

Medical 841

Chapter 841: Three Peerless Treasures

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The second item he took out was a bracelet called Summer Rain's Dance. It was paired with Summer Sea's scroll. Summer Rain's Dance bracelet did not help him become one with Water as he had imagined, but instead created a rainstorm around him. The rain would block any attack nearby.

He discovered that the last item suitable for Lao was the Lonely Dreamer's Disc. It was an item resembling an abyss circle, containing a mini dimension, and when used, it would swallow any experts below the Holy Level into the mini dimension. Like the circle, it was impossible to leave the dimension unless the disk was broken or released.

Yan Xiaobao found three extraordinary treasures to give all his friends, while looking at the storage stone, he headed home to give them to Sha Yun, thinking aloud, "I hope nothing has happened to her." He muttered to himself before storing all the stones in the Cosmic Box.

He was currently wearing the small box of Blazing Firefly. Its function was very similar to the scroll of Lao Summer Sea. However, his body was no longer made of water, but when he ignited the stick, his body turned into flames. He only wore a life-saving treasure, while the others were safely stored. If he needed them, he would have time to fetch another charm during the brief moment the small box protected his life.

"Well, there's nothing to do before tomorrow." Yan Xiaobao decided to move to the window where he sat and began to cultivate. Although he had many Yin Energy Pills, he also understood that if he only relied on pills to enhance his strength, then his cultivation base wouldn't be healthy.

The night when the sun rose passed. Just like the day before, Yan Xiaobao went to the cafeteria to wait for his friends. In Wang Julong's storage stone, Yan Xiaobao placed martial power martial arts. It wasn't just a random martial art but a staff formation called Qiansui.

This Qiansui staff formation required at least four five-line scores as a technique. These four five-line scores could attack together to create a commanding power, or the user could choose to attack with two five-line scores while the other two were used for defense. When perfected, this formation could also create the illusion of thousands of staff, hence the name. It was a very rare martial power martial

art because it required a staff. One couldn't just create a martial power staff and hope to use it. That's why Yan Xiaobao chose this skill for Wang Julong, as she was the only one focused on the path of staffs.

Yan Xiaobao was eating breakfast when he saw Cai Jie enter the room, his eyes sparkling, "Come here, come over!" he shouted, and Cai Jie immediately walked towards him. Although Cai Jie was somewhat arrogant and had power, he didn't show any arrogance in front of Yan Xiaobao, but only true friends showed respect.

"I grabbed something interesting." He said as he caught it when he tossed a stone to Cai Jie. When the energy was channeled into the stone and saw what it was, he couldn't help but raise his eyebrows in surprise.

"Protective charms? So many of them?" Cai Jie was very surprised looking at Yan Xiaobao. Even he had issues with protective charms. Most he owned were self-created, and they were far from the level of these protective charms that Yan Xiaobao tossed to him.

"I gained many treasures in a tomb," Yan Xiaobao shrugged. "I think it's only fair. In the end, you being alive is more valuable than these treasures. If you end up using some of them, come to me for more." He smiled. The words were so carefree that Cai Jie understood that, although these items were important to him, they meant little to Yan Xiaobao.

"Tell me, why do you have a grudge against An Hee?" Yan Xiaobao suddenly found himself asking such a question out of nowhere, but after asking, he found he truly wanted to know.

Looking at Yan Xiaobao for a while, Cai Jie sighed. "He killed my older martial brother and severely injured me, resulting in a significant drop in my cultivation base. It was a large-scale battle; if not for his friends appearing around us, I would have won the victory. Before my brother died, we managed to kill two of his companions. On the other hand, I managed to escape badly hurt. Suddenly, I found myself on a plane I had never been to, very vulnerable."

In Cai Jie's eyes, a look of ferocity was visible. The common man's anger trembled, and Yan Xiaobao was shocked. He was not surprised at Cai Jie letting go of his emotions, but surprised at what Cai Jie implied.

He traveled this realm with his older martial brother, which meant he must be a God-level expert. But even with Cai Jie alongside his older martial brother, the two of them still suffered significantly. It seemed An Hee really had some powerful followers.

Realizing this, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but clench his teeth in frustration. Hearing Cai Jie's words made him realize how weak he was.

"How strong is he?" Yan Xiaobao finally sighed and asked. He needed to know. This man was his target. To kill An Hee, Yan Xiaobao must become extremely powerful, but he had never seen anyone fight directly against him until now. This was a chance he couldn't let go of.

Chapter 842: Three Peerless Treasures (Part 2)

Cai Jie recognized Yan Xiaobao at a glance and once again controlled his emotions. "Compared to you, his strength is thousands of times greater. When I fought him four hundred years ago, he had already reached the status of Crowned Monarch. However, his followers were merely original immortals."

Upon hearing this, both Lan Feng and Yan Xiaobao furrowed their brows, as they didn't understand. "What do you mean? A Crowned Monarch? An original immortal? What is all this?" Yan Xiaobao finally asked, puzzled with curiosity. He thought the Gods were the final rank, but now it seemed he had been ignorant all along.

Seeing the enthusiasm on Yan Xiaobao's face, Cai Jie couldn't help but laugh. "Mortals or mortal cultivators do not understand the ranks once they reach God-level. Normally, when you reach the Holy Level, you will see when you reach the God Level. However, when you reach the Holy Level, you will know some things."

