

Medical 691

Chapter 691 Do Your Best

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Yan Xiaobao accepted these stones, believing their task was complete, but Gao Yan quickly returned all the books to their original places before repeating the process with twelve more books. He copied them again and handed over another twelve brand-new Memory Stones to Yan Xiaobao. This happened multiple times until Gao Yan finally picked up a large book. Within the book, there were multiple Memory Stones, and Gao Yan managed to copy thirty-five of them before handing them to Yan Xiaobao.

"The first twelve stones contain information about twelve experts who always attend the banquets. The next twelve stones are about guests who have been invited repeatedly. The following thirty-six members have visited on occasion. Finally, the last thirty-five stones are about the City Lord himself. These contain everything we have on him. You should be able to learn a lot about him from all this information." Gao Yan said to Yan Xiaobao. The white-haired young man nodded to indicate his understanding and couldn't help but feel relieved to have possession of all the information Gao Yan shared. Regarding payment, neither Yan Xiaobao nor Gao Yan mentioned anything. Both understood that payment was unnecessary to discuss. Yan Xiaobao knew that Gao Yan felt he had owed Xu Yue for years. A long time ago, Gao Yan had been disabled and had lost all his hard-earned Inner Energy, but thanks to Yan Xiaobao and Lan Feng, Gao Yan managed to quickly rebuild his cultivation base. He had become far stronger than he had ever imagined, all thanks to Yan Xiaobao. At that time, Yan Xiaobao didn't ask for anything in return, and now that Yan Xiaobao needed help, Gao Yan was clearly willing to do his best; mentioning payment would only undermine their friendship. Yan Xiaobao felt assured Gao Yan would help him with all his capability because such loyalty needed no financial transactions.

Yan Xiaobao and Cai Jie achieved their goal. After expressing gratitude to Gao Yan, the two young men left the small, cunning inn behind and returned to the mansion belonging to the Rong twins. Together, they found a small room with a library inside the estate. Everything inside was covered in dust, suggesting the room hadn't been used in years. They applied a bit of power, managing to clear the dust, and slowly took their seats in the chairs.

"Do you want to learn about the City Lord himself, or do you want to know about the many men he has invited to his mansion?" Yan Xiaobao asked as he laid two storage stones before them. One was about the City Lord, and the other about his guests. Cai Jie sighed before picking up the stone about the City Lord. "Let's start with this one," he said, then pressed the Memory Stone to his forehead. Sitting in the small library they had discovered, Cai Jie and Yan Xiaobao each placed a stone against their foreheads. As silver-blue light flickered constantly in the room, the two men diligently recorded the essential details they encountered.

Cai Jie uncovered many interesting facts about the City Lord, while Xu Yue formed a detailed understanding of the guests who attended the City Lord's banquets. He started from the guests who were always present at each meal. The information provided by Gao Yan was extremely detailed, describing which factions the individuals belonged to, the particulars of their families, their teams, their most commonly employed attacks, their highest-ranked attacks, and their known or suspected alliances. However, the most useful aspect for Yan Xiaobao was the information Gao Yan included regarding whether these families were loyal to the factions they aligned themselves with. When categorizing four of the twelve Memory Stones, Yan Xiaobao identified an individual who wasn't loyal to his faction.

The person identified was Dong Liang, a nobleman and Clan Leader of the Dong Clan. On the surface, he appeared to be part of the City Lord's faction, but in reality, he belonged to the First Prince's faction. Whether the City Lord was aware of this was a major question that Yan Xiaobao couldn't answer. Since the information was sold by Gao Yan, accessing it wasn't a challenge.

In the Capital, there were six prominent factions. One was the City Lord's faction. The second belonged to the First Prince, the third to the Second Prince, and the fourth to the Third Prince. Besides these four factions, there were two others. One was led by the merchant Zhan Weisheng, and the last was led by the King and his supporters, forming the Royal Faction.

In the Capital, most merchants followed Zhan Weisheng, making his faction one of the largest. Merchants and High-level Mercenaries supported this figure aligned with the City Lord.

The current King was elderly, and his faction was small. Most nobles supported one prince or another, while some chose to align themselves with the City Lord.

After analyzing many of the Memory Stones, Yan Xiaobao discovered that of the twelve stable banquet members, three were loyal to individuals other than the City Lord. Among the commonly invited experts, half were loyal to other Lords. Of those who had attended sporadically, the majority were loyal to someone else.

The three individuals disloyal to the City Lord's faction were Dong Liang, a noble named Huang Zhen, and a merchant named Han Shi. Huang Zhen was the Clan Leader of the Huang Family and truly loyal to the Second Prince. The merchant Han Shizong was loyal to Zhan Weisheng. Whether the City Lord was aware of the true loyalties of these three experts was unknown to Yan Xiaobao, but he silently noted to keep an eye on them.

He made a list, noting down the attack styles these men excelled at. He kept a mental record and scrutinized the black lion again to gather some information about the Royal Family. What he needed now went beyond just dealing with the actions of the Third Prince.

Through the Memory Stone, Yan Xiaobao didn't discover anything else of interest. While Yan Xiaobao was busy observing the City Lord's guests, Cai Jie had already gathered all the information about the City Lord. What he wrote down included the City Lord's rank, attacks, and skills. He was an Emperor who had held the title of City Lord for eleven years. He inherited this position from his father after his death and had remained in the post ever since. He managed to gain the merchants' support because he always fought for their rights during meetings with the royal nobles, even while refraining from supporting any faction within the Royal Family. Every faction in the Royal Family attempted to win his favor. If they managed to secure his support, they believed it would greatly help in taking the throne after the King's death.

After reading up on the City Lord's profile and details about his banquet, Yan Xiaobao turned his attention to all the information regarding the Third Prince. The Third Prince was thirty-six years old. He was the youngest of all the princes, but in terms of cultivation, he possessed the most exceptional talents. The prince was already a King-level expert. To Yan Xiaobao, that wasn't an extraordinary pace, but for someone lacking blue cloud energy, red fog energy, and all the other unique phenomena he had known in his past life, the Third Prince's progression was quite astonishing—he was truly deserving of being called a genius.

This prince was respected by everyone, even the City Lord and his two brothers. His faction was the largest among the Royal Factions, and due to the way he handled the kingdom's various issues, he continued to gain the support of an increasing number of nobles.

The Second Prince had the second-largest group of followers within the Royal Family, followed by the First Prince. The First Prince had the fewest supporters. He lacked potential talents and devoted more time to drinking and chasing after young women than to leading the nation. The Memory Stone also revealed that the First Prince's disinterest in royal affairs stemmed from the fact that his fiancée had been assassinated by the Third Prince. This piece of information was filed under the Third Prince's records, but the source was marked as questionable. It wasn't something that could be confirmed, but it was suspected to be true. Most information about the Third Prince was publicly accessible, but the most critical details—such as his most frequently used attacks and his top-ranked techniques—were withheld.

