

Medical 651

Chapter 651: Spreading Like Wildfire_2

"Fire!" Yan Xiaobao shouted, and moments later, corpses landed in the air above the city walls. Some exploded after being launched separately, while others struck the wall tops, causing blood and gore to cover the guards. All these people became increasingly uneasy.

Wave after wave of corpses were shot into the city. An entire day passed, and the only change was that just as the sun set, the last batch of corpses was sent into the city. Nodding, satisfied, Yan Xiaobao turned to the troops and shouted, "Tonight we camp here! Prepare for the real battle tomorrow!" Hearing their voices, all the beasts let their roars soar to the sky, their voices filled with a thirst for battle. They were so close to success. So close to finally gaining freedom!

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"How can anyone be so despicable?!" Great Marshall yelled, looking out over the city. He saw the catapults and how they were loaded with bodies, then these bodies flew high into the air and fell on the ground behind the city walls. The citizens heard the sounds of the houses being hit, alerting them, but no roofs were broken, nor were any buildings destroyed, which meant that whatever was raining down wasn't stones or anything that could demolish a house. At first, they were elated to know it wasn't stones that could destroy their homes, but their relief quickly turned into horror. As blood and gore rained down onto the streets, everyone fled their homes; broken limbs, decaying bodies, blood, and intestines came down from outside. It was an outrage.

Great Marshall's face was not green like the others, but as red as a beetroot. His anger burst from within him, causing the entire room to shiver. Great Marshall was located in a small house at the top of the city wall above the city gate. Inside his house was a group of five servants. All were trembling in the corners, not daring to make a sound for fear of drawing Great Marshall's fury upon them.

Aside from the many servants, four experts were waiting inside the room. None of them seemed bothered, showing no signs of disgust or anger, as multiple bodies were being thrown above the city gate.

One person leaned against the wall, arms crossed over his chest. His eyes contained a hint of laughter, a slight smile on his lips as he observed the furious Great Marshall.

Two experts sat at a small table. Each held a small cup in their hands, with a teapot on the table. Steam rose from their cups. Neither of the experts spoke, but every now and then, they would first take a sip and then lock their gaze back on Great Marshall. Neither of them wore a smile, but the polite interest they displayed seemed more like a facade than genuine concern. If anything, their interest seemed focused only on the teacups in their hands.

The last expert standing next to Great Marshall was looking out the window at the many bodies being thrown into their city. Great Marshall was filled with anger and fury, so much so that he was on the brink of an explosion, while this expert beside him bore a sinister smile on his face. His eyes burned with the intention to kill, constantly glancing towards Yan Xiaobao and the Saint behind him. Looking at the many experts, this fourth person couldn't help but lick his lips as he waited for the order to go out and fight them.

Seeing the sinister expression on the man's face, Great Marshall finally calmed down. "You will not engage in war yet. Before we dare initiate a conflict of this scale, we need to gather all the Saints. They seem to have about forty Saints with them, but who knows how many they have hiding within their ranks." Great Marshall grumbled as he called for a servant.

Once the gesture was made, a servant immediately appeared before him. He knelt on the floor, his forehead touching his hands, with his whole body deeply bowed. "Go and find the Fifteenth Regiment. After all this chaos, they will be responsible for clearing the ground." He waved dismissively, and the young servant hurried away. He quickly set out to find the experts assigned to this dirty task.

In his foul mood, Great Marshall complained again, but he controlled his emotions. "I swear we will crush those repulsive beasts!" he said with a voice full of fury, "After all, we still have the Crusaders. We cannot lose!" As Yan Xiaobao stood in front of the city walls, out of range of their arrows, the air was fresh. His breath could be seen in the crisp morning air, as he squinted his eyes and looked toward Sunrise. In the camp behind him, the beasts were stirring slowly. This morning, no one called to wake them. Yan Xiaobao decided to let them sleep as long as possible, or if that was what they were doing at all. For today, he needed them at their peak. They were now about to engage with the elite soldiers of the Sioban Empire, and they needed to enter the city somehow.

The city before him was built on one side of a mountain, with his army camped at the only entrance outside the city. Wan Qiao stood by his side. The One-Horned Jasmine Eagle had been flying around the city all night, searching for other exits, but wherever she looked, she found no hidden entrances or tunnels.

Sighing, Yan Xiaobao realized there were probably some tunnels undetectable by her, but these tunnels could only allow a few people through at a time, and they couldn't provide enough resources. If they were large enough to allow many people or supply trains through, Wan Qiao would surely have noticed them.

Yan Xiaobao stood there, enjoying the fresh air. He was nervous about the war, and he couldn't understand why everything had been so easy so far. Why had their Great Marshall allowed the beasts to reach the city walls so easily? He expected their army to be waiting for them in front of the walls, making them swarm and weaken the beast tribe, but this hadn't happened, causing Yan Xiaobao discomfort.

Thinking of this, Yan Xiaobao never turned to look behind him, but he felt one soldier after another fall into place. Soon the army was fully assembled, holding their breath as they awaited Yan Xiaobao's command to charge forward.

However, this was not what Yan Xiaobao did; instead, he slowly began to step forward. Behind him, he heard the rustling of his army following his every move. The Saints were right behind him, their eyes swiftly observing everything happening. One of the Saints raised his arm, a misty golden energy leaving his hands and enveloping the entire army, deflecting all arrows shot at them. No beast was hit by an arrow.

Even though Yan Xiaobao wished the Saints would conserve their energy, he also approved of the shield. He knew if they hadn't used the Energy Shield, some beasts would have died. He had already lost too many beasts; before the actual battle began, he had no interest in losing more.

Pointing his finger at the walls, the army behind him charged to both sides, allowing space for the war machines to advance. First came the towers, second the cannons and catapults, followed by springs and crossbow cannons. Finally came the galleries and testudos.

"Ready!" Yan Xiaobao shouted loudly, as he continued to bring the towers up the mountain to the city walls. Seeing the towers reach the top of the walls, Yan Xiaobao's smile emerged. "Charge!" he yelled as loud as he could, and the beasts immediately rushed into the towers. They climbed up the towers until they reached the top, where they poured onto the enormous city walls. Flying beasts emerged from above, swooping down with claws and wings, forcing opponents to retreat, causing some weaker enemies to fall from the high walls to the ground.

Beasts leaping from the towers onto the walls encountered concentrated soldiers, humans fighting for survival. The soldiers they faced were far superior to those they had encountered before. They knocked down beast after beast one by one, as their numbers surpassed those of the beasts currently charging the walls. Flaming arrows were fired from the walls at the towers, attempting to set the massive towers ablaze so no more beasts could use them to ascend the walls. Yet, before the towers could ignite, the flying beasts managed to handle the flames.

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Chapter 652: Signs of Despair

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Some beasts entered the high walls through the towers, while others descended from the skies above. Soon, an intense and desperate battle erupted atop the city walls. The ten-meter-wide wall was crowded with beasts of various kinds and humans. Some were still alive, others were injured, and many had already drawn their last breath. It was clear that today's battle was more challenging than ever before, but strangely, the beasts didn't show the slightest sign of despair; instead, their faces were filled with murderous intent. As golden brilliance flashed from the humans, and different hues of mist-like energy surged around the beasts, sinister and excited smiles appeared on the beasts' faces.

Yan Xiaobao stood on the ground gazing up at the city walls. He was waiting for the gates to open, but it seemed no beast was able to leap into the city below and unlock the gates. As for why they hadn't completed their task, Yan Xiaobao could only speculate that every beast was doing its utmost on the narrow walls.

