

Medical 861

Chapter 861: Soul Copy

Looking at Xiao Ye, Yan Xiaobao had once hoped for some embarrassment on his face, but the manic grin did not shrink. If anything grew larger, he raised his hands, and one soul shadow after another appeared before him.

When he saw an excited expression on the Third Prince's face, a chill ran down Yan Xiaobao's spine. He wasn't in distress, nor was he worried. On the contrary, he laughed crazily as one soul shadow after another appeared around his body.

These soul shadows were not human soul shadows but were created by the most magical beasts one could find. Clearly, he had located and killed the highest-ranked beasts in the Kingdom to harvest their soul shadows. If he didn't venture out with a group to hunt them, it would have been impossible to capture so many impressive soul shadows.

"Good! Good! Yan Xiaobao, you really did not disappoint me. Your abilities are unparalleled. My little guardian just upgraded, but you still managed to destroy it! So, let's see how you handle this supreme Goldenfurred Yeti. When he was alive, he was the highest-ranked beast among the Saints, and now he is one of my favorite shadows!"

Not saying anything, Yan Xiaobao watched as the shadow before him slowly transformed into a giant beast with golden fur. It looked like an oversized gorilla. Its eyes were completely black, and its mouth opened in a silent roar that shook the ground.

Yan Xiaobao stood laughing quietly in front of this giant beast. "You want to see my strength?" he asked, nimbly dodging the attack of this enormous beast. Although it was stronger than him, it was also slow, which was something Yan Xiaobao could exploit.

Unfortunately, the Goldenfurred Yeti wasn't the only soul shadow the Third Prince commanded. A large Black Panther appeared in Shiu Ye's hand. It rapidly grew, its speed rivaling that of Yan Xiaobao, putting the young man in distress. He had to frequently dodge the shadows of these two beasts. Although the Goldenfurred Yeti was slower than him, its raw power was much stronger.

"Good! Good! You can keep up with my two soul shadows at the same time, then let's see how you manage when you add a third beast to the battle!" The Third Prince laughed incessantly as another

shadow left his palm, this time a beautiful White Hawk. The hawk initially soared into the sky, but soon its eyes locked onto Yan Xiaobao.

"Sh*t," he swore as he noticed he was trapped between three beasts and had to traverse a soul shadow to avoid the hawk's attack. If he allowed the Goldenfurred Yeti to attack him, he would suffer enormous pain. Looking at the sharp talons and beak of the hawk, Yan Xiaobao decided not to head that way but instead darted straight toward the Black Panther.

He managed to stab the Black Panther with his sword, but unfortunately, it was a soul shadow. It would not be injured just by stabbing. It needed to be sliced into dozens of pieces to have no chance of regenerating.

The Black Panther took the opportunity to bite Yan Xiaobao's shoulder, scratching his arm. Yan Xiaobao felt immense pain from the huge wound on his shoulder and the tearing sensation deep in the bone of his arm, making it feel completely useless.

Cursing in pain, Yan Xiaobao managed to break free from the Black Panther, then retreated. He dashed away from the hawk, yeti, and panther, putting some distance between him and the soul shadows of the three Saint Fighters. His breath was heavy, as the wounds were far more severe than he had anticipated.

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Chapter 862: The Will to Fight

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"It seems I really underestimated the Third Prince," he murmured to himself before using some of the life force he collected to heal his wounds. Although he could use his own life force to heal, he preferred not to use it frequently. After healing Cai Jie, he didn't have much life force left.

"Looks like I really have no choice," he gritted his teeth and said, a determination appearing in his eyes.

The sword in his hand began to change as Yan Xiaobao's body transformed. Red fur appeared on his skin, and his muscles grew at a visible speed. Soon, Yan Xiaobao was no longer in his human form, but now a half-wolf.

A blue cloud swirled around him, and in his hand, his sword emitted a powerful icy aura. His physical strength had soared to the heavens, and his combat abilities were now much stronger than before.

This was not the only change in his powers. The blue cloud swirling around him rumbled like a thundercloud.

