

Medical 791

Chapter 791: The Emperor's Bodyguard_2

Here's the English translation of the provided text:

He paused for a moment and shook his head, "I know you're the Great Marshal of the Beast Army. Anyone of a certain level knows that. Bai Fa let you leave, but what were you before that? You don't seem like a beast—I highly doubt you grew up with them. You're different. But where did you suddenly come from? How are you able to wield this kind of power?"

"Don't mind me," he said as he waved his hand dismissively. "I know you won't tell me anything, at least not for now. I just find you to be a puzzle, one I want to solve—but I don't have enough pieces yet."

Upon hearing this, Hu Yue laughed. "Don't worry, I'm from this world just like the rest of you. I simply try to keep a low profile, though the war has somewhat sabotaged my intent."

Hearing this, Xiao Ning also chuckled. Everyone knew he was the Great Marshal of the Beast Army, but nobody cared about that fact. What they cared about was where he came from and who supported him—not to mention how he managed to stay so inconspicuous for so long.

Letting out a deep sigh, Xiao Ning shook his head once again. "Tell me the whole story some day," he said as his gaze swept around. "The hour is almost up—let's get out of here." Upon hearing this, Yan Xiaobao nodded in agreement. "If we're lucky, then many of the traps will have been triggered, and we won't have much to worry about," he grinned. Slowly, the two continued along the dimly lit tunnel.

Though Xiao Ning and Yan Xiaobao moved slowly through the tunnel, their pace picked up significantly as the other experts no longer lagged behind them. While they still had to beware of traps, most of them had already been activated.

The two experts occasionally noticed bloodstains on the floor and marks on the walls, indicating that one of the Saints had been injured by a trap, though it seemed that no one had died. The traps were malicious, but after so many years, they were no longer as potent as they once were. Moreover, these Saints were all seasoned experts, adept at navigating and neutralizing traps efficiently.

"I wonder if they've found any treasures so far," Yan Xiaobao mused as he casually glanced down the tunnel ahead. Some sections of the walls and floor had been excavated, but no hidden spaces were visible within the exposed areas.

"It's hard to say," Xiao Ning shrugged. "If they find all the treasures along the way from here to the end of the tunnel, what will you do about it?" he asked curiously. Although he had spent considerable time with Yan Xiaobao, he still found the white-haired youth to be enigmatic.

Hesitating for a moment, Yan Xiaobao seemed uncertain about how to respond. "I think it depends on what kind of treasures they find," he finally said slowly. "If it happens to be medicinal pills or herbal medicine, then I might take them. If it turns out to be weapons or armor, I wouldn't mind leaving them behind."

"If it's a rare treasure—like a soul shadow, magic items, inscriptions, or other intriguing things—then I might also take those," he continued.

"But don't worry, even if the treasures belong to other experts, we'll still divide them evenly," he reassured his friend. Xiao Ning absentmindedly nodded.

"I am a Saint of the Sun Kingdom," he declared suddenly. "I'm known as the Sun Shield. For me, fighting my fellow Saints over a few treasures would be beneath me. Killing them is even less desirable unless absolutely necessary. On the other hand, if Yue Liang's Saints are the ones being robbed or harmed, that's a different story," he continued, and Yan Xiaobao understood his meaning.

"I might rob the Sun Saints, but I wouldn't kill them. If we were to confront the Sun Saints, I'd fight alone, but in that case, any treasures I acquire would be mine alone," he stated his terms, which brought some relief to Xiao Ning. He had been worried that Yan Xiaobao would show no mercy and indiscriminately slaughter both Sun and Moon Saints. To spare the Saints' lives at the cost of treasures was undoubtedly a worthwhile trade.

The two experts continued moving forward, paying little attention to each other and focusing instead on the tunnel ahead. The Saints Team up front moved at a quicker pace now, having realized that Xiao Ning and Yan Xiaobao were close on their heels. To the Saints, it felt as if the two experts were overtaking them, despite maintaining a fifty-meter gap and trailing slowly behind.

The group of Saints ahead broke out in a cold sweat as their hearts pounded while their eyes repeatedly scanned the surroundings. It was painfully obvious that these two experts would use them to clear traps and perhaps steal any treasures they discovered when the opportunity arose.

"They're monsters!" one of the leading experts muttered, carefully disarming another slow-moving trap. The others silently agreed, none daring to speak further for fear that the two experts might overhear them.

"We're from the Sun Kingdom!" the muttering expert suddenly proclaimed with a stern expression. "I won't be bullied by those who should be my allies. While Xiao Ning's protégé is powerful, I doubt he has the skill to defeat all of us at once. If he can't kill us, do you truly believe the Sun Shield himself would dare to slaughter his own Kingdom's experts?"

His logic seemed reasonable to those walking with him, but even so, none stopped to test whether Xiao Ning would actually go so far as to attack them. If they died and word got out, Xiao Ning could easily shift the blame to other Saints to clear his name.

Although these Saints were confident Xiao Ning wouldn't intervene, the reason they didn't stop directly to challenge the Emperor's decree was because they knew that, if they wielded Xiao Ning's strength, they wouldn't care which kingdom their opponent belonged to. While they were all part of the Sun Kingdom and willing to defend it against external threats, their loyalty ultimately lay with their own families and factions. Eliminating supporters of rival factions was something they were inclined to do.

Xiao Ning's alliance with the King was just that—an alliance. His choice to support the King was straightforward: he didn't want to be used as a pawn in the battle for the throne; he simply wanted to back whoever ruled. When the King passed away, who he would support would depend entirely on who won the power struggle—even Xiao Ning didn't know that yet.

"It seems they've guessed your nature rather accurately," Yan Xiaobao said with a grin as he listened to the conversations of the experts ahead. Their voices were loud enough for him to hear clearly.

"If they choose to attack me, I'll return their kindness in kind," Xiao Ning remarked nonchalantly. "But if they ignore me and focus instead on you, while I owe you many things, I won't take sides." His expression showed evident regret, but Yan Xiaobao didn't mind—he simply shrugged.

