

Medical 771

Chapter 771 Do Your Best

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Yan Xiaobao stood in front of the energy ripples, feeling his heart racing. He knew that now he needed to be the most agile he had ever been in his life. As he infused more and more Qi into his body, he felt small wings forming on his feet; it signified that his abilities were being pushed to the limit.

It was now or never. If he had to start again from the beginning, Yan Xiaobao decided to take another tunnel toward the center, but his greed for that red liquid prepared him to give it his all as he darted into the distance.

His figure blurred, seemingly vanishing. The movement was so sudden that the group of experts observing him felt their minds go numb. His speed was awe-inspiring.

Though Yan Xiaobao was moving at an astonishing speed, it still wasn't enough. He passed through the first set of energy without any problem, the second set with ease, and the third similarly. When he reached the fourth set, he managed to pass without being stopped, but for the first time, he began to feel the energy wrapping around his body.

The sensation intensified as he traversed the fifth set of energy, and by the sixth, he could feel himself being tightly bound by the energy ripples. However, as he eyed the door growing closer, his gaze sharpened with determination. Extending his hand, Wu Wei emerged from his grasp, and as he charged through the seventh set of energy, the door was forcibly opened.

At this moment, he felt as though he had run directly into a wall, but upon reaching the barrier, he forced Qi from his Dantian through his meridians using the Speed Flow technique.

As he pushed forward, his body erupted with power. His feet never faltered, nor did they slow; instead, they carried him across the other side of the room. He felt the energy ripples clinging to him, disappearing one by one. Even at his fastest speed, he managed to reach the door just in time.

As he arrived, he heard a commotion behind him and turned his head to look. The Saint had returned, and as he glared at Yan Xiaobao, his eyes were filled with venom—a gaze that the young man couldn't initially comprehend.

As he entered the door, he wasn't overly concerned. If the Saint had failed once, he might fail again. Even if he managed to grasp the concept, Yan Xiaobao was prepared to confront him if martial arts attacks needed to be escalated.

Not wanting to dwell on what was happening behind him, Yan Xiaobao looked ahead and was surprised to see three letters floating in front of him.

Reaching out his hand, he picked up a sheet of paper, and as soon as his hand touched it, a flash of light appeared, along with an ancient voice. "This is the reward for defeating the transmission room."

Once the voice sounded, information poured into his mind. Slowly, the three texts dimmed before collapsing to the floor. In Yan Xiaobao's mind were three recipes.

Yan Xiaobao was shocked. What he had obtained were three recipes named Celestial Alchemy. The first was the formula for the red liquid that allowed teleportation upon contact.

The second was named "Dream of Tomorrow," which allowed one to sever their consciousness from their body. The Spiritual Medicine would create a pocket dimension where one's consciousness could train while the body remained in a meditative posture. It lasted for an hour, but within the pocket dimension, time functioned differently—one drop of the liquid inside the dimension equaled a full day for the consciousness.

The final formula was for a pill that enabled the body to absorb the Ancestor's World Power.

The first two items required Yan Xiaobao's pouch of medicinal herbs. They were the herbs he had collected from the Medicine Room, though these herbs were ones Lan Feng had never seen before.

The medicinal plants for the Ancestor's World Energy Pills were ingredients Yan Xiaobao knew and was familiar with. They were herbs from his own world.

"I believe treasures are distributed after successfully passing through each room," Lan Feng greedily licked his lips. These three recipes, though currently unusable because Yan Xiaobao was not an Alchemist, held immense potential, leaving him entirely unsure of how to handle them.

"If we encounter that Saint, we'll need to fight him," Lan Feng continued. "He's acquired many treasures that could help us in the future. I have several ways to erase people's memories." He grinned, his smug smirk reappearing on his lips, clearly very pleased with himself.

"Before we do anything else, let's inspect the room ahead." He sighed as Yan Xiaobao shifted his focus from the speaking bird to the empty room.

The emptiness of the room made the young man uneasy. No matter how he observed it, all he could find was an absolutely vacant space; there were no energy ripples approaching him, no traps—nothing at all. Yet, this lack of anything didn't frighten Yan Xiaobao.

He had successfully navigated through the midst of all these cultivators to emerge as the current leader. Unfortunately, he couldn't count on many others from his family reaching the room he was now in. The prior room had been exceedingly difficult to pass.

"I genuinely don't feel anything in this room, but I know the Saint is about to arrive here. When he does, we'll either have to fight him or let him go ahead of us. Since I find no significance in being here, let's attempt to move forward. If anything happens, be ready to retreat immediately."

Chapter 772: Do Your Best_2

For the time being, Yan Xiaobao stared at the room before him. His face was cold and stern, while his heart beat irregularly. Stepping into a room like this seemed perilous, directly opposing everything he stood for, but he knew he had no other choice. He slowly stepped forward.

The moment he intervened, nothing happened. No energy began brewing, no traps were triggered. In fact, nothing whatsoever occurred. The room was identical to before. Another step into the room yielded the same result.

"Could the passing of time have caused the traps to fail?" Yan Xiaobao mused to Lan Feng, but the Phoenix was just as powerless as he was. Neither of them had even the faintest idea why the room felt so empty.

One step turned into two. Two became three, and soon he was nearly halfway across the room. Just as he reached the midpoint, a light at the center of the room flared to life, casting down a beam. It resembled the illumination often seen from a transmission, yet now, trapped within the beam, the young man discovered he couldn't even move a single finger.

He let out a sigh, a deep sigh, his heart laden with an aching heaviness. "I wonder what awaits us," he said to the Phoenix within him, yet unlike before, the bird remained utterly silent.

Knowing he had no understanding of his current position, Yan Xiaobao simply sighed again as he awaited his fate. He hoped his luck would mirror that of others, who had entered prior rooms only to be transported back to the entrance, but deep down, he knew this was unlikely. Much to his dismay, he was becoming increasingly tense.