"I suppose it doesn't matter much, so I'll tell you. When you reach the God Level, the first level is the original immortal, and cultivators ranked higher are called Creation Immortals. Genesis Immortals have the ability to create a world independently, and when they manage to establish their own world, they ascend to become Monarchs. A Crowned Monarch is God creating ranked worlds among the thousands."

"In our vast universe, there are millions of planes. Some of them don't even have cultivation, and of course, these are the lowest among them. Then you have the worlds they cultivated, but there may not be enough essence of heaven and earth to maintain a high-level cultivation base, sadly, they cannot cultivate to the highest peak. These worlds are almost as bad as worlds where cultivation is impossible. Then there are worlds where cultivation is possible. Depending on their density of heavenly and earthly essence, these have different ranks, but they all produce powerful experts. Each world is ranked based

on how many experts they have, and cultivators are considered experts only when they reach the God Level.

"You said An He is the owner of this world, but he didn't create it. So how can it be his world?"

"Becoming a Monarch means you must own a world. Every world has an owner, but if you defeat the owner in an official duel, then you will become the new master of that world. Official duels are rare, but to defeat the Monarch of ten thousand worlds is extremely difficult."

Listening to Cai Jie's words, Yan Xiaobao felt a struggle in his heart. His mind was overwhelmed with so much new information. When Lan Feng heard what was said, he was as shocked as Yan Xiaobao. Their world seemed far more complex than they had anticipated. Yan Xiaobao thought the path to defeating An He seemed longer than ever before.

"You have no reason to think about this yet," Cai Jie said with a smile. "Before you become a Saint, it doesn't concern you; however, when we become Saints, we will be in a dire position. It is expected that the world's owner will greet all Saints and inform them of what I just told you. Therefore, if he notices anything amiss, we will be crushed like ants before him."

"Is there any way we can avoid this enlightenment? Perhaps some way not to let him know we've advanced to the Holy Level?" Yan Xiaobao asked, but Cai Jie shook his head. "We have no choice but to visit him at the Central Palace. If we don't do this, we will surely bring more trouble upon ourselves." With a sigh, Yan Xiaobao looked at Cai Jie, leaning against the chair. The respect he felt for the young man with golden hair had soared. Hearing about the ranks of God, Yan Xiaobao was indeed shocked, but after some thought, it made sense. Cultivation is an endless journey, and unfortunately, up to now, the most powerful experts in the world have only reached the level of Crowned Monarch. As for whether there are levels beyond this, no one knows since they've never heard of anyone reaching such a level.

"Thank you for telling me." Yan Xiaobao sighed with emotion. "This is valuable information, but I haven't done anything yet. However, I'll keep it in mind, and I do need to think of a way not to be killed during the holy enlightenment."

"If you come up with one, share it with me." Cai Jie laughed as he began eating breakfast. The topic they had just discussed was put aside, and not long after Wang Julong walked in with a child in each hand.

Upon seeing Yan Xiaobao, Lao and Qiao stopped and bowed. As always, this made Yan Xiaobao sigh, as he didn't know how to react. He wished the children would treat him like an older brother or father, but they respected him as one would respect a master.

"Now, don't behave like this." Wang Julong laughed when he saw their behavior. He understood Yan Xiaobao's heart and couldn't help but chuckle at the helplessness on his face.

"When you act like this, you make Yue sad. Treat him as you would treat me." She laughed, but no matter what she said, in the eyes of the young Lao, there was a stubborn reverence. In his world, Yan Xiaobao was a Savior, not a brother. To be useful to Yan Xiaobao, he would do anything.

"Lao, how old are you now?" Yan Xiaobao asked curiously; a thought had suddenly struck him.

"I... I'm not sure." Lao replied honestly. He couldn't calculate how many days he and his sister had lived according to their way. One day passed, and then another one, he really couldn't guess his actual age.

Chapter 843: Three Peerless Treasures (Part 3)

"I understand. Come here." Yan Xiaobao called out, and then the little boy immediately walked towards him. "Give me your hand." Yan Xiaobao said, and a small hand was immediately extended to him. Yan Xiaobao took the hand and infused a bit of spiritual energy into the boy's body. "Hmm, you are probably nine years old." He nodded.

"Undoubtedly, you are the most talented young person in this kingdom, perhaps even the greatest genius on the entire plane." Yan Xiaobao sighed. "I know some of your talents also come from the techniques I gave you. However, these techniques are merely an opportunity. You need to work hard to make them beneficial."

"For some specific reason, I need your age. A prodigious talent like you, are you interested in joining the Royal Academy? I once went to the Royal Art Academy, and I think you could learn more from them. I will soon let your teacher return to teach the other children, as he has already taught you everything you know. Although I am sure that I might be stronger than the teachers at the Royal Academy, I am much worse in teaching." Yan Xiaobao looked at the child before him and said.

Seeing the child hesitate, Yan Xiaobao gently smiled. "I know most students live at the academy, but considering this, why don't you live here with your sister Zhu Long and me? I would love to have you

stay here, and I will do my best to help you." Yan Xiaobao promised the child, and most of the hesitation in his eyes disappeared.