"Long ago, I inherited the legacy of a monk," Yan Xiaobao suddenly said as he continued to dodge the golden snowman, Black Panther, and eagle. Despite getting hit from time to time and blood continuously flowing from his wounds, he skillfully avoided most attacks. "This legacy brought with it a substantial amount of martial arts and a certain energy," he explained, not knowing why he was speaking, but deep down, he was filled with a will for battle. This was his fiercest fight since the war.

"His attacks were too difficult for me to use at first," Yan Xiaobao continued to speak while dodging, "but as I grew stronger, I gained insight into the energy he left behind."

"Previously, I could only use this energy in a rough manner. It helped me cultivate; it helped me devour the cultivation bases of others and steal their energy. But the monk's attacks were genuinely profound. Even now, I only have enough strength to execute one of his attacks. I'll make you the first to experience it," Yan Xiaobao laughed, and suddenly, the blue cloud swirling around him shot into the sky, spreading out like a massive thunderstorm. Sparks suddenly appeared within the storm.

Grinning wickedly, Xu Yue poured Wu Wei into his sword, and suddenly the light seemed to be sucked away, plunging everything into darkness. Almost nothing was visible, the thunderstorm above could no longer be seen, but its sound could still be heard.

Hui Yu stood in the midst of the blizzard, controlling the thunderstorm above, closing his eyes and spreading his arms. His body had returned to a human form, and when his eyes opened, lightning could be seen within them.

When the first bolt descended from the sky, his fingers flicked downward, and a massive boom was heard. It was faster than the eye could perceive, landing upon the Third Prince.

A sharp scream resounded, followed by a string of curses. "Your attacks are truly dangerous!" Shiu Ye's voice echoed through the thick blizzard, "but don't think the same attack will happen twice!" he continued to say, but Yan Xiaobao merely laughed.

As Yan Xiaobao flicked his fingers downward, an even larger bolt descended. This time, the agonizing screams of four beasts could be heard. Clearly, Shiu Ye needed four soul shadows to block the second bolt, continuing to curse as he could hear the third lightning bolt readying to strike him from the sky.

"How can you summon lightning like this?!" the Third Prince screamed frantically, but as the finger fell a third time, Yan Xiaobao did not respond. A golden shimmer flashed within the blizzard, as the Third Prince formed a shield around himself with martial power, clearly blocking nothing, yet immediately after, an eerie scream was heard.

Upon hearing the scream, Yan Xiaobao did not pause for an instant, and another lightning bolt stronger than before descended from the sky. "You force me to use it!" the Third Prince shouted, a silver light shining in the middle of the blizzard. "He's using protective charm," Lan Feng said, but even so, Yan Xiaobao did not stop, for the fourth lightning bolt was gathering energy.

Yan Xiaobao intended no easy mercy for the Prince. The Third Prince was cunning. Even though he was not injured, he acted as if to make Yue Yue think he was hurt and relaxed his vigilance.

After the fifth bolt, there were no more screams, but Yan Xiaobao still released bolt after bolt until he reached the ninth and final catastrophic lightning strike.

With the last bolt descended, Yan Xiaobao finally stopped the blizzard, the dark sky dissipated. The blue cloud descended from the heavens, once again swirling around Yan Xiaobao's body.

Looking around, Yan Xiaobao noticed the conversations and joyous sounds within the mansion had fallen silent. The shadows disappeared, and the Third Prince now lay on the ground completely still. Chaos erupted outside the mansion. Guards continuously called for the Third Prince, but without his permission, none dared enter the grounds.

Gazing at the Third Prince's corpse, Yan Xiaobao picked up his sword, swiftly striking and beheading the Prince. Only then did he feel the Prince was truly dead. To seize his storage stone, Yan Xiaobao was forced to vomit blood, as his entire body trembled with pain and exhaustion. Although he killed the Prince, he was severely injured in the process, but now was not the time to dwell on these matters. He needed to escape quickly.

Chapter 863: Will to Fight (Part 2)

Yan Xiaobao jumped onto a nearby tree, from tree to tree, from shadow to shadow, slowly reaching the palace wall.