These experts were Two-Star and Three-Star Saints. Even if Xiao Ning, as a Four-Star Saint, could defeat these Saints, it would still be challenging. Who could say Yan Xiaobao couldn't do the same? With his ability to manipulate Lan Feng's power, his strength elevated to a fourth-tier level. Just imagine if the Phoenix controlled its own body, or if he transformed into Wolf Form while wielding Lan Feng's power—that would make him far more dangerous than his human form, not to mention the divine Phoenix form of Lan Feng. These two individuals harbored extensive hidden strength, and although Xiao Ning was reluctant to interfere, defeating Yan Xiaobao would be extraordinarily difficult unless multiple Saints teamed up against him. Even then, given the fleeting window in which his full strength could be unleashed, it would undoubtedly pose a significant challenge.

As Yan Xiaobao sighed, Xiao Ning misunderstood the reason and patted the younger man's shoulder lightly. "Don't worry, even if they defeat you, I won't let them kill you," he said earnestly, valuing their friendship. His words brought laughter to Yan Xiaobao, who grinned back without correcting the misunderstanding. "Thanks," he said, genuinely grateful. It was rare to encounter someone as honest and honorable as Xiao Ning.

Suddenly, Yan Xiaobao's laughter disappeared, and he froze in his tracks. "It seems someone has finally caught up to us," he said gravely, staring intently behind them. At first, Xiao Ning didn't hear anything, but minutes later, the sound of hurried footsteps reached his ears, accompanied by the soft glow of light emanating from the tunnel. Clearly, this group had chosen not to rely on the light stones embedded in the walls and had brought their own light sources instead.

"What a waste," Yan Xiaobao muttered. He also possessed light stones but hesitated to use them given the unknowns ahead. Xiao Ning seemed to share the same sentiment.

...

Chapter 792: From the Sun Kingdom

...

"These people aren't from the Sun Kingdom," Xiao Ning casually remarked, his words making Yan Xiaobao grin. It was almost as if they were suggesting they could outright steal their treasures.

Although Yan Xiaobao tried to be a fair person, he knew he needed to enhance his own strength. These experts outranked him significantly, so he sighed. Failing to defeat experts of the Emperor ranking was their own shortfall.

Taking one last glance at the opposing group, Yan Xiaobao noticed the shameless smile on Xiao Ning's face. With a matching grin of his own, the two were ushered into the new organization. They had no clue how many experts were on either side, and frankly, no one seemed to care. Each side had resolved their own strength would prevail.

As Yan Xiaobao surged forward, the experts standing in front finally felt a slight sense of relief, though, in their hearts, they pitied those who thought it was a good idea to clash with these two.

"These two are far more dangerous than any trap in this tunnel," one of the experts muttered. "They're undoubtedly creatures no one ever wants to encounter." With that said, the four-member group forged ahead again, this time moving much faster, hoping to escape the gaze of these monsters.

...

"Are you sure you want to do this?" Deng Wu's voice echoed through the tunnel. His eyes were sharpened with fatigue, his tone icy and brimming with hostility that was palpable. Beside him stood Rong Ming, Rong Xing, and Gao Yan. Blocking their path were a pair of experts, evidently ranked as Emperors.

"No problem, just hand over the beautiful woman and all your treasures, and we'll let you live," said one of the Emperors with a lecherous grin. His greedy gaze was locked onto Rong Xing, and as he occasionally licked his lips, his intent couldn't have been clearer.

The words were enough to ignite Deng Wu's fury. Though rage surged through his veins, he refrained from any immediate action. On the other hand, Gao Yan had to go all out to keep Rong Ming in check.

"I'm terribly sorry, but these treasures are ours, and this beautiful girl is someone we cannot surrender. She's our goddess, so if you want her, you'll have to place her over our dead bodies." His voice was cold, and beneath his frosty gaze was a sinister smirk.

The statements from Rong Ming, Rong Xing, and Gao Yan left everyone stunned. It was apparent that the experts in front of them were Emperors. How could they possibly take them down? However, as Deng Wu had instructed, they decided to stand their ground. After all, there was no other choice.

The experts stared at Deng Wu in shock, and this reaction didn't just come from his companions but also from the two Emperors. Dumbfounded for a moment, they suddenly burst into laughter. A mere King-level expert dared to threaten them? Without a doubt, this was the most amusing thing they'd ever heard. But their laughter quickly faded.

The energy ripple around Deng Wu began to intensify, eliciting a knowing smirk from the expert himself. His King-level power rapidly surged, and it showed no signs of stopping even upon reaching Emperor-level. It climbed higher still, forcing the two proud experts to swallow hard and subconsciously take a step back. It became evident that the entire tomb was filled with monsters. As the escalating power caused their nerves to tighten, fear started creeping into their eyes.

"I've never attempted this before," Deng Wu said with calculated calmness. "But if you intend to lay your filthy hands on the Queen of my heart, it seems I'll have to take desperate measures."

Upon hearing his words, the two Emperors smirked. So, this man was resorting to a skill he'd never used before? They figured that even though his energy vastly exceeded theirs, he likely wouldn't be able to control it. In their overconfidence, they believed they could still triumph. Their morale surged as they lunged at Deng Wu, intent on mocking him. Unfortunately for them, Deng Wu's power continued to rage. The catastrophic energy ripple was so immense that it slowed the movements of the two experts.

As Deng Wu turned, his long blue hair began swirling around him. His blue eyes glittered with fury as he raised a massive hammer formed with the power of Wu Wei.

The energy surging through his meridians was far more potent than anything he'd felt before. Reassured by the newfound strength, he was confident he could protect his friends. Without waiting for the two experts to make contact, he swung the hammer toward the first expert with pinpoint accuracy.

The target, an Emperor, had initially dismissed Deng Wu and his group. Yet as the hammer hurtled toward him, his smile grew as he prepared to deride Deng Wu for such a seemingly weak attack.

Unfortunately for him, he never got the chance to utter a single sound, as a pained scream suddenly erupted beside him. Turning his head, his expression changed drastically as he noticed that his companion, who had been standing right next to him, now had one arm hanging limply, clearly immobilized. His shoulder had collapsed inward, and his bones had clearly been crushed. The sheer energy contained in that strike was devastatingly evident. The expert who evaded the attack found

himself blocking the view of his injured comrade, giving the Emperor no indication of what had come for him until it was too late.

The dodging Emperor took a deep breath, realizing he wasn't the actual target; he'd merely been used as a means to disguise the strike. By the time the other Emperor noticed, it was already far too late.