"Then I will join the Royal Academy!" He said with a smile on his face. As long as he could be with his family, how could he refuse better training?

"That's great. I will go to the Royal Academy and sort it out immediately." Yan Xiaobao laughed as he stood up. "Why don't you come with me?" he suggested, and Lao's eyes widened. He would never refuse to follow Yan Xiaobao, and he nodded immediately. Seeing Yan Xiaobao gently smiling.

"We will be back." He promised him, and Lao left the dining hall and exited the mansion. It was one of the few times Lao left the mansion, and he was almost trembling with excitement.

The previous day had been wonderful with Wang Julong and Qiao. However, today was even more remarkable. As they headed towards the Royal Academy, Yan Xiaobao walked easily, followed by the Lao. The academy was near their mansion, so it only took a few minutes to arrive.

Outside the Royal Academy, four experts were stationed. All of them were King Ranking Experts. These experts looked very stern, but in front of certain people, they would lower themselves and become humble. Yan Xiaobao was definitely such a person.

"Lord!" When he saw the young man and a child before him, a guard shouted. "What can we do for you, Lord Xu?" one of the guards asked. They all knew Yan Xiaobao was on good terms with the Third Prince and Princess. Not only that, he was also a close friend of Rong Ming and Rong Xing, two highly respected experts from the Royal Academy.

"I am here to see the principal." Yan Xiaobao said with a smile. "I don't have an appointment, but I still hope that the principal can spare me some time." Yan Xiaobao said politely, and as soon as he finished speaking, one of the guards bowed deeply, then turned and rushed towards the principal's location.

Yan Xiaobao had never met the principal of the Royal Academy. He knew he was a Saint who respected the Royal Family. However, he knew nothing about him. This was the information he gained before attacking the tomb, so he didn't know whether the Saint had died or survived. If it was someone he met before the tomb, he didn't know at all. If he met him in the tomb, there might be some hostility between them, but even so, Yan Xiaobao was confident that the Third Prince and Princess would ensure

his safety. Not to mention he was confident in his skills and his new ability, the Immortal Strike of the Direhound.

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Chapter 844: Royal Art Academy

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If it really came to a battle, even without relying on Lan Feng's strength, Yan Xiaobao now also has confidence in dealing with most Holy Name Experts. Even if he could not defeat them, he at least had the ability to escape.

"Please follow me." The guard, who had left once to announce their arrival, had returned and instructed Yan Xiaobao and Lao to follow him, which they both did.

Once, when Xu Hui was looking for Rong Ming and Rong Xing, he studied at the Royal Art Academy in Muchuan City. However, this time, the situation was different. This time, he had actually entered the gates. Looking at the many houses, Yan Xiaobao and Lao were speechless. These buildings were all made of marble, while some smaller houses were made of jade and had protective devices in front.

Passing through the Royal Academy, they quickly passed where Yan Xiaobao had found the Rong twins, and they continued deeper into the academy.

The house up ahead was where the students were taught; it also contained a vault preserving the school's skills and techniques, and they also passed the academy's medicinal medicine outlet.

The rules of the academy are similar to those in Liluo City. Each child would take a pill once a month. However, the pills they obtained here far exceeded the medicines they got in Liluo City.

However, to obtain one of these medicine pills, they needed a reason to stay at the academy. People like Lao would not be given medicine, but Yan Xiaobao was not worried. Lao had reached the Master level on his own in such a short time. He had raised his foundation as quickly as possible time and time again, making his base slightly unstable. Because of this, his cultivation now became much slower, but now it was time to strengthen his foundation, which was exactly what Yan Xiaobao hoped he would do. If his foundational knowledge did not meet the standard, there was no reason to rush to ascend.

Suddenly, they all came in front of a small house made of stone. Behind this house, one could see house after house, which was clearly where all the students lived.

Walking together toward the small house, the guard gestured for Yan Xiaobao and Lao to stop. As they did so, the guard knocked on the door. "Announce Lord Xu's arrival," he shouted, and knocked on the thick wooden door with a firm voice inside. "Enter."

The door slowly opened, and as he gestured for Yan Xiaobao and Lao to enter, the guard bowed. Yan Xiaobao nodded to the guard, followed by Lao.

Compared to the bright day outside, the house was dimly lit. The entire building seemed to be just one room. In the room was a large table situated in the middle and back, a large leather chair, with a young-looking man sitting in the chair. Bookshelves lined every wall, and the only light came from four light stones hanging from the ceiling.

Upon seeing the young expert Yan Xiaobao immediately recognized him from within the grave. This young man had once tried to stop him and his friend from leaving the core of the grave but eventually gave up.

Although Yan Xiaobao did not recognize his voice, his appearance was impossible to forget, and a sneer appeared on Yan Xiaobao's lips.

"Yan Xiaobao greets the principal," he said respectfully, and Lao copied him. Initially, before he spoke, he bowed deeply in tribute. "Old Hui greets the principal." Looking at the child, Yan Xiaobao felt proud of him.

The Saint nodded, looking at Yan Xiaobao and the child. "At first, I thought you came to blackmail me." The Saint casually said while looking at Yan Xiaobao. "But seeing the child you brought, it seems I was wrong."

