

Medical 811

Chapter 811: A Special Gift

"This box is very similar to your storage stone, but it's somewhat different. Storage stones are created by nature, some with help from cultivators, while the Cosmic Box is entirely created by cultivators. You might fall in love with this box because it can contain the entire universe. You no longer need to carry multiple storage stones with you."

"Open the box and insert some internal energy into it. Whether it's your Qi, spiritual energy, or martial power, it doesn't matter. Afterward, you will become the master of the box until you die."

Yan Xiaobao was thrilled. He was already grateful for the two formulas he had previously obtained, but now he had even more! Not only did he obtain the recipes, but he also acquired the herbal medicine needed to make them. Although the herbs would eventually run out, he had gained more than a thousand times what he had previously obtained, leaving him both shocked and excited. He couldn't help but feel grateful to the greedy group who went straight to the treasury instead of paying homage. All in all, Yan Xiaobao's luck was very good.

Following the instructions, he inserted a Qi Line into the box, and suddenly information flooded his mind. Information about the location of items within the box. But as he thought of one item, it was summoned from the box into Yan Xiaobao's hand. He pulled out a scroll; a scroll he couldn't resist opening.

At the top, the formula's name was Soul Binding, and as he carefully studied the formula, he felt cold sweat appear on his forehead.

"This pill has the ability to bind a soul to oneself, thus forcing the soul's owner to become your lifelong servant. By consuming the servant's soul, the master can terminate the life of the person at will. This pill requires the blood essence of both the servant and the master."

Yan Xiaobao read aloud what the randomly taken pill could do, and the mere thought was enough to terrify him.

"Don't focus too much on such simple matters. Move to the next corner and see what's waiting for you there." The master's voice sounded again, and with the scroll of attraction in his hand pulling strongly on

his focus, Yan Xiaobao carefully stored it back in the box before putting the box into the storage stone and heading toward the next corner of the vast platform.

In the corner was a light ball. The ball continuously emitted energy ripples that resembled waves. The closer one got to the light ball, the smaller the ripples became, but the further away they were, the larger they grew, until eventually, they dissipated into nothingness, causing the energy to vanish into the heavens and earth.

With Wu Wei's energy covering his body, Yan Xiaobao finally passed through the waves. It required great energy and strength to traverse the first wave, and every time he was hit by another wave of energy, the pressure he bore was greatly reduced. The first wave pushed him back five steps, the second wave four steps, and the third wave three steps, and so on, until he finally reached the light ball.

Lan Feng had been silent all the while, and Yan Xiaobao was convinced that his Lower Dantian and whatever this light ball was, were equally powerless.

Reaching out, he felt a comforting warmth. A warmth spreading throughout his body, and as he held it, he sensed the green pearl in his Lower Dantian starting to stir slowly. It was like a flower yearning for sunlight.

The instant the light ball touched his hand, light permeated his body. Everything converged in his Lower Dantian, and the green pearl greedily absorbed strand after strand. The green pearl grew, and Yan Xiaobao felt it slowly become more perceptive. While it had previously exhibited a sort of personality, it never felt like a person; however, now emotions began to bubble within the green pearl. Slowly, green mist began swirling around the green pearl.

As Yan Xiaobao held the light ball, it grew smaller and smaller, while the green pearl grew larger and larger.

"Hey, stop standing there! Come here so I can tell you what this awesome gift does!" a voice suddenly echoed in the room, and with a sigh, Yan Xiaobao returned to the monument, curious about the light ball. Perhaps this soul mark knew the purpose of the light ball.

"Wait!" the voice shouted out, surprise hidden within. "Are you really able to directly absorb such energy?!" it asked, confused, as he looked at Yan Xiaobao and the diminishing light ball in his hand.

"This ball has successfully healed me countless times," the voice said. "Though it grows smaller and smaller, it has saved my life again and again. If it had saved me just one last time, then I would still be alive. Unfortunately, the last rescue was insufficient." He lamented, sounding somewhat despondent.

"But why are you absorbing it now?" he asked puzzled. "If someone were seriously injured, but you're not hurt at all, then it should just be diminished. Don't tell me you really know what this item is, and you can use it correctly?" he was even shocked at this option, but Yan Xiaobao couldn't possibly know what his facial expression would be. All he could hear were the emotions contained in his voice, though he felt he owed this expert a great deal, even if he was just a soul mark, Yan Xiaobao wished to show him respect.

"I don't know why, but my body is absorbing the energy," he said slowly while observing the boiling green mist within the cave. The pearl showed signs of cracking. Seeing this, Yan Xiaobao's heart raced with excitement, hoping it was a sign of the pearl turning into a memory. If it became a memory and they merged, Yan Xiaobao would be able to control its healing abilities. Controlling it was something he had been waiting for. He often felt the green pearl was too stingy. It wouldn't always heal him, but if he learned how to use it, he would be much better off.

The light ball in his hand was almost as small as a fist, and light continuously poured into Yan Xiaobao's body, channeling itself into the green pearl. Soul mark and Yan Xiaobao both remained completely silent as they observed the light ball waiting for it to vanish completely.

When the last ray of light entered Yan Xiaobao's body, the green pearl continued to roll within the cave, but he didn't have time to focus entirely on this as he still had two corners waiting for his arrival. The expert decided that the two corners would suit him to receive more treasures.

"Well done, I hope the light ball has been helpful to you," the soul mark slowly said, with a bit of hesitation and confusion in his voice. "Head to the third corner to find what's waiting for you there. You have shown me respect, so you are my successor. It is only natural for me to pass my most precious treasures to you," the Soul Imprint said once more, these words sounding so magnanimous. The voice almost made Yan Xiaobao laugh, but knowing how much help he gained from this deceased elder, he decided to respect him. Truth be told, he did have respect for the man. Creating such a tomb, especially at the moment of his death, was quite a feat.

As his lower half exploded, Yan Xiaobao moved to the third corner, causing him to spasm after spurting blood from his mouth. He immediately entered his body and soon discovered that the green pearl had exploded, revealing a stunningly beautiful woman amidst the green mist.

"Don't disturb her now," Lan Feng's voice appeared in Yan Xiaobao's head. "She needs some time to fully understand what has happened. While she is focused on the ongoing happenings, you should gather these treasures. They will be the cornerstone of your newfound strength."

Nodding before he moved toward the corner, Yan Xiaobao wiped the blood on his lips. This time, he discovered a small animal covered in black lines. Upon inspection, he noticed a seal on its chest, seemingly branded into the beast's chest.

Upon close observation, Yan Xiaobao realized this beast was a small fox about thirty centimeters long. Its fur was black, but the tip of its tail was white, as were its paws and ears.

Picking up the beast, Yan Xiaobao's eyes widened in shock as he noticed the beast had a heartbeat and was breathing slowly. Clutching it tightly to his chest, Yan Xiaobao rushed back to the monument to hear more about this little fox.

