

## Medical 611

### Chapter 611: Everything I Have Today

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"Welcome, and thank you all for coming here," Yan Xiaobao said with a gentle smile. His greeting prompted many commanders to nod toward him, a gesture of respect toward a cultivator weaker than them.

"Tomorrow, I want everyone in the army to line up when the sun pierces the sky. We will begin transforming these guards into real soldiers," Yan Xiaobao continued. His words echoed throughout the arena and surrounding areas. Many guards stood on the ground, gazing at the Emperor and Yan Xiaobao. As soon as they heard his words, their blood began to boil within them. Their faces lit up with uncontrollable smiles, and their eyes sparkled with excitement. While they enjoyed being cultivators, they understood that mere guards were insufficient in war. With this young man known for his insane cultivation speed personally training them, they had a genuine chance to significantly improve.

Yan Xiaobao, aware of their thoughts, offered just a faint smile. To him, as long as they obeyed his command and accepted this mission, motivating these experts wasn't all that critical. "That's all I have for today," Yan Xiaobao said with a gentle smile and a slight nod toward the experts in front of him. Once dismissed, all the Emperors left the arena.

As they exited, everyone was surprised to see that Yan Xiaobao remained unmoving. His expression unchanged, a hint of calm remained on his face as he watched the Emperors leave. However, lingering in the arena clearly signified his intention for a confrontation, challenging any who dared to step onto the stage against the Great Marshall. If they won, would they be punished? Yet intentionally losing was not something they wanted either—their pride could not endure such humiliation.

Yan Xiaobao stayed rooted where he stood, waiting for all the commanders to clear the stage. When the last one finally did so, Yan Xiaobao cleared his throat and spoke softly, "Anyone among you Eight-star cultivators who thinks they can defeat me, please, come try." His voice was low but carried by the wind to all corners of the arena, ensuring that everyone could hear his words. Interestingly, he didn't even need to raise his voice. How he managed this feat was a mystery to everyone present. Though they knew how to use Qi to amplify sound over vast distances, using the wind to carry one's voice was entirely unprecedented.

The crowd remained silent; not a single person dared to approach the stage. Consumed by the fear of engaging him in combat, they were hesitant. Knowing what the experts were thinking, Yan Xiaobao shook his head and sighed once again.

"Don't be afraid," he said gently, his voice brimming with vitality and strength. "I will not punish anyone who defeats me. Let all the cultivators present bear witness to this oath," Yan Xiaobao declared solemnly. His words commanded immense respect in their hearts. To swear an oath not to misuse his authority was something the guards had never anticipated, and their respect for him only deepened as they observed his growth.

Although his oath brought some relief, no one rushed to fight him at once. However, the expressions of those present shifted from outright refusal to a reluctant consideration of the idea. After a long silence and glances exchanged among the experts, one finally stepped forward.

It was a small-framed man with a lean body and golden feline pupils. A sleek black tail swayed behind him, and on his head were visible black cat ears. As Yan Xiaobao looked at him, he immediately recognized the man as a rare beast—a Black Lightning Cat.

"My lord, although I am but an Eight-star King, I have been at this level for twenty years now. I would be delighted to compare myself to you, who has just achieved this level," the man said politely, bowing deeply in respect toward Yan Xiaobao.

The white-haired youth smiled faintly in response and stepped onto the stage, taking his position. It was time to test the abilities he had learned from the monk. The Black Lightning Cat wasn't large, nor was his physique muscular and bulky like some of the other experts Yan Xiaobao had previously faced. Rather, he was an expert whose strength lay in speed and agility, using his dexterous body to overpower his enemies. Yan Xiaobao also considered speed one of his fortes, especially after mastering the advanced skill, Velocity Flow. Nonetheless, he couldn't help but wonder if he was truly faster than this opponent.

At least this battle wouldn't solely test speed. It was also an opportunity for him to figure out how to control the monk's abilities that he had recently learned. The sensations gifted to him by the monk felt completely different from the ones he experienced with the wolf fusion. With the wolf, everything had been straightforward—he instinctively knew what the wolf favored when attacking. His body could execute every move without prior practice. The monk's abilities, however, were far more nuanced.

Three abilities flashed through Yan Xiaobao's mind. Although immensely powerful, they still felt incomplete, as though the young man required further enlightenment to wield them effectively. These

techniques, once perfected, could dominate his opponent's cultivation base. Standing leisurely before the Black Lightning Cat, Yan Xiaobao casually flipped himself over and stretched, appearing completely at ease.

He was acutely aware that he could not afford to lose this battle—failure would risk his authority and the army's respect for him. However, the truth was that the young man felt little concern about the upcoming duel. If he hadn't undergone the monk fusion, he certainly wouldn't have displayed such brazen confidence, but now he knew his newfound abilities left him far more formidable than ever before.

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When the crowd saw the two experts greeting each other, they fell silent. The two stood opposite each other, their eyes locked as they waited for the other to make the first move. Neither of them wanted to take the first step in this battle, as they knew very little about each other's abilities.

From the very beginning, Yan Xiaobao activated the Velocity Flow skill to ensure his speed wouldn't fall behind the Black Lightning Cat's. His eyes no longer held even a trace of amusement as they carefully observed every move the cat made.

Finally, Yan Xiaobao raised his hand, and a stream of Qi emerged from his fingers. However, this Qi seemed unusual—it wasn't white like Qi normally should be. Instead, it was light blue, the same shade as a blue cloud.

Several gasps could be heard among the audience; even the Queen gasped audibly, while the ranked experts' faces turned pale and their breathing grew labored. Witnessing the binding energy, terror filled the eyes of certain women, as they associated it with the terrifying cloud that had absorbed energy the previous day. Others glanced at these confused women, but their attention soon turned back to the arena as the energy lines multiplied. The lines appeared on each of Yan Xiaobao's fingers, slithering forward like snakes, ready to strike at any moment. One after another, they flew toward the black cat, forcing it to rely on its agility to evade them. Though the cat couldn't discern the exact nature of the blue Qi Lines, as the first one approached him, he felt his fur instantaneously stiffen.

Seeing his opponent evade every attack only made Yan Xiaobao chuckle. He began manipulating the surrounding threads again, never giving them a moment's rest. He repeatedly attacked the beast in front of him. Despite the constant bombardment of blue Qi Lines, one might expect the cat to panic, but that never happened. The cat cleverly dodged every attack; even when the Qi Lines drew close, none came near enough to strike.

The speed of the Black Lightning Cat was indeed as swift as lightning, but Yan Xiaobao wasn't the only one astonished. The cat was once one of the fastest creatures around, yet here it was, pushed to the limit by a youth who had just reached the rank of Eight-star King. Not only that, but as the blue lines progressively closed in, the cat could feel cold sweat forming on its back.

