

Medical 621

Chapter 621: Helpless_2

The more Yan Xiaobao spoke, the brighter the Lord's face became, and soon a radiant smile appeared on his face. His eyes were no longer filled with dissatisfaction but rather with excitement.

"So you're saying we might be attacked? This is something I never considered. Sounds like I should stay here and protect our land!" he declared loudly, a boisterous laugh escaping the lips of the now very satisfied Lord. "As long as I'm here to defend it, no one can do anything to my Divine Domain!" he proudly said, standing up. "In that case, I will make sure all the brothers living here with me know that we need to defend our land!" he said before leaving the library, exiting past Wan Qiao and Yan Xiaobao.

Yan Xiaobao remained calm and resumed drinking his tea. He closed his eyes, enjoying the warm liquid slowly coursing through his whole body, bringing him the relaxation only a short break with a cup of tea could provide.

"Well done," Wan Qiao finally said after some time. She looked at Yan Xiaobao with eyes full of amazement at how easily he stopped Lord Chen.

"I tried to persuade him before," she said, "I told him you've assigned everyone their tasks, and we can't change that. I told him refusing to listen is what gets people killed, but he wouldn't listen. He became so serious that he started hitting me. How could I leave him? Anyone who tries to hit me asks for a beating," Wan Qiao continued, trying her best to let Yan Xiaobao understand their previous situation. After all, she was quite embarrassed about the performance she had put on earlier when she destroyed her door, splitting it into thousands of pieces. Each piece either grazed Yan Xiaobao's body or pierced that dashing young man, severely injuring him.

"What's done is done," Yan Xiaobao said with a smile, understanding that Wan Qiao was doing her best to explain what had happened. "I actually came to find you to tell you that we'll soon be ready to set out," Yan Xiaobao said, a smile brightening his expression.

"We have enough gold and supplies. We will start the war in two days," he said. As he spoke, his eyes lit up, and a smile curled up on his lips. Hearing his words, Wan Qiao felt the same. Her eyes brightened with excitement, and the smile on her lips responded to Yan Xiaobao. The two, beast and human, sat side by side, each with a cup of tea, saying nothing. The smiles played on their lips as both reflected on what had just been said. In two more days, they would begin their advancement toward the Siban Empire. The two days passed quickly. After leaving the library, Yan Xiaobao personally visited each Lord,

telling them what he had told Wan Qiao. They now had the capital and provisions needed to start the war, and the army had been ready for about a week. With the Saints busy packing their belongings, the army had no reason to wait any longer. The troops began dismantling the encampment outside the city.

Some groups began returning to their homelands since they were not participating in the war, and when their Lords left the castle, the guards followed behind them. After two days had passed, the only ones remaining were the four hundred thousand experts Yan Xiaobao had previously trained. These four hundred thousand beasts made up the army of the Divine Domain.

The tents had been loaded into storage stones, and everything that made up the encampment was nowhere to be seen. The only thing left was soldiers lined up in rows, ready to depart. The group was set to travel on the largest highway within the Divine Origin, and as Yan Xiaobao saw the army, pride swelled within his heart.

"Lords!" he shouted in a voice full of authority. The forty Saints Team members stood in front of him, lined up. Some of them had smiles on their faces, while others held serious expressions. Some were excited, and others looked timid. As he looked at the many faces, Yan Xiaobao nodded at them, and slowly, the forty turned their backs to the army. When they saw Yan Xiaobao's approval, the smile grew slightly, and the serious expert became a little less severe. The experts remained in line, bearing some resemblance to the soldiers behind them.

Yan Xiaobao looked at the army before him, and as he gazed at them, a smile appeared on his lips.

"Everyone, listen up!" he shouted, his voice resonating through the early morning air, spreading from the first soldier to the experts at the back. "We are now going to venture into the borders of the Siban Empire. This Empire has repeatedly sent a delegation into our borders, and their humans have continuously abused us, but no more!

"The Divine Domain has hidden enough within our own borders. We've endured thousands of years hiding as if we were afraid, but we are not afraid! We will show the world that beasts are still here! We will let them know we once controlled the entire continent, and although we will not go all out, we will stand strong once again! We will leave the forests of the Divine Domain and allow our children and future generations to live free lives again! Our war is a war against oppression!"

Every word Yan Xiaobao spoke stirred incredible excitement among the beasts. Some felt goosebumps as they listened, while others were moved to tears. Each beast was touched, making them puff out their chests and feel significant. They were beasts fighting for freedom!

"Not all of us will survive, but we will fight to the end. We are proud beasts! Beasts that fight with claws, teeth, and weapons. We don't know whether we will encounter an army superior to ours, but whatever we face, we will fight! There is no such thing as retreat in our army!"

"I can't promise you victory, but I can guarantee that if you all fight as I have taught you, then we have a chance! Fight within your teams; support each other and watch your teammates! Fight for survival, fight for freedom!"

Yan Xiaobao quieted down, his eyes scanning over the army, before resting on the Saints. His eyes met four pairs of eyes, all staring at him in a daze. Some were roused, just like the soldiers, tears welling up in their eyes. Others were smiling, displaying their sharp teeth, as the speech caused a rolling of battle intent within them; no matter what, everyone was eager to begin the fight as soon as possible.

Next to Yan Xiaobao was the guide of all maps. This guide was a Ghost Claw Owl, a creature usually only awake at night. Its sight and memory were so keen that it could remember every part of the forest. Having traveled everywhere, it was the one leading the army to the Divine Origin Border.

With a final glance at the Saints and soldiers, Yan Xiaobao raised his hands, clenching them into fists. His voice cut through the air once more, "Follow me! We're going to war!"

Every beast could hear the roaring noise. Each beast roaring and shouting. The commotion made everyone in the city curious about what was happening. The tall city walls quaked with the shockwave of the beasts' simultaneous cries.

Seeing this, Yan Xiaobao nodded. As he placed one foot in front of the other, he turned his back on the soldiers, slowly walking toward the road beside the city wall. The Ghost Claw Owl was by his side, Saints Team members were behind him. The soldiers began moving as well, and suddenly, the morning air was filled with sounds of action. Four hundred thousand beasts began moving slowly and orderly toward the path Yan Xiaobao had decided upon.

This army was far quicker than any other army Hui Yu had heard of. Each one was a magical beast, all knowing how to quickly traverse the landscape. The Ghost Claw Owl's movements were very swift, its eyes already knowing the direction they were headed. As they started moving, it transformed into an owl and flew forward like a dart. Everyone followed without any trouble.

The army was composed of experts king-level and above. All of them had speed as one of their advantages, and although the army did not move at top speed, the pace at which they traveled the landscape was impressive. During the day, they had already covered one-seventh of the way to the Siban Empire.

