

Medical 641

Chapter 641: The Woman with Tears Streaming Down Her Face_2

The Grand Marshal's orders were immediately shared with the soldiers. The archers gathered at the front, ready to advance at any moment; however, as they were about to set off, they quickly discovered that the ground between the two camps, where they had fought yesterday, was still piled with corpses. Blood flowed like rivers, and limbs were scattered across the ground. In this process, it was impossible not to constantly step on the dead, seeing birds and animals gnawing on many corpses. It was terrifying to see flesh and bones stuck together here and there. The sight made the soldiers tremble, making them think they might end up on the ground by the day's end. Although they understood exactly what their Great Marshall meant, they were still the ones on the front line.

"Do not underestimate. Keep your head up and be ready! Sacrificing your life for the country is any soldier's pride!" The Great Marshall shouted loudly, which made everyone grit their teeth as they forced themselves to nod. Although they might die, their families would live. Winning this war was crucial.

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As Yan Xiaobao saw many archers coming, he was beating himself up. His eyes were filled with anger because he knew he couldn't send out troops to deal with the archers, even though the opponents were fewer than the day before, they were much more dangerous. Yan Xiaobao knew that if he allowed this situation to continue, there would be more casualties today. Instead, he activated his golden martial wings and flew into the sky.

"Anyone who can fly, follow me! Target the archers and be careful. But get rid of those damn archers!" he shouted loudly before heading forward and flying into the air. After flying over the arrows, he suddenly dove down, carrying those he brought with him into the air, then threw the ones still alive into the sea of arrows. An expression of ruthlessness was evident in Yan Xiaobao's eyes.

Although he was human, and although he hoped to cause as little casualty as possible, these beasts were doing what Xu Yue ordered them, and now they were digging their own graves.

One by one, birds flew into the sky, following Yan Xiaobao to help him try to kill the archers. One archer after another closed their eyes, never to open them again, but just as Yan Xiaobao thought he had everything under control, he felt an impending sense of danger.

"F * ck!" he swore when he saw a massive arrow hit a Horned Eagle beside him. The arrow was powerful enough to pound through its body, and when it fell to the ground, a look of surprise appeared in the bird's eyes. Its life had already faded before it hit the ground.

Back at his side, Yan Xiaobao discovered that humans had found four more crossbow cannons aimed at the weapons, and the heavy arrows hit the beasts in the sky. As the archers' arrows showered down from the sky, one after another fell to the ground. Beast cries could be heard, and Yan Xiaobao gritted his teeth in anger.

"Beasts!" Yan Xiaobao shouted. His voice boomed in the sky, followed by the lightning. Rain began to pour down, making it harder for the archers to continue sending wave after wave of arrows at the beasts. Yan Xiaobao had enough, "Attack! Attack the humans and force them to retreat!" he shouted angrily, and those beasts on the defensive from the arrow rain transformed into their beast forms. Some jumped over trenches; others ran through openings, but all the beasts charged toward the archers. However, as they left the boundaries of their defense perimeter, a group of human warriors appeared, trying to overwhelm these beasts. Unfortunately, all these people were weak, with the strongest being a Duke. These experts were far beyond the beasts in King and Emperor ranking. All the Fog Energy within the beast cores was unleashed, creating flashes visible on the ground. Lightning was reflected by lightning in the sky, charring beasts and humans on the battlefield.

Yan Xiaobao descended to the ground, beginning to fight alongside many beasts. His body transformed into a Werewolf's, his claws frequently slashing through the sea of humans before him. His teeth were constantly grinning coldly. Humans were overwhelming them. They approached the beasts from the front, sides, and back. They sacrificed their lives to drag the beasts down, so one of them could manage a lucky strike and kill a beast.

Yan Xiaobao howled as he witnessed person after person getting slaughtered. Their bodies fell to the ground. All the rain and blood turned the ground muddy. Blood flowed beneath the corpses and across the battlefield.

"Push forward!" Yan Xiaobao shouted, and many beasts followed the order. Taking a moment to look around, Yan Xiaobao saw how group after group found their companions. These groups worked well together to ensure that their members wouldn't be overwhelmed. Step by step, the beasts managed to push the humans back. The archers had long since stopped their rain of arrows and pounced toward the beasts. They were all fighting for their lives, to at least take a beast with them to the grave.

Suddenly, Yan Xiaobao stood up, staring into the distance, his eyes squinted. The ground began to tremble, and he sensed that something was coming. Knowing what war was like, he immediately

guessed that a group of riders were on their way, and just as he concluded, scaled horses appeared in the distance. King Ranking Experts were riding the horses, their weapons glistening in the rain, reflecting the lightning.

Chapter 642: The Woman with Tears Streaming Down Her Face_3

"Ready!" he shouted loudly, and all the beasts turned their gaze toward the impending threat. It took a moment, but the entire army gathered, finding the teams they'd previously worked with. Although some groups now had only four experts, most still had five. They stood back-to-back, their eyes fixed on the riders. Slowly, excited smiles began to spread across their faces. This was the first time the entire army could face a challenge with their own strength, instead of merely sweeping away the weak.

Seeing the riders approach the beasts, the surviving infantry ran back, unwilling to be trampled underfoot. "Form up!" Yan Xiaobao shouted, and all the beasts clustered together. Every pair of eyes locked onto the cavalry. Yan Xiaobao knew that he could call on the Saints Team to aid him in the imminent battle, but doing so would put them at a disadvantage. Even if the Saints didn't contribute much, they would still have to expend their martial power rather than striking at the Saints of the Siban Empire—something Yan Xiaobao couldn't afford.

As of now, Yan Xiaobao didn't know how many Saints this Empire had hidden behind its walls, and deploying his Saints prematurely was a decision he would avoid unless absolutely necessary. Instead, he gritted his teeth and let out a loud howl. He felt Fog Energy emanating from his beast core and golden martial power, flooding into his meridians and merging until together they formed an ever-growing massive Wolf Head. The Wolf Head burst forth from his body—a blend of red fog energy and golden streaks. The golden streaks from his martial power intertwined with the Fog Energy.

