

## Medical 741

### Chapter 741: A Very Important Person\_2

"Give me your arm. I need to check it," he said authoritatively, not expecting the little boy to comply just like that. Yan Xiaobao grabbed his arm, placed two thumbs on the boy's wrist, and inserted a thread of Qi into the boy's body.

He smiled as he noticed this Qi being greedily absorbed by the boy, much like how the ground absorbs water. Seeing this, the smile on Yan Xiaobao's face widened, and as he took over, another strand of energy emerged in him.

The reason ripples appeared was because the souls of Yan Xiaobao and Lan Feng had grown considerably. The stronger their souls, the more lively the ripples. The little boy before him was completely frozen, unable to comprehend what was happening, but he was sure that this mysterious white-haired young man meant him no harm.

"Take me to your sister. Afterwards, the two of you will follow me, and I will make sure your lives are decent. What's your name?" Yan Xiaobao asked, looking at the little boy who finally opened his mouth, "Lao." Lao was the only word he uttered. No other name or any other name. His only name was Lao because his parents never gave him any other name.

"What's your sister's name?" he asked, Lao looked at him for a moment before responding, "Her name is Qiao."

"Neither of you has a surname?" Yan Xiaobao asked curiously, and Lao shook his head. "Qiao and I are not blood-related, but I found her when I was young. To me, she's everything," he replied honestly. He felt comfortable beside Yan Xiaobao, seeing the elder nod again.

"Take me to your sister first," he repeated. Lao nodded before leading Yan Xiaobao into the town's lowest point. It was extremely foul-smelling, with sewers overflowing. Everyone he saw was as poor as Lao. Looking around, Yan Xiaobao was unsure how people could live in such conditions. Although the surrounding area was rather despicable, even Yan Xiaobao, accustomed to apathy, had to admit the living standards were shocking. He truly didn't understand why so many people lived together in such a poor area, his eyebrows furrowing as he looked at Lao. Though despicable, he had long since learned how to live in such an environment.

Navigating through this section of town was lengthy, and Yan Xiaobao quickly realized that the farther one went, the more disgusting the living conditions, and the poorer the residents. Finally, as they were almost reaching the city walls, Lao left the main street and walked down a narrow alley.

In this alley, there were countless small shacks, unable to accommodate even one or two people. If there were two people inside, it would be impossible for them to move around, and introducing a third person into the house was entirely impossible. Before doing so, it would collapse.

Yan Xiaobao did not belong to this environment; his high-quality clothing quickly caught the attention of many beggars on the street, but although their eyes were filled with greed and indignation, none had the courage to actually attack him. They painfully realized their lack of power, as the stunningly dressed person was definitely a young master or an experienced mercenary.

He was someone far above their reach, but for some reason, he was here in this impoverished place. Watching the young man leading him, there was a hint of pity in everyone's eyes. No one believed Yan Xiaobao had come here to help this child. No one from the town helped their people.

When Lao stopped in front of a shack so small that Yan Xiaobao was astounded, unable to adapt, Lao crawled inside as if it was natural for him. Moments later, he reappeared holding a young girl. This child was clearly malnourished. Her doe-like eyes were large, her cheeks sunken. Her body was so small that she seemed not even seven years old. Looking at her, Yan Xiaobao was reminded of his own younger brother, whom he hadn't seen in years. He had left his younger brother with cultivation techniques and enough materials for a good life, which had been used for proper cultivation over the years, but despite being able to leave things, he could never leave a part of himself. He wondered if his younger brother held any resentment towards him. With a sigh,

"Alright, you two pack up and follow me," he said. "I'll take you in. From now on, your names will be Hui Jo and Hui Lao," he said. "You will live with me. I'll make sure you'll never go hungry again and you'll have a bright future. The only thing I want in return is to support me when you grow older, if I ever need your help," he said with a smile. Lao stared at him as if he descended from the heavens. His eyes turned red, and suddenly two tears fell. "You... you're giving us a surname?" he asked, stuttering, and Yan Xiaobao nodded. "You're giving us food and a home?" he asked again. Yan Xiaobao nodded once more. Seeing this young man's incredible disbelief hurt him inside. "If you do what you promised, I will follow you forever," the little boy said, determination in his eyes.

Yan Xiaobao was very pleased with this little boy's response, a smile appearing at the corners of his lips. "You have an incredibly gifted potential for cultivation, but your path will be easy. You are strong;

otherwise, you would've died a long time ago. Pack your things and come with me. We have a place to stop on our way back," he said, but Jo and Lao seemed not to move an inch.

Seeing the strange expression on Yan Xiaobao's face, Lao shrugged. "There's nothing inside the shack. We sleep on the ground wearing these clothes." Hearing this, Yan Xiaobao understood their situation was worse than he thought. He nodded, turned away, and hurriedly left the town's poorest area.

As she followed the big man, Qiao was terrified. Fortunately, Lao held her hand, and she managed to calm down a bit. Seeing her more relaxed now, happiness was visible on his face. He never dared imagine that one day, a man would suddenly appear and take him to a better place where he could start a new life. Deep inside, he felt indebted to Xu Yue.

"Alright, we can't talk to my friend until we get you cleaned up," he said, scratching his chin while nodding decisively, guiding the two children towards a tailor. When they entered the shop, the clerk behind the counter immediately frowned, but after seeing Yan Xiaobao, he didn't dare say anything.

"I need seven sets of clothes for each child," Yan Xiaobao said decisively, allowing no one to question his authority. The frowning clerk immediately nodded. He quickly prepared robes and many clothes. Looking at the children, he shook his head.

"I'm sorry, sir, but we can't let them try on clothes while they're this dirty; however, if you pay an extra 50 silver coins per child, there's a hot spring resort two streets away from here where you can take them to get cleaned."

Hearing this, and seeing the high-quality fabrics the clerk showed, he nodded. "Lao, Qiao, come with me. Let's get you two a warm shower."