"Although there was some hostility in the grave, we need to remember the best choice for the Sun Kingdom now that the attack has ended," Yan Xiaobao shrugged and said. "I hold no grudge. I am here today to hear if you are willing to take my son as part of your academy."

"Your son?" The Saint raised an eyebrow. He had long ago received all the information about Yan Xiaobao, and this young man with gray hair had moved to Muchuan City, with no mention of a son. In fact, it was mentioned that he was a very young expert, but here he was with a child he referred to as his son.

"This is Old Hui. He is about nine years old and has reached the Master level. I believe the Royal Academy can provide guidance, and there are excellent teachers here to help him improve his foundation."

Yan Xiaobao said, at which the 9-year-old principal became so shocked he suddenly stood up, his eyes wide open, mouth half open. "A 9-year-old Master?!" he exclaimed. Seeing the shocked principal, Yan Xiaobao nodded. "Although he reached an incredible high level at such a young age, he is no longer allowed to advance further. After reaching such a level, he needs to establish his foundation so he can move forward in the future," Yan Xiaobao said. "I am proud of my son, but I am not his ideal teacher. If he joins your school, I would not fear for his future."

The principal couldn't help but smile as his school was praised by such an esteemed expert as Yan Xiaobao. Even the Royal Family had friendly relations with Yan Xiaobao.

"We would love to teach your son!" the principal quickly said. "It would be our honor to have such a genius join our academy."

Hearing the eagerness in the principal's voice, both Yan Xiaobao and Lao were excited. Although Yan Xiaobao said Lao needed to focus on his foundation, the child was not offended or insulted; instead, he took it as a pointer on how to improve. He would follow anything Yan Xiaobao told him.

Chapter 845: Royal Art Academy (Part 2)

Lao stood there, facing downward. He was glad to be called Yan Xiaobao's son and couldn't help but smile.

"Can he start tomorrow?" the principal suddenly asked, catching both Yan Xiaobao and Lao by surprise. Looking at Lao, Yan Xiaobao asked, "Are you going to start tomorrow?" Lao nodded, facing the ground again. Although neither Yan Xiaobao nor the principal could see Lao's facial expression, they were experts. They could sense his complete excitement.

"Let me show you around." The principal stood up and said. "Will you stay at the academy or return home every day?" he directly asked the child. Lao was bewildered by the question, so he lifted his head. His gaze was uncertain as he looked to Yan Xiaobao for an answer.

"It's up to you." Yan Xiaobao smiled at the child. "If you want to stay here, you can, and if you want to go home after classes, you can do that too. You can even do both. I'm sure the principal won't mind giving you a residence from where you can decide what you want to do."

"Of course." The principal said with a smile. "Follow me to the residence behind us. We will find a house that you can have."

The Royal Art Academy was located within Muchuan City; but even so, it could be considered a city in itself. The residential area had tens of thousands of houses, each packed with students. The students were bustling, and seeing their principal personally leading a young child, who seemed to be a mixed-race man, every young person was curious about who these two were.

The principal ignored the many children who began to follow them, and Yan Xiaobao did the same. Although Lao was curious about them and wanted to stop and chat, he knew now was not the time.

"This is a house that Old Hui can use." The principal said as they arrived at a house larger than the others. There were ten houses of the same size in total, and every student was shocked upon hearing the principal's words because they saw this young child looked younger than all of them.

However, despite being younger than everyone else, he must be an unparalleled genius. If he wasn't, then the principal wouldn't personally guide the child.

"Do you think the mixed-blood chap is his bodyguard? He looks strong, but he doesn't seem to show much respect for the child." One of the boys said quietly, audible only to the other children.

"Perhaps... but we already know all the experts of the major families in Muchuan City. In fact, many of us know all the top families of the Sun Kingdom. Therefore, he must be endorsed by a nation because of his outstanding talent? Perhaps he's even the son of a poor person. Even if they have no money, if his talent is good enough, he could garner the principal's extra care now."

"We should befriend him if the principal is friendly with this new kid."

"Could he be a genius from a top family in Yuelong Province? That would explain why he has such a powerful guardian."

The children had numerous theories, but news quickly spread that the principal appeared personally with a child, and after university students began to show up not long after.

Some of these students were about fifteen or sixteen years old, while others were the same age as Hui Yue himself.

Yan Xiaobao seemed like a fifteen-year-old youth. After returning from the grave, he now looked younger than when he entered. This was the result of all the life force he absorbed.

Life force is a peculiar thing; the greater a person's life force, the younger they appear—to some extent. The more life force Yan Xiaobao has, the younger he appears; however, after achieving a youthful appearance, he needs increasing amounts of life force to appear younger.

When Yan Xiaobao uses his life force, he appears older. If he exhausts all the life force he harvested, he will once again appear his age. If he were to use his own life force, then he would appear progressively older.

Because of this, many experts at the Royal Academy look older than Yan Xiaobao, thus they all look down on him. He is merely a mixed-blood cultivator, and walking side by side with the principal causes many to feel jealousy, but no one says anything.

These young geniuses are unaware of Yan Xiaobao and his title as Great Marshall of the Divine Origin Beast Army. Since they know nothing of his early achievements, they are clearly unaware of the relationships and fame that spread after entering the unknown grave.

