

Medical 781

Chapter 781 Sun Shield_3

A golden flame flashed across his opened eyes but quickly disappeared. Yan Xiaobao noticed the defenses surrounding him and his body. He was grateful to Xiao Ning for going to great lengths to protect him, even though neither owed the other anything.

To reward the expert, Yan Xiaobao picked up a golden pill and tossed it to the elderly man, who immediately opened his eyes and caught it reflexively. When the man saw what it was, his eyes were filled with shock and ecstatic joy. Obtaining martial power was difficult enough, but balancing one's Yin Yang Energy was even harder. However, the energy contained in this pill was perfectly balanced, without favoring either type of energy. This medicine was priceless. These pills were indeed treasures of immeasurable value, much to Lan Feng's displeasure that Yan Xiaobao gave one away. But under these circumstances, Yan Xiaobao ignored him. Building a good relationship with Xiao Ning was worth the effort.

Yan Xiaobao sighed and looked at the pills before him. The handful of golden pills left only five remaining after he gave one away. Next, his attention was drawn to the four purple pills. Yan Xiaobao exhaled deeply as he sat in the protected area and closed his eyes. His body was in its peak condition—it couldn't be stronger or more resilient than it was now—but he still needed time to unwind. He ensured that his adrenaline subsided and that his body was in good form.

After several hours had passed, and there were no longer any signs of fatigue, he focused intently on the purple pills. Letting out another sigh, he picked one up and tossed it into his mouth as he tried to forget the suffering he'd just endured.

As the pill slowly disintegrated, energy rose in his mouth once more, but this energy was entirely different from any he'd felt before. The energy didn't enter into his meridians nor did it become refined. Instead, it entered directly into his physical body. The energy steadily permeated his body, strengthening every part of it.

Just like the previous golden pill, Yan Xiaobao could not control the energy derived from this pill. Thankfully, this energy was much more subtle than what he'd experienced before. It didn't try to overwhelm his body; it simply entered and enhanced his bones, organs, and blood vessels.

As he absorbed the energy, his entire body shimmered with a purple hue, emitting a constant cracking sound, as though his bones were breaking. Although that wasn't the case, the pill was compelling his

bones to grow, making the young Yan Xiaobao taller than he was before. His muscles became more defined and incredibly strong.

When he opened his eyes, this time, a streak of purple flame could be seen in his gaze before vanishing, leaving behind trails of purple smoke.

As he looked around, he noticed the barrier surrounding him and Xiao Ning was still intact. The elderly man was currently glowing with a brilliant golden hue, pulsating with powerful energy waves. It was clear he was absorbing the pill Yan Xiaobao had given him.

Behind them, two other experts wore sour expressions on their faces. They had opened up all their storage stones, but the number of pills before them was pitifully low. Few truly knew how to share their resources amongst one another. Their greed nearly drove them to fight over what little they had acquired, including the lone golden pill they obtained.

Though they had only gotten one golden pill, they had managed to secure several purple pills. Much to their dismay, the small pile of pills contained no red or white ones.

Yan Xiaobao stared at them for a moment before shaking his head. He dismissed them from his thoughts, no longer concerning himself with them. Now that his personal power had risen to Emperor-level, he was far stronger than ever before—especially if he combined his strength with Lan Feng's. These two experts could easily be defeated now, not to mention that Xiao Ning was still by his side; the Sun Shield.

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Chapter 782 Holy Flower

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Yan Xiaobao shifted his gaze away from the two Saints glaring at him and looked once more at the medicine pills before him. Setting aside the white pills, Yan Xiaobao had no intention of trying them. They contained Yin Energy and were just as valuable as the golden pills, as they helped him balance his energy.

Among the remaining pills, the only ones Yan Xiaobao hadn't yet understood were the red pills. Looking at them, he thought they might be Yang Energy Pills; however, he wasn't certain. After calming himself down and sitting in a lotus position, he slipped one of the pills into his mouth.

This pill was far different from what he had anticipated. Soon, waves of energy once again flooded his body. Yet this was not Yang Energy, nor was it Yin Energy; it was something entirely different. The energy flooding Yan Xiaobao's body was difficult to describe. It was neither Qi, spiritual energy, nor martial power. In fact, it was an indescribable energy, and as he felt it flow into his body, Yan Xiaobao was deeply shocked.

Rather than refining itself into energy or boosting his cultivation base, it slowly dissipated into nothingness, as if the pill were completely useless.

While Yan Xiaobao was greatly disheartened by this, Lan Feng began quivering with excitement. Watching the bird, Yan Xiaobao couldn't wait to hear what exciting information it had to share about these seemingly useless pills.

'These pills aren't meant to boost your power; they are designed to enhance your combat efficiency. When you expend some of your energy—whether it is Qi, spiritual energy, or martial power—these pills will restore the energy you've used.'

'Using such pills, despite how plentiful they are, you should only rely on them when you truly need to conserve energy. Imagine a battle where you're on the brink of exhaustion, then you can pop one of these pills, and your energy will be replenished in a very short time,' Lan Feng said excitedly. Hearing this explanation, Yan Xiaobao became equally exhilarated. If he could recover energy, he would rely less on Lan Feng's energy. Together, they could now endure against stronger opponents for a longer period of time.

Yan Xiaobao stored the pills in a storage stone and laughed, visibly excited. The other pills were also stored in the storage stone, and Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but feel overwhelming joy. After all, not only had he broken through to Emperor-level strength, but he had also acquired energy-recovery pills. It was easy to imagine how thrilled he was.

After inspecting his pills, Yan Xiaobao wondered about the other treasures he had collected in various rooms during his journey. First, he gathered all the herbal medicines, even the wilted ones, and began examining them. Some crumbled into dust the moment he touched them, while others were merely dried out. Regardless of their condition, Yan Xiaobao treated all the herbs with the utmost care.

He arranged all the herbs before him, placing the ash into a jade bottle, and finally examined all the various plants he had acquired. The first thing he did was separate the herbs he had purchased. Those not of this world were quickly hidden in a storage stone, while the herbs native to this plane were brought forward.

Yan Xiaobao had obtained a large quantity of herbs. Looking at them, he estimated he had fifteen Holy Flowers, each of which far surpassed in value anything he had ever seen before. Clustered in the center, the abundant golden martial power radiated so intensely that Yan Xiaobao began to salivate just looking at it. The Holy Flowers served no other purpose but to augment his strength.

"Don't be naïve," Lan Feng remarked, sensing Yan Xiaobao's dizzying emotions. "While these flowers contributed greatly to your cultivation in your younger days, things are completely different now. At the Emperor-level, the energy required to progress from one star to the next is immense. Even if you were to use all of these Holy Flowers, you would gain at most two Emperor levels. Even if you consumed every golden pill and Holy Flower you have, if you're lucky, you might reach the three-star Emperor level. However, absorbing such a massive influx of energy without gradually adjusting your body to it could harm you rather than help you," Lan Feng explained. Yan Xiaobao nodded thoughtfully.

Yan Xiaobao understood, though he still wished he could rely on these golden pills and Holy Flowers for rapid power growth. It was an appealing thought, but ultimately unrealistic.