The Third Prince and the Second Prince were currently competing to become the kingdom's ruler. To this end, they both sought to win over the City Lord, Zhan Weisheng, and their father's faction. These three factions would ultimately decide who would ascend to the throne. Taking a moment to think, Yan Xiaobao and Cai Jie exchanged glances. "I think we should try to ensure the City Lord speaks highly of

the Second Prince. We already have enough trouble preparing to deal with the Third Prince, but eliminating the future heir to the kingdom is not a good idea," Yan Xiaobao said, shuddering at the thought of the disastrous consequences. They had to kill the Third Prince now, because if he became King one day, killing him then would be far too dangerous.

"Aligning ourselves with the City Lord's faction will benefit us greatly. The City Lord himself will gain significant clout, as well as the loyalty of many nobles. Knowing that the Great Marshall of the Beast Army has already joined his faction, I am quite certain he will continue to attract noble supporters in droves." Recognizing the City Lord's ability to draw so many varied nobles, Yan Xiaobao realized just how critical his influence truly was. Behind him loomed the might of the entire military forces of the Divine Domain—a force that had once caused the downfall of the Siban Empire. Even if Yan Xiaobao was unwilling to fight for the Sun Kingdom, he could still summon more than a few Saints to carry out targeted assassinations and eliminate those who opposed him without much difficulty.

After compiling all the information, Yan Xiaobao and Cai Jie spent most of their time in the library. Now, the sun had set, and dusk had arrived. Yan Xiaobao let out a deep sigh, knowing that his friends should be returning soon. He couldn't wait to spend time with them. He ate a meal, had some wine, and refocused his energy on cultivation. Yan Xiaobao had been so busy that he hadn't seen Wang Julong since the previous day. Xu Biao, meanwhile, had done nothing but focus on his own cultivation, so Yan Xiaobao hadn't seen him since morning. Ma Kong had visited the night before, but Yan Xiaobao didn't know how much work the old man had at his own auction house. Thus, he couldn't say whether Ma Kong would show up that night to celebrate their reunion.

The twin siblings were preoccupied with the academy. Yan Xiaobao had no idea what exactly they were working on. They were too old to still be students, but since they had already graduated, they must have been engaged in something unusual. Yan Xiaobao was eager to find out what they had been doing. Overall, he was looking forward to hearing from all of his friends—how their lives had been and what they were currently up to. The night before had been a great reunion, but none of them had had time to talk to each other in detail. Cai Jie didn't even have time for introductions, and there was so much they'd need to discuss; it seemed that dinner would be the perfect setting for these conversations.

"Let's go," Yan Xiaobao said as he stood up, accompanied by Cai Jie. He walked through the house until they found the dining room. Inside the room was a large table, capable of seating a hundred people. At the moment, no one was seated, but many servants hurried back and forth, preparing the room and setting plates and silverware on the table furthest from them.

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Looking around, Cai Jie and Yan Xiaobao were both uncertain about what they should do. They blocked the servants but had no idea where to go next. After watching the servants for a moment, the two

quickly retreated into the house, hoping to encounter someone living there. Someone they could spend some time chatting with.

"We have almost a whole week until our next meeting at the City Lord's mansion," Cai Jie suddenly noted while looking around, "Maybe we can see if we can visit the houses of other nobles to gather more interesting information."

"There's another option," Yan Xiaobao said slowly, lost in thought. "Initially, I planned to support the City Lord because he already has a faction, but what if we don't support anyone? What if we create our own faction? I'm quite sure the City Lord will support us, just as Zhan Weisheng currently supports the City Lord. By forming our own faction, we would have more power than we do now." He continued, and with each word, Cai Jie slowly nodded. What Yan Xiaobao said made sense.

"Let's bring it up at dinner," Cai Jie suggested. "If we establish our own faction, we'll need the help of all your friends within the Capital. If we get support from a large auction house and such an information network, not to mention the threat of your Beast Army, we should be able to form a quite influential faction." He continued, his words making Yan Xiaobao grin. He had to admit he preferred controlling the progression of events.

"Okay, we don't know if we can do this," Cai Jie warned, observing the excitement on Yan Xiaobao's face. "I don't know if we can do it, but we should make an effort and discuss it with your friends tonight."

Yan Xiaobao and Cai Jie were both excited as they talked among themselves about starting a faction. Neither of them could hide the obvious broad grins on their faces. Just as they were about to delve into the details of their faction, a bell sounded throughout the entire venue. It was the dinner bell, summoning the lords and ladies to the dining hall, where food would soon be served. As they rushed to the same banquet hall they had fled from earlier that evening, the two were smiling at each other.

This time things were different. All his friends were already seated, the final seat, for the master of the house, was empty, waiting for Yan Xiaobao to sit down. With Deng Wu seated on his right, the left was clearly empty, meant for Cai Jie. Yan Xiaobao felt his heart fill with gratitude seeing how much consideration his friends had given to this man they hadn't yet been introduced to. Nodding politely to all of them, Yan Xiaobao was pleased to see Ma Kong at their house again, making everything easier.

"Thank you for letting us stay here," Yan Xiaobao began, smiling at his friends. Everyone patiently waited to hear what he had to say. They wanted to know how much he had changed. They wanted to know if

there was any way they could offer help. The fact that Yan Xiaobao began to speak was proof that he was now ready to introduce his friends and tell them his plans. "This young man is Cai Jie," he began the introduction, then he paused. He wished to describe the young man, but truthfully, Yan Xiaobao knew nothing about him.

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He felt he could trust him; he was a brother in spirit, yet he knew nothing about him. After frowning for a while, Yan Xiaobao decided to give a brief introduction, "I met him while fighting in the capital of Spain. He provided me with great help by taking care of a group of Crusaders."

"Returning to everyone, beyond gaining strength, I have no real goals, so we can deal with the person who expelled Lan Feng from him. But when I returned, I heard about the issues we have with the Third Prince. What he has done is unforgivable—not only killing able-bodied men, but also slaughtering the elderly and children, killing those who have already attained freedom. I cannot accept this. While I am here, I will handle him, so I need everyone's strength." As he looked at Deng Wu and Wang Julong, he paused for a moment. Both of them showed expressions on their faces, but gratitude and hope could also be clearly seen in their eyes.