"This is a Midnight Fox," the soul mark said. "This beast traveled with me for thousands of years, traversing many worlds with me and fighting alongside me until the end."

"The last thing I did was seal her here, so she wouldn't wither and die by my side, giving her a chance to meet my successor someday. I wanted her to have a chance to fight once more with someone she respects. Please drop three drops of blood on the seal on her chest, and she will open her eyes again to see the world she left behind so many years ago."

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Chapter 812: The Second Most Important Thing in Life

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"She is the second most important thing in my life. The final treasure is the most important project, and I will only give it to my successor. To obtain it, you must vow never to abuse it." The soul mark suddenly turned melancholic, as the words shocked Hui Yu, who had been focused on Little Fox. Hearing about

the final treasure piqued his curiosity. What could be so astonishing that this expert, highly praised by God, holds it in such high regard?

Yan Xiaobao moved back to the monument, unsure of what to do. Should he awaken the black and white Little Fox he held in his hands, or should he head to the final corner of the platform to see what this enormous treasure is?

"No rush, no rush," the voice chuckled, "I have chosen you as my successor; I won't allow anyone to enter my final resting place until we've completed what we are doing. Awaken Little Huli, see if she likes you," the voice decided for Yan Xiaobao, who nodded. He wasn't eager to rush things.

As he moved his hand to the seal on the chest of Little Fox, his fingers bit, and blood flowed down. Once the blood made contact with the seal, it began to flow through the black lines wrapped around the fox's body.

As more blood entered the seal, the chains loosened, and the slow, steady heartbeat began to quicken and become more natural. The seal on the fox's chest slowly began to fade, and once the chains completely vanished, the seal faded completely as well. Her adorable little round eyes opened, and they sparkled silver in the light illuminating the tomb.

"Little Huli," the soul fragment's voice was incredibly gentle as it spoke the name of the fox. The moment the voice uttered the name, referring to the excited long-eared fox, Yan Xiaobao could feel a gentle purring ripple through its body as he held it close to his heart.

"Little Huli, the boy who is holding you now has signed a new contract with you," the voice spoke to the fox as if it could understand everything being said.

After speaking, the fox turned slightly, staring directly at Yan Xiaobao. Seeing the fox gaze at him, he had a strange feeling that she could see right through him, but it seemed the fox liked what she saw because she moved closer to Yan Xiaobao. Although the soul fragment said that Little Fox had a contract with Yan Xiaobao, there was nothing to bind the two together. If the contract emerged, it would only affect the fox herself.

"Her name is Little Huli. She is the same age as me, so don't treat her like a young pup. She will offer you tremendous help and be a great companion by your side. I'm almost jealous; it seems she liked you

more than me when we first met," the voice continued playfully. It was clear that this soul fragment enjoyed speaking with Yan Xiaobao. For a long time, it was obviously lonely, and now having someone close by, the soul fragment became very talkative.

"Quickly gather these treasures." Lan Feng spoke from within the Dantian Cave. "The green pearl seems to have understood the general situation, but all she did was glare at me, so it doesn't seem urgent to deal with her. It would be best to let her calm down first."

Nodding, Yan Xiaobao once again looked at the monument before him. Bowing, he turned around and walked toward the final corner of the platform.

As he bowed, Little Huli in his arms squirmed uncomfortably; thus, she slipped from his embrace and climbed onto his shoulder. Proudly, she stood there as she looked around at everything happening around them.

"You're very fortunate," Lan Feng hesitated slightly. "Beasts can't speak to you, but I feel she's not as simple as she appears. Upon sensing my aura, she wasn't afraid or humbled; instead, she seemed happy. She's not the least bit afraid of me."

A little confused, Yan Xiaobao contemplated for a moment, then made a mental note to ponder upon it later. He couldn't do anything about it at the moment, so he proceeded toward the final corner.

Reaching it didn't take long, but when he did, he was confounded. Before him was a small box, similar in size to the Cosmic Box, yet it didn't resemble it.

This box was crafted from gold-colored metal, but whether it was truly gold, Yan Xiaobao didn't know. Both sides were adorned with carvings of a beautiful lady dancing, depicting various poses on different sides.

Picking up the box, he looked at it, then returned to the monument at the platform's center. Despite his strong desire to open the box and see what's inside, he refrained. He waited to hear if it was safe to open.

"This item is truly remarkable, try opening it," the voice said, and Yan Xiaobao opened it. As he lifted the lid, a golden lady surged into the air, and a gentle and soothing melody began to spread in the air.

The moment the music began, Yan Xiaobao felt that his thoughts became muddled, his body turned sluggish, and his mind almost came to a halt. His heartbeat began to slow down more and more, ultimately causing him to collapse to the ground.

While Yan Xiaobao was collapsing, mist appeared before the monument. The thin fog quickly formed an old man whose face bore a greedy expression.

"Sorry, my little successor," he said with a sinister grin. "I'm not yet willing to die. This music box is undoubtedly my most precious item because it can weaken the soul of anyone who hears it."

Chapter 813: The Second Most Important Thing in Life (Part 2)

"Now your soul is weak enough for me to take over your body. I like that you are not an old expert, but a brilliant young genius. Now is my second spring, time to become a renowned figure in this world! I need to gain power to avenge those who killed me!"

Due to the immense pressure on his soul, Yan Xiaobao did not notice the voice or any sound he made. He used everything within his body to try to suppress the darkness appearing around him.

"Just a moment, and I can take over your body," the soul fragment said impatiently, laughing. After Yan Xiaobao collapsed on the floor, he opened his eyes and stood up as if nothing could suppress him at all.

"This body is not suitable for you," a different voice, full of arrogance, came from Yan Xiaobao's mouth. This voice clearly belonged to Lan Feng, who had taken over the body. Although he was slightly influenced by the music box, it was completely different from Yan Xiaobao's level of influence.

The moment Lan Feng appeared, Little Huli began to make louder noises than before, and she jumped onto the ground in front of him. Her fur stood on end as she bared her teeth at the old man created by the soul fragment.

Seeing Little Huli accuse her of this, the deceased expert was truly shocked. They had experienced Hell and came back together, but now the beast had completely turned on him.

Moreover, his once confidently powerful music box suddenly failed to suppress this person in front of him, causing him to suddenly feel fear.

The deceased expert was not even afraid when he suffered fatal injuries. He knew the music box had the potential to revive him. By creating a massive tomb, it would undoubtedly be discovered one day, and when noticed, the world's top experts would gather. By setting traps, he could eliminate lower-ranked experts, ensuring only elites could reach the innermost part of his tomb. As long as an elite arrived, the deceased expert would be satisfied.