When they entered the spa, both children's eyes turned incredulous. Lao couldn't remember if he had ever bathed before, and he knew that while he was looking after her, Qiao never had one either. When he saw how Yan Xiaobao casually handed 100 silver coins to the spa owner for the two of them, Lao was astonished. He still couldn't fully understand why Yan Xiaobao was willing to spend so much on someone he had never met before, even more so when people tried to steal from him, but he knew it was unwise to ask too many questions. If he asked too many questions, maybe this wealthy nobleman would change his mind. Lao would do anything to ensure Yan Xiaobao didn't change his mind.

The moment they entered the spa, there was a group of women who led Qiao to a bath, but she only followed them after Lao promised to fetch her soon. On the other hand, Yan Xiaobao followed those who led Lao to a bath.

They entered a vast pool with a giant swimming pool. The scent of flowers wafted from the warm waters, and Yan Xiaobao smiled as Lao's face turned a bit sour. Having never bathed, his entire body needed cleaning, and so he had to immerse himself in the incredible warmth of the water.

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Chapter 742: The Young Generation's Genius

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As Yan Xiaobao watched the smile on Lao's face, Lao held his breath and stepped into the warm water. At first, he felt as though the water was burning his entire body, but soon, he felt comfortable, especially as the dirt on his skin began to loosen.

Cleaning up the two children completely took over two hours. Their hair now shone with radiance, and their skin looked fair and rosy. Looking at the two children, Yan Xiaobao purchased two sets of children's clothing for them when they returned to the tailor shop. The moment they walked through the front door, the shop assistant, holding several robes in his arms, greeted them with an enthusiastic smile. After trying on all the clothes, the children were able to pick out seven outfits. Watching Miss Qiao excitedly select one piece of clothing after another, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but laugh.

Seeing the happiness in his sister's eyes, Lao felt an overwhelming sense of gratitude in his heart. He was delighted, a dizzying smile spreading across his face. He had never seen her show such an expression before. The joy made him feel intoxicated, and deep down, he vowed to train diligently so he could be of use to Yan Xiaobao someday. He wanted to become a talent among the younger generation.

After purchasing the clothing, two of the fourteen outfits were made ready to wear right away; the others were packaged. Xiao Qiao couldn't stop spinning around, admiring the green dress she was wearing, marveling at the intricate designs displayed on the long robes and the yellow belt around her waist.

Even Lao walked out of the tailor shop with a refreshed demeanor. He no longer felt like a thief. "So this is how it feels to be a young master," he murmured to himself as he caught up with his benefactor.

He hesitated for a moment as he looked at Yan Xiaobao, though he didn't want the older boy to doubt his intentions. Lao simply could not understand all the reasons behind his benefactor's kindness.

"Why are you helping us so much?" he asked softly. Though his voice was low, Yan Xiaobao heard him. Squatting down to meet the boy's eyes, he paused briefly.

"When I touched your wrist earlier, I checked to see how strong your talent for cultivation was. It's even stronger than my own," he said while gently patting the boy's head. "I see you as an investment. You're a raw diamond," he continued. "Your talent is truly remarkable, but you need someone to help you develop it. We can support each other. When you are strong, you can help me, and when you are weak, I will help you."

Upon hearing this, Lao understood that this wasn't just an act of kindness but also a gesture of mutual understanding. Relieved, he felt as though a heavy weight had been lifted from his heart, and he nodded with a smile.

"Alright, since things are like this, follow me to meet a friend of mine. I need to gather some information," he said with a smile as he walked at a slower pace than before. Walking for a while, he noticed Xiao Qiao staring at all the different food stalls, practically drooling. Smiling, he walked over to a stall selling meat-filled buns, buying two bags with five buns each and handing them to the children.

Upon receiving the bags, Xiao Qiao and Lao were stunned. At the same time, their stomachs growled so loudly that they couldn't resist stuffing the buns into their mouths. Eating the buns brought them immense happiness that words could not describe. To understand this joy, one must know how terrifying it was to live with a constant lack of food. When they were suddenly given enough to fill their stomachs, the two children nearly broke down, crying tears of happiness. It was the first time in their lives they'd ever experienced this.

Watching the children eat their fill, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but smile. Although it could be seen as charity, he had his own reasons for his actions. He truly believed that fostering Lao would make the boy an invaluable asset to him someday.

Sighing as the children finished eating, Yan Xiaobao stood up and motioned for them to follow him. It was time to visit the black lion.

When they arrived at the Black Lion, the two children were amazed by the enormous inn before them. They didn't say a word but crowded close to Yan Xiaobao, fearing they might get lost if they didn't stay near him. He gently held Xiao Qiao's hand, giving her a sense of security.

Entering the inn, many gazes turned toward Yan Xiaobao. However, upon realizing who he was, no one paid him any further attention. All were accustomed to this young man visiting Gao Yan regularly.

Without acknowledging anyone, Yan Xiaobao and the two children headed for the stairs, ascending to the second floor and arriving at Gao Yan's office. While Yan Xiaobao appeared calm and at ease, Lao and Xiao Qiao couldn't help but feel uneasy about what was to come. However, as long as Yan Xiaobao remained in front of them, they felt completely safe. As long as they followed him, everything would be fine.

Entering the office, Yan Xiaobao's eyes scanned the many desks, where cultivators were shaping Memory Gems using information from across the nation. Some of the individuals here were news travelers from Moon Province and the Siban Empire. Others were servants from the Capital or residents of individual family households, all sources of information usable by Gao Yan.

Yan Xiaobao didn't stop at any of the desks; instead, he headed straight for Gao Yan's. On arrival, he found his friend fully absorbed in the act of reviewing each Memory Stone laid out on his desk. Yan Xiaobao was amazed at Gao Yan's ability to process all the information he encountered daily.

Waiting for Gao Yan to open his eyes, Yan Xiaobao stood motionless before the desk, like a statue. Lao and Xiao Qiao stood beside him, silent, patiently waiting for the older friend to finish his work.

Chapter 743: The Young Generation's Genius\_2

"Don't tell me you've already managed to find some kids." A voice suddenly echoed from the back of the room. "I've always thought the first person to get children would be Deng Wu, given his love for anything beautiful."

