

Medical 761

Chapter 761: Sneer at

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"I've always wondered, how much treasure can one place hold? Even though he was a Saint, shouldn't he have had limits to his rights?" Yan Xiaobao asked Lan Feng, but his reply was a dismissive sneer.

"A Saint isn't just dead," Lan Feng said, as though explaining something to a child. "It's possible he lived a life of great passion. During that life, he collected many things, and when he gathered them, he stored them in this tomb. In the beginning, it was his home. He must have created everything within and based his life around it, but I do wonder if this is truly the tomb of a Holy Name Expert." Lan Feng's contemplation made Yan Xiaobao raise his eyebrows in surprise. If it wasn't the Saint's tomb, then what could it be?

Before he had time to ask Lan Feng, Cou Ling returned. Her cheeks were flushed, and she carried a storage stone filled with gold coins in her hands. "I've collected everyone's money and brought it back," she said quickly, sitting down beside Yan Xiaobao. "They were very grateful, some even overly so," she remarked, her face reddening more, but Yan Xiaobao pretended not to notice. With a gentle smile, he nodded toward her.

"I'll guarantee your safety until we reach the tomb," he said with a smile to his two friends. "Then we'll head directly back to Muchuan City. I believe the Royal Family will send people to protect merchants and craftsmen. When it comes down to it, you both are extremely important to the Sun Royal Kingdom." He said, and Cou Ling nodded in agreement. It made perfect sense.

Yan Xiaobao said nothing, but he prepared to ask Shao Ye to help protect Cou Ling and Fang Wei on the return journey to Muchuan City. There was no reason not to use the benefits he gained from offering up the Golden Root. After all, the Prince should perish within the tunnels.

As Yan Xiaobao thought about the Third Prince, the warmth and clarity in his eyes abruptly turned cold and sharp. Fortunately, none of his friends noticed anything, and he quickly forced himself to revert to his usual expression. Until the time was right, no one was allowed to know anything.

He sighed, gazing up at the sky as he lay on the grass. A soft smile appeared on his face as he allowed himself to bask in the comforting presence of his friends. Then he slowly pulled his body into a cultivation posture and began drawing Yin Energy from the moonlight.

The Blood Vulture family wasn't the only group trying to extort money from the merchants and craftsmen who followed the cultivators toward the mysterious tomb. Yet, whenever they confronted Cou Ling and demanded payment, Yan Xiaobao showed no sympathy or mercy, dealing with one group after another.

Each time, he returned the money to those who had been robbed, then handed the remaining gold coins to Cou Ling to share among the other merchants. Yan Xiaobao kept all the storage stones for himself. By the time they were halfway to the tomb, he had amassed quite a collection of treasures. Shortly afterward, he opened a small stall to sell weapons, armor, and other items. Any pills he found, however, were kept exclusively for himself; while the martial arts skills he discovered were sold off. None of them could even compare to the skills Yan Xiaobao had learned from Lan Feng.

At first, the merchants stared in confusion at the young man who abruptly set up a stall from several small branches, but when they saw what he was selling, they couldn't help but chuckle. Although the items he sold were highly useful to other experts, they were of little significance to Yan Xiaobao. Therefore, selling them became an efficient way to pass the time during the journey.

His friends noticed him selling and came over to chat. Everyone was pleasantly surprised to learn that all these items were spoils from Yan Xiaobao's efforts to protect Cou Ling. Even the Prince who visited the stall couldn't help but laugh at how Yan Xiaobao had acquired the goods.

This was also the moment Yan Xiaobao requested someone to escort Cou Ling safely back to Muchuan City. The Prince immediately agreed. He explained that he couldn't bear to see any harm come to the merchants or craftsmen, as they were indispensable to trade within the Capital and required special attention.

Upon hearing this, Yan Xiaobao felt greatly relieved. Although he knew the Prince's primary reason for sending his personal guards was the gift sent earlier, he didn't mind. As long as Cou Ling arrived safely, that was what mattered most—especially since this ensured the Third Prince would be less vigilant around him. Everything else was simply a bonus.

Ma Kong, Gao Yan, the Rong twins, and Deng Wu visited the stall briefly but didn't stay long. They were all part of other groups they needed to interact with, leaving little time to spend with Yan Xiaobao.

When they did meet, Yan Xiaobao made a point to emphasize the value of their lives, warning them not to be blinded by treasures due to their worries.

A few days later, even Sha Yun and Wang Julong came to see him. Sha Yun behaved as strangely as before; she greeted Yan Xiaobao casually but didn't stay long and made no effort to introduce him to the people she was with.

Wang Julong came one night and greeted him quietly. She reminded him to be cautious in the tomb and told him to find her if he ended up injured. When she finished speaking, her face was bright red, and even her ears seemed aflame as she rushed back into the crowd, clearly mortified.

Chapter 762: Sneer at_2

Certainly! Here's the English translation of the provided text:

When Yan Xiaobao was talking with Wang Julong, his demeanor completely changed. His whole being became gentle and warm, his voice alluring, and his eyes filled with admiration. Watching him like this, Cou Ling felt her heart skip a beat and then ache. Shocked, she looked at herself as she stretched out a hand to cover her chest. She felt confused about why she reacted this way.

"Stop!" A sharp voice cut through the air just as everyone was traversing the uncomfortable terrain. The voice commanded everyone to freeze, and even the chatting cultivators abruptly halted.

Looking ahead, the voice calling the crowd to stop belonged to a Saint, reinforced by Wu Wei to ensure everyone could hear it. "The tomb lies deep within this mystical mountain range," the voice announced to everyone in the vicinity. "We need to pass through many lands belonging to mythical beasts; even reaching the tomb will be far from easy, which is why we'll wait until tomorrow morning to enter the forest."

Although the voice rang with warnings, Yan Xiaobao observed the cultivators around him and knew that many would sneak into the forest during the night to hunt for the tomb on their own. That was something Yan Xiaobao had no intention of doing. He fully understood that the tomb would be hidden deep within the mountain walls, sealed with inscriptions and traps. Attempting to approach it alone would likely be suicide.

Looking back at the current location, Yan Xiaobao felt that Lan Feng had stopped refining Wu Wei, and the bird in his Dantian grew restless, as if something in the air was agitating it.