Unfortunately, the person who appeared was no ordinary expert but one with multiple souls. Although Yan Xiaobao was indeed affected by the music box, he now had the ability to fight against it, as his merging with the wolf and monk had strengthened his soul, not to mention the souls he absorbed during the war. He had wiped out a small army.

The battle against darkness quickly turned into twilight, and a few minutes later, as Yan Xiaobao regained control of his soul, the darkness completely disappeared. The music box continued to play, but unlike the previous sweet and comforting sounds, it could do nothing to threaten Yan Xiaobao's soul now.

"I get it, so becoming your successor was nothing more than finding a host for your damaged soul," Yan Xiaobao said as he looked at the mist in front of the monument around his neck.

"You are nothing more than a fragment of a long-dead soul. Although your soul managed to remain here, your power has long faded into the air. You pose no threat to me, and I have no interest in fighting you. Letting you remain in this tomb for the rest of your life is fine by me." Yan Xiaobao said, grabbing the music box and shutting it off. He placed it on the storage stone and looked at the mist filled with suspicion and sadness.

"I'll take this as compensation for trying to deceive me," he said before turning away. Little Huli jumped off the ground, landed on Yan Xiaobao's shoulder, and nuzzled his neck. As Yan Xiaobao descended the stairs, she started to purr.

Yan Xiaobao had been at the top of the stairs for several hours, during which time his friends had been pacing back and forth at the foot of the stairs. When they saw Yan Xiaobao descending, they felt relieved. It was clear they hadn't heard what the soul fragment had said.

"I was paying my respects to the tomb's master," Yan Xiaobao explained the reason for his absence. However, he did not explain what had transpired. As they exited through the room's door, he motioned for his friends to follow him. In total, there were four doors. Two were closed, and two were open. There was a door to the east, a door to the west, a door to the north, and a door to the south. The southern and eastern doors were already open. The southern door was the entrance to the room they had passed through upon arrival. The eastern door led to where another group of experts was located in the treasury.

After thinking for a while, Yan Xiaobao looked at the west and north doors before making a decision. "Xiao Ning, you take the other three guys into the north door, and I'll go through the west door. When we've finished collecting treasures, we'll share the loot equally among everyone. This way, we can acquire a lot of treasures without worrying about other groups taking them."

Hearing the words "equally share the loot," their hearts filled once again with gratitude. They happily rushed to the north door, immediately opened it, and entered the darkness.

Watching his friends disappear into the darkness, Yan Xiaobao stood still for a moment. Although he was busy collecting treasures, he quickly scanned his Lower Dantian.

The green pearl transformed into a woman, sitting in the cave where the green pearl was originally located. Wu Wei's wings gleamed, while the red gemstone in the last open cave shimmered as if reflecting sunlight. These lives within him were truly challenging, but they also brought significant benefits to him.

Sighing, Yan Xiaobao withdrew his consciousness from the Lower Dantian and began moving toward the west door. As he approached the door, he opened it and stepped into the darkness.

Opening the west door, Yan Xiaobao found himself facing a pitch-black room. From his storage stone, he took out some light stones, throwing three into the room while holding one in his hand.

Looking at the now dimly lit room, Yan Xiaobao saw various mountain ranges inside. As he walked inside, he suddenly felt a surge of energy rushing towards him, as some energy rapidly targeted him with spears and arrows.

Although this energy was powerful, Yan Xiaobao's internal energy was stronger. He channeled his martial power, imitating Xiao Ning and creating a shield in front of him. He poured it out layer by layer, reinforcing each other until forming a barrier.

Once the barrier was formed, the first arrow reached Yan Xiaobao. With a loud crash, the barrier vibrated like the arrow, with spears crashing violently against it. Although the barrier flickered, Yan Xiaobao continuously channeled Wu Wei to repair the shield.

The rain of arrows and spears lasted for half an hour. Although it seemed long, it was not a real challenge for Yan Xiaobao, as he had plenty of martial power.

Once the rain of arrows and spears abated, Yan Xiaobao stepped into the vault, where various treasures awaited him. A heap of red pills was the first to vanish into his storage stone. Next came a heap of white pills, followed by golden pills. All were stored away for safekeeping.

Another pile of treasures caught Yan Xiaobao's attention. It was a heap of jade artifacts and bottles, and after careful examination, he discovered they were medicinal herbs. Even Yan Xiaobao could not suppress the joy and slight greed that emerged in his heart, so he placed these splendid herbs and plants aside for safekeeping.

Walking into the room, Yan Xiaobao obtained various potions and pills he had never seen before. He discovered valuable metals and forged weapons. He found a furnace for forging and a large cauldron for refining pills.

"I believe Cou Ling would find this furnace interesting," he murmured as he swept through the room. Soon, he had secured everything in sight, yet he sensed there was more to the room, something the tomb's owner had hidden well.

Inspecting every inch of the room, he finally noticed the inscription pattern carved at the top of the room, but no matter what he did, he couldn't break it.

Suddenly, hearing a quiet chirping, the little fox on his shoulder stood on its hind legs, its front paws touching the inscription pattern above. With a few whistles from the fox, the inscription began to light up.

Once the inscription illuminated, the lines forming it began to move around like snakes until the pattern unraveled and vanished in all directions.

As the snake-like pattern of the inscription disappeared, the room began to rumble. In the center, a stone pillar rose from the ground. Atop this pillar lay an object, a small jade bottle. Inside appeared to be three drops of blood.

There were no indications of what this blood was or where it came from, but considering the efforts to conceal it, Yan Xiaobao could only assume it was indeed valuable.

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Chapter 814: Displaying One's Power

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Yan Xiaobao grabbed the small bottle, placed it in his storage stone, and then scanned the room one last time. Finding nothing of interest, he immediately decided to turn and leave.

Leaving the conference room, he saw Xiao Ning and three other experts awaiting his arrival. Not only them, but the group that originally entered the tomb was now standing there, watching Yan Xiaobao and his party.

This group had only three Saints, but all three were third-star Saints. Their power was superior, yet they all looked nervously at Xiao Ning. If he hadn't been there, the group would have been attacked immediately, but because he was there, his presence grievied them.

When they saw Yan Xiaobao, they became even more worried. When Yan Xiaobao demonstrated his power, these Saints had been at the Gate of Heaven, and although he was now just an Emperor, his true strength was shown to equal that of the powerful Saint, Xiao Ning, beside him.

If before they thought of fighting, then upon seeing Yan Xiaobao, every thought on that subject vanished. When Yan Xiaobao showed no signs of attacking them, they felt relieved and showed no signs of trying to seize their treasures. Everyone seemed to agree to be content with what they had.

"I need to cultivate for a day or two," Yan Xiaobao whispered to his friends standing beside him. "I need you four to protect me. If anything happens, or if there's trouble, please wake me up. The breakthrough I'm experiencing won't be affected by being woken, so don't take any risks," Yan Xiaobao emphasized to his friends as the five of them moved into the room where Yan Xiaobao had earlier collected treasures.