Sighing, he held a Holy Flower in his hand and sat down to cultivate, preparing to slowly absorb its energy. This was something he had done before and was already accustomed to. He had two options: one was to absorb the energy externally, letting the flower rest in his hand while gradually drawing its power inward; the other was to consume the flower directly, allowing its violent, turbulent energy to surge into his body.

Having experienced the overwhelming energy of the golden pills, he decided to take the slow and steady route. Closing his eyes, he sighed in satisfaction as he felt the energy slowly flow into his body, refining itself through his meridians before settling into the lower, middle, and upper dantian, increasing his overall power.

Yan Xiaobao spent the next few hours absorbing one Immortal Flower after another; however, he left the golden pills untouched. Those were reserved for later. For now, he focused solely on building up his strength within the first star of the Emperor-level.

Reflecting on how the Immortal Flowers had allowed him to leap through multiple levels the first time he used them, he realized that a single flower now only contributed less than one-fifth of a star. This gave him a clear understanding of the vast difference between levels. Not only had his strength grown, but the difficulty of increasing that strength had also skyrocketed.

Chapter 783: Holy Flower_2

Yan Xiaobao absorbed the energy from four holy flowers and paused, opening his eyes. Although he hadn't spent much time getting used to his new cultivation level, he had already ascended. He felt immensely satisfied with what he had gained.

Xiao Ning had just absorbed the energy of the golden pill as well, and he was delighted to find that, although he hadn't entirely broken through to the Fourth Star, he had reached the peak of the Third Star. This was a goal he had attempted to achieve countless times over the past decades. Seeing himself reach this level with the help of the medicine pill from Yan Xiaobao, Xiao Ning felt tremendously grateful in his heart.

Yan Xiaobao was thankful as well for the protective barriers that allowed him to cultivate without fear of interruption. Seeing Xiao Ning so close to a breakthrough, Yan Xiaobao pondered whether it was worth giving him another golden pill.

Even just considering sacrificing such a pill caused a pang of pain in his heart; however, forging a bond with Xiao Ning had now become far more critical. Having someone as strong as him owe a favor was a resource Yan Xiaobao knew he could leverage in the future.

"You've already given him one pill," Lan Feng said sourly. "I understand your reasoning, but using another pill like this, I disagree. We'll need them later."

"Actually, I think we'll come across more of these pills in the future," Yan Xiaobao replied with a smile. He mentioned the countless treasures he had left behind in the inner tomb. These treasures were certain to be of the same grade, if not better. "If it means gaining an ally who will defend us, sacrificing one pill wouldn't be a waste, would it?"

Lan Feng snorted at Yan Xiaobao's logic, but he couldn't argue further. Yan Xiaobao took the silence as consent and retrieved another golden pill from his storage stone.

"Here," he said, tossing it to Xiao Ning. "Break through to the Fourth Star and show the other experts that we are a force to reckon with." He grinned, earning another smile from Xiao Ning. At the far end of the room, two Saints were arguing over who would claim their own golden pill, but upon hearing these words, their faces turned pale. As Saints, their senses were far superior to those of regular cultivators—they couldn't possibly ignore what had just been said.

What frightened them wasn't merely that Yan Xiaobao had given away two golden pills. It was also that he had enabled Xiao Ning to break through to the Fourth Star of the Holy Level. The Fourth Star was, at present, the highest rank any Saint in the Sun Kingdom had achieved. Although Xiao Ning was recognized for his unparalleled defense, he had not been considered the strongest.

But now, that might change. If he successfully broke through to the Fourth Star, his power would become almost unmatched. Even someone equally strong would avoid fighting him due to his vexing defensive skills. He had always been challenging to deal with even when weaker, and increasing his power would only make him more of a troublemaker.

By allowing this Saint to ascend to the Fourth Star of the Holy Level, Yan Xiaobao unknowingly sowed the seeds for monumental change. If he realized this, he wouldn't feel the weight in his heart for giving away one golden pill; instead, he would experience the joy of finding such a powerful partner in Xiao Ning.

"I'm done cultivating now," Yan Xiaobao said with a laugh, watching Xiao Ning eye the pill in his hand with astonishment. "I need to train attacks to familiarize myself with my new strength," he continued, as Xiao Ning gestured and nodded in acknowledgment.

Suddenly, a tightly-packed Wu Wei appeared in Xiao Ning's hand, which he tossed near Yan Xiaobao, manifesting in the form of a dummy. The dummy seemed unusually durable, made of gold rather than martial power.

"Use this," Xiao Ning said with a grin. "It works like my barrier does. As long as I have martial power within me, my Radiant Aegis and training dummy will remain intact. While you train with them, I'll focus on breaking through to the Fourth Star." Yan Xiaobao nodded decisively.

Seeing the dummy, Yan Xiaobao grew excited and instantly approached it. Before releasing his energy, he covered his body in martial power. Wu Wei revolved around him, and as he tightened his grip, Yan Xiaobao formed a colossal palm to strike the dummy. A thunderous boom echoed, but the dummy remained entirely undamaged. Pulling out his sword, Yan Xiaobao's grin widened. With Wu Wei

channeling into the blade, the power of the Blizzard technique was activated. Yan Xiaobao focused on enhancing the power of his sword, preferring to strengthen its capabilities directly rather than relying solely on inscriptions.

Without activating its inscriptions, Yan Xiaobao wielded the sword infused with martial power cautiously, requiring some time to adapt. But after a few hours of practice, he had nearly mastered it. Following another period of training, he launched a combined sword and martial power attack on the dummy, practicing efficient fighting techniques essential for survival.

Looking toward the distant Saints in the room, Yan Xiaobao fully grasped that entering this chamber within the tomb was to step into a ruthless, dog-eat-dog world. Even Saints from the same Empire competed fiercely for sacred treasures. If he hadn't formed an alliance with Xiao Ning, his situation could have been far worse. Bolstering Xiao Ning's strength also meant bolstering his own.

Sighing, Yan Xiaobao avoided glancing at the Saints for too long. Overthinking could lead to ruin, so he cleared his thoughts entirely. His sole focus became the dummy before him and the skills he had yet to develop. As a powerful ripple of energy burst from Yan Xiaobao, the chamber's atmosphere grew chaotic.

Two tumultuous days passed swiftly. Yan Xiaobao was engrossed in cultivating and honing his inner power while Xiao Ning concentrated on his breakthrough. Reaching higher levels brought increasingly difficult bottlenecks, necessitating extended time and effort.

Although Xiao Ning possessed ample energy to overcome the bottleneck, refining and mastering the energy pill required lengthy effort. Slowly but surely, he erased the gap between himself and the Fourth Star of the Holy Level.

During this time, Yan Xiaobao immersed himself entirely in exploring the depths of his new cultivation level and its remarkable power. His relentless strikes on the dummy sent shockwaves of energy, numbing the two opposing Saints repeatedly. To them, the energy wasn't that of someone new to Emperor-level cultivation but that of one at its peak. Even a newly ascended Saint Fighter couldn't rival the skill and versatility demonstrated by the young man before them.