"Let's hope he hasn't obtained the pill that can restore life," Lan Feng sighed, recalling the pill Yan Xiaobao discovered in the Cosmic Box.

"Let's hope he hasn't. It would be disastrous if he did," Yan Xiaobao sighed as he vaulted over the wall, slowly disappearing into the night.

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"Yue! Yue!" Wang Julong shouted loudly as she entered his room, her eyes shining with excitement, her hands trembling uncontrollably.

"Last night, you told me the details!" she continued, slowly waking Yan Xiaobao. Once, he decided to sleep as it could alleviate all the spiritual fatigue caused by his struggle with the Third Prince. Utilizing Nine Heavens' calamity had severely damaged his entire body. The attack exhausted all his blue energy, an energy so powerful that it caused internal injuries in the process. Now he could only wait to recover.

Upon waking, he couldn't help but embrace Wang Julong with a smile. "Deng Wu will be here soon," Yan Xiaobao said. "I promised to tell you what happened when he got here. It's something I don't want to explain multiple times. Afterward, we won't speak of it. If the Royal Family discovers that I was the one who killed the Prince, no matter what stage I achieve or my status, they won't let it go. I will have to fight against many Saints." Yan Xiaobao explained, and Wang Julong nodded.

"Let's go eat," he said softly while stroking Wang Julong's hair. Although he said they should go, neither showed any sign of moving. No one wanted to break this perfect moment. They didn't move until they heard someone rushing down the hallway.

"Yue!" someone shouted, and Yan Xiaobao immediately knew the person he just talked about had arrived. Deng Wu's voice was full of excitement and relief, a sound Yan Xiaobao hadn't heard in a long time. It was his friend's joy long buried within himself. His life was overshadowed by the Third Prince, like the sun during an eclipse. As long as the Prince was alive, he wouldn't know the word happiness. Now, happiness shone in Deng Wu, and it was present in his voice. Clearly, his second lease on life had begun.

"Deng Wu," Yan Xiaobao called out while holding Wang Julong. These two lovers introduced me to the young man.

"Hello, no doubt, you can have the best friend!" Deng Wu exclaimed emotionally; his eyes had already glossed over, his voice trembling slightly. "Even though this won't bring our families back, their souls can now rest in peace! They should be reincarnated, not forever remember the injustice they suffered in life."

Having gone through the same experience, tears streamed down Wang Julong's cheeks as she nodded. She felt the same as Deng Wu.

In fact, she felt guilty for her feelings towards Yan Xiaobao. How could she be happy when her family's murderer was still alive? This matter had burdened her greatly, but now it was no longer an issue. Claspng Yan Xiaobao's hand, she tightened her grip. She would never let Yan Xiaobao leave her.

As he directed everyone towards the dining room, a gentle smile spread across Yan Xiaobao's lips, feeling her actions. "Let's have some food, and then tell me what you heard in town. I'm curious about what others are saying. Who is everyone suspecting?" he laughed as they all disappeared into the dining room where breakfast awaited them.

A servant entered the room with warm tea for the cultivators. "The young master has already left the academy. Miss Qiao followed him. Cai Jie and Master Xu Biao had their meal in their rooms. If you need anything, feel free to call on this lowly one." The maid spoke with a bow. Although Yan Xiaobao tried to encourage these maids to treat him more equally, they refused to listen, so Yan Xiaobao had given up not long ago.

"I understand. Thank you, that's all for now." Yan Xiaobao nodded to the maid who left promptly. No one remained in the dining hall, and by spreading his spiritual energy, Yan Xiaobao quickly confirmed no one was listening to their conversation.

While conversing with his two friends, Yan Xiaobao quickly recounted what happened, and when they heard him summon the lightning from the heavens, their eyes went wide.

"You're simply unparalleled! Who is truly fit to challenge you?" Deng Wu exclaimed, but he was met with only a solemn smile in response. Yan Xiaobao was well aware of how lacking his current strength was compared to An Hee. Gazing into the distance, he knew this was just the beginning of his Immortal Path, and he still had a long journey ahead.