Yan Xiaobao sat on the floor, took a deep breath, and then closed his eyes, shifting his consciousness to his Lower Dantian.

"Good day, I'm Yan Xiaobao. Pleased to meet you," he greeted the woman in the Dantian Cave warmly. This woman was as beautiful as Wan Qiao. However, her beauty was entirely different. She had a slender figure, with skin as dark as chocolate. She wore a green robe, and her eyes were as green as a dense forest. In the depths of her eyes, hostility was evident.

"I know you are also Yan Xiaobao," Yan Xiaobao continued, unconcerned with the hostility he saw. "We are one and the same person. You just happen to be my past life. I know you know what happened with the wolf and the monk. We are all converged." He explained.

"Telling her all this most likely won't do any good," he sighed inwardly. "But I can't just forcibly absorb her, can I?" he questioned himself, but was shocked to realize that he could indeed forcibly absorb her. If she didn't want to be absorbed, then he had no choice.

"You want me to become part of you, but what do I gain from it?" she asked clearly, the hostility evident in her voice. She had no way of transforming herself into past memories.

"You won't disappear." Yan Xiaobao said slowly. "You become a part of me. You will live just as I do. Every time I merge with the memories, I change, and those memories are what create you. You will live as part of me forever," Yan Xiaobao spoke truthfully.

Memories are part of him, and they have transformed him from his past state into what he is now. Merging with his old memories has changed him. His soul has been tempered each time, and he knows it will happen again.

Yan Xiaobao was very worried. Though he painfully realized how the memories increased his strength time and again, he also realized that every time he merged with the memories, his personality changed. His soul would change, and he would no longer be who he was.

If he were to merge with the previous nine lives, what would become of him? Would his former self leave anything, or had he already disappeared long ago? Would his soul's repeated transformations drive him mad? These thoughts always passed through Yan Xiaobao's mind, but this young man was stubborn. He needed the strength from these memories to fight against An Hee.

Looking at Lady Darkness before him, Yan Xiaobao's gaze became more serious than ever. His expression made the lady take a step back, suspicion displayed on her face.

"You are not the one disappearing." Yan Xiaobao said in a tense voice. "Imagine having to make room for others. Obviously, I don't have the power to erase you."

The lady's expression became increasingly doubtful. "I hate men." she suddenly said. "I am a witch from the Qian Plain. A person regarded with great respect. We became the most powerful and outstanding experts in the world. We held control over life and death and were masters of the healing art." she declared with pride in her voice. "Sadly, I never reached the pinnacle. I struggled desperately but perished in a battle between two tribes."

"If I am to merge with you, you must ensure my dreams come true. I don't know what it's called in this world, either a therapist or Herbal Master, but you must reach the pinnacle. You must become the strongest!" she said, her eyes burning fiercely, her voice carrying a hidden power.

A slight smile appeared on Yan Xiaobao's lips as he was about to say something: "Everyone demands something from me! Do they think I'm the messenger for everyone?! I've already defeated An Hee, forgotten about becoming the greatest alchemist!"

Chapter 815: Displaying One's Power

"Don't speak." Lan Feng's voice echoed in Yan Xiaobao's mind, and then he said no to the green pearl, as Yan Xiaobao patiently waited for the continuation.

'If you merge with her, you will unlock the Wood element. This way you can become an alchemist. You will be able to craft all the magic potions and pills for us from the original world of this tomb master. This will help you in the future, so say yes. She is worth spending years mastering alchemy.'

Hearing these words, Yan Xiaobao nodded. Although he was not keen on alchemy, if Lan Feng asked him, he would do it. Lan Feng always knew what was best for them, and listening to him so far hasn't led to any mistakes.

"I accept your condition." Yan Xiaobao sighed, a complex emotion appearing on the woman's face. It was clear she was happy he accepted her request, but still felt fear.

"Don't worry, it won't hurt," Yan Xiaobao extended his hand with a slight smile. The woman hesitantly grasped his hand, and as memories from another lifetime entered Yan Xiaobao, his Lower Dantian emitted a large green light.

The memories were of her growing up in a small tribe on a plain. Many tribes lived together with occasional cooperation and constant communication.

Each tribe had about two thousand people, with three witches within each tribe. A person couldn't be trained to become a witch, as witches were born with certain skills.

Each tribe permitted three witches and three apprentice wizards, but if they had more, they would sell the children with potential to become witches in other tribes. The green pearl was fortunate not to be sold, leading a peaceful life caring for her anticipated tribe.

One day, an elderly witch passed away, and she was promoted. Unfortunately, it didn't last long. Months after her promotion, war broke out when two tribes joined forces to completely annihilate her tribe.

Tears fell down Yan Xiaobao's cheeks, as he relived the life, affected by the green pearl's sorrow. He watched her beloved tribe members succumb to the enemy one by one.

The green pearl was entirely different from the red wolf and the Blue Monk. Both had long been satisfied with their achievements in life. They both yearned for death and new life. However, the green pearl was different. She was still young, striving to achieve her goal of having her name echo across the Qian Plain as the most skilled tribal witch.

Hui Yue merged with her, gaining all the knowledge she discovered in her previous life. Most of her knowledge was about medicinal herbs and how to become a herbal medicine healer. This was useless now because the medicinal herbs she knew of came from another world; the knowledge here wasn't very useful.

Although there were many abilities he couldn't use, he had acquired the gift of a thousand divine talents. He gained the ability to give and take life.

In a sense, witches are mixtures of necromancers and therapists. When attacking, they use curses to plunder the life force of opponents and lethal poisons. They can absorb the life force they consume, draw the souls of opponents, resurrect the dead, and have them fight for them. Battling with life force is very different from using Inner Energy, as life force dissipates immediately after use. It doesn't automatically recover like Inner Energy. What piqued Yan Xiaobao's curiosity was that it might be used to study how Crusaders continue to move forward after death.

Despite how marvelous all this seemed, it came at a high price. Witches must pay a price for using their abilities with their own life force. Whenever they attack something, their life becomes the energy they burn.

Realizing this, Yan Xiaobao was shocked, until some information about harvesting life force emerged in his mind.

When a person dies a natural death, they will not have any remaining life force. However, if one dies prematurely, whether by accident or murder, then they will still leave a large amount of life force. This life force after one's death quickly dissipates into the energy of heaven and earth but can be harvested by witches before it vanishes, and merged with their own life power. They also have the ability to draw life force from their souls and pour it into others to increase the other's life power.

In terms of healing, life force is also required. If Yan Xiaobao wished to heal others' wounds or his own, he would have to sacrifice his own life power. The more life force he sacrifices, the better the healing effect.

He finally understood why the green pearl would always decrease with each healing and then grow larger over time. As a part of Yan Xiaobao, the pearl can absorb the life force of opponents killed by Yan Xiaobao.

