

Medical 661

Chapter 661: Levels are Meaningless_2

He held a warhammer in one hand, touched a stone on his belt, and another warhammer appeared. Suddenly, two hammers rained down on him, making him even harder to hit. Turning around and retreating, Yan Xiaobao watched as the expert before him broke into a cold sweat. To advance instead of retreat, he needed to take a blow from the hammers, and even a single hit would be enough to seriously injure him. However, he couldn't continue to retreat. With determination in his eyes, Yan Xiaobao focused on Speed Flow while watching the hammers. He slowly weaved in and out. Everything seemed to slow down as he took a step forward instead of backward. Then came another step, his body twisting, his waist rotating.

His body was twisted to the limit, and it was impossible for him to completely avoid the hammers falling on him. Realizing he was going to take a hit regardless, Yan Xiaobao twisted as much as possible, ensuring the hammers would only hit one of his arms.

Before the sound of bones breaking reached Yan Xiaobao's ears, he heard a trembling sound, followed by the most painful sensation as his entire arm went numb. Although Yan Xiaobao wanted to look at his arm, he knew this was his only chance to attack, as the dagger in his hand pierced the chest of the Saint before him. Unfortunately, it didn't go deep enough to kill the Saint, but blood gushed from the wound, causing the Saint to immediately retreat. As the two warriors stared at each other, his eyes were filled with surprise.

Now that both beast and human had finally retreated, Yan Xiaobao had the chance to look at his arm. As he saw what was there—or rather, what wasn't—he felt dizzy. The only thing left was a bloody stump, with bones protruding. Looking around, he quickly spotted an injured arm lying on the ground; his arm, or what was left of it.

"You idiot, how are we supposed to manage without that arm?!" Lan Feng was shocked; disbelief filled his eyes, his voice high-pitched. He was filled with fear, concern, and regret. Yan Xiaobao managed to stab the Saint, but the stab, though painful, wasn't enough to kill the Saint before them; instead, they left behind an entire arm. Blood gushed from the wound, and Yan Xiaobao had to use his martial power to stop the bleeding, or he would bleed to death within an hour.

As Yan Xiaobao looked at the arm on the ground, he gritted his teeth, his cheeks beginning to hurt. Unfortunately, he knew nothing about self-healing, and the pearl in his Dantian Cave was the most moody he knew of. As for why the green pearl refused to help him, unlike the blue cloud and red fog, Yan Xiaobao really didn't know, but now he needed some way to reattach his arm.

"I will help you now," a gentle female voice echoed from his Lower Dantian. "I will heal you, and for the next hour, I'll continue to heal you, but after an hour, for the rest of the battle, don't expect any more help. I won't help you."

Hearing the voice, Yan Xiaobao was completely surprised. He had never heard this voice before, but he quickly understood that the green pearl he had once sworn oath to had decided to help him. Although only this once, it was indeed a great help, and Yan Xiaobao nodded, his gaze determined.

The expert on the other side spent a lot of time healing himself while keeping an eye on Yan Xiaobao. He was surprised when the young man didn't attack him, and even more so when he noticed the young man closing his eyes for a moment.

Yan Xiaobao opened his eyes, and what were once blue eyes were now filled with a green light. A light slowly started to glow from his entire body. Using Speed Flow, Yan Xiaobao instantly appeared beside his shattered arm and picked it up with his good arm. Afterwards, he placed it by the open wound on his shoulder. Looking incredibly surprised, the tall expert saw how the tissues reconnected at an unprecedented speed.

He considered himself a decent therapist, but he had never seen anyone's body heal itself so easily, but now he understood one thing. There was no doubt that the person before him was more dangerous than he had anticipated. The Beast Great Marshall was dangerous. He possessed powers the Saint had never seen or heard of. His mission was no longer to play with this person. It was time to launch an all-out attack on the person in front of him; it was time to get serious.

Yan Xiaobao seemed to agree. His eyes focused, his body once again engulfed in blue flames. As he launched towards the Saint before him, his eyes still flickered with green light. He no longer worried about avoiding the hammers, as sudden, intense pain flared when one of his legs was shattered only for the green energy to instantly heal it again.

Continuing forward, Yan Xiaobao managed to touch the Saint before retreating. He delivered some of his Blue Flame to the Saint, simultaneously feeding Lan Feng's elemental affinity, causing it to soar into the sky. It took root in the Saint and started to burn him mercilessly, causing a charred smell to drift in the air. Yan Xiaobao smiled when he saw the Saint trying to extinguish the flames with his own martial power. Charging forward again, this time, Yan Xiaobao aimed his dagger at the Saint's throat. As he approached the Saint, his gaze locked on the target, while his hand felt steady, the Saint seemed like a living torch.

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Under the impact of the flames, Yan Xiaobao merely scraped his neck, drawing a trace of blood. Yet, although the Saint was focused solely on extinguishing the flames, his intuition was incredible. His body instinctively avoided the danger. Yan Xiaobao glanced at him, observing the Saint who was staring back. With one hand, the Saint slowly traced the fine cut on his neck, his eyes filled with disbelief.

Although he had withdrawn, the knife still managed to graze him slightly. It seemed he finally understood—the young man before him was indeed a threat. A man who could heal every injury he suffered, and someone with class-repelling power. This person could forcibly raise his rank from King to Saint by wielding martial power and Fog Energy, while simultaneously using a dagger to render heaven's skills irrelevant. He undoubtedly posed a massive threat to humanity. Even without his insights into warfare, his strength alone was enough to be considered an immense danger—so much so that he must die at any cost.

When the Saint realized his diagonal slash at Yan Xiaobao's neck had failed and knew he would be crushed by the hammer if he lingered further, he immediately retreated. Although Yan Xiaobao should have been significantly weaker than the expert before him, this silver-haired young man truly gave the towering Saint a run for his money. This youth had managed to injure him—not once, but twice—and even successfully evaded attacks from a much stronger expert.

Facing each other, neither paid attention to the rest of the battle around them. They knew perfectly well that if they didn't focus exclusively on one another, they might find themselves becoming an unexpected casualty. Swinging his hammer again, the towering Saint charged at Yan Xiaobao, his expression revealing the emotions hidden deep within. It was evident that due to his own negligence, Yan Xiaobao had managed to survive this far; with full concentration, dealing with this young and seemingly fragile man would take almost no time at all.

Yan Xiaobao had to admit the towering figure before him was formidable. Although he had been pushed to his limit and had to rely on all his power—including abilities he had learned from his past life—he was still clearly at a disadvantage in combat. As he stored the black blood in a storage stone, he sighed and unleashed a stream of blue energy from his body. Observing this, the man in front of him narrowed his eyes. Yan Xiaobao had already used Red Fog Energy, which belonged to Divine Beasts, and even Wu Wei. Wu Wei, connecting human cultivators and Divine Beasts, was something rare indeed. But now, emerging from the young warrior's grasp, was an energy unlike anything the Saint had ever seen or even heard of before. The towering Saint stayed alert, closely examining the behavior of this blue energy.