As day turned to night, Yan Xiaobao halted the guide, and the army stopped for the night. Tents were being erected, and before long, the roadside became a military camp. While some beasts took their leisure time to prepare food, others decided to train, and others yet cultivated.

...

Chapter 622: The Empire of Battle

...

The Saints sat together, chatting. Their faces were overflowing with smiles, their eyes glowing with excitement. These Saints had never experienced anything like this before. They never gathered their guards into an army, nor had they crossed such lands on their way to the Empire they were destined to fight.

Seeing all the Saints sitting together around a small flame brought a smile to Yan Xiaobao's face; however, he didn't approach them. After all, he wasn't the Forest King, and while he was the Great Marshall, he didn't truly belong to them. Instead, he lit his own fire and sat down with the guide.

The two spoke little. Yan Xiaobao took out some tools from his storage stone, placed a large pot over the fire, and began preparing a stew. The stew consisted of various meats he had long collected and marinated, along with diced vegetables. The aroma of the stew quickly spread throughout the army, and every beast's stomach began to grumble. Those dining on their pre-prepared food wrinkled their noses as they stared longingly at their dry provisions, unable to resist inhaling the heavenly fragrance of the cooking stew.

The regular soldiers weren't the only ones who noticed its enticing smell. Many of the Saints noticed it as well—unlike the soldiers, they found it much harder to suppress their impulses. Conversations came to a halt as everyone turned their gaze toward Yan Xiaobao and the guide, who were seated by their hearth. Salivating, an unfamiliar pang of hunger spread through them all.

Although King-level experts, whether beasts or humans, could survive for months without eating, the entire army suddenly erupted with activity. Fires were lit everywhere, and the sound of pots clattering, kettles hissing, and knives chopping filled the air. Soon, an array of delightful aromas accompanied the original scent of stew as soldiers began preparing their own meals. Everyone, even those who had been subsisting on dried provisions, were now feasting heartily.

The Saints were in a bit of a quandary. They weren't sure if cooking their own food was beneath their dignity or if they should opt for the rations they had prepared in advance. Those rations included fruits and berries, which were considered delicacies, but consuming them on the first day felt anything but respectable.

Watching the Saints, Yan Xiaobao flashed a smile and added extra meat and vegetables to his stew. He located several pots and increased the quantity of food he was cooking. About an hour later, the young man served each of the Saints a portion. These peerless experts were overwhelmingly grateful; none could recall the last time they'd eaten a proper cooked meal.

Some of the beasts hadn't eaten in a very long time. They rarely felt the need for food; as mystical beasts, they usually consumed whatever prey they captured. Survival often meant devouring whatever they could hunt.

After finishing their meals, the Saints all approached Yan Xiaobao, as the Lords began discussing their planned course of action for the night.

The next morning, Yan Xiaobao and the rest of the army packed up their tents, and after several hours of marching, they were once again advancing toward the Tibetan Empire. Their pace remained as swift as it had been the previous day, and soon enough, another day vanished in a blur. When night fell, the entire army set up camp once again. As they drew closer to their destination, the atmosphere grew increasingly tense. Days fell into a routine, each passing like the last, and seven days elapsed in this manner. The longer the journey took, the heavier the tension became. Everyone keenly understood that they were entering unfamiliar territory. No beast, unless it reached the Holy Level, could hope to survive after leaving the Divine Domain.

Looking at the army, Yan Xiaobao felt his heartbeat quicken as he surveyed the surroundings. A while ago, the entire army had stopped in their tracks at what was the only path leading through the mountains. Beyond these mountains lay the Siban Empire. Heading directly into the Siban Empire was impossible; there were no direct routes leaving the Divine Domain. This meant the army would need to traverse the mountain range—one final obstacle on their journey.

Yan Xiaobao felt a trace of concern. If the army wasn't composed of beasts, he would never dare attempt crossing the mountains; however, beasts were far more agile than humans. Some could fly, while others could assist those who struggled. Gazing at the mountain ahead, Yan Xiaobao's eyes gleamed with determination.

"We'll set up camp here for now. Tonight, when the moon rises, we'll begin crossing the peaks!" His voice rang clear, audible to everyone in the army, and it was greeted with roars and cheers.

The army settled down quickly. Soldiers and commanders enjoyed the last rays of the setting sun, but this time, no tents were erected, no fires lit for cooking. Everyone gathered in small groups, speaking in hushed tones, their eyes constantly scanning their surroundings. Each person was fully alert, bracing themselves for what lay ahead once they left the Divine Domain and directly confronted their enemy.

The route they were taking was one Li Meilin shouldn't be aware of. Though it was a major passage, nobody was supposed to have mentioned it to her. Beyond that, her return to her kingdom had been swift and quiet, with no falcons sighting this path. Still, while the enemy might be unaware of the exact route they were following, nobody could be sure whether their forces were lying in wait. This uncertainty was another reason for traveling through the night.

Chapter 623 Battle of the Empire_2

Yan Xiaobao sat beside the Saint, looking at Wan Qiao, gesturing for her to come closer. "I need you to play the role of a scout," he said as he looked up at the sky. "Fly over the mountain and see if you can spot their army. Let me know where they are waiting, how many there are, and what kind of experts they have among them." Although some Saints might find it unqualified to be used as a scout, Wan Qiao nodded immediately. As she began to follow the request of the white-haired young man, this beautiful woman transformed into a bird and then turned to the sky.

"As we cross the peaks, I need all of you to take the lead. Don't use all your speed, as I don't want you far ahead of the rest of the army, but I need you ready to cover us as we descend. We should choose an unfortunate place where the enemy's army is waiting for us."

Upon hearing all this, all the Saints nodded. Having the most powerful experts in a war is uncommon; however, hearing Yan Xiaobao say proved his strategy to be sensible. Although some people may think he is worried unnecessarily, due to the possibility of entering enemy territory being slim, Yan Xiaobao preferred to be overly cautious rather than recklessly sacrifice the lives of some soldiers.

Soon, the moon replaced the sun in the sky, just as it was, Yan Xiaobao broke the camp and raised a hand. After his fingers pointed at the mountain and a beast after another turned around, just like them, they set off into the night. Crossing the peaks was something they could not achieve as an army, but they had to do it as beasts. Seeing all the beasts transforming, Yan Xiaobao closed his eyes for a moment and summoned energy from the beast core within himself. Yan Xiaobao focused entirely on his beast core, feeling himself transform. His arms turned into the front legs of a wolf, with powerful claws and sharp talons; his legs became strong hind legs, ready to leap over any obstacles they encountered. Everything before him turned gray, but even so, the details of the world surrounding him became more elaborate.