Chapter 793: From the Sun Kingdom_2

After being struck by the hammer, he flew backward like a kite and was cut by the rope. When he struggled to stand back up, his arm hung limply, and a trail of blood dripped from the corner of his mouth. His entire body had sustained damage from the hammer, even his internal organs.

"You're too weak!" Deng Wu laughed as he saw the injuries his opponent suffered after just one exchange. The injured Emperor gritted his teeth, ready to launch another attack. This time, he kept his distance from Deng Wu and hurled Wu Wei's spheres at him one after another.

Unlike the Emperor, Deng Wu knew he couldn't move recklessly, as his attacks might harm his companions—something he would never permit.

Suddenly, his energy erupted from his body, forming a massive, scale-like shield. Wu Wei's spheres struck the shield directly. Tension filled the air. Deng Wu worried his shield wasn't strong enough to withstand the blows, while the Emperor feared it might hold. A thunderous explosion reverberated, sending dust flying across the floor. Deng Wu was forced to step back three paces, but despite cracks forming on the shield's surface, it remained solid and steadfast.

"Do you really have time to play games with these kids?" A voice resonated within Deng Wu's mind, and he immediately recognized Little Dragon's impatience. He had wasted too much precious Wu Wei, which had taken him years to cultivate.

With a dry chuckle, Deng Wu grinned and directed his consciousness into his Lower Dantian, allowing the dragon to take control of his body.

A shiver ran through his frame, and everyone present was shocked, feeling as if the man before them had suddenly become far more dangerous than before. Even the twin brothers took a step back, astonished by the overwhelming power Deng Wu had unleashed.

"I will make you feel what it means to insult the Divine Dragon, Qinglong," he murmured. His eyes gleamed with an azure blue light, while his hands slowly transformed into Drake's arms. Sky-blue scales emerged on his forearms, and his fingers morphed into claws. His arms were undeniably far stronger than those of a typical Emperor—powerful enough to rival the primal strength of a Saint.

The Emperors, upon witnessing this transformation, frowned deeply in surprise. A beast shouldn't be able to change only parts of its body; if he had mixed blood, he shouldn't have had such control over his form. What kind of extraordinary technique allowed him to alter just his arms?

But Deng Wu paid no attention to their astonishment and immediately launched his assault. His speed had increased manifold, and his strength was terrifying enough that the two Emperors instantly realized they had truly awakened a slumbering dragon. To defend themselves, they suddenly felt shadows looming over them. Less than a second later, the young blue warrior landed beside them, and with a swift motion, his claws tore through two throats. When he leapt back immediately after, his transformation dissipated, and he straightened his body. He appeared the same as before, but his companions would forever remember what they had witnessed today. They finally understood—Deng Wu was indeed a dragon hiding in plain sight.

"Thank you for your assistance," Deng Wu bowed to Little Dragon. However, the dragon inside his Dantian Cave did nothing but smile at him before settling down to refine more energy. Deng Wu had used up a significant portion of the power he had painstakingly gathered. Though it had been necessary, he still felt a hint of frustration and knew he must continue working hard.

Watching the dragon immediately get to work, Deng Wu felt a pang of guilt, knowing he had wasted quite a bit of Wu Wei. Though he was aware Yan Xiaobao had also done the same, Lan Feng had once branded him a wasteful brat. Deng Wu hoped he hadn't performed worse than Yan Xiaobao in this regard.

....

"Do you know the Great Marshall?" A humanoid beast with large eyes asked Sha Yun, the Snake Woman who appeared deep in thought. Seeing that she didn't seem to hear his question, the beast walked closer, gently tapped her shoulder, and asked again.

"I know him," she replied tentatively. "He's the one with whom I signed a contract." Her words were blunt, causing most of the people around to gasp audibly. Some among them felt a pang of envy stirred by her declaration.

"If he is your master, why don't you go help him?" one of them asked sharply, her jealousy evident in her harsh tone. These were people Sha Yun considered her friends, but now, many of them gazed at her with hostility.

Suddenly, a group of men stepped forward, one of them reaching out to gently pat her head. The others shrank back, warily eyeing the expert leader of the group.

"I believe Sha Yun has her reasons. However, she is a beast just like us—who are we to judge her? If you're so keen on forming a contract with him, why don't you speak to him about it yourself and sign one?" The man asked, his tone warm and gentle, yet his words were direct.

Although some muttered inaudible words under their breath, they all retreated silently. Seeing their response, the speaker took a step forward. "We should be grateful for Sha Yun's connection with the Great Marshall. If not for that, the Saints would have pillaged us—they could have easily eradicated us." The man reminded everyone, and the jealous individuals finally began to understand their error. They truly had reason to be thankful to her instead of harboring hostility.

Chapter 794: From the Sun Kingdom_3

The group quickly settled down, but despite this, Sha Yun realized that her friends were not as kind as she had imagined. A barrier had already grown in her heart. She closed her eyes and muttered to herself: "Why does it have to be like this?"

Her eyes brimmed with tears, but she quickly blinked them away, unwilling to let anyone see her cry.

"Instead of blaming Sha Yun, why don't we move forward?" suggested someone, as the Saint had long disappeared into the tunnel. "Hopefully, we can find more treasures in the tomb." Everyone looked at the speaker and then nodded. They slowly began to move forward through the tunnel they had entered.

Sha Yun didn't know what to do, but after a moment of hesitation, she quickly caught up with her friends and continued onward. The place where they had stood before fell silent. About half an hour later, a shadow moved away from that spot, and soon after, Sha Yun and the beasts that had already charged ahead followed closely.

...

"Wang Julong, come quickly! We have more injured experts!" someone called out, and Wang Julong quickly turned to check the expert she was healing. The man had a hole in his chest, yet somehow the weapon had missed all his vital organs. Glancing at the person calling her, Wang Julong rapidly infused the patient with spiritual energy before cutting off the supply. Then, she rushed to the next patient.

The first patient with the hole in his body initially prepared to scream for Wang Julong to come back when he realized there was a foreign energy inside him. It was an energy that could ease pain and rapidly heal wounds. Noticing this, he obediently lay on the blanket, allowing the strange energy to work its healing magic. The more he healed, the weaker Wang Julong's energy became, and by the time his body was completely recovered, the last remnants of her energy had completely been drained.

