the room. She gestured toward the library, showing that many small spaces had been furnished with chairs, tables, and refreshments. This arrangement allowed the Lords to mingle and move from corner to corner to discuss whatever they wished to deliberate."

Witnessing this scene, all the Lords rose and slowly placed themselves in comfortable spots for their conversations. In some areas, two or three Lords sat together, while in others, ten or more gathered to discuss the news.

Chapter 588 Year After Year_2

Everyone knew Wan Qiao intended to discuss the topic of war, but no one anticipated that she had prepared so much for it. However, although they already knew Wan Qiao was planning to discuss a war, none of them expected her to possess the War Art or to have made an agreement with General Frozen.

Yet, General Frozen and his strategies and tactics were not their primary concern. What the Lords truly feared was An Hee. No one could tell if he intended to join the war. If he chose to confront them, it was likely he alone could eliminate their entire army of Holy Level Experts. As time passed, the Lords wandered around the room. Some remained seated in particular chairs, attracting others to approach them, while others wandered throughout the library, conversing with nearly every Lord as they gathered diverse pieces of information and opinions.

During this time, Yan Xiaobao stayed at the long table where the discussions began. He was unfamiliar with any of the Lords and felt he was ill-suited to converse with them. He was no Forest King here; instead, he was merely Wan Qiao's bargaining chip. As he sat at the table, he began cultivating his inner energy because it was impossible to overhear the content of the experts' conversations. Each Lord did their utmost to lower their voices, allowing only those who were meant to know to hear what was being said.

Sitting by the table, Yan Xiaobao decided not to continue staring at the empty desk. He too could cultivate, and his decision attracted significant attention from several Saints. To cultivate in a room filled with this many Saints demonstrated the strength of his willpower. Most ranking experts from Duke University would find themselves uneasy in a room so densely packed with high-ranking experts. Yet here he was, a young man who had not yet breached the King-level, doing precisely that. He managed to steady his mind and enter meditation. To achieve such tranquility revealed traits many of these experts deemed worthy of observation, as he was not intimidated by the pressure of experts ranked higher than himself.

Although many experts were optimistic about Yan Xiaobao's abilities, not to mention the War Art the young man brought to the table, a small minority remained firmly opposed to the concept of engaging in war.

"I understand that this young man is a gift from God, and I must admit, the prospect of starting a war is more tempting now than ever," a lady spoke in a quiet and melodious voice during the conversation within one of the many formed groups discussing war. "While this is a hard decision, I still feel we cannot risk this war. Without Zhong Hui, achieving victory is already astonishing, but An Hee has not promised he won't show up. Four thousand years ago, he appeared suddenly and crushed us. Though he has been dormant for over a millennium, I can't help but feel he is simply waiting—for us to make a mistake—so he can strike us down and eliminate the beasts he didn't destroy before."

"Your words make sense," a man said in a deep and composed voice, though his eyes burned with desire, his voice trembling slightly as he continued speaking, "but remember, he could choose to destroy us at any moment over the past four thousand years, and he's done nothing! Don't tell me he's unaware of our current actions, unaware that we're planning for war! If he intended to save the Human Empire, he'd have already destroyed us. It would require hardly any effort on his part!"

"What Liu Zhu said is also true," the woman added, her face showing a slight anxiety, "but perhaps he is testing us. Perhaps he wants to see if we are greedy, if we desire more lands than we need. When we take action, he might strike us down and disappoint us."

"That might be true," the man nodded, though he still sought to persuade the group, his eyes blazing, "but he could also be planning to kill us. Why would he wait for us to start a war when he could have already planned our deaths? This would only inconvenience him. Four thousand years ago, he showed no mercy, and considering his character, he wouldn't wait to test us now; he would strike immediately. Since he hasn't disappointed us yet, I can't help but feel he won't act."

"Your logic is reasonable," the woman sighed, "but he always has the opportunity to strike us down. As long as there's a risk, I can't take this chance. I have many beasts to take care of. I can't afford the danger."