The assassination of the Third Prince was the main topic in everyone's heart. The faction behind the Third Prince was very frustrated and vowed to offer ten thousand Elf Coins if the assassin was exposed or captured.

Although he once fought for the throne, everyone knew the most likely victor was the Third Prince. He had the most allies and supporters, was shrewd, and calculating. Had he not underestimated Yan Xiaobao or overestimated his own strength, he would still be alive, and Yan Xiaobao might have been the one dead. The Third Prince had many secrets, and when he passed away, he still hadn't unleashed his full power. The overwhelming lightning left him astounded.

Chapter 864: Will to Fight (Part 3)

Since he was already visiting on the day of the murder, Yan Xiaobao was summoned to the palace. However, since he had been brought home by the Princess's carriage, they quickly ruled him out. So many people saw this, it was indisputable.

Now that the Third Prince was gone, the power struggle suddenly shifted. The First and Second Princes were suddenly invigorated, making every effort to control the Third Prince's allies. However, a new variable emerged.

The Princess had officially declared that she would become the Queen, claiming that a woman can do a man's job and she was more suitable for the role than her brothers.

Her unexpected actions caused all the female saints of high status and the Emperor to support their goddess. The Princess did her utmost to utilize Yan Xiaobao's support to gain the throne. She knew that Yan Xiaobao had told her he would support her, which gave her a chance to beat her brothers. She greatly leveraged her fame to her advantage. Experts were drawn to join her not only for change but also many joined due to Yan Xiaobao's influence.

This sudden change in the power struggle for the throne also caused internal family conflicts. Many influential families were unable to decide whom to support, and even supporters of the Second and First Princes began to turn to the Princess.

Although many were afraid of assassination, Yan Xiaobao and his mansion were filled with happiness. Wang Julong's usually cold demeanor disappeared, and she gently took care of Qiao and Lao, constantly smiling.

When the children were at school, Wang Julong would follow Yan Xiaobao, often holding his hand or simply staying by his side.

"I've been thinking," Wang Julong suddenly asked, as she sat next to Yan Xiaobao, observing what he was doing.

The two of them were outside the garden, with furs, leather, claws, gemstones, magic cores, metal ores, and other treasures spread out on the ground before them. Next to all these items was a small portable stove that Yan Xiaobao had found in the Cosmic Box.

"Why have you suddenly become so focused on crafting again? I mean, the last time I saw you this focused was with my Holy Dungeon. You haven't concentrated on it since returning from the Siban Empire." Wang Julong asked as Yan Xiaobao looked up at the metal ore he was examining. A hint of excitement flashed in his eyes, and a smile appeared on his face.

"I didn't have time during the war, and while the Third Prince was alive, I wasn't focused on such things either. But now, there's nothing pressing for me. I can concentrate on becoming one with the Metal Element deep inside me. This will enhance my ability to craft, especially because inscriptions are an area of great interest to me," Yan Xiaobao said with a smile. Deep within the Cosmic Box, Yan Xiaobao had discovered several books about various inscription runes and their uses. He couldn't wait to fully understand them and learn how to use them. With them, he would be able to improve not only his items and weapons but also those of his friends.

"Well, in that case, I'll let you focus. I still haven't fully mastered the formations you gave me." She smiled as a large red staff suddenly appeared. Leaving the grove where Yan Xiaobao was, she sought an open area suitable for her Wu Wei art. The trees and stones here had already been smashed, with nothing left to be destroyed by the terrifying strikes of the formations.

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Chapter 865: Soaring Within Immortality

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Although the constant rumbling didn't affect Yan Xiaobao, the ground shook one after another throughout the garden. The only thing on his mind was what he was about to create.

At first, he picked up some Metal Ore. Yan Xiaobao didn't know what metal it was, but it was extremely heavy. In fact, it was so heavy that he had to use all his strength to keep it from dropping.

Looking into his mind, he entered the Middle Dantian and discovered his Metal Flame. Then, the Metal Flame flowed from his fingertips out of his body and slowly entered the furnace in front of him.