For now, the energy merely spiraled around Yan Xiaobao's body without any discernible effect. "That damn Wolf Head better come through with some overwhelming power. While it performed well in

previous fights, it's still far from enough to defeat this towering idiot," Yan Xiaobao muttered to himself as he extended the blue energy's length around his body. Gradually, a sense of tranquility overtook him, enabling him to calmly analyze everything happening without succumbing to fear. The blue cloud soothed his thoughts, allowing him to observe his surroundings with utmost clarity.

"Alright, this is it," he murmured, saluting the Velocity Flow as quickly as he could. Covered in lightning, he launched himself toward the towering Saint, fully aware he was destined to be struck by the hammer in one place or another. Although the green pearl agreed to heal him, the pain from such a strike—or the potential tearing of his limbs—was all too real. Still, so long as the green pearl could mend him, Yan Xiaobao willingly embraced any suffering.

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Chapter 663: Can Do Anything

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He jumped forward, and in the blink of an eye, he was right in front of the Saint. Before the tall Saint could do anything, the blue threads coiling around him had absorbed the energy he was trying to use.

It took him half a second to realize that he needed to channel most of his strength to immediately explode and shatter those blue threads. Only then could he directly strike the youth on the head with his warhammer.

The threads shattered as expected, but just as he was about to use the warhammer, he found himself unable to hit the youth's head. Instead, he could only strike his left leg. When he struck the leg with all his strength, the Saint felt satisfied because he saw it tear away from Yan Xiaobao's body, spinning in the air before landing on the ground. But when he saw Yan Xiaobao throw himself onto the severed leg, the Saint was shocked again as the limb began to fuse together immediately.

Yan Xiaobao and the Saint both delved into thought. Yan Xiaobao used his blue cloud to gauge how long he could stall the Saint, while the Saint was inwardly cursing, damning those gifted with such heaven-defying self-healing abilities. If he didn't know better, he would think this youth had obtained some divine treasure. But clearly, the energy emanated from the youth's own body. Were this not a battlefield, and were the person before him not the Great Marshall, the tall Saint would surely have spent time trying to capture him. Within his body lay secrets that could strengthen the Sibon Empire—perhaps enough to surpass other Kingdoms and eventually expand across the entire world. A fanatic excitement bubbled up within the Saint. Yes, this man was the Great Marshall of the Beast Army, but that did not mean he had to kill him. He should capture him instead.

Unfortunately, he didn't yet have the ability to do so. Yan Xiaobao had already managed to withstand anything thrown at him. Once something was crushed, his body would heal itself, releasing energy at the moments he needed it the most.

As he filtered through thoughts of the red wolf and Blue Monk, Yan Xiaobao closed his eyes. Several abilities surfaced in his mind, and one in particular stood out as highly useful. This was an attack created by the red wolf in his youth. Fortunately, it wielded great power, and now it was Yan Xiaobao's optimal choice. The attack was called Shadow Wolf, and it allowed Yan Xiaobao's own shadow to transform into a wolf resembling him. The Shadow Wolf moved slowly forward, and everything it touched began to bubble and ooze as if corroded by acid, even the stone beneath its feet.

The Shadow Wolf was a manifestation born from the red wolf's ability, appearing only after absorbing souls. Absorbing souls increased the strength of the one who absorbed them, intensifying their soul's capacity to resist illusions or attacks aimed at specific targets. However, the man in front of Yan Xiaobao was not one who focused his strikes on the soul. Judging by his warhammer, it was clear that he had concentrated all his cultivation on physical strength. This was bad news for Yan Xiaobao. Though he had trained his physique more extensively than most Kings, facing a Saint whose focus was purely on physical power was another matter entirely. The red wolf's emphasis had always been on internal energy and the precision of the soul. The monks were somewhat similar, though their origins differed vastly from Yan Xiaobao's world. Their cultivation methods were distinct, as was their energy—hence the reason Yan Xiaobao now controlled energy outside this world.

Nonetheless, this energy bore resemblance to the red wolf's. It demanded powerful souls—the stronger the soul, the greater the ability. Even so, the monks and wolves exhibited differences in their methods. Wolves enhanced their own souls by absorbing others' souls, while monks fortified their souls through solitude, training, and enlightenment. Without knowing much else about what lived inside his Dantian Cave, Yan Xiaobao's abilities stemming from the monks and red wolf leaned heavily toward soul attacks. This Shadow Wolf was one such attack.

The Shadow Wolf was created from the corruption within the souls Yan Xiaobao had absorbed. Every soul contained both good and evil; while the good was naturally absorbed into Yan Xiaobao's own soul, the evil remained stored within his body. These negative emotions corroded a person's soul unless removed, and one way of purging them was through the Shadow Wolf. It allowed all the wickedness, hatred, and anger buried deep within his soul to manifest. As these negative thoughts surfaced, they materialized into a fierce creature within his shadow, something capable of destroying everything it touched. This was a beast forged of pure malice, and as it stared at the tall Saint, an eerie cold smirk etched itself onto its face. The Shadow Wolf pounced on the Saint repeatedly, seeming unbothered by encountering the warhammer. To the Saint's surprise, the moment the hammer struck the wolf, its

surface started bubbling and oozing. The metal began to melt under the corrosive influence, while the beast remained utterly unscathed.

Whistling softly, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but acknowledge that the Shadow Wolf was truly an embodiment of shadows. The instant the hammer landed on the wolf, it simply passed through it, as the creature's body was formed from Yan Xiaobao's own shadow, making physical attacks ineffective against it. Watching this unfold, Yan Xiaobao couldn't suppress his gratitude towards the red fox and the abilities it had created, now tools he could master.

The Saint stared at his warhammer in astonishment, his expression quickly turning grim. As the Shadow Wolf lunged at him repeatedly, he hastily stored the hammer within his storage stone, narrowly evading yet another fierce assault from the towering Saint.

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The more the Shadow Wolf moved, the fewer times the ground beneath it seeped and bubbled. Clearly, the malice within its soul would fuel the Shadow Wolf for a long time, leaving Yan Xiaobao with no choice but to retract the black blood once again. Staring at the towering Saint in front of him, Yan Xiaobao felt a chill run through his entire body. To kill him, Yan Xiaobao had to attempt something extremely dangerous, unsure whether he could preserve his own life, even with the green pearl healing him as much as it could.

"Alright, I won't lose. Otherwise..." he muttered as his muscles tensed. His eyes sharpened, and his entire being prepared to pounce alongside the Shadow Wolf. As Yan Xiaobao forced the towering Saint to evade the Shadow Wolf, he darted in the direction where the Saint moved.

The towering Saint realized his mistake too late. Though he managed to swing his warhammer, its impact was far weaker than it had been previously. Unfortunately, this time, it struck something far more vulnerable. It hit his face, exposing the white bone of his skull, the muscle and flesh attached to it, and even his shattered teeth. Half his face was utterly destroyed, and the Saint couldn't help but feel smug, pleased to have finally killed Yan Xiaobao—or so he thought, until he suddenly felt a searing pain in his chest. The "barely alive" Yan Xiaobao gazed at him with one good eye. A faint smile appeared on his face as the wounds on him slowly but surely healed. The towering Saint looked down, only to see his chest bleeding profusely. Blood gushed into his mouth, forcing him to choke and clamp his lips shut.