Two days passed, and an earth-shattering roar echoed through the room. All the essence of heaven and earth was drawn toward Xiao Ning, who greedily and profoundly absorbed it like a vortex. Witnessing this phenomenon, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but laugh in delight. It was clear Xiao Ning had succeeded.

The vortex of consuming energy lasted for hours before gradually fading. Xiao Ning finally opened his eyes, his face glowing with excitement. Looking at Yan Xiaobao, gratitude filled his gaze; yet, as someone now allied with the youthful white-haired cultivator, he refrained from voicing his thanks. He knew his appreciation wouldn't escape Yan Xiaobao's notice. Their shared goal was to acquire as many treasures as possible, relying on one another's strength to achieve it. Thus, the utmost importance lay in growing stronger.

Even so, as he contemplated everything, Xiao Ning had to admit he might not have managed to break through without the two golden pills. Their quality was unparalleled. Without them, he would've needed at least two more years to reach the Fourth Star of the Holy Level.

Having ascended to the Fourth Star, Xiao Ning now needed to familiarize himself with his newly enhanced strength, much like Yan Xiaobao had been doing. Unfortunately, a sudden ominous sound filled the room—the grinding of gears—leaving him no time to acclimate. A door abruptly opened, and a Saint stepped through. Covered in dust, his expression was grim but unharmed, his physical state suggesting he was prepared for combat. It was evident he hadn't expended much energy clearing the chamber before reaching this hall.

The Saint surveyed the room, taking in the sight of only four individuals and appearing astonished. From his experience navigating his previous chamber, he had anticipated multiple experts charging forward behind him and expected them to arrive within hours. However, those present in the room did not seem accompanied by lower-tier cultivators.

What confounded him further was the apparent divide between the two groups of experts. Upon closer inspection of Yan Xiaobao, he realized the young cultivator was merely an Emperor.

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Chapter 784: Three-Star Saint

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Looking at the room, it was impossible to tell what had transpired since the first person entered, and rather than disrupt his thoughts, he decided not to dwell on it. Observing the two groups, he felt uncertain about what to do. Should he choose a side? If he did, he'd likely have to share all the treasures he'd later discover, and among the two groups, neither seemed significantly stronger than the other.

One group composed of two Saints, but both Saints appeared to only be in the first or second star. Meanwhile, the other group was made up of a Saint and an Emperor. The Saint was surprisingly stronger than him, but the Emperor beside the Saint was undoubtedly a liability. Thus, he judged the strength of the two groups to be evenly matched. One side was weak, while joining the other meant sharing his treasures with an Emperor-level expert. Not particularly fond of either group, he opted to remain independent.

After reaching this conclusion, a Saint seated himself against the wall between the two groups, making it clear he wasn't joining either side. Seeing this, Yan Xiaobao felt pleased. This Saint was likely a three-star Saint—a rather formidable figure. Yet, he wasn't strong enough to deal with Xiao Ning, especially now that Xiao Ning had advanced.

"That guy is from the Moon Province," Xiao Ning's voice drifted into Yan Xiaobao's ears as he curiously observed the Saint. "We don't know much about him, but before my promotion, I'd have regarded him as a rival," he continued analytically.

Hearing this, Yan Xiaobao nodded and sat down to begin cultivating. Over the past few days, he had only cultivated to recover energy for further training, but now, with his energy control more refined, he sat down once again for serious cultivation. Though he had just broken into the Emperor-level, he was still far from the Holy-level. He knew that each advancement would become increasingly challenging.

The new Saint was correct to assume that experts who had been closely following him might only require a few hours, but as they entered the chamber, an unexpected turn of events left him stunned—two Saints leapt up and demanded they surrender their treasures by force.

"How can treasures from the tomb outside have such an effect on Saints?" he muttered. Although he hadn't been left with all the treasures during his journey, he didn't find them as captivating, knowing they were merely from an exterior tomb. Yet, it seemed these two Saints were acting shamelessly without concern for propriety.

Yan Xiaobao and Xiao Ning showed no signs of stopping them. Yan Xiaobao cultivated, while Xiao Ning practiced using training dummies. The energy ripples from their section of the room were so intense that even the experts within the chamber found themselves secretly shocked. Among the Saints Team, this was the most potent energy many had ever experienced. Few Saints, even after breaking seals, could release such immense energy.

Unfortunately, these experts couldn't remain in the grand hall for long, as the overwhelming energy ripples disrupted everything. With rumors of treasure-stealing Saints spreading among most experts heading to the hall, the number of newcomers quickly diminished. Most of them soon decided it would be wiser to leave the hall with the treasures they had already obtained rather than succumb to greed and risk losing everything.

While Yan Xiaobao cultivated, he spread his spiritual energy throughout the room, allowing him to perceive everything happening around him. If any of his friends were to enter the chamber, he would know instantly and support them. Though he was reluctant to battle Saints for no reason, should they target his friends, he would undoubtedly defend them. However, regrettably, none of his friends showed up, and soon no experts entered the hall anymore.

The earlier silence descended upon them once again, but after only a few hours, another door opened, and another Saint entered the room. This Saint hailed from the former Xiban Empire, and when he spotted Yan Xiaobao sitting there, his eyes widened in the corner.

Contrary to expectations, the Saint didn't rush to take revenge on Yan Xiaobao for the fall of his Empire; instead, an image surfaced in his mind. It was something he'd seen during wartime—a colossal blue Phoenix that appeared for only an instant. Although he hadn't been able to observe it for long, it was a sight he'd never forget. The bird's power and the oppressive force it emanated upon its appearance were so immense that even the mightiest members of the Saint Babby Empire felt as insignificant as dirt beneath its feet.

Recalling that day, the Saint could only sneer at the Emperor-level power Yan Xiaobao had displayed. He realized Yan Xiaobao had been concealing his true strength all along. Witnessing this scene, the Saints mistakenly assumed it was a mark of scorn from the Emperor toward one of their own. Meanwhile, the two Saints felt uneasy as they remembered the sudden energy ripple that arose when Yan Xiaobao's power had unexpectedly unleashed against them. It wasn't just at the first star of the Holy-level—the power seemed so overwhelming that even Saints alongside him would become useless.

Hours later, experts began streaming out from the entrance where the Saint from the Xiban Empire had appeared. Once again, the two Saints resumed robbing individuals below their level, and before long, the rush of people faded again. This time, they avoided anyone supported by a Saint but simultaneously worried that they'd be next when no more experts remained. And so, they hurriedly exited the room along with the others.

Chapter 785: Three-Star Saint_2

This happened many times. After the Saints appeared, Saints appeared again, and then were robbed by the Saints. Every Saint in the room looked at them in shock, wondering how they could throw away their face in such a manner, but they did not stop them.

Unfortunately, no matter how many cultivators these two Saints robbed, there were no more golden pearls. All they got were inscriptions, items, and herbs. Looking at all the herbs they had gathered, feelings surged in Yan Xiaobao's heart, and he seriously considered killing them for all their items. With a sigh, he knew there was nothing to be done, so he stood up and walked towards them.

Seeing the Emperor start to move, all eyes were drawn to him. Some were full of disdain, but some knowledgeable experts were eager to see what would unfold, and they felt fear and anxiety towards the Emperor walking across the room.