Hearing this, Yan Xiaobao turned around, and upon seeing Rong Ming walking toward him, a wide smile broke across his face. "This is Hui Lou and Hui Jo," he introduced, and at the moment their names were spoken, pride shone on the faces of the two children, while Rong Ming's expression clearly transformed into one of shock. "They're your children?!" he exclaimed in disbelief, making Yan Xiaobao laugh heartily.

The outburst drew the attention of Gao Yan, who looked up to see Yan Xiaobao walking in with two children in tow. His face was also filled with disbelief. He gave the pair a thorough once-over and took some time to calm himself.

"They're adopted by me, so you could consider them my children," Yan Xiaobao said with a smile. "The Hui Clan is indeed quite small, but these two are the most capable of nurturing their talents. Having such brilliant youths in the Hui Clan obviously means they'll be significant for our future in Muchuan City."

Hearing how Yan Xiaobao praised them, Lao's face turned beet red as he lowered his gaze to the ground, while a satisfied smile appeared on Qiao's face. Both Rong Ming and Gao Yan had visible expressions of astonishment. "More talented than you?!" they asked in shock, their opinions of Lao drastically changing. Rong Ming even patted the young boy on the head, saying, "You're quite the little prodigy. If no one had taken you in yet, I'd surely do anything to persuade you to join my family." He sighed. "Then again, I suppose I'd never predict just how talented you are," he continued with resignation. Lao dismissed his words entirely, understanding deeply within himself that even if others offered him more than Yan Xiaobao ever could, he would never leave Xiaobao's side.

"So what brings you here?" Gao Yan finally asked after shaking his head, fully shocked by the children Xiaobao had brought. "I've been out of town for a while," Yan Xiaobao began. "I wanted to know what's happened these past few days. If anything at all."

After mulling it over for a while, Gao Yan scratched his chin. "Nothing unusual has occurred, but I haven't received any updates from the Royal Castle these past days. Normally, I draw visitors daily, yet these past few days have been eerily silent. I was planning to look into it, but haven't found a resolution yet," he said apologetically.

Considering Gao Yan's words, Yan Xiaobao nodded thoughtfully. Although vague, it was significant—lack of information often indicated something was being concealed, a puzzle not easily solved.

"This may be my cue to return to His Highness," Yan Xiaobao murmured with a nod. "If you receive any kind of information, please share it with me immediately," he said, turning and leaving the office with the children following closely behind, leaving Rong Ming and Gao Yan perplexed.

Leaving the black lion, Yan Xiaobao headed straight for his mansion. After roughly half an hour of walking through the town, the three of them arrived at the sprawling estate.

Both Lao and Qiao were utterly stunned upon seeing the massive mansion before them. Neither of them uttered a word; jaws dropped, and their eyes widened to their limits. It was entirely different from anything they were accustomed to.

Noticing their expressions, Yan Xiaobao chuckled softly, then nodded toward the guards without saying much before entering the mansion. Although the two children were in awe, they quickly followed behind, eyes wide as they took in everything around them. As soon as they entered, Yan Xiaobao clapped his hands, and a maid promptly appeared, bowing in front of her employer while curiously eyeing the two children he had brought.

"Prepare two adjacent rooms for these children," he said, casting a casual glance at the maid, who nodded immediately then hurried off. Yan Xiaobao was a respected figure within the mansion. He treated his servants with courtesy, never resorting to anger.

This earned him great respect from his servants, but also a good deal of curiosity. Moments after the children entered the mansion, gossip about a young man with children in the palace spread like wildfire, and within an hour, the rumors had reached every corner of Muchuan City.

Although the gossip about him swept through the city like flames, Yan Xiaobao and the children remained oblivious to the buzz, instead focusing on exploring their new home. The silver-haired young man took them on a tour.

"Tomorrow, I'll introduce you to a set of cultivation techniques. This technique will help you refine the essence of heaven and earth. It will mark the beginning of your training, and though the process will be very slow, slow and steady wins the race. It's vital that you take the time to refine the essence as thoroughly as possible," he said.

"While I remain in Muchuan City, I'll personally train you and ensure you receive the best instruction. If I need to leave the city from time to time, don't worry—I'll arrange for someone else to continue training you," he added.

The seriousness in Yan Xiaobao's words drew a mature and solemn look to the boy's face—an expression not typical for someone of his age. Yan Xiaobao felt a surge of satisfaction seeing the child take him so seriously.

"Will you leave often?" Lao asked quietly, his voice tinged with disappointment. Yan Xiaobao leaned down and patted his head. "I won't leave often, but it'll happen now and then," he said. "Even when I periodically depart, I promise I'll always come back for you and Qiao."

#### Chapter 744: Genius of the Younger Generation\_3

Seeing happiness again appear in Lao's eyes, he nodded excitedly. "I can start cultivating now. Please let me start!" he said eagerly, but Yan Xiaobao merely scoffed at him. "We'll start tomorrow, not today. You need to rest so that you'll be in peak condition when we begin," Yan Xiaobao explained before dragging the two children into the kitchen.

"These children are Hui Lao and Hui Jo," Hui Yue introduced the two children to the kitchen's chef, "They're part of my family now, so their words carry authority. They're allowed to eat whenever they're hungry, but don't give them too many sweets," he smiled. He could only imagine how terrifying starvation must be, and to ensure they would never starve again, Yan Xiaobao decided to take them directly to the kitchen. Of course, he informed the chef, but he also made sure to tell the children that they could always get food there.

After leaving the kitchen, Yan Xiaobao walked through the park, showing them the places where he often trained and those he hadn't yet used for training. This was to let the children know where they could find him if he wasn't inside the mansion.

As he showed them the library, dining hall, and their rooms, the children's eyes were brimming with excitement. Everything was overwhelming, and they soon started to feel weary, so Yan Xiaobao led them to their rooms. When he saw the siblings enter Lao's room together, he wasn't surprised. They were now in a new world, and besides having each other, they had clung to nothing else.

Seeing the two children fall asleep, Yan Xiaobao summoned another servant, "I need you to find a family tutor for me. These children need to learn how to read and write. Hire the best you can find. Money is not an issue," he said. Shortly after, the servant departed to the Teacher Guild, where he could secure the finest teacher that money could buy.