Yan Xiaobao knew this strategy wouldn't work. With an almost imperceptible movement, he deftly wove the ten blue Qi Lines back toward himself, interlacing them to create a net. At this point, the threads detached from his hands, forming a complete network. Now, Yan Xiaobao held the net in one hand, invoking an ability he had learned from a monk. This net, however, wasn't as simple as it appeared.

The two experts once again stood opposite each other, neither making a move, both waiting for the other to take action first. The one to act prematurely might lose. Noticing the stalemate, Yan Xiaobao took a deep breath. With sharp eyes fixed on the man before him, it suddenly seemed as though the white-haired youth had shot forward like an arrow. He held the net tightly in his hands, yet he hadn't released it, continuing his charge toward the Black Lightning Cat. The moment the cat noticed this sudden movement, its pupils narrowed. Despite knowing it needed to be cautious of the net in Yan Xiaobao's hand, hesitation lingered. As the cat distanced itself from Yan Xiaobao, it realized that the burst of speed the youth displayed far exceeded its expectations.

Seeing the cat retreat, a smile appeared on Yan Xiaobao's face. The fleeting moment of uncertainty visible on the cat's face was enough for Yan Xiaobao to proceed with his planned attack.

The arena was enormous, capable of hosting battles between more than five pairs of experts simultaneously. This gave the cat enough room to travel a long distance before it realized a mistake had been made.

For a creature as swift and agile as the cat, retreat should've been an easy task. However, in its semi-humanoid form, moving backward on two legs was undeniably slower than the young man charging toward it. As Yan Xiaobao advanced, his appearance began to change. Red fur sprouted on his skin, while razor-sharp claws emerged on his hands, transforming his face into that of a wolf—a visage that could shred almost anything.

Witnessing this transformation, the cat finally grasped the gravity of the situation. Despite its opponent being a newcomer to the Eight-star rank who had achieved rapid advancement within just a few days, the youth was far stronger than expected.

As he transformed into a wolf, his already impressive speed surged even higher, leaving the cat with barely enough time to register the surrounding flashes of red. These flashes were accompanied by blurs of blue energy, bringing with them an eerie chill that clawed at the cat's skin.

The blue flashes blinded numerous observers and vanished as quickly as they arrived. The only thing left standing was Yan Xiaobao, who had returned to his human form, alongside a cat collapsed on the arena floor. The cat sat there gazing at Yan Xiaobao, its eyes wide in shock and its heart pounding out of rhythm.

"How did you do that?" it asked in astonishment, realizing it could no longer access any of its internal energy—all of it was completely sealed. Upon probing its beast core with its consciousness, the cat found a blue net encasing it, entirely locking its internal energy.

The cat was utterly stunned, realizing that its energy was now sealed by the white-haired youth. No matter how hard it tried to forcefully draw on its power, everything dispersed into the net, as if the energy was absorbed before it could leave the core. Knowing this, the cat became overwhelmed with fear—not only worried about how long it would remain energyless, but even more afraid that a being capable of completely sealing another expert's cultivation base had appeared, rendering a cultivator no better than an ordinary mortal.

"Let me help you," Yan Xiaobao said with a smile after seeing the shock on the cat's face. He understood what his ability was meant to do but had never expected it to be this powerful. Sealing someone else's cultivation base entirely excited him beyond measure.

The ability was the fusion of blue cloud energy and Qi—one of the most fundamental energies. However, these strands of Qi possessed the ability to seal any expert's power. Experts stronger than Yan Xiaobao could break the net or Qi threads, but anyone weaker, or of similar strength, would remain trapped within it.

Yan Xiaobao extended his hand and touched the cat's leg. The net slowly dissipated, shrinking into Xiao Qi's Qi Lines. These Qi Lines flowed back into the cat's meridians, leaving Yan Xiaobao's hands in their wake.

The entire audience fell silent. All they had seen was the blue net touching the cat. Known as one of the strongest Eight-star Kings in the army, the cat's speed was legendary, and its attacks were ferocious. Yet, for some reason, the cat had retreated. It appeared to struggle with all its strength to escape the blue energy. As observers, no one was close enough to truly sense the danger the cat had felt. All they saw

was the cat retreating until a sudden flash occurred. Afterward, the expert they initially believed would win was slumped on the ground. As for what had happened, nobody knew. Nobody understood the nature of the attack. Seeing the cat nod at Yan Xiaobao, a surprised yet humble expression emerged on its face. "The Great Marshall absolutely deserves his rank," it said respectfully. Only now did it realize this expert carried many secrets unknown to anyone else.

The emperors looked on with furrowed brows. Usually, they could perceive the attacks of lower-ranked experts, but even they couldn't see through this particular assault. Only the one being attacked could fully comprehend what had happened. The cat was tightly bound and understood that attacks like this were most effective when coupled with an element of surprise.

"Master," suddenly, a voice emerged from the crowd as another Eight-star expert stepped forward. "Master, I would like to attempt to face your attack." "Master, I wish to receive your strike!" The entire arena resounded with a chorus as the cat and Yan Xiaobao turned their attention toward the speaker. The speaker was a tall Horned Eagle, evidently one of the beasts from the Wanqiao Army. It appeared to be of the same rank as Yan Xiaobao and the previous opponent.

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Seeing this, Yan Xiaobao remained calm. His gentle nod and curious expression encouraged the next expert to step onto the stage. This expert wasn't sure if the cat had deliberately faltered, but for him, it didn't matter. What mattered was experiencing the new extreme attack, understanding how others fought, and learning from their insights. He was a skilled expert, one of the many specialists among this group of guards.

As the One-Horned Eagle approached the arena, everyone focused intently, hoping to witness another network attack. They wished to grasp its essence, to understand what it truly was.

Yan Xiaobao knew that simply relying on threads of Qi wouldn't be enough to completely block the beast core. When the eagle stepped onto the stage, Yan Xiaobao once again summoned wave after wave of Qi, merging it with the blue cloud. As it left his fingertips, he skillfully wove them together until the blue net once again appeared in his grasp.

The eagle stood before him with a trace of respect. Bowing deeply to the Great Marshall, he acknowledged Yan Xiaobao. Observing the eagle, Yan Xiaobao instantly understood: this guard wasn't here to prove he was better than the cat or Yan Xiaobao; he was here because he wanted to experience the attack Yan Xiaobao had demonstrated. It was very likely he had never seen anything like it and hoped to seize this opportunity to personally witness and learn. Yan Xiaobao merged himself with calmness, embodying a serene disposition. Seeing an expert so eager to encounter such an extreme attack filled Yan Xiaobao with pride toward those beneath him.