Understanding he would use his life force as a new form of energy, Yan Xiaobao didn't feel too concerned as he knew he could harvest more when needed, but he knew he could only use it for attacking and healing.

Sighing, Yan Xiaobao decided not to use these attack or healing methods unless he was in a very bad situation, as once your life force is depleted, you will die.

"I advise you not to use these attacks until your life force is at least beyond your current hundred-year lifespan. What a reckless way to fight!" Lan Feng's voice echoed in Yan Xiaobao's heart. The two had been together for so long, everything Yan Xiaobao just experienced was directly projected onto Lan Feng as well.

Yan Xiaobao quickly scanned the two other open caves. One contained Wu Wei's wings, always waiting for Yan Xiaobao to summon them. The last cave harbored a gemstone-like stone, filled with strange energy. Yan Xiaobao didn't know what this gemstone was. Whether it can help him in the future remains to be seen.

Taking a deep breath again, Yan Xiaobao left his Lower Dantian, entering his spiritual energy sea and elemental flame residing in the Middle Dantian. Looking at the flames, a smile appeared on Yan Xiaobao's lips as he saw a green flame flickering on the delicate sea of spiritual energy, accompanied by his other elemental flames.

Watching the flames extend out his hand, he saw it obedient like the other flames. It shot into his hand, filled with vitality. As he touched the flame, he could feel any trace of exhaustion disappear. Returning the flame to its place above the spiritual energy sea, Yan Xiaobao finally opened his eyes again, looking around at the saints standing before him. They vigilantly guarded him to protect him from any approaching harm.

"How long have I trained?" Yan Xiaobao stood up, gently brushing the dust and dirt off his robe. It felt like only a moment. However, he knew this was likely much longer than he expected. Reliving the green pearl's life wasn't something he could complete in a short time.

As Yan Xiaobao opened his mouth, all the saints jumped up in surprise, then turned excitedly to look at him. A grin appeared on their faces, but Yan Xiaobao did not feel happy.

Every one of the four saints, even Xiao Ning, had wounds. Zhu Jun had even lost a tooth, while Ye Ling's forehead drooped from his forehead down to his cheek. His eye was slanted, making it evident he could no longer see anything.

Although Xiao Ning wasn't injured like the other three, his face was bruised with swollen eyes. Seeing all their wounds made Yan Xiaobao's heart taut, and worse, the impulse to use the healing art he just learned seized him. Unfortunately, he currently did not have enough life force to do so, retreating back. Yet his eyes darkened with anger.

Seeing his expression darken, Xiao Ning grinned, placing a hand on Yan Xiaobao's shoulder. "Don't worry," he said, smiling although his eye was so swollen he couldn't see below it. "If you think we look terrible, then you should see the others." Luo Qiang joined in the conversation. When Yueyue started merging with the green witch, his robe was blue, but now his chest was stained deep red with all the blood.

"Did they die?" Yan Xiaobao asked, his voice strange. His eyes were so cold that the other four experts couldn't help but tremble.

"No. You've been cultivating for about seven days. During these days, most saints came here. Most groups here have formed alliances to help each other. You know the group that appeared in this room before us, they were killed, and their treasures were shared among the alliance that murdered them."

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Chapter 816: The Balance of the World

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"They also tried to oppose us, but as long as we have Xiao Ning, they are powerless. At first, we fought them, but you can see we weren't very successful. Since then, Xiao Ning has just raised barriers, and they can do nothing. Now everyone is just waiting for us to leave the room, then they'll all try to get rid of us together."

Yan Xiaobao nodded and kept silent while thinking. "Although you do indeed need life force, killing too many Saints might upset the balance of the world," Lan Feng casually remarked, making Yan Xiaobao snort. "Since when did you start caring about the balance of the world?" he asked, and Lan Feng just smiled in response. "Indeed. So why not store some life force while they're offering it to you? These

guys are Saints, so they should have incredibly strong life forces because they only die when killed by others."

"We need to show them we're not easy to bully," Yan Xiaobao said while collecting some red pills from the storage stones. From within, he noticed black and purple pills, those he hadn't had time to check yet, but he quickly decided now wasn't the time. Tossing the medicine pill to the injured Saints, he saw their bodies immediately beginning to heal.

"Are you going all out?" Luo Qiang suddenly asked. His words left the other four experts curiously looking at Yan Xiaobao. None of them had really seen Yan Xiaobao go all out, and they all hoped to see it.

"It depends on whether they have the capability to make me go all out," Yan Xiaobao replied. After waiting for about two hours, the five experts were ready to meet the saints who knew they were coming.

Summoning his Ice Storm Sword, Yan Xiaobao felt a surge of adrenaline, red and blue energies began fluctuating around him. The blue energy seemed to enhance the cultivation speed of Yan Xiaobao's four friends, and they were all terrified to see how greedily their bodies were absorbing energy like never before. This blue cloud was also the same one Xiao Ning saw him use against the stone animals, at which time he himself witnessed how destructive it was.

Yan Xiaobao glanced at Xiao Ning. "You should protect the other three. If I have to keep worrying about them, I'll be useless, your protective abilities far exceed mine," Yan Xiaobao said before shooting out of the room like an arrow. The Ice Heaven Storm sword in his hand shone dangerously with Nine Heavens' Devouring Blood Metal. Wu Wei's body enveloped Yan Xiaobao's body like armor, and some even entered into the sword, creating a gusty wind. A blizzard emerged, concealing the blue cloud.

After running out of the room, Hui Yue found about twenty Saints waiting for him, but a faint smile appeared on his lips because the whole tomb had fallen into an icy blizzard and was engulfed by the lurking blue cloud rather than worry.

Yan Xiaobao shoved a red pill into his mouth, feeling the energy he was using being replenished immediately. All twenty Saints were stunned, and the blue cloud made them sluggish. The ice storm rendered them unable to see anything around them, and all of them spread their spiritual energy around them, only to realize that this blue cloud absorbed and devoured any and all energy they released. They couldn't possibly see or feel if anyone was approaching them.

Standing at the room's doorway were Xiao Ning and the other three Saints, all hidden under his radiant divine shield. They just watched this dangerous white blizzard spread out before them.

Looking at each other, they felt fear once again, all suddenly grateful that they were friends with Yan Xiaobao instead of his enemies. As they thought about this, the first scream was heard from within the blizzard, but the steady falling snow almost drowned out the terrifying noise.

Looking at the snow under his feet, Yan Xiaobao noticed how it was stained red while glancing at the corpse beneath him. In the moment he killed this Saint, he felt an unnatural force entering his body, but it was not visible. It entered his body slowly and disappeared, but Yan Xiaobao knew he had just gained more life force. Just one Saint had given him enough life force for about a hundred years. Thinking about this, Yan Xiaobao had only one thought in his mind, unrestricted slaughter. For Yan Xiaobao, the first kill was simple. He had the element of surprise, though from now on it wouldn't be that simple. Although the dense blizzard muffled the sound, it was still loud enough for everyone to hear.