The Wolf Head continued to expand. It stretched farther and farther, soaring into the sky until it exceeded fifty meters in width. Standing a total of thirty meters tall, it towered twenty meters above Yan Xiaobao's head. Its sheer size was terrifying. Many of the weaker experts began retreating from the battlefield. Everyone immediately realized that the shockwaves from this attack would be far beyond what they could withstand.

With a deafening roar, the Wolf Head above also howled, stirring fierce winds. The entire area vibrated with thunderous impact. Suddenly, the Wolf Head stopped directing its cries at the sky above; instead, it now faced toward the masses. Its maw opened once more, but this time there was no sound—only a powerful shockwave erupted from its mouth, sweeping over every expert, reducing them to mere pulp. Blood poured onto the ground in abundance, mingling with the earth to create an even muddier terrain.

A single shockwave was not enough—the beast's head continued to seek out more and more opponents. Each time it opened its mouth, weaker experts were obliterated into nothingness. After

eradicating all the lower-ranked experts within range, Yan Xiaobao turned the Wolf Head toward himself. He rotated to face the cavalry units charging at them. His red eyes gleamed coldly, emitting a chilling light. Anyone who gazed upon this young man could tell he was utterly ruthless.

"Devour!" Yan Xiaobao said gravely, pointing toward the throng of soldiers and horses. The colossal Wolf Head above him began to move. It hurtled swiftly toward the advancing humans, its red eyes shining with ferocity. The Wolf Head sped forward like the wind, meeting soldiers mounted on horseback. As the beasts and their riders approached the Wolf's enormous jaw, the Wolf Head opened its mouth. The unleashed energy seemed to engulf countless riders, and as the energy dissipated, nothing remained—neither beasts nor humans. Instead, this Fog Energy gradually merged back with the Wolf Head, giving it an eerie white glow. The mist emitted an unsettling, howling sound.

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Chapter 643: Continuously Increasing Strength

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Yan Xiaobao looked at this and smiled. This attack was far stronger than he expected. It was a power that continuously increased, absorbing more and more souls. It just became so powerful that Hui Yu started feeling endangered, as the immense power began tearing his body apart. Seeing the Wolf Head growing steadily, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but chuckle foolishly, as he felt power filling him up. Once a soul was consumed by the Wolf Head, additional energy would enter Yan Xiaobao, resembling Fog Energy as it entered his beast core.

The kind of power Yan Xiaobao possessed was astonishing. He felt his whole body trembling with immense power, so he charged towards some riders who were still alive. Although everything around was affected by the shockwave of the Wolf's mouth, Yan Xiaobao could doubtlessly pass through the Wolf Head built by his own energy. Looking at the numerous experts in front of him, he couldn't help but feel excited to crush them. Seeing how astounding his newfound power was, he also felt a sense of urgency, as the power within him began tearing him apart.

Yan Xiaobao could feel something inside himself. His beast core trembled uncontrollably, and he felt discomfort in his stomach, knowing that if even a tiny bit of energy entered it, it would shatter into thousands of pieces. As for what would happen to Yan Xiaobao under such circumstances, the white-haired young man had no idea.

Clenching his teeth, he decided to try something different. Just by thinking, his arms transformed into forelegs, claws, and strong muscles. His legs rapidly turned into hind legs, now his whole body

resembled a giant wolf. His senses changed again, with the thick scent of blood everywhere. The world's colors dulled and turned to grayscale, but even so, everything was more vivid. He could see the smallest wrinkles on the riders' faces, and even the scent of fear was something Yan Xiaobao could accept. Knowing that his prey was filled with fear, the red wolf couldn't help but smile, as he knew he would win this battle.

Yan Xiaobao stood before the gigantic Wolf Head, facing a green horse. Its hooves weren't proper hooves but had four claws. Its teeth were not those of an herbivore; these horses clearly consumed flesh.

Once the horse saw the approaching wolf, it immediately charged at the beast. It showed no signs of fear, as a normal horse would when standing before such a giant wolf, it would feel that fear. The horse's teeth were sharp, constantly trying to bite the wolf, but Yan Xiaobao's agility had increased to an incredible level, and he swiftly avoided each bite from the horse. Feeling how energy continued to surge into his body, Yan Xiaobao knew he did not need to be full of energy. One after another slip occurred, followed by a red shockwave. Although its scales protected the horse, they could not dodge continuously two times in a row. All of them connected at the chest, causing blood to flow from a considerable deep wound.

Before Yan Xiaobao could be charged again, the horse let out a loud hiss. This time, its claw-like feet flew in front, angrily trying to reach the wolf that once more gracefully managed to evade them. Watching this, although the horse was severely injured, it still intended to continue the fight. Whether this was due to loyalty or simply because anger blinded it, Yan Xiaobao neither knew nor cared. Because in front of the wolf appeared a blue thread of light, wrapping around the rider so quickly that even the King atop the horse couldn't react. This immediately caused him to lose all the energy he had.

Seeing the shock and doubt in the rider's eyes, Yan Xiaobao knew the small line of blue light had done its work. Now he focused solely on the horse. He leaped forward, opening his mouth wide, then closed his jaw around the animal's neck. He tasted the aroma once again. As a human, consuming human blood was unfavored, but to a wolf, the taste of blood was intoxicating. It made him want to savor it fully, chew harder, and taste the raw meat beneath the skin.

Almost losing himself to this astonishing flavor, just as he was ready to yield to this pleasure, immense pain erupted in his chest, causing him to look down. He saw his own blood flowing out. The horse's foreleg was bloodstained, and by the smell, the blood belonged to Yan Xiaobao.

Pulling his teeth from the strong neck and leaping back, he roared loudly, prepared to pounce forward again, this time to finish the horse once and for all. However, his worries were meaningless, as the horse soon sank to the ground. Its eyes, even in the last moments of death, were reluctant.

The man atop the horse could do nothing, for his limbs would not act according to his commands. Whenever he called upon his inner energy, it was immediately swallowed by the blue lines. As the energy was absorbed, the lines seemed to thicken.

Yan Xiaobao paid little attention to the man, raising a paw, a heavy strike caused his head to collapse. Blood flew outward, and the man died immediately, with no time to even scream.