The light beam bore down, immobilizing the young man completely, leaving him unable to shift even an inch. He had lost control over his own body, his unease mounting by the second. No event transpired, nor was there any indication that he would be transmitted anywhere. As time stretched on, his worry grew: he might remain trapped here indefinitely.

He couldn't even turn his head to discern whether other experts had made it to the room. As Yan Xiaobao began to resign himself to his fate, he started contemplating whether his aspirations had been overly ambitious; the treasures he had acquired in the tomb were invaluable, yet the price of failure was steep beyond measure.

"I might be able to find us a solution," Lan Feng said slowly, his voice fading gradually. He clearly had no desire to abandon hope, yet both he and Yan Xiaobao felt profoundly despondent.

"Alright, let's wait a little longer," Yan Xiaobao uttered in a measured tone. "There's a chance we'll be transported elsewhere, but for the time being, we should be patient. We can't yet predict what might transpire, though I suspect this beam cannot sustain itself indefinitely. We need to remember that despite being crafted by an expert, the creator has been dead for thousands of years. His spells cannot possibly retain the strength they had during his lifetime. Look at how weakened they've become so far."

"I appreciate your optimism," Lan Feng remarked dryly. The Phoenix understood his feelings; they all shared mutual frustration and fatigue. Yan Xiaobao's words seemed apt, not only for himself but for the Phoenix as well.

"If we find ourselves in a dire situation, I do have one alternative—but it's something we can only resort to if there are no other options. I am a Phoenix..." Just as Lan Feng was about to continue, he was suddenly interrupted as he sensed energy ripples emanating from the top of the light beam that entrapped them.

Yan Xiaobao and Lan Feng fell silent, focusing on the growing intensity of the energy ripple. As for what was causing it to escalate, neither of them could fathom.

"We can't afford to die here," Lan Feng said slowly, his eyes shimmering. "If this turns out not to be a transmission array but rather some form of attack, I will have no choice but to rely on my strength to survive. I can't guarantee what might happen, but rest assured, our vow remains rooted in my soul. I will ensure your promise is upheld," he pledged. His words left Yan Xiaobao confused.

Feeling bitter, Yan Xiaobao did not blame the bird that shared his body. Should the choice arise between both of them dying or only one surviving, they would both prefer the latter. Though Yan Xiaobao would rather Lan Feng survive, if he himself were to perish, he still wasn't ready to face the end of his second life. Unlike his previous death, this time he wasn't content; he felt restless and unfulfilled. Before he could once again sacrifice his life with a satisfied smile, he still had much to live for, many experiences awaiting him, and countless tasks left incomplete.

The energy ripples finally ceased their pulsating, coalescing into a massive visage. It was a face with closed eyes, deeply lined wrinkles, and flowing white hair. Gazing upon the face, Yan Xiaobao felt sheer terror. If he were able to move, his legs would have trembled uncontrollably, yet now he could only feel an odd gratitude for the beam that kept him firmly in place.

"I bet I frightened the life out of you, didn't I, little thin one?" An ancient voice echoed from the wrinkled face. The closed eyes slowly began to open, revealing a pair of jet-black orbs filled with thousands of twinkling stars. Those eyes resembled nothing Yan Xiaobao had ever seen before; perhaps the closest comparison would be the enigmatic and looming eyes of laws he once encountered in divine realms.

"You are either exceedingly brave or remarkably foolish for entering this room. Nothing happens here; it's obviously a trap. Anyone observing it would surely assume it's a trap—yet still, you strode boldly into the room. Foolish? Perhaps. But I must admit, I have a fondness for foolish individuals. Only with a certain degree of recklessness can one achieve greatness in life."

Chapter 773: Do Your Best_3

"I don't know when my tomb will be opened. It could be days, years, or even millennia. My tomb may have lost much of its initial power, but even so, I detest people invading my final resting place. I wonder,

will it become a grand gathering, a new generation's entry into this unknown world? I don't know, but one thing I do know is that I want to have the final say in what happens to my treasures."

"As I said, only I can decide the fate of my vast treasures. You are one very lucky, foolish cultivator. To reach this point, you must have considerable skill, and now I will offer you a choice that others won't get."

"You should already be familiar with my teleportation liquid. Yes, it's a liquid that allows a person to teleport from one place to another. I've slightly altered the recipe, turning it into a substance no longer requiring ingestion but activating through touch. Perhaps you've experienced this in one of my previous chambers. You should know that I've done my best to transport as many individuals back to the entrance."

"This drop will not send you to the exit of my tomb; instead, it will teleport you deeper into my tomb. Whether you can reach the innermost part of the tomb depends entirely on your luck. While your skills will be tested, the ability you need most is luck."

"In any case, I've said too much. My energy is dissipating, unable to sustain this fragment of my soul here any longer. If we're fortunate, we might meet again in other parts of the tomb, as my soul is scattered into thousands of fragments, each assigned with a specific task to oversee. Unfortunately, some of them are not as friendly as me, but you'll have to wait and see what happens." As the energy gradually faded, the laughter grew weaker and weaker.

Not long after, the face completely vanished, leaving the beam of light as the sole remaining energy source within the room. Looking up, he saw a droplet of red liquid gathering above his head. Just as it fell, he heard footsteps. Before he could turn around, he felt the droplet touch him. A cold sensation enveloped him, making his entire body want to shiver, but the beam of light rendered it impossible.

Anyone observing him would see him turning transparent, his body slowly fading into the air, shooting outward like a beam of light. Unlike the previous chambers, he wasn't teleported back to the tomb's entrance; instead, he was sent even deeper, into undiscovered depths of the tomb.