Even the flying beasts, which should have been able to bypass the walls entirely, were kept at bay by a handful of surviving defenders. These crossbow cannons, preserved even after Wan's destruction, were positioned within the city and aimed at any beast attempting to breach their Sanctuary. Seeing this, Yan Xiaobao nodded slowly. It made sense—humans weren't as simple as he'd imagined. They knew what the beasts lacked in warfare. Defending a city was no easy feat, but the humans had a clear advantage in that the beasts attacked in small groups. They couldn't deploy their entire army where the humans were. Yan Xiaobao's gaze remained fixed on the top of the walls. The beasts' raw power and agile movements outmatched the humans' nearly stacked formation. Some beasts fell to the humans' overwhelming numbers, but others used their agility to dodge death, some relied on their brute strength, and the winged beasts leveraged their ability to fly and defeat the enemies before them.

The young man summoned his martial power wings and ascended into the sky, closely observing the fierce battle raging on the walls. Yan Xiaobao could tell that while the beasts held the upper hand, their numbers today were greater than ever. These opponents were undoubtedly stronger than the humans

they had fought outside the city. Considering this fact, Yan Xiaobao felt a surge of pride for the beasts and their performance. They had fought all day, and as the sun began setting on the horizon, a thunderous horn echoed across the battlefield. It was the signal for retreat. Every beast scrambled to climb down the towers, fly away, or leap off the walls to escape, while the humans, who appeared to gain energy from the beasts' retreat, watched the spectacle unfold.

Yan Xiaobao waited for all the soldiers to return. Some had minor injuries, others were gravely wounded and carried by beasts, and some never made it back at all. Watching the Wood Element Beasts begin to heal the most severe injuries, Yan Xiaobao felt quite satisfied. He noted that although the losses were substantial, they were less severe than he had expected. Walking through the encampment, Yan Xiaobao approached one beast after another.

"You did well today," he said to one expert. "Keep up the good work," he said to another. "We appreciate all your efforts," he told a third expert, greeting every beast he met as he passed through the camp. He also shared a few provisions with the beasts. As night fell upon them, Yan Xiaobao was among the first to join the watch rotation.

Yan Xiaobao felt a bit useless. Despite being the Great Marshall, he couldn't shake the feeling that he hadn't contributed much. When he volunteered to take up the guard duty, the Saints initially objected, but upon seeing the displeasure etched on the young man's face, they suddenly agreed it might be a good idea to include him as a sentinel.

Yan Xiaobao stayed up all night, his gaze shifting between the small bonfires on the city walls and the beast camp. Some beasts worked through the night, while others allowed themselves to recuperate. Some ate, others slept. The atmosphere in the camp was tense and uneasy. A few beasts were still running around, using their energy to heal their comrades. These experts wouldn't be able to take part in the next day's battle, but their healing ensured that within several days, two experts would return to the field instead of just one.

"It really looks like a battlefield," Yan Xiaobao muttered to himself. Though he held the title of Great Marshall, everything he knew about warfare came from his studies in the Old World. All his knowledge was gleaned from books, books describing ancient wars and tactics. While this knowledge was valuable, it paled in comparison to the experience gained in actual combat—something Yan Xiaobao lacked. Tension gripped his heart. Everything depended on him and his ability to devise the right strategy. The pressure weighed heavily upon him. The air was thick with the intent to kill, mingled with the smell of blood and rotting flesh.

Everything was so different from the books. "Pull yourself together!" Yan Xiaobao scolded himself, slapping his cheeks hard with both palms. Although he didn't strike himself as fiercely as Wan Qiao often did, he still tasted blood in his mouth. He could no longer afford to second-guess himself. He needed to be decisive.

He stood there for a while and came to a conclusion. Although he wasn't ready to start a holy war yet, there was one task he needed to accomplish.

"Wan Qiao, come here!" he called out, and the woman immediately appeared at his side. "I have a job for you," he said, as the woman listened attentively. When he finished explaining his plan, a faint smile appeared on the youthful-looking woman's face. She was evidently pleased to be part of the plan the following day.

Chapter 653: Signs of Despair_2

Seeing the smile on Wan Qiao's face, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but smile as well, but deep down he decided he needed to prepare for the worst. "Everyone, gather around!" he shouted, and all the Saints did so. Everyone stood before him as he formed them into a circle.

"Tomorrow, I have a mission for Wan Qiao to handle. The Tibetan Empire may use their Saints to respond to our assault. If that happens, you all must join the fight and stop the Saints Team. If possible, kill them; if not, keep them occupied until you can join forces and take them down that way. Please remember, this is not a fair duel where you exchange blows. This is a war, and you must do whatever it takes to secure victory."

Hearing his words, the Saints nodded in patient agreement. They had heard Yan Xiaobao reiterate this point time and time again, but even so, he never let them forget that this was not the time for duels. Despite his constant emphasis on this, the Saints did not feel insulted; instead, they were comforted by how thoroughly the Great Marshall thought through how to win the war.

After speaking with the Saints, Yan Xiaobao departed from their gathering place and went on patrol once more. He performed his duties as a night watchman flawlessly. Walking back and forth, Yan Xiaobao paid close attention to everything around him. After some time, he finally paced through the dark surroundings and felt at ease. He overheard soldiers chatting with each other or celebrating being alive. The entire camp was filled with vitality, even though it was the middle of the night. Everyone seemed peculiarly exuberant for unknown reasons, and the tension that had pervaded earlier gradually dissipated. As the night came to an end, excitement filled the air. This was the second day of the siege of the Tibetan Empire Capital. This war would be discussed for years to come. Standing amidst the morning fog, their shoes soaked with dew on the ground, everyone fell utterly silent. The beasts awakened at

dawn, completing their required daily routines. They eagerly found their positions ready to advance toward the city walls on the second day of the siege.

Not a single beast knew the task Yan Xiaobao had given Wan Qiao, but when they saw the seriousness on the faces of the Saints in front of them, they all shuddered. No smiles could be seen on their resolute faces. The Saints' gazes were fixed on the distant city walls. Their vigilance was so heightened that the energy swirling within these experts made the surrounding air buzz. It was clear that everyone was ready for a fierce battle, and seeing this drove the beasts into a frenzy. They roared, they bellowed, but watching the Saints stretch their ancient bodies in preparation for combat caused energy to unknowingly erupt from the beasts. They roared louder now than ever before. Their war cries were so thunderous that, even at a distance, soldiers on the city walls could feel the shockwaves. While much of the power dissipated on the way to the city, some residual force reached the front line, pushing everyone back several steps before they steadied themselves.

The soldiers, forced to retreat, swallowed nervously as they realized the beasts' roars were strong enough to drive them back. Yet they quickly steeled their resolve, regaining their positions and patiently awaiting the enemy's approach.

When the weapons were once again dragged toward the high walls, the ground trembled. The crossbow cannons relentlessly fired massive bolts at the city walls and gates, intending to bring them down. These enormous bolts embedded firmly into the walls and gates, creating another advantage—the beasts using them to scale the walls. Upon reaching the top, they threw themselves into a desperate battle for survival. Beasts descended from the skies; beasts poured out of towers; others leaped up using giant bolts. This allowed the beasts to appear at various locations on the walls, enabling pincers attacks that instantly wiped out entire areas.

Humans employed their own tactics, taking down the beasts one by one, but their casualties were always far greater. Watching the multitude of beasts and their frantic combat, Yan Xiaobao turned away and unconsciously nodded, looking toward Wan Qiao. The woman stood behind him in the form of the Single-Horned Jasmine Hawk. She was enormous, standing there with a wingspan of twenty meters. Looking at her, Yan Xiaobao felt a sense of comfort, and before realizing what he was doing, he gently patted her head.