The Saint clearly refused to accept his fate. Though he was far stronger than Yan Xiaobao, he still succumbed to the young man's strange powers. Turning around, Yan Xiaobao noticed that neither army was fighting anymore. Everyone was watching the duel between him and the towering Saint. The enemy soldiers' faces were filled with disbelief, while his own comrades looked utterly astonished. No one had expected the young man to emerge victorious, yet there he was, triumphant. Witnessing this, the

enemy troops began to retreat slowly, and Yan Xiaobao signaled his own forces to pull back. The battle ended in crushing victory today, but Yan Xiaobao took little joy in it.

Thanks to the green pearl's power, he had won the battle today. Gazing at the green pearl, now reduced to one-tenth of its original size, it was evident it could no longer assist him if he encountered another Saint. Yan Xiaobao remembered the battle with Saint Wan Qiao all too well. Sighing deeply, he decided to return to camp, heading straight to check on the Unihorn Jasmine Eagle. During the inspection, he planned to take some time to recover for tomorrow's intense battle. They needed to keep pressing the enemy forces. They had to strive for the freedom of the Beast Army at all costs.

As Yan Xiaobao retreated from the battlefield, he heard the pained cries of the beasts from the walls. They longed to leap down, to surpass the city, to end this war once and for all. Yan Xiaobao, however, was not as eager to rush the city as the other beasts. He had already witnessed how easily the opponent retreated. The Crusaders had only appeared once, without doing anything remarkable. Considering the Crusaders, Yan Xiaobao remained cautious. He had encountered them before and knew they were far from simple. Seeing how little they had done so far, Yan Xiaobao was certain they—and likely additional Saints—were waiting for them to become overconfident. Instead, Yan Xiaobao issued a simple yet powerful command, "No one defy this order,"—"Retreat!"

At first, the eager beasts hesitated to follow the order, but with a single glance at their Great Marshall, they began moving back. Seeing an expert who had just slain a Saint, and knowing he was merely a King-level figure, was awe-inspiring to the point that they dared not oppose him. If he could manage to defeat a Saint, that meant they wouldn't stand a chance against him.

"That bastard!" cursed the Great Marshall of the Royal Army of Spain as he saw the beasts slowly retreating from the walls. "Since when did the beasts grow this cautious? If not for that half-breed, they'd keep losing again and again," he muttered angrily while observing the events unfolding on the walls below. No matter what he did, everything ended in devastating losses for them again and again, as the beasts avoided falling into his traps. Instead, they fought like seasoned warriors against his army. They hadn't managed to reduce their numbers enough to inflict substantial losses worth the effort. The Saints Team fought valiantly, but now his strongest Saint was injured, and his second-in-command had fallen to the enemy Great Marshall. Even after his second-in-command had been defeated,

"Fine, retreat cautiously as you wish," the Great Marshall glared at the retreating Beast Army. "One day, you'll enter this city, and only then will you see just how hard we can fight." He swore as his furious gaze lingered on the departing beasts.

Back at camp, the first thing Yan Xiaobao did was go check on Wan Qiao to see how she was doing. The Unicorn Jasmine Eagle was now awake, growing stronger by the day. Yan Xiaobao hoped her rapid recovery would continue. Without her, he was unwilling to enter the city, knowing he lacked the necessary skills. After the clash with the towering Saint, Yan Xiaobao realized that even with everything he could muster, he was still not strong enough to defeat the Saints Team—not without the support of the green pearl.

Stepping back to regain his composure, Yan Xiaobao's consciousness slipped into his Lower Dantian, where he observed the green pearl. The pearl was now much smaller than before. All of its healing energy had been fully depleted. Though the green pearl seemed to say it wouldn't be of any help for at least the next month, Yan Xiaobao quickly understood this wasn't out of unwillingness, but sheer inability. Its energy had been completely exhausted.

Looking at the tiny green pearl, Yan Xiaobao felt warmth bloom in his soul. He knew the green pearl had genuinely saved his life during the fight against the Saint. Despite her hesitance and evident frustration, she had still allowed her energy to be used to ensure he wouldn't perish. "This pearl is the greatest mystery," Yan Xiaobao murmured to himself, wondering what truly powered the life behind the green pearl inside him.

Sighing deeply, Yan Xiaobao came to terms with the fact that he couldn't battle another Saint as he had with the towering Saint. He had recklessly ignored his own desperation, throwing himself into frantic attacks. Facing that immense warhammer was terrifying, with each strike causing unbearable pain. Yet, Yan Xiaobao fought on, trusting completely in the pearl's healing capabilities. She had brought him to the brink of death but refused to let him slip past the threshold. At first, his wounds healed almost instantly, but as the battle wore on, he noticed the healing became slower. Her effectiveness diminished, and the pain grew sharper. He knew his final attack was a huge gamble. Taking the warhammer to his face could have been fatal in an instant. But the green pearl pushed her final drops of healing energy through his body, slowly reshaping his face. His flesh returned to its original form; the damaged skin became flawless once again.

Determined not to dwell on what could have gone wrong, Yan Xiaobao left the medical room, only to find the Lords outside his tent. Their faces were full of questions, but none of them seemed to know where to begin.

"Yan Xiaobao," Mr. Pan stepped forward, clearing his throat. His movement caused the other Saints to appear pleased, nodding approvingly, and some even stepped back slightly. "We're curious... your rank, what is it?" he asked cautiously. He did not want to offend someone of unknown strength. The towering Saint Yan Xiaobao had fought was far from a simple foe. Even these Saints found him difficult to contend with. Witnessing what they thought was a King-level Expert Great Marshall killing a Holy Name Expert

left the Saints deeply shocked—especially with the surprising healing abilities Yan Xiaobao had displayed. His attacks were unlike anything they'd ever encountered, and none of them fully understood what they had witnessed.

They knew his elemental affinities were fire, earth, and metal. Yan Xiaobao himself had revealed this to them upon returning to Chenyuan, yet the healing he exhibited was unmistakably of Wood—a property he was not supposed to possess. Even if he did possess an affinity for Wood, allowing him to heal himself instantly, it was something unheard of, even amongst Saints.

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Chapter 665: A Heavy Price

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"I am a King Ranking Expert," Yan Xiaobao sighed. "However, I know of certain abilities that can enhance my strength. This ability comes at a heavy price, but you needn't worry," he continued with a smile, "Tomorrow I won't bring any fame to you others. I will be unable to fight alongside the Saints for quite some time." Although Yan Xiaobao didn't reveal the full truth, he was not far off, and his honesty made the Saints nod in approval. After all, he was their Great Marshal. Naturally, he held secrets that allowed him to enhance his power. The Saints, who initially felt fear, now felt proud of their Great Marshal. Despite facing an overwhelming enemy, he still achieved victory.

"As long as they're busy celebrating rather than questioning me, everything will be fine," Yan Xiaobao muttered to himself as he caught sight of the Siban Capital ahead. He knew he would soon need to enter the city. The battles on the city walls repeatedly showed that the Beasts were the stronger army, but the young man couldn't shake the feeling that entering the city would lead to problems. As to why he felt this way, the young man was completely unaware.