Left in the silent room was the Saint. He gritted his teeth, helplessly watching Yan Xiaobao disappear in haste, his eyes brimming with fury and hatred, utterly powerless.

Yan Xiaobao was thrilled. His speed of movement was unbelievable, but if that man's words were true, the red liquid didn't just cause teleportation. Rather, it resembled a technique enabling crazed, rapid movement. It was so fast that Yan Xiaobao could not see anything he encountered along the way.

Yan Xiaobao was fortunate. The beam of light transported him through rooms filled with traps without needing to confront them; though he remained the first to exit each room, allowing him to collect treasures one after another. As for what these treasures were, he had no clue. He didn't have time to stop and examine what he had obtained.

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Chapter 774: The Greatest Effort

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Although Yan Xiaobao was advancing through one room after another, his body couldn't control the speed. During the flight, his body was no longer bound by beams, allowing him to grab the things he passed by. Despite his best efforts, he still left behind rooms full of treasures, as he couldn't slow down to pick up anything. The medicine pill he left behind particularly tugged at Yan Xiaobao's heart.

His flight through the rooms was swiftly completed, but even at his speed, it took Yan Xiaobao several hours to fly from one room to another. Soon, he was completely numbed by the vastness of the tomb he had entered.

His flight gave him a good seven-hour stretch before his speed finally decreased, and the young man fell from the sky to the ground of the tomb. But thinking of the golden martial power wings that appeared on his back, he elegantly landed on the ground.

Upon landing, Yan Xiaobao quickly looked around. Behind him was the gigantic door he had passed, leading back to many rooms filled with treasures he had bypassed. More doors lined the walls of most rooms, looking exactly like the door he had passed; clearly, these doors led to other treasure-filled tunnels, much like the one he had entered.

These doors led to other tunnels just like the rooms Hui Yue passed by, which wasn't hard to guess, but Yan Xiaobao was puzzled as to why there were twenty entrances. At the entrance of the tomb, there were only fourteen tunnels in total. As for where the last six came from, Yan Xiaobao didn't know.

Aside from the door he came from, none of the other doors had been opened. These doors lined the back of the room, and when Yan Xiaobao looked forward, he saw a massive door; a door so immense that just seeing it made his heart race. It seemed to be two hundred meters high, stretching to the ceiling, and at least three hundred meters wide.

There was no way to see how this door could be opened, as it seemed impenetrable; regardless of their cultivation, it seemed to prevent anyone from advancing.

"We need to wait for other Saints to appear here," Lan Feng mused softly. "Even if we combine our strength, we can't open this door by ourselves. We need help from at least ten Saints to break it. I recognize the sealing energy, undoubtedly the Ancestor's world power. I think we're about to enter the inner part of the tomb," Lan Feng spoke not just to Yan Xiaobao, but also to himself.

Yan Xiaobao nodded, sitting on the ground to start cultivating. He realized that other experts would take some time to reach this chamber, especially considering how easily he had flown here. This time was best used to reach his peak state. Only then could he calmly watch over his treasures, knowing he could guard what he had gathered.

Sitting in the dim light of the room, Yan Xiaobao was the most relaxed he had been since entering the tomb. There were evidently no traps around, and in the room he was in, the cold yin energy was prevalent.

Sitting down, Yan Xiaobao fully immersed himself in the cold energy rushing into his body. He knew he should take some time to sort through the treasures he acquired along the way; however, he was completely unable to do so without first absorbing sufficient energy into his body.

For thousands of years, energy had been stored in the room, which was filled with energy, even just breathing caused a lot of energy to enter his body. It was as if he could absorb boundless yin energy. The energy Yan Xiaobao absorbed was so vast that he felt the yin-yang balance in his heart of Wu Yin was slowly shifting; it quietly moved towards perfect balance. This was something he had longed for, and as he greedily absorbed the energy into his body, a hint of a smile appeared on his face.

One day passed, then another day, and soon three days passed, with Yan Xiaobao not moving an inch. As the air in the room changed, he sat there without moving. On the first day, it was already thick and filled with astonishing cold yin energy, but now there was a slight warmth in the air. The warmth slowly filled the entire room, emanating from this young man.

As the fourth day ended, Yan Xiaobao opened his eyes and exhaled an old breath. Completely focused on absorbing the yin energy in the room, he had finally succeeded in absorbing all of it.

In the depths of his eyes was a cold glimmer, which gradually melted as the young man claimed all the cold energy. He slowly stood up from the ground with a bright smile on his face. His entire body was brimming with vitality. He was currently at the pinnacle of the ninth star, so close to breaking through to the Emperor-level; so close that once he managed to cross the last barrier, he could almost feel the abundant energy.

The Yin Energy not only greatly enhanced his power but also perfectly balanced the energy in his consciousness. Yin Yang Energy. After absorbing the energy of the Jing Family, he no longer experienced the imbalance he had previously.

As he stood, Yan Xiaobao stretched his body and then picked up some storage stones filled with many treasures he had grabbed along the way.

Looking at the room where the door opened, he knew that the expert group was currently rushing towards him. They hurriedly passed through a room and finally reached the inner area of the tomb where he was now. As they proceeded here, a fierce battle might very well occur, but the Saints Team might also collaborate to open the heavy door behind him.

Chapter 775: The Greatest Effort_2

With a sigh, Yan Xiaobao sat down and slowly opened the storage stone. Then, he picked up an item. The first thing he saw was a leather scroll. Opening the scroll, he discovered a painting of a multi-faced beast sealed with inscriptions. Looking at these sealing inscriptions, he realized they were vastly different from any inscriptions he had seen before.

"This seems to be a type of soul shadow from another world," Lan Feng said slowly. "They are unlike the soul shadows of our world. Moreover, their inscription patterns are something I've never encountered before."