"What is it?" Yan Xiaobao asked worriedly when he noticed Lan Feng behaving strangely, certain that danger was looming.

"The tomb..." Lan Feng muttered as he began pacing within the Dantian Cave. "I can feel ripples of energy from the sealed inscription. Though they've diminished over the years, I worry that the master isn't a Saint but rather God."

"God?!" Yan Xiaobao exclaimed in shock. His entire consciousness shook. For a moment, he was grateful that he hadn't shouted aloud. Those words would have turned the entire area into a frenzied mob of greed-driven people.

"We need to tread carefully," Lan Feng said. "It's not uncommon for Gods to descend to lower planes and construct their tombs there because they know that such resting places are less likely to be disturbed or entered. But we must keep this quiet. Don't lead the way. Let others trigger the traps. Use those experts as your meat shields."

"You seem very confident this isn't a Saint's tomb. Why haven't these other Saints sensed anything?" Yan Xiaobao asked. Before receiving an answer, he stared at Lan Feng in surprise. "They know but choose to remain silent? They're allowing so many people to join because they know they need these traps to be triggered?!" he asked curiously, but Lan Feng shook his head. "I've spent time around Gods before. I can sense their presence, but they can't. Everyone here believes it belongs to a powerful Saint," Lan Feng explained.

While speaking with Lan Feng, Yan Xiaobao kept to himself, silently hiding his emotions deep within. He was so preoccupied with the conversation that he hadn't noticed Cou Ling tugging on his sleeve a few times. Eventually, he realized it and turned to the woman beside him with a gentle smile on his face.

"You'll be careful when you enter the tomb, right?" Cou Ling asked. Her eyes dropped, and her hands trembled slightly. She had watched Yan Xiaobao protect her every day during the journey. They talked about everything and nothing, ate together, and sold their goods side by side. She couldn't deny the attachment she was forming for this young man.

Yan Xiaobao patted her head and smiled at her. "I'll be fine. All you need to do is ensure you return safely to the city," he said, cracking a smile before focusing on the task at hand. Lan Feng had advised him to remain in the middle of the group entering the tomb, so following the Prince wasn't an option. The Prince would undoubtedly be at the forefront, and Yan Xiaobao had no intention of ignoring Lan Feng's advice. Internally, he struggled with his emotions. He wasn't sure whether he wanted the Third Prince to die swiftly in a trap or if he wanted to be the one to cut through his heart.

Sighing, he shook his head and ridiculed himself. There was no certainty that the Prince would succumb to the traps, nor did he possess the ability to end the Prince's life using a presumed trap within the tomb. All he could do was enter the tomb and hope for an opportunity to confront the Prince alone and eliminate him then. The likelihood of such a scenario was low, but the young man had no choice but to pin his hopes on luck.

The crowd buzzed with excitement as they heard the words floating in the air. They were thrilled to be nearing the tomb they had traveled for days to reach. They were almost at the Kingdom's edge, gazing at the mountain peaks that bordered the Divine Origin.

Staring at the icy mountains, many experts felt a chill run through them, but all were shocked into fear. They had to conquer their trepidation if they were to overcome the other experts and claim the treasures hidden within the tomb.

Yan Xiaobao showed no signs of worry nor exaggerated excitement about their arrival. When he coaxed Cou Ling into cooking her delectable venison from Muchuan City, his expression remained relaxed and carefree.

Witnessing the young man's playful demeanor, many merchants and craftsmen were quietly surprised. He repeatedly showcased his strength by fending off groups of experts who sought to exploit him. Yet, since he wasn't in battle, his temperament resembled a gentle cat when playing with friends. He didn't seem like a dangerous young man at all.

As evening fell, Yueyue appeared content, her lips curling into a smile as the scent of venison wafted through the air. He was pleased to have won the small debate about dinner. Yan Xiaobao reclined on the ground, savoring life's little pleasures. Thanks to Cou Ling, his journey to the unknown tomb had been remarkably comfortable and tranquil. In the time they spent together, he secretly felt grateful to this lady. He'd also come to know her better, considering her someone he could genuinely call a friend.

He quickly noticed how deeply concerned Cou Ling was about him, and her worry pained him. It made him feel like she was a caring older sister in many ways. To Yan Xiaobao, friendship was something he greatly cherished, and he silently vowed to always be there for his friends if they ever needed him.

The evening passed joyfully with Fang Wei and Cou Ling as they chatted. Slowly, the spiritual blacksmith and her apprentice forgot the impending dangers awaiting Yan Xiaobao, instead spending their night enjoying the moment. For once, Yan Xiaobao didn't train under the moonlight to absorb Yin Energy. Instead, he allowed himself to relax and enjoy the company of his blacksmith friends. He needed to be at his peak the next day.

As the cultivators began stirring, the entire camp was blanketed in morning fog. Yan Xiaobao had been awake all night, gazing at the sprawling forests and mountains towering before him, a smile etched on his face. Excitement ran through his veins, and adrenaline surged within him. The young man longed to dash into the forest but forced himself to remain patient.

First, he had no idea where the so-called tomb was located; all he knew was that the ground held an entrance adorned with a locked inscription. A seal so potent that Yan Xiaobao estimated it would take at least four or five Saints focusing all their energy to forcefully break it. Unlike others who assumed it was a Saint's tomb, Yan Xiaobao believed completely in Lan Feng, who claimed the tomb belonged to God. A God who descended to this lower plane for his eternal rest. As for why he chose this specific plane... that remained a mystery to Yan Xiaobao, as did the circumstances of the expert's death. Was his demise the result of a lost battle, or had he lived so long that death was the only relief he sought?

Yan Xiaobao waited with the craftsmen until he saw a group of ten Royal Guards. These guards bantered among themselves, but as soon as they arrived with the craftsmen in tow, they composed themselves and introduced themselves properly.

"Knowing they're here, I guess it's time to say goodbye," Yan Xiaobao said with a smile, turning to Cou Ling and Fang Wei. Hugging them both, he grinned. "Don't worry about me," he said, flashing a toothy smile. "I can take care of myself. I'll return to the city before you even notice I'm gone."

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Yan Xiaobao said this to calm her down, and Cou Ling felt somewhat embarrassed. She was much older than him, but even so, she still needed to be taken care of. Determined not to let her friend down, she pulled herself together and adjusted her mindset.