The visual changes were not the only ones Yan Xiaobao experienced. His sense of smell was greatly enhanced, with every scent around him assailing his nose. The smell of many beasts traveling on the mountain, not to mention the scent of wild animals living on the mountainside. Every tiny scent emerged and painted a picture in Yan Xiaobao's mind, only a firm determination could filter out the multitude of smells and focus on the task at hand. It was Yan Xiaobao's first time fully taking over the wolf's body, not a mixture of human and beast, but a complete beast.

Before moving, he found all his clothes and storage stone belt laid on the ground. He used a tooth to retrieve a storage stone necklace from other storage stones, then hung it around his neck and stored it inside. Then he began scaling the mountain.

Although Yan Xiaobao spent some time orienting himself, apart from getting used to the beastly senses he had never experienced before, he also distanced himself from the last beast before beginning to move towards the mountainside and started climbing. Every beast that crossed his path didn't want to walk in his way, none wanted to get close. Although they all could feel and sense an aura from him akin to that of the Grand Marshal they knew, yet he was a beast they had never seen; the wolf race was more sinister than any beasts they imagined.

His red eyes glowed in the dark, his sharp teeth glinting in the moonlight. Seeing Yan Xiaobao crossing the peaks at a steady pace, even the Saints felt a slight chill as they watched him.

Yan Xiaobao was unaware of the dangerous aura emanating from him; however, the danger came from a God-ranked expert beast. Although Yan Xiaobao was currently only a King-ranked, the wolf in his former life had once been a God, and some of its intimidating aura remained. Anyone passing by him felt a strong, imminent sense of danger.

The mountain is high, and this place would be unexpected as a point of invasion into the Siban Empire. More than four hundred thousand beasts crossed this mountain that night. Some flew over, some

climbed. Some ran, some leaped. If one were to look at the mountain, they would see something resembling an anthill. Four hundred thousand beasts crossed the mountain, activity everywhere. None uttered a word, as all of them maintained silence as much as possible.

Soon, Yan Xiaobao finally reached the forefront of the beast tribe. Behind him were the Saints, followed by the Commanders. Behind the Commanders were other Emperors, and at last, the King Team. The moonlight's rays were continuously interrupted by the shadows of flying beasts sliding quietly in the night wind, landing on the ground.

It took Yan Xiaobao four hours to swiftly cross the mountain, and upon reaching the ground on the other side, he breathed a sigh of relief. Before him stretched vast fields. Fields planted with rice. Seeing this, Yan Xiaobao once again delved into his innermost self and discovered the beast core within him. Unlike when he became a beast, all Yan Xiaobao needed to do now was recall his former body. Calmly think of his body's usual shape; the feeling and appearance of being a human. His fur and fur gradually disappeared, leaving behind pale human skin. His hind legs turned into human legs. The forelegs turned to arms. His sharp claws turned into nails, his muzzle restored to a normal nose. The only change was that Yan Xiaobao found himself completely naked, with almost no clothes on.

Chapter 624: The Empire of Battle_3

Many beasts, Hui Yue among them, stood in the same spot, and when they all transformed into human forms, their naked bodies were exposed under the soft moonlight. Some showed signs of embarrassment as they hurriedly searched for clothing within their storage stones, while others, such as Yan Xiaobao, remained composed, not rushing even as they pulled out a new set of clothes.

This was Yan Xiaobao's first time becoming a full-fledged beast, and he was astonished to find that this form was far more comfortable than he had imagined. It felt even more natural than his human form. From having such incredible sensory perception to returning to the muted sensations he was accustomed to, it was indeed a downgrade that Yan Xiaobao found hard to accept.

He let out a deep sigh and turned to look behind him. He saw that roughly half of the army had already crossed the mountainside. As they surveyed their surroundings, all of them were left astounded. For Yan Xiaobao, the vast expanse of fields was nothing remarkable. However, for these beasts, who had known only the small patches of farmland they cultivated within the forest, the sight of boundless open land was a shock. Without forests in sight wherever their eyes roamed, their astonishment was absolute.

No one spoke. Even though no enemy army awaited them, everyone remained vigilant, eyes sharp and alert. They were now in an entirely different world, one completely foreign to them. It was as though they had finally come to understand the gravity of what lay ahead—not some trivial ordeal but a serious war. Xu Yue was fully aware that their current location was where numerous farmers would appear the

next day. With little attention paid to the movements around him, he ordered the humans to once again shift their positions and begin their march. They left the harvested ground, seeking a place bereft of any humans who might encounter them.

The entire beast horde began to move, once again traveling at the speed they had maintained while crossing the Divine Domain. Within a few hours, they arrived at a small forest—a refuge where they could hide and avoid being easily spotted by enemy scouts.

Throughout the night, they crossed the mountains and reached this forest. Even now, the beasts continued to arrive. No tents were set up, but many seized the opportunity to nap for a short while, preparing for the imminent battle. Though King-level experts and above rarely needed sleep, even they took this opportunity to rest. They didn't know when they would have another chance to relax. Now deep within enemy territory, they could not afford to let their guard down, and everyone was constantly ready for combat. Thus, whenever they could rest, they would, for no one knew how long this war might last.

Yan Xiaobao decided to remain in the forest until Wan Qiao returned with the intelligence she had gathered from the enemy's current whereabouts. While they waited in the woods, the young commander chose to sit down and cultivate. He was about to lead his army against the Royal Army of the Siban Empire. His troops were newly formed, powerful though inexperienced. Yan Xiaobao sighed deeply and summoned every ounce of calmness he had inherited from the monk. The future rested upon what they did, and the next day would be pivotal—it would be their day to face the humans and fight for their freedom. It might well become the day An Hee crushed them. Regardless, many things could happen the next day, but no one could predict what. By the following day, the beasts would have reached the secluded forest where their army was hidden.

...

Chapter 625: The Only Chance to Win

...

At dawn, the traces of the beasts slowly transformed from a steady stream to a small bear, arriving once every hour as the sun set. Yan Xiaobao realized this small group of beasts might alert the Tibet Army, but at the moment, he had no idea where Wan was. The bird responsible for telling him the enemy army's whereabouts, numbers, and layout was nowhere to be found. Knowing this army was preparing to greet them, it was clear they would seek to control the flow of the battle. Likely, it would be fought on a massive plain. The vast plains would be the ideal spot, surpassing the Beast Army. With enough space, the beasts could attack the humans as much as possible; this would be their only chance of victory.

Sighing, Yan Xiaobao looked around. He gazed at the dense forest filled with ordered experts. As he waited and allowed time to pass, he sat on a tree stump, resting his head in his hands.