The guild was as busy as ever, with many patrons present. Before heading to the reception desk, the servant hesitated as he scanned the room.

"My monarch is looking for the best family tutor. The job involves teaching two children," he said, and as he spoke, the guild fell silent, with everyone staring at the servant, peculiar expressions on their faces.

Unsure if he had said something wrong, a chill crept down his spine, lasting only a moment before a muscular man stood up and strode toward the servant.

"When it comes to cultivating children, I am the best family tutor," he said in a booming voice. "But this is what you are looking for."

At this, the servant turned pale and shook his head vigorously. "I'm looking for a tutor to teach writing and reading," he stammered out. Suddenly, a surge of teachers stood up and rushed toward the servant.

Overwhelmed, the servant was at a loss, but eventually, the staff member behind the counter slammed his hand on the desk. "Shut up, you noisy fools!" he yelled hoarsely before turning to the servant. "Leave your address here. I'll send the teacher to your location within a few days," he said. The servant nodded gratefully before returning to the mansion.

Yan Xiaobao was in the park, once again fully immersed in his holy solar energy. Although he had grown proficient in using it enough to summon the sun each time, he still couldn't yet make it its strongest. He was determined not to stop training until he perfected summoning the fireball.

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Chapter 745 Curiosity

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During his training, Yan Xiaobao completely emptied his thoughts. He did not think about the Royal Family's mysterious silence, nor did he think about the two children he had just taken under his wing. All he focused on was the training he was undergoing.

The day was drawing to a close, and Xu Yue sighed as he walked toward the mansion. On his way to the dining hall, he noticed the two children weren't present, though everyone else was. They speculated that the children were too nervous to enter the dining hall by themselves. He went to fetch them, taking the opportunity to introduce the children to everyone present.

The introductions proceeded smoothly, and as time passed, the initial shock of Yan Xiaobao adopting the children quickly faded. Everyone resumed their routines. Yan Xiaobao spent an hour each day training Lao, while the rest of his time was devoted to absorbing the essence of heaven and earth.

Lao started cultivating much later than most, but his cultivation speed astonished Yan Xiaobao. He was quickly approaching the first star of the student rank—a level that took Yan Xiaobao significantly longer to reach. What intrigued Yan Xiaobao even further was Lao's temperament, as pure as his own.

While Yan Xiaobao was busy training and educating the children, three days passed, and then a guest arrived at the mansion. Upon hearing that someone was here to meet him, Yan Xiaobao personally ran to the front door to see who it was.

Opening the mansion's door, his eyes landed on an elderly gentleman. The man wore a well-made black robe and sported a thick beard on his face. He exuded authority, and upon seeing him, Yan Xiaobao was momentarily dumbfounded.

"Welcome, sir," he said, cupping his fists. "May I ask your name and the purpose of your visit?" he continued politely, while the man glared at him intently.

"I heard you were looking for a tutor for some children," the man said indifferently, as though the matter didn't concern him. But the moment Yan Xiaobao heard this, a broad smile formed on his lips.

"I deeply apologize for my earlier behavior," he said softly to the tutor, then gestured for the guards to let him inside. The gentleman paid little attention to the guards as he entered the mansion.

"Let's discuss the conditions of my employment. If you can agree to my terms, I will work for you until your children are capable of managing on their own," he said. Yan Xiaobao nodded and led the gentleman into a room with two chairs and a table, the walls lined with countless bookshelves.

"I need two hundred Gold Coins per month—one hundred for each child I teach," the tutor immediately stated, showing no signs of pleading. Without a doubt, he was the best tutor in town and could afford to be direct with those who sought his skills.

Yan Xiaobao, unintentionally nodding, made it clear that he had no problem hiring the tutor even at the high price, which exceeded the man's usual fare. Yan Xiaobao didn't argue over the price, causing the tutor to be surprised. However, the man quickly masked his emotions and grunted as he set forth the next condition. "You'll provide me with a room to live in and a separate room for teaching the children.

While I stay here, all my food and drink will be paid for by you. Any materials I deem necessary for your children's education, you'll buy them instantly."

The gentleman demanded far more than he ever had before. Without hesitation, Yan Xiaobao nodded again. Drawing four golden pouches from a golden stone, he tossed them casually toward the elder. "This is your pay for the next two months," he said as he stood and gestured for the man to follow him. Yan Xiaobao's casual attitude toward money deeply startled the elder once more, but he quickly followed his new employer. After all, with his pay already secured, there was no way he could simply walk away.

"I shouldn't have come here at all; my curiosity got the better of me today," the tutor muttered to himself. "Why did I want to see what this white-haired young man is really like? I don't wish to teach mixed-blood children—it could tarnish my reputation," he continued mumbling. Yan Xiaobao walked ahead of him, showing no sign of having overheard, save for the faint cold glint in his eyes.

After traversing the mansion, they reached the floor where the rooms were located. Yan Xiaobao selected one of the finer rooms for the tutor. Summoning a maid, he instructed her to prepare the room before directing the tutor to follow him again. This time, they arrived at a mid-sized library.

"You can teach the children here. I'll ensure this room is cleaned daily, and no one will dare disturb you," Yan Xiaobao said, summoning another maid to carry out the task. The tutor glanced around the library in astonishment. The quality of this room was far superior to any he had taught in before. Although he had arrived with a negative mindset, a hint of excitement began to gleam in his eyes. Perhaps this wouldn't be such a bad endeavor, after all.

While Yan Xiaobao was busy with the tutor, Gao Yan was utterly stunned. His usual informants had failed to tell him what was happening inside the Royal Castle. He was aware that the country's top cultivators had gathered there, yet he couldn't discern the reason.

Gao Yan wasn't accustomed to being left in the dark, and the longer this situation persisted, the more unsettled he became. "I suppose I have no choice," he muttered while gazing out the window. "Perhaps he can help me," he murmured again, sighing deeply.

As Gao Yan fumed in frustration, Yan Xiaobao introduced the tutor to the children, yet the tutor still hadn't revealed his name—Tang Mu. When the tutor saw the children with jet-black hair and brown eyes, he was surprised. Both of them were clearly human children and too old to be the white-haired

young man's biological offspring. As he looked at the children, an odd expression flickered across the elder's face, but he resolutely nodded his head.