"Initially, I thought of joining the City Lord's faction to get his support for the person I hope to champion. But after some thought, I came up with a better idea. I believe it is time for this capital to establish another faction. I will become the leader of this faction and see if it is possible to collaborate with the City Lord. It would be best to have his support for our faction." His words left everyone breathless. No one anticipated that Yan Xiaobao would push forward in such a bold and overt manner.

"To become a force, we will employ various methods. First, I need everyone to know that I am the Great Marshall of the Beast Army. Since I am now a half-beast, I was finally able to return after finishing certain matters with the beasts. Now, I hope to reconnect with dear friends while spending time cultivating and increasing strength. My strength alone is not enough to start a faction, so I need everyone's help." He continued to look around at everyone, "Gao Yan, I need you and your information network to formally join our faction. Ma Gang, I need your auction house to support us. Do you think it would be possible for your family's Black Market Auction House to become part of my faction, or will they continue to support Zhan Weishen?"

As he looked at Yan Xiaobao with a pleasant expression, Ma Kong smiled. "It was years ago, but you once brought the business model of life insurance to my family. It was something we had long considered, but when we finally started implementing it, we found it to be wildly successful—especially for guards, soldiers, and mercenaries. While we are still managing the auction house, the primary business of my family is now insurance. When my family was informed that you returned to the capital, they cleared my schedule and declared that my main task was to ensure we maintain our friendship with you. If I tell them you want to start your own faction, I guarantee my family will support you."

Yan Xiaobao smiled in satisfaction at his words. Then he looked at Gao Yan, who had a faint smile on his face. "Anything you need, if I have it, I will help you," he said with a relaxed expression. He felt he owed his life to Yan Xiaobao. Becoming part of his faction was beyond question.

"I'm sorry, though we wish to be part of your faction, we cannot," Rong Xing said sorrowfully. "We are from the Rong Family. The Rong Family serves as the City Lord of Liluo City, and our family is loyal to only one faction—that of the King. I'm sorry, we cannot be part of your faction."

Hearing his words, Yan Xiaobao would be lying if he said he wasn't slightly disappointed. But he understood that they truly had no say in their circumstances to change the reality. Therefore, he simply nodded with a smile on his face. "We're in; there is no reason to hesitate," Deng Wu said resolutely. "Though I may not be very well-known in the capital, I am still powerful. The fusion with Little Dragon has brought tremendous changes to my mind and body, not to mention the surge in my potential. I should be able to support you well." He promised, while Wang Julong said nothing but nodded in the background. She was renowned for her expertise in poisons and was widely known in town as the Ice Queen, managing all the medical clinics there.

"Sounds good," Yan Xiaobao said with a smile. "Tomorrow, I will begin establishing our faction. But for now, let's enjoy this delicious food prepared for us," he said with a grin. Everyone began talking about the events that had transpired during the long time they hadn't seen each other. What they truly wanted to hear were Yan Xiaobao's adventures.

The next day, Yan Xiaobao sat alone in a small library, in a good mood. He thought about the matter for some time. Since he was about to start his own faction, he could no longer reside in the Rong twins' manor. If they were part of his faction, that would be fine, but their allegiance to the King meant staying there was impossible. The Rong twins' integrity would come into question, and Yan Xiaobao would be seen as supporting the King.

Beside him was Cai Jie, who was engrossed in reading various books, with no care for finding Yan Xiaobao's storage stone. He examined all his beast cores, intriguing items, and gold coins. He hoped to

buy a mansion somewhere in the capital, needing one equal in grandeur to the twins' estate. As he looked through his bag, he found some items he could sell, mainly beast cores, materials, and a few inscriptions he could part with. Although individually these items wouldn't sell for much, the cumulative wealth Hui Yue had managed to gather over the years would add up.

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"I want to meet Ma Gang," Yan Xiaobao stood up and said. As he looked at Cai Jie, he expected the young man to follow him, but Cai Jie seemed completely absorbed in the book he had found on the shelf. This caused Yan Xiaobao to shrug before turning and leaving the room, heading toward the Black Market Auction House located in the capital, an auction house under the Ma family's control.

As one might expect, the city was bustling as usual, but even so, Yan Xiaobao could tell that some experts were trailing him. These experts were either Dukes or Kings, and Yan Xiaobao had to admit that it was initially difficult to notice them. When he finally did, they weren't closely monitoring him. Instead, they meandered around him, entering and leaving stores, stopping at stalls, purchasing items, chatting with friends—acting utterly casual. If not for Lan Feng keeping an eye on them, Yan Xiaobao might not have noticed them at all.

In addition to this, he started noticing the thieves, beggars, and servants around the town. All of them observed him with an incredible level of curiosity. However, when it came to Yan Xiaobao himself, none of the thieves were foolish enough to try anything, as they seemed to know who he was; instead, some even nodded in greeting toward him. Their interest in him was entirely different from the subtle pursuit of the senior experts tailing him.

"How utterly foolish," he chuckled when he finally arrived at the auction house. The guards, upon seeing him, immediately appeared along with a servant to greet him courteously. The servant bowed deeply and led Yan Xiaobao to a room, where he brought out wine and grapes before excusing himself. After a brief wait, he heard hurried footsteps approaching. When he saw a flustered Ma Kong enter the doorway, he grinned. The moment Ma Kong saw Yan Xiaobao, he let out a breath and collapsed into a chair.

"You could have warned me you'd be visiting today," Ma Kong exclaimed with self-deprecation as he poured himself a glass of wine, laughing. "They told me one of our customers needed to see me; you have no idea how nervous I was!" He chuckled as he drank, causing Yan Xiaobao to grin in response. Being regarded as a patron of this auction house was indeed a great honor.

"I have a favor to ask," Yan Xiaobao sighed as he picked up several stones, one after another, and placed them on the table. "I need to sell off these surplus materials. I don't need to fetch the retail price for them; I just want to find someone who'll buy in bulk. Who would you recommend I do business with?"

he asked. He knew this was an auction house where they primarily dealt in high-end treasures and rare materials, but these weren't the kinds of items Yan Xiaobao was looking to sell now. After thinking for a moment, Yan Xiaobao retrieved another stone, pulling out a sizable one and placing it in front of Ma Kong. "I'd like to sell this item as well," he said, noting the confusion on Ma Kong's face. "This is a stone that can amplify the essence of heaven and earth, allowing cultivators to absorb it during cultivation," he explained. He had purchased it in the sacred underground city and had merely used it briefly, but it had little value for him now since he had the blue cloud. Selling it, he knew most would regard it as a priceless treasure, but what he needed now wasn't more essence stones but coins to assist in his political maneuvers.