"What do you want?" one of the Saints nervously asked as he saw the white-haired man stop in front of him. "Let's make a trade. Each of you wants a golden pill, and I want all the herbs you've obtained. What do you say? You get a golden pearl, and I also get something I want."

Seeing the fanatical gaze in the eyes of the two Saints after his words, they nodded after a brief glance, and the herbs were quickly exchanged for two golden pearls. Although these pearls were nearly priceless, herbal medicine from beyond this world was truly a priceless treasure, and it could only be found in this tomb. If Yan Xiaobao ever wanted to create anything with Celestial Alchemy, then he would need them no matter what, so obtaining as many as possible was crucial.

Everyone was dumbfounded watching them trade. Nobody knew why this Emperor wanted these herbs, but everyone was more interested in the golden pearl they saw. Especially when the two Saints shoved them into their mouths, it caused an energy ripple to explode from their bodies. In an instant, their cultivation level surged to the heavens.

Seeing this, many Saints began to stare greedily at Yan Xiaobao. Maybe this young man had more of these Miracle Pills. Aware of the gazes on his back, Yan Xiaobao smiled as if he didn't know what everyone was thinking. If they were going to attack him, he would prove he was no pushover... perhaps this was better. The disdain he received ever since all the new Saints appeared in the grand hall had annoyed him.

Seeing the many greedy and indifferent eyes watching him, the young man couldn't help but laugh happily. He expected that some people would be unable to hold back their greed, but seeing so many seeing the effect of the pill, he couldn't guess what would happen.

The energy ripple was everywhere, and instead of waiting for anyone to take action, it was so strong that it felt like a great wind appeared in the room. As an Emperor-level child-ranking expert, looking barely shy of twenty, he suddenly no longer seemed like a low-level Emperor. His power continued to increase, growing at such a rapid pace that even those Saints considering taking action were at a loss for words. His power continued to rise, continuously gathering around him, and soon his aura reached the level of a Saint. Even after reaching the Holy Level, it continued to rise steadily, with no sign of stopping.

Seeing this man suddenly empowered, everyone was dumbfounded. In truth, being a Saint at such a young age left everyone completely speechless, except for the Spanish Empire's Saint Xiao Ning and the pair of Saints who had just traded with him. They had previously seen his true strength, and given a choice, they would not have made him an enemy.

Finally, it stopped rising. Although his power was not at Xiao Ning's level, standing side by side, everyone lost the initial thought of robbing him. Even exerting pressure on him was impossible.

Seeing he hinted at everyone, Yan Xiaobao withdrew his power once more. Allowing Lan Feng's aura to shine was fine. It did not exhaust Lan Feng nor did it ask much of Yan Xiaobao. In some ways, it was as simple as opening and closing a lid to easily release energy.

Withdrawing the aura once more, it moved no one against them. Even if the greedy Saints charged at Yan Xiaobao and Xiao Ning together, they would likely find themselves against them. Although it was unknown if Yan Xiaobao truly had more medicine pills, the risk of attacking him was too high.

When he saw Yan Xiaobao display what he considered actual power, the smile on Xiao Ning's face increased tenfold. Since many Saints began to appear, he had felt unjust in his judgment of Yan Xiaobao, but now that his partner proved his strength, he felt proud.

Looking back at Hui Yue knowing more Saints were coming; however, a fair number had already appeared, and he was contemplating if it was enough. Enough people meant they could move forward again, but Yan Xiaobao also realized that since he had demonstrated his strength, he would indeed need to use some of it when they opened the Gate of Heaven.

He sighed deeply, looking at Xiao Ning for a while, wondering whether they should wait for more Saints to come or if they should just organize among the Saints that were already present. He, like the others, was eager to move forward. Although like anyone else, he desired treasures, he was more curious about

the strange powers he could obtain. Until now, he had learned a lot. He learned about blood essences and Celestial Alchemy.

He had ascended to Emperor-level, found a powerful Saint to ally with him. Generally, he had already acquired many valuable treasures, but he was not satisfied. After hearing the voice's promises of more terrific treasures, Yan Xiaobao was tempted.

He was not a fool; he believed in his strength, and while he did not expect to gain all the benefits, he was realistic about this situation. He knew that more golden pills and herbal medicine were waiting for him inside the tomb.

Up until now, Yan Xiaobao felt very lucky, he thought it was worth a try. His power burst forth once more, drawing everyone's attention to him. "Let us stand together and pass through this door that blocks our road to the tomb's treasures! Waiting for more Saints might make it easier, but the longer we wait, the more we'll have to share the treasures," he said.

His voice was powerful, full of certainty. Indeed, it was not out of nowhere, this confidence he gained from Lan Feng. The Phoenix believed that if everyone went all out, and Yan Xiaobao also used some skills, then they could open the door. In life, Yan Xiaobao trusted and believed in Lan Feng completely, and his words quickly rallied the other Saints. One by one standing up, cracking their necks, and summoning their energy.

Energy within the room quickly became chaotic. The energy radiated by everyone was so potent that if anyone ranked below the Holy Level entered the conference room, they would be completely overwhelmed. Every Saint knew that although they used their power to shatter the original blood essence inscription at the entrance, this door posed a more significant challenge, not to mention fewer experts appeared.

Nonetheless, something in the young man's voice made them believe they could do it, and all the energy they could muster was summoned. The attack formed in the air, and even Yan Xiaobao began injecting his energy into the attack.

The attack he formed was his recently favorite Blue Fireball. He had many reasons for using this attack. This strike did not require Lan Feng's Wu Wei, but his elemental affinity. It was his most energy-efficient attack, yet the strange Blue Flame was so powerful that the radiating heat made many Saints worry in their hearts. Could they withstand such a hit without severe injury? Clearly, this young man they had previously underestimated was indeed a wolf in sheep's clothing.

The enormous Fire Orb controlled by Hui Yue emitted a low rumbling sound as it rapidly soared, landing with a massive boom through the room. It caused the entire room to tremble. Seeing his attack had landed, a smile appeared on Yan Xiaobao's face as he launched another Fireball.

Chapter 786: A Terrifying Team

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As the hall shook violently, causing dust to cascade from the ceiling and rumbling sounds to echo, the Saints attempted to outdo one another, each attack becoming increasingly powerful. When sending out the second fireball, Yan Xiaobao noticed cracks appearing on the door, the surface visibly splitting open. This sparked cheers throughout the room, their fighting spirit soaring. Their attacks rained down on the door at an increasingly frenzied pace.

When Yan Xiaobao caught sight of Xiao Ning summoning shield after shield, he flashed a faint smile and, using a power he had seen before, the powerful cultivator dashed toward the door and collided directly with it. Though it was easy to mock such an act as a futile attack, no one did so. Everyone could feel the tremors rippling through the room, rivaling those from their own attacks, and the widening cracks on the door showcased how formidable his strength truly was.

Watching Yan Xiaobao's scorching fireballs and the sheer force wielded by Xiao Ning, many Saints felt ashamed of their overconfidence. Unless absolutely necessary, every one of them made a mental note to avoid clashing with the duo. They were a terrifying team, their strength far beyond trivial.