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The next day arrived, but the entire army was shocked when they heard Yan Xiaobao wanted them to stay in camp all day. They were ordered to fully replenish their energy. To ensure they would be at their peak for training tomorrow, efforts were made to get as many injured Beasts back into the game. Yan Xiaobao especially looked forward to Wan Qiao's return.

Hui Le gave the order, and the day passed. Although the soldiers and Saints were curious about why he issued such an order, no one questioned his words; they all met his expectations. Yan Xiaobao spent the entire day in the medical room. As he watched each Beast return to active duty, he felt their strength soaring into the sky. Even if they encountered the Crusaders, Yan Xiaobao's troops should be able to defeat them. They should be able to use numbers to defeat them, a strategy the Siban Empire had also tried but failed. "We are not like them," Yan Xiaobao assured himself while shaking his head. "They are much weaker than us. They are not strong at all, and my soldiers are all very skilled." He repeatedly reassured himself.

Though Yan Xiaobao felt the pressure and the weight of the war upon him, the rest of the Beast Army was the most relaxed they had been since leaving the Divine Origin Forest. They spent time training, cultivating, and discussing the war. They talked about why they hadn't yet stormed into the city and what exactly their Great Marshal was wasting time doing.

The Saints, like all the other soldiers, were curious about what was happening in Yan Xiaobao's mind, but none of them asked him. They seemed to trust him unconditionally, deciding to relax for that day, chatting like soldiers enjoying a holiday. They felt that if they really needed anything, Yan Xiaobao would surely impose it on them.

Only Yan Xiaobao knew what he was waiting for. One such thing was Wan Qiao, who improved with time until she was finally able to leave the medical room. Upon seeing this, Yan Xiaobao's face broke into a bright smile. He knew that what he was doing was not only beneficial for him but also advantageous for the Siban Empire. Just as he had time for training and healing, the injured soldiers of the Siban Empire also had ample time to heal and recover. Although this was true, Yan Xiaobao felt a decision needed to be made, as he worried about how the final conflict against the Siban Empire would unfold.

He sighed deeply and said to the many Saints around him, "Pack it up," he whispered. Each Saint immediately left their tranquil surroundings and stood in front of him, waiting for his orders.

"I'm sorry it took so long," Yan Xiaobao said with an apologetic smile. Though the Saints shook their heads in disagreement or said there was no problem, Yan Xiaobao still felt he had taken too long. He continued with a sigh, "Tomorrow is the day. Tomorrow we will prepare for the final battle."

These words, spoken calmly and quietly, seemed to travel across the entire camp. Every Beast heard them. Every Beast rose in surprise. Many faces turned shocked; happiness and eagerness flashed quickly. This was what they had been waiting for. This was the final stretch. Their freedom was within their grasp.

The night passed quickly, and every Beast in the camp was restless. Some tried to train but couldn't focus on refining the essence of heaven and earth. Others attempted to spar but were all too cautious. No one wanted to be injured just in time for the final conflict.

Yan Xiaobao sat in his tent. Next to him was a table, the small space filled with chairs, with all the Saints deciding to await him in Yan Xiaobao's tent. Some were drinking wine from crystal glasses, others were deep in discussions about the outcome of the war, while others busied themselves with snacks, as if no significant event would happen soon.

Though it was Yan Xiaobao's tent, the Great Marshal seemed to be the only one left alone, which was his preference. He stood in a corner, with a part of the table beside him displaying maps made by his soldiers, revealing the city's layout. They were made by flying Beasts who deliberately flew over the city while memorizing the positions of streets, houses, and castles within the city.

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Looking at the map, Yan Xiaobao knew their troops would have to split up to seize the city. Eliminating all enemies within the city would not be an easy task, especially since he needed to reach the Imperial Palace and rescue the Emperor's prisoner. Only by doing this could they win this war.

Unfortunately, Yan Xiaobao was not certain if they could storm the city easily. The Crusaders were waiting for them, along with their Saints. If one of his troops encountered a Crusader troop without their Saint, they would easily be annihilated.

With this in mind, Yan Xiaobao assigned a Lord to travel with every group of soldiers. This way, no one would be without sacred protection. He would move with Wan Qiao's group. Their mission was to head straight for the Emperor's quarters, while the others would wreak havoc in the city. Their orders were simple: if someone tried to flee, let them go; if someone resisted, then kill them. Yan Xiaobao wanted to be fair to humans, but he refused to sacrifice his beasts. The Empire of Sibon had already shown that, human or not, their regard for human life was far inferior to the beasts' respect for life.

Plotting out the routes for each of the troops under his command brought Yan Xiaobao a sense of calm, particularly knowing that Saints would be guarding every group. Even if they encountered the Crusaders, Yan Xiaobao could only hope they would not be overwhelmed, as each of his armies now numbered between five thousand and eight thousand soldiers. Although the armies' numbers had been halved, the casualties of the Beast Army were far fewer than those of the humans. Even though there had once been an excess of humans, now they carried a deep sense of despair among their soldiers. They had been forced to rely heavily on their Saints for combat.

When Yan Xiaobao placed the last troop marker on the map, he noticed how the Saints watched him with anticipation. This brought a smile to his face. He wasn't entirely confident they would win, but he knew he had done everything in his power to shift the war in their favor. Although no one could predict how the final confrontation would unfold, Yan Xiaobao felt satisfied with his efforts. Seeing the entire army gathered and waiting for him outside the tent brought him relief. The anticipation on their faces was palpable. Some were utterly focused, while others couldn't help but smile in excitement, unable to contain their emotions.

Yan Xiaobao recognized their enthusiasm, climbing a tower that rose above the army. Standing atop it, he gazed down at the multitude of beasts, pride swelling in his chest. All these beasts understood that today might very well be their last day alive, yet there was no doubt or fear on their faces; instead, there was eagerness and a burning desire to fight. They had all lost brothers and sisters. They were comrades and friends. Some had known each other all their lives, while others had only become close recently, but none of them showed grief. Every one of them believed that dying for this war was among the most honorable ways to end one's life. This alone filled Yan Xiaobao with pride and gratitude. All these experts had entrusted their lives to him, hoping he would make the right decisions.

"Brothers! Sisters!" Yan Xiaobao shouted, his sharp voice cutting through the noise and silencing all the beasts. They looked up at him, their gazes filled with reverence. They had witnessed his battles time and again, and the war had gone far better than they had ever expected. Every one of them felt they owed Yan Xiaobao deeply. He was neither purely beast nor entirely human. He was an enigma—a figure they could not fully comprehend. Again and again, he had astonished them with his strength. He had risen from being merely a Star King to becoming an Eight-star King. During the war, he had even elevated himself to a Holy-level King. None knew the true extent of his power, but they all understood it was shrouded in mystery.

"We have been through so much together," Yan Xiaobao continued, his voice low, gentle, and warm as he spoke to every beast before him. "We've fought alongside one another time and time again. With your help, we've accomplished incredible things, and now, the time has come for the final piece of the puzzle. It's time for us to end this war once and for all!"