The entire forest was serene, with every expert under the canopy focused on cultivation. Some sat atop the trees, while others sat on the ground. The only reason Yan Xiaobao wasn't cultivating like the others was that he had to frequently observe the surrounding environment. If they were ambushed, he needed to see what was happening. High in the treetops, commanders took on the role of scouts, and both they and the Saints vigilantly surveyed the surroundings.

Though some Saints occasionally left the Divine Domain, they had never shown such a feat before. They had never departed with an army this large nor abandoned their original forms. In this Empire, knowing what was about to unfold, adrenaline surged through everyone's veins. Smiles blossomed on their faces and excitement sparkled in their eyes. It wasn't just the Saints—every expert, including those presently cultivating, brimmed with anticipation. They had never left the Divine Origin before, but here they were in the Siban Empire, ready to fight the humans and strive for freedom.

....

"Master, they are now within the Siban Empire; the beasts will attack the humans. Aren't you planning to do anything? Are you not going to help?" A servant stood anxiously behind the throne where a young man sat. His hair was black, his eyes deep brown. His forehead was furrowed with twisted lines as his gaze focused on a swirling space ball in his hand, seeming to shift and writhe. He didn't appear to truly hear the servant's words, but the woman dared not speak again. Watching her master engrossed in the distorted space ball, his clenched teeth and furrowed brows deterred any interruption. The servant quickly realized now was not the time to disturb him.

Beside her stood another servant, but unlike the first, this woman said nothing. She stood entirely still, not even flinching. Her mouth was tightly shut, her eyes sharp as she observed the swirling distortion of space.

After some time, the ball seemed to grow increasingly warped before splitting in the middle, leading to the emergence of a massive black hole that devoured everything around it. A sudden storm erupted in the room, dragging everything except the young man toward the ever-expanding black hole. A howling sound arose, and the servants' clothes rustled violently. The woman who had spoken earlier wore an expression of terror, while the other's demeanor remained unchanged.

The young man continued watching the black hole, until finally, he raised his hand and clenched his fist. This action caused the black hole to shrink before ultimately being completely removed by the young man.

He sat in silence for a moment before finally lifting his head to look at the servant behind him. "What did you say?" he asked curiously. His eyes gleamed with intelligence and amusement. He was unaccustomed to his servant speaking directly to him. In fact, it had been years since he last conversed with anyone, and hearing this woman talk to him felt unusual.

"Master, the beasts have entered the Siban Empire. They will seize this Kingdom."

"Oh," the young man said, his previously intrigued expression turning dull again. "I did hope they would make a move soon, but not this quickly."

"Master, it's because of a young man named Yan Xiaobao. He incited the beasts to begin the war," the woman said, her voice laced with hesitation, as if unsure whether she should continue speaking.

"Oh," the man mused, scratching his cheek after a moment's contemplation. "That's Yan Xiaobao. I see. Well, if it's him, then I'm not interested in participating in this war. He's still too weak to entertain me."

"Master! This is the future of the entire Empire! How can you dismiss it because of one person?!" The servant finally lost her composure and hesitation, exclaiming in shock. The moment the young man extended his open hand, the black hole that had vanished moments ago suddenly reappeared before them. Its suction force was now even stronger than before. As it steadied, he pointed to the servant, and the protective force around her instantly disappeared. The black hole's pull immediately engulfed her, giving her no time to speak. The woman was dragged into the black hole, her eyes filled with terror as she vanished.

Sighing deeply, the young man tilted his head, eliciting a few cracks from his neck. "Foolish girl," he chuckled, "There are only a few things that truly sadden me. How could I not pay attention to Lan Feng and his feeble attempts at vengeance?"

Chapter 626: The Only Chance to Win_2

After pondering for a while, he raised his hand and waved at another servant. The woman, who was swallowed by the black hole, didn't even blink.

"Although I can't go, there's no reason not to give this little boy Yan Xiaobao some challenges," he said with a smile. "Send a Crusader company. Let them assist the Siban Empire, and make sure to tell them that it doesn't matter if all the Crusaders die. After all, they're just one company."

The servant bowed deeply and spoke in a mechanical voice, "He will do as commanded."

"Don't let anyone interrupt me," he continued, raising both hands again. In his palms appeared a miniature sphere once more. The surrounding world began to twist and distort, changing colors incessantly, its shape never staying the same for more than a few seconds. The servant remained completely silent, standing motionless, and without giving anyone orders, the Crusaders were somehow already moving within the castle. The entire Crusader team gathered together and slowly exited the castle. As they departed, they charged toward the capital of the Siban Empire. The group totaled one thousand Crusaders, and wherever they went, people avoided their path. Since no one dared to stop them, their journey was swift, unhindered by obstacles.

....

As the Crusaders rushed towards the capital of the Siban Empire, Wan Qiao soared high in the sky. Her massive wingspan allowed her to sweep over the land. She observed every corner of the Kingdom and every place where humans were migrating. Some people headed toward the capital, while others moved toward the Sun Kingdom and Moon Province. Everyone seemed aware of the impending war, and many appeared confident in their Kingdom's defenses. While a few believed this would spell the Empire's end, all of them gravitated toward other Kingdoms.

As Wan Qiao approached the capital, she located the army's position. Seeing humans scattered across the land filled her heart with astonishment and disbelief. It resembled an ocean of humanity rather than water. She saw humans everywhere, moving about, and as she gauged the army's scale, she quickly estimated it to be more than four times larger than the Beast Army. She finally understood why Yan Xiaobao focused on training specialists instead of merely turning them into beasts for one-on-one combat or duels. Despite the four specialists being lower-ranked, they could still attack any King or Emperor, though they might suffer severe injuries or even death. However, now that Yan Xiaobao had trained these beasts, they were no longer such easy targets. Not to mention that their entire mindset had changed. They were now prepared to face this massive human army; the army appeared ready for the arrival of the beasts.

"Look! High in the sky! What is that?!" Suddenly, Wan Qiao's acute hearing caught the voices of humans within the army. Her sharp eyes saw one after another raising alarms across the troop. Quickly, the once-quiet land became filled with armored humans, moving promptly. Their training was evidently far

superior to that of the Beast Army, as the entire army faced her in unison. They remained alert and fully armed. Witnessing this, Wan Qiao was greatly surprised. She never expected the army to act so swiftly. She finally understood what Yan Xiaobao had meant whenever he discussed the mentality of armies; it was entirely different from individual cultivators.

"Are they attacking?" She heard many people asking the same question. But even as they stood on guard, prepared to greet her with weapons should she land, she ignored them and continued flying overhead, lazily flapping her wings.