As it entered the furnace, it began emitting a silver glow as it heated up. Then looking at the ore in his hand, he placed it into the fire. He slowly watched as the impurities burned to nothingness, leaving only the metal itself. As the metal heated in the furnace, it turned to liquid and was continuously refined by the Metal Flame.

"Alright, the first step is complete," Yan Xiaobao muttered to himself as he fully concentrated on the metal in the furnace. This piece of ore had gone from a large chunk on Hui Yue's thigh to the size of his fist. Even so, it was more pure than ever before, with a luster it hadn't previously shown.

The silver flame in the furnace slowly disappeared, and two Flame Gloves appeared on Yan Xiaobao's hands. With the gloves protecting his hands, Yan Xiaobao reached into the furnace and picked up the hot, malleable metal inside.

He used both hands to shape the iron into the form of a short sword. After roughly shaping it, he picked up a hammer with various runes. This hammer also originated from within the Cosmic Box. Yan Xiaobao only got it after offering a large number of storage stones to the greedy box.

As the emblem was summoned from his dimensional space, Yan Xiaobao repeatedly struck the metal, which was placed on the anvil. Eventually, the sword became so sharp that it would cut anything upon contact with the blade.

But Yan Xiaobao wasn't finished yet. Closing his eyes, he entered the Cosmic Box and summoned a scroll. Before opening it, he looked at various runes until he decided on a particular symbol.

Memorizing the rune took him half an hour, then, his consciousness slowly exited the dimensional space. The young man once again looked at the sword before him.

Entering his Middle Dantian, he summoned his silver flame again, but this time, it didn't cover his entire hand, nor did he let the flame flow freely in the forging process. Instead, a beam of light appeared on his index finger. This was a form he could use to carve with the Metal Flame.

Yan Xiaobao slowly and steadily carved the rune he had memorized. Sweat formed little beads that slowly dripped down his face, but Yan Xiaobao had no time to worry about the sweat; his entire focus was concentrated on the sword before him.

The inscription perfectly consumed the emblem over three hours, and when he finally let a satisfied smile cross his face. Due to its high quality and Yan Xiaobao's excitement to test his new creation, he hurriedly stood on the sword's tip; thus, the rune was extremely hard to inscribe. He poured his Wu Wei into it, and with a boom, it took him into the sky. As long as he channeled enough martial power into the sword, it would continuously soar to the ninth level of the sky. He would be able to fly among the immortals!

Without resting, he repeated the forging process again. Using the same Metal Ore as the first, another Flying Sword soon appeared. Hui Yue repeatedly forged five Flying Swords before he felt he had enough experience from observing other materials in front of him. Clearly, he wasn't satisfied with what he had achieved so far. His goal was to create more treasures.

Spread out in front of him were numerous items painstakingly collected by the former owner during their travels across various worlds. These were deemed true treasures, but Yan Xiaobao was using them to cultivate his elemental affinity. If the previous owner knew what Yan Xiaobao was doing with all his hard work, he would undoubtedly cough up blood. To forge more and more treasures, Yan Xiaobao ensured the runes he carved were truly suited for these items. After crafting countless artifacts, he found all his energy had been exhausted.

Looking at the items before him, Yan Xiaobao realized he had created a chest plate with runes that seemed to swirl around the edges. Each one worked in conjunction with the others, creating one of the most challenging rune patterns he had ever designed. There were a total of seventy-two runes, which constituted the strongest defensive rune Yan Xiaobao had read about in any scroll.

The runes twisted together somewhat like serpents; the runes entwined, creating an absolute defense that made the metal so strong it could even withstand the power of treasures ranked by God.

This chest plate had taken the most time to forge, but it was also the finest project he had made.

"Well done for creating something so extraordinary at your level," Cai Jie said, emerging from the shadows of the forest. Until now, Yan Xiaobao hadn't noticed it was completely dark outside. He realized the day had long passed, but no one came to interrupt his work, so he hadn't noticed earlier.

"Such an amazing project, I imagine you will gift it to young Ju Long?" Cai Jie joked, and Yan Xiaobao just gave a wry smile. It was indeed created for Wang Julong. Instead, he picked up a sword and tossed it to Cai Jie.