Chapter 644: Continuously Increasing Strength_2

Because some energy had already been depleted, Yan Xiaobao felt much better. However, the Wolf Head continued to operate as swiftly as it had before, devouring rider after rider, until the riders finally turned around and retreated the way they came. Upon seeing this, Yan Xiaobao finally recalled the Wolf Head.

As it descended slowly toward Yan Xiaobao, the head grew smaller and smaller. At last, the Wolf Head seemed less like a weapon and more like the size of a mask. Slowly, the Wolf Head landed on Yan Xiaobao's face. Yan Xiaobao had never before allowed the Wolf Head's ability to fully display its terrifying effects, and now he marveled at how it could so easily handle the King Ranking Experts. But as the head transformed into a mask, Yan Xiaobao's shock grew stronger, and the moment it touched his head, an intense burning pain erupted in his mind. It felt as though a thousand needles were being driven into his body at once. The sensation of needles piercing through his muscles gave way to them threading through his veins and gathering in the meridians leading into his Lower Dantian.

He consciously directed the energy into his Dantian as it entered. He saw it manifest as a white, cloud-like substance—thin wisps of Soul Energy, each taking the shape of a needle. Every needle aimed for the ever-twisting Qi Spiral within the depths of his Dantian Cave.

When the needles pierced the Qi Spiral, loud rumblings were heard one after another. Each needle carried an overwhelming force, disrupting his Qi Spiral repeatedly and causing it to constantly contort. This heavily slowed its rotational speed.

As the needles transformed from regular shapes into long strands of white energy, the pain was excruciating. Those strands of white energy starkly resembled Yan Xiaobao's pure Qi, deceptively similar to other cultivators. When the final needle collided with the Qi Spiral, the pain was nearly unbearable.

for Yan Xiaobao, but gritting his teeth and with sweat pouring down his pale face, the young man managed to remain conscious.

"Retreat!" Wan Qiao's voice ripped across the battlefield as the humans began their withdrawal. The Queen's voice swiftly commanded every beast to abandon pursuit of the humans. Instead, they rushed back to reinforce their defensive line. Among the retreating chaos, satisfaction could be detected from the One-Horned Jasmine Eagle's cry. But that satisfaction quickly turned into worry when Wan Qiao noticed a motionless figure on the battlefield.

Yan Xiaobao stood utterly still in the midst of blood-soaked earth, severed limbs, and the corpses of both humans and beasts. He had shed his beast form and stood upright like a human, completely naked, and seemingly powerless.

Upon closer inspection, when Wan Qiao saw the young man's face, she couldn't suppress a gasp. His handsome human features should have been covered by the wolf mask. Yet now, his eye sockets were hollow, fur intertwined with his skin as though someone had stitched them together. From the seams where the mask and his flesh appeared sewn together, streams of blood continuously flowed. Standing silently for a moment, Yan Xiaobao finally collapsed. Just before he hit the blood-soaked mud, Wan Qiao appeared behind him and caught him. Scooping him up, she quickly wrapped his body in clothes and rushed back to their camp, placing the young man in a tent.

"What happened?" Lord Pan burst through the tent's entrance, followed closely by four other Forest Kings. Concern was evident on all their faces, growing paler by the second as sweat gathered on their foreheads. Their expressions turned grim as their eyes fell upon the figure lying on the bed, whose face was concealed by a massive Wolf Head mask, with blood still slowly seeping from his skull.

Inside his Lower Dantian, Yan Xiaobao finally endured the immense pain as he watched the white threads fuse with his Qi. His Lower Dantian's Qi vortex surged with newfound strength. He felt every trace of Soul Energy merging with his energy and foundational cultivation base, making his body significantly stronger than before. His inner consciousness seemed to glow with a radiance it had never held prior. The Soul Energy had merged with both Yan Xiaobao's and Lan Feng's souls, strengthening them both to an unbelievable extent.

While they became stronger, the cost of this power weighed heavily on Yan Xiaobao's thoughts. Such strength came from absorbing another's soul—a soul that would never reincarnate or live again. Thinking of this, Yan Xiaobao resolved never to reveal the side effects of using the Wolf Head's ultimate attack to anyone. If others discovered this path to gain power, humanity on this plane would soon descend into chaos as people slaughtered one another to elevate a select few experts.

Possessing a stronger soul enhanced his overall strength, improved his physical performance, and made it significantly easier to repel enemy attacks. Ordinarily, it would be impossible to fortify a soul, but through the integration of other lives, Yan Xiaobao's soul had already far surpassed others at his level. Now, it had grown even more through consuming all the souls devoured by the Wolf Head.

Time within the Dantian Cave seemed to flow differently. Yan Xiaobao's awareness observed the white threads slowly shifting to silver as they merged with his Qi vortex. Minutes later, the pain began to wane. As it faded, the color of the threads grew brighter and brighter. What had originally been as white as his Qi was now as silver as the spiritual energy in his Middle Dantian. Once the refinement process was complete, all the pain vanished. The reasons and mechanics behind this transformation remained unknown to Yan Xiaobao, but he could sense his strength increasing once more. He finally began to comprehend how the Wolf had wielded so much power. Absorbing countless souls allowed it to elevate its own soul far beyond its natural limits.

As the refined souls were fully integrated into the Qi vortex, Yan Xiaobao exhaled in relief. He felt the overwhelming intensity of the soul diminish, but to his surprise, he saw the silver threads melding gradually into the Qi vortex's flow. The soul threads, radiating the brightest silver light, fused seamlessly with his Qi vortex. What had once been his pearl-like Qi now gleamed with threads of silver. Each thread seemed to expand, containing far greater power than ever before.

Remaining within his body, curiosity consumed the young man as he observed how his Qi further refined itself into spiritual energy. With every drop of spiritual energy produced from this enhanced Qi, a radiant glow accompanied it—an extraordinary brilliance that Yan Xiaobao had never witnessed before. Even without testing it, he instinctively knew that his power had more than doubled, possibly even tripled.

The final step was to refine this luminous spiritual energy into martial power. As he did so, golden light suddenly blazed, brighter than anything he had ever seen. It shone so fiercely that it seemed like staring directly at the sun, blinding yet irresistible.