"Then they're of no use to me," Yan Xiaobao said dejectedly, but Lan Feng quickly retorted, "Their value far surpasses the soul shadows of our world!" he exclaimed.

"These inscriptions are sealing glyphs—something you should learn. With these, you can seal creatures. The best part is that no one else knows these inscription patterns. They are indestructible to anyone."

Hearing this, Yan Xiaobao's heart began to race. The ability to seal other cultivators with inscriptions unknown to everyone else—Yan Xiaobao understood that, without a doubt, he couldn't let this go.

Without pulling out any other treasures, Yan Xiaobao sat down once again. As he funneled his consciousness into the scroll, the leather scroll rested in his hands. He observed each symbol within the inscriptions, trying to comprehend and penetrate the complexity of the patterns.

Although Yan Xiaobao was able to understand the inscriptions one by one, he still couldn't fully grasp how they worked together. The sealing inscriptions were hard to fathom; they were extremely profound, but the more time he spent studying them, the better he understood.

It wasn't a single inscription pattern but rather five overlapping patterns. Individually, these inscriptions were relatively simple, capable of little beyond capturing opponents. However, if the inscriptions were carved in quick succession, they would activate dynamically and prove difficult to break. Of course, everything was relative—if Yan Xiaobao used his Peak King energy to capture a Saint, that Saint could break free. Even then, though, it would take considerable effort and allow Yan Xiaobao to escape.

On the other hand, if Yan Xiaobao used Lan Feng's Holy Power, he would also be able to capture and seal other Saints. The sealing formation was simply astonishing.

Now that Yan Xiaobao had understood the inscription patterns, he also knew how to release the soul shadow within the leather scroll. Yan Xiaobao wasn't sure whether he should try it or save it for later. It could very well be a one-time-use soul shadow, in which case he'd rather save it for a dire situation.

Just as he was about to draw out another item, he heard the sound of a creaking door. He immediately returned the item to his storage stone and slipped his hand into his bracelet.

He stood up, cautiously watching the door as it opened. It did so very slowly, and before long, a figure staggered in.

The man's entire body was covered in blood, with visible wounds all over. However, his eyes were dark and focused as he assessed the room he'd entered. Gazing around, his hollow, black eyes seemed absorbed by the carved reliefs on the walls. He quickly hurried to a corner, where he sat down, clearly attempting to heal from his injuries.

Yan Xiaobao paid no mind to the wounded man. He didn't appear to have any ill intent toward him, and Yan Xiaobao wasn't one to attack without reason. So long as people didn't insult or provoke him, he wouldn't bother them.

It was evident that this Saint had charged through room after room. He might have amassed an impressive collection of treasures, but Yan Xiaobao still didn't attack him. He patiently waited for more Saints to arrive so they could attempt to pass through the massive door together.

A day later, more experts started appearing, entering through the same door the injured Saint had used. Clearly, the man had cleared out most of the traps, making the path fairly straightforward and safe. Like a deluge, experts flooded the area, arriving at the door to join the group. Watching this scene, Yan Xiaobao was startled to notice Sha Yun emerging from the group, accompanied by a pack of magical beasts. Watching her for a while with concern, he saw that she remained unharmed. She even smiled as she joked with the other hybrids.

Many experts arrived, and Yan Xiaobao was glad the stone room they were in was so spacious. It was vast enough to seemingly hold up to five thousand cultivators without issue.

Days passed. Some experts attempted to force the massive door open. While Yan Xiaobao continued waiting patiently, others set up small stalls to sell or trade some of the treasures they had discovered so far. Although the tomb held a wealth of treasures, most of the major finds had been taken by Senior Experts, leaving only remnants to be traded. A variety of medicine pills and herbs were put up for sale.

Yan Xiaobao browsed the makeshift stalls, purchasing all the herbs he believed to be from other worlds. These would be necessary for his Celestial Alchemy recipes.

Many were happy to sell these herbs, as they didn't recognize their value and assumed they were just useless wildflowers. Some might have suspected they were special, but with enough Gold Coins, everyone was willing to part with them cheerfully.

On the seventh day after the second door opened, yet another door began creaking open. The sound immediately put Yan Xiaobao and the other Saints on high alert.

Chapter 776: The Greatest Effort_3

Two Saints walked over. Both seemed utterly exhausted, yet neither bore injuries like the other Saints in the room. Despite their unscathed condition, disbelief etched across their faces as they gazed at the numerous experts moving about within the chamber. When their eyes landed on the two already-opened doors, their reaction was near explosive, their eyes almost bulging from their sockets.

The two Saints quickly scanned the crowd present, but their gaze eventually settled on Yan Xiaobao and the other Saint undergoing treatment. The newly-arrived experts pondered deeply, deliberating their next course of action before advancing toward the massive doors.

Gathering all their martial power within their bodies, they unleashed concentrated attacks on the towering door. One deafening explosion followed another, yet the surface of the door remained untouched, without even the faintest dent visible. It loomed above them like an indomitable castle piercing the skies.

The Saints Team endured a prolonged effort, exhausting themselves completely before finally conceding defeat. Their internal reserves of energy depleted, they were pushed back as a thunderous laugh suddenly reverberated from everywhere within the chamber.

Hearing the booming voice, Yan Xiaobao wasn't particularly shocked. He immediately recognized it—it was the voice of the tomb's owner; a sound he had encountered before.

"Hahaha, you fools! Did you truly believe that you could breach my Gate of Heaven with mere physical strength? Such childish delusion!" The voice erupted loudly, creating pressure waves from the door that sent several experts staggering backward. The closer one stood to the door, the greater the waves of force they had to endure. Some were even forced to cough up blood as they fell back. Not even the two Saints attempting to force open the door could escape being compelled to retreat.