"Go get some treasures!" she nodded while saying. "We'll get help from the guards when we return to the town. We'll be fine, so don't worry about us. Do your best to achieve your goal. We'll wait for your return." Before she began packing up her belongings, Cou Ling quickly smiled at the young man. She didn't even glance back at Yan Xiaobao, as if he had already left. The young man understood this was her way of managing farewells. Clearly, she was still thinking about him and his safety.

"Thank you," he whispered. "I had a good time on the journey," he said in a soft, gentle tone. "Oi, Fang Wei, take good care of your master," he teased the other man about his hair, smiling as he spoke. Though they were similar in age, Yan Xiaobao's maturity was far greater, while the other man admired Yan Xiaobao as if he were an older brother.

"I don't think I'll be gone for long," Yan Xiaobao shrugged. "But once I'm back, I'll stop by your Blacksmith Shop to let you know I'm safe," he added. Hearing this, Fang Wei nodded solemnly. He understood that men must protect women. Even if the woman was stronger than him, he had to do his utmost to assist her.

After the goodbyes, Yan Xiaobao set off and quickly moved, leaving a residual image of himself at the spot where he departed.

Leaving the merchants and craftsmen behind, he soon found himself surrounded by multiple cultivators. Most of these cultivators moved in groups. These groups were primarily formed of families, tribes, chiefs, friends, or mercenary units. Wherever Yan Xiaobao went, he could not find anyone wandering alone.

That didn't matter to Yan Xiaobao. In fact, it was beneficial, as it allowed him to blend more seamlessly into the crowd. Before long, he had reached the vicinity of the Royal Family. When he spotted the person he wished to see, he no longer tried to push forward. Instead, he found a good position between two families he had never met before. Both families had very tanned skin, and their accents differed entirely from anything he'd previously heard. As he observed these families, he immediately judged them to be nobles from Yue Liang Provence.

Hardly anyone took notice of Yan Xiaobao. He wore his black cloak, which he had purchased back in Liluo City. This cloak concealed his cultivation base. Yan Xiaobao partly used it for its ability to help him fade into the shadows of his surroundings. Another reason was to hide his white hair.

Though some people were unaware of the features of the Divine Origin Beast Tribe's Great Marshall, more than a few knew his appearance and understood that some families here once belonged to the Spanish Empire's nobility. When they fled Spain, these families successfully preserved their wealth and relocated to the Sun Kingdom in Yueyang Province. Should they encounter the man responsible for their kingdom's downfall, they might unite against him — he preferred that such things not happen. Even without Saints involved, such encounters would prove extremely troublesome.

As he intently observed everything around him, he sighed and pulled his cloak tighter. Every expert was fully prepared, and it was evident that some were incredibly eager to rush towards the mountainous forest ahead. Yan Xiaobao positioned himself well within the crowd. At the front, they would bear the brunt of attacks from the Magic Beasts. Even being the first to reach their destination wouldn't matter much, as the inscriptions sealing the area everyone wanted to enter still needed to be disabled.

"It would be truly amusing if they completely misunderstood and this isn't a tomb," Yan Xiaobao suddenly said to Lan Feng, observing the surrounding experts. Everyone believed great riches could be obtained. How ironic it would be if all that awaited them was an empty Immortal Cave.

Soon after, the sea of humans began to advance forward. Not long after some families rushed into the forest, as everyone expected, the Royal Family remained patient. After all, they were the only ones privy to the actual location of the entrance. Even if someone rushed into the forest, the odds of finding the specific location remained extremely slim.

Even should they stumble upon this location, they'd be clueless about what to do next. The tomb or whatever lay within was sealed by a powerful inscription — one so strong that it would take the combined efforts of multiple Saints to break it, even though it had been created thousands of years ago.

When the first group disappeared into the forest, the Royal Family finally began to move. Upon entering the forest, Yan Xiaobao could hear the sounds of combat ahead and to the sides. It was evident that those families who had rushed in were now being hindered by various Magic Beasts. Most cultivators encountered a significant number of Magic Beasts; however, the deeper they ventured into the forest, the more cautious the beasts became.

These beasts were far more formidable than the ones near the forest entrance. Living together for years, they had grown learned, their intelligence sharpening along with their cultivation.

As they traversed the forest, everyone remained highly vigilant. Though most beasts weren't visible, no one could be sure if there were traps lying in wait. These traps could have been set by those who sought to safeguard their tomb or by the original owners of the tomb. Some clever beasts even enjoyed luring human cultivators into their snares. The beasts of this part of the forest were as clever as humans.

Chapter 764 Self-Adjustment_2

The journey through the forest took up most of the day, and they soon found themselves on the slope leading to the mountainous area. After this slope, the pace of these bold adventurers slowed, but the fervent gaze in everyone's eyes grew more intense. The more they felt moved, the more excited they became.

Even Yan Xiaobao, who was usually quite calm, couldn't help but become increasingly thrilled by the journey they were about to undertake. He had previously been below ground in the Underground Shrine, but this was completely different. This was a place where no one had set foot in thousands of years. As for what awaited inside, no one knew, but it was absolutely certain it wasn't like the underground city.

"It's been a long time since the tomb was sealed; it's truly a pity," Lan Feng commented, understanding Yan Xiaobao's excitement. "Many treasures will surely be spoiled. I can't imagine many herbs surviving thousands of years. Many armors and weapons are likely rusted unless they were sealed by a cultivator who died here." Lan Feng paused before chuckling lightly. "Though I say it's a shame, it's actually good for us," he continued. "If we faced severe aging, we wouldn't be able to enter. The only reason we're able to enter now is because the sealing inscriptions have weakened so much that even saints here believe they were set by a holy expert."

Yan Xiaobao replied with a grin. "You win some, you lose some," he shrugged. They've found the tomb, but many items would be damaged. However, despite this, Yan Xiaobao was certain many treasures were intact, and he couldn't wait to see what kind of treasures he might find. His main goal was to somehow find Yin Energy and get rid of the Third Prince. Even if there were no treasures around, he still had a goal he could strive for.

Finally, as the sun began to set and the day's heat waned, only then did the Royal Family stop in front of a few stones. Observing these stones, one might notice any disorder, but if they were to probe them closely, they would feel faint energy ripples emanating from the stones.