At last, after completing the refinement into martial power, Yan Xiaobao let out a heavy breath as he exited his inner state. Only after opening his eyes did he allow himself to focus on his physical body once more.

Above him was a familiar tent, immediately letting him know he was within the camp. He was no longer on the battlefield.

Groaning faintly in mild pain, Yan Xiaobao began to move but quickly found himself immobilized by immense agony and rigidity, as though his body had been used to its utmost limits. This realization caused him to frown. In the midst of the war, even though he had gained strength, he was deeply anxious about what had transpired while he was unconscious.

He understood that waking earlier had been unlikely, as his body was focused on refining all the souls stored within the Wolf Head during combat. Yet, he couldn't shake the feeling that something had gone terribly wrong.

Sitting up, he was startled to realize that his vision remained unnaturally sharp. The world was still bathed in shades of gray. Scents, vivid and fresh, flooded his senses. Reaching a hand to his head, he was shocked to find it didn't touch his usual face; instead, he felt fur, a snout, and sharp fangs. Looking down at himself, his body remained human, yet for some reason, his face had undergone a drastic change.

Beneath the Wolf Face, he quickly discovered the area where it fused with his skin. A long and agonizing wound spiraled around his entire head. Yan Xiaobao did not panic, but his eyes darkened with a grave seriousness as the wound on his face tugged at his heart, casting a veil of melancholy over him once more.

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Chapter 645: Won't Make the Same Mistake

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"How can I get rid of this?" he mumbled to himself. While struggling to sit up, he suddenly heard a voice rushing in from the tent entrance.

"You little troublemaker! Don't use that kind of attack until you're strong enough to withstand the backlash!" The voice was full of anger, but also worry. Yan Xiaobao instantly recognized the voice, and amidst the wolf-like face on his own, a smile emerged.

"Sorry," he said with a grin, "I'll make sure not to commit the same mistake in the future. How long have I been out?" he asked the Single-Horned Jasmine Hawk as he finally managed to sit upright. He felt dizzy, utterly drained. While he had gained power, he had truly exhausted all the stored energy in his body to control the Wolf Head. It would take considerable time for all that energy to recover.

"You've been asleep for seven days," Wan Qiao said, her expression turning serious as the conversation shifted to war. Upon hearing how long it had taken him to rejoin the army, Yan Xiaobao felt equal parts worried.

"What happened while I was out?" Yan Xiaobao asked, biting his lip, his gaze fixed intently on Wan Qiao, waiting for an answer. Seven days might not seem like much for a cultivator, but during a war, it was an extraordinarily long time.

"Not much," Wan Qiao sighed. "Whenever they send troops our way, the Saints Team advances, and then they retreat. Two days ago, they stopped sending troops altogether. I think they're waiting for us to make our next move."

Yan Xiaobao nodded while focusing entirely on the war. "No Saints from the Siban Empire have entered the battlefield?" he asked curiously. Though the beast tribe showcased their Saints by bringing them to the frontline, if the opposing side hadn't dispatched their own Saints, it made continuing this strategy questionable. The reason behind their inaction made Yan Xiaobao realize these soldiers were mere cannon fodder—a disposable force sent only to fight and die while trying to weaken the beasts as much as possible. This understanding sparked anger deep inside him.

Though he mercilessly killed their soldiers, he still hoped to minimize losses as much as possible, but the Siban Empire seemed to disregard that sentiment entirely. Yan Xiaobao had even warned the Empire about their impending march, yet their sole response had been assembling a civilian force they didn't mind throwing away.

Feeling his anger burning within, Yan Xiaobao closed his eyes, steadied his breathing, and silently counted to calm himself. He shouldn't be worrying about the opponent's losses; instead, he should focus on leading the beasts to victory.

"Tell me," he said, rubbing his nose with two fingers, "how many casualties have we sustained during the seven days I've been out of action?"

Yan Xiaobao realized that if the Siban Empire's crossbow cannons had been allowed to continuously fire at their forces—not to mention their conventional arrows—it could have led to significant casualties. Although Saints, Emperors, and Kings were capable of protecting themselves with layers of martial

power, such defenses didn't last indefinitely. Once their energy was depleted, the arrows would overwhelm them, causing countless experts to lose their lives.

"We haven't sustained many casualties," Wan Qiao said, contradicting Yan Xiaobao's expectations. The young man frowned as he looked at her, the lingering concerns still unanswered. Though the atmosphere carried a hint of relief, his eyes held a measure of worry.

"Don't worry," Wan Qiao said with a faint smile on her face. "We used seven Saints. Each of them took turns maintaining a protective barrier in front of the army for an entire day. Not even crossbow bolts could pierce it. Once their shift was over, we confined them to tents for meditation so they could replenish their energy."

Hearing this, Yan Xiaobao nodded. He had initially hoped to conserve the Saints for a while longer, but given the situation at hand, he understood they had all acted in the best possible manner.

"Alright, I suppose it's time for me to wake up and start leading the army again," Yan Xiaobao said with a sigh. "But first, I really need to deal with this mask-like face."

"Oh," Wan Qiao said with a hint of amusement, "the mask is tied to your attack. Why don't you try figuring it out instead of just removing it?"

"I'd love to," Yan Xiaobao said patiently. "Unfortunately, if I try to understand this mask, it'll likely take me several more days to thoroughly examine it. If I focus on researching it, you'll all be swarmed by the enemy."

Wan Qiao shrugged. To her, victory seemed assured as long as Yan Xiaobao allowed the Saints to fight. The lack of action on his part made her increasingly confident in her own efforts. She now believed victory was within her grasp.

"Fine, if you can't investigate it, then you'd better get rid of it as soon as possible. We wouldn't dare touch it since it seems to have fused with your face," she said with a frown. While Yan Xiaobao's current appearance seemed strange, she had grown accustomed to seeing half-beast hybrids, so it wasn't particularly shocking to her.

On the other hand, Yan Xiaobao disliked the sudden changes to his appearance. Though he carefully examined the memories he had obtained from the Wolf, he quickly realized there was nothing there to explain what had happened to him. This was clearly a reaction caused by his human nature and the beast energy he had harnessed.