#### Chapter 746 Curiosity\_2

"I will teach you from midday to just before midday. I will teach you how to write and read. I will also teach you arithmetic and history. You will be molded into great Little Lords and Ladies, so that you may meet our expectations," the old man said as he gazed at the two children. "We will start classes tomorrow morning, so do not be late," he warned them. Yan Xiaobao saw satisfaction reflected in the man's eyes.

"Will I really learn how to read and write?" Lao finally hesitated. "I have talent in training, but nothing else. Would it be better if I simply trained to cultivate?" He seemed more timid than before, and his question made Yan Xiaobao sigh lightly, though he understood the source of the child's doubts.

"If I wanted you to become a guard, then yes, reading, writing, manners, and history would be of no use; but I do not intend for you to become a guard. I brought you into the Hui Clan, you are the eldest. You are my heir, and you need to know how to live and behave in a noble household."

Upon hearing Yan Xiaobao's words, both the child and the teacher were stunned. Here was a child with no blood ties, and yet this young man was willing to make him his heir. What sort of boy was this frail little youth? No matter how the teacher regarded the child, he found nothing extraordinary about him, yet he understood that his duty was to cultivate an heir. Even if he had previously been unhappy about the arrangement, he was now completely invested in the work, his eyes burning with the fervor of teaching the children. He had to admit that he had made a grave mistake in judging Yan Xiaobao purely based on his mixed heritage.

At dinner, Yan Xiaobao had the opportunity to introduce Tang Mu, the teacher, to everyone in the household, even including Cai Jie, Sha Yun, and Wang Julong. Although everyone was shocked to hear that Yan Xiaobao had adopted two children, none of the other children objected to it, and they were quickly accepted by the rest of the household. They all knew that Yan Xiaobao had his reasons for doing what he did, and if he adopted children, then it was with purpose.

"Hmph, do you have a moment?" Gao Yan stopped Yan Xiaobao just as he was about to leave the banquet hall. The young man with white hair looked surprised but quickly nodded, and together they went to Yan Xiaobao's room, a place where they could speak privately.

"For the past two weeks, all the Saints and the Emperor of the Kingdom have gathered within the Royal Castle, and unfortunately, I have been unable to obtain any information about what is happening. I have

sent various experts to investigate, but none have returned. Even the maids and servants, who usually provide us with all the gossip we could use, have remained silent, as if with an execution sentence looming over their heads," Gao Yan said, shaking his head helplessly.

"The Third Prince told you that you can visit him anytime; perhaps you could go and see him, hoping to learn something there? Obviously, we cannot sell this information, but this mysterious silence makes me uneasy. I want to know what's happening. Honestly, I think you need to know as well," he continued.

Yan Xiaobao agreed, nodding slowly. He, of course, wanted to know what was happening, and there was no doubt he might find out if he visited the Third Prince.

"I will go tomorrow morning," he said, his decision already made. "When I return, I will tell you what's going on," he said with a smile to Gao Yan, his elder friend, who quickly left the room, leaving Xu Yue behind.

"I want to know what has happened," he mused to himself as he looked at the descending sky. Letting out a deep sigh, he cleared his mind of all his worries before sitting on the ground to wait for moonlight and the cold yin energy hidden beneath it.

Just like last time, a servant greeted Yan Xiaobao as he entered the castle grounds and led him toward the Third Prince. Yan Xiaobao was easily spotted in the crowd, and the Third Prince instructed all the guards and servants to welcome him as any important guest. Whatever the Third Prince was doing, he had ordered that Yan Xiaobao be brought directly to him.

The Third Prince was by no means foolish. He was well aware that Yan Xiaobao, though a newcomer to Muchuan City, had significant backing—a magical beast, and not just from any beast tribe, but one belonging to the massive tribe under the rule of the Divine Domain.

Forming a friendship with the Great Marshall could help him avoid situations like those with the Spanish Empire, but more importantly, gaining his support might push him over the edge and make him the next King under the sun.

Yan Xiaobao understood the opportunities he brought to the Third Prince. Though he was pleased to help the Third Prince, he had to use his charm to extract some information from the man. For now, a

mutually beneficial relationship was what Yan Xiaobao needed. He grasped the meaning of keeping one's friends close but one's enemies even closer.

This time, they did not go to the mansion or garden where Yan Xiaobao had met him before. No, this time, the servants led him to the actual main castle—the castle where the King resided and where decisions regarding the Kingdom were made. Knowing they were headed there, Yan Xiaobao held his breath, hoping he might overhear something of interest. Even if the Third Prince decided not to tell him anything, who could blame him for using his enhanced hearing to catch a thing or two?

### Chapter 747 Curiosity\_3

Yan Xiaobao anticipated that the main castle would be filled with people of various races, servants, guards, priests, and commoners, working together to build a kingdom and solve its problems. However, to his utter astonishment, he found the place completely deserted; not even a single servant was visible as they moved deeper into the inner regions of the castle.

The further they ventured into the castle, the more extravagant the decorations became. Preachers appeared sporadically, but upon spotting the servant leading Yan Xiaobao, they all hurried away. Their heads lowered, and their eyes dared not meet the strangers traversing the empty corridors.

These preachers were important figures within the kingdom, esteemed in status, yet they behaved as if frightened like mice. None displayed their usual arrogance. Witnessing this, Yan Xiaobao felt puzzled. What had the Royal Family done to provoke such a reaction from everyone?

After reaching the castle's innermost area, the servant headed straight toward the castle's core. He advanced to the Throne Room—Sun Kingdom's chamber for discussions of top-secret matters concerning state affairs. Outsiders were rarely allowed into this room unless they were part of significant diplomatic delegations from other nations.

Even though it was a room where the most confidential information was exchanged, the servant did not hesitate, striding confidently to the immense door crafted from heavy wood, intricately engraved with dragons. He knocked forcefully.

A hush fell over the corridor, and Yan Xiaobao stood still, awaiting what would unfold. Soon, the door creaked open. Inside the Throne Room, Yan Xiaobao immediately spotted the Third Prince, with two other young men by his side. One of them was someone Yan Xiaobao instantly recognized from a banquet he had attended on a prior visit, while the other bore a striking resemblance; he conjectured that this was the First Prince, the one he had never met before.