One could only guess why experts performed tasks here, but upon seeing them notice these peculiar stones, it must have been a very thorough task. In fact, Yan Xiaobao didn't care; what he was concerned about was how to enter the tomb.

He quickly realized he was not the only one interested in entering. A young man a few years older than himself charged directly toward the stones, but when he was ten meters away, the man stopped. The energy fluctuations that were barely noticeable before grew stronger, forcing the man to halt in his tracks and kneel down. After his body fell to the ground, blood spewed from his mouth. Whether he was still alive, no one knew.

"Experts indeed used Blood Essence in the inscriptions sealing this place," Lan Feng remarked with a frown, his words spoken in a very quiet voice, but with a complexity of emotions that made Yan Xiaobao realize it was something unusual.

Watching the young man fall to the ground, everyone fell completely silent. Yan Xiaobao glanced at the Royal Family, noticing they were not at least surprised.

It was obvious this family knew about the inscriptions protecting the stones, but they evidently didn't care to inform everyone else. The expression on the Royal Family members' faces made it clear they knew more about this place than anyone else. Attempting to charge in forcefully was incredibly foolish.

Yan Xiaobao looked at the Royal Family with a complex expression. "What is Blood Essence?" Yan Xiaobao asked Lan Feng, seated deep in thought.

Upon hearing this question, Lan Feng remained silent for a moment before eventually explaining.

"A cultivator's body is very different from an ordinary person's. Although everyone on this plane naturally absorbs the Heaven and Earth's essence, only cultivators can refine it.

"Refining the Heaven and Earth Essence not only refines the energy, but also the body of the cultivator. During this process, one's body also undergoes refinement.

These changes mostly concentrate where their Qi vortex, spiritual energy sea, and golden martial power cores are located. The refinement of these energies is a person's qualification to call themselves a

cultivator. As you progress in cultivation, you will form these energies along your path, challenging the heavens and becoming immortal on your journey.

"Cultivation is about defying the natural order of things, for now your body does not rely on the needs of the flesh, but draws everything from the energies you've refined. Cultivation is to refine an immortal body. While cultivators do age, their growth is very slow. If one is to continue cultivating to become immortal, then your body will become a product of Heaven and Earth Essence.

"In the deepest core of your soul vortex, the deepest part of your spiritual energy sea, and the center of your martial power core, your energy is most fierce and most pure. It is this energy, if you withdraw some and mix it with your blood, that it becomes very powerful. If you use this infused blood to write an inscription, enhance an attack, or save yourself in desperate times, its power will be invincible. Your entire lifespan will turn white, silver, or gold, depending on the energy used, and your whole body will become as strong as your innermost pure energy, overflowing as if your energy has no limits.

Chapter 765 Self-Adjustment_3

'The inscriptions guarding this tomb were written using someone's blood essence. The energy used is clearly Ancestor World Power. Although it's extraordinarily strong and Saints should not be able to surpass it, this expert has been dead for a long time, and its power has weakened significantly. At the very least, the power of this inscription blocks the outside world, as it repeatedly forces out creatures and humans who inadvertently wander near the protective barrier.'

"As for what lies within the tomb, we are unlikely to be lucky. The internal energy is protected by this external barrier, and the traps will be incredibly powerful. If Ancestor World Power truly exists anywhere inside, we must leave immediately," Lan Feng said seriously. "While the treasure would be helpful and we are desperate to kill the Third Prince, our lives are far more important. If that's the case and they attempt to advance deeper into the tomb, you won't need to worry about the Third Prince coming back."

"Can I still use my blood essence?" Yan Xiaobao asked curiously, inspired by this new form of enhanced attack that could amplify his inscriptions far beyond normal limits. He was visibly eager.

"Though it's possible, I advise against it," Lan Feng cautioned. "Every time you withdraw a breath of qi essence, a drop of your spiritual essence, or a trace of your martial power, it is permanently lost. In total, you only possess one-tenth of this reserve, so use it wisely."

'Using your energy essence isn't difficult. All you need to do is activate it. You've never known about it before, which is why you've never tried to use it. What you must do is allow your consciousness to

merge with your energy and then seek the center where you will find the densest concentration of energy.'

'Once you extract the energy, you can blend it with your blood. This is a step you are already familiar with because you've previously merged blood with various forms of energy. You've strengthened your body before and used the green energy of pearls to heal yourself.' Lan Feng continued, and Yan Xiaobao nodded.

"Well then, let's prepare for this treasure hunt. Now that you know the essence of blood, avoid using it if you have other options. Even if we have to exhaust all the stored energy I have, it's far better than sacrificing one of your core reserves."

Yan Xiaobao nodded and refocused his attention on the low energy ripples emanating from the energy shield up ahead. The lifeless man lying on the ground had already been drained completely of blood, serving as a stark reminder of how dangerous the barrier was.

"All Saints, advance!" the Third Prince commanded, and as the powerful Saints emerged, many instinctively retreated a step. The atmosphere around them was overwhelming, suffused with an oppressive intensity. They didn't even spare a glance for the lower-ranked cultivators, who stared at them with labored breaths. To the Saints, it was as if even the Emperor himself was nothing more than an ant in their eyes, unworthy of notice.

Yan Xiaobao smirked coldly at them. Although Lan Feng was no longer as strong as before, he had quietly cultivated for over two years, channeling all his refined energy into martial power.

Now equipped with so much martial power, he was stronger than ever before. When the martial power under his control wasn't just abundant but also overwhelming, he could transform into his beast form. Though this was the foundation condition Yan Xiaobao initially modified, there was still a possibility of returning to his original state. By doing so, he had multiplied his strength several-fold compared to his past.

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Chapter 766: Martial Power Spear

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Owing to Lan Feng's power, Yan Xiaobao had no fear of these Saints. Even if he activated his Wolf Form, he believed he could fight against them or escape their pursuit. Though victory might be elusive, it would be exceedingly difficult for the Saints to kill him.

Thus, Yan Xiaobao was unafraid of the Saints. What truly worried him was the unknown expert in this tomb. Was this person alive or dead? It was absolutely impossible to tell. Facing someone akin to God, Yan Xiaobao realized he stood no chance of defeating him, nor could he even protect himself from the expert's harm.