Chapter 646: Not Making the Same Mistake Again_2

Closing his eyes, he sat on the ground, breathing steadily, his body swiftly relaxing. Sinking into the depths, he entered the cave with a different vitality. He saw his Qi vortex, now strengthened by the pitifully unlucky souls devoured by the Wolf Head.

Yan Xiaobao sat inside his Dantian Cave and noticed a pearl-white strand of Qi reaching from the vortex to him. He quickly realized that this strand hadn't appeared before, but now seemed to follow him. The strand shimmered with a silver hue, and Yan Xiaobao felt it depositing energy into him, making his soul grow stronger and stronger.

As he strengthened, his consciousness began to resemble that of a red wolf more than a young human. When Lan Feng's raspy voice rang out in the Dantian Cave, he nearly lost himself, "You useless little man, without my help, you'd accomplish nothing, would you?" Lan Feng shouted, cooling the panic that was slowly rising within Yan Xiaobao as he glared at the arrogant Phoenix.

"When it comes to war and such matters, I'll stay in the background. But during cultivation, you'll always need assistance," he continued without elaborating on what he might do to change that.

Sighing, the Phoenix stood up and approached Yan Xiaobao. It flicked something off its forehead that made the red wolf whimper. Wu Wei was employed in the assault, and Yan Xiaobao could swear he caught sight of red marks appearing beneath the wolf's fur.

"All you need to do is think," Lan Feng said with a faint smile. "Think about your human body. Think about your human features. If you can do this, you'll transform back into a proper man."

"All I need to do is think?" Yan Xiaobao was momentarily stunned by the realization that he hadn't even considered his human form. Instead, he'd been fixated on the wolf's shape and senses, and as those thoughts accumulated, his body had transformed accordingly. Standing in the Dantian Cave, the half-beast, half-human being felt somewhat foolish for not considering this option earlier. Satisfied, he nodded at Lan Feng, closed his eyes once more, and visualized. He imagined the image of long white hair and serene blue eyes. The image of pale skin, a tall frame, long limbs, and a muscular torso. As the image grew clearer in his mind, Yan Xiaobao's transformation accelerated. His sharp snout receded, his fangs shortened, his fur withdrew, his hair turned white, and his eyes became blue.

It took him less than half an hour to return to his human form, yet he couldn't help but frown as he reflected on the process. Clearly, he should have been able to transform faster, but he needed more practice. This time, the transformation had been involuntary; perhaps it would be easier if he could consciously decide to change.

"Wake up," said a playful voice, accompanied by a gentle tap on the top of his head. This made him open his eyes to see Wan Qiao. "It's dawn. I think now's the time for us to counterattack," she continued. "We've stayed behind our defenses for too long, and the beasts are restless. We need a real battle. I trust you know what this means." She grinned. Yan Xiaobao had to admit he'd sensed the bloodlust from the beasts before. He could understand that many beasts in the army were now waiting for his command, their hearts filled with the desire to fight. This was why they'd come here, but they'd spent far more time defending than engaging in combat.

"Alright," Yan Xiaobao nodded, a smile curling on his lips. "Take me to the army." Together, the human and beast walked out of the tent, stopping wherever the others paused to stare at the two of them. When they saw Yan Xiaobao, their eyes filled with excitement.

Returning to the war machine, Yan Xiaobao climbed the tower. Standing at the top, he spread his arms wide. "Everyone!" he shouted, his face breaking into a smile. As everyone silently gazed at the young man atop the tower, there was a brief pause. "Today, we fight the humans; today, we conquer the lands beyond their walls. Tonight, we feast upon their corpses!"

Upon hearing his words, every beast swiftly shifted into their beastly forms, their roars, cheers, and howls ringing out. The ground trembled, the heavens filled with murderous intent, and the air shook.

"The Fortieth Army stays to guard the weapons and the camp; the rest, move out!"

Though some faces bore traces of dissatisfaction, no one dared challenge Yan Xiaobao. As he stood atop the platform, golden martial power wings materialized on his back, lifting him as he soared from the tower. Hovering in the air, he gave a nod to the Saint, who nodded back at him. The very atmosphere grew heavy with tension; sweat formed on every brow. And yet, everyone was laughing. As they awaited Yan Xiaobao's command, they bared their fangs, excitement coursing through their veins, making their blood boil.

"Advance!" he shouted as he sped toward the front of the troop, his eyes keenly scanning the horizon. He knew the enemy possessed crossbow cannons, and he had no intention of being struck by any of them. Some beasts soared into the skies, others burrowed underground, while still others sprinted across the bloodstained earth, passing through territories they'd battled over earlier. The ground was littered with corpses, and the air reeked of decay. The stench, far more pungent to beasts than humans, was something they relished. To beasts, it wasn't foul; it was the satisfying aroma of rotting flesh. Humans might not share this enthusiasm, but to them, the stench was no worse than the fragrance of flowers or the scent of the living, albeit far stronger.

As they crossed the battlefield, adrenaline surged through everyone. Their senses sharpened to the extreme, their bodies taut and ready to strike at a moment's notice. These groups, united as one army, were wholly ready to unleash devastation. Today was the day they showcased their true power.

The battlefield was behind them; it didn't take long before the human army appeared. They scrambled to take their positions, clearly shaken by Yan Xiaobao's earlier thunderous voice. Yet, his purpose hadn't been to warn them, so he wasn't concerned. In fact, he was relieved — if they launched an attack while humans were ill-prepared, it could work to their advantage.

"Halt!" Yan Xiaobao bellowed, and every beast froze in place. Seeing the mass of humans gathering ahead, he declared in a voice that made the heavens rumble and the ground quake: "Remember what I taught you. Make me proud; let's move forward and win this battle!"

At his command, everyone surged forward. Groups split from the main force, directly charging into the bodies of their enemies. The moment the two sides collided, the air filled with the scent of blood. Limbs were severed, beasts' agonized roars mingled with the screams of dying humans, and the cacophony permeated the battlefield.

At the rear of the army, Yan Xiaobao hovered in the air with thirty-nine Saints trailing behind him. None displayed any inclination to engage in the battle; they simply stood still, observing as the chaos unfolded.