"Please, attack me," the eagle said as he stood before Yan Xiaobao. "I won't move. I want to experience this attack for myself."

With that said, Yan Xiaobao nodded. Moments later, a brilliant blue light flashed instantly before disappearing just as quickly. A loud thud echoed as the eagle collapsed to the ground. His eyes were filled with astonishment, his mouth trembling.

"This is incredible!" he exclaimed in a shocked voice. His gaze was overflowing with disbelief as he quickly accepted Yan Xiaobao's hand. The elderly youth had withdrawn the threads of blue Qi from the eagle's beast core.

The Emperor was once again unable to comprehend what had just transpired, but they could see that the eagle was clearly overwhelmed by the inexplicable attack. Observing the cat and the eagle, both seemed unharmed. Yet, the moment the brilliant blue light appeared, they both immediately conceded defeat. As they collapsed, neither displayed the strength to resist. What kind of astonishing attack was this? None seemed to truly understand.

"Thank you for allowing me to experience this attack," the eagle said humbly, bowing his head as he slowly exited the arena. Yan Xiaobao followed behind him. The eagle no longer felt the need to experience other attacks; he had already encountered the one that intrigued him most, alongside others he might explore in the future.

As he departed, he nodded toward the Emperor and slowly returned to the city gates. He went back to his quarters to prepare for the next day.

After leaving the arena, the guards gradually returned to their tents. Some began cultivating their Inner Energy, while others headed to the arena to train and refine their techniques.

News soon spread about how Yan Xiaobao had won two matches with a single attack, both producing the same result. The Great Marshall remained a figure shrouded in mystery, one whom no one truly understood. His strength became the topic of much discussion. His attacks turned into legendary tales. Though only those who had personally experienced the blue cloud power truly understood what had occurred, everyone believed it was an attack that could overcome anyone subjected to it. Only Yan Xiaobao knew that this technique was only effective against opponents of comparable or lower ability. Just as he understood its limitations, he also recognized that successfully executing the attack was far from easy.

The cat was astonished by Yan Xiaobao's refined speed, which allowed the young man to skillfully employ the blue net. The second opponent stood motionless, permitting Yan Xiaobao to strike him directly.

While the guards were motivated to train, Yan Xiaobao remained in his room, busy preparing the training regimen for the guards the following day. After several hours of work, his eyes roamed over the paper before him, a satisfied smile on his face.

Yan Xiaobao moved to the floor and sat by the window. In the remaining time, he prepared exercises for the next day. As the sunlight streaming through the window gradually gave way to moonlight, Yan Xiaobao began absorbing the essence of heaven and earth once more. He filtered out Yin Energy from the essence and directed it into his Upper Dantian, merging it with the already-present Yang Energy.

As all the energy entered his body, a sly smile crept across Yan Xiaobao's face. He closed his eyes, savoring the sensation of energy flowing through his meridians, gradually refining itself before settling into his Lower Dantian. Yan Xiaobao decided he wanted to accelerate the refinement process instead of merely relying on cultivation techniques to handle everything. Thus, he forced a significant portion of the essence of heaven and earth to continually circulate through his body via his meridians. As the Qi entered each meridian, its color became a pristine white. This technique persisted until the Qi turned a pearly white, glimmering with brilliance.

Though Yan Xiaobao focused on refining his Qi, his cultivation techniques also worked tirelessly, whether in the upper, middle, or lower Dantian. Surprisingly, Yan Xiaobao's duplicate did not appear within his Upper Dantian. It seemed that refining Yin Yang Energy was a task that had to be manually performed.

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In his Lower Dantian, the Yan Xiaobao replica continually absorbed the essence of heaven and earth, refining it through the meridians. At the same time, the replica in his Middle Dantian absorbed an

unusual trace, further refining it into liquid silver energy that fell into his spiritual energy sea. The spiritual energy sea was slowly rising.

Although these two Dantians were steadily improving, by the time he joined the King Team, Yan Xiaobao's internal energy had already expanded greatly. However, Wu Wei was an entirely different matter. Wu Wei could only be refined through the combination of Yin Energy and Yang Energy. Filtering Yin Yang Energy from the essence of heaven and earth was something Yan Xiaobao had to do manually, just like the cultivation base he had built; however, if he overlooked the energies, his Upper Dantian People would not refine any energy on their own.

As Yan Xiaobao manually filtered the energy, he noticed a tranquil sensation enveloping him. With his newfound mastery over the blue cloud, the cloud rolled outward again. The cloud surrounding him increased the density of the heaven and earth energy around the young white-haired man, allowing him to soak in more Yin Energy under the moon's gentle light.

This night, like many others, found the young man completely immersed in his training. Oblivious to his surroundings, two shadows suddenly crept up behind him. They patrolled the room briefly and vanished into the darkness without leaving a trace.

When the next morning came, Yan Xiaobao awakened feeling refreshed. Yet, he was deeply disappointed with the amount of energy he had cultivated overnight. It felt so insignificant that breakthrough seemed like an eternal endeavor. Though he had skyrocketed from the first Constant Star to the eighth, he finally understood the sheer quantity of Yin Yang Energy required to advance a single star. Beyond the astonishing amount needed, he also had to grasp the fundamentals of balancing all energies within his body—an effort he had never undertaken before. Balancing energy was no easy feat.

A King-level expert constantly increased their Qi and spiritual energy. Although Yan Xiaobao's primary energy was now composed of Wu Wei, he still refined both Qi and spiritual energy alongside Wu Wei. These energies were critical in maintaining harmony.

Achieving balance between one's energies required consistency in Qi that matched previous refinement levels. Reaching higher levels did not mean Qi could be more easily perfected; refinement could not afford to become slower or less pure compared to before. The same applied to spiritual energy, as Yan Xiaobao recognized that even the slightest negligence could disrupt balance, resulting in energies becoming less pure. If this imbalance occurred, progress would become even more arduous.

Maintaining balance among the body's different energies was the reason Kings found it nearly impossible to ascend to Emperor-level. While Kings were rare, their numbers far exceeded those of Emperors. Becoming an Emperor necessitated achieving perfect energy balance. Additionally, one had to patiently refine all Yin Yang Energy, gradually merging it to overcome bottlenecks.

Upon awakening, Yan Xiaobao felt disheartened by his inability to refine more martial power during the daylight hours. Yet amidst his disappointment, he sharply realized that he had already received every bit of aid his past life could offer. Though Yan Xiaobao found his cultivation rate unimpressive, it was undoubtedly faster than any other cultivator in the present. If someone else experienced his cultivation speed, they would likely be overjoyed rather than wear the frustrated expression currently on Yan Xiaobao's face. This young man was captivated by the capabilities of monks.