His words made the beasts roar louder than ever before. When they eventually quieted, Yan Xiaobao commanded all the Saints to stand at the forefront of their respective armies, handing each Saint a map with highlighted routes. These paths would guide the troops throughout the Imperial Capital, allowing them to eliminate the countless soldiers hiding in every corner of the city. If the armies crossed paths with the Crusaders, they should be able to overthrow them. Some armies were destined to encounter the Crusaders.

After concluding his speech, Yan Xiaobao leapt down from the tower, watching his forces eagerly prepare. He nodded to the Saints standing before him, turned, and began moving toward the old battlefield. It was a place they had fought on time and time again. As they approached the towering structures near the city walls, the siege towers—dragged forward by North American bison—moved closer. After a moment, the siege towers locked into place against the walls, creating pathways for the beasts to climb to the top of the walls.

Reaching the summit, the beasts were startled to find that only a handful of soldiers stood in their way. Most of the soldiers were crammed onto the stairways leading into the city. The Beast Army divided itself into forty smaller battalions, each moving toward a separate stairway to push through the soldiers.

Yan Xiaobao watched as the army fragmented into segments, immediately following Wan Qiao and her forces. As his limbs elongated and his muscles coiled tightly, his body began to swell. Scarlet fur sprouted from his skin, and his blue eyes gradually burned into a deep crimson. Yan Xiaobao assumed his werewolf form, causing his strength to skyrocket. The red wolf surged into the fray, beginning the assault against the soldiers blocking their chosen stairway—the one closest to the Imperial Palace.

The soldiers on these stairs numbered only in the hundreds and were no match for the forces brimming with Kings and Emperors. Wan Qiao's army boasted the largest numbers. Neither she nor Yan Xiaobao needed to intervene much before the defenders were annihilated; their lives were snuffed out, their bodies tumbling down the stairway, trampled by Yan Xiaobao and the other troops.

No one moved in orderly rows, nor did they adhere to the conventional rules of marching. Everyone was consumed by a frenzy to enter the city. Yan Xiaobao could see this same fervor, the same exhilaration, and the resultant lack of discipline radiating throughout his forces. He had anticipated this. The beasts now had one single focus—to defeat the enemies in their path. They were driven to seize the capital and claim victory in the war.

Yan Xiaobao understood their desire, but he painfully acknowledged that more beasts would die due to their lack of vigilance. Drunk on success, they had grown complacent. Regrettably, it was too late for him to change that now. Yan Xiaobao resolved to shoulder the regret and guilt. Beasts would perish from the carelessness he could not now undo, and this was a burden he could not easily escape.

Following Wan Qiao's army, Yan Xiaobao witnessed ambush after ambush, killing many unsuspecting beasts. Soldiers waited everywhere, striking the beasts hard. Though the humans fought fiercely during these ambushes, the beasts fought back repeatedly. Initially, entire groups were caught off guard, with five slain in a single strike, but as their focus sharpened, the number of fatalities dwindled. Fueled by

their desire to reach the Imperial Palace, the beasts began to act cautiously. Eventually, their awareness of ambushes heightened, allowing them to predict and counter attacks before they unfolded.

As Yan Xiaobao advanced toward the Imperial Capital, the army under Lord Pan's command veered toward a particular mansion near the city walls. Their mission was to capture the Great Marshall. Knowing this man might have surrounded himself with several Saints for protection, Yan Xiaobao ordered three battalions to converge on the mansion, hoping the enemy's Saints numbered no more than three.

Fighting human soldiers proved to be a simple task. They were quickly overwhelmed, their bodies piling onto the walls. The beasts were eager to prove their capabilities, determined to fulfill their assigned task and demonstrate their reliability in achieving their goals.

Army after army advanced together. The closer they came to the mansion, the more soldiers they encountered, but these soldiers seemed no stronger than Kings. This made them easy to dispatch. The beast soldiers surged forward like a tsunami crashing onto a beach, leaving no one a chance to survive. The beasts were too strong and too numerous.

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Chapter 667: Confused Like a Wild Beast

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After battling the last group of soldiers, they finally arrived at the house where they hoped the Great Marshall was waiting. However, as soon as they entered the house, they took a moment to settle down, shaking off the overly fervent state that might lead to mistakes. Lord Pan took a deep breath and then motioned for the other Saints to stand beside him. All the Saints breathed heavily, knowing full well that the moment they opened the door, they might find themselves in combat with other Saints. Their attention was fully fixed on the enemies that might lie ahead, their faces stern, their eyes locked in focus.

As he opened the door to the house, Lord Pan summoned all of his mist energy, enveloping his body with it as he stepped inside. The small house was surrounded by windows, letting sunlight stream in. Inside the room were several tables and chairs, one of which held multiple maps pinned with small markers, indicating different army positions. Yet, the house was abandoned.

No soldiers, no Saints, and no Great Marshall. Staring at the empty building, Lord Pan felt somewhat embarrassed, realizing that he and the two Saints behind him had been on full alert in an attempt to confront the Great Marshall, who wasn't even there. Scanning the house, they discovered no other way in or out aside from the entrance they had come through. When they rushed back outside, they encountered a few soldiers who were still alive, but their questions about the whereabouts of the Great Marshall only elicited confused reactions, as if they were talking to beasts.

"We need to move," Lord Pan finally said, his eyes roaming the city before him. Small fires burned here and there, and beasts could be seen flying above the city. People were fleeing through various gates of the city, gates opened either by the escaping beasts or by soldiers seeking to abandon their posts.

Out of respect for Yan Xiaobao's promise, none of the beasts attacked the fleeing humans. However, anyone who fought back was killed without exception. Soon, humans realized that as long as they didn't retaliate, they could continue to flee unhindered. This led to a massive surge of people running toward the city gates, the only exits they knew of.

"The only place I can think of where the Great Marshall might be—if not here—is the Imperial Palace," Lord Pan sighed, speaking as he and the two Saints following him departed the house, heading toward the nearest set of stairs. Every step was littered with the dead—both humans and beasts.

As they ventured deeper into the city, they came across more and more dead beasts—overconfident ones that had been killed in ambushes. Luckily, as they moved further in, the sight of beast corpses became less frequent. Lord Pan decided to lead his forces toward the Imperial Castle. Every soldier they encountered along the way had long since abandoned their weapons and started to flee from the very citizens they had sworn to protect.

As Lord Pan turned a corner, he suddenly found himself staring down an entire street filled with death. Further ahead, he even spotted a fallen Saint amidst the remnants of dead beasts, and between the corpses stood two men cloaked in black.

Both figures appeared as lifeless as the Saint lying among the fallen. As Lord Pan slowly approached the two cloaked bodies, he immediately felt a wave of hesitation. He knew the Crusaders couldn't be far off, but his curiosity about what these Crusaders might look like outweighed his caution. Just as he reached one of the Crusaders and raised his hand to pull back the cloak, he was struck by a sudden, intense pain in his chest. Looking down, he saw that one of the cloaked Crusaders had raised a hand—a hand that seemed to pierce through his chest. A black, skeletal hand extended from beneath the cloak. As Lord Pan's vision began to dim and his soul slipped away, the stench of death filled his nostrils.