Chapter 866: Soaring Within Immortality (Part 2)

"I believe you can utilize this sword," he changed the subject, Cai Jie busy inspecting the sword, couldn't help but whistle in admiration. "A Flying Sword, huh? You've got some excellent inscriptions; this rune is so profound that I've never seen it before. Since you gave me this magical sword, I'm more than happy to accept it!" he said, storing all his belongings back into the storage space before moving towards Hui Yue.

"I've exhausted all my Inner Energy to craft these things," Yan Xiaobao sighed, then slowly stood up. "Now it's time for me to train. If you need anything, we can talk tomorrow," Yan Xiaobao said, placing his hand on Cai Jie's shoulder. Then he turned and left. Cai Jie nodded, glancing again at the sword in his hand. A huge smile formed when he jumped up and put Wu Wei inside. He smoothly passed by Yan Xiaobao, rushing towards the mansion's gate. Entering the mansion, Yan Xiaobao headed straight for his room, relaxing in the hot water bathtub.

After crafting the Flying Sword and chest armor, Yan Xiaobao had exhausted all his energy and was utterly spent. He could feel the pain in his body; his entire being was pushed to the limit, even his muscles screamed in agony as he had been using them during the forging. A sigh of relief escaped as the warm water gently massaged his tired body. As he lay in the warm water, he nearly fell asleep.

He didn't leave the bathroom until the water turned cold, and when he finally left, his body was relaxed, feeling much more comfortable than before. He even managed to replenish much of the energy he had lost. Almost half of his Spiritual Energy was restored to him.

Dressed, Yan Xiaobao sat on the floor, with the window open, allowing the moonlight to shine on him. Although he had merged with the green pearl, and the black witch, allowing him to absorb Yin Energy

from heaven and earth at any time, he still absorbed more Yang Energy. Thus, he needed the moon or Yin Energy Pills to maintain the balance of his cultivation base.

As the moon descended to the horizon and the sun rose into the sky, Yan Xiaobao quickly left his room. His body was once again in peak condition, smiling as he left the mansion. He directly headed towards the spiritual blacksmith Cou Ling's shop.

He was excited and full of anticipation because he wanted Cou Ling to see the treasures he forged the night before. He wanted to hear her remarks about his items. He was eager to see her as satisfied with them as he was.

At first, he slowly walked through the streets like all the other civilians. However, his impatience soon became difficult to control, and he jumped onto the rooftops, moving from building to building on his way to the Blacksmith Shop.

Looking around, Yan Xiaobao discovered he was not the only one using this method. Surprisingly, quite a few shadows were darting around here and there. It was his first time seeing others on the rooftops, and he couldn't help but chuckle to himself for not realizing that if he could think of a faster way to travel, then others could too.

Watching people come and go, Yan Xiaobao waved his hand, and a sword appeared. Bringing Wu Wei into the sword, Yan Xiaobao leaped up, soaring swiftly into the sky, leaving only a shadow behind.

Though he was fast, many other shadows hesitated for a moment when they saw this figure flying into the distance. Shock filled their faces, and they looked at each other in complete disbelief. Suddenly, these experts turned around and began pursuing the person who seemed to ascend and fly forward at an incredible speed.

Yan Xiaobao had no idea that behind him, a large group of experts was following. All these experts had various flying techniques, but none was as advanced as the one before them. For them, it would take all their martial power just to match his speed for a few minutes at most, but here was a cultivator flying rapidly while rising and descending lightly above the city. His flight seemed like nothing more than a leisurely walk in the garden.

Many experts' gazes turned red with greed, and they couldn't help but wonder how he was doing it. Clearly, it wasn't his energy because the consumption would be overwhelming. Thus, they had to find out what kind of treasure could allow such flight. None of them had ever heard of or seen such a heavenly item. As they all pondered, they could only use all their Inner Energy to chase after this leisurely gliding expert.

Finally, Hui Yue reached the location of Cou Ling's shop. With just a gentle wave of his hand, the sword disappeared as he fell to the ground. Although he fell from a great height, he landed softly on the road, leaving no trace on the ground.