Yan Xiaobao sighed, stood up, and resolved not to waste further time contemplating the balance of his internal energy. Instead, he walked to his desk, where he picked up various documents. After frowning while inspecting them, he nodded in satisfaction and placed the papers back into storage. Yan Xiaobao then left his room and headed toward the city gates.

The city was bustling, even though it was still early. Bakers, messenger boys, and other workers filled the streets on their morning errands. As he crossed the empty streets, Yan Xiaobao felt a thrill at the thought of how the army would respond to his training methods. He hoped the guards would embrace the training meant for soldiers, though everything had been designed specifically for this purpose. Smiling, the young man dashed through the city and headed outward, where all the guards and commanders awaited him. But as Yan Xiaobao approached the city gates, he was surprised to find no guards present. The tent camp was empty once again. Yet, the closer he got to the arena, the more he could hear voices chatting together, signaling he was nearing the guards' location.

Upon reaching the arena, the guards stood assembled in formation. The first row comprised Wan Gu's ten thousand soldiers, along with others belonging to Pan Long. Ordinary soldiers were lined up neatly, with one thousand men per row, commanded by their leaders at the front. While everyone was chatting, silence fell as soon as Yan Xiaobao was spotted. Not a single word was spoken, but curiosity filled the eyes of all. The rumors about his feats from the previous day had spread throughout every corner of the army. Everyone wondered whether this young man truly possessed God-like abilities capable of forcing an uninjured opponent into submission.

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"It's not hard to figure out what they're thinking," Yan Xiaobao said to himself in a low voice. Before coming to a stop in front of the Commander, he once again swept past many soldiers and nodded in their direction. Yan Xiaobao then stepped back onto the grand stage.

The arena was elevated about one meter above the ground, allowing Yan Xiaobao to have a better view of the troops before him.

"Today's training begins," Yan Xiaobao said seriously. "Assemble into your five-man groups!" He continued, and movement started to ripple across the guards. Approximately ten minutes later, the movement came to a halt.

"Now you will face each other. Fight in five-man groups. Everyone outside your team is your enemy. Commanders will roam the battlefield, and if you're severely injured, you will leave for treatment. Should anyone continue to get injured, I will personally ensure that they never participate in real warfare."

"When you leave, your group will continue to fight short-handed. This is not a fair duel. Sometimes your group will face five against ten, other times ten against five. On the battlefield, fairness does not exist. Survival is what matters, and you must learn to fight to stay alive."

As Yan Xiaobao observed the many guards, he remained silent. His words made some of them pale and anxious, while others flashed grins across their faces, displaying the excitement they felt.

"My lord," suddenly a Commander spoke, and Yan Xiaobao instantly turned his full focus to the Emperor. Although Yan Xiaobao's rank was higher, he treated the Emperor with full respect, admiring how these leaders had achieved such high status without relying on past lives or unusual powers.

"Speak," he nodded. The Commander cleared his throat, his eyes darting from side to side.

"Where will we be fighting?" he asked, scratching the back of his head, which made the grin on Yan Xiaobao's face widen.

"You will start fighting right now," Yan Xiaobao replied. A soft murmur suddenly rose to the heavens. Everyone was shocked. Given how close they currently were to each other, how could they fight under such conditions? For those guards accustomed to arena duels with space to maneuver, this seemed nearly impossible.

"This is not a match for bickering," Yan Xiaobao reminded them, as he knew precisely what each of these guards was thinking. "When you fight in this war, unless you create space by slaughtering your enemies, you won't be able to maneuver. This is one of the crucial reasons we're beginning this kind of training," Yan Xiaobao explained. The more he spoke, the clearer the significance of his words became to the specialists listening.

"I need you to understand this is the reality of war; I need you to fully embrace the methods and environments of the battles we will fight. I want all of you to become an army, an army that the Divine Domain and its Lords can take pride in." Yan Xiaobao finished, igniting a fire in the eyes of every skilled expert present. Their hearts raced faster than before, and they silently vowed to prove themselves, to show the world the Divine Origin army's ability to act as true soldiers.

"Alright, in that case," Yan Xiaobao said with a smile, "there's no reason to waste any more time. You all understand my expectations of you—make me proud and fight for the strength within yourselves. Remember, when you're injured, you will leave the battlefield."

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After finishing his speech, Yan Xiaobao rang a bell he had brought with him. The sound echoed from the ground in front of him. Some experts took on beast forms, others manufactured weapons, while still others fought bare-handed, embodying human combat techniques. No matter what they did, everyone was determined to persevere; everyone desired to be the last one standing—to prove to this mysterious Great Marshall that they were at least worthy of his time and training.

The sounds of battle quickly filled the air. Screams could be heard here and there, and soon a small group of injured experts began to withdraw from the battlefield. Some carried severe wounds, tended to promptly by therapists, while others bore lighter injuries. There were external and internal injuries—fractured lungs and ribs, broken arms and legs.

Yet, despite the many who left the battlefield, Yan Xiaobao's smile only grew wider. Before him were four hundred thousand experts, the fight raging back and forth. Some groups prioritized survival with well-planned strategies, while others sought to defeat as many as possible—even considering their teammates as rivals to determine who could take down the most opponents.

"It seems they've overcome the greatest hurdle," Yan Xiaobao murmured as he watched the ebb and flow of the battle. Everyone had grown accustomed to the close-quarter skirmishes. Some groups worked seamlessly together, watching each other's backs with precision, while others lacked cohesion entirely. Such disorganized groups didn't last long.

Observing the therapists, Yan Xiaobao saw a long line of injured experts waiting for treatment. Squinting, he tried to memorize the faces of the first batch who had been eliminated from training. Though it was likely they had failed because multiple experts ganged up on them early, it was more probable that their downfall stemmed from an inability to cooperate effectively within their groups.

Seeing how many faltered at the start, Yan Xiaobao felt mixed emotions. While he knew the number of failures was to be expected from this exercise, the disappointment lingered, especially as many of them were supposed to be kings and emperors, intrinsically equal. Scanning the battlefield again, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but notice about ten groups of five that stood out to him. Each shone for different reasons; however, the white-haired youth was certain the final victor would emerge from one of these groups.

One standout group focused on defense, their backs turned to one another. They avoided attacking others but swiftly countered anyone who dared assault them, working in perfect harmony to eliminate threats before returning to their defensive stance. Watching them impressed Yan Xiaobao deeply. After all, he had instructed everyone that survival was the most crucial factor, and this group clearly understood his words.