Despite his lack of fear toward the Saints, Yan Xiaobao saw no reason to provoke them either. He allowed a faint smile to surface on his face and chose to remain silent.

The Saints had now reached the barrier, positioning themselves as close as possible without making contact. Gazing upon the barrier, they hesitated momentarily. The closer they came, the more intense the energy it emitted. They could feel the barrier contained an astounding power that could even prove troublesome for them.

With a snarl, one of the Saints began pouring his martial power into an immense golden spear. Observing this martial power spear, Yan Xiaobao could instantly tell it was far more dangerous than any attack he currently possessed. Its tremors alone slightly surpassed any of his strongest techniques. Though his best attacks were immensely powerful, none approached the ferocity of the strike now forming before him. This realization left Yan Xiaobao with a true understanding of the gap between himself and the Holy Name Experts.

As the Saint continued charging the spear, a series of attacks erupted before them. The power displayed by these Saints was staggering, golden radiance shimmering everywhere. The ripples of these attacks were every bit as overwhelming as those unleashed from the barrier earlier when the young man had approached it.

"Attack!" one of the men bellowed. The others in the Saints Team nodded solemnly as they launched an assault on the barrier. The ground quaked as deafening roars echoed. Lightning streaked across the sky, and smoke engulfed the entire region.

Despite the immense power unleashed, when the smoke subsided and the ground ceased trembling, the barrier remained intact. However, anyone present could clearly see it had weakened significantly. Staring at the barrier capable of withstanding the combined attacks of so many Saints, the experts

shrugged. Without any hesitation, they redirected their energy and launched another relentless assault. Golden martial power mercilessly bombarded the barrier.

The ground shook even more violently than before, while the surrounding smoke grew denser by the second. Lightning struck indiscriminately, eliciting bloodcurdling screams from within the thick haze.

Yan Xiaobao squinted. The family members who had been standing by his side just moments ago had now disappeared. The world had turned into an expanse of smoke-filled terrain, and no one—not even Yan Xiaobao with his sharp senses—could see more than a short distance ahead.

The only thing he could smell through the smoke was the acrid scent of destruction. He could hear countless cries as people were struck by the rain of lightning from the sky.

Not long after, the smoke began to clear, revealing a markedly transformed landscape.

Massive boulders had been shattered into hundreds of thousands of small fragments scattered across the ground.

With the rocks cleared away, a gaping hole appeared in the ground. The opening spanned hundreds of meters in diameter.

This time, no one rushed toward the entrance. Instead, all eyes turned to the Saints Team, aghast at witnessing the aftermath of their attack.

"The lightning is undoubtedly a protective spell imbued into the sealing inscription," Lan Feng remarked, surveying the ravaged ground around them.

It wasn't just the stones that had been reduced to rubble. Some people were nothing more than mangled pulp, while others lay limbless. Many had met swift deaths, and everywhere Yan Xiaobao looked, corpses littered the area. Even before reaching the tomb's entrance, at least one-fifth of the experts had already perished.

Among the Royal Family, pale faces revealed their unease, as a significant number of their guards had been killed. Even the First Prince bore injuries inflicted by the terrifying lightning strikes, which had spared no cultivator.

"You're quite lucky," Lan Feng said with a grin. "We could have easily died here. This only proves how perilous the road ahead will be."

Hearing this, Yan Xiaobao nodded, glancing around with hope that his companions had survived. Yet all he saw were heads shaking in shared dismay, each person silently wishing for the best. Clearing his thoughts, he steeled himself. The seal had been broken; it was time to step into the unknown tomb.

The Saints' eyes were fixed on the entrance, each gaze brimming with greed. These Saints, hailing from different families, shared no concrete loyalties, for they stood as the apex of all beings.

Even the Royal Family understood this. They had knowingly invited these Saints to join their treasure hunt, fully aware that, if forced to choose between loyalty to the Kingdom and magical treasures capable of enhancing their strength, nine out of ten Saints would choose the treasures.

With that understanding, the Royal Family had granted the Saints complete freedom the moment the tomb was opened.

The other families with Saints were no different. None expected the Saints to stay behind and protect their kin; they all knew the Saints sought only to enhance their personal power.

Among those below the Saint Level, not many truly understood Saints. But Saints themselves were well aware of each other's rankings. A tomb like this one had the potential to elevate any Saint's personal strength and improve their position. Each aimed for the pinnacle of the Holy Level—a rank held by Wan Qiao and General Frozen.

Chapter 767: Martial Power Spear_2

Knowing that all of them were competing against each other, all the Saints shot forward like beams of light refracted from a prism.

As soon as the Saints disappeared into the tomb, the Royal Family from the Sun Kingdom quickly followed, their guards vanishing into the massive tomb as well. Shortly thereafter, the families followed

suit; some even began fighting to get ahead of the others. However, after the three families entered, Yan Xiaobao, clad in his black cloak, easily navigated through the battles and stepped into the tomb below.

Even before entering the actual hole leading underground, the cold air rushing out made him feel comfortable, in stark contrast to the weather outside. Glancing at the entrance, Yan Xiaobao was surprised to find that it wasn't a treacherous path; rather, stunning steps had been carved into the ground. Though they weren't crafted by a skilled artisan, their uniform size and precision were mesmerizing, not a single one uneven.

Even after thousands of years, these steps remained utterly flawless. The only element fitting for such a place was the scent of blood carried by the cold air. It was evident that, although not many groups had entered yet, several people had already perished. Whether they fell to traps or were killed by other experts, Yan Xiaobao couldn't tell. Regardless, his focus remained sharp, entirely on the events unfolding around him. His senses were at their peak. His eyes shifted into wolf eyes, and as he slowly descended the steps, the world ahead of him became gray and somber.

The ceilings and walls were smooth, not the rough, rugged structures one would typically expect from a tunnel leading into the ground. Behind him, he could hear voices from a group that had already managed to enter. Ahead, he could also hear the sound of people running. The closer he got to the end of the tunnel, the stronger the scent of blood became.

As he ventured deeper, he began to see corpses scattered across the ground. Some had clearly died in battle, while others had fallen to traps. Arrows jutted out from some of their bodies, the holes in the walls marking the spots where the arrows had been launched.