Smiling awkwardly, the young man turned back to the war and let out a heavy sigh. The task he gave Wan Qiao was no small feat; he knew there was a chance she wouldn't return. But that's war. "She's the strongest of us all," he muttered to himself, "She'll be fine."

Closing his eyes to steady his emotions, he opened them again, now free of hesitation. His eyes gleamed, his back straightened as he called out to Wan Qiao, "It's time." He narrowed his gaze, speaking slowly, "Remember, safety is the priority. If you see multiple Saints coming for you, retreat at once. Information is second in importance," he continued, "If you can tell me what it's like, I'll be deeply grateful. Finally, if you can accomplish anything, everything will be perfect. However, before the Saints come for you, I don't believe you can act."

Turning to the Saints behind him, Yan Xiaobao continued, "Wan Qiao has a mission that will take her inside the walls. If you hear that she is in trouble, enter the city and assist her. Only evade, do not engage. If Wan Qiao manages to escape and Saints pursue her, ensure she isn't captured. If they chase you past the walls, then fight them. If you can't defeat your opponents, prolong the battle as much as possible so others can come help, or retreat. As I've said before, and I'll say again: This is war. Do not be kind to your enemies; use any means necessary to kill them, even vile ones. If you die, you cannot help your comrades. Survival is the most critical aspect of this battle." Hearing Yan Xiaobao's words, everyone solemnly nodded.

"Then, I'll be off," Wan Qiao said, her voice filled with excitement. After flapping her wings a few times, the enormous bird took to the skies. Her speed was so astonishing that Yan Xiaobao had to focus intensely to keep her in view.

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"Master!" a servant shouted loudly as he rushed through the gates and into the house where the Great Marshall resided. "Master, it's terrible! A great bird is advancing, far beyond what any beast we've encountered before. I believe it's a Saint!" The servant was completely terrified at the thought of a Saint joining the war, as it meant the soldiers on the walls were surely doomed. Though they seemed capable of withstanding the Beast Army earlier, the moment a Saint entered the fray, everything changed completely.

As soon as the words left the servant's lips, everyone in the house turned to look at him. Four of their faces were filled with excitement, while five frowned deeply. The four enthusiastic experts stared at the fifth person with anticipation, but he remained silent for a moment. Closing his eyes, it was clear he was deeply pondering the matter.

"My Lord, the Saint is moving swiftly. We must act now," one of them urged. His gaze darted back and forth between the thinker and the room's door; his behavior clearly showed he was on edge, ready to disregard orders and rush out, but his loyalty kept him rooted.

"You may go," the thinker eventually said, but as soon as the four experts approached the door, he spoke again, "You are only to accompany the experts to the gates. Do not leave this city. I don't yet know what the Beast Army has planned."

"They're beasts," one of them muttered, "They wouldn't know how to plan with those underdeveloped brains." Hearing this grumble, the thinker's face flushed with anger. He stood up from his chair, "You know nothing about war, but their Great Marshall certainly knows what he's doing. For him to lure our Saints early in the battle, it's obvious he has something planned. Now go chase that Holy City out of town!" He commanded as the four experts left the room.

"Should we bring the others?" a lady asked. She had been drinking tea earlier. She seemed carefree, uninterested in what had been happening, but now her eyes were full of intrigue, and her beautiful face bore a playful smile.

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Chapter 654: Escaping is Important

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"Don't worry. It's just a Saint. The four of us can easily handle him," the tall man said with a smile, patting the woman on the head as if she were a dog. The woman quickly clapped her hands and pouted, ceasing her words.

Ahead, four men stood, among them a short young man. He seemed around fifteen, a few years younger than Yan Xiaobao, but the air around him was icy. He was the only one among the four who didn't smile. His gaze was fixed on a figure in the sky, and suddenly a sharp greatsword appeared. With a firm footstep, the young man shot towards the giant bird in flight, sword at the ready.

"He left," the tall man said with a smile playing on his lips. Gripping his hand, the tall man rolled his shoulder, then relaxed his muscles as the young man took a determined step towards the Flying Eagle's retreat. It was only a brief moment before the last two mimicked the previous actions, soaring into the sky above.

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Wan Qiao flew through the air, quickly reaching the city walls; yet, unlike what the soldiers on the wall expected, Wan Qiao passed over them, swiftly heading towards the gates. Flying low, she looked at the gates from the inside, her eyes widening in surprise upon seeing a massive stone blocking the entrance.

"That damn kid, how could he know they would use a stone to block it..." Wan Qiao's voice trailed off in disbelief. Yan Xiaobao speculated that this might be how they reinforced the gates, and if so, they'd face problems when finally entering the city because the gates were much more difficult. Truthfully, stones like this could easily be destroyed by a Saint or the Emperor, but destroying it might not be worthwhile. If destroyed, the debris would remain in place and continue blocking the entrance. They needed a method to clear the stone and debris to ensure it was no longer in the way. Alternatively, everyone could enter the city by crossing the walls, but doing so might significantly weaken their forces.

"Oh, company?" Wan Qiao said, noticing a figure flying towards her. Her eyes narrowed, muscles tensing, blood beginning to boil within her veins. This was war! Finally, time to shine, but just as a vicious grin appeared on her face, it twisted into worry. "Escaping is important because he needs this information," she complained while turning her wings to change her flight direction. With a few flaps of her wings, she had already left the Capital.

The One-Horned Jasmine Eagle was in a foul mood, as she felt forced to retreat, something she had never done before. But upon reflection, she understood Yan Xiaobao was right. This wasn't her usual life, this was war, and in war, the Great Marshall needed all the information he could get.

The woman sighed, flying over the city wall. Upon reaching the other side, she saw thirty-nine experts patiently waiting for her return. Glancing back, she forced a smile on her face, quickly realizing the experts who followed her were now nowhere to be seen. She couldn't help but feel disappointed at this realization.

Seeing things not going her way, Wan Qiao could do nothing but fly towards Yan Xiaobao, delivering the information she acquired from her swift visit to the Imperial Capital.

As she flew towards Yan Xiaobao, the bird transformed into her human form. Landing on the ground, she pulled a robe from a storage stone around her neck, her feathers disappearing one by one as she wrapped it around herself.

Yan Xiaobao patiently waited for the woman to finish shedding her feathers, just as she turned towards him. "You were right," she began, admiration in her voice. "They blocked the gate with a massive stone."

"How big is this stone?" Yan Xiaobao asked curiously, simultaneously imagining its appearance in his mind. "It's about 10 meters high and 10 meters wide," Wan Qiao said after a brief pause, recalling what she previously saw. Satisfaction marked Yan Xiaobao's nod. Yan Xiaobao gazed into the distance, but his pleased expression darkened as his eyes settled on the city walls.

"Lord!" he shouted immediately upon seeing unexpected events on the wall, drawing the attention of all the Lords. "Kick those bastards off our soldier's backs!" he hollered as he saw something unexpected on the wall's top: a lone figure moving among the beasts.

Catching the anger in Yan Xiaobao's voice, Saints no longer hesitated to charge at the city walls. Taking a moment to compose himself, Yan Xiaobao slowly rubbed his nose. The enemy had shown only one Saint. Whether they were baiting with other Saints was a question, but Yan Xiaobao couldn't endure it, for his beasts were slaughtered before him.