Suddenly, she sensed looming danger as a three-meter-long arrow shot toward her shortly after. She looked down and saw an oversized crossbow, with humans loading another arrow onto it, ready to shoot again. Observing the speed of these arrows, Wan Qiao instantly knew they could at least injure lower-ranked specialists. Wan Qiao realized the threat posed by these technologies, a trace of unease growing in her heart. She swore to tell Yan Xiaobao everything later so he could properly prepare the beasts.

Giving the army beneath her one last glance, Wan Qiao turned and slowly flew back to the place she had left Yan Xiaobao. It was now time to return to Yan Xiaobao's side. Knowing the enemy's numbers and seeing their variety of weapons, Wan Qiao understood that Yan Xiaobao's assessment had been correct. When he said that, although they were stronger, the humans must be taken seriously. Despite being weaker, they had the advantage in numbers and seemed exceptionally prepared. They possessed an abundance of advanced weaponry, both for individual soldiers and large-scale machinery, which would undoubtedly cause serious problems later for the Beast Army. This truly was a fight to the death, and the war wasn't as one-sided as Wan Qiao had initially thought. As the Crusaders rushed toward the Siban Empire's capital to assist in the imminent war, Wan Qiao hurried back to meet Yan Xiaobao. Their leader wasn't wasting any time idling.

While Yan Xiaobao's greatest advantage lay in his army of highly skilled cultivators, he was acutely aware that only strategy and machinery could overcome overwhelming strength. Staring at the forest where they were currently stationed, Yan Xiaobao pondered for a while before standing and inspecting the trees before him.

Although this forest was quite small, only large enough to conceal his army, the trees were evidently ancient. Their trunks were thick, and their wood was solid. Using these trees to create war machines would make them tremendously durable, and Yan Xiaobao moved through the entire forest, examining the timber. If Wan Qiao returned without news of their opponent employing large-scale machinery, Yan Xiaobao wouldn't bother creating his own machines. However, if she returned with information about devastating weapons or machinery, he would utilize his expertise to craft his own machines in this small forest, harnessing its centuries-old trees.

"It's not as if we're in a rush to confront the other army," Yan Xiaobao murmured to himself, a smile forming on his lips. He understood that Wan Qiao couldn't truly act stealthily, and considering that her reconnaissance was conducted aerially, he knew she wasn't trying to mask her presence. The enemy army would undoubtedly notice her, remaining on high alert, prepared for an attack at any time. Meanwhile, this ensured that Yan Xiaobao wouldn't have to move hastily from his position. This alone would grant Yan Xiaobao the time needed to design and create the machines he envisioned.

In a few days, the opposing army would certainly send their own scouts. These scouts would fly mounted on magical beasts, and while far slower than Wan Qiao's flight, they would still be capable of locating Yan Xiaobao and his army within several days. This imposed a strict time limit of about a week to remain in the small forest. Reflecting on this, he pondered whether he should start constructing these machines now or wait for Wan Qiao's return. If the opponent truly had no war machines, then it would be an excessive measure. However, though these beasts might be futile in direct conflict, the enemy Empire would never be as fragile as a Kingdom overwhelmed by wild beasts.

"So, what did you see?" he finally asked with a smile on his face. But as the question lingered, Wan Qiao's expression darkened, and she began to grind her teeth slightly.

"You were right to train our soldiers," she said with a sigh after deliberating for a moment. "Not only are they four times larger than us, but they also happen to possess some rather terrifying weapons that can endanger any expert below Saint level. They have massive crossbows that fire at an astonishing speed and can easily kill even an Emperor." Hearing this, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but frown. He had grossly underestimated the weaponry other armies could deploy. As he began recalling all his knowledge of warfare and war machines, he let out another sigh.

Weapons such as guns and other items requiring explosives were not feasible, so he turned to Roman warfare. He stood still as he summoned all his insights, then swiftly retrieved a pen and some paper from a storage stone and began sketching blueprints for various machines.

...

Chapter 627: Six Different Blueprints

...

"Where are they positioned?" he asked absentmindedly while drawing line after line on the paper. Wan, fixated on the rapidly forming drawing before her, had to hear the question twice before starting to

answer: "They are stationed just outside the capital. There's a large plain where the army spreads out as much as possible. I think they're using the strategy you've already guessed, trying to swamp us with their numbers."

Returning to the blueprint, Yan Xiaobao nodded again. One was completed, and another was being created. Drawing six different blueprints took time, but he was determined to finish them. If the army was stationed outside the city walls, then he was convinced that part of their forces—most likely the strongest units—must be inside the walls, ready to seal the city and turn the battle into a siege.

"I need all the Saints here as soon as possible!" Yan Xiaobao said quietly, but somehow, all the Saints heard him. Before long, everyone was standing beside the young man.

"We need to build our own war machines," he said seriously. "This forest that we're hiding in has the perfect trees for manufacturing such items. While humans will surely notice, it's unavoidable. We need to construct these machines efficiently, though we're a bit short on time. I need your help." He continued speaking and then laid out eight different blueprints, placing them neatly on a tree stump in front of them.

"This war will not be as simple as I initially expected," he said in a solemn tone. "It will take place in two phases. First will be the fight against the masses. We may suffer heavy losses because they outnumber us significantly in terms of experts. While most of their forces are lower-ranked, they've already prepared to risk their lives for the Hell World."

"After that, it will turn into a siege. We'll try to breach their city walls and then take over the capital. That's where we'll face the strongest experts. We need to be well-prepared."

"I've designed blueprints for several weapons that need to be constructed immediately. Here's a ramp. It's used as a large shield for beasts, allowing them to approach the walls safely and ensuring that arrows do not strike them. This is very simple to make, but I want the ramps to measure 4 meters by 3 meters!"

"This is a catapult. We can use it both before and during the siege. We need ten catapults. Mr. Pan, I hope you and your forces can manufacture them." Upon hearing this, Mr. Pan nodded and accepted the blueprint; as he examined it, his eyes sparkled with interest.

"This is a Crossbow Cannon!" Yan Xiaobao continued, "Wan, I need your forces to construct ten Crossbow Cannons as well. We can use them throughout the entire war. They are crucial, and we need ten units." Hearing this, Wan Qiao nodded seriously, quickly departing to relay orders to her guards.

"This is a tower! It is critical for the siege. Not all beasts can fly to the walls or jump over them; by making use of these towers, they will be able to scale the walls. We'll need four towers in total." This blueprint was handed to another expert, who, like the others, promptly left. So far, everyone was filled with excitement and a sense of awe—they had never heard of such weapons before. Once these weapons were built, they were confident their chances of winning the war would improve dramatically.

Yan Xiaobao also worked tirelessly on other designs, including an archaeron, a gallery, an onager, and springalds. These were weapons originally created by Roman forces, and Yan Xiaobao knew just how effective they could be. Crafting these weapons would increase their odds of victory, and soon the entire forest echoed with the sound of trees being felled. Soldiers were closely following the blueprints, working tirelessly to assemble the machines he had ordered.