Their eyes flickered with a mixture of shock and disbelief as they felt, for the very first time, the overwhelming strength of the tomb's owner. It dawned on them, with profound clarity, that he was far more powerful than they could have imagined—a realization only fueling their already greedy gazes. A being of such magnitude surely possessed treasures beyond comprehension.

The name "Gate of Heaven" on the towering doors ignited palpable excitement in the room. Even Yan Xiaobao couldn't suppress his own thrill, though he was painfully aware that none of them had the strength to breach the door as things now stood. Thus, his focus shifted, his gaze moving among the crowd. He carefully observed how they reacted to the sudden emergence of this tomb's formidable guardian.

As the voice swelled with authority, everyone was brimming with astonishment and greed. Even the lingering energy ripples from the owner's soul were potent enough to force the Saints to take a step back, an undeniable testament to his immense power. Fear gripped the hearts of all, yet this dread was accompanied by an almost uncontrollable surge of exhilaration.

"I once wished for my tomb to remain sealed forever, but now that it has come to pass, I have no choice but to accept this reality."

"With so many of you gathered here to plunder and steal from my sacred resting place, why not turn this into an entertaining treasure hunt instead?" the voice taunted with a wry grin. As these words echoed, everyone observing the happenings near the door held their breath anxiously.

"I possess innumerable skills and treasures, and due to this unexpected turn of events, I find myself compelled to share them with the younger generation." The voice, still chuckling, sounded oddly amused, as though the entire scenario, instead of being a tragedy, was a delightful twist.

"Of course he's excited," Lan Feng muttered in his Dantian. "This is merely a remnant of his soul. He's been waiting here for thousands of years with nothing happening at all. Tell me, if you were aware that you were dead, your soul fading as the remnants weakened, ultimately vanishing into oblivion—wouldn't you wish for something intriguing to occur before you ceased to exist entirely?"

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Chapter 777 Gate of Heaven

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Hearing this, it was as if Yan Xiaobao nodded in agreement. The soul mark had not lost anything from issuing various skills, abilities, and treasures, but before leaving, he acquired certain tasks he could accomplish. Years ago, when he awoke, he knew his true self had passed on, and over time, his treasures would vanish, slowly disintegrating into nothingness. Time flowed by, with nothing exciting

happening. Not even a single small creature had managed to reach this soul mark, guarding the Gate of Heaven, as the many traps and trials along the way deterred all beings until now.

As a door was forcibly opened, a deafening boom echoed in the air. Standing at the entrance was a towering figure; his energy fluctuations were so fierce and overwhelming that anyone who approached him would hastily retreat. He was clearly a Saint, and as he gazed around, his bloodshot eyes carried a stunned expression.

Anyone could understand his feelings. After desperately struggling through trial after trial, believing he had done remarkably well, he discovered that his destination was already crowded with multiple groups of cultivators—many of whom were far weaker than him. Under such circumstances, this would undoubtedly amplify frustration in anyone.

"You there, keep quiet!" a thunderous voice boomed, startling the shaken Saint further, as he felt the sheer power behind the voice alone. He dared not utter a word; instead, he withdrew the energy spilling from his body and cautiously approached the other two Saints, who were also attempting to pass through the Gate of Heaven.

Looking at each other, the three Saints nodded in acknowledgment, yet none of them dared to raise even the slightest question. All of their gazes locked onto the enormous gate, from which the voice was resounding like a growing storm.

"As I was saying before being interrupted," the voice continued, "I am willing to bestow my treasures and abilities upon the most capable person. I trust that each of you can enjoy an intriguing journey through the outer peripheries of this tomb. The trials you have faced so far were merely trivial, the traps only slightly troublesome. However, if you manage to break through my Heaven Gate, don't expect it to be as easy as it has been so far." The voice warned them all, and even Yan Xiaobao felt a slight numbness. Traps and trials this far had been easy? Up until now, he had already been prepared to lay down his life.

He wasn't the only one to feel slightly dazed by the words; the three Saints ahead were utterly shocked as well, and even those Saints tending to their wounds lifted their heads, confusion and pure astonishment etched on their faces.

"I suppose he truly is God's expert," Yan Xiaobao muttered while staring at the gate. Though it was overwhelmingly difficult and extremely dangerous, Yan Xiaobao was unwilling to give up. He desired the treasures and abilities this God possessed. While Lan Feng had numerous skills to share, this expert

came from a different plane altogether. Everything he owned would shake this world. His items and abilities were incomparably mighty, and Yan Xiaobao wanted them badly. The more skills and treasures he acquired, the better his chances of defeating An Hee.

"Don't be too hasty," Lan Feng advised, sensing his blood boiling and adrenaline surging. "We should let the Saints Team go first. As they traverse the traps, we'll follow behind them, using them as cover. I'm fairly certain they'll suffer losses this time."

"Just like he said. Up until now, while some ordinary cultivators have paid with their lives, the Saints have never encountered any real danger. Even when you've been in peril, he hasn't used his holy authority, but entities far superior to Saints already await them."

"This proves that you possess what is necessary to access the next part of the tomb. However, though we hold the power of Saints, we stand to gain the most by hiding behind the other Saints. Using them as our shields is the best we can do for now, and honestly, I'm certain the Saints are eager to advance. Their greed and ambitions blind them, and their power allows all other Saints to stand out. Every Saint dreams of being seen as equals to General Frozen, Wan Qiao, and other renowned Saints of the world. If they can rival those experts, they'll realize their dreams."

Yan Xiaobao gazed at these Saints with disdain in his eyes. He wouldn't even settle for obtaining power equivalent to General Frozen. He wanted to be stronger. He sought strength that could rival that of the tomb's master; strength capable of overthrowing the mightiest individuals on this plane. He needed power to defeat An Hee.