Seeing the myriad expressions on the students' faces, both Yan Xiaobao and the principal could easily guess what they were thinking, but neither dwelt on it. These are the young generation's geniuses, although Yan Xiaobao is still somehow considered part of the young generation, he no longer feels as young as these experts. Too much has happened in his life, leading him to mature. However, these

geniuses all lack experience in real life and actual combat, yet they all have confidence when they look at Yan Xiaobao.

Despite Yan Xiaobao being an emperor, he often keeps his aura close to his body, making it difficult for others to gauge his actual level. He would never let his aura explode outward to scare others. He has learned how to keep his aura within Lan Feng, which has been greatly beneficial for him.

While these young people all look down on Yan Xiaobao, any high-level person would sense the threat of a young person with almost no aura. This means he has the ability to use his power to conceal his aura, and if he can do this, then he is extremely powerful.

Chapter 846: Royal Art Academy (Part 3)

"Elder Hui, why don't you try making new friends?" the principal asked as he watched the many children. He knew that many of them came from noble families and knew how to respond to a prodigy.

The old eyes looked at Yan Xiaobao, not wanting to make a decision on his own; instead, he waited for Yan Xiaobao's approval. Seeing that Lao clearly wanted to join the others, Yan Xiaobao nodded. As Lao turned to look at all the children, a bright smile immediately appeared on his face.

One among them stepped forward. She was a pretty girl, like a doll. Although she didn't smile, there was a gentle aura around her. Even Lao was completely stunned upon seeing her.

"Let me show you around the academy." the girl said, with Lao, entranced by the young girl, nodding his head. "My name is Elder Hui." he politely said to the girl, "I'll be starting tomorrow."

Nodding, the girl introduced herself as well. "My name is Han Wu. I'm the youngest child of the Han Clan." Her voice was melodious, her eyes like water. "May I ask, who is the young man who brought you here?" she asked curiously, looking at the white-haired young man before her.

"Oh, that's my father, Yan Xiaobao." Lao said casually, but deep inside, he felt very proud and happy. Yan Xiaobao was his father. His words shocked everyone present. The white-haired man seemed no older than fifteen, yet was he already a father? At such a young age, was he really a parent, or a hidden prodigy who stopped aging as he grew stronger? Everyone present remembered Yan Xiaobao's name and decided they would inquire about this Yan Xiaobao when they returned home.

"Where are you from?" Han Wu's curiosity remained undiminished. In response to her question, Lao merely shrugged. "I live in a mansion nearby."

"Are you from Muchuan City?" she asked again, her voice clearly heard. Lao nodded, "Isn't that unlikely?" he laughed as he started to walk. "Tell me about the academy. If you'd like, I'll give you a tour of my mansion, but for now, I want to learn about the Royal Academy."

Hearing Lao's words, Han Wu nodded, and then walked beside him, starting to talk about each of the houses she pointed at.

"Is your child amazed at where you found him?" the principal asked curiously. "As far as I know, he is not a beast but entirely human. Even so, he still considers you his father."

Grinning, Yan Xiaobao didn't respond. Instead, he watched as his adopted child left with the other children.

"I will do my utmost to strengthen his foundation. The fact that you and your child have settled in our Sun Kingdom is of great benefit to us. I believe if needed, you and the young master will be of great help."

Yan Xiaobao nodded. After settling in the Sun Kingdom, he would do his utmost to help the Kingdom flourish, as long as it meant getting rid of the Third Prince.

"Once he's finished, I'll leave my son here. Please tell him I've gone home." Yan Xiaobao said as he turned to leave. The principal, left behind, sighed heavily. He wanted to say he wasn't a messenger, but pondering over it, he kept silent. He knew he owed Xu Yue since the young man abandoned their hostility after the incident at the tomb.

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Chapter 847: Childhood Days

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"I'll do it this once," he thought. "At least I've managed to find such a talented young man. Perhaps I should make him my personal disciple." As he watched the children disappear into the distance, he pondered to himself. Without waiting at the academy, Yan Xiaobao left the gate, watching his son already vanished. Being on campus reminded him of his days at Liluo City Royal Academy. Back then, he was very young when he started. He had met Deng Wu, Ma Kong, and Gao Yan, and not to mention Wang Julong.

Reflecting on those days, Yan Xiaobao sighed deeply. Those were his childhood days, and he truly enjoyed himself. But things changed. Thinking about his childhood, he also began to think about his parents and his younger brother. He hadn't seen them in years, and he couldn't help but wonder how they were doing.

"Let's not think about them," Yan Xiaobao thought to himself as he shook his head. "Going back there now will only make things worse. Many Saints are watching me, and not to mention the Third Prince. If I go home, I'm very likely to drag them into danger."

Returning to the mansion, Yan Xiaobao headed to the garden at the back of the estate, finding a relatively peaceful spot. No servants would disturb him, nor would they accidentally intrude into this area.

Yan Xiaobao moved to the side, sat in a lotus position on the grass, and picked up a storage stone. From within, he retrieved the Direhound's Immortal Strike and started examining it again. He remembered the damage it caused to the library on his first attempt use, knowing it would only become stronger. Thinking of this, a smile appeared on his lips. When he mastered this attack, his power would significantly increase, as he believed most Saints in the world didn't know how to use martial power martial arts.