No Saints had died, but several Royal Guards had sacrificed their lives in front of the arrows. Gazing at the fallen, Yan Xiaobao decided to tread more carefully as he continued forward.

After walking for about half an hour, he finally reached the lowest point. In front of him stood two massive doors, forced open, their warped frames a testament to brute strength. It was clear that multiple attempts had been made to pry them open. Evidently, the Saints had stuck together, using sheer power to overcome many dangers in the tomb.

Passing through the doors, several tunnels appeared before them. Like the steps, these tunnels were smooth, yet none bore any markings or signs indicating what lay ahead.

"The Saints have split up," Lan Feng remarked as he sensed the myriad energy ripples emanating from the various tunnels. "Luckily for us, they're ignoring the treasures as they rush toward the center of the tomb in search of greater fortunes to enhance their power." He continued, his words prompting a nod of agreement from Yan Xiaobao.

"On the other hand, the Royal Army is looting anything they find within their tunnels," he mused as he extended his consciousness to probe each tunnel.

Suddenly, a frown etched itself onto his face. "I know you want to kill the Third Prince, but there are some exceptionally valuable treasures in the furthest tunnel. I'm not entirely sure what they are, but the energy fluctuations there are far stronger than those in the other tunnels."

Without hesitation, Yan Xiaobao sprinted into the furthest tunnel. As he ventured deeper, he was stunned to find that the tunnel resembled a narrow path. Along one side of the path were small wooden huts built into the walls. Each hut was sealed with inscriptions, but sensing the power of these inscriptions, Yan Xiaobao could tell he had the strength to break them—he merely needed to remain cautious of traps.

Stopping at the first hut, Yan Xiaobao summoned his martial power, overlaying a protective sigil onto the hut's seals. Moments passed before a tiny tremor coursed through the sigil, and the door creaked open.

Entering, he found the walls lined with shelves, all filled with jade bottles of various shapes and sizes. Just as he was about to pick up one of the bottles, he felt Lan Feng forcibly take control of his body.

"You fool!" Lan Feng shouted at the young man who had almost uncorked the bottle. Carefully placing the bottle inside a storage stone, Lan Feng cast a cursory glance at the remaining bottles in the room. All the jade bottles streaked through the air, landing inside Yan Xiaobao's bag as Lan Feng slowly relinquished control of his body.

"We don't know what's inside these bottles," Lan Feng warned. "They might very well contain some sort of curse. We'll examine them once we leave. For now, collect everything we come across, but do not open anything that is sealed."

Hui Yue nodded and moved toward the next hut. He moved as quickly as possible, aware that it was only a matter of time before the tunnels became swarmed with cultivators.

Breaking the seal was just as easy as before, and entering swiftly allowed him to store more jade bottles without delay. The third hut contained a majority of herbal medicines, but upon inspecting them, he noticed that some were Holy Flowers. These radiant blossoms had absorbed energy over the years, surviving thousands of years to remain vibrant and healthy. They far outshone those gifted by the Deng Family in Liluo City.

Some of the flowers had wilted, while others were almost drained of energy. Yan Xiaobao took everything he possibly could before leaving the hut once more. As he exited, he heard another group of treasure hunters approaching, only to watch them rush into a nearby hut along the tunnel. Inside that hut, a potent medicinal fragrance hung in the air, and Yan Xiaobao quickly gathered everything before turning to leave. Just as he stepped outside the hut, voices reached his ears.

He tried to leave, only to find himself face-to-face with a group of cultivators. The group consisted of three men and one woman, their expressions grim. Upon seeing Yan Xiaobao, their faces twisted into greedy smirks.

"Hand over all the storage stones you have, and we'll let you live," one of the men sneered, brimming with pride and confidence in his ability to overpower Yan Xiaobao. The man wrongly assumed that Yan Xiaobao lacked a cultivation base. Defeating such a person should've required no serious thought—what he didn't realize was that Yan Xiaobao was not someone to be underestimated.

Hui Yue snorted as he glanced at the so-called experts in front of him. Instead of fighting, he merely activated Velocity Flow. Before they could react, he had already darted past them, his movements so fast they couldn't even register them. Their hearts pounded as they turned, catching only a fleeting glimpse of the young man. By the time their eyes landed on him again, he was already inside a nearby hut, his martial power destroying the inscriptions on its door.

"It's best not to provoke him..." the leader murmured before turning to lead his companions toward another unopened hut. Watching them leave, Yan Xiaobao dashed into the hut he had just unlocked. One after another, he shattered the inscriptions and entered the huts. His speed exceeded that of the other groups by several magnitudes, but soon, more and more experts began to appear, entering the huts. Most groups avoided causing trouble for Yan Xiaobao, their instincts telling them that his concealed strength and lack of a visible cultivation base were far too mysterious to challenge.

Others were not so fortunate. Some of the weaker groups were forced to part with their treasures or lose their lives. Some opted for surrender, while others met their end, unable to protect their gains. The scent of stale air quickly turned metallic with the growing stench of blood.

Paying little attention to this, Yan Xiaobao dashed further into the tunnel, nearing its end before long.

No huts remained at this point. Instead, another door had been forced open, leading Yan Xiaobao into a grand hall. The hall was adorned with numerous stone sculptures, all of which looked lifelike and imposing.

Gazing at the floor, Yan Xiaobao noticed it was patterned in a black-and-white checkerboard. He couldn't help but wonder if this setup was some sort of trap. One could never be too careful.

Yan Xiaobao and Lan Feng refrained from rushing forward. Instead, they stood and observed the entire hall of stone. Shortly after, several groups of experts arrived. Unlike Yan Xiaobao, they cared little for the tiled floor and recklessly charged ahead. Their only objective was to reach the other side, where yet another forcibly opened door awaited.

As the first group stepped onto the tiles, a deep rumble echoed through the hall, energy ripples emanating from the stone sculptures. Seeing this, Yan Xiaobao frowned. He couldn't discern whether the disturbance was caused by stepping on specific tiles, certain colors, or merely entering the hall itself. The exact trigger for the energy waves was unclear, but he quickly realized that the Saints had avoided fighting any of the stone giants. None of them appeared to have been crushed in combat.

Thinking it over, Yan Xiaobao directed his consciousness into his Lower Dantian, where he observed the wings of martial power hovering in place.