Yan Xiaobao had once relied on his beastly instincts to participate in warfare, but the outcome had been disastrous. Although he managed to defeat his enemies, he'd spent the following seven days in an ice-cold stupor. "I can't afford to fight like that," Yan Xiaobao muttered, watching the countless beasts below.

"This group seems much better than I'd expected," Yan Xiaobao said casually as he observed one of the groups he'd trained earlier. The unit, composed of Lightning Struck Panthers, was performing exceptionally. Although not typically pack animals, their teamwork was seamless. All focused on the assault while ensuring their backs were never exposed to the enemy, constantly countering each threat.

As he scanned the battlefield, Yan Xiaobao spotted a group of Winged Scorpion-tailed Lions. Naturally predisposed to pack hunting, their synergy was evident in their combat prowess. One lion acted as a lookout, while the others moved in formations, systematically taking down targets one by one. Their teamwork was impressive enough to make Yan Xiaobao raise his eyebrows in surprise.

Another group caught Yan Xiaobao's attention due to their sheer aggression. They all worked as a cohesive unit, standing with their backs seamlessly aligned. In this manner, they advanced further into enemy lines, slaughtering any foe who dared evade them.

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Chapter 647: Entering Enemy Territory

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These three groups have now entered enemy territory, surrounded and overwhelmed by humans attacking them from every direction. However, not a single human has managed to hurt these highly skilled beasts.

With a smile, Yan Xiaobao shifted his gaze to the front of the battlefield. He observed most groups battling against the humans and even those spectating the events. The scene pleased him, and with a flap of his wings, he flew near the Saints, approaching the edge of the battlefield to scrutinize the count of fallen beasts.

Looking at the ground, the scattered corpses of some beasts were visible here and there, but compared to the mountains of human bodies piled high, the losses of the beasts were negligible. Blood pooled beneath them, and the stench of death permeated the air. Fully transformed beasts fought tooth and claw. From underground, beasts launched attacks, targeting the humans at the front, while aerial beasts dove downward strategically to evade crossbow cannon fire. They either hurled humans away or flung them down from great heights.

Humans were being slowly but surely pushed back. They stood no chance against this enormous beast tribe. Even the cavalry eventually decided not to continue fighting as before. The only worthy opposition came from these weak humans, who managed to kill only a small fraction of Hui Yu's forces. The death toll was minuscule, irritably provoking the beasts who had lost members of their hordes. The entire Beast Army grew increasingly furious, as the piles of human corpses continued to grow higher. Looking down, many beasts held human limbs in their mouths, while others shred them apart with their claws.

Flashes of white, silver, and gold flickered continuously across the battlefield, interspersed with the energy of the red fog. Witnessing everyone engaged in battle, Yan Xiaobao felt profound gratitude toward his army, yet he couldn't help but think that the Spanish Emperor was too coldhearted, sacrificing so many servants just to eliminate a few beasts. With this thought, Yan Xiaobao turned his gaze toward the city walls behind the battlefield. On the walls far above the ground, experts patrolled the tops, gazing down with a variety of expressions. Some displayed worry and sadness for the citizens below, others remained entirely indifferent without showing any remorse. Another group, however, seemed filled with excitement at the slaughter unfolding beneath them. Witnessing this, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but feel deep disgust. Though beasts were inherently selfish, they still had enough respect for one another to offer proper support. They mourned their fallen comrades with decency. In contrast, some of the individuals on the walls were even more savage than the beasts fighting below.

Yan Xiaobao scanned the eyes of the ordinary soldiers before glimpsing at the city walls. Above the gate, a small section of a house came into view. As he stared at the house, a sudden tremor ran through his body. Seeing two black-cloaked men standing outside the door sent a wave of subtle fear through his heart. These experts reminded him of the individuals he had previously encountered in Liluo City, who had caused him significant problems in the past.

"I was weak then! There's no reason for me to worry about them now," Yan Xiaobao reassured himself, although an uneasiness grew stronger within him. "It's time to take things seriously. The sooner we win this war, the better," Yan Xiaobao muttered to himself, sweat forming on his forehead as he nervously bit his lower lip. Crusaders were never good news.

Upon noticing the Crusaders, Yan Xiaobao realized he couldn't allow the war to drag on any further. They were a dangerous human faction, and Yan Xiaobao still knew nothing about their origins. This thought prompted him to fly toward the Saints Team.

"I need your help," he said quietly enough for only the intended listeners to hear the words. All the Saints around him immediately fixed their eyes on him, focusing intently on what he was about to say.

"Those men in black cloaks, the Crusaders—do any of you know who they belong to?" he asked, directing everyone's attention to the black-cloaked figures. Their faces turned pale as their expressions finally grew grave.

"The Crusaders belong to An Hee," Wan Qiao finally replied. "We don't know much about them. They've never revealed any part of their skin or spoken a single word, nor do they exhibit any human characteristics. Though, I've heard people call them 'Silent Death.' For them to be here, he must have allied with the Siban Empire!" As she spoke, all the Saints felt their hearts tremble with fear, already contemplating ways to retreat. Yet, Yan Xiaobao appeared thoughtful and composed.

"I don't think he's here," Yan Xiaobao eventually said, startling the Saints as they stopped and stared at him in disbelief. "What do you mean?" Even Wan Qiao thought An Hee was hiding somewhere, waiting to appear at the right moment to crush them all.

"If he truly wanted to destroy us, he wouldn't send the Crusaders. He would come here himself," Yan Xiaobao said slowly, voicing the thoughts he had just begun to piece together. "He could deal with all of us single-handedly. If he were really here, do you think he would wait for us to slaughter all the citizens below? I believe he would act quickly and kill us without hesitation. That said, we still need to be cautious. We don't know how many Crusaders are here or how powerful they might be."

Hearing Yan Xiaobao's calm assessment, the Saints gradually relaxed. They, too, understood the sense behind Yan Xiaobao's reasoning. They realized the likelihood of An Hee's presence was incredibly low. Slowly, each of them regained their previous composure.

Chapter 648: Entering Enemy Territory Part 2

"Today, we need to get rid of the soldiers," Yan Xiaobao said with an intense expression on his face. "We need to eliminate them so that we have the power to begin the siege the day after tomorrow."