A day had passed since Wan left the capital and returned to Yan Xiaobao at maximum speed. The young man estimated that they had no more than a week before the enemy sent out their own scouts. In truth, Yan Xiaobao didn't mind if the machines were noticed, as they would inevitably be exposed when confronting the army. However, he still hoped to construct them quietly. If scouts spotted them building the weapons, they might try to sabotage or otherwise delay the production—something that would frustrate both the beasts and Yan Xiaobao.

As the entire army busied themselves building under the watchful gaze of all the Saints, Yan Xiaobao sat on a tree stump, crafting small objects that might prove useful later. These items ranged from small smoke-screen inscriptions to barbed wire, which he neatly organized with other inscription scrolls.

Yan Xiaobao had a deep interest in metals, which made crafting inscriptions possible for him; however, he had never spent much time honing this particular affinity. Consequently, he could only create small, seemingly harmless inscriptions. While others might think they were insignificant, Yan Xiaobao knew smoke screens were incredibly valuable to the beast tribe. Although they obscured vision, beasts possessed heightened senses far superior to humans. They could rely on their smell or hearing to locate targets, while humans—even experts with enhanced senses—remained at a disadvantage.

The next few days were chaotic, as everyone was busy constructing the many machines Xu Yue had ordered. Saints oversaw all the work, while Yan Xiaobao continued crafting one inscription after another. Although the inscriptions were low-ranked, he managed to synchronize more and more

effectively with elements he'd never worked with before. Over time, he began creating stronger and more powerful inscriptions, some infused with his Blue Flame, others with his elemental flame.

Chapter 628: Six Different Blueprints_2

These days passed quickly, and now it looked like a military camp. The surrounding trees had disappeared, replaced by towering machines. Some of them were pulled in their original form by experts. Yan Xiaobao watched the army with satisfaction, noticing a few dots in the sky — tiny, fast-flying specks.

He fully understood that these were enemy scouts who had just appeared; Yan Xiaobao smirked and glanced at his army once more. "Right on time," he said with satisfaction, retrieving a drum from his storage stone and beginning to beat it rhythmically. The drumbeats reverberated across the now-empty plains, drawing the attention of many experts. They all looked around vigilantly with keen and wary gazes, spotting the dots in the sky. Some of them transformed into their original shapes, soaring high into the sky to confront the scouts, while the rest quickly gathered, forming ranks and standing before the machines. Their energy surged, for this was their first encounter with the human army.

"Hey, Zhen Junjie!" one of the scouts exclaimed, pointing a finger toward the dark cluster visible on the horizon. "Look at that—I think we've found the army!" he said. His heart raced as he cautiously scanned the area, remaining on high alert, fearing that flying beasts might suddenly appear behind them to set an ambush before they had time to react.

Another scout named Zhen Junjie was also surveying the distance. His brows furrowed upon spotting the towering structures behind the army. The sky-reaching buildings filled him with dread. Another thing he was particularly wary of was his bird.

Zhen Junjie and the other scouts rode magical beasts — creatures tamed long ago specifically for the use of the Imperial Army. But now, as they headed toward the beast tribe, who knew if these beasts might suddenly rebel?

"Let's split up here," Zhen Junjie said, pointing to the cluster of beasts drawing closer and closer. "Let's find out if we can survive this. You head back now. Tell them the beast tribe is approaching, and they have machines. I'll see if I can gather a more detailed report," he continued. His companion, willing and decisively turning to leave, flew away, while Zhen Junjie's eyes turned back ahead as he pressed onward toward the beasts before him.

"For the Empire!" He tightened his grip on the reins of the Flying Eagle he rode, nudging it gently to accelerate its speed. Approaching the army, he noticed several beasts suddenly rising into the sky. These

beasts were clearly eagles and various predatory birds, all watching him and waiting for him to come within range, yet none moved forward to meet him.

Realizing this, Zhen Junjie decided not to advance further. Instead, he veered to the side, circling over them. As he discerned that, although this army was far smaller than theirs, every one of these beasts was at least King-level. They all seemed to be kings or higher, and he knew his army could not compare.

Zhen Junjie flew on the outskirts of the enemy's army, his heart lodged in his throat as he constantly scanned his surroundings. He worried that he might overlook one bird that could suddenly appear behind him — sealing his fate and ensuring he would never return home to warn the Emperor.

While flying over the army, he saw astonishing war machines. Crossbow cannons, resembling their own machines, filled his view. However, many were designs he had never seen before. Just the sight of them was enough to intimidate him.

The spring visible at the corner of the army sent chills down his spine. The towers made him concern for his own walls — if they wielded fire, those catapults would be terrifying. Fearing he should not linger any longer, the scout urged his bird higher into the air, attempting to escape the territory now claimed by the beasts at maximum speed. As he prepared to leave, the sharp cries of birds echoed behind him, making his entire body numb with fright.

All of these experts were kings! He himself was merely a Master-level expert, not even a master nor a duke. How could he possibly survive an attack by so many kings?

Just as he resigned himself to his fate, he heard a piercing whistle. When he glanced down, his gaze fell upon the most beautiful man he had ever seen. That man held a drum in his hands, his hair white like freshly fallen snow, his eyes deep blue like the sea, and his skin pale like a delicate white orchid.

Etched into his heart was the image of this stunning young man standing amidst the beast tribe, his demeanor casual yet commanding. With a single whistle, the bloodthirsty and ferocious beasts halted their attack. A solitary whistle controlled countless King Ranking experts. Overwhelmed with fear, Zhen Junjie realized that one person—if they were even human—could command the entire beast tribe with just their voice. The thought alone plunged him into despair. These were no ordinary beasts; they built colossal war machines and displayed coordination that far exceeded expectations.

"Impossible... A person working with beasts as if it were natural," Zhen Junjie muttered, blaming himself for even considering such a notion. Collaboration between humans and beasts made no sense, yet he could not deny the reality before him. The beasts acted like disciplined soldiers, the war machines were unlike anything he had ever seen, and the beautiful human presence haunted his mind.

"Thinking about it won't solve anything," he grumbled to himself as he pushed onward toward the camp with all his might. He had to warn the Emperor and the Great Marshal about this army. However, the farther he flew, the more his thoughts drifted back to the striking young man who commanded the beasts. What if he were their leader? Yet, he seemed anything but domineering. Could he merely be a war expert they had accepted into their ranks? Zhen Junjie became lost in his thoughts, so deeply that he failed to notice his companion—the one he had sent away—flying alongside him.