"Kill that son of a ab*tch!" Yan Xiaobao said, observing the proceedings. Though it was just one Saint, he fought against thousands of beasts alone, taking care of them one at a time, sustaining several wounds. The absolute power of beast control was unexpectedly formidable to him.

Nevertheless, the presence of all the Saints descending upon him was less anticipated. Forty Saints landed on the wall, with all humans in the way being killed instantly, just as he slew the beasts; unfortunately for him, he was alone against forty. It was only a matter of time before the human Saint realized he was up against an entire group of Saints alone. Even as strong as Wan Qiao, he couldn't possibly prevail against forty by himself.

Chapter 655: Escaping is Important_2

Seeing the Saints surrounding him, he suddenly retreated. He leaped down from the city wall, landed on the ground, and stood there motionless, waiting for the Saints to follow him. But when he saw that no one pursued, he felt deeply disappointed. Instead, they turned to attack the humans on the wall, slowly exacting their vengeance.

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"Why aren't they following him?!" The Great Marshall glared furiously at the towering Saint, Peng Yong, who stood mockingly not far away, provoking the beasts. No matter what he did, not a single beast chased him. They all remained on the city wall. Some of the enraged ones turned their rage toward humans and unleashed it there.

"They're noble beasts! They shouldn't have the ability to resist such provocation; they should have leapt down instantly, one after the other, to be dealt with by our Saints. Did the Great Marshall truly tame those despicable, brainless beasts?!" The man spat out every word, his face turning beet red, his eyes bulging in hatred and doubt. Although there were claims that the Hui Clan and the beasts had deployed their first Saint into battle, thus far, the Saint had done nothing significant aside from reconnaissance. She had not engaged in combat and even fled the moment another Saint appeared before her.

Seeing that the answer was to start slaughtering the various beasts, Yan Xiaobao had no choice but to deploy his Saints. Unlike the humans, he had sent out forty Saints in total to fight. This brought a slight smile to Yan Xiaobao's face. He felt proud of his work as the Beast Great Marshall, seeing how successfully he had instilled a sense of restraint into those thick-headed creatures. Making them resist the lure of vengeance was something humans could scarcely believe.

"We cannot afford to retreat now," the Great Marshall sighed. He sat alone in a room with only a servant accompanying him; however, in the eyes of a nobleman like him, the servant was nothing more than a lowly creature, not even worth being considered human. Muttering constantly under his breath, he rubbed his forehead slowly in an attempt to ease the headache pounding in his skull. Finally, he sank back into the chair, his eyes no longer filled with uncertainty but instead calm and calculating, like the ominous stillness before a storm.

"Bring me pen and paper," the Great Marshall ordered, and moments later, the pen and paper were placed before him.

"Take this to Li Xiaopeng," he said, folding the paper neatly, sealing it with wax, and pressing his ring onto it, leaving his insignia.

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"Did God send you?" Li Xiaopeng asked curiously, looking at the servant kneeling before him. The servant's head was pressed so low that it touched the ground, and his entire body sprawled flat against the floor. Even in this awkward posture, the servant managed to nod, causing Li Xiaopeng's brow to furrow slightly.

Li Xiaopeng wasn't particularly tall. He seemed a few years younger than Yan Xiaobao. His long, black hair was tied neatly behind his head. His eyes were dark, so dark they resembled an endless abyss. The youthful-looking man accepted the letter, broke the seal, and read its contents.

As he read, his frown deepened, and his gaze grew sharper. Turning away, he completely ignored the still-kneeling servant and strode briskly toward a house just a few meters away.

"Assemble!" he barked without hesitation, and one by one, experts began to gather around him. As he entered the room, 101 Crusaders sat inside. Looking at them, Li Xiaopeng couldn't help but feel a slight discomfort, but he knew just how formidable these experts were. Despite their ranks as Kings or Emperors, they bore neither fear nor hesitation. They would fight relentlessly until their very bodies were utterly destroyed, unable to move anymore.

"Crusaders, breach the walls and eliminate the beasts!" he commanded. Cloaked figures swept past him immediately after, sending a shiver through even the old veterans in the room.

"Even though I've grown stronger, those freaks still give me the creeps," Li Xiaopeng muttered to himself as he turned and left the room. Gazing toward the city walls, he saw countless cloaked figures climbing the stairs toward the top, where the battle raged. Glancing at the Saints among the beasts, he let out a sharp whistle that echoed across the city. Experts began appearing behind him at that very moment.

"You've summoned us, Master," one said. "What do you need us to do?" another asked. All of them showed immense respect toward the youthful-looking man.

"We need to eliminate these Saints. Push them back and destroy as many as possible if you can," he declared, stepping forward. With that, he launched himself into the air, heading toward the city walls before touching down on the battlefield ahead.

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"F*ck!" Hui Yue cursed. His swearing became even more frantic when he saw the cloaked men reach the upper levels of the wall, with the Saints following shortly after. At least forty Saints, possibly more. "I

hope these beasts are stronger," Yan Xiaobao prayed as he summoned his martial wings and flew toward the city walls to assist the troops.

"So, they think the Crusaders will triumph over the beasts?" Yan Xiaobao muttered to himself, weaving blue threads in his hands, creating nets one after another. Hovering above the Crusaders, Hui Yue threw the first net, ensnaring one of them. This immobilized the Crusader, leaving him vulnerable to nearby beasts. Satisfied, Yan Xiaobao crafted another net and hurled it at another Crusader. After five nets, exhaustion began to kick in. Flying with martial power had drained him, and the strange blue energy he was using was nearly depleted. Realizing this, Yan Xiaobao descended onto the city wall and began slowly transforming into a werewolf. With a loud, spine-chilling howl, he charged directly into battle against the Crusaders, fully aware that they would bring about the greatest challenge for any enemy.

As Yan Xiaobao rushed toward the beasts, a sudden shockwave erupted, sending him, along with a large group of humans and beasts, hurtling backward. Some unfortunate souls slammed into the walls, their limbs broken or worse, falling to their deaths. Raising his gaze, Yan Xiaobao spotted a younger man, appearing a few years his junior, clashing with the Divine Origin Queen, Wan Qiao.

After exchanging blows, Li Xiaopeng and Wan Qiao both took several steps back, equally startled by the other's seemingly intact form. Neither appeared injured, leaving them both on high alert.

Looking around, Yan Xiaobao noticed that it wasn't just Wan Qiao embroiled in fierce combat; all forty Saints were locked in battle with other Saints. Making a swift decision, he extended his wings and retrieved a horn from his storage stone, blowing it with all his might. It was the call for retreat.

Although he and the weaker-ranked beasts could continue fighting near the enemy's Saints, this was not his preference. The Saints Team possessed overwhelming power, so much so that even staying to fight would render the lower-ranked beasts effectively useless. Wanting to ensure as many beasts survived as possible, Yan Xiaobao refused to let them be caught in the devastating shockwaves of genuine combat.

Once the horns rang out, the beasts retreated to their camp one by one, leaving the battlefield for the Saints to continue their clash. The Saints held such overwhelming power that even Yan Xiaobao felt insignificant in their presence. He knew he could only rely on his Saints for this first decisive battle against the Spanish Empire.

"You better not lose," Yan Xiaobao grumbled, standing as far forward as he dared. Observing the battle before him, his keen eyes locked onto Qi-enhanced maneuvers, scrutinizing every motion the experts made. Their attacks tore through the air, causing the winds to howl ominously. Their speed was so

incredible that even with his enhanced vision, Yan Xiaobao struggled to keep up. Watching them, Yan Xiaobao finally came to grasp the might of such overwhelming power.