Standing behind him were the two Saints accompanying him and the remaining loyal warriors. When they saw Lord Pan collapse to the ground, they let out a sorrowful roar. The warriors charged at the two figures, who were slowly rising from the ground. The Saints called out to stop the rush, but they were powerless to hold back the soldiers loyal to the now-deceased Lord Pan. The Saints didn't know how to react.

Both of them felt deeply unsettled that Lord Pan had been killed so easily. To kill someone like him in such a manner clearly marked these figures as being of Saint rank, but how many of them were there? When they had seen them earlier at the city walls, they had seemed much weaker, but here, their strength had suddenly surged.

"We need to warn Wan Qiao. We have to warn her!" the two Saints said to each other as their eyes met. Casting one last glance at the warriors they couldn't stop, they closed their eyes in shame. When they reopened them, they were filled with renewed resolve, and they took off, leaving the sounds of Crusaders and combat beasts behind them. The furious roars of battle slowly faded as they fled, never looking back. Everyone feared that they would never again see the beasts who had followed Lord Pan. They feared they had all followed him to the grave.

The two Saints turned and sprinted toward the Imperial Castle. The soldiers accompanying them shared worried glances with one another. If more Crusaders like the two they had just encountered lay hidden along their path, who could say if they would survive the journey? To the Saints, it made sense that the Great Marshall and the Emperor would have considerable protection somewhere—most likely including the Empire's Saints and additional Crusaders.

The two Saints moved as quickly as they could and soon heard the sounds of battle. This wasn't the struggle of ordinary soldiers and armies; this was a fight involving at least one Saint. When they finally arrived at the scene, they saw Wan Qiao and a transformed Yan Xiaobao fighting alongside two less powerful Saints from the Spanish Empire. The two Saints rushed in, overwhelmed with gratitude.

Chapter 668: Confused Like a Wild Beast_2

Sure, here's the translation:

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Aside from sending a stream of blue energy to the two Saints, Yan Xiaobao didn't exert much effort, which deeply frustrated them. Yet, the shapeshifting wolf hid behind the transformed Wan Qiao, whose figure was so flawless that nothing could slip past. She used her own attacks to fend them off.

Seeing this, the two Saints immediately transformed. One turned into a mighty velociraptor, while the other became a massive serpent. The two Saints instantly joined the battle, just as Siberian Saints, upon seeing the incoming beasts, had abandoned their strategy. They shifted focus abruptly when Wan Qiao descended from above, striking one Saint's neck with her beak while her talons tore open the chest of the other. Moments later, their spirits vanished into nothingness. Wan Qiao and Yan Xiaobao reverted to their human forms and faced the two Saints who had also shifted back to human form. They seemed eager to declare what they had witnessed.

"Mrs. Zhu, Miss Sunx, I didn't expect to meet you two here," Yan Xiaobao said politely as he regarded the beasts. "I thought you had gone with Lord Pan to find the Great Marshall? Why have you suddenly appeared here?"

Although Yan Xiaobao was as courteous as possible, the two Saints looked utterly dejected, heads hanging low. They were at a loss for words about what they had seen. After a moment's hesitation, the one Yan Xiaobao addressed as Miss Sunx stepped forward. "Old Lady Pan is dead," she said, already knowing how close Mr. Pan was to Wan Qiao and Yan Xiaobao, but unsure how to convey such grim news. "It wasn't the Great Marshall who killed him," she sighed deeply and delved into her story. Her expression turned sour, but Yan Xiaobao nodded grimly. "This is important information," he agreed. Though saddened by Old Lady Pan's death, he also understood that the blame rested solely on her. Her passing might drag down her entire army. It was a monumental loss.

"Wan!" Yan Xiaobao shouted. The woman beside him finally turned her empty gaze to the young man, with a determination unmistakable in her expression. "Send a Horned Eagle to every army across the city, and warn them. None shall approach any Crusader. If they see a Crusader, they must retreat instantly!" he commanded, as forty Unihorn Eagles soared into the sky, spreading warnings and delivering crucial information about the Crusaders to various troops.

Having informed the reinforcements about the Crusaders, Yan Xiaobao expressed gratitude to the two additional Saints. He also anticipated the Emperor and the Great Marshall would be heavily guarded by Saints, perhaps even Crusaders. He knew he needed as much strength as possible and hoped to encounter more Saints along the way to join their ranks.

As they prepared to move forward, Yan Xiaobao's eyes were drawn to a small valley, a place where neither humans nor beasts were supposed to exist. He hadn't sensed any presence before, but as he

stared intently, his gaze locked on a young man leaning against a house, a mocking smile playing on his lips. His air was suffused with arrogance, the kind of confidence forged by undeniable power—a calculated pride requiring effort to attain.

Golden like the sun, his eyes shimmered brilliantly, his fine golden hair radiant. His pale skin seemed immaculate, and he wore garments of the highest quality materials. He appeared entirely out of place, like a creature from another realm. His dazzling golden eyes fixated on Yan Xiaobao, glowing with curiosity like twin suns hidden deep within. Despite his evident interest in Yan Xiaobao, the man showed no sign of stepping closer. Strangely, Yan Xiaobao realized no one else seemed to notice him. Even when looking toward his direction, it was as if he remained invisible, imperceptible to the others. After much consideration, Yan Xiaobao felt no hostility radiating from the golden figure. He decided to nod politely toward him before redirecting his attention to the path ahead. He understood the necessity to focus—the war was entering its most precarious phase as they ventured onto the territories of Saints and Crusaders.

Surprise flickered in the golden man's eyes, but as he slowly got up and began walking away, he returned the nod. Reflecting on the encounter, Yan Xiaobao noticed the man never touched the ground; his feet hovered inches above the surface, leaving no trace as he departed.

Shaking his head clear, Yan Xiaobao refocused on the mission at hand. Only by reaching the Emperor and Great Marshall could they secure a chance to breathe and bring the war to an end.

Leaving behind the corpses of two slain Saints, Yan Xiaobao and Wan Qiao raced toward the city alongside Zhu and Mrs. Sunx. Beast formations thickened behind their lines as ever-growing armies converged on the Imperial Castle. The humans, long resigned to defeat, had fled, allowing the beasts free reign without resistance. With Crusaders looming overhead as an ominous threat, everyone silently agreed to head toward the castle—perhaps they'd find soldiers willing to risk their lives to safeguard the Royal Family.

Yan Xiaobao and Wan Qiao charged ahead without much fanfare as Saints steadily fell back to join them. Armies reassembled swiftly, pressing toward the palace, intent on catching up with the Emperor and Great Marshall. Yan Xiaobao suspected they might have escaped through a hidden tunnel—if true, they'd already be far away. Still, he couldn't shake an uneasy feeling that things were progressing too smoothly. Could it be that the Great Marshall had underestimated them? Did their strategy afford them victory far too effortlessly? Yan Xiaobao couldn't shake his skepticism, expecting each twist and turn to reveal Saints and Crusaders lying in ambush. Yet, no matter how they advanced, there was no sight of enemies. The city sat eerily empty; its citizens had long fled, their possessions scattered in haste. As they escaped, many abandoned belongings along the way.