The companion glanced at Zhen Junjie but chose not to speak. Seeing the creased brows and intense focus in Zhen Junjie's eyes, he understood that he had witnessed something truly shocking. Whatever he had seen had evidently been terrifying enough to leave Zhen Junjie deeply disturbed.

Silently, the two flew side by side for several days, eventually returning to their army. Only then did Zhen Junjie's eyes brighten as he pushed his bird to its limits. He headed straight for the tent belonging to the Great Marshal.

The Imperial Army's Great Marshal was the Emperor's uncle. A seasoned warrior who had dedicated his life to the military, he was well-versed in the art of war and possessed unparalleled insight. Despite the Spanish Empire having never gone to war before the mountains divided the kingdom, the Great Marshal had read extensively about military strategy. As a young boy, he trained alongside soldiers, understanding early on the significance of being part of an army.

This Great Marshal resided in a tent at the army's outskirts. If the beast tribe were to attack, he and his men would immediately retreat to the capital and take up defensive positions. However, in the absence of imminent danger, he had to oversee the various experts stationed outside the castle walls. Should these experts turn against them—whether due to misfortune or other reasons—they would pose a significant threat to the Empire. Fortunately, these experts were soldiers who achieved the highest honor during their service, sacrificing their lives for the Empire.

Most of the Empire's most loyal soldiers had long since departed for different delegations of the Divine Domain. Others had succumbed to illness or old age, never having seen combat and thus never proving their worth. The new recruits were meticulously taught the intricacies of war, yet their knowledge was only theoretical. They all aspired to become exemplary soldiers who could fight for the Empire. These

soldiers now stood on the brink of their first war, eager to prove that they indeed possessed what it took to serve their kingdom with distinction. All were prepared to risk their lives for the Empire.

...

Chapter 629: A Variety of War Weapons

...

Zheng Junjie charged toward the Great Marshall after destroying his beast. As he approached the tent, he dropped to his knees and slammed the ground beneath him with a heavy thud.

"The beast tribe is three days' flight away from the Capital. Their numbers do not exceed 400,000, but the lowest-ranked experts in their army are Kings."

"They possess a variety of war machines. Some are used to launch all kinds of arrows, while others resemble our ballistae. But there are some devices I've never seen before and do not understand."

Before offering an opinion he had no concrete basis for, Zheng Junjie hesitated slightly, clearing his throat. Driven only by his intuition, he spoke slowly: "I think I saw their Commander," he said hesitantly, "It's a rather young person. He looks human. He has white hair, skin as pale as the moonlight, and eyes as blue as the clearest sky. His features could only be described as strikingly beautiful. The beasts all heed his commands. I fear he might be knowledgeable in warfare, capable of creating these unprecedented weapons we've seen."

A woman standing inside the tent suddenly stepped forward. Her eyes widened in shock, her heartbeat irregular. "What did you just say?!" she demanded to hear it again, her voice sharp and intense. Although her demeanor appeared composed, Zheng Junjie recoiled in surprise. The Great Marshall nodded, signaling the scout to repeat himself, which he reluctantly did.

"I never imagined..." Li Meilin's words trailed off as she collapsed onto the cold, hard ground. Her hands cradled her head, her eyes squeezed shut.

Both the Great Marshall and the scout refrained from pressuring her to reveal what she knew, patiently waiting as the woman slowly pulled herself together. Her expression turned cold and hardened, her gaze void of even the faintest trace of emotion.

"His name is Yan Xiaobao," she said sharply. "He's a young man, not even twenty years old. He's half-human, half-beast. When I left the Divine Domain, he was far from strong enough to command an army."

"He's the one who warned me of this war and persuaded Queen Divine Origin to let me leave the Capital. I suspect this was all part of his plan," she added. Though her words were firm, her heart was filled with doubt. Yan Xiaobao might have been manipulated by the beasts; yet Zheng Junjie spoke of him as though he were their Great Marshall. Silent amidst her conflicting emotions, Li Meilin couldn't help but hope for a chance to speak with the young man again. "Do you think this is a wise idea?" Wan Qiao asked quietly, her eyes trailing the scout as he left their position, glancing back repeatedly, the smell of fear lingering in the air.

"Why wouldn't it be?" Yan Xiaobao chuckled as he placed the drum into his storage stone. Then, he sat down and began creating more inscriptions of various levels, believing they might come in handy someday.

"He saw you command those beasts," she continued to argue. "If he describes your appearance to Li Meilin, you'll be recognized instantly. Not to mention how close this scout came. Killing him would've been easy. You must have a reason for letting him go, or do you truly not want us to slaughter so many?"

Yan Xiaobao smiled faintly as he looked at the Single-Horned Jasmine Hawk. "I have my plan. Leave it to me," he said, patting her gently on the shoulder. Hearing his reassurance, Wan Qiao stopped asking questions. She understood that if he wished to share his strategy with her, he would; but if he didn't, no amount of prying would uncover his intentions.

Yan Xiaobao knew Wan Qiao's curiosity and couldn't help but chuckle softly. "If they identify me as the one leading the army, that's fine. If anything, knowing I deliberately warned them will make them uneasy. The fact that I had the guts to alert them means I must hold some kind of plan. So far, everything they've done has been in accordance with my design. Even though they have no choice, it will still unsettle them," Yan Xiaobao explained.

"Regarding allowing them a glimpse of the machines, that scout will undoubtedly spread fear among their ranks. Many of these machines aren't of this world—they have no knowledge of their function or creation. Rumors will surely sweep through their army, stories of killing machines no one can oppose.

This fear will benefit us, as some of their soldiers will be defeated in spirit before battle even begins," Yan Xiaobao said with a grin. To him, letting the scout leave was far more valuable than killing him.

"If the scout spreads word that our army consists solely of Kings and above, wielding weapons he's never encountered, led by a half-human, half-beast commander, their fear of us could peak and some may even desert entirely. This could lead others to believe they've already lost. Even those who stay, filled with dread, will be easier to kill than soldiers brimming with confidence and strength."

"She knows your name. You'll never be able to use it again," Wan Qiao said worriedly. "When this war ends, everyone will know Yan Xiaobao was the young man who stood with the beasts. Your traits will make you easy to identify. In a world filled with black-haired humans, someone with white hair will stand out like a sore thumb. How will you deal with this?" Though Wan Qiao felt immense gratitude for Xiaobao and all his planning, she couldn't suppress her concern for her human friend. She knew he planned to return to his human companions inside the sun after the war."