The lower-ranked beasts had all retreated about a kilometer from the city, while the human soldiers descended from their positions on the wall. Both sides pulled back to avoid being caught in the shockwaves of the Saints' battle. Once fully retreated, they turned to watch the escalating fight, witnessing flashes of varying colors as the Saints unleashed their abilities. Yan Xiaobao folded his wings and now stood firmly on the ground. Before all the gathered beasts, his eyes never left the raging battle in front of him. This conflict would help determine the outcome of the war. It was the first true clash between armies, the first pivotal battle that truly mattered.

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Chapter 656: The Most Powerful Saint

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Wan Qiao was battling Li Xiaopeng, while Lord Pan was fighting the towering Peng Yong. The other Saints Team members were fighting unknown experts. Most battles were one-on-one duels, though there were a few two-on-one fights. The Siban Empire seemed to possess more experts than Hui Yu had initially anticipated, yet the young Great Marshall did not appear to regret the decisions he had made. Some experts were even fighting against two Saints simultaneously, but they weren't pushed back at all. As a result, the entire battlefield appeared evenly matched.

Wan Qiao and Lord Pan were undoubtedly the most powerful Saints among Yan Xiaobao's allies, the two individuals he had been observing closely. Their opponents, however, were not ordinary experts. Just as the battle commenced, Wan Qiao let out a sharp scream as feathers began to sprout. Her arms morphed into massive wings, her face transformed into a razor-sharp beak, and a horn protruded from her forehead. Her eyes turned completely black, shimmering like two gigantic black pearls. Witnessing this, Yan Xiaobao realized the opponent's overwhelming strength that forced Wan Qiao into her original form. Between Wan Qiao and Li Xiaopeng, golden flashes of light streaked continuously; one side attacked while the other defended, one side defended while the other counterattacked. The intensity of the battle escalated, with attacks growing increasingly desperate and fierce.

As she soared into the sky, Wan Qiao roared ferociously. Positioning herself beside the sun, she blinded Li Xiaopeng briefly before unleashing a torrent of golden feathers that rained down, each as sharp as a razor. This assault was golden like the sunlight itself, and swift like the wind. Yan Xiaobao had seen Wan Qiao fight before, but he had never witnessed such an attack. As he stared at Li Xiaopeng, the latter crossed his arms while bracing himself behind a human shield. His clothes were shredded by the sharp

feathers, and his arms suffered minor cuts, causing trickles of blood to drip to the ground. As the blood began to flow, Yan Xiaobao noticed the young man trembling slightly as he gazed at the crimson liquid.

Then, the blood slowly began to spiral around him, forming a golden dragon from the swirling crimson currents. The Golden Dragon coiled around Li Xiaopeng, effectively shielding him from the descending barrage of feathers. Upon witnessing this scene, Wan Qiao instantly ceased wasting her energy on the feathers, her black eyes fixating directly on the dragon's form. "So you think a little worm is enough to stop me?" she laughed loudly. "I'm an eagle. Worms are my breakfast!" As she proclaimed this, she immediately lunged toward the dragon, a reaction that took Li Xiaopeng by surprise. Despite his shock, he quickly regained his composure. The dragon lunged at Wan Qiao, unleashing a silent roar that caused the walls and ground to tremble before surging toward Wan Qiao. The bird and dragon collided, and as they did, an intensely bright golden light erupted, so brilliant that the entire area was bathed in its radiance. For a moment, everyone was blinded before refocusing on their individual battles.

With the wind storming around them, the bird and dragon prepared for another aerial clash. As they ascended again, the resulting shockwave was even stronger than any Hui Yu had felt sweeping across the battlefield before. This time, the force of the shockwave nearly knocked Yan Xiaobao backward. Even the houses within the city began to shudder, and some of the smaller shacks collapsed entirely under the shockwaves unleashed by these two Saints.

As he saw how the city walls had been ravaged by the numerous battles between the Saints, Yan Xiaobao clenched his teeth. Holes appeared within the walls, and rubble continuously fell from its surfaces. Witnessing this, it was easy for anyone to gauge the immense strength of these two Saints simply by observing the destructive impact of their shockwaves. Many other experts were watching Wan Qiao and Li Xiaopeng's confrontation, most lower-ranked experts even forgetting about the thirty-nine other Saints fighting for their lives nearby.

Forcing himself to tear his gaze away from Wan Qiao's battle, Yan Xiaobao looked at the other Saints, pleased to see that the beasts weren't being forced back. Even those fighting against two Saints seemed unyielding. The beasts were simply too formidable; their advantages lay in their savage nature, stronger bodies, innate elemental affinities, and attacks that humans could not easily ward off.

Nodding in satisfaction, Yan Xiaobao's attention quickly returned to Wan Qiao and Li Xiaopeng. Although the other Saints Team members were doing their utmost, the shockwaves they created paled in comparison to those unleashed by the strongest combatants.

"I wish I could join," Lan Feng remarked. Phoenix had been exceptionally quiet during the battle, sitting deep within the Lower Dantian Cave, continuously refining Wu Wei's essence. Yan Xiaobao could sense

that although Lan Feng was not supposed to be a powerful Saint after what he endured following his Reincarnation, the longer he meditated, the stronger he seemed to grow. Yan Xiaobao felt assured that Lan Feng wasn't as simple as he appeared to be.

"I promise you, one day we'll face off against Saints like these. One day, not too long from now, we'll wreak havoc in battle once more. If not sooner, then during the tense moments of war," Yan Xiaobao chuckled. Lan Feng was his hidden weapon. This bird was strong, and combining his powers with abilities accrued from the red wolf and the monks, Yan Xiaobao believed he could defeat at least one opponent ranked below Wan Qiao or Li Xiaopeng. As for whether he could face someone of their caliber, Yan Xiaobao truly didn't know. He hoped Wan Qiao could handle her youthful-looking opponent, Li Xiaopeng.

Chapter 657: The Strongest Saint_2

"Come on, come on!" Yan Xiaobao muttered to himself while watching the battle. The dragon had shattered into thousands of golden rays, but its blood gathered before the young man. Seeing a small portion of the blood, Li Xiaopeng immediately cut his arm, letting more blood surge out. The blood pooled before him and formed another dragon. This dragon was entirely different from the previous one. It was no longer golden tinged with red but red tinged with gold.

"Come on, you foolish bird," Yan Xiaobao continued, his hands clenched tightly together, cold sweat dripping from his forehead. The intensity of the battle escalated relentlessly. The Blood Dragon first coiled around Li Xiaopeng, shielding him from the sharp feathers that suddenly erupted from Wan Qiao's wings.

Noticing the feathers were ineffective, Wan Qiao swept down to the young man's position. Her claws gripped the Blood Dragon, but upon contact, it turned fluid-like. No matter how much she tried to grasp it, her claws passed directly through, clutching nothing; instead, the blood started clinging to Wan Qiao. It formed a crimson layer over the One-Horned Jasmine Eagle.

Feeling the blood adhere to her, Wan Qiao did not panic. Instead, she urged her Fog Energy through her beast core and used it to purify the blood, evaporating it into thin air.

Using the Blood Dragon and letting it subdue like this, Li Xiaopeng felt blood pooling in his mouth as Wan Qiao forcibly neutralized his blood-fueled attack. This caused the young man to suffer the backlash of his assault. On the other hand, Wan Qiao did not fare much better. She expended immense energy to remove the blood. Fortunately for her, since she was in her primal form, neither friend nor foe could see how pale she had become.