Hours passed as they traversed the city, and they finally found themselves facing the enormous Imperial Palace built into the mountainside. There were no guards at the main gate, yet as they cautiously advanced, Yan Xiaobao noticed a few loyal soldiers had stayed behind. Trembling in terror, they posed no threat as the beasts quickly dispatched them. Within the castle, resistance thinned further. When they reached the throne room, it lay deserted. Recognizing the futility of searching forward in their current state, Yan Xiaobao transformed fully into a wolf. As his wolf form took hold, a ripple of energy emanated, triggering the others to assume their beastly shapes as well. Together, they set off to locate the Emperor's chambers.

"Are you ready for your first hunt of your life?" Miss Sunx asked with a wicked smile. She transformed into a wolf—a massive black wolf with streaks of white flowing across her flanks. Her sharp, menacing teeth gleamed, yet as she crouched beside Yan Xiaobao, she bowed deeply. He was the sovereign of wolves—a truth she acknowledged instinctively, but his inexperience showed in his raw demeanor. Yan Xiaobao merely nodded in response.

"Good," the black wolf grinned, inhaling the room's heavy perfume as she eagerly investigated the scent. Suddenly, she froze. Turning sharply to focus on a section of the room with faintly diminished fragrance, it was as if the perfume had been drawn away.

"There's a secret tunnel in this room," Miss Sunx remarked, furrowing her brow as she inspected the area where the scent had disappeared. Yan Xiaobao turned to Wan Qiao and said, "Destroy the Palace. Take everything you find and then raze it to the ground. If you complete this before we return, search for the Crusaders. Together, you can defeat them. If you fail to do so, we'll lose this war." He ordered sharply. Lowering his nose to the ground once again, he sniffed deliberately, tracking even the faintest whiffs of scent.

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Chapter 669: Attempting to Attack Humans

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Watching Yan Xiaobao around her, Miss Sunx and her Wolf Warriors searched frantically for a way to open the secret door they knew existed, but they found nothing. In the end, frustration filled Miss Sunx's eyes as she realized they were wasting time looking for the entrance. She went into a frenzy, tearing the room apart. She smashed through the marble tiles on the floor, ripped gold-inlaid walls apart, and shredded the interior. Finally, after ransacking the entire room, she discovered a small tunnel hidden behind a tiny piece of furniture by the bed. The tunnel was about a meter wide and a meter high,

so small that anyone attempting to cross it had to bend forward, making it impossible for large creatures to enter.

Hui Yue and the other wolves used the energy of the mist to shrink their bodies, pressing their noses to the ground as they began to howl loudly upon catching the Emperor's scent. Moments later, the entire Wolf Pack slipped through the tunnel together.

Yan Xiaobao dashed past Miss Sunx, who was intently staring at me. Her nose twitched incessantly as she sniffed the air, her entire body taut. Yan Xiaobao stuck close to her side, overwhelmed by the overpowering fragrance of her perfume. The further they walked, the more scents mingled in the air. At first, it was only perfume, but soon it was joined by a sour odor. One of the wolves explained to Yan Xiaobao that the sourness was the smell of sweat. The Emperor was clearly beginning to perspire.

On the other side of the tunnel, Yan Xiaobao spotted blood-red footprints on the ground as the scent shifted dramatically once again. Now, the primary smell was metallic. The scent of blood was so overwhelming that Yan Xiaobao nearly lost himself in it. Fortunately for him, three of Miss Sunx's wolves stayed by his side to keep him grounded, ensuring that he didn't become drunk on the thrill of the hunt and jeopardize their mission. Despite Yan Xiaobao being the sovereign of the wolves, Miss Sunx immediately realized he had little understanding of their primal instincts.

As they continued through the tunnel, the scent of blood grew thicker. The perfume's fragrance became nauseating due to its mixture with the blood. The smell of sweat also intensified, until the entire tunnel reeked of the Emperor's essence. After moving forward for a while longer, Yan Xiaobao noticed movement ahead. Not long after, they reached the gasping Emperor; his face was locked in anguish and suffering. The man was completely alone. None of his Concubines, children, or even the Great Marshall was with him. When he saw the beasts before him, the Emperor was terrified. He drew a heavy Gemstone Sword from his waist. As soon as he brandished the weapon, the wolves surrounded him. One by one, the wolves lunged at him, nipping at him and mocking him before retreating. The wolves clearly found it amusing, but none of them made a genuine attempt to attack the human. When the Emperor realized the wolves weren't trying to devour him, he seemed somewhat relieved. He stopped shielding himself with the sword and instead threw it to the ground. Standing behind him, Yan Xiaobao observed the sword drop. Slowly, he picked it up and placed it into a storage stone. All the wealth of the castle was to be shared by the army.

The Emperor no longer carried himself with the elegance and aloofness one might expect. His clothes were disheveled, his hair was unkempt, and his breathing was labored. His feet were barely covered, adorned only with small indoor slippers. Yet after traversing the jagged stone tunnel, his slippers were wrecked, and his feet were cut open by the sharp rocks.

"Move!" Yan Xiaobao roared in his human voice as he stood before the disheveled Emperor. The sound startled the Emperor, but he quickly nodded and started heading back toward the room he had escaped from earlier.

Miss Sunx jogged beside Yan Xiaobao. The woman felt a great sense of pride in her and Yan Xiaobao's performance, having captured their most important target. Yet there was no expression of satisfaction on her face that reflected it.

"Worried about the others fighting the Crusaders?" Yan Xiaobao asked quietly, his eyes fixed on Miss Sunx. He didn't need to watch the Emperor, as the other wolves were keeping a close guard on him. The wolves eagerly displayed their primal urges, circling the Emperor in a tight ring. Even if he wanted to escape, it seemed no amount of willpower could override the overwhelming despair etched on his face. Instead, his lips curled into a manic grin—a grin that hinted at some hidden amusement, as though he was playing a game far beyond what anyone expected.

Yan Xiaobao noticed the Emperor's apparent agitation but decided to wait until they were back in the castle to confront him directly. For now, his focus turned to the deeply concerned Miss Sunx.

"I know the others should be able to defeat the Crusaders," she sighed deeply, "but the Crusaders are unlike living beings. They feel no pain; they know no fear. I don't know how they were created, but I do know they are terrifying creatures. I can't help but worry about who will die among us. Even if we defeat them, I fear the cost will be dire."

Yan Xiaobao chuckled softly. He, too, understood that defeating the Crusaders would come at a steep price, but vanquishing them was an essential mission. If they truly wished to take control of the Siban Empire, it had to be done.

The journey through the tunnel had taken nearly two hours to catch up to the Emperor. Returning to the castle took an entire hour. Once they arrived, Yan Xiaobao ordered Miss Sunx's soldiers to seize the Emperor, while he and the lady went to check if they could locate the Saints and ensure that everything was progressing as planned.

Chapter 670: Attempting to Attack Humans_2

When the two wolves left the castle, night had already settled in the sky and they began to trot along the city's streets. A thick scent of blood lingered in the air, but they couldn't follow the scent with beasts

everywhere. Some blood came from human soldiers, some from careless beasts, and some scents came from civilians resisting the beasts.