"An item that increases the essence of heaven and earth that people can absorb during cultivation?" Ma Kong repeated with astonishment. It was well-known that cultivation was the most difficult part of training because it couldn't be rushed. One needed to slowly absorb the essence, circulate it through their meridians, and gradually refine it into Qi.

Grinning, Yan Xiaobao held up the stone, which appeared to be an ordinary rock, and walked over to Ma Gang. "Sit down and prepare for meditation," he instructed. Ma Kong, curious, obediently did as he was told without asking questions. As soon as he sat down, Yan Xiaobao handed the stone to him. The moment it touched his skin, Ma Kong's eyes widened in shock. Though he hadn't even begun cultivating, he could feel a suction force emanating from within his Dantian.

Everyone absorbs traces of the essence of heaven and earth simply through living and breathing, but this goes unnoticed by most. However, upon touching the stone, it created a powerful pulling force that made him acutely aware of the energy being drawn in. Ma Kong gripped the stone and placed it on his lap, slowly entering meditation. As the suction within him intensified to unimaginable levels, he found it difficult to control his racing heart. The energy absorption was so astonishing that even Ma Gong, a young man who had trained to the Duke level, could sense vast amounts of energy surging through his body and roaring within his meridians. Not long after, it was finally refined into Qi and then further purified into spiritual energy. With this stone, Ma Kong could see himself quickly ascending to the King level. When he finally stopped meditating, he gazed at the stone, his thoughts swirling. After deliberating for a moment, Ma Kong looked at Yan Xiaobao and narrowed his eyes.

After some thought, Ma Kong handed the stone back to Yan Xiaobao and stood up. "Please wait here," he said hurriedly. "I need to find the Clan Leader. I'm certain he'll be interested in this stone. Don't worry; I won't let anyone in the family try to deceive you," he called over his shoulder as he rushed out, slamming the door shut behind him. Seeing the look of confusion on Ma Kong's face, Yan Xiaobao chuckled softly. He knew this item would be invaluable to those who lacked a personal blue cloud for cultivation enhancements.

Yan Xiaobao didn't wait long; just ten minutes after Ma Gang had left, he returned with a middle-aged man in tow. Looking at the man, Yan Xiaobao immediately recognized him as Ma Kong's father, the head of the household. He had met him during his time in Liluo City, where he had assisted the family in establishing an insurance business. Upon seeing Yan Xiaobao again, the older man nodded politely in greeting.

"I hear you've once again managed to stun my son with the items you've brought," he began in a courteous tone, his gaze shifting to the stone in Yan Xiaobao's hand. His brows knitted together as he pondered what exactly this stone could do.

Unlike Ma Kong, his father was a King-level expert. Although he had reached the King level years ago, he had not achieved the insights required to advance to the Emperor tier. Instead, he had dedicated himself wholly to the family rather than focusing on his cultivation. During the battle in Liluo City, this man had the same level of power he possessed now; however, in contrast, Yan Xiaobao had risen from a poor cultivator with great potential to a formidable threat. While Ma Kong's father had always been polite before, his demeanor had grown even more respectful now. He was astonished to find that the young man he had met years ago had successfully ascended to the rank of King.

"My son tells me you have an item that sounds too good to be true," Ma Kong's father said with a suspicious look at Yan Xiaobao, who nodded in response. "Please sit and begin cultivating. While it may be of limited use to someone like you, who has already reached the King level and requires specific Yin Yang Energy, you should still be able to appreciate the usefulness of this item." With that, the older man knelt on the ground, crossing his legs and placing his hands on his knees.

Seeing the man accept his words without question, the young Yan Xiaobao immediately stepped forward and placed the stone in his hands. He noticed that as the stone touched his skin, the older man stiffened. Although clearly shocked, the man did not stop cultivating, instead continuing for some time. All the while, Yan Xiaobao and Ma Kong observed quietly, both curious about what the elder would have to say once he finished cultivating.

Half an hour later, when the elder opened his eyes again, they were filled with awe and astonishment. Looking at the stone in his hand, his thoughts were evidently chaotic, while Yan Xiaobao and Ma Kong remained silent. They allowed the older man time to collect his thoughts and determine how he wanted to proceed with this remarkable item.

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"This item," he began, placing the stone back on the table. "Are you planning to sell it at the auction?" He asked, but before Yan Xiaobao could respond to the elder, "I am willing to buy this stone from you at a very reasonable price. You might gain more at the auction, but I would still see if you could give us a discount because of Ma Kong's friendship," the man shamelessly said, which made Ma Kong feel his face redden. He felt uneasy about the position he was in. Though he was a friend to Yan Xiaobao, it was impossible for him to oppose this clan leader. Directly contradicting him in front of outsiders was unacceptable.

Yan Xiaobao was a bit surprised by what this family leader said, but he quickly laughed it off. It's natural for someone in this kind of business to try to get what they want cheaper. There's nothing wrong with that. Thus, even using his own son's relationship, he had no qualms using whatever wasn't his. It just proved its importance. To ensure his friendship with Yan Xiaobao remained unbroken, Ma Kong had been granted free days, but now they were willing to risk this friendship for the stone. Fortunately, Yan Xiaobao was not willing to risk his friendship with Ma Gang since having the blue cloud by his side increased cultivation speed like the stone. If his friend needed help, he could help them use the blue cloud as well.

Any family in Muchuan City could use this stone as they wished. Yan Xiaobao understood how much this item meant to a family focused on cultivation, yet even so, he nodded. "As long as we can agree on a price, I don't mind selling it to you instead of auctioning it." He agreed, but he genuinely hoped to receive a reasonable offer from them. Despite not wanting to risk relations with Ma Gong, he also wasn't willing to let the family leader trample on him. While awaiting the elder's offer, his eyes were sharp.

After looking at the stone several times, the family leader opened his mouth multiple times but each time clearly changed his mind and fell silent again. It was clear he was struggling internally to come up with a price he was willing to pay, but he also understood the price Yan Xiaobao was willing to accept.

Finally, after some internal struggle, he took one last look at the stone, then looked at Yan Xiaobao with determination, "I am willing to pay ten thousand spirit coins for this stone. I believe we cannot afford more than that." Hearing this amount, Yan Xiaobao was completely shocked. He remembered selling his Martial Arts Skills for two hundred and five spirit coins years ago, and a spiritual art had been sold for four hundred spirit coins. This was enough to live comfortably, but ten thousand spirit coins was a massive amount. It was evident that this person believed Yan Xiaobao used it to reach his current level.

Yan Xiaobao did nothing to dispel his belief and immediately extended his hand, not wanting the man to change his appearance. This elicited a relaxing expression on the family leader's face. Such a project, which anyone could use during cultivation, was so astonishing, so impressive that he dug deep into his pockets, almost exhausting all liquid assets to purchase it. Nevertheless, even after doing so, he still felt he made the right decision.