Another group adopted a completely opposite strategy. While their demeanor seemed ruthless, their interdependence was undeniable. Observing them was like watching waves in the ocean—each one brimming with force and determination, yet collectively part of a larger whole. These five offensive-minded individuals moved gracefully, trusting one another completely as they tackled experts with astounding efficiency.

A third group took a more traditional approach. Their five-member team frequently targeted groups entangled in other battles or focused on overpowering their opponents with sheer brute force.

Looking over the countless experts below, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but smile. As time passed, fewer experts seemed aimless; more were either waiting for treatment or already being cared for by therapists.

When the sun reached its zenith in the sky, Yan Xiaobao sighed. Many hours had passed since the combat began, and now over half of the forces had been eliminated. The battles grew increasingly desperate.

Another three to four hours passed, and the stream of injured participants dwindled further. By the end of the day, Yan Xiaobao was delighted to see that at least ten thousand individuals had fought relentlessly without giving up.

Clapping his hands, Yan Xiaobao rose to his feet. Seeing the battle still raging, he amplified his voice across the entire expanse. "It's over for today," he announced, his words heard by everyone. Instantly, the fighting ceased. Gazing at the ten thousand surviving participants, Yan Xiaobao noticed the proud expressions on their faces, the pride that made him smile back at them.

"Tomorrow, we will do the same," Yan Xiaobao continued, his words capturing everyone's attention. The promise of another round of battle stirred excitement among those eliminated early, as they saw a chance for redemption. Meanwhile, the experts who performed well were motivated to surpass themselves the next day. Remarkably, everyone seemed more cooperative now than they had at the start of the day, exchanging glances as if gauging whether their colleagues shared the same excitement for tomorrow's training.

Witnessing this shift, Yan Xiaobao left the training field with a look of astonishment on his face. He hadn't expected these proud experts to adapt so quickly to this form of training, but their eagerness made his task easier.

As the young man exited the arena, several experts rushed back to the stage. To Yan Xiaobao's surprise, these experts weren't engaging in one-on-one battles anymore—they had shifted to five-on-five duels. Watching this, Yan Xiaobao decided to stay. For hours on end, group after group practiced their teamwork, merging their attacks and improving their cooperation to gain an advantage for the following day.

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Seeing the steady stream of experts on the stage showing no signs of stopping, Yan Xiaobao smiled and finally turned to walk back to the castle. Now was the time for him to begin his training. The goal was to refine more Yin Energy and merge his Yin Yang Energy to create greater martial power. So far, everything was proceeding according to plan, and Yan Xiaobao was very pleased with the progress. Over the next day, and throughout the following month, the guards did nothing but engage in group battles day after day. Initially, many experts would leave the stage early during this process, but as time went on, fewer and fewer were injured. The fights became tougher and more desperate, and everyone was determined to prove themselves better than the others. Witnessing their progress, Yan Xiaobao was

extremely satisfied with the guards' performance. These guards were finally starting to understand what it meant to be an army, albeit a five-person army.

After spending a long time bickering among themselves in their small groups, Yan Xiaobao observed many experts grappling with their own limitations and nodded with approval. He decided it was time to initiate the second stage of training.

The next day, Yan Xiaobao divided the entire army into two groups instead of the usual five-person teams. Now, two armies would attack each other. The outcome was reminiscent of the situation nearly a month ago when they began their first group battles—many "casualties" occurred at the start. However, as time passed, fewer people were unable to continue the practice. The fights grew increasingly desperate, and in the end, only a small number of experts left the battlefield. Most persisted, refusing to yield and managing to hold their ground. Seeing this, Yan Xiaobao was finally satisfied.

After leaving the training grounds, unlike on other days, Yan Xiaobao didn't return to his room. Instead, he followed a familiar path to Wan Qiao's chamber. A smile graced his face, and his eyes shimmered with a serene blue light, a calming presence that seemed to soothe anyone who looked at him.

\*Knock\* \*Knock\*

The door slowly opened, revealing not only Wan Qiao but also Mr. Pan inside. For some reason, Yan Xiaobao wasn't surprised to find the two together. He respectfully greeted the elderly man seated at the table.

As soon as Yan Xiaobao entered, Wan Qiao's face blossomed into a genuine, warm smile—a smile that conveyed her joy in seeing this young man. For the past several days, Yan Xiaobao hadn't visited her or shared any updates, leaving her wondering about the reasons behind his silence. The Divine Origin Queen had grown anxious about the lack of information.

As the Forest King, Wan Qiao knew what the training entailed. Like all the other Lords, she was astonished by the intensity of the drills Yan Xiaobao had implemented for the army. Though they understood the reasoning behind it, none had anticipated that Yan Xiaobao, instead of leading an immediate march against Siban, would actually dedicate time and effort to prepare the army for warfare.

Seeing the genuine happiness on Wan Qiao's face, Yan Xiaobao walked to the table, pulled out a chair, and sat down. While some might perceive his behavior as rude or arrogant, Wan Qiao saw it differently. She, too, sat at the table, and now, two Lords and a young human boy were gathered together.

"They're ready," Yan Xiaobao said with a smile. "I cannot train the army to be any better than this; they are performing exceptionally well now. I believe our casualties will hit a historical low." As he spoke, a faint sparkle lit up Wan Qiao's eyes.

"I don't intend to plan strategy with the Lords," Yan Xiaobao continued, "so what I want to say is that we now need to prepare for war."

Wan Qiao's smile shifted to something more sinister, and even Pan Long's expression turned bloodthirsty as cruel grins spread across their faces. Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but sigh lightly. He had managed to turn the Kings and Emperors into soldiers, but he hadn't done anything to change the Forest King. These people were still bloodthirsty cultivators, preferring one-on-one duels to settle things until someone emerged victorious. This was how Saints would fight, which is why Yan Xiaobao didn't bother to train them to fight as soldiers.

Having said his piece, Yan Xiaobao waited patiently for Wan Qiao to respond, but she remained silent. She simply offered a radiant smile, her eyes fixed on Yan Xiaobao. The young man immediately realized that, though the war was Wan Qiao's idea, the entire responsibility had landed squarely on his shoulders. He would have to prepare for war, managing logistics and organizing the army. Coming to this conclusion, Yan Xiaobao shook his head involuntarily. Not even in ancient China would someone expect a single person to handle every facet of warfare, but after some thought, Yan Xiaobao frowned. He realized that while he had brought knowledge from his past life, this was not ancient China. It was an entirely new domain.

Considering the logistics required to supply the entire army, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but feel another headache creeping in.