Refusing to give up, the two Saints paused once more, now only a small distance apart. Their gazes locked onto each other as their bodies trembled from the previous bombardment. The attacks they had unleashed had drained their energy, and the ones they'd endured had inflicted internal and external wounds.

Upon close inspection, Li Xiaopeng's clothing had been shredded by the razor-sharp feathers, leaving him covered in countless small wounds. But humans weren't the only ones who had suffered considerable harm. Wan Qiao's body was riddled with injuries, blood seeping from the areas where her feathers had been torn out. Yet, as she gathered the last remnants of Fog Energy, she seemed unfazed. With a ferocious beat of her wings, she hurtled toward Li Xiaopeng, wrapping herself in a defense shield as she advanced.

Li Xiaopeng narrowed his eyes, golden energy erupting from his forehead and enveloping him in radiant light. The youthful-looking man stared at the approaching bird, his fist gradually tightening as he compressed all the golden light into his hand. The light within his grasp shimmered, reflecting all the energy released earlier. Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but admit that this youthful-looking man was a master of controlling martial power. None of it was wasted, every bit forced into a concentrated form. Watching this display, Yan Xiaobao finally realized the vast gap between himself and the aircraft's most powerful person.

"If even Siban has someone this powerful, then I imagine there must be plenty of hidden experts in their ranks," Hui Yu muttered to himself, feeling a pang of frustration.

"Don't worry," Lan Feng said calmly as he observed the battle before them. "They've had years of combat experience, years of training. You're just a child; naturally, you're far from being that strong right now."

Hearing these words, Yan Xiaobao could only nod. The fleeting sensation of dejection was quickly overcome, and determination reignited in his eyes. The day faded as the Saints continued their fierce clash, their combat coming to a halt as Hui Yu and the opposing side awaited the final exchange between Wan Qiao and Li Xiaopeng. Both sides prepared to end today's battle and resume on the morrow. The Hui Clan and Siban Empire's Great Marshall had informally agreed not to engage in combat during the night.

Although Yan Xiaobao knew these beasts had a greater advantage during nighttime compared to humans, he nevertheless welcomed the respite war required. This meant today's fighting was nearing its close. With one final strike, if they succeeded in killing the other Saint, then the war could almost be considered won. Everyone held their breath. All the Saints who had clashed earlier withdrew and

regrouped with their soldiers. Only Wan Qiao and Li Xiaopeng remained on the battlefield; one enveloped by Fog Energy leaping toward the other, while the latter stood still, preparing for the incoming attack. His focus was solely on his fist. This final exchange might very well determine the war's outcome. Everyone on the battlefield held their breath. The only sounds audible were the crackling of condensed martial power in the human Saint's hand and the gust of wind from Wan Qiao's rapid flight. No one dared move a muscle. Yan Xiaobao and Siban Empire's Great Marshall watched the duel intently, their hearts racing as the two antagonists drew closer and closer.

Although everything transpired within seconds, time seemed distorted. As the two experts closed in on each other, it felt as though everything slowed. Li Xiaopeng raised his hand, and just as it met the trajectory of the bird, all sound vanished. There was no crackle, no roar—nothing but eerie silence, like a grave. This silence lasted less than a second before an overwhelming eruption shattered through. The boom triggered a massive shockwave, far surpassing anything yet seen. The golden radiance carried by the shockwave blew everyone observing the battle—even those a kilometer away—backward. Some beasts collided headlong into the shockwave, falling onto the ground. Others were forced to step back, unable to resist the force until their retreat was finally halted by fellow beasts. Those who managed to remain standing still stumbled back several paces. Yan Xiaobao, the least injured among them, had encased himself in martial power before impact and only faltered backward a few steps.

Though the flashing light from the impact briefly blinded him, Yan Xiaobao kept his gaze fixed on the battle's aftermath. When he saw Wan Qiao lying on the ground, his eyes narrowed. Her body was shattered, blood pouring from a gaping hole in her chest. Her eyes were closed, and one wing twisted unnaturally.

"Fourth Army, retrieve Wan Qiao immediately!" Yan Xiaobao roared, dashing forward to stand before the fallen eagle. His eyes turned crimson, and the world around him turned gray. A unit of three hundred beasts charged ahead, carrying Wan Qiao back to the safety of the camp.

As this took place, thirty-nine Saints moved to stand three meters behind Yan Xiaobao. Initially, they could see nothing because the battle had stirred a great cloud of dust, but as it cleared, Yan Xiaobao spotted a large group of Saints standing a kilometer away from them. Carefully observing, he noted Li Xiaopeng wasn't among them, giving him a moment of relief. Although he couldn't gauge how severely injured the youthful Saint might be, he wouldn't be fit for combat now, increasing their chances of healing Wan Qiao.

Yan Xiaobao stood at the front, feeling an intense killing intent rise from the depths of his being. The more he thought about Wan Qiao's injuries, the sharper his desire to kill became. The temperature around him dropped drastically. Behind him, the Saints shifted uncomfortably, transferring their weight from one leg to the other as cold sweat appeared on their foreheads. Many wished the opposing Saints

would attack, redirecting Yan Xiaobao's almost suffocating bloodlust toward their enemies rather than claim them as victims. Such potent killing intent was beyond what they themselves could manifest, leaving them silently perplexed as to how someone so young and relatively low-ranked could harbor such ferocity.

The opposing Saints didn't budge an inch. But as nightfall slowly encroached, they retreated, no longer standing before the city walls.

Seeing this, Yan Xiaobao waved a hand, and the Saints retreated to camp. Upon arrival, he rushed to the medical unit, where he found Wan Qiao lying on a bed. Her upper half was exposed, her body swathed in bandages. Her face was blank, devoid of emotion, her eyes shut. Her features were smooth, as though she felt no pain. A blanket was loosely draped over her lower half. One arm rested in a sling, while the other seemed slightly better, though a severe bruise could be seen below the elbow. Gazing at the strongest woman he had ever known, Yan Xiaobao could barely fathom how the circumstances imposed by Siban Empire's experts had forced her into such dire vulnerability.

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Chapter 658 Not a Good Idea

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"If we give it our all, do you think we can defeat him?" Yan Xiaobao curiously asked the Phoenix within his Dantian. He knew their chances were slim, but perhaps the holy beast within him had an idea. Unfortunately, the Phoenix seemed to deliberate on the question for a long time before finally shaking his head. "We have a chance," he said hesitantly, "but it's roughly ten percent. Ten percent is a very low chance, so unless we have absolutely no other choice, do not go against that young man. Leave him to Wan Qiao. The two of them are evenly matched. He should be injured just as he is now, so don't make any moves for the time being." Hearing the bird's reasoning, Yan Xiaobao concluded that fighting that boy was not a wise choice.

"I think it's time to wait," Yan Xiaobao sighed. "I agree with you; we shouldn't focus on war right now but rather ensure that the wounded have recovered to their optimal state before we proceed with the battle."

"Are you sure that's a good idea?" Lan Feng remarked. "I'm no expert in warfare, but if you spend time focusing on healing your experts, the Siban Empire will have an opportunity to reconstruct their walls, not to mention they will also tend to their injured. But if you go all out tomorrow, the beast army has a chance at victory. You saw how two Saints nearly obliterated the entire wall. The beasts can easily leap

over this wall and infiltrate the city. You know you could have entered this city long ago if you truly wanted to. These are noble beasts, prepared with plenty of Senior Experts to fight alongside Saints. You'll fare well. Overcome their city and finish this war. Though this war would help you realize that our training has fallen behind greatly."