The three princes stood on one side of the enormous Throne Room, while about a dozen elders—clearly priests—were fervently engaged in discussing critical matters. On the throne sat an elderly man who looked exceedingly bored, his expression utterly indifferent to the opposing factions' deliberations as if he did not care about the subject at hand.

Beside the King stood a woman who made Yan Xiaobao instinctively take a deep breath. Without question, she was the most beautiful woman he had ever encountered. Her long black hair shimmered with the light from pale stones embedded in the walls behind her. Her eyes resembled those of a Phoenix; entirely black like the sky on a moonless night, they were unfathomably deep, and when she looked at you, it felt as though she could peer straight into your soul.

The King sat on a modest throne, leaning slightly to one side, revealing her astonishingly narrow waist. It was so slender that Yan Xiaobao imagined he could embrace it effortlessly, with space to spare. Her skin was porcelain white. Looking at this woman, despite Wang Julong's beauty, Yan Xiaobao understood they were worlds apart. This woman seemed like an angel descended from the heavens.

While Yan Xiaobao was struck speechless by the beauty of the kingdom's sole princess, his face betrayed no such emotion; instead, he cast a discerning glance around the room before fixing his gaze on the Third Prince. By now, Yan Xiaobao had mastered the art of controlling his emotions and expressions. He had witnessed many extraordinary things—it was truly rare for something to appear shocking enough to register visibly on his face.

As Yan Xiaobao stepped into the hall, everyone halted their discussions and turned their heads to observe the individual who had interrupted them. But as soon as the young man came into view behind the door, the expressions on their faces transformed entirely, shifting from the brightness of day to the darkness of night.

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Chapter 748: Surpassing the Entire Empire

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The King's previously indifferent expression brightened, his chair subtly elevated, and a smile tugged at the corners of his lips. "I'd like to hear some of his stories!" he muttered audibly, allowing the Princess to catch his words. She nodded in complete agreement, as she too was eager to know how the young

man had managed to convince mythical beasts to lead them in battle, not to mention how he had risen above the entire Empire.

The King wasn't the only one showing enthusiasm; the Third Prince beamed as well, nodding toward his brothers before striding over to Yan Xiaobao as if greeting an old friend.

"Yan Xiaobao, it's fantastic to meet you here today!" he exclaimed, spreading his arms wide as he gestured for the young man to follow him. Yet, as he hastily walked after the man he secretly yearned to kill, a complicated expression flickered across his face.

Every pair of eyes in the room was fixed on Yan Xiaobao, making him distinctly uneasy. Glancing around, he carefully assessed his surroundings and picked up on the way the King's gaze seemed to regard him with great interest.

Clearing his throat, he came to an abrupt halt. "My gratitude, Your Majesty. But it appears you're engrossed in an important discussion with your brothers. I wouldn't wish to interrupt. If I am permitted, I'd gladly visit your Royal Father to pay my respects to His Highness."

As soon as these words were spoken, the King's eyes gleamed with delight. A grin spread across his bearded face as he quickly nodded, not giving the Third Prince a chance to respond. "It would be our honor!" the King said warmly. Bowing briefly toward the Prince, Yan Xiaobao promptly walked toward the King. A servant appeared at once, placing a chair near the throne.

Before seating himself, Yan Xiaobao gave the King and Princess a deep bow, glancing around the immense room and noticing the ministers and princes immersed once again in their discussions.

"My young friend, I wish to speak with you about many matters. If you share honestly the happenings of your exhilarating adventure, we'd be glad to answer any questions you might have regarding our Kingdom."

Hearing this, a smile lit up Yan Xiaobao's face, and he nodded. "I've come here to enlighten His Majesty. Any questions he may have, I'd be delighted to answer."

"In that case, we won't beat around the bush. Please tell us how you managed to survive in the Divine Domain. Everyone we've sent, even hybrid experts, perished upon entry. None have returned or relayed any information."

"I must say, the Divine Domain is a place overflowing with mythical beasts. All the beasts within possess immense power. However, while they are magical creatures, many of them take on human forms and live lifestyles quite similar to our own here in the Sun Kingdom."

"When I first entered the Divine Domain, I was fortunate enough not to encounter any strong beasts before stumbling upon a small village. There, I gleaned information about the land I had been forced to enter." He continued, his words captivating the King. His eyes shone with exhilaration and intrigue as he leaned back in his chair. The Divine Domain was a place of legend, unknown to many, yet universally fascinating.

"The Divine Domain houses numerous villages and cities, with 64 major cities in total. Each of these major cities is governed by a Saint." As Yan Xiaobao said this, the King's shock grew visibly stronger. Clearing his throat with slight apprehension, he nervously licked his lips. "Sixty-four Saints?" he muttered, even causing the Princess beside him to furrow her brow.

Noting their reactions, Yan Xiaobao chuckled. "There are far more Saints within the Divine Domain than merely those sixty-four. However, they are not as powerful as the experts who reign over their individual territories. I was fortunate enough to be taken in by one of these Saints, who spent her time training me. In return for the training she imparted, I taught her about human warfare. It was my knowledge in this field that led the beasts to appoint me as their Grand Marshal."

The King nodded thoughtfully, observing the young man beside him while stroking his chin. A brilliant yet gentle smile graced the young man's face, a paradoxical aura radiating from him—serene yet tinged with an unmistakable sense of danger. It reminded the King of none other than General Frozen, a sensation he found inexplicably unsettling.

"I wonder if you could share what has recently transpired within the Kingdom?" Yan Xiaobao asked once more, his gaze sweeping the throne room to rest on the Preacher and the Princes. They were visibly occupied, though apparently under strict orders to remain discreet. The King sighed heavily before looking at Yan Xiaobao and exhaling once more. "Although we ought to keep silent, I don't believe withholding this will serve any purpose," he replied, glancing briefly at all those engrossed in the matter of the discussion. "The Unknown Tomb?" Yan Xiaobao frowned. He had never encountered such a notion, yet he quickly deduced it might be of lesser significance to him than the King might expect—especially with Lan Feng by his side.