Proving their power was part of Yan Xiaobao's plan. Although he knew he would need to battle other Saints sooner or later, he preferred to avoid conflict as much as possible. Unlike the others, whenever Lan Feng used his martial power, he couldn't simply recover it through cultivation like they could. He had to refine it again and store it within his spirit, awaiting its eventual return to his body.

Even though Yan Xiaobao could fight against the Saints, he would never take them all on or engage in prolonged battles. For this reason, Yan Xiaobao hoped the other Saints would understand that he and Xiao Ning were not to be touched.

Everyone understood that Yan Xiaobao was showcasing his strength. As for why he was doing this, each person could only assume he was warning them not to seize his treasures. Even Xiao Ning was certain of the motive, a sly smile curling his lips. Afterward, he summoned even greater power around his body, determined to prove that Yan Xiaobao was not the only terrifying member of their duo.

Seeing Xiao Ning's aura swirling around him, everyone held their breath in shock at his ability to instantly wield such immense martial power. With another shield deployed, he charged toward the door. A deafening crash reverberated through the hall, followed by the sound of stones crumbling to the ground.

Xiao Ning's final attack shattered the door, which swayed and toppled slowly in front of everyone. This confirmed yet again their belief in the duo's overwhelming power.

As the door collapsed, everyone scrambled backward to ensure they weren't buried beneath the debris. Even Xiao Ning was forced to retreat immediately after the impact. He hadn't even dared to break the door himself, knowing that, no matter how strong he was, being crushed by a door of that magnitude—even as a defensive master—would surely kill him.

Returning to Yan Xiaobao's side, Xiao Ning flashed a grin at his younger companion, and Yan Xiaobao responded with a smile.

"Even I'm surprised to see how much you were able to control after breaking through," Yan Xiaobao's voice drifted into Xiao Ning's ear, a sentence that stirred pride in the older expert's eyes.

"Well, there's no reason to linger here any longer," Xiao Ning said as the final stones clattered to the ground. "We've reached the tomb before us. Trust me, I'll claim what's ours." He spoke with conviction, his words providing reassurance to Yan Xiaobao. The young expert nodded, and together the duo charged into the dusty room. Witnessing many Saints struggle to retreat only to surge forward, everyone followed them, eager and prepared to discover what awaited them.

Rushing ahead, no one truly knew what to expect, but as they reached the other side of the door, everyone froze in place. Even Yan Xiaobao's face revealed an expression of doubt.

In front of them lay a scene identical to what they had encountered upon entering the outer tomb for the first time. Numerous tunnels stretched out ahead. Though these tunnels appeared far better constructed than the previous ones, they were clearly similar.

Stunned for a moment, Yan Xiaobao suddenly heard Lan Feng's voice. "The third tunnel to the left; it has the strongest fluctuations," he remarked before charging down the passage without waiting for further discussion.

At first, Xiao Ning was shocked that Yan Xiaobao didn't wait to consult him, but upon seeing the resolute expression in Yan Xiaobao's eyes, he decided not to argue and followed him.

Lagging behind, the others examined the additional tunnels. Each person reflected on the challenges they had faced so far, realizing that if this was similar, it would undoubtedly be even more difficult than before. Their faces turned solemn and slightly grim, but their focus quickly sharpened as they divided into their chosen tunnels. Yan Xiaobao and Xiao Ning picked a tunnel together and began their march, their pace steadily increasing until they quickly vanished. Yan Xiaobao adopted a cautious approach, moving slowly as he scanned his surroundings for hidden traps or secret doors that could lead to more treasures. Now that they had entered the inner tomb, every treasure they encountered would be priceless. No one was foolish enough to leave anything behind. Truthfully, even leaving treasures in the outer tomb had been quite unwise.

Chapter 787: A Terrifying Team_2

Seeing Yan Xiaobao slow down, Xiao Ning copied his action, as he too began to observe his surroundings. Unfortunately for him, he wasn't granted the same assistance as Yan Xiaobao. So far, this silver-haired young man managed to avoid every trap, thanks to Lan Feng's sharp senses, but Xiao Ning was not so lucky. Time and again, he used his martial power to create a shield to protect himself, whereas Yan Xiaobao merely passed through the traps unscathed.

Neither of the experts spoke, instead, they advanced slowly, having discovered only traps so far. Nonetheless, they were not too disappointed by this, but rather grew increasingly excited as time went on.

"Can you smell the dense medicinal aroma in the air?" Xiao Ning asked excitedly, nearly jumping up in excitement. His eyes burned as he exchanged looks, his mouth slightly agape. If he were not a respected saint, Yan Xiaobao was sure the expert before him would be drooling uncontrollably, thinking of the herbs waiting for them beneath the tunnel.

"I can smell it," Yan Xiaobao chuckled lightly. Both experts familiar with the scent that filled the corridor where they stood; it was the aroma of golden pills.

Though this aroma wafted toward them, promising huge rewards soon to come, Yan Xiaobao and Xiao Ning hadn't forgotten that they were currently in the middle of a trap-laden tomb. Neither of them

wished to die due to a foolish mistake, so they proceeded with even more caution than before. They could not let their greed overwhelm them; this place was too dangerous.

Soon, the aroma intensified significantly, yet oddly, there was no treasure trove visible from the surrounding area, nor was there anything else to suggest anything was hidden nearby. Even saints would go mad with greed over this scent alone.

Looking around, Yan Xiaobao frowned. The scent had grown so strong that the pills had to be close by, yet all he could see were dimly glowing stones placed at seemingly random intervals along the tunnel walls. They allowed a faint light to spread across the stone floor.

These stones had been glowing for who knows how long, and their light had noticeably dimmed. In the near darkness of the tunnel, Yan Xiaobao had the eyes and perception of a wolf, allowing him to see everything ahead clearly, but for the defensive Saint Xiaoning, it was a bit challenging. He was not used to having to be so alert to his surroundings; he was accustomed to charging through everything, relying on his defense to get him through alive.

'Stop!' Lan Feng suddenly shouted from within the Dantian Cave. Yan Xiaobao instinctively halted in his tracks, not moving an inch. Noticing this, Xiao Ning also came to a stop in his tracks, and the two of them were completely silent as they looked around. One searched the ground for something specific, while the other was puzzled, shifting their weight uncertainly from side to side.

"Right here," Lan Feng said confidently, a voice Yan Xiaobao had not heard for some time. "There must be a hidden room beneath this tunnel floor, and if I'm correct, then there will be a small stash of pills. This is not something we can afford to pass up."

Hui Yue nodded and withdrew his sword, beginning to hack at the ground beneath him. At first, Xiao Ning was shocked, but over time he looked at his new friend's actions with fresh eyes. His eyes shone, and he summoned a martial power shield, slamming it hard against the floor, causing it to splinter and crack. Their attacks sent debris flying everywhere, and the sword and shield quickly formed a small hole in the tunnel floor. The scent of medicinal essences broke through, stronger than ever before.