Rushing back and forth, Wang Julong had to heal one patient after another, but as time passed, her strength was utterly depleted. She then took a moment to sit and cultivate. Her eyes kept scanning the injured experts, constantly searching among the newcomers, worried her friends might be among them. Even knowing she was incapable of doing anything in her fully exhausted state, she remained wholly focused on cultivating. During her cultivation, she thought about saving Yan Xiaobao, but lacked the strength to do so. This caused tears to stream down her face, and despite being utterly drained, she stubbornly continued cultivating. The thought of losing Yan Xiaobao was something she simply couldn't bear.

Both Saints, Yan Xiaobao and Xiao Ning, rushed toward the Saint chasing after them, and once they reached him, they couldn't help but laugh. Yan Xiaobao formed an overbearing palm above him with his Emperor Power, unleashing a burst of martial power upon their opponent.

This attack was merely an Emperor skill, yet it was still something they had to handle with caution. The undulations emerging from the strike were anything but fragile, unlike a typical Emperor attack; rather, they resembled those of a recently advanced Saint. Although the attack couldn't truly threaten them, it undoubtedly had the potential to harm them. If they wished to take down Xiao Ning, such damage could almost paralyze them. They were all keenly aware that to remove the Sun Shield, they would need to muster their strongest strength.

Yan Xiaobao knew he had been overlooked. While Xiao Ning indeed outshone him, he wasn't someone to be underestimated. Suddenly, spiritual energy surged out from his spiritual energy sea, beginning to flow in a very peculiar pattern through his meridians, before flooding downward through his fingers into the earth.

...

Chapter 795: The Fighting Saint

...

At the top of the spiritual energy sea, as the yellow flames twisted and turned, yellow liquid split from the fire. It then merged with the mercury-like spiritual energy, transforming into yellow when it left his body and poured onto the ground below.

The opponents didn't notice what Yan Xiaobao was up to because they were expending their energy to dodge the massive hand charging toward them. Their focus remained on Xiao Ning. He was their adversary; he was the one demanding their attention. The Emperor, in their eyes, was easier to deal with. This was the mindset of the Saints battling against Yan Xiaobao and Xiao Ning. Knowing he was underestimated, the white-haired young man nearly burst into loud laughter as he poured even more energy into the ground beneath him.

Suddenly, as a giant hand sprouted from the earth, the ground began twisting and revolving. A four-meter-tall hand, agile as Yan Xiaobao's own, emerged, commanding the attention of anyone who looked in its direction. This hand was clearly crafted from the earth itself, yet the power contained within it was far from ordinary.

Now, they had to decide which opponent warranted their focus. Should they concentrate on the hand, which obviously had the potential to disrupt them, or should they continue their assault on Xiao Ning? Originally, their target was Xiao Ning, but the emergence of this hand threw the team into chaos. Some blocked the hand, while others continued attacking the Saints. Without a coordinated strategy, every attacker was left to make their own decision, resulting in confusion among the opponents.

Seeing everyone scattering, Yan Xiaobao smirked. He sent the massive hand directly toward his opponents. Golden lights flickered in the tunnel as they summoned their martial power to defend against the hand, but every time an attack landed on it, the soil reformed anew. It seemed indestructible. No matter how many strikes were delivered, it relentlessly reconstructed itself.

Watching this, the experts grew increasingly frustrated as they realized this technique was more resilient than they had anticipated. Their advance was halted for fear of stepping within the hand's reach, only to discover its mobility. The hand lunged forward with tremendous force, swatting at the experts like a hand smacking away a fly.

Some experts managed to evade, but others were launched through the air, crashing violently into the walls and leaving massive craters behind. This scene left everyone astounded, including Xiao Ning, who was surprised that Yan Xiaobao could launch such an attack without even resorting to his holy authority.

Though it appeared powerful and brimming with immense energy, Yan Xiaobao was still just an Emperor. While the experts were slammed against the walls, they managed to regain their footing relatively quickly, sustaining only superficial injuries. For the Saints, this level of attack wasn't particularly threatening.

Seeing this, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but feel slightly disappointed. However, he poured even more energy into the ground beneath him, summoning a second hand—a complete replica of the one already present. Now, two hands surged forward simultaneously.

One hand continued its relentless assault on the Saints, while the other aimed to grab and crush them. Faced with the dual attacks, the Saints were left with no choice but to constantly retreat. Although the wounds they accumulated were shallow, they still impacted them slightly. Over time, even the slightest injury might put them at a disadvantage when they inevitably had to face Xiao Ning later.

Yan Xiaobao didn't even glance at Xiao Ning to see how he was faring; all his attention was on the Saints before him. While his attacks weren't causing serious damage, he maintained an air of confidence, forcing a fake smile because he knew the Saints had no other choice but to save their energy for the ensuing battle. Indeed, the two hands were shielding him, but if they exerted their full power, couldn't they shatter the two hands made from earth and stone? They were Saints after all, capable of destruction. Yet, they hesitated to commit such vast amounts of energy against a low-level opponent like Yan Xiaobao. As troublesome as he was, he simply wasn't worth expending the energy they reserved for Xiao Ning.

Yan Xiaobao gambled on their unwillingness to commit their energy and relentlessly kept up his attacks. Meanwhile, he ensured he didn't stray too far from Xiao Ning. Though he hadn't glanced at Xiao Ning, the elderly man frequently looked toward Yan Xiaobao, ensuring his performance, only to be amazed time and time again. Seeing that he, an Emperor, could so effectively control multiple Saints left Xiao Ning increasingly impressed with him—almost considering him a genius among geniuses.

Unaware of Xiao Ning's thoughts, Yan Xiaobao twisted the hands, shifting his tactics. He commanded both hands to slam into the ground with tremendous force, causing them to pound the earth so violently that the entire tunnel trembled. This triggered shockwaves that aided in repelling the Saints Team further back. Finally, he had the opportunity to look at Xiao Ning, and as expected, the Saint had

already disposed of the experts attacking him. Seeing this, Yan Xiaobao dashed behind him, the two hands disappearing.

The experts cornered by Yan Xiaobao wore grim expressions. Now standing before them wasn't Yan Xiaobao, but the one they feared—the Saint. Though they had the advantage in numbers, they couldn't deny that the Saint towering before them was far more powerful than any of them. Witnessing him dispatch the other experts, they wondered how they could possibly hold their ground. Especially after battling Yan Xiaobao, none of them were without injuries. Though their wounds were superficial, they still existed, and they knew that if they had to face this formidable Saint, they were already at a disadvantage.