"I need help," he finally stated as he stood. Yan Xiaobao had hoped that Wan Qiao and Pan Long would be annoyed by his request, but instead, their faces lit up with joy. It seemed the two had been waiting for Yan Xiaobao to permit them to participate.

"Don't hold back! Don't hold back!" Both Lords eagerly exclaimed at the same time. Their smiles widened, and their eyes sparkled with excitement. Seeing how elated they were, Yan Xiaobao thought his next words might dampen their spirits, but even so, he opened his mouth to speak.

"I need terms for the army. I need funding to pay the troops, and I need someone who can guide me into Siban Empire in the best possible way—a guide would be preferable."

Hearing all of Yan Xiaobao's requests, their smiles didn't falter in the slightest. On the contrary, the two seemed thoroughly entertained by his demands. As soon as Yan Xiaobao finished speaking, they raised their hands.

"I'll handle the guide!"

"I'll take care of the money!"

They spoke simultaneously, raising their hands high in the air, then burst into laughter. Even Yan Xiaobao was surprised at their antics, but not long after, he, too, chuckled at the two experts' behavior.

"Alright, alright," he said, laughing, "you can deal with those matters. Let me clarify what I'm after."

"Regarding the money, I need funds to pay every soldier for participating in the army, and I need to use gold as incentives. The more enemies they eliminate, the more Gold Coins they will earn." Yan Xiaobao said seriously, "I simply can't gather that much gold myself," he confessed honestly, "which means we'll need to collect gold. Forest King, go from Lord to Lord and see what contributions they're willing to make. Try to gather at least two million Gold Coins."

Yan Xiaobao understood Gold Coins. He had used the same currency in the Sun Kingdom, and he felt two million Gold Coins was an enormous amount. Paying fifty silver coins per soldier didn't sound like much; however, despite being a single army, each soldier earned fifty silver, making the total an astronomical figure. Moreover, they would earn beyond fifty silver. As long as they could confirm their kills, they would receive additional pay per kill. That's why Yan Xiaobao demanded two million Gold Coins—funding all the soldiers required a vast amount of gold.

"Two million gold?" Wan Qiao furrowed her brows. For a moment, Yan Xiaobao worried he had set the price too high.

"I can fund two million myself," Wan Qiao said, her face showing a faintly puzzled expression. "Our Beast Lords have lived for countless years. Accumulating wealth comes easily to us, so every Lord should contribute at least one million Gold Coins. Whatever the case, Pan Long, go squeeze them dry!" Wan Qiao's face revealed an ominous grin. "Drain them thoroughly so we can cover more troop costs. The more we invest, the likelier we are to have an army driven mad by the promise of riches."

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Chapter 618: Winning This War

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Yan Xiaobao secretly agreed with Wan Qiao's reasoning, but hearing that he would have so much funding to control, his face was still filled with disbelief. Soon, a faint smile appeared on his face; he now knew that fulfilling those terms wouldn't be difficult. Luring their experts into a frenzy and swiftly and ruthlessly killing their enemies to obtain money wouldn't be a problem. The real reason Yan Xiaobao wanted this was to quickly finish their opponents. They needed to win this war swiftly, with as few casualties as possible.

"Alright, what I need you to do is find my maps. Several maps showing every route through the forest toward the Siban Empire. I won't be crossing the forest itself; we need to use the highways since our team isn't small. I need a map alongside a guidebook—something to help me plan the directions properly."

Wan Qiao swallowed all of Yan Xiaobao's words, her expression turning serious, but the excitement in her eyes continued to sparkle. Her task wasn't easy, but she finally had the chance to assist Yan Xiaobao in the war—a war she had been deeply passionate about.

Seeing the unwavering determination in both Lords, Yan Xiaobao gently pushed back his chair and stood up. Once again, he nodded at the two Lords.

"I plan to rely on you to resolve these matters for me," Yan Xiaobao said with a smile on his face. "I need to return to my room, as I also need to prepare for the war." The young man spoke, and after a while, he finally turned to leave the room. He walked steadily, neither hurried nor slow, and returned to his room. Sitting again under the moonlight, he began to draw Yin Energy from the essence of heaven and earth.

While Yan Xiaobao was busy cultivating his Inner Energy, Wan Qiao and Pan Long left the room with bright smiles on their faces. Wan Qiao went to the library to search for maps, while Pan Long headed toward the quarters in the castle where many Lords currently resided.

Night slowly descended upon the castle, and everyone was busy with their respective tasks. Although each person focused on different things, there was one commonality that united them all. It ensured the castle never truly fell silent. That commonality was war. The impending conflict loomed large, and the Magic Beasts were busy making their preparations. No one knew for sure how prepared the Magic Beasts were for the upcoming war—except the humans, apart from Yan Xiaobao.

The following day, Yan Xiaobao granted the experts a day off and wandered the castle, delegating tasks that required his attention. This was especially true for those stationed in the Divine Domain, whom he had pushed to their limits. Although all the Saints were tirelessly traveling across the breadth of the Divine Domain, they did their utmost to gather Gold, food, and maps. Watching them, Yan Xiaobao was deeply grateful that all the guards were equipped with armor and weapons. If he had needed the Saints to procure armor and weapons for the entire army as well, he could only imagine how chaotic it would have been.

As the Saints returned to the Capital from their hometowns, Yan Xiaobao allowed the army to relax briefly. This meant they all had to train themselves individually, and to Yan Xiaobao's surprise, he noticed no one engaging in individual combat anymore. All battles now took place in groups.

These groups seemed to enjoy this new combat approach, their eyes sparkling with excitement. Their faces were adorned with uncontrollable smiles. They had grown accustomed to fighting together, familiar with each teammate's diverse attacks—not to mention the trust they had built among themselves. They knew someone always had their backs, allowing them to push forward and attack boldly. Watching how well the groups cooperated, Yan Xiaobao felt a sense of pride swell within him.

Strolling through the military camps, Yan Xiaobao encountered numerous individuals or groups training together. They were experimenting with new combat techniques or cultivating their Inner Energy.

Yan Xiaobao was deeply engrossed in refining Yin Energy to create more martial power. However, despite the Blue Cloud driving his cultivation, the process was still remarkably slow. Yan Xiaobao admitted to himself it would take at least a year to reach the ninth star of King-level. He sighed deeply at the thought, but then, remembering the significant help he'd received from the monks, he felt he couldn't ask for more.

Although Yan Xiaobao felt the weight of these pressures, he knew he had to focus on extracting the essence of heaven and earth in his cultivation. For him, maintaining the high quality of his Inner Energy was crucial—high enough to avoid imbalances in his foundational training.