The aroma caused Yan Xiaobao and Xiao Ning to take a deep breath as their eyes widened, their hands beginning to dig more earnestly than before. The humble sword made from Nine Heavens' blood-tainted metal known as weapon sovereignty was used like a shovel. If Cou Ling saw this, she would cough up blood. While digging didn't affect the sword's sharpness or durability, it was a magnificent weapon that ought to be used with dignity.

At this moment, Yan Xiaobao and Xiao Ning paid no heed to their shameful conduct or the abilities they were using; they only cared about accessing the hidden room beneath the tunnel.

They spent considerable time breaking through until both of them could enter the hidden room below. Holding their breaths as they entered, they were shocked at the amount of treasure they found.

The room was piled high with mounds of medicinal pills. There were purple pills, white pills, golden pills, blue pills, and black pills. Some of these pills were ones Yan Xiaobao had never seen before, although he also noticed a lack of the red pills.

Xiao Ning and Yan Xiaobao exchanged glances and nodded at each other. They had no urge to steal from one another and easily divided the mound of pills into their storage stones before leaping out of the room and steadily entering the tunnel once more.

Even though they had taken everything, the aroma of the pills did not disappear; in fact, bathing in the hidden room had imprinted the aroma on both experts. With wry smiles, they couldn't change this, but they also knew there were signs above their heads saying 'we found some pills.'

Knowing they couldn't change it, Yan Xiaobao simply sighed before moving on. He also remembered to thank Lan Feng for reminding him of the hidden room. "We must be even more cautious now," Yan Xiaobao sighed. "Who knows how much treasure we've left behind," he continued, as Xiao Ning nodded. He understood what Yan Xiaobao was hinting at. "In the outer tomb, the treasure lay before us like picking fruit from a tree, but within the inner tomb, everything is far more difficult. I suspect we might not even be able to feel some treasures. We need to be keenly aware of future traps and treasures."

Although Xiao Ning expected what Yan Xiaobao would say, he wasn't disheartened by his words. If they both hoped to gain significant rewards from this journey, it was crucial.

"It's not just about the different treasures," the older cultivator grumbled. "We must remember, in the outer tomb, there were rooms testing our abilities; however, now we walk a massive tunnel. This is completely different from our expectations and not like the spiritual imprint described. While here, we need to forget everything about the outer tomb and focus entirely on reaching the inner tomb."

Yan Xiaobao nodded, knowing Xiao Ning's words made perfect sense. It was easy to overlook. Following Yan Xiaobao's suggestion, the two began to carefully examine every inch of the tunnel, progressing at a snail's pace.

Having been in the tunnel for almost a day, the two experts still weren't nearing the end, progressing at an extremely slow pace.

"Wait!" Yan Xiaobao suddenly called out. His hearing had sharpened, as if he were a wolf, upon hearing a rustling behind them. He heard the sounds of someone approaching. Initially, Xiao Ning was surprised as to why Yan Xiaobao shouted, but shortly afterward, he too heard the footsteps echoing within the tunnel, quickly drawing near.

The experts arrived at Yan Xiaobao and Xiao Ning's location in less than a minute. It was a group of three saints, all moving together, and when they reached Yan Xiaobao and Hui Yue, their eyes brimmed with disdain. Observing the three experts, it was clear they hadn't entered the meeting room when the Gate of Heaven was opened; instead, they had arrived later and chosen a random tunnel to descend.

"Hey, little boys, why don't you hand over the treasure you've found so far?" one of the experts asked with a sinister smile, mocking laughter escaping his two companions.

Looking at the trio, Yan Xiaobao and Xiao Ning exchanged a quick glance. Both of their eyes were full of pity. Glancing back at the three experts, Yan Xiaobao could only sigh before he once again unleashed Lan Feng's locking aura, while golden martial power rippled around Xiao Ning, radiating outwards.

The greater their power, the easier it would be to confront the three experts standing before them.

"Wait, wait, wait!" the first man spoke again, "We misunderstood; we have eyes but cannot recognize Mount Tai. Please forgive us," he stammered, bowing deeply before the two saints, his hands trembling. The saints who had laughed earlier fell completely silent. Their eyes widened in shock, and as they sought forgiveness, they quickly bowed.

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Chapter 788: The Spoils of War

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Looking at the three experts in front of him, Yan Xiaobao pondered for a while. He knew Xiao Ning was waiting for his decision, but he was unsure of what to do. Releasing them would undoubtedly cause trouble later, but killing weaklings like them to threaten him wasn't his style.

'What should we do?' Yan Xiaobao sighed to Lan Feng, luckily this bird was willing to answer. "Although you don't want to kill them, who says you can't give them a good beating. I would definitely kill them, but a good thumping would also work."

Hearing this, Yan Xiaobao nodded and revealed his neck; he turned over and spoke to the man.

Seeing the sudden progress and astonishing speed, everyone was stunned and unable to react. Even Xiao Ning had trouble keeping up with Yan Xiaobao's pace, but he followed the white-haired young man.

Looking at their faces, they were completely expressionless, as they let their punches and kicks land on the three experts, who expressed shock and horror.

The fight was entirely one-sided. Yan Xiaobao and Xiao Ning quickly defeated the group trying to rob them. Though their kicks and punches were relentless, they did not continue after they lost consciousness. For Yan Xiaobao, there was no reason to beat others when they were already defeated.

Xiao Ning seemed to have a similar thought, as he stopped his attack when he looked at the bleeding, unconscious people with a frown. "What do we do with them now?" he wondered slightly, but Yan Xiaobao just shrugged. "They are cultivators," he pointed out, "though they will feel pain, they won't die. Just leave them here," he said, then squatted in front of them, his experienced hands began roaming through their clothes until he found some storage stones. "This is the price you pay," he said before throwing some storage stones to Xiao Ning, not forgetting to share the spoils of war.

After receiving the stones, the two experts continued their journey, but though they had been caught once, they did not increase their speed. They slowly and steadily continued to thoroughly inspect the tunnel.

"I kept wondering when you would give up," Yan Xiaobao said, as he left the unconscious Saint lying on the ground.

They had fought the first batch of experts three days ago, but since then, they had been forced to leave one group in an unconscious state after another. Three days had passed, and now seeing Yan Xiaobao and Xiao Ning, the experts hurried down the tunnel. No one apparently wanted to confront these two anomalies. Clearly, everyone else had fallen to these two opponents, despite one being an Emperor, they should not be taken lightly.

Yan Xiaobao only used his Holy Power once, and that was after the first fight, when he heavily relied on Earth Tremor to defeat the Saint who followed. This ability was more destructive than he had imagined, as the attack nearly equaled the Saint he had defeated.

Hui Yue took this opportunity to try the first three forms of the tremor: Shake the Earth, Sharpen the Earth, and Earth Hand. Yan Xiaobao had perfected these three abilities, enabling him to defeat lower-grade Saints.

"Even just using the Emperor's power, you are fierce," Xiao Ning commented after defeating another group. "I am very efficient because I have skilled people," the white-haired young man commented with a friendly smile, as he attempted to make it seem like the Great Saint did all the work.