"Well, there's a simple solution," Wan Qiao's voice echoed across the library, drawing everyone's eyes to her as she smiled brilliantly at the main table. Silence fell upon the room. One by one, the Lords returned to their seats, curious to hear what Wan Qiao meant by her so-called simple solution.

Seated, all eyes focused on Wan Qiao, the faintest noise vanishing entirely. They recognized this was not an easy decision, so her claim of simplicity left everyone intrigued.

"It's not about everyone going to war or none participating," Wan Qiao said with a gentle smile. "There are sixty-four Holy Name Experts in this room, more than the Saints of the Siban Empire. We can wage war with some Saints while others remain in the Divine Domain to oversee our Kingdoms."

"It's natural not to leave in full force. If everyone departs, who will stay and safeguard our borders should another Kingdom suddenly attack? Those against war should be designated to remain and protect our forest. He won't destroy both the army at war and those left behind. This way, we ensure the Divine Origin's security and preserve some powerful experts who can survive should the worst scenario come to pass."

At her words, everyone was taken aback, grasping the crux of what she had articulated. No one had considered this before. Sending all the Lords from the Divine Domain was absolutely not an option, as An Hee's chance for retaliation inside the Divine Domain was minimal. This allowed some Lords to remain and manage their territories. With such reasoning, every Lord experienced a satori moment, nodding their heads involuntarily.

"I'm unsure how many Saint-level experts we require for the war," Wan Qiao continued, "but this is a matter I shall leave for Great Marshall Yan Xiaobao to decide. We may desire numerous Saints alongside us, yet we might not take everyone who volunteers. First, let us determine now who wishes to join the

war and who prefers to stay within the Divine Domain. This way, Yan Xiaobao will know whom he will collaborate with and manage the soldier count he is dealing with."

Upon hearing this, murmurs filled the room as heads started nodding slowly. Somewhere, this simple solution remained slightly surprising, while others already wore expressions of hope and anticipation.

Yan Xiaobao raised his hand simply, counting fifty-nine volunteers among the sixty-four, with five expressing a firm desire to remain in the Divine Domain. One of those five was the woman who had spent significant time earlier trying to sway others in uncertainty about her involvement.

"With the votes counted, the war shall proceed," Wan Qiao declared, her voice sharp and decisive, cutting through all noise. Even those initially against the war now nodded slowly, their eyes ignited with fervor. The vision of battling the beasts filled the minds of all, spurred by the effort to elevate the living standards of Divine Domain's countless inhabitants.

"One matter remains to be made public tonight," Wan Qiao continued as the room settled into calm. Conversations ceased, and all turned to her with eyes brimming with expectation and curiosity. They had already agreed to the war; what decision remained?

"I've named Yan Xiaobao as the Great Marshall for our war; however, this is solely my opinion. I believe no one could better care for our army and troops than he; but this requires our collective agreement. Are we willing to accept Yan Xiaobao and abide by his directives, or shall we take charge ourselves, hoping to minimize casualties?"

At first, the Lords were struck speechless by her question. No one voiced their thoughts, yet their expressions revealed complex emotions. They all understood the one being discussed was none other than the Duke, whose brilliance had shaken them time and time again—not only through his astonishing intellect and the insights he shared but also through his poise and ability to remain unaffected under any circumstance.

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Chapter 589: The Conditions Set Earlier

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However, accepting Yan Xiaobao as the Great Marshall also meant accepting the terms he had previously set, which were conditions they were unwilling to agree to. After a while, Mr. Pan stood up and said in a clear voice, "I accept Yan Xiaobao as the Great Marshall. Although I do not entirely agree with his terms, I can accept them as part of the whole. But, if humans cause trouble for our beasts, don't expect us to treat them politely."