The three Saints ahead didn't glance at Yan Xiaobao but were instead fixated on the gate, their fervent gazes filled with greed and excitement. Meanwhile, the Saint who had entered after Yan Xiaobao was staring at him with an odd expression.

Yan Xiaobao was still cloaked in his black mantle, concealing his energy and preventing anyone from sensing his power. Yet this Saint recognized that the one who first arrived in their current chamber was him. What was even more astonishing was that no one else emerged from the door he had earlier broken through.

It was obvious that this young man draped in a black cloak was no ordinary cultivator. In a world governed by strength, the Saint realized that Yan Xiaobao was far less simple than he appeared.

The injured Saint shook his head, further burying his doubts in his mind and once again focusing his entire attention on the massive door. It had been quiet for some time, but energy ripples continued to emanate outward, albeit slightly weaker than before.

"You need brute force to break through this door," the voice said. This time, it was not as powerful as before, but it still resonated loudly. It surged through the room, ensuring that all the experts heard the words distinctly.

"This door is the first of many trials awaiting you. I have generously rewarded all of you with treasures, and I recommend using some of them to bolster your strength. You will need every ounce of power to reach the end of the maze I constructed. To find my final resting place will not be easy—it will require luck, hard work, and sacrifice. Are you truly willing to sacrifice what needs to be sacrificed to reach my tomb?" The voice chuckled lightly as the energy ripples dissipated rapidly. Soon, it vanished completely, and the voice spoke no more.

Every individual in the massive room fell silent. Suddenly, many experts felt fear flicker in their eyes as they clutched their treasures tightly, no longer displaying them or attempting to trade them.

Three Saints turned around, their eyes hard as steel and greedy smiles adorning their faces. To the experts before them, they looked no different from lambs awaiting slaughter.

Not many Saints had snatched treasures on their way to the room. Many had been certain that the treasures were unworthy of their attention, so they hadn't wasted time inspecting them. However, the voice's words changed their minds. The treasures were undoubtedly worth the effort, and they needed them to advance.

It wasn't long before many experts left the chamber, but not all managed to leave in time. Numerous individuals were intercepted by the Saints, their possessions forcibly taken. While bitterness filled the experts' hearts, their lives were spared.

Yan Xiaobao surveyed his surroundings, his gaze landing on Sha Yun and her team. As they moved toward the door, their faces were grim, their eyes taut, attempting to escape before halting abruptly.

Noticing their urgency, Yan Xiaobao finally acted. He stood up from the spot where he had been seated for a long time and walked toward them. Seeing the black cloak, Sha Yun's tense expression melted into a tender smile, the bitterness fading from her face.

"I'll help you get out," he said casually to the group of mixed-blood experts, his words bringing a satisfied smile to their faces. Standing near them for a while, anyone who approached the mixed-blood group faltered; however, after most groups had been robbed by the Saints, their eyes continuously darted around, searching for other targets to plunder.

Soon enough, Yan Xiaobao's group drew the Saints' attention. Initially, due to Yan Xiaobao's cautionary demeanor, they hesitated to attack. Unfortunately, their greed quickly overpowered their prudence, and two Saints began to approach the group.

Seeing them arrive, Yan Xiaobao looked at the beasts and mixed-blood individuals, letting out a deep sigh. "Keep moving, no matter what happens," he said with a smile. "I have some matters to discuss with these individuals."

As Yan Xiaobao stepped forward, the Saints were visibly taken aback. No one had expected him to willingly confront them, and their twisted expressions betrayed their surprise as their smiles vanished. Yan Xiaobao removed his cloak, revealing a power borrowed from Lan Feng. Energy ripples erupted from his body and collided with the energy of the three Saints, triggering small explosions with every impact. The Saints quickly realized that the man before them was no less formidable than themselves. Their shock grew even greater when they saw the injured Saint rise and move to Yan Xiaobao's side.

"I'll bet on your strength," the injured Saint said casually. "I also admire you for not knocking me down earlier," he continued while cracking his neck. The sound of snapping joints echoed as he prepared to confront the three Saints alongside Yan Xiaobao. "You're betting I'm stronger?" Yan Xiaobao was stunned. He hadn't anticipated that another Saint would be willing to help him. Even without the injured Saint's assistance, Yan Xiaobao was confident he could stall two Saints; however, achieving victory was an entirely different matter.

The injured Saint nodded, a faint smile on his face, as Yan Xiaobao couldn't hide his astonishment. Grateful, he acknowledged the peculiar Saint who had chosen to stand by him.

The expressions of the opposing Saints turned bitter, and their eyes gleamed with fury. "Xiao Ning, why are you supporting some obscure expert? He clearly isn't from our Sun Kingdom, yet you choose to help

him instead of us?!" one of them shouted, but the injured Saint—known as Xiao Ning—merely shook his head.

"I owe him a debt. He was the first expert to enter this chamber, and when I arrived, I was near death's door. He knew I was an easy target, that he could finish me off effortlessly, but he spared me." Xiao Ning's face showed resolve as energy began to ripple from his body.

By this point, Sha Yun's team had already left the chamber, but the battle had yet to begin. Even though their target had disappeared, the air remained heavy, and everyone could sense the energy ripples filling the entire room.

Sha Yun's group wasn't the only one fleeing; others rushed toward the door as fast as possible, unwilling to linger in a room that Saints were about to turn into a battleground. It was inevitable that their unleashed powers would be chaotic and devastating; anyone caught in the crossfire would have no one to rely on but themselves.

Yan Xiaobao sighed softly and slowly removed his cloak, letting his energy explode outward. However, the moment he shed the cloak and stored it away, the Saints' expressions turned bitter—not just the two he was confronting, but even the one standing beside him.

"You're the Great Marshall of the Beast Army?" a disbelieving expert asked. Yan Xiaobao merely shrugged, neither confirming nor denying. His silence prompted another Saint—one who had yet to speak—to burst into laughter.