As they crossed the city, Miss Sun and Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but frown because they noticed there wasn't any fighting. The city currently showed no signs of battle, yet strangely, there were no beasts celebrating their victory. Yan Xiaobao felt a tremor in his heart, wondering if he had made a wrong decision by letting the Saints Team go fight the Crusaders, but he dared not express his concerns. Instead, they continued through the city streets, turning randomly here and there. They both silently felt that something was utterly wrong. Nearly 200,000 experts should be inside the city, but not a single live beast or human could be heard.

"Do you think they are all dead?" Miss Sun trembled as she spoke, but Yan Xiaobao shook his head vigorously. "No," he assured her, "although the Crusaders are powerful, they are not that strong." He promised her. The scent of blood suddenly intensified, mixing with the scent of death. As they got closer, they finally found the army they had been looking for.

In front of them, Yan Xiaobao saw a large group of soldiers. None of them moved, but as they looked closely, both the Great Marshall and Lady Sun could see that they were breathing. Most of them were injured, some more severely than others. On the other side were beasts with more severe injuries and other beasts with an affinity for Wood.

Although these beasts were injured, they all seemed alert. Everyone who could stand stood, their bodies tense, eyes constantly searching the surroundings for any movement. In the beasts' eyes, there was no fear. Caution was the best word to describe their current mindset.

Passing through the many soldiers, Yan Xiaobao and Miss Sun reached the innermost part of the street. Here, they found an injured Wan Qiao. Her arm had been severed, and a part of her chest had been grazed by whatever had cut her arm. In front of her was a black cloak, black ashes on the ground. Several therapists were treating Wan Qiao, her face full of anxiety as she slowly but surely closed her wounds with the help of the experts around her.

When the Single-Horned Jasmine Hawk looked up, she saw Yan Xiaobao and Miss Sun approaching, and her annoyed expression turned into a smile as she gently stopped the therapists treating her. She stood up and walked toward the two other cultivators.

"We did well here," she said with a smile. "Though there were only a hundred Crusaders, they were indeed a formidable enemy," she continued. "I managed to take out one of the Crusader's Saint

Fighters, and once he died, the others retreated. Before we pursued them, I prioritized healing my own wounds."

Wan Qiao was staring wide-eyed at Yan Xiaobao, her face showing a trace of a tentative smile. It was clear she was waiting for his praise, and her face lit up with a smile. "You did well," he said with a smile, his words causing the hawk to become smug. Her face showed a hint of a smile, clearly having forgotten all about the half-healed wounds on her arm and chest.

"Tell me what happened here," Yan Xiaobao said happily, as Miss Sun and he looked around. The houses were damaged, and roads were shattered. There were holes in the walls, and the huge stone blocks that made the walls and roads had been completely destroyed.

"We found the Crusaders," Wan Qiao began, sitting back on the ground, allowing the therapists to resume treating her while she explained what had happened. "We discovered the Crusaders in an alley full of beasts; even Mr. Pan was there." As she spoke, Wan Qiao's voice trembled. Despite being the strongest beast in the Divine Domain, she had lost one of her best friends. Remembering seeing him lying on the ground, his head on the ground, was the hardest part for her. Wan Qiao cleared her throat, quickly wiped her eyes, and continued, "The Crusader was lying there as if Mr. Pan had killed him, his cloak as if greatly twisted by his corpse, but listening to Zhu Zhu's voice, I knew it wasn't as simple as it appeared. Although I knew, it still shocked me how fast they could launch an attack as soon as I approached. I even got injured. As soon as they attacked, many lower-ranked Crusaders appeared from the shadows and began attacking the lower-ranked beasts. Although many were injured, we didn't lose that many beasts. We even managed to kill some Crusaders."

"When you die, you would never guess how they look!" Wan Qiao continued enthusiastically as she pointed at the cloak in front of her. "Here's one. But if you lift the cloak, you'll find only ashes. But if you lift the cloaks of some other Crusaders, you'll find them underneath." As she spoke, Wan Qiao stood up again, turning to some other cloaks lying on the ground. While some cloaks were just cloaks, others seemed to contain something inside. Lifting the first cloak, Yan Xiaobao discovered ashes fell out and there was nothing inside. Frowning, Yan Xiaobao moved to one of the other cloaks. One seemed to have something inside, and as he approached, the odor of rotting flesh emerged. He slowly lifted the cloak, finding only a half-descomposed corpse inside. In another cloak was a complete skeleton. About ten Crusaders were killed, all in various stages of decomposition. Some were ash, some were skeletons, but others were just rotting flesh.

"I know, right?" Wan Qiao asked from behind, "It doesn't make any sense. They were clearly dead, yet somehow they were once human. Very human. This is a blackened bone hand that makes me very upset. After being defeated, by the way, he turned into black ashes there. But how they moved around in different stages of decomposition, without scent, without collapsing, is beyond me. I really don't

understand at all." She continued, and Yan Xiaobao had to agree. He knew these Crusaders must be dead, yet they still obeyed orders. It was as if they were an Undead Army. It must be a Necromancer's ability, but Yan Xiaobao had never heard Deng Wu mention anything about controlling bodies, and if he could do it, then it would be completely different.

"I'd better take note of this," Yan Xiaobao murmured as he looked at the numerous Crusaders. Suddenly, he frowned when he saw the skeleton. There were four little holes on the forehead, tiny, looking like they were made with an unbelievably sharp needle. Looking at all the Crusaders without ashes, he discovered everyone, regardless of who they were, had four small pin-like wounds on their foreheads.

"How strange," Yan Xiaobao remarked with a bitter face. Clearly, it had some significance, but as for its meaning, Yan Xiaobao didn't know. Yan Xiaobao sighed deeply and let it go. He watched the beasts tending to their wounds or assisting others in preparing for a large-scale hunt. Some were continuously stacking the wounded. Although the battle had just ended, there was no sense of calm and relaxation. The tension in the air made everyone very vigilant and worried about when the Crusaders would attack again. Although they were previously on alert, they were still surprised when many lower-ranked Crusaders appeared from the shadows, even though now everyone anticipated any possible attack. The fact that the Crusaders escaped was both a fortunate thing and an unfortunate thing.

"Now that we are aware of their tactics, it's good," Yan Xiaobao murmured, "it's a good thing we have time to see the injured. But they have the chance to ambush again, and we don't know where they are hiding." The war was still ongoing, and Yan Xiaobao was the one who had to take control. Suddenly, his eyes widened, and his mouth opened wide. "Emperor!" he shouted as he ran back to the Royal Castle. Behind him followed all the other beasts able to move as they rushed through the city. Wan Qiao was at Yan Xiaobao's side and to the right of Miss Sun. The eyes of the two Saints were filled with fury, while the rushing Yan Xiaobao sighed deeply.

"Now it's your turn," he said to Lan Feng, allowing the two, bird and human, to switch places. The moment Lan Feng took over his body, both Wan Qiao and Miss Sun felt a tremor. Watching the man stand beside them, Wan Qiao quietly asked, "Is that you, young man?" When she saw Yan Xiaobao nod, she breathed a sigh of relief. Though Yan Xiaobao was powerful and capable of using Lan Feng's power, Phoenix was more experienced.

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