Hearing this, Yan Xiaobao nodded, a faint "naturally" slipping from his lips. His voice betrayed no emotion, and no one could discern the pressure from the Saint he had just dealt with. Upon hearing this, one after another, the Lords stood up. "Yan Xiaobao is indeed suitable to be the Great Marshall," they all agreed. Wan Qiao secretly felt elated, her excitement rising like waves, for things were finally playing out as she had dreamed of for years. Ever since they were forced to retreat to the Divine Domain, Wan Qiao had hoped for a counterattack to prove that the beasts were not subjugated. But she had to wait four thousand years for this. Now that it was unfolding before her, she would do everything in her power to make it a success.

Eventually, all sixty-four Saints seated around the table stood up. Some gave slight bows to Yan Xiaobao, while others nodded their approval respectfully. Although Yan Xiaobao was not as strong as they were, he had other attributes that earned him the respect of the highest-ranking beasts within the Divine Domain.

Seeing this, Yan Xiaobao was surprised at how smoothly everything had progressed. He had never imagined that Wan Qiao would manage to persuade so many people at the outset, nor had he anticipated that the Lords would genuinely endorse him.

Yan Xiaobao smiled faintly, knowing that, now that the matter was settled, it was time for him to start planning. His plan included Li Meilin. As he looked down at the table, a subtle smile appeared on his face. A sense of rising success filled his chest, and a peculiar sense of pride appeared within him. This was the first time in Yan Xiaobao's life he had been entrusted with such responsibility, and he was determined to prove himself worthy of this respect.

Slowly, Yan Xiaobao stood up. When he began to speak, a small smile appeared on his face. "Everyone, I thank you for the honor you've bestowed upon me. I will now retire to my room; I need to think through many things, but I will summon you soon for a gathering. A meeting that will include all the information we need to begin the war."

As Yan Xiaobao finished speaking, the meeting officially ended. All the Lords returned to the accommodations provided for them within the castle. Some were excited, while others were utterly

exhausted. Some looked forward to joining the military efforts, while others wished for simpler tasks, such as staying at home to tend to their responsibilities within their own realms.

The last people to leave the library were Yan Xiaobao, Wan Qiao, and Lord Pan. The three exchanged smiles, though Yan Xiaobao's smile seemed more weary than the other two. Still, he was satisfied with what had been achieved.

"I need something from you," he said to Wan Qiao, leaning back in his chair with his eyes closed.

"You told me I could choose who I want to serve in the military, but I can't make a decision unless you provide me with a list of every Lord. If they wish to join the war effort or prefer to stay in the Divine Domain, I need to know which beasts they are and understand their overall strength."

"Can you get those to me within a few days?" Yan Xiaobao asked. "Also, I need someone to ensure that Li Meilin returns quickly to her Kingdom. I plan to speak with her about the war."

"So, you really intend to make this woman a part of your plan?" Wan Qiao asked. She knew Yan Xiaobao had mentioned this before, but to actually carry it out was ruthless—it left Li Meilin with no choice. Even if Li Meilin realized she was walking into a trap, she had no alternative but to comply with what Yan Xiaobao wanted. According to his plan, her only option would be to leave the Divine Domain. To send her rushing back home to warn the Siban Empire of the impending war would make Yan Xiaobao happiest. From Li Meilin's perspective, hurrying home was undoubtedly the best course of action as well.

Nodding, Yan Xiaobao stood up. Bowing once more to the two Saints, Yan Xiaobao left the room to find Li Meilin and discuss the brewing war. It was news that she had suspected but could not yet confirm.

Looking around, Yan Xiaobao could not find Li Meilin. He began to grow puzzled about where this woman might be hiding, only to discover that no matter how much he searched, he could not find her. Imagining the various scenarios where she might have already returned to her Kingdom, he sighed in frustration, feeling a twinge of headache. Perhaps she had already left the city and was on her way back; perhaps she was moving about the city gathering information. Regardless, Yan Xiaobao had no idea where she might be. He began to feel a bit irritated at the thought that she wasn't simply waiting for him to tell her about the impending war and then helping him secure her return home. Hopefully, without realizing Yan Xiaobao's deliberate intentions, this was still something he could bring to completion.