Summoning his Ice Storm Sword, placing it in the scabbard, he stood up, closing his eyes. Deep within himself, he found his martial power core. After a while, a small thread of Qi from Wu Wei left this core and entered his body. Suddenly, he opened his eyes, letting out an inner scream, he shouted 'Direhound's Immortal Strike!'

Wu Wei flashed through his meridians, entering the sword. After a moment, Yan Xiaobao raised the sword, drawing it, and a massive roar echoed throughout the garden. As the strike released a bow-shaped beam from the sword and effortlessly traversed the three large rocks in front of him, the sword light gleamed.

The first stone didn't stop the sword beam's speed; however, after cutting through the second stone, the speed and light diminished somewhat. Regardless, it kept moving forward until it sliced through the third stone, causing it to completely vanish. Observing the destruction caused by Direhound's Immortal Strike, Yan Xiaobao felt a thrill inside.

"It seems like this really is a treasure," he sighed, as he once again closed his eyes, placing the sword back in the scabbard. He drew the sword repeatedly, each time the scabbard flashed a bow-shaped arc from the sword, cutting through more and more stones and a fair number of trees. Soon, the entire area was covered with patches of ancient trees and immense boulders. Each time using Direhound's Immortal Strike, it became stronger and stronger. Clearly, Yan Xiaobao's mastery of this ability was getting better.

"Try another one," Lan Feng said excitedly. He could also feel Yan Xiaobao's control over Direhound's Immortal Strike had greatly improved, to the extent that further training it wouldn't be useful. Now, he needed to use it in actual combat to further improve.

"Dragon's Roar Technique?" Yan Xiaobao asked curiously, and Lan Feng nodded. 'If you master the Dragon's Roar ability, then you can easily defeat your opponents. Your soul is extremely powerful because it merged with mine. The soul we possess together is twice that of other experts. Using such an ability relying on your soul strength should allow you to nearly defeat anyone you attack. As long as they aren't stronger than I am, then at least you can render them stunned.'

Hearing his words, a slight smile emerged on Yan Xiaobao's face, and a trace of coldness flashed in his eyes. "Targeting the Third Prince is a good idea," Yan Xiaobao said. "Hopefully, it will also affect all the protectors he has. As an heir to the throne, I believe he will have someone protecting him from shadows, but as long as we can get rid of him, we should do so. Yan Xiaobao decided.

'Using Direhound's Immortal Strike combined with the intense jade dragon's roar should be enough to get rid of everyone. The problem now is how to kill him without anyone knowing. Yan Xiaobao pondered for a while, completely unsure how to solve this problem.'

"How about talking to the Princess again?" Lan Feng suggested, but Yan Xiaobao shook his head. "Although she wants to take over this Kingdom, the Third Prince is still her brother. She would never allow us to harm him. He stated confidently. No matter how fiercely they fight for the throne, they wouldn't kill each other. Even the fiercest Third Prince never succumbed to killing his family. All he did was get rid of the woman his brother liked."

"Well, we need to come up with an idea. Sadly, killing him within the tomb didn't work. We must somehow get him to visit us or go with us without others knowing. If he should die while with us, it wouldn't take a genius to realize we did it. Yan Xiaobao complained. As he thought about how to get the Third Prince without anyone knowing, his head ached. After all, the Third Prince wasn't foolish, he also understood what meeting someone meant. Even if the person posed no threat, he knew to at least inform someone about the person he was meeting."

Chapter 848: Childhood Days (Part 2)

"How can we infiltrate the castle and kill him at night?" Lan Feng sighed as he spoke. He was unsure of what to do, both of them wanting to end the dispute that had lasted too long.

Hearing Lan Feng's words, Yan Xiaobao suddenly fell silent. "Actually, I think this might be our only option." He said slowly as his eyes suddenly lit up.

"Uh, I wasn't serious." Lan Feng said frantically. They most likely have formations protecting the castle. Uninvited guests will face inscriptions and traps. It will be very dangerous. Lan Feng warned, but even he couldn't think of another solution.

'We might not necessarily be uninvited. I think we can be invited by the Princess, and after meeting her, we just don't leave the castle. That way we won't have to climb walls or anything like that.' Yan Xiaobao contemplated. Lan Feng couldn't help but feel that Yan Xiaobao was right.

"It's not easy." He warned, but he also understood they had no other choice. Infiltration seemed most suitable for them. This wasn't easy in any regard, and Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but frown.

"I need some time to formulate a plan." Yan Xiaobao muttered to himself, "Worse still, I need to return home somehow, not meet the Princess, while staying in the mansion. I can't be in two places at once, but if I don't want to get caught, I indeed need an alibi."

"I know," Lan Feng said while thinking about all the skills and abilities they knew. "Now, let me see if I have anything that can help you. In the meantime, train the Vigorous Emerald Dragon's Roar. You need it to battle the Prince."

Taking in Lan Feng's words, Yan Xiaobao summoned the scroll containing the ability of the Emerald Dragon's Roar, sat in the lotus position, and looked at the scroll explaining the technique.