"Please wait a moment, I need to get a gold Memory Stone to store the money," he said, and Yan Xiaobao nodded in agreement. If he could quickly find ten thousand spirit coins, it would be strange. As the family leader left, the stone was left on the table. An awkward silence descended on Ma Kong, whose face was still red with shame. Yan Xiaobao noticed and laughed loudly as he patted his friend, "This isn't just for your benefit," he assured the embarrassed friend. "I want your family to support my faction, remember? To do so, I need to give goodwill, which is a great benefit for both of us," he assured the embarrassed friend, who slowly returned to his usual color, yet his face still showed gratitude. He finally understood what Deng Wu and Wang Julong meant when they said they were training hard to be useful to Yan Xiaobao. Although Ma Kong was a friend, he was mainly close to the Rong twins. Even though he had done business with Yan Xiaobao before, which had benefited both parties, now he understood how far Yan Xiaobao was willing to go for their friendship.

Ma Kong said nothing, but deep inside, he held onto a thought. Contemplating how he would do anything in the future to assist Yan Xiaobao. He swore he would talk to his father that night, with determination in his eyes. He would ask his father to ensure that the Ma family, the Black Market Auction House, and the family insurance section fully support Yan Xiaobao. Ma Kong and Yan Xiaobao finally talked about what Yan Xiaobao experienced during his travels in the dungeon, and Ma Kong was genuinely surprised at how they lived inside the cave. About the fact that there were no skies above them yet there were still satellites, sun, clouds, and stars.

Though Yan Xiaobao was generally a bit quieter about his experiences, he could see how Ma Kong listened with great interest. Even though he had heard from Deng Wu and Wang Julong, he now also learned about the Vermilion Bird's underground city. Though he asked this question to make sure Yan Xiaobao wasn't bored, Ma Kong found himself swept away by his storytelling. He couldn't help but ask questions, imagining each scene Yan Xiaobao described. He knew Yan Xiaobao had gone through a very tough time during his travels, but all these challenges he faced honed both his mind and body.

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Just as Ma Kong was about to raise a question, the door opened again, and his father walked in. In his hand was a golden Memory Stone, specifically designed for carrying coins. He handed it to Yan Xiaobao, then placed the cultivation stone into the old man's outstretched hand.

The transaction was complete, and both Yan Xiaobao and the family leader were satisfied with what they had obtained. Despite feeling a twinge of guilt for the substantial price he had secured, Yan

Xiaobao reassured himself that he hadn't pushed his friend's family into poverty. He understood that the family possessed an astonishing amount of liquid assets and wasn't financially struggling. After waiting a moment, Yan Xiaobao noticed that Ma Kong had yet to mention his plans for faction creation, and he wondered whether he should bring it up to the family leader now.

"What is it that you two children want to talk to me about?" the family leader suddenly asked. Ma Kong and Yan Xiaobao were both shocked by his words. Clearing their throats, the two friends hesitated, though Yan Xiaobao hoped to begin the conversation. He felt it wasn't his place to be the first to ask. Fortunately, Ma Kong seemed to agree, stepping forward. "Father," he said, as the elder man's curious gaze shifted between Yan Xiaobao and Ma Kong.

"Yan Xiaobao plans to establish a new faction within Muchuan City. He currently has the Black Lion Team and intends to seek support from the Black Market Auction House. He will do everything possible to gain the City Lord's backing, and thus also Zhan Weisheng's support." The elder didn't appear surprised. At the mention of Yan Xiaobao's intention to collaborate with the City Lord, he merely raised an eyebrow but remained silent for a while afterward. "What is your goal? What do you aim to achieve?" the elder finally asked. Ma Kong opened his mouth to answer but quickly realized he hadn't yet heard Yan Xiaobao's true ambitions. Watching the elder man, Yan Xiaobao's handsome face revealed a trace of an insidious smile. As he recalled the tear-streaked faces of Wang Julong and Deng Wu, his blue eyes turned crimson, radiating a murderous intent that surged through his soul. This transformation startled the Ma Clan Leader, who was forced to take a step back as the fiery killing intent struck him. However, amidst his emotions, Yan Xiaobao quickly regained his previous composure, his serene blue eyes now smiling warmly. "I have some issues to settle with the Third Prince," he admitted candidly. "My goal is to ensure the Third Prince never ascends the throne—ideally, I'll soon see him buried permanently, seven feet underground. Officially, I simply want to create my own faction because I dislike being controlled by others." Yan Xiaobao was forthright in answering the family leader's unexpected question. Suddenly, hearty laughter erupted from the elder's chest as he gazed at Yan Xiaobao with approval. "Well done!" he exclaimed joyfully. "I never imagined you as someone who would falter under pressure and stay down."

Hearing his words, Yan Xiaobao breathed a sigh of relief. He knew revealing the truth had been a significant gamble, but Ma Kong hailed from Liluo City. Despite his previous support of the City Lord, he remained friendly with both the Deng Family and Wang Family. Witnessing their family members slaughtered one by one had undoubtedly caused immense pain, fueling his desire for vengeance.

"Thank you. Once I find a suitable place to settle, I'll send someone over," Yan Xiaobao said, bowing slightly to the Ma Clan Leader. Lady Ma returned the gesture with a small bow of her own. Yan Xiaobao's bowing gesture signaled his genuine intention to follow through. Feeling satisfied, the Ma Clan Leader nodded, and Yan Xiaobao excused himself. Ma Kong escorted him out of his family's luxurious mansion, and they promised to meet again in the future. Departing from the estate, Yan

Xiaobao headed straight to the Rong twins' building, where he found Cai Jie and updated him on the events that had transpired. The prospect of sharing everything with Cai Jie excited him greatly. With the Ma Family willing to support him and his faction, leveraging both the Black Market Auction House and its insurance operations, Yan Xiaobao felt optimistic. Despite not fully understanding why, he looked forward to discussing these matters with Cai Jie.

Upon arriving at the residence, Yan Xiaobao soon encountered Deng Wu, waiting for him, while it appeared that Wang Julong had departed long ago. Though she had hugged him on his first day back, she seemed to have avoided Yan Xiaobao ever since. Meeting Yan Xiaobao's gaze, Deng Wu furrowed his brow and remarked, "I think this is the first time I've seen you alone since you returned." His tone carried no reproach, only a sense of curiosity as he spoke the truth. Glancing around to confirm no Golden Man was in sight, Deng Wu moved closer to Yan Xiaobao and quietly asked, "Does he like us? You know, does he have some sacred beast inside of him?"