"He is the Great Marshall, no doubt about it!" he said with a grin. "The Great Marshall of the Beast Army is a King. Just a King trying to stand against us. Xiao Ning, do you regret now who you chose to support? He didn't spare your life because he didn't want to kill you; it's because he couldn't!"

Xiao Ning's face was tinged with discomfort, but his eyes remained sharp as he shook his head. "I stand by what I said," he replied hoarsely. His gaze displayed unwavering determination but also hinted that he didn't expect to win outright.

"Since you have faith in me, I'll show you—no one underestimates me," Yan Xiaobao responded with a sly smile, a grin that puzzled the three Saints. How could he remain so calm while facing two powerful

adversaries? The opposing experts were perplexed as they watched him closely. Their faces darkened when they felt his energy begin to climb.

The power started at the King-level but soon soared skyward. He had already matched the strength of a high-ranking Emperor, but it didn't stop there—it continued to ascend, reaching the rank of a Saint.

As his power surged, Xiao Ning's face reflected shock, and the other experts grew dismayed. The Great Marshall of the Beast Army was not as simple as they had anticipated. Clearly, this King Ranking expert had been concealing his full strength.

Even after reaching the Saint Realm, Yan Xiaobao's power continued to escalate, albeit at a slower pace than before. As his energy climbed higher, the two adversaries finally broke free from their paralysis, their faces twisted with murderous intent as they charged at Yan Xiaobao. Yet before they could get close, a massive golden shield materialized in front of them, blocking their advance.

Laughing, Xiao Ning stepped aside as he released Wu Wei's power from within his body. Xiao Ning was one of the strongest experts within the Sun Kingdom. Despite his injuries, he was in no way inferior to others. His wounds had been caused earlier when he recklessly charged through traps, opting to destroy everything in his path with brute force rather than carefully dismantling obstacles.

Chapter 779 Sun Shield

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If Yan Xiaobao had tried the same method as Xiao Ning, he would undoubtedly have risked his life. But now, he had the time to completely heal, and he was stronger than ever.

Xiao Ning's nickname was the Sun Shield. His entire combat style was centered on defense and power. He could use martial power to protect his body and create external shields for both defense and offense while utilizing these protective forces.

Yan Xiaobao knew about Xiao Ning and the other two Saints because he had received information about all the Saints of the Sun Kingdom from Gao Yan. Yet, even knowing this, he hadn't expected Xiao Ning's defense to be so astounding.

The two opponents forced their energies to their maximum strength and unleashed them. Even so, only a few cracks appeared on the shield protecting Yan Xiaobao. The young man was no longer worried about what might happen and sat down to gradually let Lan Feng's power merge entirely with him. Lan Feng allowed him complete control over the strength of a Holy Name Expert.

It wasn't long before his body brimmed with energy, achieving fusion with the power. He now had the full capacity to stand alongside any Saint.

Indeed, when Lan Feng forcibly rebirthed Yan Xiaobao into his old world, he had lost some cultivation base. However, although Yan Xiaobao hadn't had the chance to confront Wan Qiao, none of the Saints who had entered the graveyard matched Lan Feng. Unknown figures such as Wan Qiao or General Frozen were equally formidable. All these individuals were considered average Saints, but among them, Lan Feng was undeniably the strongest.

When Hui Yu felt the eruption of energy within his body, he smiled. As he tried to gain full control of his inner power, he slowly stood and stretched his body.

"I haven't released my strength in a while," Yan Xiaobao said, not overtly complaining, but everyone heard his words. They caused shock and a trace of fear even in the hearts of the two Saints. Even Xiao Ning felt slightly concerned about how this young King could hide his power so thoroughly. To deceive them entirely, he had to be extraordinarily strong.

Although Xiao Ning was worried, he also felt secretly pleased. Before fully understanding his own strength, he had always stayed close to this powerful man. Because of this, he transformed himself into an ally. Conversely, the two opponents weren't so fortunate. Their initial plans to easily overpower the experts and seize their treasures were no longer an option.

With a roar, the two withdrew without causing additional energy ripples. It was evident they no longer wished to fight against Yan Xiaobao. Watching the two, Yan Xiaobao hesitated over whether he should end the battle and let them escape.

Releasing the tiger back to the mountains wasn't his style; however, fighting against those who had already surrendered wasn't fitting either. Even though they had once battled, it was unlikely they would destroy each other for no reason. Yan Xiaobao decided to let them go. After all, unless absolutely necessary, he preferred to conserve Lan Feng's power for as long as possible. Lan Feng was his hidden strength, something he truly wished to preserve.

Seeing the two Saints retreat, Xiao Ning withdrew his shields as well. Soon, the two sides split. Yan Xiaobao and Xiao Ning moved to the corner where Xiao Ning had previously sat, while the other two Saints went to another part of the room and unpacked all the storage stones they had taken from lower-level cultivators.

Xiao Ning hadn't stolen any treasures; however, observing the mighty cultivator Yan Xiaobao, he understood that everything Yan Xiaobao had approached, he had taken with overwhelming strength—just as Yan Xiaobao had done. A while later, Yan Xiaobao and Xiao Ning examined the various items they had acquired from the graveyard thus far.

Yan Xiaobao emptied all the pills from his storage stone, categorizing them by type. He had gathered a handful of golden pills, half a handful of purple pills, a dozen shiny white pills resembling pearls, and a significant collection of red pills.

Considering this, Hui Yu wondered whether he should try consuming one of the pills to see their effects, though he was somewhat worried about what might happen if he did. Long ago, he had learned not to eat unknown pills without understanding their purpose.

"You fool. There aren't any harmful drugs in our world," Lan Feng corrected him in a self-satisfied tone. "If there is a pill, it's medicine designed to enhance your power, making you extremely strong, but it may weaken you for a time afterward." As Hui Yu's eyes gleamed excitedly at the pills, the bird continued.