Knowing they were under attack, everyone became extra vigilant.

Even so, Yan Xiaobao wasn't too frustrated. He felt his vitality rise, suddenly becoming more energized. He knew that if he took down another Saint, he would soon have enough life force to fully heal his four friends.

Yan Xiaobao wanted to test his witch powers for three reasons. First, he wanted to see what it was like and how life force worked. Second, he wanted to heal those injured friends while protecting them. Finally, he wanted to increase his strength. If he could understand the witch's power, he knew his strength would rise again.

Watching closely, Yan Xiaobao quickly found another target, a sinister smile on his face as he slowly moved forward. Now, snow covered the sky, and the ground concealed his movements. The entire area fell silent. The experts weren't even breathing as they focused on sensing the surrounding area, unsure when the next attack would occur.

Chapter 817: The Balance of the World (Part 2)

The target in front of Yan Xiaobao was a Holy Star. Although he could be considered one of the weaker Saints, he was still much stronger than Yan Xiaobao. This made the white-haired young man need to focus even more and make full use of his attacks. Indeed, he could use Lan Feng's power or transform into his wolf form, but he was unwilling to do so now. He knew that if he wanted to become stronger, he

had to rely on his own strength. Therefore, he summoned a yellow flame from the sea of spiritual energy and then placed his hand on the snow-covered ground.

The spiritual energy enhanced by his Earth Element Affinity surged from Yan Xiaobao's hand into the ground. This caused a giant hand to shoot out from the ground and grab the Saint in front of Yan Xiaobao.

The hand was clearly an earthquake, Earth Hand. Although it only utilized his Emperor Power, this hand was able to entangle the Saint long enough for Yan Xiaobao to charge forward with a high sword in his hand and successfully pierce the heart of the Saint before him.

When he felt the ocean of spiritual energy quickly being depleted, Yan Xiaobao swiftly cut off the connection between the Earth Hand and himself. Although he had speed at his disposal and many tricks, he was, after all, an Emperor, and he was fighting more than a few Saints.

The blue cloud and Blizzard suppressed anyone among them. Due to this combination, Yan Xiaobao had the ability to deal with the weaker Saints. However, to handle more powerful problems, he needed to use more resources.

During aimless wandering, Yan Xiaobao skillfully managed to avoid the powerful Saints while killing one low-level Saint after another. Unfortunately, he soon ran out.

After absorbing the life force of seven Saints, Yan Xiaobao could feel himself becoming stronger. The life force had another impact on his abilities, enhancing his attack power as well. Just like his Qi, spiritual energy, and martial power, they became stronger. Each attack became more effective than before, and it seemed that the more life force he absorbed, the stronger his attacks became. However, he was not foolish. He suspected that when he started to use this life force, his attacks would weaken again.

Seeing he had killed seven Saints, Yan Xiaobao exited the Blizzard. He no longer poured Wu Wei into his Ice Storm Sword, and slowly, the ice storm calmed down.

Although Yan Xiaobao killed seven Saints, a large group of people remained. But as the snow cleared, the faces of the remaining Saints were all deadly pale, because they saw how many bodies lay quietly in the red snow. All had their hearts pierced, all seemed to have died without being able to fight back.

Many Saints involuntarily trembled as they watched the Emperor who had made so many Saints nothing more than stepping stones. Looking at him, they all felt fear. He emitted a strange energy, one they had never experienced before, yet it was so full of vitality and life that they were innately afraid of it.

"Who is he?" a Saint asked. "Could he be a genius from another plane?" another inquired. Hearing this question, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but raise his eyebrows. He hadn't expected these Saints to know about the existence of other planes. It was clear he would need to ask Xiao Ning about some details later.

Yan Xiaobao didn't respond to the Saints, but when they suddenly looked at him with new expressions, everyone felt their hearts stop. They all knew Yan Xiaobao was the Great Marshall of the Divine Origin Beast Army, and only an Emperor could convince them he really came from elsewhere to have such a high level of status. Even Xiao Ning and the other three Saints looked at Yan Xiaobao with a peculiar expression. While others looked at him in fear, they admired him.

Yan Xiaobao sighed but said nothing. If everyone believed he came from another plane, it would be very beneficial for him, as it would allow him to take a break in battle. Thus, though everyone was stunned, he went to his friends.

As he went, he was shocked by how he used the witch's power. It was simple; as long as he wanted to use these skills, he could use them. His only limitation was whether he had enough life force. Usually, when one uses life force, they forget their limits, and many witches die from exhausting their lives in battle or healing others, and then they die.

This knowledge was the focus of Yan Xiaobao's attention. He wasn't interested in sudden death from using all his life force, but he was very interested in life force as a form of energy.

He placed a hand on his friend's shoulder, closed his eyes, and allowed his life force to begin healing. Life force flowed through his body, and the wounds they suffered while protecting him disappeared in seconds.

The almost instantaneous healing shocked everyone. There were no green lights, no signs of using wood affinity, and the healing didn't take long. Therapist Yan Xiaobao, at least, wasn't exhausted. Hui Yue healed his friend and looked around.

They had nowhere else to go within this inner chamber, and there were no more treasures. Staying here was no longer useful, so, signaling to his friends, he began to head toward the entrance they had come through.

Chapter 818: The Balance of the World

The survivors of Blizzard Prison remained in the tomb room, afraid to move. Everyone felt their legs had turned to jelly, and their minds had become numb. Although they hoped to obtain the treasure gathered by Yan Xiaobao and his friends, none of them really wanted to fight people from another plane. His abilities and capabilities were unknown. Fighting him would be akin to fighting blindly.

As they were leaving the conference room, Xiao Ning paused momentarily, looking at Yan Xiaobao with a heart full of awe. Obviously, he was also convinced that Yan Xiaobao came from another plane, which explained his peculiar, mysterious powers.

"Tell us about the other planes," he asked curiously. "We know that if we reach God's rank, we can leave this plane, but you've already traversed space. How did you get here?"

"How do you know about different planes?" Yan Xiaobao curiously asked, responding to the question posed to him.

Thankfully, no one realized he didn't respond, as Xiao Ning immediately answered the question. "When someone becomes a Saint, they are instructed to go to the Central Palace and meet with the true ruler of the world."

"He is the most powerful expert on our plane, supported by five Generals. Although he leaves the world to the World Leader, he can suppress everyone, and although we formally heed the King's orders, we do so because the Lord commands us to."

Yan Xiaobao's heart began to race, his eyes widening from the news. The true ruler of the world? It could only be one person.

"Are the five Generals including General Frozen and other Saints?" Yan Xiaobao curiously asked. Seeing the other four Saints looking at him strangely, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but smile. "I'm new to this place; thus, I don't know everything."