Sighing again, Yan Xiaobao turned toward the castle gates. In the air, he spotted a fleeting blur—a figure moving so rapidly that only those trained to recognize it would know its significance. Yet Yan Xiaobao immediately understood the meaning of that fleeting figure. He knew he would soon be summoned, as another Saint had returned to the Capital.

The Forest King returned home to gather Gold and food. It was expected that everyone would return home, but oddly enough, procurement deals seemed to be the biggest issue. In a world devoid of ordinary beasts, people needed to capture less intelligent Magic Beasts in the forests and turn them into food supplies. Some beasts lived on farms where forests had already been cleared to grow crops; they were raised alongside corn, rice, and other staples.

Seeing that a Lord had returned, Yan Xiaobao needed to meet this Saint to receive the supplies he had brought. Yan Xiaobao hurried back to the castle and found himself inside half an hour later. Upon arrival, he saw a Forest King waiting for him. This was one of the experts who didn't plan to directly participate in the war, yet when he respectfully nodded to Yan Xiaobao, his expression remained stern. He handed the young man two premium-grade storage stones.

#### Chapter 619: Winning This War\_2

Inside the first storage stone lay a large pile of gold. In truth, Yan Xiaobao knew that every expert was supposed to contribute an amount exceeding a million gold coins. Looking at another stone, he saw food stacked high. Bags of rice and corn were stored alongside barrels of dried and smoked meats. There was enough food to sustain over ten thousand people for more than a month. Yan Xiaobao felt immense gratitude toward the Saint, and after inspecting the two stones, he gave a deep bow.

"Thank you very much for your contributions," he said with his head lowered. The Saint's face lit up. Clearly, he was pleased with Yan Xiaobao's reaction, which showed genuine appreciation for the wealth and provisions he had provided. The Saint nodded again, not for any particular reason but simply because he was satisfied.

"I'll go find Wan Qiao. I also have some maps to give her," the expert said. As soon as the words left his mouth, the Saint became blurry and disappeared from the courtyard. Staring at the storage stones, Yan Xiaobao smiled, knowing he was getting closer to the day they would set off.

"Wait, wait!" came a shout, stopping Yan Xiaobao in his tracks. He turned around as he heard the voice, and Pan Long appeared. The old man looked just as excited as Yan Xiaobao and was holding a small leather pouch.

"Look at this," Pan Long said with a broad grin as he stopped beside Yan Xiaobao and handed the pouch to the young man. "These are the stones I've collected so far. I also saw the old man give you two storage stones earlier. It seems we've nearly gathered all the resources and gold coins we need. Are you ready to start planning the route to Siban?" Lord Pan looked at him eagerly, reminding Yan Xiaobao of a child waiting for Christmas. Excitement sparkled in the old man's eyes as he handed over the bag, a smile playing on his face. Yan Xiaobao quickly accepted it.

"Alright, I best get to it," Pan Long said with an apologetic look as he nodded at Yan Xiaobao and dashed away from the courtyard. Yan Xiaobao stood there, his mind blank, a confused expression on his face. Not long after, a laugh escaped his lips as he couldn't help but chuckle at Pan Long's haste. Despite being the Forest King, the expert seemed oddly carefree at times, making Yan Xiaobao feel that the Forest King wasn't as different from him as he had imagined.

Back in his room, Yan Xiaobao opened the pouch and raised an eyebrow. Inside were numerous storage stones. Some contained specific minimum amounts of gold and food, while others were completely full. They brimmed with gold and provisions, far exceeding the expert's expectations. Looking at the gold and food, Yan Xiaobao realized he had enough to prepare for war.

Now that he had sufficient gold and provisions, he left his room to find Wan Qiao. The closer he got to her, the more people he saw waiting in the hallway. The young man frowned as he wondered what was happening. He hurried past the servants and finally arrived at the door to her private quarters. Just as he was about to open it, he noticed the door moving closer to him.

Everything seemed to happen in slow motion, but even so, Yan Xiaobao had no time to react before the door exploded outward. It struck him with a destructive force, sending him flying backward into the wall behind him. The door, shattered by the impact, was forced into the young man's body.

Behind the door, an expert came flying out. It wasn't because of martial arts techniques or inherent abilities—clearly, he had been kicked and sent airborne. Witnessing this, not only was the now-injured Yan Xiaobao silent, but everyone present fell completely quiet as well. The expert who had been sent flying slowly stood up and wiped a trace of blood from the corner of his mouth.

"Stop being such a hotheaded old hag!" the man roared angrily. "You can't join the army. We need you here to guard the Divine Domain. Give me your position, and I'll make sure everything is fine."

"No way!" an enraged voice bellowed from the room. Not long after, a woman stormed through the broken doorway. When she saw the injured Yan Xiaobao bleeding from one wound after another, a flicker of surprise flashed in her eyes. The many servants in the hallway gathered, staring at her in shock.

Noticing this, Wan Qiao paused briefly, a frown forming on her face. She turned to the gathered servants. "What are you doing here?!" she scolded harshly, causing the servants to scatter as they suddenly remembered they had somewhere else to be.

"You're so rough," Yan Xiaobao said with a laugh, seemingly dispelling the heavy atmosphere. A moment later, the boy with white hair stood up and checked himself. Looking down, he noticed his robe had been torn in multiple places, and his brows furrowed slightly. The door had not only penetrated his robe but also the skin beneath, impaling him with its shattered remains.

Seeing this, Yan Xiaobao patiently stood up. One by one, he removed the shards of wood from the door stuck in his body. Everyone present stood stunned as they watched each wound close up on its own. It was as if Yan Xiaobao were healing himself, but his skin showed no visible green aura or signs of active healing techniques. Furthermore, all the lords knew well about the relationship Yan Xiaobao had with his internal force. Understanding the power of their Great Marshall was crucial, but the expert who had been thrown into the door and Wan Qiao were both shocked as they witnessed his body's self-healing abilities.

Wan Qiao was surprised for another reason. She had heard about Yan Xiaobao's green pearl, but she never expected the greedy pearl to assist with minor injuries like this. Yan Xiaobao himself was also amazed by the healing but, having grown more composed after the monk's influence, he didn't let his surprise show in his expression. What was even more astonishing was his gratitude—he now understood that everything happening within his Dantian had a will of its own.

Rising to his feet, Yan Xiaobao sighed and looked at the two lords, wearing an expression like a parent scolding unruly children. "I'll return after I've changed clothes," he said with a sigh. "Please stop fighting until then. I need to speak with both of you."

With those words, Yan Xiaobao turned and walked toward his room, leaving the two stunned experts feeling slightly embarrassed by their own actions. Moving forward, Wan Qiao reached out to help the Saint to his feet.