Yan Xiaobao fell into silence as he mulled over Lan Feng's words. Indeed, he hadn't fully concentrated on his training, and it had become easier for him to grow complacent after attaining King-level power. But now, his entire mind was occupied with the war. As he ventured out, he saw the devastation inflicted on the walls by Li Xiaopeng and Wan Qiao during the battle, and he let out a weary sigh. Breaching the battered walls shouldn't be too difficult.

Yan Xiaobao sighed deeply as he pondered the best course of action. Lan Feng had a point. Even though his decision was motivated primarily by impatience, utilizing the holes in the walls would indeed allow them to bypass the city's defenses. If they waited for Wan Qiao to heal, it would take significantly more time to achieve their goal.

"Since we've made our decision, we should inform the troops," he muttered as he left the infirmary, heading toward the tent where the Commander and the Saints currently resided.

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The night was cold, but an air of anticipation hung above the beast camp. Throughout the night, they could hear the sounds of hammers striking stone as the walls were being repaired. Yan Xiaobao spent the entire night at the battlefield's forefront, his eyes reddened as he used the beast army's enhanced vision to track the progress of the humans rebuilding the damaged walls.

Observing the walls, Yan Xiaobao noticed the individuals involved in the reconstruction were Senior Experts from the city. All of them could carry substantial chunks of heavy stone, which made the task considerably easier.

"It seems our initial plan is undergoing modifications," Yan Xiaobao said to Lan Feng. He sensed the Saints within him were just as frustrated as he was. He had finally warmed up to Lan Feng's suggested strategy, but now it seemed like a shift was necessary.

Morning arrived, and not even the faintest trace of the shattered stones could be seen. The walls looked exactly as they had before the war. Atop the walls stood experts, all gazing down at the battlefield before them. As he looked around, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but feel as though they had returned to the state they were in just before the war began—when their forces had first arrived and needed to commence fighting against the Siban Empire's army.

Behind him, the beasts roared, their eyes reddened with fury. Their bloodlust filled the air as they yearned to avenge their fallen comrades. Surveying the multitude of experts behind him, Yan Xiaobao was reassured to see their anger and unyielding fighting spirit still intact. Despite Wan Qiao's injuries, no one appeared likely to falter from fear or doubt their chances of victory. Everyone was united in their outrage over what had befallen Wan Qiao, and they were ready to prove they could manage without her. Even the thirty-nine Saints wore grim expressions. Looking at the numerous beasts primed for battle, Yan Xiaobao felt his resolve to fight surging. He, too, wanted vengeance for their Queen. While her life wasn't under immediate threat, her injuries were severe, and no one, regardless of their expertise in recovery, could completely heal her wounds. What she needed now was time to regain her strength. Unfortunately, time was a luxury Yan Xiaobao had very little of.

Hui G clenched his teeth, summoned his martial wings, and soared into the sky. Many flying-type beasts followed his lead, and soon the entire army moved toward the gates. A rain of arrows descended upon them, accompanied by siege engines, battering rams, and other war machines being dragged forward.

Yan Xiaobao observed the arrows and extended his hand. A golden light radiated from his fingertips, forming a massive shell-like shield around him, allowing other beasts to take shelter behind him as they flew. Yan Xiaobao wasn't the only one using martial power to protect himself or parts of the army. Others released their energy, blocking every arrow in their path, ensuring not a single one slipped through. Unlike previous battles, there were no beastly howls, sneers, roars, screams, or cries. The beast army was utterly silent, their eyes burning with rage, indignation, and a determination for vengeance.

Chapter 659: Not a Good Idea_2

Every soldier atop the city walls was silently awaiting the beasts' arrival. "Hold your fire!" a commander shouted. "Don't waste arrows by hitting their shields!" He called out loudly as he paced along the walls, roaring at the soldiers repeatedly to prepare their bows. For the besieged city, procuring more supplies was impossible. With no materials coming in, they obviously couldn't create additional arrows.

Seeing the top-ranked beasts advancing, even the commander couldn't help but nervously swallow. Though the Saints were holding off on starting their attack, if the beasts' Saints weren't going to join the war, then neither would they. This meant that if these beasts fought without Saints, the majority of the experts on the walls would either die or suffer heavy injuries at the hands of these monsters. Considering this, the commander shook his head, watching the many beasts continuously approaching.

"Even if I die, I'll make damn sure I take some of them with me," he thought, gritting his teeth and clenching his sword. As he awaited the beast horde, his entire body tensed. Mere seconds later, flying beasts appeared, capturing human experts and throwing them onto the ground below. When he saw them clutching at the towers and scaling the walls once again, the commander was powerless to stop them. Beasts of every shape and size leaped onto the walls and immediately engaged in battle. They viciously tore, bit, and attacked using their bodies, as well as their fog energy.

The commander's eyes didn't focus on any of the beasts tearing through the towers or the birds clutching people one by one. No, his gaze was fixed on Yan Xiaobao. That young man soared skyward, his icy stare unwavering. His entire body radiated cold killing intent.

The commander instantly recognized that this person wasn't ordinary, though he didn't seem much stronger than your average King Ranking expert. Wondering what could have made him emanate such deadly killing intent, the commander's musings were cut short as the handsome man descended straight towards him from the heavens.

In one hand, he summoned flames of blue, while in the other appeared a black dagger. The sight of the dagger alone nearly made the commander laugh. Daggers were fine weapons for skirmishes or duels, useful for leaving shallow wounds, but they lacked the reach and power of a sword, making them largely ineffective for causing significant damage. That an expert was using a dagger gave the commander an odd sense of relief.

But as he eyed the strange blue flames, suddenly his gaze froze. "I bet the dagger is just a distraction," he muttered as he squinted. In his moment of stunned realization, the commander only focused on the weapon in his hand, completely forgetting about the flames in the other. However, upon closer inspection, he felt the blood in his veins run cold. The blue flames were perilous. The fact that their hue wasn't red meant these weren't ordinary flames. They had the power to incinerate him instantly, demanding his utmost caution. On the other hand, the dagger wasn't a significant concern for him. He doubted the young man's skills with it could match the lethality of the fire.

"Alright then, let's do this!" the commander thought excitedly as he rushed to intercept the descending man. His strategy was straightforward: stay close enough to the young man that using flames would burn them both. That way, unless the boy had a death wish, he wouldn't be able to use his fire.

Just as the commander drew closer, his eyes widened in shock before rolling upward. His body now sagged lifelessly against Yan Xiaobao. The white-haired youth pushed him away, revealing a deep, fatal

wound in his chest. A strike directly through his ribs had pierced his heart in an instant. The killing was swift and painless.

Without even sparing the fallen commander a glance, Yan Xiaobao wiped his dagger on his clothes and turned towards the crowd gathered around him. None of them uttered a word, as the overwhelming killing intent emanating from him paralyzed them all. Taking advantage of the sudden disarray caused by the commander's death, Yan Xiaobao stabbed one person in front of him, just as he had taken down their leader earlier. He swiftly followed this by unleashing blue flames at two other experts nearby.

The agonizing screams of their friends being burned alive snapped the humans back to reality. Their eyes were filled with terror, but stubborn determination lingered as well. Two people shot arrows at him, but as they approached, Yan Xiaobao enveloped himself in golden energy. Just as they noticed the golden aura dissipate, a blood-red mist materialized. The mist resembled beast fog energy. For a human to command martial power and fog energy was unheard of among the guards, and they immediately assumed the red mist was another diversion. Ignoring the mist entirely, they focused on slashing at Yan Xiaobao's martial power barrier with their swords.