Chapter 630: A Variety of War Weapons_2

"Dyeing my hair black isn't difficult," Yan Xiaobao shrugged and said. "If I use a different name, no one will notice anything." He was absolutely certain about this. Although he was a very recognized young man, he believed that his knowledge of herbal medicine could alter his appearance. Just like in his old world, there were many different herbs here that could color someone's hair. While this wasn't their primary purpose, they would work well, especially since it couldn't be seen through. This was not an illusion created by Qi; it was genuine black-dyed hair.

Upon hearing this, Wan Qiao felt somewhat relieved, but she was still worried and wondered if she should order his two Shadows to follow him, even if he left the Divine Domain. If she knew he had two Saints nearby, ready to protect him or help him escape if he were noticed, she would feel much more comfortable.

"There's no need to decide now," Wan Qiao sighed. Her voice was so low that Yan Xiaobao didn't hear a single sound. "Let's focus on the war for now," she continued. "We'll see what happens afterward. As far as we know, An An could suddenly appear and kill us all." After saying this, Wan Qiao lifted her hand and drew a circle on her chest, praying to the four sacred beasts that it wouldn't be the case.

Yan Xiaobao finished carving the last inscription and sat on the tree trunk. His forehead was covered with sweat and his breathing was slightly labored. His energy was drained because this was the most challenging inscription he had ever attempted to carve. From the scroll, he had learned a great deal about Wolf Head Attack from the wolves of Yan Xiaobao. When fully activated to its strongest power, this attack could engulf the entire continent, but Yan Xiaobao's strength was far from accomplishing anything so catastrophic.

Instead, the inscription in his hands now served as a life-saving remedy, capable of instantly killing one, or perhaps two King-level experts. For a King-level inscription, this was astounding, and Yan Xiaobao was very satisfied with its result.

Looking at the army before him, Yan Xiaobao let out a whistle, and after a moment, all the Saints gathered around him. Some looked annoyed, while others seemed excited, but regardless of how they felt, they appeared courteously to see what was happening.

"Tomorrow morning, we will break camp and move out," Yan Xiaobao declared firmly, leaving no room for questions or complaints. Hearing the young man's resoluteness, every Saint nodded. Those who seemed angry finally smiled, and those excited seemed to amplify their enthusiasm tenfold.

Yan Xiaobao smiled at their eagerness, but he remained exhausted. Once the Saints departed, he leaned back against the tree trunk and slowly drifted into sleep. In his dream, Yan Xiaobao found himself locked in a dark room. The room was engulfed in darkness, with no light shining through. There were no windows, no doors, not even the faintest crack on the walls beside him, nor the slightest fragment of light to be seen.

Yan Xiaobao reached against the walls and found them rough. They felt much like the walls of a mountain, and as he walked along them, he realized he was in a very small but completely sealed cave. How he had ended up in this cave, Yan Xiaobao did not know, and as to whether this truly was a dream, he was powerless to ascertain. Concluding that he could do nothing, Yan Xiaobao sat down and leaned against the jagged walls.

The stone was cold, but it felt as though energy was coursing through the walls. Unfortunately, he couldn't interact with this energy. No matter what type of energy Yan Xiaobao placed on the walls, it vanished without a trace before having any chance to interact with the energy seemingly running within them.

Just as Yan Xiaobao was about to give up and wait for whatever might happen to him, he was suddenly blinded by a brilliant white light that filled the entire cave. The light was so dazzlingly bright that Yan Xiaobao couldn't see anything at all.

Yan Xiaobao shielded himself from the light, closing his eyes. Only after the white spots in his vision faded did he dare open his eyes again. Now, the room's light had dimmed; though it was still present, it was far less intense than before. Yan Xiaobao felt immensely grateful.

He scanned his surroundings and noticed that what he was in seemed to resemble a cave, but before him stood the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. Floating before him was a star. While its light had greatly diminished, it was still strikingly clear. Each time he looked directly at it, the sharp light stung Yan Xiaobao's eyes, causing white spots to appear in his vision.

"What are you?" he asked, unable to stop himself. He felt as though the star before him was no ordinary star, as something about it seemed human. He felt it resembled a beautiful woman, and the unusual thing was that the star trembled slightly. For a brief moment, its light seemed to fade away entirely before returning to its previous form.

"Can't you speak?" he asked again, and once more the star shuddered. No matter how many times Yan Xiaobao gazed at it, he couldn't shake the feeling that it was alive—real. Time flew by. Yan Xiaobao stopped asking questions; he merely sat turned toward the cave, his eyes observing the star's beauty before him.

Time seemed to dissolve into nothingness. He felt as though he had been sitting in front of the star for eternity, yet it felt as though only a moment had passed. When he saw part of the cave's wall collapse, he couldn't determine how long it had been. Slowly, light began filtering through the wall. The light entered the cave, mingling with the star's glow as one stone after another hit the ground, only to vanish into thin air. When the final stone fell, and he stepped out of the cave into his Dantian Cave, Yan Xiaobao was utterly bewildered. His Qi Spiral rotated endlessly within the cave. It was a place where one strange phenomenon after another emerged. As he turned, he saw the star shining brightly as its gentle light radiated out of the cave and into his Dantian Cave.

Surveying his surroundings, Yan Xiaobao was stunned to realize the cave he was in was actually a new phenomenon. As for what it did, he didn't know, but he suddenly understood why he felt the star was sentient and capable of responding to words. Every phenomenon was tied to his past lives, and as he examined them, he felt an intimate connection with them—even the greedy and troublesome green pearl.

Yan Xiaobao sat within the Dantian Cave, observing all the opened caves. Two were already merged; the blue cloud and the red fog. There was the green pearl, which only helped when it chose to. There were wings that required martial power to operate, and there was a gemstone pulsing with energy. And now, Yan Xiaobao had finally encountered a mysterious star. Out of a total of nine caves, six were now

opened. Though they were opened, merging with them was still a long road ahead. To merge with phenomena from past lives required interaction with them, something Yan Xiaobao hadn't done in a very long time.

Yan Xiaobao opened his eyes and saw Wan Qiao patiently sitting beside him, waiting for him to wake. The camp had disappeared, and all the beasts were lined up, silently watching Yan Xiaobao as they waited for him to awaken.

Before slowly standing up and stretching his body, his face hinted at a shy smile. "Sorry," he said with a slightly awkward laugh, "I met a star." Yan Xiaobao slowly stood up, smiling sheepishly, fully aware that he had left over forty thousand beasts waiting for him to wake. "Why didn't they wake me," he muttered to himself, feeling his face slightly flush. Clearing his throat, he once again entered his Dantian Cave and headed straight for the martial wings. These wings were golden and were visibly crafted by Wu Wei. As to why he possessed them, he had no idea. He was deeply curious about what kind of life these wings carried. He felt overwhelming power emanating from them, but he also felt their calmness, and due to their gentle nature, he named them the Angels.

...