Chapter 796: The Fighting Saint_2

"They are not Saints from the Sun Kingdom," Yan Xiaobao imitated Xiao Ning's words from before the battle began. "I'll leave the rest of the work to you," he shamelessly continued as he sat behind the old man. "I believe this will help you balance your energy, now that you've ascended to the Fourth Star," he added, utterly carefree, as he leaned back against the stone wall with his hands behind his head.

Seeing Yan Xiaobao's behavior, Xiao Ning didn't know how to respond. At first, he wanted to laugh, but then he wanted to cry. Wasn't he being reduced to a mere cleaner? To preserve his energy, Yan Xiaobao went all out for him. Although he felt somewhat mistreated, he remembered the gifted golden pill and cracked a smile. He owed this young man a lot. If Yan Xiaobao wanted to take it easy while fighting against experts, then why not let him? Xiao Ning stepped forward with that in mind. Once he moved, golden energy surged from Wu Wei's body and rushed ahead of him, creating a light screen that encompassed the entire tunnel.

With a harrumph, he created another light screen similar to the one in front of him, but this one appeared behind the expert who was currently engaged in battle with Hui Yue and Xiao Ning. As he gestured, the two light screens began moving toward each other.

Watching the two light screens slowly approach each other, the Saints began to feel fear. Their strongest attacks were hurled at the screens, but this only caused brief tremors. A tiny crack appeared at one point, but Xiao Ning's energy quickly repaired it. He was clearly in complete control of the situation.

Watching this trap unfold, Yan Xiaobao turned away, horrified. Without a doubt, this was one of the simplest methods to deal with multiple experts simultaneously, but it was truly terrifying—and he had a front-row seat to watch these experts crushed into fleshy pulp.

Yan Xiaobao was by no means a young man afraid of death or gore, but as the screams of these experts began, he had to admit this was one of the most horrifying killing methods he had ever seen. It was almost comparable to the attacks of the Soul-devouring Beast that Yan Xiaobao had deployed during wartime. Only when silence loomed in the air did Xiao Ning finally dispel the two light barriers.

Looking at Yan Xiaobao, he was surprised to find that the young man neither vomited nor appeared sick in any way. Everyone he knew would criticize him for killing in such a manner; however, it's not as if he had many choices. His specialty was shields, and his attacks were unconventional. Therefore, he used his superior shielding power to crush his enemies.

"Do you think your storage stone is getting a bit cluttered?" Yan Xiaobao stood up and walked to Xiao Ning's side, gazing at the flesh, bones, and blood tangled with scraps of clothing. Hair. The scene was grotesque, and Yan Xiaobao didn't want to endure it any longer.

Xiao Ning didn't respond, and as Yan Xiaobao looked at him, he noticed the older man's pale face. Staring at the fleshy pulp, Xiao Ning suddenly turned away, retched quietly, and couldn't endure the sight he'd created. Feeling a hint of pity for the big man, Yan Xiaobao retrieved a red pill and tossed it to Xiao Ning.

Seeing the pill, Xiao Ning didn't concern himself about whether it might be poisonous and immediately popped it into his mouth. As soon as it dissolved on his tongue, he felt his weakness fade away rapidly, and all the energy he'd previously exhausted flowed back into him. He sighed, grabbed a water bottle from his storage stone, splashed water over his face, and then nodded at Yan Xiaobao.

"Let's keep moving. Maybe those lucky bastards ahead have already found something valuable."

Hearing Xiao Ning's words, Yan Xiaobao looked at the older man and couldn't help but laugh—a brief smirk that quickly returned. Indeed, they had spent some time dealing with the Saints chasing them from behind, but now the group they had been pursuing was nowhere to be seen.

Nevertheless, both experts were refreshed. They had successfully dealt with some competitors, despite the gruesome ways they'd met their ends, and were soon forgotten. The only thing bothering Yan Xiaobao was the fact that the storage stone was far too coated in gore to carry it around.

Yan Xiaobao left behind the Saints Team that had sealed their fate by attacking him and felt no regret. Even if those experts had been part of the Sun Kingdom, he would have reacted in the same way. In these tunnels, your nation of origin and external status did not matter. This was a truly dog-eat-dog world, where the strongest gained wealth and the weakest were pushed aside. If the Saints duo hadn't proven this by stealing from many weaker cultivators along the way, other Saints had repeatedly tried to snatch from Yan Xiaobao, grossly underestimating his power.

"You tried to kill me," he said coldly, eyes gleaming. "So why can't I kill you?" Xiao Ning clearly heard his words, even through the choking noise from the fleshy pulp. Time and again, he felt relieved to be at Yan Xiaobao's side, even if he had once feared this young man. Without the two golden pills he'd received from Yan Xiaobao, he would still have been a three-star Saint, someone Yan Xiaobao wouldn't have considered worth his time. But now, he was far stronger than your average Saint.

Chapter 797: The Fighting Saint_3

As they ventured deeper into the tunnel, the two experts remained deeply contemplative. The traps triggered by the group ahead of them posed no threat to Yan Xiaobao and Xiao Ning, as they quickly navigated past them.

Although they progressed further into the tunnel, there were no indications of any treasures appearing, nor any signs that the team ahead was working hard to clear the traps. The group had clearly quickened their pace, rushing through the tunnel in hopes of exiting before Yan Xiaobao and Xiao Ning could catch up.

Despite their pursuit, neither Yan Xiaobao nor Xiao Ning felt any impulsive urge to act recklessly. This was a mysterious tomb, and everyone needed to act cautiously. While there were individuals leading the way for now, no one could predict when they might encounter an obstacle that required more than just brute strength to overcome. When such a moment came, the experts would have no choice but to wait for the gathering of many Saints to proceed further.

As more traps were uncovered, bloodstains began to appear more frequently along the path. These traps seemed to grow increasingly savage. After half an hour of walking, they stumbled upon a corpse within the tunnel. This cultivator was a renowned Saint, yet even so, his body had been struck by a diagonal slash, nearly slicing him in half. His innards had spilled onto the ground, and his eyes remained wide open, filled with shock as life left him.