Yan Xiaobao shrugged and shook his head. "I honestly don't know," he replied. "I asked Lan Feng, but he feels there's nothing unusual about him. Either he's exceptional at hiding his strength, or he's far more enigmatic than you and me." Yan Xiaobao paused for a moment, then said, "To be honest, I don't really understand him, but whenever I see him, there's this inexplicable feeling of brotherhood. It's actually quite strange. Maybe he's hiding some beast within himself," Yan Xiaobao agreed, though he wasn't entirely certain. He felt he should have noticed the beast if it truly existed.

"The Ma family will support us," Yan Xiaobao told Deng Wu when he had the opportunity. "With Gao Yan backing us, we now have all the information we need. Aside from the town's most influential noble families, we can be considered to have a truly solid foundation. Although their auction house isn't the only one in town, it's undeniably well-known. Furthermore, their insurance company holds a reputation far above previous levels. They're no longer merely merchants but have recently acquired a noble status as newly risen elites. I'm confident that, with their support, we will fare better."

Surveying the surroundings, Deng Wu nodded. "I want to help you with anything you need," Deng Wu said sincerely. "I can't tolerate what he's done. Unless I avenge my family, I'll never be able to move forward. I know it won't bring anyone back, but I know it'll be better if the ones responsible share in their fate."

Yan Xiaobao gently placed a hand on his friend's shoulder. "Don't worry," he said, "I will definitely need your assistance. Without you and Little Dragon, I can't handle the Third Prince. Not to mention we also need Wang Julong. This will probably take quite some time. Our faction needs to gain strength. We need to figure out a way to deal with the Third Prince that's either unnoticed or so formidable that when we kill him, no one dares oppose us. Just like when he murdered the First Prince's fiancée—no one dared to challenge the Third Prince."

Gratitude was evident in Deng Wu's eyes, and Yan Xiaobao smiled sadly. To see his once powerful and carefree friend now so stern and harsh felt wrong. "I need to find Cai Jie now, then we'll head out to look for an estate suitable for us. You should come with us; your input is valuable to me. I'm unsure about how to find a property in this city. Are there real estate agents here?" Yan Xiaobao walked toward the library as Deng Wu followed him.

"Real estate agents? What are those? I'm not sure what you're talking about, but buying a house in town isn't too difficult." Stroking his chin for a moment, Deng Wu chuckled, "Of course. I'll help you take a look, but our group is bound to attract attention. You alone draw notice, but with all of us and our unique hair colors together, seeing people's reactions will be amusing."

"Don't worry," Yan Xiaobao said with a smile. "If anything, it will make us memorable. People will recognize us better than if we blended in like everyone else," he said with a grin, sharing a laugh with Deng Wu. "I'm going to find Cai Jie. We'll be back soon," Yan Xiaobao said as he left Deng Wu, heading toward the small library where he had earlier left Cai Jie. Upon arriving, the library was empty except for Xu Yue. Cai Jie's book from earlier lay abandoned on the desk. Turning to it, Yan Xiaobao picked it up, curious to examine it, only to realize it was one he had read during his academy days.

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Chapter 698: The Poem of Great Sin

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This is a book containing poems about great sins. When flipping to the page of the poem he remembered, Yan Xiaobao was surprised to see that it had been torn out of the book.

After thinking for a moment, Yan Xiaobao walked towards Cai Jie's room, but he wasn't there either. He shrugged, assuming the other man had left to attend to something important. He only hoped Cai Jie would return later. After failing to find Cai Jie, he walked to the front of Deng Wu's house where Deng Wu was waiting for him. "No Cai Jie?" Deng Wu asked. Yan Xiaobao shook his head, "No, but we can still buy the house without him. Let's hope he hasn't gone missing somewhere," he said with a grin. "If he has, I believe wherever he is, he'll stand out. I'll go ask Gao Yan to help find him."

As they got moving, Deng Wu couldn't help but think that though Yan Xiaobao knew little about Cai Jie, he still assumed he would return. Xu Yue remained curious about where Cai Jie had gone, but deep down, he felt certain his new friend would come back. Excitedly, he smiled, looking forward to

purchasing his own house again. Establishing a base in Muchuan City would give him a place to train and grow stronger. Struggles make one stronger, and at present, he had several challenges before him. Initially, his plan was to keep a low profile in the Capital, but now he knew that this would not be possible.

Thinking that all the nobles in the Empire knew he was the Great Marshall of the Beast Army, keeping a low profile seemed out of the question. He imagined all the families in the city observing his every move, making it impossible to hide anything. Another reason he couldn't stay unnoticed was because of Deng Wu and Wang Julong. These two friends wanted Yan Xiaobao to contribute something for the Third Prince, and for that reason alone, he wouldn't feel overwhelmed.

"Don't overthink it," Deng Wu suddenly said with a smile on his face as he looked at Yan Xiaobao. "The fact that you've returned is enough for us. Rushing into vengeance will only bring failure. I'd rather you take your time and slowly find a way to deal with it. Wang Julong and I will keep making efforts so that we won't drag you down."

"I understand, don't worry," Yan Xiaobao said with a smile on his face. "Take me to the place where I can buy a house," he continued. Deng Wu nodded. As they left the house, Xu Yue walked by Deng Wu's side but wasn't as focused as she had been while walking next to Cai Jie. All three of them were unusual, differing from the norm, and because of this, many people were convinced that magical beasts flowed through the veins of the two individuals. This led many to both despise and fear them. Although they didn't know Yan Xiaobao was involved in the battle against the Siban Empire, the fear among the civilians persisted.

Yan Xiaobao walked through the small town, enjoying the tranquil and peaceful city around him. No beasts, no battles, no Crusaders. It was a bustling city filled with citizens attending to household chores, busy schedules, jobs, and daily routines. In this tense yet lively environment, Yan Xiaobao felt a sense of homecoming. Though he originated from this small village, he had once lived in Hong Kong, a city with millions of people. When he moved to Liluo City, he felt at home, but after leaving, he often traveled continuously. This constant travel left him feeling weary, and now that he could settle down in a city once again, Yan Xiaobao felt content.

"Houses in Muchuan City are expensive. You'll need to be willing to pay at least several hundred Spirit Coins, but the mansions are far larger than those you've seen in Liluo City. When you purchase a house in Muchuan, you usually acquire staff as well. This includes guards, chefs, maids, gardeners, and more. Though you can choose to change everything later, most people don't bother. Whichever maid you want or whichever guard you buy, information about it will be passed on to Gao Yan. Everyone knows this," Deng Wu explained as they walked through the town. Hearing this, Yan Xiaobao nodded. To him, having a complete staff upon purchasing was helpful since he wouldn't be able to manage it all afterward.