"General Frozen is not one of the five Generals. The five Generals are all gods; the true ruler stands above this world's existence. They carry out tasks and ensure everything he wants is done according to his desires. When a Saint becomes God, we are all allowed to join the five Generals. Becoming one of the true rulers is our greatest dream."

Hearing this, Yan Xiaobao decided not to tell anyone about his relationship with An Hee. Instead, he nodded. He finally understood that he was up against every Saint and God on this plane.

"Don't worry too much," Lan Feng murmured. "Continue to build relationships with these four Saints, and I'm sure they will choose you over him when the time comes."

Considering this, Yan Xiaobao nodded. He might need to form his own team of Generals, but that's a matter for the future. What troubled him was that he was against six gods alone. It was quite a disadvantageous position.

Shaking his head, he decided not to think about it for now. Before he was ready to kill An Hee, he had many tasks to handle.

He had to ensure Green Pearl's dreams came true. He needed to avenge Wang Julong and Deng Wu, and he had to take care of his two children who depended on him. The fight had to wait until he was strong enough. Until then, he would go all out to increase his personal strength and the power of those around him. He learned a lot from Lan Feng, and one of the things they learned here was that a team is far better than being alone. In the long run, building a group of friends would undoubtedly become his source of strength.

"Alright, either way, let's get out of here so we can share the treasures we've managed to obtain," he said with a smile. The other four nodded, their eyes slightly red as they thought about all the treasures they had acquired. After working with Yan Xiaobao, they'd gained more than they ever imagined. As Yan Xiaobao was about to leave the room, he suddenly heard a voice calling "Xiao Yue!"

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Chapter 819: Saints of the Sun Kingdom

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The voice was very familiar. It reminded him of his younger days as he turned around with a bright smile to see Rong Xing running towards him. Behind her were Deng Wu, Rong Ming, Gao Yan, and the Third Prince of the Sun Kingdom.

With open arms, he gave Rong Xing a warm hug, only to hear a loud complaint from Deng Wu, followed by the laughter of the other friends. It seemed natural, but although Yan Xiaobao was filled with happiness, at least he was not complacent. His spiritual energy spread throughout the room, allowing him to sense any movement in this innermost room.

While Yan Xiaobao was busy greeting his old friends, Xiao Ning and the other three suddenly became alert, repositioning themselves to encircle Yan Xiaobao. They did not allow anyone to even approach Yan Xiaobao. They did not wish anyone to interrupt their reunion.

"I'm glad to see you all well." Yan Xiaobao thought to himself as he observed all his friends, giving an approving nod to Deng Wu. It was evident that Deng Wu had to use Little Dragon's power up to this point.

"We need to leave here now; we won't find anything more here," Yan Xiaobao sighed as he released Rong Xing. Then, he gestured for the Saints to come closer, and they did so immediately. None of them asked a question. They just waited for Yan Xiaobao to introduce them.

"These are my new friends. All of them are Saints of the Sun Kingdom," Yan Xiaobao began, but he was interrupted by all the Saints bowing to the Third Prince. Although Xiao Ning seemed not too respectful, he still bowed in honor of the Prince. The other three Saints were very respectful, but even so, they returned behind Yan Xiaobao after bowing.

"My heavens, I didn't expect to see you here," Yan Xiaobao nodded to the Third Prince. Although he currently resided in Muchuan City, he was not a true citizen of the Sun Kingdom. If there was anything, he belonged to the Divine Origin, and for this reason, Yan Xiaobao did not have to show the same respect towards the Prince.

"Now, we need to leave," Yan Xiaobao said with a smile on his face, but his spiritual energy was observing the many Saints beginning to move. Despite Yan Xiaobao's strength, he did not believe he had the ability to protect his friends while defeating these Saints.

Xiao Ning was not slow, watching Yan Xiaobao, he understood something was wrong, thus, Wu Wei poured forth from him. It created a dome-like barrier around them, and only after his Radiant Aegis was completed could he relax.

The barrier was massive, as it needed to cover an astonishing ten cultivators. The amount of martial power consumed by this barrier was unimaginable, with red pills occasionally being stuffed into the mouth to maintain the fluctuating energy around them.

Leaving the room was not a difficult task. Although the Saints began to follow them, none wished to be the first to make a move. Instead, they all insisted on waiting for Xiao Ning to run out of energy, but even after a whole day of walking, the Energy Shield remained active.

They left the innermost room of the tomb and passed through the same tunnels they had come through. The place was familiar, and if they took other tunnels, they could move faster than they were capable of now.

Even so, they were still followed by Saints. Along the way, they encountered many top-tier core experts; some were there searching for treasure, while others just wanted to see the real tomb and claim they had reached the core.

Among the many experts, Xu Min could not recognize any one of them. "I had hoped to encounter Wang Julong or Sha Yun. Meeting someone like Ma Kong would also be fortunate," Yan Xiaobao mumbled, but Lan Feng quickly replied to him, 'No. Increasing the number of people you need to watch out for is not a good idea. Let's break out from the tomb, divide the treasure, make sure the Saints realize they owe us one, and then dismiss the Third Prince.

Understanding Lan Feng's words were correct, Yan Xiaobao could only sigh. He nodded before giving them instructions to stop. It was time for them to rest for the night and then proceed further through the tunnel. There was no reason to travel at night.

Once Yan Xiaobao's team stopped among a large group of people a kilometer away, they would also stop and wait to see what would happen.

"The Saints will guard at night. Two Saints together, and we will switch three times. Since we do not have enough Saints, Deng Wu will guard with me," Yan Xiaobao said.

No one questioned his orders. Instead, they quickly gathered and prepared to rest. The lowest ranked individuals were King Ranking Experts, but they were all Upper Dantian experts. While they were now going to relax for the night, it was not because their bodies were exhausted or because they needed food; their bodies were sustained by the essence of heaven and earth upon reaching such a level.

Hui Yue thought the reason they needed rest was because he felt uncomfortable traveling through the tunnel at night. The light stones had dimmed, and they would dim further, potentially triggering traps they had previously managed to avoid.

The night posed no major issues; the worst was the group of Saints below gradually drawing closer during the night. By morning, the group of Saints was now only half a kilometer away.

Ignoring them, Yan Xiaobao broke camp and set out at dawn. Although he ignored these experts, his friends found it hard to remain carefree. This led to a tense atmosphere descending upon the group.

Chapter 820: Saint of the Sun Kingdom (Part 2)

Xiao Ning was ready to maintain the sacred defense all day, but before he summoned his Wu Wei, he saw Yan Xiaobao shaking his head. "Move to the front, make sure no one successfully attacks there. If this really happens, we will be in a bad position." Yan Xiaobao murmured softly, words only Xiao Ning could hear.