Seeing the dead expert was a sobering moment for both Yan Xiaobao and Xiao Ning, though their reasons for unease were entirely different. The expert had hailed from the Sun Kingdom, and Xiao Ning couldn't help but worry about how the Kingdom would weaken with every Saint's death. "I need to kill more of the other experts," he muttered to himself. "The balance must be preserved."

Yan Xiaobao, on the other hand, was more concerned about the dangers they would soon face, as at some point, they would undoubtedly reach a more perilous area. So far, they were merely in the tunnel, but he knew this was but a small part of the tomb. Recalling the Gate of Heaven, he thought that once they passed through this tunnel, they would arrive at the actual tomb—a place where treasures would be surrounded by countless deadly traps.

Though this was only speculation, Yan Xiaobao remembered the words on the spiritual imprint at the Gate of Heaven, which hinted at no shortage of treasures within. Yet, so far, the chosen tunnel had yielded little of significance. They had only encountered two hidden caches, which, while containing excellent materials, far exceeded the expectations Xiao Ning and he originally had.

As the traps grew increasingly hazardous, Xiao Ning and Yan Xiaobao could no longer afford to remain lost in their own thoughts. They needed to devote their full energy to overcoming the obstacles blocking their way out of the main tomb.

As they pushed forward, more and more blood speckled the walls, yet there were no signs of what kind of weapons or attacks had struck the Saints. It was evident that these were some form of energy-based attacks that disappeared immediately after being unleashed. While they found no corpses, the sheer amount of blood they witnessed left them deeply unsettled.

Soon, they heard noises coming from ahead—a sound so manic it sent chills down their spines. Mixed with the frantic yelling and buzzing vibrations, rushing water echoed through the tunnel, shattering its eerie silence. Yan Xiaobao and Xiao Ning exchanged glances before nodding in grim understanding, then surged ahead toward the source of the sound.

...

Chapter 798: Need to Go All Out

...

Once they reached the sound, they saw a colossal golden warrior, and they were shocked. It was something created by Wu Wei. Powerful energy fluctuations erupted from it, and its level didn't feel any weaker than Xiao Ning. For these experts to strike it, they really needed to go all out, and they didn't look too good about it.

Although Yan Xiaobao wasn't overly concerned about these people, he noticed the worry in Xiao Ning's eyes. For the sake of his friend, Yan Xiaobao summoned a Blue Flame Fireball, allowing it to grow to its maximum size before throwing it at the golden martial power warrior.

The warrior, focused on the experts triggering the traps, was defenseless against the Blue Flame Fireball. Once it struck the martial power warrior, he was hit laterally, and a large hole appeared in its side; however, it was not a creature made of flesh and blood, so even with a large hole on its side, it had no problem continuing to fight.

Seeing this, Yan Xiaobao snorted discontentedly. If a Saint was unwilling to take such an attack, they would have been severely injured. Not trying to resist such an attack was foolish, and Yan Xiaobao, along with Lan Feng, felt somewhat insulted by how the martial power warrior treated their powerful attack as if it was nothing. More spiritual energy left his body and fused with Lan Feng's elemental affinity, manifesting another massive Fireball before him.

Like the previous attempt, this attack targeted the exact same spot, where there was already a gaping hole. Once again, the martial power warrior offered no opposition and allowed the Fireball to land directly on him. The explosion once again forced the martial power warrior back.

Unlike before, this time, the martial power warrior did not retreat; instead, its whole body split into two separate halves, upper and lower body. "Don't just stand there!" Lan Feng said. "Do you remember the wolf's devouring ability?" he asked curiously, and Yan Xiaobao shivered at the memory. How could he have forgotten when he once absorbed so many souls?

"This martial power warrior hasn't finished fighting, but most importantly, it is not human. Devour it, slowly refining the martial power from the samurai. Although it might take some time because it's a conscious Wu Wei, it will bring you many benefits in the future."

Hearing this, Yan Xiaobao was somewhat surprised, but he quickly nodded and approached the two parts of the martial power warrior. Just as Lan Feng said, the two parts were still struggling to stand, but suddenly a red light flashed from Yan Xiaobao's palm. As this red energy generated the Wolf Head, a thick intent to kill rolled outward. The Wolf Head soared, emitting a thunderous roar. It then dove into the martial power warrior, dissolving the two parts of energy before returning to Yan Xiaobao's hand. After it returned, the red light slowly receded into his palm and disappeared, leaving the present Saints deeply shocked. The Saints that once fought in the tunnels against Wu Wei warriors were very frightened to see how easily it was dismantled.

"We have fought with them before," one of them stuttered. "When we first fought them, simply cutting their body in half wasn't enough because it continued to fight. How did he make it disappear?!" Although he saw it with his own eyes, the Saint's speech was full of disbelief. This young man was unfathomable. Was he a Saint or the Emperor? What kind of red energy did he use? How could he control the Blue Flame? They had so many unanswered questions, but no one, not even Xiao Ning, asked anything. Questions were useless because they all knew he would likely just smile and say something completely nonsensical, not answering the question at all. If they were in his position, no one would answer.

Watching the worried expression on Xiao Ning's face when he looked at the surviving Saints, Yan Xiaobao could only sigh. He wasn't really interested in frolicking with more Saints, but having the Saints owe him a favor was always a good idea, so without saying anything, he picked up three red pills from his storage stone and tossed one to each Saint.

"Eat this," he said, not allowing them to argue. The Saints didn't question him as they stuffed the pills into their mouths.

The moment the pills entered their mouths, it shocked their bodies. Previously, they were exhausted and on the brink of their abilities, but now a new and unknown energy filled their systems. It replenished their weary martial power cores, healed their wounds, and almost restored them to their best state. Using just a single pill was enough to fully restore their energy, demonstrating how potent these pills were.

"Why are you giving us these?" one of the experts asked in shock as they looked at Yan Xiaobao. It was obvious the expert had used them to trigger traps before and showed no signs of caring for them, but now he was helping them. He was an enigma. Some people were utterly incomprehensible.

"One of my friends values your lives," Yan Xiaobao shrugged. "And I'm sure you'll remember this favor, so let's continue down the tunnel. If more of these martial power warriors appear, they're mine." He said straightforwardly, and everyone nodded. The three surviving Sun Kingdom Saints even wished to say "Take them! Take them!" but they remained silent, fearing he might misconstrue it as mockery. With Yan Xiaobao and Xiao Ning joining the group, dealing with the traps became easier. Xiao Ning often left a Martial Hero barrier beside them, very much like his Radiant Aegis, and all the capricious martial power attacks shattered on the golden barrier.