After hearing the order, the Saint nodded. Yan Xiaobao flapped his wings once again, ascending until he hovered just above the battlefield.

"Beasts!" he shouted. His voice surged across the region, effortlessly reaching the ears of those inside the walls. The sheer force of it made citizens fear that the walls might not hold.

"Beasts!" he roared again, the sound cascading down onto every beast across the battlefield below. "Fight as if there's no tomorrow! Tonight, I want to see everyone dead! Let the weak wills flee, but

slaughter the rest. Slaughter them as they once slaughtered the mystical beasts! Let their blood run dry. Let their corpses collapse! Give them no time to counterattack. Unleash the beast within you!"

The air erupted with shrieks, howls, snarls, and the roars of beasts. Weapons clashed against claws, teeth, and other instruments of war. The cacophony spilled into the city itself, through its narrow streets, ringing in the ears of its citizens, who were now consumed with anxiety about how this war might end.

From above, Yan Xiaobao monitored how the beasts grew more ferocious. They leaped onto humans, biting into them, tearing them apart with claws, and devouring pieces of their bodies. One after another fell. The beasts completely dominated the battlefield, and when the moon finally sank into the evening sky, only a handful of humans remained. Seeing them, Yan Xiaobao let out a heavy sigh. "Retreat!" he commanded, and the beasts obediently followed his orders. The human army had been utterly crushed. The few remaining soldiers either fled or retreated into the city. After tonight, Yan Xiaobao would have to deal with them in the second phase of the war.

"Are you sure we shouldn't kill them all?" Wan Qiao asked curiously, eyeing the surviving humans. Her gaze was filled with murderous intent, her entire being radiating her will to kill.

"It's fine," Yan Xiaobao chuckled softly. "Tomorrow, they'll be gone. Besides, we won't be fighting tomorrow. Tomorrow, we need to clean up the countless corpses so our machines can move closer to the city gates. If we spot any humans, we can easily kill them all then." He spoke with a complete disregard for the humans. To him, the essential task was to calm down and prepare for the siege. Killing the enemy was one thing, but dealing with the experts inside the city was an entirely different matter.

The city walls were packed with experts, standing so closely that there was barely room for any beasts. Yet Yan Xiaobao had a profound understanding of how to handle this war. Even if An Hee were present, he wouldn't falter.

Watching the beasts retreat, the hearts of the few surviving humans trembled. As they arrived at the city gates, tears streamed down their faces, and they began pounding fiercely against the doors, shouting incessantly to be let in.

"Let us in! We fought for you. Don't let us die out here!" "Let us stand by your side! We really don't want to die!" "Open the damn gate, you bastards! We fought for you; now let us live!" Their cries pierced the air, and as they spoke, the expressions of some guards on top of the city walls were filled

with disgust, while others were tinged with pity. Regardless of what the soldiers did or said, the gate remained closed.

The night grew long as the soldiers continued their attempts to convince the guards to open the gate, but nothing changed. When the first rays of sunlight illuminated the city gates, the soldiers cast one last glance at the walls of the beloved Capital they had fought for. Then, shaking their heads in defeat, they swiftly left the battlefield, heading toward the Sun Kingdom. "I hope you lose this war. Treating your loyal soldiers this way is unacceptable," one of the soldiers spat, turning his back on the Capital he had once sworn to protect. The promise that had once bound him was now broken, discarded by those he had pledged his loyalty to.

As the sunlight reached their camp, Yan Xiaobao woke all the experts. "Today, we clear the corpses. Today, we pave the way across the battlefield so that we can bring out our weapons. This is no longer easy; now we will take it seriously. Our opponents are robust, as strong as we are, and we cannot allow them to gain the upper hand."

"Today, we will move the corpses. Separate them from the battlefield itself because we need space to position our machines. Tomorrow is the day the true war will begin!" Yan Xiaobao's speech grew sharper, and by the time they heard the voice of the Great Marshall, they were already filled with fury.

Before long, every beast moved to the previous day's battlefield, and they began collecting corpses with a completely nonchalant attitude, stacking them in mounds on the sides of the field. Some corpses were gnawed on, while others were discarded outright. As they moved the bodies, the beasts showed an eerie calm, utterly unaffected by the death surrounding them on all sides.

"They won't use their arrows while we're cleaning up, huh?" Yan Xiaobao said, leaning against a tower as they worked with deliberate care. His eyes now saw everything in shades of gray, his vision enhanced twentyfold since his eyes had transformed into wolf-like ones.

Chapter 649: Entering Enemy Territory Part 3

When they moved the corpses, the beasts moved swiftly, but the soil—which had been tough to fight on—was now completely muddy. This was evidently caused by the mixture of rainwater and all the blood that had soaked into it. Moving weapons under such conditions was no easy task, yet Yan Xiaobao was relentless. The next day marked the true beginning of the war, even if it meant using holy ranking experts as mules.

The day passed quickly, with human corpses and beast corpses sorted into separate groups. As evening approached, a trench was dug, and all the beast corpses were carefully laid side by side. The entire army

gathered at the trench's edge; they remained silent, paying their respects as they bid farewell to their comrades. Some of them had known each other since birth, while others had become acquainted during training. Still, each soldier knew the others, more or less. Together, they made the unanimous decision to offer their silent prayers to the beasts who had fallen in the war.

For nearly one full hour, the beast tribe stood solemnly before the trench. Then Yan Xiaobao raised his head and nodded toward a beast beside him. Slowly and cautiously, the beasts began pouring soil over the corpses, demonstrating deep respect for their fallen comrades. Their lives had been sacrificed for the freedom of the beasts.

Looking into the eyes of all the beasts, Yan Xiaobao saw a resolute determination he had never seen before. He recognized that this was no longer just about eliminating a threat—it was a steadfast will to win the war. He shared their focus, his own thoughts fixed on the battle to commence the next day.

"Excuse me, my lord. Uh, Great Marshall!" someone called out just as Yan Xiaobao was about to leave the burial site. He paused mid-step. Behind him stood an expert in beast burial—a figure who was evidently an Emperor. Yet, the respect he displayed for Yan Xiaobao was on par with how one would treat a Saint. The young man found this level of reverence surprising.