After hearing these words, the shield of the Sun Kingdom nodded solemnly before advancing to the front line. On the other hand, Yan Xiaobao stayed behind, ready to greet the Saints, if they felt it necessary to forsake their lives.

The remaining three Saints mingled with Yan Xiaobao's friends. They began talking about what they had experienced in the tunnels and comparing their journeys. When they reached the point where Yan Xiaobao used them as bait to trigger traps, the mood swiftly shifted from gloomy to cheerful. Seeing how the three Saints were able to make his friends forget all their worries was enough to make Yan Xiaobao grateful to them.

During the day, no expert tried to approach Yan Xiaobao and his friends. Instead, they ensured the same distance was maintained between them, which did not surprise Yan Xiaobao in the slightest. Though these experts were powerful and had the numerical advantage, none truly trusted one another. They all came from different families, all marked in their hearts by the terrifying Blizzard Prison. Coupled with the fact that many Saints had been killed in such a short time was enough to make them hesitant. One

must know that Saints usually have nearly infinite lifespans, it truly was a rare day for a Saint to die. When a Saint passed, the entire Kingdom mourned them, but earlier, a group of Saints had almost immediately been killed; they were as easy to kill as slicing tofu with a knife. This was enough to shake any cultivator.

Even if they didn't want to admit it, this Emperor frightened them. They didn't know where his power came from, what his true strength was, or even if he was from their plane. Everything about him was a mystery, and no one wanted to risk their lives to answer their questions.

As long as Yan Xiaobao was in the back, no one tried to approach, and in fact, the distance between the two groups increased. This situation persisted for several days. Initially, they saw many experts pass by them, aiming for the innermost room, but soon all the experts realized after the return of the Saints, there might not be any treasure left. Soon, what started as only two groups of experts turned into a crowd, trying to exit the massive tomb. No treasure meant none of them had a reason to linger any longer. If anything, it would lead to losing more cultivation time.

Though the sudden increase in people frustrated Yan Xiaobao, the Saints were very satisfied with this. They had suppressed their cultivation bases vigorously and were able to get closer and closer to Yan Xiaobao's group, waiting for the right moment.

Unfortunately, they were noticed every time, and as soon as Yan Xiaobao made eye contact, they would lower their heads and dejectedly return to the larger group of Saints. What their current goal was, no one truly knew. Even the Saints hunting Yan Xiaobao couldn't answer. Yes, they wanted his treasure, but none wanted to fight him. Yes, they could kidnap his friends, but they would have to battle him. With a sigh, they all decided to be content with what they had gained, and slowly left this sacred place filled with dangers, traps, and monsters.

The time it took to leave the tunnel was far less than the first exploration and avoiding traps. This journey took only a few days, and once out of the tunnel, they found themselves in a large room at Heaven's gate, still standing. Though now it was partially broken. Without a doubt, this was one of the strongest sealing methods Yan Xiaobao had ever seen.

"You're all safe!" A joyous voice suddenly echoed in the bustling room. Everyone turned to look at the young, beautiful black-haired person wearing a dark green robe. Looking at this person, it was hard to tell if it was a woman or a handsome man, but Yan Xiaobao knew the answer. As he looked at Wang Julong, the smile on his face expanded tenfold.

"Who is that?" Xiao Ning quietly asked Deng Wu, who answered just as quietly. "That's the boss's wife, so don't have any ideas,"

"Uuuuh, the boss has a wife!" The other three Saints cursed. Their words weren't as quiet as those of Xiao Ning and Deng Wu, loud enough to cause Wang Julong's face to blush as he halted his advance. He immediately turned and ran back into the medical room.

"Look what you've done!" Yan Xiaobao reproached his new friends before sighing and heading toward the medical room. This time he was sure he'd have a proper conversation with this shy woman. "Did I say something wrong?" Zhu Jun asked anxiously, as he saw Yan Xiaobao hastily run after Wang Julong towards the medical room.

"Not really," Deng Wu laughed. "It's just that they're not at the stage where they can be called spouses yet. I doubt Yan Xiaobao has even held her hand, let alone touched her."

"That's not entirely true," Rong Xing laughed. "When we returned to the academy, they often argued. Unfortunately, he didn't know her secret back then."

"How ironic that at the time they were like cats and dogs, barking incessantly at each other." Gao Yan snickered, recalling everything from those years ago.

"I can hear you!" Yan Xiaobao shouted as he hurried to the medical room, causing all the friends to quiet down, but laughter still visible in their eyes. Xiao Ning and the other three Saints easily guessed that this woman was Yan Xiaobao's weakness.

Back in the medical tent, Xu Yue saw many injured experts, some with wounds, others with severed limbs. Wood affinity experts rushed back and forth, summoning their spiritual energy to first heal the most seriously wounded experts.

There was a constant stream of experts in the medical room. Despite the fact that the Saints Team had triggered many traps, there were still many untriggered. These lower-ranked experts failed to notice them and accidentally set them off, resulting in serious injuries.

Yan Xiaobao quickly glanced around the medical room, but he didn't see anyone he recognized. Some experts seemed somewhat familiar, but none he had dealt with directly before.

Looking through the tent, he didn't see Wang Julong, so he walked past many lying on the ground, until he reached the other end. A flap was towards the back, to a part of the therapist's tent, but knowing this Yan Xiaobao showed no signs of stopping. Instead, he walked straight in, pleased when he saw Wang Julong sitting inside.

"We need to talk," he said, leaning against a pole that held up the tent, his voice causing Wang Julong to turn her head shakily to look at him. She was like a rabbit in front of a fox; her eyes flickered from side to side as though considering how to escape.

"No more running. If we don't talk it through, they'll keep teasing us...you know you can't run forever." Yan Xiaobao said gently, as he moved closer to Wang Julong, sitting by her side.

"Would you let me be alone?" he asked softly, but the longing in his eyes made Wang Julong's heart race.

"No!" she shouted before realizing what she said. As soon as the words escaped her lips, she covered her small mouth with her snowy hands. Her eyes widened, and she immediately looked away, as her porcelain-white face turned beet red with embarrassment.

Wang Julong's outburst surprised both Yan Xiaobao and herself, but while she was shocked, Yan Xiaobao was delighted. As he placed his hand under Wang Julong's chin, turning her face towards him, the tender smile on his face widened.

Though she didn't resist, her eyes remained downcast, the rosy hue on her face as vibrant as ever.

"I'm sorry for putting you in this position," Yan Xiaobao said, peering at Wang Julong's face. He would never tire of seeing this beautiful face in front of him. Though she wasn't an unparalleled beauty, her grace and poise were unmatched by anyone else.

"I know you hate talking about it," he apologized. "But I really need to know. I want you to always be by my side. I want to travel the world with you. I want to grow with you, age with you, and experience everything with you." he continued, quickly noticing tears well up, streaming down her face.

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