Using their attempts to break through the barrier as a chance to expend their energy, Yan Xiaobao slowly transformed into a massive red wolf. Fully transformed, a sinister smirk spread across his face as he extended an arm from the protective layer and grabbed an unsuspecting expert's head. With startling strength, he slowly crushed it in his powerful claws. Witnessing this gruesome sight, the remaining humans turned pale green, instantly attempting to flee.

The werewolf didn't bother chasing down the humans, instead surveying the battlefield to see he no longer had an audience. Everyone around him was caught up in clashes against beasts. Their focus was entirely elsewhere, and not on the young man. Yan Xiaobao calmly approached a larger group of humans and beasts, where he began methodically stabbing them and releasing blue flames one by one. Where he went, dead bodies piled up.

Paying no attention to the humans he killed, Yan Xiaobao suddenly felt an imminent danger. Barely dodging to the side, the ground where he'd stood moments ago cratered deeply. A massive warhammer had buried itself into the stone foundations of the wall. Yan Xiaobao raised an eyebrow in surprise, wondering who would go to such lengths to kill him, even at the risk of damaging the structure.

"You!" Beyond the massive warhammer, a figure descended to the ground. He was clearly a taller, high-level expert, his cultivation far surpassing Yan Xiaobao's, as the young man hadn't sensed his presence. Without the warhammer's appearance, he wouldn't have detected this individual. Looking at the towering man, Yan Xiaobao squinted, while Lan Feng cursed in his lower dantian.

"I'll lend you the energy I spent months cultivating, but don't you dare die!" Phoenix swore as barriers erupted between their souls. Though Lan Feng refined martial power like Wu Yue, his power was at the Saint level. It far exceeded the martial power refined by Yan Xiaobao. Besides that, Yan Xiaobao held a beast core from the Divine Beast God Wolf. His crimson mist surged forward alongside golden threads gifted by Lan Feng from the azure heavens. Yan Xiaobao felt a surge of gratitude again, thinking how fortunate he was that Lan Feng was a Divine Beast and not an ordinary Magic Beast, allowing him access to the energy of the Blue Flame Phoenix.

"Oh," his opponent said in surprise, seeing the two types of energy swirling around the expert before him. "I chose you because of your white hair," the expert said with a grin. "Someone told me the opposing Great Marshall was a young man with white hair. I didn't think it would be you," he continued, as if engaging in friendly conversation. "I never imagined a King could be the Great Marshall, but feeling the energy emanating from you, you're really not a King, are you? Freakish little guy?" he asked with a smile.

Yan Xiaobao stared at the expert before him, his heart pounding as his eyes narrowed. He immediately knew this man was a Saint. He had fought against him just the day before, and this Saint was powerful enough to take down two Lords. That fact alone proved his formidable strength. But even so, Yan Xiaobao was determined not to let the Saint relish this encounter.

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Chapter 660: Levels are Meaningless

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"I hope you can forgive me for not answering," Yan Xiaobao said, his voice steady as if he wasn't intimidated in the slightest by the Saint before him. His cold gaze and suppressed killing intent briefly stunned the towering Saint. Moments later, the Saint burst into laughter. "I understand, I understand," he said between laughter. "Alright, no need to worry, I'll mount your head beside me. Your actual rank means nothing."

"Well, why don't we see if you're capable of that," Yan Xiaobao responded, summoning his golden martial wings. As he ascended into the sky, the red fog surged outward, forming the wolf heads. Born of the crimson mist, their eyes gleamed like rubies, and their teeth were as sharp as razor blades. As they charged towards the expert still standing atop the wall, many wolf heads howled loudly. Seeing wolves soaring through the air, disbelief washed over the Saint's face. It was as though he was gazing upon a hybrid of creatures beyond imagination, something he'd never encountered before.

Unfortunately, the expert wasn't so easily shaken. Regaining his composure quickly, he repelled the wolf heads using his martial power. Despite creating a barrier, his astonished eyes betrayed him once more when one wolf managed to sink its teeth into his leg, draining a significant amount of blood.

Witnessing this, Yan Xiaobao knew he'd been underestimated. His eyes turned as frigid as the coldest winter, and his lips curled into a cold sneer. Blue flames burst forth from his entire body as he waited for the opportune moment to incinerate the Saint. Though their levels of governance were worlds apart, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but feel that as long as he was underestimated, the advantage would be his.

Seeing the blue flames engulfing Yan Xiaobao, the Saint was visibly startled. He was a Saint, and he knew well how rare blue flames were. Their creation required immense energy, and these flames were far more dangerous than the ordinary red flames mastered by most experts.

The Saint's lips curled into a smile as he watched the young werewolf cloaked entirely in blue fire. His hand gripped the warhammer's handle tightly, and his eyes sparkled as he looked at the youth before him. "You seem to have a lot of secrets," said the Saint, licking his lips with excitement, "which explains why you're the Great Marshall. Add to that, this kind of power... How could you have grown so strong so quickly?" He spoke as if they were acquaintances meeting for the first time, expressing polite curiosity rather than the deadly rivalry of two experts clashing on a battlefield.

Despite the barrage of questions, Yan Xiaobao remained silent. While his opponent appeared relaxed and talkative, it was clear he possessed the capability to act in this manner. Meanwhile, Yan Xiaobao operated on the power of Lan Feng, which was limited.

Realizing Yan Xiaobao had no intention of answering, the towering Saint sighed deeply, as if someone had robbed him of his greatest joy. His previously cheerful expression soured slightly as he started spinning the warhammer in circles, as if it were as light as a feather. His face no longer radiated happiness; instead, it was filled with a sense of irritation.

"I truly hope you've got something hidden up your sleeve," the Saint said, his voice now low and threatening, his demeanor completely transformed. "I don't know what it means to hold back. I'll be coming at you with everything I've got," he declared, gripping the hammer in his hand—a sight that made Yan Xiaobao feel a sliver of unease. Though Yan Xiaobao was a beast, he faced a Saint far stronger than himself, wielding a warhammer large enough to crush his body with a single strike.

Yan Xiaobao's gaze locked onto the man before him. Despite his growing apprehension, he knew he had no choice but to press forward with all his might. Hearing the sounds around him, collisions and shockwaves echoed in a tumultuous cacophony, shaking his body and forcing him to stagger where he stood. Yan Xiaobao was unnerved, guessing that other Saints were already locked in combat. It was likely that none of them could spare assistance for their Great Marshall, leaving Yan Xiaobao alone to face a Saint of overwhelming power—far stronger than the many others battling nearby.

As Yan Xiaobao pondered over his circumstances, he suddenly felt danger looming before him and retreated from the Saint at the fastest pace possible. "Oh, well done!" the Saint praised, as his warhammer struck the spot Yan Xiaobao had occupied less than a second ago. Wasting no time, the hammer swung again mid-air, targeting its next position.

Sensing the impending threat, Yan Xiaobao pushed his Speed Flow to its limit, narrowly dodging the warhammer's relentless strikes from all angles. He felt the pressure mounting with each moment, the danger growing with every attack. Although Yan Xiaobao wished to counterattack, it was nearly impossible; the warhammer continued its ceaseless rotations, relentlessly hunting him down.

Clenching his teeth, Yan Xiaobao studied the towering Saint's pattern of swings. At first, the movements seemed entirely random, but after evading about twenty strikes, he finally discerned a rhythm. Noticing this, the Saint's eyes shimmered with astonishment, his lips curling into a smile. His face displayed a childlike glee that made Yan Xiaobao feel even more uneasy.