This roar was completely different from all the other types of attacks he had seen before. Because although it was combined with Wu Wu martial arts, it not only demanded the use of martial power but also a strong soul.

Whenever he traveled through his body visiting the three dantians, or met with Lan Feng, Yan Xiaobao was accustomed to using his soul. Therefore, entering his consciousness and then the upper dantian wasn't a daunting task.

The Vigorous Emerald Dragon's Roar caused one's soul to explode outward. Calling upon the proud roar of the jade dragon within his own soul, Wu Wei began to expand within his soul, and soon his entire soul seemed to swell so much that it could no longer be contained within his body. It felt as though a giant balloon had burst, causing energy ripples to explode outward, as the soul itself returned to its original size.

The massive explosion caused shockwaves to expand from Yan Xiaobao's body. This shockwave didn't cause trees to be felled, nor did it cause any physical destruction to the surrounding environment. Although a person was present, this person would not be unaffected like the surrounding environment. The shockwave solely targeted other souls, and the extent of destruction it brought to souls was terrifying.

Some souls would be crushed immediately, while others would sustain severe damage. The souls of the strong, meaning souls of equal power to Yan Xiaobao or slightly weaker, would be injured and dazed for a while. If their soul was slightly stronger, it would only be dazed, and if it was much stronger than Yan Xiaobao's, then there would be no effect at all.

The more he trained, the stronger the shockwave became. It not only increased in intensity, but also in size.

"If we don't care about casualties, we could stand behind protective walls and attack the Third Prince." Lan Feng sighed as he spoke. "If we can make the shockwave move in one direction, so we don't end up killing many civilians, then it would be the perfect attack. I don't believe a simple King Ranking Prince would be able to fight against our merged souls." Lan Feng continued, and Yan Xiaobao could only agree. Although the shockwave was strong enough to possibly kill the Third Prince if it passed through the walls, it would also sweep through some of the towns, shattering the souls of all present mortals. If he didn't care about mortals, this would be the best way to achieve the goal, but he did care about them. Yan Xiaobao wasn't a ruthless butcher; they were innocent.

"I might have a solution." Lan Feng said. "A solution that doesn't involve the deaths of thousands." He continued, and Yan Xiaobao eagerly raised his eyebrows. If Lan Feng said he had a solution, it was certainly true. He was very curious.

'A solution?' Yan Xiaobao thought curiously. He couldn't help but feel that Lan Feng was deliberately keeping secrets, but he still smiled, hoping this could solve their problem.

'It's simple.' Lan Feng commented, there are thousands of skills within the Cosmic Box. "Although I have many abilities, my abilities are meaningless compared to what you've obtained. You just need to look for one that allows you to split your soul in two or one that can create a copy of yourself. If you can duplicate or split your soul, then you can be in two places at once. I believe a God would surely have this ability, especially after seeing shocking abilities like the proud roar of the Emerald Dragon and the Immortal Strike of the dinosaurs."

"That's not a solution." Yan Xiaobao muttered unhappily. "That's hoping an ability exists. How can I split my soul? If I do so, then my soul will likely be significantly weakened. Weakening my soul means weakening the proud roar of the Emerald Dragon."

Chapter 849: Childhood Days (Part 3)

"In that case, I hope for some ability to replicate myself." Lan Feng insisted stubbornly, and Yan Xiaobao could only sigh. "I think I can ask the spirit of the Cosmic Box, maybe he's willing to help me. This will make the search much easier."

Yan Xiaobao sat in the lotus position, closed his eyes, and entered his consciousness. Traversing through his body, he quickly arrived at his palm. A gigantic box stood before him, the spirit emerged from the box and walked towards Yan Xiaobao's consciousness.

"I thought you came here to ask me something." The white-robed spirit said with a hoarse voice, showing no emotion. He had just been talking to Yan Xiaobao about a young man's wish.

Although the spirit was proud and cumbersome, Yan Xiaobao showed the utmost respect while talking to him. Even though Yan Xiaobao formally became the owner of the Cosmic Box, he knew it was merely a title. He couldn't truly control the Dimension Treasure, and therefore, whenever he searched for specific items, he needed the spirit's help.

"Old man, I apologize for such a display. However, I need an ability that allows me to be in two places at once." Yan Xiaobao asked while bowing deeply before the spirit. The spirit, after pondering for a moment, glanced at Yan Xiaobao with curiosity.

"So you assume just by asking me, I will provide you with any ability you want?" The spirit asked. Though the words were sharp, a smile appeared on his lips. "Although I can find any treasure inside, I still need to review the variety of items I have." The spirit explained. "Let me reflect on what I want through each item." The expression in the spirit's eyes turned sly and successful.

"Although I said it was a strenuous task, there are actually four different abilities that allow you to be in two places at once." He said, and the moment the words were spoken, Yan Xiaobao focused entirely on the spirit. For these four abilities, what could he do for this spirit? He didn't know, but he knew it would be expensive.

"My request is very simple." The spirit continued, completely ignoring the anxious expression on the young man's face in front of him. "What I want is all your storage stones. Don't worry about your items; I will store them in my space, but the storage stones will be mine, and you won't be able to get them back."

Upon hearing the request, Yan Xiaobao was completely dumbfounded. He had been expecting something crazy, but the only thing the spirit asked for was storage stones. He would even let Yan Xiaobao keep all the items he placed in them.