The time spent walking with Deng Wu was far shorter compared to their searches for the black lion in the poorer sections of the city. The building selling houses was located in the affluent residential district. Yan Xiaobao thought there might be more than one such shop, but each specialized in properties within their specific region. The building was a colossal structure made of marble. The first floor was lined with numerous desks and staff members. Glancing around, Yan Xiaobao felt somewhat puzzled. He had expected this place to be filled with images and real estate brokers, but Deng Wu tugged him by the arm, leading him toward one of the staff members. About half of the desks were occupied by customers, some with Memory Stones before them, while others were observing the Stones as narrated by staff reporters.

Standing back at one of the desks, Yan Xiaobao continued to look around, still unsure of what he was supposed to do, so he simply followed Deng Wu, letting the blue-haired man take the lead.

"Our young master wishes to purchase a mansion. It needs to be of a certain size with a prime location. It must feature a garden where the young Lord can train undisturbed, and the estate must come equipped with servants and guards."

The staff member glanced at Deng Wu, observing their blue and white hair before sneering. It was evident he regarded them as mixed-bloods—creatures not fully human and thus beneath him. "To buy anything, you must support it with coins. What you're asking for would cost at least three hundred Spirit Coins. If you can show me that amount, I'll assist you. But if you're just here to waste my time, then please leave at once."

Chapter 699: The Poem of Great Sinners_2

This man was no commoner, but neither was he noble. He did not hail from a great family; rather, he was a merchant striving to provide a decent life for his family. He had never heard of the Great Marshall of the Beast Army. There was no need for him to know, as he was merely a clerk in his family's marketplace. But his employer was different. As he patrolled the shop floor, his heart leapt to his throat upon spotting a white-haired young man in his store. He hurried to the counter instantly, his eyes turning cold as he saw the contempt on his clerk's face and the amusement twinkling in Yan Xiaobao's eyes.

"My lord!" he called out before reaching them, his voice loud and his arms outstretched as if preparing to embrace the two figures he had noticed. Everyone on the first floor fell silent for a moment, turning to observe the man. Each clerk was stunned to see such a polite smile play across their boss's face. They were astonished to witness him display such friendliness, especially considering there were clearly no nobles in the room. They knew the nobility of Muchuan City well, yet glancing around, all they saw were merchants who had climbed into the upper classes through trade. The only uncertainty lay with the

blue-and-white-haired youth. "Could they be important figures?" they wondered while most remained seated in the area.

"My lords, it is an incredible honor to see the two of you step into my humble store. Are you planning to settle in Muchuan City? If so, it would be our utmost privilege to assist you in finding the most stunning luxury mansion," he said, rubbing his hands together and bowing deeply to Yan Xiaobao. When he stood back up, he noticed the same disdainful and bewildered expressions lingering on his staff's faces behind him.

As Yan Xiaobao's eyes grew kinder than ever, the store owner chuckled and guided the young man toward his office. Everyone in the store witnessed the entire interaction, and rumors began to spread. Whispers about the two people of mixed heritage, supposedly possessing the status of lords or perhaps even the title of Building King—how they were treated with such deference—echoed through the room.

"Please, have a seat," the lord said, gesturing to the two chairs in front of his desk. Yan Xiaobao and Deng Wu sat down, eager to hear what was on his mind. Turning his back to them, the shopkeeper began searching through an array of Memory Stones. Every now and then, he would pick one up, examine it, and then set it aside. Finally, with nine stones in his hands, he walked toward the desk. Placing the Memory Stones on the table, he motioned for Yan Xiaobao and Deng Wu to examine them. "These are the most remarkable properties we currently have for sale," he said apologetically. "Their prices are steep, but they're absolutely worth it. Please, take a look."

At his words, Yan Xiaobao shrugged, picked up a Memory Stone, and placed it against his forehead. A silver-blue light shimmered, and vivid images filled his mind—photos, floor plans, servant and guard rosters. It all rushed into his thoughts. This particular mansion was a five-story building with a large park at the rear. Within the park were trees, ponds, and other typical features of such an environment. The structure itself was quite old but had been well-maintained. Built years ago in a pagoda-style design that was once highly popular, the top floor was designated for servants. The fourth and third floors housed suites for the owner's family and guests, while the second floor was reserved for a library, offices, and more. The ground floor consisted of the kitchen, dining hall, and foyer. All in all, Yan Xiaobao was deeply impressed by the residence. He appreciated its location—situated along the main avenue leading to the Royal Castle—and the park seemed ideal for training. Despite his admiration for this property, he still wanted to explore the others.

One mansion felt too small; another had an undesirable location. One was enormous, but the current residents might not vacate for an extended period. No matter which mansion he viewed, Yan Xiaobao's thoughts repeatedly returned to the first one. After reviewing all nine, he turned to Deng Wu to gauge his preference. "I'll choose the pagoda-style one," Deng Wu said, voicing what Yan Xiaobao had already decided. The young man nodded in agreement.

Feeling sweat bead on his brow, the owner retrieved the necessary documents for signing. Glancing over the papers, Yan Xiaobao saw that the house itself was priced at 475 spirit coins—a considerable sum. Without hesitation, he pulled out the required amount from his golden memory stone and set the coins on the desk. Witnessing how effortlessly the coins were produced, the Building King's throat went dry. He swallowed a few times before managing to speak. "Ah, yes; this is... excellent," he muttered, utterly shocked to see someone wield such immense wealth so casually. Typically, families would need time to gather and transport such a significant amount, but this young man paid it as if it were nothing.

After receiving and signing the papers, Yan Xiaobao's excitement was palpable. He now owned a luxury mansion in Muchuan City. "How long until I can move in?" he asked out of curiosity, as the documents didn't specify. Spotting some files nearby, the Building King cleared his throat. These were contracts with the seller, including information on all the staff and various details concerning the mansion. Flipping through a few pages, he eventually found what he was looking for. "The current owner has two weeks from the day of sale to vacate the property," he explained. Yan Xiaobao nodded; two weeks was manageable. Deng Wu, equally elated, flashed an energetic smile as he looked at Yan Xiaobao. The two rose, shook hands with the owner, and left the building with their paperwork. In two weeks, they would return to collect the keys and proceed to move in. With furniture already in place at the residence, all they needed to do was settle in.