Yan Xiaobao waited outside Li Meilin's room, his body propped against the wall. The longer he waited, the heavier his mood became. Finally, as the last rays of sunlight disappeared, Li Meilin appeared at her door. Her hair was damp, and her skin was flushed. It was clear she had been bathing somewhere, though what she had been doing before that remained a mystery to Yan Xiaobao.

Chapter 590: The Conditions Set Earlier_2

Looking at the other person, Li Meilin was startled. Upon seeing the young man waiting for her, she immediately became alert, her demeanor slightly defensive. Up until now, whenever Yan Xiaobao was with her, this young man always regarded her with disdain, clearly hostile. But here, he was waiting for her with a serious expression on his face. This immediately made Li Meilin uneasy. She had already prepared for a showdown between them within the Divine Domain.

"What are you doing here?" Li Meilin's voice was filled with hostility. Although she had previously tried to get close to Yan Xiaobao, the results were not favorable. When she learned that the man did not take her seriously, she decided to gather information by other means.

"I don't like you," Yan Xiaobao said softly, which made Li Meilin snort. She already knew that. "I don't like you, but you're the only other person within the Divine Domain," Yan Xiaobao continued. Li Meilin felt worried and anxious. For Yan Xiaobao to want to speak with her because she was human meant something bad had happened.

"Aren't you going to invite me in?" Yan Xiaobao glanced around, observing the guards and other beasts walking around. With a bitter tone, he asked, "This isn't something we should discuss outside the room."

At this suggestion, Li Meilin nodded. Although she was apprehensive, her concern grew even more. For Yan Xiaobao to treat her in this manner, it was clear that something was gravely wrong, leaving him with no choice but to seek her out.

Li Meilin opened the door, gesturing for Yan Xiaobao to follow her inside. The young man hurried in, and as the two sat in the room, neither said anything. Li Meilin was quietly waiting, as Yan Xiaobao appeared to be struggling with how to communicate the information he had acquired to her.

"You might already know, I'm half-human and half-beast," Yan Xiaobao began. This was his explanation for the human-like appearance he cultivated and the smell humans could not hide. "I live both like a beast and a human," he continued. He emphasized that he wanted Li Meilin to understand his dual nature and that the reason he was speaking to her stemmed from his humanity.

"Today, I accidentally overheard something I'm sure I shouldn't have," he began before pausing slightly. The pause made Li Meilin's heart beat with unease, and her concerned feelings deepened.

"I walked in on Wan Qiao and Mr. Pan. The two of them were discussing war. It seems they are planning to launch a war outside. I didn't overhear which kingdom they intend to attack, but regardless of the target kingdom, trouble awaits us. You're from Siban, I'm from Sun. No matter the kingdom they attack, there will be calamity."

Upon hearing these words, Li Meilin's world seemed to crumble before her eyes. Her entire being spun for a moment. She quickly sat down, supporting her head with one hand, closing her eyes to suppress the nausea. Slowly, her eyes opened again, filled with resolute darkness.

"What do you plan to do about it?" she asked Yan Xiaobao. The young man shook his head with a sorrowful expression. "I intend to remain here until I reach a King-level, but I will try to speak with Wan Qiao to see if I can persuade her to let you leave. However, if I succeed, you must swear that you'll inform the Sun Kingdom about this looming danger," said Yan Xiaobao, his gaze stern as he looked at Li Meilin.

The lady was silent for quite some time, considering whether to trust the young man. Deep down, she appreciated that he had informed her and was even willing to find a way for her to leave the Divine Domain. If he truly managed to secure her departure, she was bound to follow his demand and warn the Sun Kingdom of the danger. While she couldn't interfere with the preparations of other kingdoms for war, she could, at the very least, issue a warning through this young man's intervention.