"Do we also intend to bury the humans?" the expert asked, standing two meters away in a respectful stance. Yan Xiaobao raised an eyebrow in surprise but chose not to address the respect being shown to him. If the beasts truly saw him as their leader in the war, he would leave such matters unspoken.

"No," he answered softly in response to the question. "I have plans for them, but for now, leave them there. Let them serve as a reminder to those behind the walls that we've obliterated a significant portion of their army. It should unsettle them, even if only slightly." Staring at the expert before him, Yan Xiaobao almost laughed at the unguarded expression of confusion plastered across the soldier's face, which made his ignorance of the situation plainly evident.

"Leave the corpses there for now," Yan Xiaobao added as he stepped closer, placing a steady hand on the bewildered expert's shoulder and offering a gentle pat. "These bodies will play an important role in the later stages of the war, so ensure that no one touches them." With a knowing smile, he nodded to the beasts and then turned away, heading off to discuss the attack strategy with the Saints.

"Are you sure this is a good idea?" Wan Qiao asked hesitantly. Her eyes were filled with doubt, and her usual cheerful demeanor had vanished entirely. "I don't understand how this benefits our cause, but in the end, I believe in you," she murmured with a sigh. She glanced at the two piles of corpses, and as she

caught sight of Yan Xiaobao's careless expression upon revealing his plan, a shiver ran through her entire being. Wan Qiao finally began to understand that this young man was far tougher—and far more ruthless—than she had imagined.

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Chapter 650: Spreading Like Wildfire

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"Hmm, this is not what we need to focus on right now. You'll see, during the siege, the people living inside the city might be lucky enough to have sufficient supplies for a short period, but eventually, they will run out. When that happens, the price of food will soar astronomically, and the poor will begin to die. What will they do with their bodies? They can't bury them in the town center, and if they lie around for too long, they'll start to rot. Once they rot, it's highly likely that plagues will spread like wildfire. Fighting an army stricken with disease and decay will give us an even greater chance at victory."

"I thought you wanted us to win this war as quickly as possible," Wan Qiao retorted. Xu Yue seemed hurried during the day because he had beasts clearing the battlefield, but this comment only made Yan Xiaobao smirk. "Indeed, I want us to win this war swiftly," he agreed, "but I also know it might not be as easy as it seems. The Crusaders are inside the capital, their powerful Saints are inside the capital, not to mention their Kings and Emperor. Our battles ahead will be even more challenging, which is why I want to accelerate their process of falling ill. In a few days, these corpses should be thoroughly decomposed. The maggots will feast on them, and then they'll be ready to send back to their Lords."

Wan Qiao said no more as she listened to Yan Xiaobao's plan once again. Throughout the discussion, Yan Xiaobao's expression remained unchanged. He seemed neither remorseful about using the enemy's bodies to their fullest potential nor showed any signs of disgust or guilt. For this young man, the crucial thing was defeating the opponents standing before him and bringing down the Siban Empire.

"Well then, do excuse me," Yan Xiaobao said with a smile on his face, "I need to check on our troops." With those words, Yan Xiaobao disappeared. The white-haired youth was true to his word and strode straight toward the medical tents to observe the work being done by the beasts.

As he entered the tent, many experts were bustling around. Every specialist with close ties to Wood was inside, helping the injured. Some of these specialists were trained therapists, while others were not, but their energy was amplified by the trained therapists. Thus, their work resembled energy-enhancing wood batteries.

"As long as even one beast hasn't died, we have the ability to save them," Yan Xiaobao murmured in satisfaction, watching bones being instantly healed, wounds closing, and lost limbs being reattached. Therapists had spent an entire day and continued their efforts throughout the night, and now everyone was fully healed. The therapists were sitting on many hospital beds and the ground. They were now wholly focused on recovering the energy they had just exhausted. Reflecting on this, Yan Xiaobao sat amongst all the specialists, in a moment when the blue cloud rolled outwards. It made the essence of the heavens and earth much denser, and they greedily refined the energy. They could feel the essence was far thicker than usual, allowing them to absorb much more energy than normal.

The night was quiet, and as the sun broke over the horizon, Yan Xiaobao rose to his feet. All the experts around him followed suit. None of them spoke, but everyone was deeply amazed; they understood the blue cloud that allowed them to recover their inner energy was controlled by their Great Marshall. Taking this into account, many specialists were reminded of the blue lines and webs they had previously used in battles within the Divine Domain to defeat their opponents.

As they stood, everyone remained silent. Their minds couldn't fully grasp what had transpired, but they were all grateful for the mysterious young man standing with them. Someone harboring so many secrets could only be beneficial to their cause.

Morning arrived quickly, and everyone left the tent as Yan Xiaobao summoned the Wild Bulls pulling numerous weapons. "It's time," he said gently to the many beasts. As the Wild Bulls charged toward the war machines and began dragging them to the city gates, their faces grew excited and impatient. Yan Xiaobao followed behind, swiftly falling into formation with the army. They marched forward like a proper military force, their footsteps shaking the ground with every step they took. The closer they got to the gates, the more the soldiers on the walls could feel the vibrations.

"What is that?!" someone shouted from the top of the walls as they saw numerous tall towers, catapults, crossbow cannons, springs, and artillery. They had never seen so many new weapons before; while they had anticipated some innovations, the sight of the weapons being dragged forward drenched them all in cold sweat. At the very moment the towers came into view, everyone atop the walls began shifting uneasily from one foot to the other. The sheer height of these towers made it easy for them to reach the top of the walls. As they advanced, worry grew over what their purpose might be.

"Stay away from the walls!" Yan Xiaobao shouted as the Wild Bulls halted in their tracks. All their weapons were positioned about a hundred meters away from the walls. The beasts stared at the humans and fellow beasts on the walls with burning battle intent in their eyes. However, humans displayed pale faces and discomfort stemming from an invisible impatience.

"We'll return their soldiers to them first!" Yan Xiaobao bellowed loudly, signaling for all the catapults and attackers to ready themselves. These weapons were quickly armed, not with the stones people would usually expect, but with corpses taken from two mountain-like piles of the dead.