"We'd better head to the library," she said, sounding a little lost. She was curious about what Yan Xiaobao had to say but also felt a bit awkward after showing her violent side to the young man again.

As they walked to the library, neither spoke—neither Wan Qiao nor the other man. Watching them leave together was an odd sight for the many servants in the vicinity. Seeing their revered lords acting so subdued was strange. In turn, they began looking at Yan Xiaobao with profound awe, reflecting the importance the Forest King placed on him.

Yan Xiaobao didn't notice the many servants around him, but as he glanced at his torn clothing, a frown appeared on his face. The damage alone demonstrated the force Wan Qiao had put into her attack. For her to lash out at another lord like this, she must have been truly angry with the other man.

After overhearing part of their argument, Yan Xiaobao quickly understood that Lord Chen was unhappy about being tasked with staying to guard the Divine Domain. He wanted to join the war, and learning that Wan Qiao would be participating only made him more frustrated.

Thinking about it, Yan Xiaobao realized the risks of allowing Wan Qiao to join the war. If he decided to eliminate the wild beasts, Wan Qiao's presence wouldn't matter. According to Yan Xiaobao, he was the strongest person in the entire plane. He was the only one capable of defeating the man in question.

"He must be a god," Yan Xiaobao murmured to himself, his gaze turning cold. This man had been an emperor four thousand years ago, but considering his power—even Saints at the Peak Stage, like Wan Qiao and General Frozen, were no match for him—this person had to be a god. There was no other way to explain how they could defeat him.

Thinking about this, Yan Xiaobao felt a bit discouraged. His goal was to defeat An, someone regarded as nothing more than an ant even by the Saints at the Peak Stage, and someone the other Saints looked up to. A Saint could kill the current Yan Xiaobao with just a thought.

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Chapter 620: Helpless

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Thinking of this, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but feel powerless. However, though he momentarily lost some motivation, that emotion quickly dissipated, replaced by his desire for improvement. His eyes became resolute, and as he straightened his back and looked out the window, a faint smile appeared on his face.

"What if he's a god?" he said with a smile on his face. "He already has a four-thousand-year head start. If he weren't stronger than me, that would indeed be strange. But regardless, I will catch up; I will defeat him." He muttered to himself, the lack of confidence he once had utterly gone. Instead, he was riling himself up, eager to begin his cultivation anew. For now, he was merely a King, but at the same time, he was nothing more than a youth. At no more than seventeen years old, he had already unlocked his upper Dantian. Even though An Hee was a god with four thousand years of cultivation, Yan Xiaobao had no doubt that, with the help of Lan Feng, Hui Le would easily attain divinity within the same time span.

"There's no reason to dwell on this now," Yan Xiaobao sighed as he quickly undressed and retrieved another set of fine clothing from his storage stone—a sky-blue robe with white embroidered edges and pure white inner lining. Wearing this outfit, Yan Xiaobao truly looked celestial, like someone descended from the heavens.

After changing, Yan Xiaobao swiftly brushed aside the papers on the table and quickly found the one he was looking for. A series of information regarding Lord Chen flooded into Yan Xiaobao's mind.

"Oh, so he's an Armored Spectral Bear. No wonder he's so eager to join this war," Yan Xiaobao muttered to himself again. What he read painted a clear picture of this being's pride in their rare Spectral Beast race, and it was obvious he wanted to wield his combat prowess in the battle. After thinking for a moment, Yan Xiaobao was curious to witness the strength of a Spectral Bear; however, he knew he couldn't remove all his strongest warriors from the Divine Domain. Individuals as powerful as Lord Chen were needed to defend the Sun Kingdom, especially since the moment they heard about the Beast's invasion of the Spanish Empire, they would likely send a delegation right away.

After some contemplation, Yan Xiaobao left the room and headed toward the library, where he knew two Lords were waiting for him. Letting out a deep sigh, he finally decided what needed to be done. He truly wanted to bring Lord Chen with him because the man was an exceptional fighter, but if he withdrew any more experts from the Divine Domain, no one could guarantee their safety. The Sun Kingdom might exploit the opening provided by the Divine Origin War to seize the forest all their forces were gathered in.

Determination was the only option. As he opened the library door, he saw Wan Qiao and Lord Chen sitting in two chairs, eagerly waiting for him. When the young man walked into the room, their eyes lit up with anticipation.

"A good day," he greeted, nodding at the two experts. He didn't rush to the third chair but casually sat down. Pouring himself a cup of tea, he sipped it happily while Wan Qiao and Mr. Chen watched him intently, waiting for whatever he had to say.

Since merging with the monk's essence, Yan Xiaobao had stopped worrying about taking one step at a time. He slowly drank his tea before finally focusing on the two Lords seated before him.

"Lord Chen," he addressed the man who was the cause of all this chaos. Though this Lord was reluctant to follow Yan Xiaobao's orders, Wan Qiao shouldn't have opposed him outright. The confrontation had been entirely pointless, as the Armored Spectral Bear would not be allowed to join the Siban group unless he could convince Yan Xiaobao to bring him along. Negotiating with Wan Qiao was futile because the only person who could decide who stayed and who went was Yan Xiaobao.

"Mr. Chen," Yan Xiaobao repeated after finally finishing his tea. It seemed as though the Beast Lord hadn't heard him the first time. As he mentioned the Lord's name again, he set down his cup and raised his head to meet his gaze. "I understand why you want to come with me to confront Siban," he said, "but unfortunately, I really need you here in the Divine Domain."

"No, please listen to me!" Lord Chen burst out, refusing to let Yan Xiaobao finish. "I am an incredibly powerful Beast. Having me fight by your side is far better than leaving me here to deal with peace-fanatics who oppose joining the battle."

"I think you misunderstand," Yan Xiaobao said with a smile. As he spoke, Lord Chen immediately fell silent, waiting for the young man to continue. None of the Lords viewed Yan Xiaobao as being on the same level as them. Despite his relative lack of strength and their ability to wave him away at will, they all deeply respected him. In fact, they sometimes afforded him even more respect than they did toward other Lords.

"I need capable individuals to remain in the Divine Domain because we may be attacked while we are at war." Upon hearing this, Lord Chen's sour expression softened a little, and his eyes brightened. The man was now paying full attention to everything Yan Xiaobao had to say.

"Once the world learns we are marching toward the Spanish Empire, other kingdoms will expect the Divine Domain to be defenseless. Leaving it vulnerable as they expect will prompt them to mobilize their armies and attempt to seize our forest. If we leave no one who knows how to fight, then who will face the armies advancing into the Divine Domain?"