"How would you convince Wan Qiao to let me leave this place?" Li Meilin inquired curiously, fixing her gaze on the young man before her. Yan Xiaobao remained silent for a moment, biting his lip as though contemplating various options. Finally, he opened his mouth and said, "I think I'll tell her you've been stealthily gathering increasing amounts of information. I've overheard discussions about the war and will tell her you'd alert others ahead of time, making it harder for anyone to invade a kingdom that is already prepared." Yan Xiaobao spoke decisively. He nodded slowly, as if confirming that this was the best idea he could come up with. Even Li Meilin agreed that this plan was the most plausible way to escape the Divine Domain.

"I'll talk to her tomorrow. Don't pack or do anything that suggests you've heard anything—no sign we've met," Yan Xiaobao said as he swiftly left the room, leaving Li Meilin feeling uncertain.

Li Meilin was an emperor, someone who had spent her entire life in court and was accustomed to intrigue. Her instincts currently warned her that she was walking into a trap. However, even if she had been deceived, if this ended with her leaving the Divine Domain and being able to alert Sibian about the danger, then so be it. She had no choice but to step into the trap laid out before her.

The woman sighed deeply, sitting down to comb her hair. Her sharp, vigilant eyes listened intently to every sound from passersby outside her room. Her ears strained to their utmost. She had a feeling Yan Xiaobao might return, but as night turned into dawn and sunlight penetrated her windows, the woman finally accepted that he wouldn't come back to visit her or provide further information.

Unlike previous days, Li Meilin stayed inside her room. She did not venture out to gather information but instead sat at her desk, writing a document filled with the information she had collected during her time in the Divine Domain.

While Li Meilin was absorbed in writing, Yan Xiaobao once again headed to Wan Qiao's room. There was a knock on the door, followed by a voice calling for him to enter. The young man stepped inside, only to be greeted by a sight he wasn't expecting.

"What are you doing?" Yan Xiaobao asked as he picked up a piece of paper left to dry on her desk. Next to it was a stack of hundreds of similar papers. Her disheveled golden hair and eyes were solely focused on the documents before her. Hearing his voice, Wan Qiao looked up, a sour expression on her face.

"What am I doing?" Wan Qiao asked in a low voice. Yan Xiaobao instinctively stepped back, wondering if another slap was coming. "You told me you needed documents about every lord. Isn't it obvious that I am writing the files you asked for?" she snapped, clearly upset. However, she remained seated. The only visible change in her was the glare in her eyes.

"Then why do you still come here?" Wan Qiao stood up, leaving the overflowing pile of documents behind her desk.

"Why have you come here?" Wan Qiao asked again, glaring at the young man as she began to slowly organize the papers on her desk.

"I spoke with Li Meilin," Yan Xiaobao said casually, his eyes wandering around the room for anything out of place. Despite the disarray, the desk before him remained central.

"I think I managed to convince her that she needs to return to the Siban Empire and warn them about the impending war. I also told her she should warn the Sun Kingdom," Yan Xiaobao continued, picking up a specific paper to quickly read it.

The paper in question detailed a lord Yan Xiaobao hadn't noticed before. It described this lord as a two-winged spotted lion, notable for his remarkable offensive abilities and warlike personality. Reading the report made Yan Xiaobao smile at the thought of such a powerful expert aiding him in the upcoming war. However, he quickly placed the paper down upon noticing the pout on Wan Qiao's face.

"So you've spoken to Li Meilin, and it went as you hoped? What's next?" she sighed, waiting for Yan Xiaobao to continue. She didn't have to wait long. "I told her I'd try to convince you to let her leave. That's exactly what I'm here to do now. We need her to leave the Divine Domain and head to the Siban Empire. Ideally, you could assign one of your guards to fly her to the border between the Divine Domain and Siban. She can begin from there. She'll likely need a month to reach the capital, which still gives them enough time to prepare for the war. I estimate we'll need six months to train guards before starting the war," Yan Xiaobao said with a sigh, and the woman before him nodded. Having waited for over four thousand years, waiting an additional six months seemed trivial to her.

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