Yan Xiaobao anticipated that Deng Wu, Wang Julong, Sha Yun, and Cai Jie would move in with him. As he was close friends with the Rong twins, he was uncertain about Gao Yan. Yan Xiaobao had no intention of forcing anyone to live with him. To avoid political factions affecting his relationship with the Rong twins, Yan Xiaobao was prepared to do anything. They had been through so much together that Yan Xiaobao felt he had owed them a great deal since childhood. Even after his prolonged silence and the sudden reappearance of a man he had never introduced, the twins had welcomed him into their home without question.

Upon exiting the building, the owner's smile grew rigid, and his eyes were filled with resentment. "Attend me!" he bellowed, and a servant quickly appeared at the doorway, bowing deeply to the Building King. "Fetch me the employee from Station Three!" he ordered, and the servant complied. The clerk who had initially spoken with Yan Xiaobao stepped into the doorway. "Enter and close the door behind you," the store owner commanded, and the young man obeyed.

"Never again will you display your displeasure so openly!" he nearly shouted at the young clerk. "Even if you despise mixed-bloods, you must not treat them worse than any other customer. After the battle at Siban, we'll encounter more beasts and hybrid beings. We cannot afford to express our personal opinions."

"But sir," the young man interrupted. "They're repulsive! They prance around so ostentatiously, I can't stand it. They could at least pretend to look like us humans. Even if they have more money than I do, they're nothing but beasts! Creatures destined to be our slaves! Do you expect me to bow to such beings?" he asked incredulously, the anger within him boiling over. The shopkeeper sighed heavily. "I don't like them either, but that white-haired man—he's even more significant than our City Lord. He's someone we cannot afford to offend. Our personal feelings cannot interfere with our work. There will be more like him—beings who must be treated with utmost respect. Even if they're not like us, even if they're filth meant to be enslaved."

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Chapter 700 Great Marshall

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After hearing that the owner shared the same feelings as him, the clerk bowed to acknowledge his understanding. Once he returned to complete some paperwork and informed his family that the house had just been sold, the owner shook hands and dismissed the young clerk.

"If he weren't the Great Marshall of the Beast Army, I would've kicked him out long ago." The man muttered to himself while organizing documents, "If he weren't that, everyone would despise him, and it poses a significant threat to our world." He continued mumbling as he grabbed the papers, left the room, and headed toward the mansion while flipping through the sales documents.

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Yan Xiaobao and Deng Wu returned to the Rong twins' home. Just as Yan Xiaobao stepped through the doorway, he noticed Cai Jie waiting for him, his face brightened with a radiant smile. Cai Jie seemed restless; it was obvious he was eager to show Yan Xiaobao something. But as soon as he saw Deng Wu, he instantly calmed down. This revealed to Yan Xiaobao that Cai Jie wasn't interested in sharing the information he had obtained with anyone else.

Yan Xiaobao wasn't the only one who noticed. Deng Wu did as well, softly placing a hand on Yan Xiaobao's shoulder and smiling at him, "I need to do some refining. I'm far from strong enough to support you." He smiled gently. Before Yan Xiaobao could say anything, the elder man climbed the stairs.

"Follow me," Cai Jie said, heading up the stairs toward the small library he and Yan Xiaobao frequently used. Yan Xiaobao hurried after him, curious about what the other man had been up to and what he might have brought back.

"I've got some intriguing information," Cai Jie said as he sat down on a chair in the library. Yan Xiaobao slipped into the chair opposite him, shrugging, signaling he had no idea what Cai Jie had discovered.

"I planned to go to the Black Lion Team to gather information about the Crusaders. I thought they might have something for sale, but on the way, I actually ran into some Crusaders!" Cai Jie exclaimed. His eyes sparkled with excitement, his words flowing rapidly—a level of energy that fully captured Yan Xiaobao's attention.

"I followed them. There were only two, low-ranking individuals. When I saw them around the marketplace, I wasn't sure where they'd come from, but I tracked their path to the castle. I suspect one of An He's men is stationed in the castle." He said excitedly. "He only lends his Crusaders to someone he can use. Men like General Frozen. If there's a more prominent member stationed in the capital, we should take this opportunity to eliminate them. It might not impact An He directly, but it would undoubtedly inconvenience him and likely force him to appear in person. I haven't seen him in a long time, and I can't gauge how strong he is now. Fighting someone without knowing their power is challenging. Training is great, but training requires a target." Cai Jie spoke more than ever before, and Yan Xiaobao finally realized just how deeply Cai Jie hated An He and how desperate he was to get rid of him. "Tomorrow, we should go to the Black Lion faction. Perhaps they have some information about An He. Surely, there's something about the Crusaders," Yan Xiaobao suggested, attempting to shift the conversation. His words brought a glimmer of hope to the seemingly younger man, softening his expression.

"Alright, tell me what you've been up to today," Cai Jie sighed as he leaned back in his chair, his gaze now curiously fixed on the grinning Yan Xiaobao. Yan Xiaobao pulled out his Memory Stone from his storage stone and tossed it to Cai Jie, who effortlessly caught it. Placing the stone to his forehead, gentle hues of silver and blue light shimmered throughout the library, and the mansion's details poured into the blond man's mind. When he removed the stone and handed it back to Yan Xiaobao, he said, "You have enough money to purchase such a perfect mansion? Not bad, not bad at all." He praised the young man before him.

Cai Jie and Yan Xiaobao each headed to their respective rooms, sitting down to focus on their training. Hours passed, and the house fell into complete silence. The Rong twins were still at the Royal Academy. While no longer students, they were dedicating themselves to developing Martial Arts and crafting spiritual art in their laboratory. Their innovations were later taught to students and experts in the Royal Army. It brought back memories for Yan Xiaobao of his old life when he used to work in the lab, assisting

Li Fen with various experiments. Though the twins had long since graduated, their continuous creativity never ceased.

While the twins remained preoccupied at the academy, Wang Julong was busy at the infirmary. All her spare time was devoted to improving her medicinal skills. She vowed never to witness another friend die before her eyes again. She was determined never to be too weak to act. Her training revolved around enhancing her healing abilities, mastering techniques involving flowers and herbal medicine, which eventually evolved into a talent for poisons.

While waiting for Wang Julong to return, Yan Xiaobao was immersed in training. Deng Wu already knew about their new home, but Yan Xiaobao wanted it to be a surprise for Wang Julong. He hoped it would comfort her, knowing that he was fiercely driven by his commitment to avenge her family.

As Wang Julong focused on bolstering her own power, Deng Wu dedicated all his time to self-improvement. He purchased every soul shadow he encountered and meticulously crafted inscriptions while refining his inner energy. He followed Little Dragon's training plan with great results. Although he had managed to reach King-level strength, he still felt inadequate when it came to supporting Yan Xiaobao. As a result, he spent all his free time in his room, focusing solely on training.