"You are a mystery," Xiao Ning suddenly said, looking at the young man in front of him. "Are you really a Saint or are you an Emperor? Are you here for treasure or do you want something else? You've shown an understanding of tombs I've never seen. Without a doubt, you're the most troublesome person I've ever met." After considering for a moment, Xiao Ning shrugged. "Well, in the end, it doesn't matter. You and I are a team, and we will experience this tomb together. If your goal isn't the treasure, then I believe it's valuable, and wherever you go, I will follow."

Hearing this, Yan Xiaobao was surprised. He came here for treasure, and he truly understood others in this area. He was lucky to have Lan Feng enter his body. Lan Feng could easily discern where the treasure was located.

"I'm here looking for treasure," Yan Xiaobao quietly said, looking at the ground before him. "We've been walking for three days and have seen nothing along the way. Is this tomb as vast as the entire Sun Kingdom? We should be getting closer to more treasure. The energy has appeared unusually, but it's still very weak. All we can do is hope that no one notices it."

Further down the tunnel, the very faint energy ripples began to grow in intensity, soon becoming as strong as a pill. But the energy was different. The pill did not release an energy ripple, but a medicinal fragrance, while this was actual energy ripples, making Yan Xiaobao understand that without a doubt it was different. It was very likely armor or a weapon.

"Well, whatever it is, it will be ours," he murmured as he slowly approached the place where all the energy ripples peaked.

As soon as they reached the area, they saw all the experts rushing to their side. Traps were triggered, and some people were injured, but the remaining traps made it very difficult to find where this strange energy came from.

Chapter 789 War Spoils_2

It was as if an energy ripple emerged from the very center of the tunnel, seemingly out of nowhere. However, Yan Xiaobao quickly realized that things weren't as they appeared. Apart from the ceiling, the explosive energy filled the entire tunnel.

It could be assumed that the ripple's weight caused it to seek the floor, but Yan Xiaobao completely believed that any treasure hidden here would be located in the ceiling's room, similar to how the last treasure was concealed below the floor.

Yan Xiaobao said nothing. If Xiao Ning had already deduced this location, he chose to keep it to himself. Both of them patiently observed the numerous experts gathered around.

With all the experts scrutinizing the walls, floors, and ceiling while keeping a wary eye on each other, the atmosphere was already tense. No one wanted to be the first to find the treasure, knowing they'd be attacked, yet no one was willing to let someone else claim it either. As a result, everyone remained idle in their positions to some extent.

On the ground, some had tried digging into the floor, but unlike previous attempts in other areas, this time nothing was revealed. Everyone was eager to start excavating around them, but no one dared to take the risk. If anyone attempted to uncover the treasure, their exposed back would invite inevitable death. Even Saints couldn't resist if assaulted by a group of Saints.

Observing everyone locked in a stalemate, Yan Xiaobao's thoughts quickly shifted into motion. He wasn't willing to give up on the treasure he had waited days to see, yet he wasn't foolish enough to jump directly into the fray and make himself a target.

He had already used some of Lan Feng's powers, but he resisted further usage due to their limited supply. Hence, he needed to rely on Xiao Ning and his own strengths to devise a plan.

Lan Feng stayed silent. He understood this treasure wasn't as crucial as a medicine pill, so he decided to let Yan Xiaobao figure out how to handle this challenge without losing his life. He gave Xiao Ning a subtle smile.

To lure the older male to follow him, Yan Xiaobao left the corridor and returned to a place they had visited earlier. After retreating several times, the other experts finally couldn't hear them anymore.

A bit puzzled, Xiao Ning followed the other man, glancing back at the group left behind. Everyone remained on high alert; Yan Xiaobao's withdrawal hadn't gone unnoticed. None of the Saints present understood why the two of them had suddenly left, but no one dared chase after them. They all remembered the experts who were beaten back into submission in the tunnel.

Another factor was their confidence in numbers. Seeing Yan Xiaobao retreat with Pang Ning's massive corpse, everyone understood that soon they'd make their move to claim the treasure. Still, even knowing this, what could they do?

Several of the experts were familiar with Xiao Ning. Many of them hailed from the Sun Kingdom and prided themselves on being as powerful as him—or at least they thought so. What they failed to realize was that Yan Xiaobao and the old man had consumed Gold Coins, causing their power to soar to unfathomable heights, rendering them virtually unbeatable as a duo.

"Do you have a plan?" Xiao Ning whispered in a voice so low that only Yan Xiaobao could hear. The question drew a nod from him.

"It's simple," Yan Xiaobao said with a smile. "All I need to do is break the ceiling. I know where the scenario is; one strike will allow me to access and collect everything."

"When I attack and store everything, you'll protect me. Once we seize everything, we'll make our escape. Even though I don't want to hurriedly bolt through this tunnel, you and I have spent so much time observing it that we're well-acquainted with the traps—their appearances, locations, and inherent danger."

Hearing this, Xiao Ning could only nod. While the experts before them were ignorant about the traps, Yan Xiaobao and Xiao Ning had become knowledgeable due to their slow progress through the tunnel. They'd had time to thoroughly familiarize themselves with its layout. Once their plan was agreed upon, they moved into action.

Yan Xiaobao instantly launched himself toward the area with the strongest ripple, pushing his Speed Flow ability to its limit as he leaped into the air. Jin Weiwei gathered around his elbow as he struck upward, shattering the ceiling above them. In a flash, a storage stone appeared in his hand, absorbing every item within reach.

While Yan Xiaobao greedily collected the items, Xiao Ning moved into action. Wu Wei's powerful fluctuations gathered around him, abruptly erupting outward. A massive barrier sprang up around the two of them, impenetrable to any attack attempts.

The sudden movement shocked everyone present, but their reactions were swift. Despite their initial surprise, these were Holy Level experts. Having undergone countless life-and-death battles, experienced Hell and returned, momentary shock could not leave them paralyzed for long. Their assaults rained down on the barrier, but it held firm. It trembled slightly under the onslaught but refused to break.

Seeing this, the faces of all the experts turned grim. How could Xiao Ning's barrier be this strong? He was nothing more than a Three-star Saint; his barrier seemingly as unyielding as solid rock against the combined force of many experts of his same rank.

Once Yan Xiaobao had gathered everything, he dropped to the ground. Motioning to Xiao Ning and waving his hand, the barrier continued to shield them. "Time to run!" he exclaimed with a grin. Without waiting for his larger companion, he skillfully darted toward a trap ahead.

Xiao Ning and others trailing behind smiled as they pursued him. Although Xiao Ning also adeptly maneuvered around the traps, the scent of blood and cries from the experts echoed in the tunnel. Yan Xiaobao and Xiao Ning sprinted several kilometers before finally slowing down. They paused once again in front of more traps, their sharp senses alert as they listened to the sounds traveling from the tunnel behind them, searching for additional treasure.

As they continued walking, Yan Xiaobao took out the storage stone from his pocket, absentmindedly browsing its contents. "Mostly weapons and armor," he sighed lightly, slightly disappointed. "They all have inscriptions, so I'd consider them high-end items. Unfortunately, I already have a magnificent weapon, so they're useless to me," he remarked as Xiao Ning nodded in agreement. Xiao Ning needed no weapons; he forged the tools he required—be it weapons or shields—using his martial power.