Chapter 799: Need to Go All Out_2

The martial power warriors they encountered were ultimately devoured by the red energy, which manifested with the dense killing intent summoned by Yan Xiaobao. Initially, everyone thought Yan Xiaobao had only managed to consume the first martial power warrior because it was injured. However,

they now understood that whether injured or not, it would still be consumed. For a warrior, the red energy was overwhelmingly destructive.

As they pressed forward slowly, Yan Xiaobao took up the rear, occupying the space behind them. Although the other experts were fully engrossed in what was happening within the tunnel, Hui Yu was struggling against the conscious energy that Yan Xiaobao was continuously absorbing. Refining it was no easy task.

The energy fought against Yan Xiaobao, struggling incessantly with each passing second, but as it resided within Yan Xiaobao's body, he used his martial power to subdue it. He drowned the conscious energy within his own meridians, forcing it to refine itself. It twisted and churned within him over and over until, little by little, the dominant energy stabilized and gradually became a part of his own power, as he merged the two streams of martial power together.

"What benefit is there to conscious martial power?" Yan Xiaobao suddenly asked Lan Feng as he concentrated on refining the last remnants of the martial power core extracted from the final martial power warrior. He could feel a qualitative leap in the strength of the martial power core. Where he once needed to expend significant amounts of martial power to launch attacks, he now required only about half the energy. This allowed him to prolong his endurance in battle. Not only that, the energy seemed inexplicably stronger, though he couldn't quite determine why. That's why he always turned to Lan Feng when he sought answers.

"Conscious martial power is formidable because it has developed the ability to think for itself. You can see how this warrior resisted attacks; now, while your martial power may not be as strong as those warriors, it has gained the capacity to counterattack, evolve, adapt, and change on its own without requiring your constant command. It can almost fight independently," Lan Feng replied with satisfaction. For the other Saints, martial power warriors represented a critical concern—they worried about the impending traps surrounding Lan Feng and Yan Xiaobao, who regarded such warriors as priceless treasures, far more valuable than all the armor and weapons collected from the second chamber of this tunnel.

In the past, martial power warriors had cost one of the Saints their life. But now, with Xiao Ning's protective barrier and Yan Xiaobao's red energy, the traps posed less of a challenge, and they soon spotted light at the end of the tunnel. A brilliant beam of light illuminated their path, drawing them closer. The light was so dazzling that it resembled a colossal star shining directly in front of them.

Seeing the light, everyone felt a surge of excitement. Was this the place where they could claim even greater treasures? Was this the innermost sanctum of the tomb, where the exalted expert's remains lay?

Emerging from the tunnel's darkness, they found themselves in a vast room with nineteen other tunnels converging into it. Before them loomed an enormous sun suspended on the wall, its rays casting a luminous glow. The soft, warm light bathed the magnificent architecture before them.

They entered a massive corridor, its pathway carved from pristine marble. Statues of humans, beasts, and hybrid creatures lined the corridor, though their appearances were unlike any beings residing in this world. It was clear they originated from the realm of the tomb's owner.

Staring at the statues, Yan Xiaobao felt an unease creeping into his heart. Though they were sculpted from marble, a glimmer in their eyes made them appear unnervingly alive. The statues of beasts and creatures were spaced a meter apart, forming a pathway that stretched along the corridor whose end remained shrouded in uncertainty.

The room itself showed no signs of prior exploration—no evidence that anyone else had reached this point. Fortunately, there was no ominous presence like Heaven Gate looming above them. Shaking his head, Yan Xiaobao mocked himself inwardly. While there were no visible indications of other Saints having been here, it was impossible to say whether some exceptionally skilled specialists had passed through without leaving a trace.

"Should... should we proceed?" one of the three surviving Saints asked cautiously. He saw no immediate threats within the room, yet the shadow cast upon Yan Xiaobao's face deepened, filling them with apprehension.

"I believe we have no other choice but to move forward," Yan Xiaobao replied stiffly, nodding before taking a resolute step forward. Each step he took was light and deliberate, as though his feet scarcely touched the ground. He neither exerted effort nor made a sound. The other Saints, observing his movements, understood his concern about potential traps within the room. They followed his lead, moving as silently as possible.

They passed the first beast statue without incident, finding no indication that the marble sculptures would suddenly come to life. The relief of this realization allowed Yan Xiaobao to briefly exhale, though the deep-seated worry within him refused to abate. Even Lan Feng maintained absolute stillness now.

Neither cultivating, speaking, nor moving a single muscle, he seemed as wary as Yan Xiaobao of the room's latent dangers.

One-quarter of their journey through the corridor passed uneventfully. Even at the halfway point, the statues remained motionless, and their glimmering eyes appeared unchanged. But as they neared the far side of the hall, a deafening crash shattered the silence. A group of Saints had been blasted into the corridor from the tunnel entrance. Their voices brimmed with laughter and excitement as they anticipated uncovering priceless treasures in the room ahead, much like Yan Xiaobao and his party.

Unbeknownst to this new group, the word "quiet" eluded their vocabulary. Their boisterous clamoring disrupted the stillness, triggering the sound of stone grinding against stone. Yan Xiaobao's head turned sharply as he noticed the statues beginning to come to life. One after the other, the marble figures animated, their menacing gazes locking onto Yan Xiaobao and his group, who had ventured furthest along the corridor.

Yan Xiaobao had the sudden urge to tear his hair out in frustration. He was furious—truly furious. All his caution and meticulousness had been thrown into jeopardy by this careless, arrogant group of Saints, whose recklessness might very well cost his party their lives.

Clenching his teeth, Yan Xiaobao centered himself, steadying his mind and regaining a calm, serene composure. To survive, he would need to demonstrate his abilities. "Don't transform today," Lan Feng advised hesitantly. "See if you can use the blue cloud to overcome this obstacle. If you transform, you'll undoubtedly defeat these foolish stone creatures, but then everyone will know about your transformation," Lan Feng continued. "If you can avoid revealing it, use the blue cloud. Break the stone. Within these statues lie cores—destroy their marble shells and take their cores. Each of these cores originates from the tomb owner's homeland. If you absorb them, your wolf core will undoubtedly grow stronger."