"You fool!" A voice echoed in his mind, pointing out how he undervalued the matter. "The tombs of various Saints are filled with numerous treasures. Some items carry incomprehensible power— medicinal pills potent enough to significantly assist ascension to Emperor-level, alongside relics of mighty utility. Even if you can't directly wield them, you might procure items for your newfound child. He lacks the Phoenix's assistance." The voice scoffed. Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but agree with the Phoenix. Its words held truth. He had indeed overestimated himself.

#### Chapter 749: Surpassing the Entire Empire\_2

"There might be something of interest to me there as well..." Phoenix muttered quietly, nearly letting Yan Xiaobao miss it. "What are you interested in?" he asked curiously. "Remember how you need to balance Yin Yang Energy. Alright, if we're lucky, he might consume some medicinal medicine or pills, and if we're really fortunate, we might even discover something tied to Ancestor World Power."

"Honestly, don't think about it now; just make sure you can join when they leave." Lan Feng remarked as he pondered all the potential treasures they might miss. "Being granted entry is good, but there will be countless traps and dangers inside. If the Third Prince perishes in this tomb, then no one will be able to blame you," Lan Feng's voice grew quieter, yet those words made the blood within Yan Xiaobao's body burn with excitement. For the Third Prince, the tomb seemed a fitting resting place, and as he thought about it, a subtle smile appeared on his face. Then, he shifted his attention from his internal thoughts to their surroundings.

The King had been intently observing the expression of the young man by his side. At first, he noticed a lack of interest, which shocked him completely, as everyone who knew about the tomb became electrified with excitement. In fact, they often started breathing heavily, their eyes widening, nearly salivating. The young man's face, however, bore an indifferent expression.

That indifferent demeanor soon shifted, replaced by a frown. As he deliberated, his eyes seemed to grow sharper. Seeing this, the King stayed silent while observing the expert in front of him. He hoped the young man would accept his invitation. He desired that the young man earn the favor of the Royal Family and personally his trust.

The frown disappeared quickly, reverting to the sheer ruthlessness that typically marked his face. As more and more ministers joined the discussion, the conversation grew lively. The room was filled with booming voices, yet the King remained silent, sitting back in his chair. The three individuals mainly observed and tried to follow everyone's arguments, doing their best. Occasionally, the King leaned toward his daughter and the white-haired young man to exchange moments of levity. "Some believe, because this may be the final resting place of a Saint and is located within our Kingdom, we don't need outside assistance; however, given that we lack the number of Saints we desire, it's wiser to invite

experts from other parts of the world. That way, we can at least obtain something from the tomb and survive." The King sighed and glanced at the debaters before sinking back into his chair. "But my perspective is nearly irrelevant now. I'm too old, too frail, and essentially voiceless in this discussion. For now, the three brothers are clashing with each other. They will decide how we handle this matter moving forward," he sighed again, and his indifference toward the issue had clearly been perceived by Yan Xiaobao.

Unsure of what to say, Yan Xiaobao remained silent for a while before lazily stretching. "I've heard my good friend, Lord Rong from Liluo City, supports His Highness," he remarked casually while glancing around the room. "But I've also heard His Highness has issues with his son. Tell me, was there ever a Queen?" he asked with a curious gaze as he looked at the Princess.

The moment the question was posed, the King sent a peculiar look toward the young man. No matter how hard he stared at the young man's face, though, he couldn't find a trace of reasoning behind the question.

"Rumors about the beautiful Princess have spread worldwide. Even prior to my arrival in Muchuan City, I had heard tales of her beauty. For a woman to display such elegance, never being perceived as manipulative nor engaging in Royal Family affairs, requires astonishing self-control," Yan Xiaobao mused aloud. His words struck the King's ears like a thunderbolt.

"We've never had a Queen before," the King stammered while staring at Yan Xiaobao. Upon hearing the answer, the young man didn't press further. Instead, he merely shrugged, concluding the conversation, "That's unfortunate."

While the King tried his utmost to forget what the young man had said, a hint of confusion crept onto the Princess's face. Slowly, she began to gently graze the armrest with her fingers, as though the words had unsettled her deeply.

The Princes continued their discussions for two to three hours before finally settling down. Once they stopped speaking, the other ministers seized their chance to remain silent as well. Occasionally, certain ministers shouted about stopping other experts, claiming it was futile. No one dared interrupt the three Princes.

As they approached the throne, Yan Xiaobao gazed at them with a curious eye. He knew they had made their decision. Finally, the Third Prince spoke.

"Respected Royal Father, we've decided to invite the families of Muchuan City and the Royal family of Moon Province to join our expedition. We made this decision because this is most likely a Holy-level Tomb. A tomb of this level must be brimming with enormous energy. From what we've heard about the seal inscription at the cave's entrance, we'll require assistance. We believe that whatever is hidden within was sealed with blood essence to remain concealed for as long as possible. Thus, we think relying solely on our strength would be insufficient to survive within the tomb."

"If this is the decision you've made, I will heed your request. Issue invitations to the families you wish to invite. We'll venture into the unknown tomb six months from now."

"Six months?!" a minister exclaimed in shock. "Your Highness, six months is far too long! Other families might easily get ahead of us!" he shouted, forgetting his place. It was only after speaking that his face turned pale as he bowed apologetically to the King.

"Let them try," the King chuckled lightly. "We need six months to prepare to unlock the inscriptions of the tomb. The families of Yuelong Province also require those six months to arrive here. If anyone wishes to try on their own, let them. Their endeavor will court death."

Listening to the King's voice sent shivers down the ministers' spines. Even the Princes hadn't expected their father to speak so decisively. He was not often blunt, especially now that he knew his reign was nearing its end. He understood that it was only a matter of time before one of his sons replaced him. Yet even so, he remained proud of his old bones.

Yan Xiaobao obtained what he wanted during his visit to the Royal Family. Bowing toward the King and the Third Prince, he quickly exited the room. On his way out, however, he handed the Memory Stone to the Third Prince. When the white-haired man left the hall, the Third Prince accepted the Memory Stone and nodded back at Yan Xiaobao.