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Chapter 768: The Revived Statue

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When he infused energy into the wings, a smile appeared on his face as he flapped them a few times. He veered straight toward the opening on the opposite side.

The slowly reviving stone statues did not pursue Yan Xiaobao; all of them went after those who set foot on the ground. Behind him, screams and the sound of bones breaking filled the air. Upon reaching the other side, Yan Xiaobao had successfully navigated another perilous area inside the tomb.

Thinking back to the many groups that had already suffered casualties, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but recall his friends. Gritting his teeth, he had to trust that they would all survive, forcing himself not to dwell on them as he focused on the next hall that lay ahead. Relieved that he had managed to skirt around the ground—a deadly zone where stone statues were locked in combat with the Cultivators—Yan Xiaobao felt fortunate that he could bypass it with such ease. The sounds from behind confirmed it was a grueling battle; although more experts were making their way into the hall, the stone statues were not easily destroyed.

Yan Xiaobao shook his head, clearing his mind, and forced himself not to linger on what was happening behind him. He needed to concentrate on what lay in front of him. At the peak of his awareness, he stepped into the next room. This room was different from the one he had just left. Here, the air was suffused with a strong medicinal fragrance. Surveying his surroundings, he noticed the walls were lined with jade and glass bottles containing pills.

Grinning foolishly, Yan Xiaobao recognized this as a great opportunity for himself and moved forward to pick up a pill. "Stop!" Lan Feng

shouted. His face was pale, his feathers disheveled, as if he'd gotten up too quickly.

"These pills are protected by some sort of inscription array," he said in a grave tone. "This array isn't as potent as the ones we've encountered before. In fact, I'm fairly certain we can break it if we work together, but it will take time."

Glancing at the bird, Yan Xiaobao replied curtly, "Leaving treasure behind isn't really our style." Lan Feng shrugged, preening a feather as he remarked, "The others should be busy dealing with those stone statues. Let's disable this inscription quickly." Then, decisively, he added, his voice suddenly condescending, "No matter what I tell you to do."

Yan Xiaobao merely nodded, already accustomed to Lan Feng dictating what he should do.

"Place your hands on the ground and channel your martial power into it. You should be able to sense the energy network beneath. It's likely composed of many different types of energy you've never encountered before. One of these energies locks the pills in place, while others make the traps function. Needless to say, if we trigger any traps, we're done for."

Suppressing a complaint, Yan Xiaobao swallowed the retort he wanted to hurl at Phoenix and simply waited for instructions on how to select the correct energy without accidentally blowing up the entire room.

"It's really quite simple," Lan Feng continued, his voice dripping with arrogance. Yan Xiaobao resisted the urge to strike the self-satisfied bird on the head. But now wasn't the time for bickering; they needed to gather these pills before anyone else caught up to them.

Clenching his teeth and tamping down his irritation yet again, he finally got the explanation he was waiting for. "The room is filled with the scent of the pills, and only the correct energy can access them. The energies often associated with the pills in the inscriptions are the type you'll need to unlock them. All you have to do is pick the energy that shares the same characteristics as the one within the pills. It could even be the energy ripple's resonance." Hearing this, Yan Xiaobao realized it was indeed incredibly simple. Without hesitation, he dropped to his knees and poured all his martial power unabashedly into the ground.

Everything was exactly as Lan Feng had described. Once his awareness followed his martial power into the floor, Yan Xiaobao discovered a vast network intertwining thousands of energy threads. Some were strong and emitted energy ripples, causing surrounding threads to vibrate. Others were weak, barely clinging to the network.

Emptying his mind, Yan Xiaobao carefully examined each energy ripple near him, but none matched the energy surrounding the pills. As he followed the network further, his frustration mounted—he was acutely aware of how little time he had before the other experts caught up to him. Some might even have managed to bypass the stone statues as swiftly as he had. If that happened, he'd be in a dire situation.

Quickening his pace, he finally caught the scent of medicinal herbs emanating from a faint, seemingly insignificant energy thread. Though it appeared small, this specific thread carried the scent he was searching for.

Holding his breath, Yan Xiaobao poured his energy into the delicate thread with determination. Suddenly, a massive surge of heat erupted, and the entire energy network began to collapse. Seeing the network crumbling, Yan Xiaobao swiftly withdrew his awareness. Without wasting a moment, he spread his martial power across the entire room and secured all the pills into his storage stone.

"The Saint who set this path clearly deemed it a waste of time. There might be far greater treasures ahead, or perhaps they simply didn't value these remarkable pills." Lan Feng, as thrilled as Yan Xiaobao, trailed the carnage left in the Saint's wake. The room, now emptied of its pills, retained only the faint medicinal fragrance of what had been.

Chapter 769: The Revived Statue_2

The neighboring room made Yan Xiaobao pause in his tracks. Unlike the other rooms, the opposite side of this room didn't have a broken door—it was completely intact. Seeing no one present, Yan Xiaobao felt an inexplicable sense of unease.

The longer Yan Xiaobao stood there, the more alert he became. Clearly, all the previous doors had been shattered by immense force, and it made no sense for the Saint to suddenly change his habits and leave one door untouched. It seemed more plausible that an external force carried him away from this room.

"There's an unusual energy in this room," Lan Feng remarked. His tone carried no trace of arrogance or pretension; he was utterly serious, and evidently a bit concerned.

"Although the cultivator who created this place was most likely God, he sustained severe injuries when constructing it," Lan Feng slowly explained. "All the energy used for traps and inscriptions is at the holy ranking spell level. Some are even quite close to Emperor-level. He clearly suffered significant damage, having no choice but to downgrade his inscriptions and abilities, yet doing so enabled him to create a tomb possibly as immense as the Holy Dungeon itself." Lan Feng continued, "The only time he seemed to have used genuine power was when he sealed the tomb using blood essence. It's most likely that he used the same method to seal the tomb's innermost cavity."

"This means there shouldn't be any traces of God's energy elsewhere—only Saint-level at most—but the energy ripples in this room remain peculiar, constantly shifting. It's as if they move at will. I can't even detect the slightest discernible pattern to their movements.

"Without a clear pattern, I wouldn't dare delve deeper into the room. A single wrong step, and we might end up where the Saint has gone." He continued, and Yan Xiaobao nodded in agreement. He wasn't eager to walk into a room where a burnt-out Saint had likely made a misstep.