"The energy in the white pills is cold, so they can only be Yin Energy-enhancing pills." As he gazed at the other pills, Lan Feng added excitedly, "I'm not sure what the others do, but they should benefit you. Just try using them, and we'll see what happens." Lan Feng urged him on. With a sigh, Yan Xiaobao had little choice but to try them one by one. After all, Saints endured considerable waits before achieving breakthroughs to reach the Gate of Heaven. Clearly, this time was best spent improving his personal strength, so he wouldn't have to overly rely on the proud bird's individual power.

When he picked up a golden pill, Yan Xiaobao still hesitated. He held a handful of such pills and could sense strong energy waves emanating from them. Yan Xiaobao swallowed hard and let out a deep sigh. "Here goes," he muttered as he stuffed the golden pill into his mouth.

Chapter 780 Sun Shield_2

Xiao Ning, who was seated nearby, was astonished to see how many medicinal pills this young man had consumed, but he was even more shocked by the courage he showed while doing so; it seemed as though he had no idea what effect it would have on him.

What Xiao Ning didn't know was that Yan Xiaobao was at least as apprehensive as him, but he trusted Lan Feng. When Phoenix said the pills would benefit him, he accepted them without hesitation. Even if Lan Feng told him to leap off a cliff into the abyss below, as long as Lan Feng claimed it would make him stronger, Yan Xiaobao would do it.

As soon as the golden pill entered his mouth, it melted on his tongue, and his body trembled. Wave after wave of energy surged into his body, forcing its way through his meridians and flooding every vein.

This energy felt different from what Yan Xiaobao had previously experienced. It was as pure as Qi, yet as powerful as Wu Wei. The energy quickly began revolving through his meridians, gradually turning from white to gold, before eventually entering the martial power core of his Upper Dantian.

When a surge of energy entered his martial power core, an even greater tide of energy began to churn and flow through his blood vessels. His entire body was strengthened by these powerful waves of energy, which pushed their way through his physique. Each time the energy passed through his internal organs or veins, some remained behind and fused with his tissues, fortifying his body to an astonishing degree.

Although his physical body was being strengthened, this newfound power was insignificant compared to the energy surging within Yan Xiaobao. Soon, the intense pain in his head forced him to close his eyes. The energy inside him was simply overwhelming, making him feel like a balloon filled with too much air—one that could burst at any moment.

Cracks began to appear on the surface of his Wu Wei core. The more cracks that appeared, the more Hui Yue suffered. He shoved another pill into his mouth and sat in a lotus position; his legs were crossed, his hands rested on his knees, and his eyes were tightly shut. While most people would appear calm and serene in such a posture, Yan Xiaobao was far from tranquil. His face was tightly knit with concentration, and sweat dripped to the ground as faint grumbling sounds echoed in the otherwise silent room.

The energy fluctuations emanating from Yan Xiaobao were so intense that even the two experts on the other side of the room could faintly sense them. Everyone's eyes remained locked on the young man, who was clearly struggling to manage the immense energy entering his body. Even Xiao Ning felt envious of the pill, capable of generating such overwhelming power. And yet, he didn't dare attempt to

steal any of the neatly arranged pills in front of Yan Xiaobao. Instead, he observed another group of experts, scoffing as he unleashed a burst of martial power into the air.

The Wu Wei he projected into the air radiated a brilliant golden glow. Xiao Ning sat down and began cultivating as well. As he did so, the barriers surrounding him and Yan Xiaobao grew stronger. The more he cultivated, the stronger the barrier became.

Although Xiao Ning was doing this to protect Yan Xiaobao, the young man took no notice of the gesture, as he was wholly preoccupied with repairing his fractured martial power core. Each time a crack appeared, Wu Wei flowed out from the core, acting as glue to slowly mend it. Unfortunately, he seemed to be fighting a losing battle, as the cracks were forming faster than his Wu Wei could patch them.

With the pill's energy still flooding his body and refining into martial power, Yan Xiaobao's energy grew increasingly unstable. This instability further exacerbated his predicament, and gritting his teeth, Yan Xiaobao's gaze turned frantic as he watched crack after crack spread across his core.

Soon, Yan Xiaobao realized that while he clung desperately to maintaining the integrity of his martial power core, each time he sealed a crack, his core was actually expanding. Because of this, his core quickly filled to capacity.

"This might be a good thing," Lan Feng said cautiously. "You'll either break through to the Emperor rank, or your Upper Dantian will shatter completely. If the latter happens, we'll have to abandon any hope of battling An Hee," he continued with a sigh, his words sending a chill down Yan Xiaobao's spine. His eyes suddenly sharpened, and his lips pressed into a firm line. Luck wasn't the only thing he needed—what he required most was resolve, and Yan Xiaobao was fully determined to make the most of this chaotic energy.

Yan Xiaobao worked faster than ever, repairing each crack as soon as it appeared. After some time, his expanding core began to stabilize. Yan Xiaobao could feel the immense energy coursing through him—an abundance of power he had never experienced before.

A thunderous boom erupted in his mind as his Wu Wei core seemed to transform. Its size had greatly expanded—where it had before been brimming with energy, it was now nearly empty. This was the vast difference between the King-level and the Emperor-level. Realizing that Yan Xiaobao had broken through, both Yan Xiaobao and Lan Feng's faces lit up with excitement. They were now Emperor-ranked experts; they were one step closer to achieving their goals.

As the volatile energy in the room suddenly calmed, everyone was left stunned. While Xiao Ning was thrilled, the other two experts wore grim expressions. Hatred had already been sown between them and Yan Xiaobao. The fact that the Great Marshall of the Beast Army had grown even stronger meant their position was now far worse than before.