But before he could make it into the corridor, a soft hand rested on his arm. Turning around, he felt as though he was drowning in the endless beauty of the dark eyes gazing at him. It took him a second to realize the Princess stood before him.

"My Lady, how can I assist you?" he asked with a faint smile on his face. Inside, he smiled even more, pleased that the woman had fallen for the bait he had earlier thrown.

"You speak as if a woman could rule a Kingdom," she commented coldly, but without disdain. Known for her aloof demeanor, the Ice Queen was famous in Muchuan City for rarely initiating conversations with men unless it concerned matters of the Kingdom. Yet here she was, personally blocking Yan Xiaobao, her dark eyes fixed solely on the man before her. Though she seemed arrogant and detached, her words carried no contempt.

"In Chenyuan, gender is irrelevant," Yan Xiaobao said with a shrug. "What matters is how strong a person is and how skillful they are in undertaking their tasks." Yan Xiaobao shrugged again. His words made the Princess furrow her brows. He paused briefly before continuing, allowing the lady to fully digest the information she'd been given.

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Chapter 750 Golden Root

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"My teacher and the strongest person within the Divine Domain is a woman. Looking at them, they have done well under the guidance of a woman." He continued, as the woman before him listened attentively to every word spoken.

"Are you trying to make me a candidate because you're dissatisfied with the princes?" she suddenly asked. Her directness made Yan Xiaobao smile, "No one likes a woman who's too clever," he said, shaking his head.

"I'm not as foolish as I may appear," she said, narrowing her eyes. "Both my third brother and I know your past, but considering your current relations, you seem nonchalant about it. However, you clearly want to push me towards my brothers. Are you simply using the Royal Family according to your will?"

Hearing her words, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but laugh, his cheerful voice echoing through the corridor before he calmed himself. "The Royal Family can play the fool, abuse their power, and decide what's right or wrong. If I act like those who play such roles frequently, does it matter? All you need to do is decide whether you want me to make you Queen or prepare yourself to be a tool for your three brothers." Seeing the Princess turn her face away, Yan Xiaobao shrugged once again. Before he turned to leave, he left her with six words, "You know where to find me."

The Third Prince sat on a large chair gripping its armrest, holding a small stone in his hand. This Memory Stone was a gift Yan Xiaobao had passed to him earlier. He was completely puzzled as to why he had been given the stone and curious about what it contained.

Seeing Yan Xiaobao leave it beside him had left the young prince perplexed. After inspecting its contents, he became even more confused. He placed the Memory Stone to his forehead once more, and the same information flowed into his mind as before. A gentle voice, clearly belonging to Yan Xiaobao, echoed in his head. "This is a gift to honor our friendship." Following that came a spiritual art skill.

Typically, Shao Ye wouldn't concern himself with something as simple as a spiritual art. He was an expert at the King-level, capable of wielding martial power. Spiritual arts were beneath his level and nothing he needed to train. Yet, when he looked at the spiritual art technique, his eyes widened. It was a high-ranking Imperial skill perfectly suited to his wood affinity.

Called the Golden Root, it created spiritual energy roots that entwined around an opponent's legs and feet. Without a doubt, this ability would also be useful for the Prince.

"Why would he gift me this..." he murmured, fiddling with the stone in his hand. "He clearly doesn't trust me, nor does he value our friendship," he continued to muse, his sharp gaze fixed on the Memory Stone, attempting to discern answers from it. "Is this an attempt to bribe me?" he thought, but then shook his head. Yan Xiaobao was not someone who would do something futile. He surely had reasons for his actions, reasons that left the Third Prince uneasy.

"Is he merely trying to win my favor?" he questioned himself while staring at the Memory Stone. "Will I owe him in the future if needed because of this gift?"

Pouting, Shao Ye was completely stunned, unsure of what to do. Finally, he sighed. "Even if I owe him a favor, or if he intends to ensnare me, this skill is far too valuable not to use. How did he obtain such a high-ranking technique? Even our Kingdom doesn't possess many skills of this level, and all of them have demanding requirements. They're either incompatible elements, or they require certain elemental allies to merge, not to mention a high-quality Qi at specific levels. It's too convenient, yet it seems perfect for me. How could he happen to find something so ideal for me?"

The Third Prince was alone in his room, busy conversing with himself. Though he struggled with uncertainty, the gifted skill indeed left him deeply amazed.

Eventually deciding to accept the gift, Shao Ye later worried regarding Yan Xiaobao's potential request for repayment. The young man had since returned to his mansion and was currently training his martial arts and spiritual arts in a quiet corner of his garden.

"Why did you give him that attack?" Lan Feng suddenly asked as Yan Xiaobao was preparing for his training. "We planned to trade it for information, but you've already obtained information about the King for free." Lan Feng continued to chuckle at Yan Xiaobao's lips. Hearing the flattering comment, Lan Feng couldn't hold back his satisfied grin. "You're right," he said with a bell-like laughter. "What difference does an Emperor's knowledge make to my abilities?" He said openly. "When you fully master the sacred Sun Flames, I'll personally teach you a high-level Holy Skill that I acquired from one of my good friends." As Yan Xiaobao's eyes widened in astonishment, Lan Feng boasted gleefully.

"Why have you never taught me something so amazing before?" Yan Xiaobao asked, surprised and curious at the bird's withholding of such a fact. Although he knew Phoenix had access to many powerful martial arts and spiritual arts, the mention of a Holy-tier skill was so absurd that Yan Xiaobao was thoroughly taken aback.

"Don't be silly," Lan Feng laughed heartily. "Your body previously couldn't handle the power of Saint-level skills. I have martial arts and spiritual arts, but I'll first teach you spiritual arts. It is said to be the hardest to perfect, thus requiring a considerable amount of time." Silence finally enveloped them, as Lan Feng finally revealed traces of the energy and excitement reminiscent of his youthful days. Recently, Lan Feng had busied himself focusing on cultivating his reserves of martial power. He knew that Yan Xiaobao would inevitably need his assistance in their adventures to come. By utilizing his Wu Wei, even facing highly dangerous foes should be something he could manage effectively.