Yan Xiaobao was startled to hear this. It seemed this tomb, despite its traps, had been designed to strengthen him. The martial power warriors had enhanced his martial power; now, these beasts would become a source of power as well.

He surveyed his surroundings, exhaling deeply before closing his eyes. The marble beasts, though slow, were immensely strong. Releasing the blue cloud, he enveloped a beast with it. The instant the blue cloud encased the creature, it froze in place, as the energy from within was extracted into the cloud. Moments later, the stone shattered into fragments. Sure enough, buried within was a black core emanating intense energy fluctuations. Yan Xiaobao seized the core before moving on to the next beast.

Xiao Ning, together with the three surviving Saints, took care of the others. He maintained the Radiant Aegis around them, ensuring not a single beast could slip through. He felt confident in his performance but was left astounded each time he glanced at Yan Xiaobao. Moving from one beast to the next, leaving nothing but rubble in his wake, Yan Xiaobao's efficiency was staggering.

Xiao Ning wasn't alone in his astonishment. The recently arrived group was beginning to grasp the gravity of their mistake. Each of them struggled to fend off a single beast, often forced to flee just to avoid sustaining injuries. Only by running could they ensure their survival.

Watching Yan Xiaobao effortlessly eliminate the beasts one after another, they were rendered utterly speechless. Though he was an Emperor, in this room, he completely dominated the battlefield, slaying the creatures one by one. As he harvested the cores from each statue, there was no sign of modesty or intent to share the treasure with others. Witnessing the growing number of black cores in his possession, many of the Saints were consumed with envy, their greed practically dripping from their mouths. Yet they knew the cores were unequivocally his—as he had claimed them without any assistance. Trying to steal from him would be unthinkable.

...

Chapter 800: A Daunting Task

...

Although the noisy group was still deliberating, Xiao Ning and the three surviving Saints from the Sun Kingdom had already acknowledged Yan Xiaobao's power, though they knew nothing about him. How strong he was, they could only guess, as they greedily eyed the Saints on the other end of the corridor with undisguised avarice.

Not long after, all the stone beasts were slain, and the two groups of Saints now stared at each other, waiting for someone to make the first move. The greedy Saints all fixed their gazes on Yan Xiaobao, their eyes brimming with blatant greed and anticipation. Smiles stretched across their faces as they envisioned how best to use his treasures to their advantage. All of those beast cores were worth a hefty sum, since they were clearly not ordinary cores. Their group had managed to obtain one beast core by defeating a beast on their own, but Yan Xiaobao had taken all the others.

Everyone anticipated a showdown, yet Yan Xiaobao only glanced at the greedy group before letting out a slight scoff and turning away. "Let's move on. I'm certain others are ahead of us. We've already wasted three hours fighting these stone creatures," he said to his team as he walked away.

Seeing them about to leave, the greedy Saints Team was left stunned and uncertain. Should they attack, or follow? The other side had four Saints and a mysterious Emperor, while their team boasted five Saints. That should give them an advantage, yet something about Yan Xiaobao made their leader squint warily. His team consisted of Saints who hadn't participated in the opening of the Heavenly Gate, so they knew nothing about Yan Xiaobao. Still, their leader instinctively sensed a trace of danger emanating from the young man.

"Boss, why are we letting them leave?" someone whispered. Their face was filled with greed as they watched the Saints departing, but their leader's smile comforted them soon enough. "We aren't letting them leave," he chuckled. "We'll just strike at the right moment. Catch them off guard, then seize their treasures for ourselves." Hearing their older military brother's words, the other experts were immediately reassured. They believed that if everyone fought seriously, they would definitely overpower the other team. After all, among them was an Emperor, who, while displaying some skilled attacks, was still not a Saint. Killing him and stealing his storage stone would be easy.

Down the corridor, a faint smile appeared on Yan Xiaobao's lips. When he heard the older military brother speaking behind him, his eyes grew cold. His ears, seemingly human, possessed an unnatural sensitivity—as though he were in wolf form—and overhearing their whispered conspiracy wasn't a challenge for him. If they truly tried anything, they'd be shocked to see how Yan Xiaobao and his team would handle them.

Though Yan Xiaobao was indeed an Emperor, no one within his own team actually believed that this represented his true strength. They were sure he had employed some kind of cultivation technique to make his apparent level seem lower than it really was. Even with this assumption, they hadn't fully grasped the depth of his power. Without even elevating himself to the Holy Level, Yan Xiaobao had effortlessly dispatched the stone creatures—as if they were crafted from porcelain rather than marble. The creatures shattered the moment he struck them. Even the Saints' Holy Power couldn't accomplish such feats.

"I think we're now inside the inner part of the tomb," Yan Xiaobao said softly. He was unwilling to provoke any traps unless absolutely necessary, as he continuously monitored the happenings both ahead and behind.

No Saint responded to his words, but everyone nodded silently, their caution so intense that even speaking felt risky. "We can't be the first ones to arrive here," he continued, glancing at them. "We need to catch up to those ahead of us, or there'll be no treasure left for us," he remarked as he scanned the surroundings. "Let's move as quickly and quietly as possible. If we want anything of value, we must catch up. So far, they've seized everything worthwhile. When we encounter them, don't provoke them or steal their treasures outright. They've successfully reached this point, proving they mustn't be underestimated. While confronting them might lead us to victory, it would likely come at the cost of some casualties for our group. For us,

Yan Xiaobao's words left the other experts startled. Even Xiao Ning hadn't anticipated that he would choose not to risk their lives for the wealth others had gathered. The experts accompanying him were people Yan Xiaobao had previously considered expendable, yet now he seemed concerned about their well-being. Clearly, his views on these experts had shifted.

With these three experts now part of his team, Yan Xiaobao was determined to ensure their survival within the tomb. At the very least, he would do his utmost to keep everyone alive. Once they fell under his protection, leaving would no longer be an option.

"If someone attacks us, what should we do?" Xiao Ning suddenly asked, curious as he gazed at Yan Xiaobao. The question was abrupt, instantly making Yan Xiaobao the focus of their group—the one who decided what to do, how to do it, and when to act. Although he seemed the weakest among them, he had saved them countless times. The power he displayed—not only against Wu Wei's warriors but also against the stone beasts—made it clear that he was the strongest in their group. As such, he had unwittingly become their leader.