"We can wait for others to arrive," Yan Xiaobao suggested. "So far, there hasn't been any shortage of families or cultivators willing to leap headfirst into whatever they stumble upon." He added, and, despite his unease, Lan Feng nodded in agreement.

Yan Xiaobao chose to wait rather than recklessly charge into the room, taking the time to browse through the treasure he had acquired. Examining the herbs and rare plants, he was delighted to discover he had managed to acquire thirteen Holy Flowers. All of these contained the core energy of Wu Wei.

Even not counting the thirteen Holy Flowers, numerous other extraordinary plants were undoubtedly priceless to Yan Xiaobao, yet he didn't know their names or anything else about them.

"I recognize most of them," Lan Feng remarked. "But among these flowers, thirty-seven kinds are ones I've never seen before or heard of. They might originate from the plane of existence where the expert who built this tomb was from. If we're fortunate, we might uncover other unknown secrets of this world," he said excitedly, once again admiring the herbs.

Yan Xiaobao shared the excitement. The novelty of everything happening around them was exhilarating, and the more power he could gain, the sooner he could defeat An Hee and the Third Prince. He needed strength to protect his friends. He needed strength to avenge the injustices they had endured.

Thinking about the possibilities before him, his eyes sparkled. The road to power was paved with challenges, but if it meant he could protect those he loved, this young man was willing to endure all the hardships the world had to offer. If it meant he could help them seek the vengeance they needed to continue their lives.

Overwhelmed by his emotions, Yan Xiaobao quickly buried them deep within when he sensed other experts approaching. His eyes sharpened immediately. Now wasn't the time to be consumed by feelings; now was the time to leave this room and move toward the primary treasure within the tomb.

Approaching experts cast curious glances at Yan Xiaobao, their gazes assessing whether the young man before them was worth robbing.

The curious glances lingered for a while but soon shifted away. No matter how they tried, they couldn't discern his cultivation base, and his carefree posture exuded arrogance. They couldn't help but worry

about the outcome if they provoked him; despite their advantage in numbers, they feared becoming the losers in any confrontation. Considering this, they had arrived at the room later than the solitary young man.

What worried them more, however, was the room itself. The door hadn't been opened, meaning the Saint must still be present, yet the only person in sight was the young man clad in a black cloak, who for some reason didn't seem in a hurry to breach the door.

Grinding their teeth, they quickly made up their minds and decided to move forward. Without much hesitation, they charged into the room.

But the moment they entered, beams of light appeared around each one of them. The experts, who had been standing still seconds earlier, were suddenly immobilized. They couldn't move even an inch as a drop of crimson liquid abruptly fell from above, pulled downward by gravity.

The experts remained frozen, and the red liquid struck them squarely. As soon as it made contact with their skin, the experts transformed into prismatic beams of light that shot outward from the open door behind them, exiting the room they had entered. A stunned Yan Xiaobao immediately attached his consciousness to one of the beams, only to make a more startling discovery—the beams transported each expert back to the very beginning of the tomb.

Chapter 770: The Revived Statue_3

Releasing his consciousness, it took him a few seconds to return to his own body. His mouth twitched in astonishment, and the shock in his eyes was unmistakable. This was undoubtedly the most bizarre trap he had ever encountered, but what intrigued him even more was the red liquid with astonishing teleportation capabilities.

Smirking to himself for a moment, Yan Xiaobao watched as wave after wave of experts entered the room. Mistakenly assuming Yan Xiaobao to be a Saint due to his composed demeanor and persistent silence, no one dared to provoke him.

Yan Xiaobao knew that the Saint had been teleported back to the tomb's starting point but said nothing. However, each time a group of people disappeared as beams of prismatic light, he observed where they reappeared. Every batch of cultivators was sent back to the tomb's entrance. From this, he deduced that the Saint would soon return.

When the Saint returned, Yan Xiaobao would no longer be as safe as he was now. Many other families would soon realize that he wasn't as powerful as they had imagined, and they might take action against him. There was even the possibility that other Saints could attack him.

He could handle the others with ease, but dealing with a Saint, on the other hand, could be especially problematic. While Yan Xiaobao could rely on his current strength to fend off a Saint, it would only be enough to ensure his escape. He had no means of completely defeating a Saint with his current power. On the other hand, if he used Lan Feng's power, he could easily overpower the Saint, but that would reveal one of his most powerful techniques to everyone else.

Letting out a deep sigh, he decided not to dwell on it any longer. His life was worth more than keeping his strength a secret, and he absolutely would not lose his treasure. If anyone dared to steal it, whether it was a King or a Saint, they would pay the price.

Shifting his focus back to the strange and seemingly random energy patterns in the next room, Yan Xiaobao began contemplating his next move. "Perhaps I should just teleport back to the beginning and take a different path," he thought, though the greed in his eyes remained undiminished. He deeply desired the red liquid that might enable long-distance teleportation.

Observing the room, Yan Xiaobao had countless opportunities to witness other families being teleported away. Before long, he discerned the pattern of the first energy wave. One person would step into the room, and the energy would envelop them. Then, as the energy rapidly peeled away from their body, brilliant beams of light would rain down, and droplets of the red liquid would drench the intruder.

The energy followed no discernable pattern, but it adhered closely to anything moving through the room. When he analyzed the next wave of energy, Yan Xiaobao noticed it behaved similarly, but the beams descended faster than with the previous wave. This room seemed like a test to determine if someone could accelerate fast enough through the waves of energy rather than be teleported away by the array.

Altogether, the room was divided into seven sections of turbulent energy. One had to traverse all seven sections to leave the room. Waiting for the room to run out of red liquid didn't seem like a viable option either, as a locked-in light beam could potentially become permanent, trapping an unfortunate expert forever.

Watching the ripples in the energy, Yan Xiaobao slowly began channeling Qi through his meridians. The Qi surged in deliberate patterns, gradually activating his Speed Flow and pushing his abilities to their limit. The room demanded speed, and if that were the case, he had to pass through it as fast as possible.

Having mastered Velocity Flow for so many years, he could now execute it with perfect precision. When pushed to its limits, it allowed him to cover vast distances in less than a second. To an extent, it almost seemed like he was teleporting, catapulting himself to far-off locations.

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