"Just split them in half here, and we'll decide what to do with them later," Xiao Ning called out, tossing a stone toward Yan Xiaobao. "I know how to handle my share," he added. "The materials they're made from must be top-quality. I bet blacksmiths would pay a steep price just to get their hands on them," Yan Xiaobao chuckled. He had already decided to pass the weapons and armor to Cou Ling. Whether they were reforged or sold didn't matter to him. No matter how fine these weapons were, they paled in comparison to his Ice Cold Storm Sword.

"Here," Yan Xiaobao said, tossing half the spoils to Xiao Ning, who caught them with a faint smile.

Taking their time, the two of them resumed their search for traces of energy, the scent of pills, or anything valuable—but they discovered nothing. Nearly a day passed before the first batch of experts finally cleared the traps and arrived where the duo had paused.

Unaware of the full extent of Yan Xiaobao's abilities, the newcomers showed no signs of intimidation. Yet as they advanced toward him, Yan Xiaobao didn't appear fazed by their aggression. Watching them approach, a sinister smile spread across his face, and he began channeling his spiritual energy through specific meridians. The entire tunnel rumbled, and shortly after, large cracks spread across the floor beneath them. Too many people to count—one among the frightened Saints—were swallowed into the enormous fissures that surged through the ground. As the rift engulfed him, the ground rapidly sealed itself, swallowing the expert whole. A fate that ensured he would never see light again.

The experts pursuing the duo were stunned by the sudden burst of power and further shocked to realize their attacker wasn't a Saint but an Emperor.

Grinning broadly, Yan Xiaobao clenched his fist, and enormous earthen spikes rose from the ground.

The initial assault was a seismic upheaval, shaking the earth, followed by sharpening the terrain into deadly points. Yan Xiaobao had mastered these attacks. While they were barely enough to hold their

own against a solitary Saint, if unprepared, they could be fatal. However, the second assault didn't kill anyone; it merely grazed one of the Saints, leaving them with a bleeding arm.

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Chapter 790: The Emperor's Bodyguard

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In the eyes of the four specialists remaining in the tunnel, there was anger and confusion. Their friend and comrade had been killed, just like that, dead at the hands of a mere Emperor. It was a disgrace, and one could only assume that this soul would never find peace.

"You little bastard!" The man allied with the slain cultivator suddenly roared. His eyes turned blood red with fury, his teeth clenched tightly, and he lunged at Yan Xiaobao all at once.

"I'll tear you to shreds, make sure your corpse is never whole, and then piss all over it!" As the distance between them rapidly closed, filthy words poured relentlessly from his mouth, but Yan Xiaobao didn't move—an almost imperceptible smile played on his lips. He merely stood there, watching the furious man charge toward him.

A deafening boom echoed through the tunnel, and the ground trembled once again. This time, it wasn't caused by the Earth's rumble but by the impact of a Saintly attack. It struck directly against the enormous barrier surrounding Yan Xiaobao and Xiao Ning. Arms crossed over his chest, Xiao Ning wore a smile, clearly enjoying the opportunity to flaunt his strength.

Seeing his attack blocked, his rage ascended to the heavens, golden martial power raining down blow after blow, rocking the barrier again and again.

"Do you, a mere three-star Saint, think you can break my barrier? Ha-ha!" Laughing loudly, Xiao Ning did nothing but stand there. When Yan Xiaobao wanted to act, he displayed his strength. In truth, Wu Wei had to keep the barrier active, but it wasn't really necessary since the two of them could simply stand their ground, waiting for the energy of the four specialists to be completely drained. Then defeating them would be a simple task.

"We can't fight that monster. Even if he must protect a feeble Emperor, his abilities are simply too formidable. Xiao Ning, have you sold yourself for money to this young Master?!" one of the Saints said in frustration. To any observer, it certainly appeared as though Xiao Ning was acting as the bodyguard to this young Emperor.

Snorting, Xiao Ning didn't respond. Hearing the specialist's words, he didn't seem angry. If he'd seen someone else protecting an Emperor, he would've thought the same, but Yan Xiaobao wasn't an ordinary Emperor. Though Xiao Ning wanted to proclaim to the world that his new companion was just as powerful as he was, he understood that doing so would bring them no benefit at all, so instead, he kept quiet.

"What should we do?" Yan Xiaobao finally asked, speaking half to Xiao Ning and half to the specialists beyond the barrier.

"You can't even touch the hem of our robes, yet at the same time, you make the people behind you uncomfortable." Yan Xiaobao said with a calm, indifferent gaze and a steady voice. His words instantly sent a shiver down the spines of the Holy Name specialists outside the barrier, a dangerous feeling taking hold of their hearts.

"Do you have any suggestions?" the previous speaker asked. Though he was less uneasy than the others, having personally met Xiao Ning, he held a faint hope that this might save his life. In the minds of all the specialists stood the memory of their beaten companion, and it was clear that he bore the marks left by Yan Xiaobao and Xiao Ning.

"Take a step back for now. We'll wait for a few hours before making a move again. This way, our two groups won't have to interact excessively. In truth, you'll be the first to enter the traps, but you'll also be the first to uncover any treasures," Yan Xiaobao argued. Hearing his words, no one could complain that it was an unfair proposal. All they knew was that it was a course of action they didn't want to take. There were far more traps than treasures, and even if they managed to find some treasure, there was no guarantee they'd be able to keep any of it. Recalling what happened the last time their group lost a precious item to the people in front of them brought heartache to everyone.

Sighing deeply, one man nodded, his face marked with bitter reluctance, as he moved down the tunnel past Xiao Ning and Yan Xiaobao. As he walked by, he cast a deadly glare.

He wasn't the only one. The other three looked back at the earlier fracture in the tunnel, feeling a wave of unease. It had been a perfect ambush. Anyone could've disappeared in such a scenario. Hostility was

sown between the two groups, but now they knew they had no choice but to endure. In this tunnel, Yan Xiaobao and Xiao Ning held absolute dominance.

"Just wait until I find my big brothers," muttered one of the specialists, a figure from Yuelong Prouvence. It was obvious he wasn't referring to actual brothers but rather allies. Yan Xiaobao, hearing the low voice, merely smirked as a cold light flickered in his eyes. "Bring your brothers—they'll die alongside you," he replied in a low tone. His words drifted from Moon Province and into the ears of the Saint. When he turned to look at the seemingly innocent young man, the statement sent a jolt of shock through him. That sincere, sharp gaze transfixed him.

Seeing this expression, Xiao Ning nearly burst out laughing, but as the specialists disappeared deeper into the tunnel, he finally let his laughter rise.

As silence settled over them, Xiao Ning scratched his chin thoughtfully. "You know, I've always wondered who you really are," he said lightly. "I'm a Saint from the Sun Kingdom, and I know all the Saints in my nation. Yet, Yueliang's Saints don't seem to recognize you either, nor have I seen any Siban Empire Saints exhibit any real interest or knowledge about you."

"You, with your strange, omnipresent power, are a mystery. Honestly, we're all completely baffled. Are you a Saint, or are you an Emperor? Are you even from this world? I've heard stories—about specialists from multiple worlds as numerous as the stars in the sky."