Without even thinking further, after a small pile of storage stones accumulated in front of him, Yan Xiaobao nodded. As for why the spirit wanted these stones, Yan Xiaobao didn't know, and he didn't intend to ask.

"Place a stone in your palm at that time." The spirit ordered, Yan Xiaobao acted accordingly. His palm began heating up once more, slowly sinking the storage stone into his hand, merging with his palm like a treasure with consciousness.

One storage stone after another merged with his hand. Although he no longer looked at the spirit, he could sense the stones entering the box were only meant to release their items before completely disappearing. He was very curious about the shoes that the spirit needed, but he dared not ask. He was concerned that if he asked, he might ultimately insult the spirit and not obtain what he needed.

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Chapter 850: The Hidden Protector

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Although Yan Xiaobao only needed one ability, he wanted four people. If one of them required the cultivator to split their soul into two parts, then he might not use this ability. If possible, he did not want to weaken his soul. Splitting his soul and injuring himself before the battle with the Third Prince was not an option. He was still worried that the Third Prince might have a hidden protector, and if that protector was a Saint, then Yan Xiaobao would need all his strength. He could not let anyone hear this battle, so he needed to silently and quickly kill everyone.

While Yan Xiaobao was busy considering what to do, he already had all the storage stones in his palm, and they had all disappeared into the box.

Suddenly, a golden light shone from his palm, and the light revealed four scrolls. Before he sat down, he nodded gratefully at his palm to express his gratitude. With scrolls as the main focus, he concentrated fully on the four scrolls he held.

The first ability was called Soul Shaking Spirit Imprint. This spiritual imprint could replicate a person's soul. This copy required a force of Wu Wei to move forward, as well as a body made of countless precious materials where the soul copy resided. The body made of these precious materials would move exactly as the original body desired, as long as it was powered by Wu Wei.

When one finished using this technique, due to the technique's insufficient stress to destroy it, because it was formed from such valuable materials, the crafted body would be forgotten. One advantage of this skill is that after making another soul copy, people can always reuse this body.

Seeing this ability, Yan Xiaobao was curious whether he should choose it. Unfortunately, it required many precious materials, including many he had never heard of before. They could be materials that God lived or traveled through worlds, so Yan Xiaobao was forced to put it aside. Although this was a heavenly skill, he could not use it.

He sighed deeply, picked up the second scroll, and with focused eyes, looked to understand this ability. It was called Rebirth. It allowed the practitioner to split their soul in half and create a perceptive copy of their own. Although doing this would greatly harm a person's soul, they would eventually spend

centuries cultivating their soul back to normal. Healing one's soul usually involves waiting for the soul to heal itself. Although this method takes a lot of time, often requiring hundreds of years. A lesser-known way is to consume other people's souls. This is an unmatched technique, but consuming others' souls and consequently stealing souls from the soul world is a crime that can be punished by death on this plane; it is an offense to heaven.

As an expert of the Upper Dantian, obtaining illegal souls was not difficult. However, the souls mainly came from the poorest people in the world. Before joining Yan Xiaobao, their lives were similar to those of Lao and Qiao. The thought that these two people might have their souls gathered and sold made him feel disgusted. He not only pitied these poor souls but also knew their souls were so weak that they had almost no effect when consumed.

"This is not an option," Yan Xiaobao thought to himself as he looked at the Rebirth ability once more before putting the scroll aside.

The third ability was called Soul Shadow Technology. It allowed a person to replicate their body. This agency was merely instinctive, and it was primarily a combat technique. Letting the body leave the Imperial Palace was not an option, so Yan Xiaobao sighed again as he also put it aside.

With only one ability left, Yan Xiaobao sighed deeply as he picked it up. This ability was called Soulshakers Art. It was very similar to the first ability; evidently, it originated from it. It required less wealth than the ability it was based on, but the moment the ability stopped working, the body would collapse, and the treasures would disappear forever.

Yan Xiaobao sighed, feeling a headache. "That Soulshaker Art needs fewer treasures isn't important, because I don't have them to start. If I could choose, I would choose the first ability, but I don't have the required treasures. I don't want to split my soul, and the last skill is an attack ability.

After thinking a bit, Yan Xiaobao could only sigh again. The only ability he could use was the one that required him to split his soul. "I guess we could purchase some souls and consume them. It's too late to save the poor souls, I will kill the dreadful Third Prince with them." Yan Xiaobao argued, but he knew this would leave a bad taste in his mouth.

These souls are usually bought by Undead Wizards to enhance their soul shadow's power. The soul shadow would consume weaker souls, thereby becoming stronger.

"I might be able to help." The Spirit suddenly said, startling Yan Xiaobao immensely. Before his consciousness entered his body and encountered the Spirit, he immediately sat down and closed his eyes.

"Senior Four, you said you might be able to help me?" Yan Xiaobao looked at the soul in front of him with hope. "My old master used the Soul Shaking Spirit Imprint and created a body from the required treasures. I still have this body, and before using that technique, it won't appear in anyone's form." The Spirit said. "You will be able to use the same body my old master used." He continued to explain, and with a gentle wave of his hand, a silver figure appeared before him.