As usual, there was a long line in front of Cou Ling's shop, and Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but smile as he skipped past the store itself into the inner courtyard. He didn't enter the shop, knowing that Fang Wei was busy selling all sorts of weapons, but instead headed towards the Blacksmith Shop where Cou Ling was.

Entering the Blacksmith Shop, it felt like he was thrown into an oven due to the hot air blowing against his face. Clearly, she was working hard. From inside, Yan Xiaobao saw that she wasn't forging on the large furnace in the middle, but had given the furnace to her.

Chapter 867: Soaring Within Immortality (Part 3)

He said nothing, waiting for Cou Ling to finish what she was making, which only took her a moment. When she turned around and saw the young man in front of her, her face lit up.

"Hey!" she exclaimed excitedly when she found a chair and motioned for Yan Xiaobao to sit down. "The furnace you gave me is absolutely incredible!" she praised, her voice filled with excitement.

"Are you here to get some weapons? Or maybe a set of armor? I've got everything ready for you," she said as she stood up, but Yan Xiaobao raised his hand. "Wait," he called out, and Cou Ling immediately stopped turning, looking at Yan Xiaobao confusedly.

"Actually, recently, I've made something, and I want you to take a look at them." he waved his hand. A Flying Sword and the chest plate he created for Wang Julong appeared in front of Cou Ling.

Seeing Yan Xiaobao's perplexity, Cou Ling quickly accepted the two items and began to examine them. The more she studied, the wider her eyes became. Finally, she returned them to Yan Xiaobao, shaking her head with a wry smile.

"These items are exceptional. The quality of these pieces is at the peak of what a practicing spiritual blacksmith can forge, but your runes! Those inscriptions are simply earth-shattering. They're much more powerful than anything I have encountered before, and because of them, if not greater, you could easily be considered a Spirit Master."

Nodding, Yan Xiaobao understood that although these items were somewhat rough, the inscriptions he engraved on them made them priceless. Their capabilities far exceeded that of anything else.

Just as Yan Xiaobao was about to respond, both he and Ke Ling heard a knock on the door of the Blacksmith Shop. When they looked, they saw three experts standing at the entrance, with at least seven to eight more outside.

As they approached the multitude of experts, both Yan Xiaobao and Cou Ling felt surprised. "Excuse me, what brings you here?" Ke Ling politely asked. Many of the experts were clearly of the Holy Name, and a few were the Emperor, but they were all top experts.

Although these experts listened to Cou Ling, all their eyes were focused on Yan Xiaobao. Some had red eyes, while others were better at hiding their greed, although it was evident they were not here to make friends.

"We saw you flying through the air as if it were nothing," one of the experts said. "We want you to share that secret with us. If you choose not to, don't blame us for being ruthless," another expert said, but his words only made Yan Xiaobao burst into laughter.

"You break into my friend's shop and demand that I give you something? You couldn't even bother to offer me a friendly gift, instead choosing to threaten me? Do you really believe I would hand over such an important secret?" Yan Xiaobao's voice dripped with mockery and disdain, causing many of the Saints to frown. They were the supreme Heavenly Saints and couldn't even remember the last time someone so young dared to be so arrogant. Although they had seen him in the tomb before, they knew he always hid behind a group of Saints. While he was strong, compared to the large group gathered here, he was insignificant.

"How dare you ridicule us? You can ask nothing from us, Great Marshall. While you may have gained the support of some beasts, you cannot stand before us! You are nothing more than a beast. What we want, we will take."

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Chapter 868: The Unrivaled Inscription

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"Why don't you try me," Yan Xiaobao roared, holding a sword in his hand. The sky over Muchuan City darkened, and thunder could be heard in the distance.

"You want to fight me? Do you really think your numbers can intimidate me?" he laughed loudly as the sword in his hand flashed. A series of Immortal Strikes was released towards the cultivators, and the Saints' faces grew serious as they understood the incredible danger these sword attacks posed. However, Yan Xiaobao ensured that no attack hit anyone, making sure the energy dissipated into the thin air. It was, after all, merely a threat; he did not intend to oppose all the Saints of Muchuan City.

"Heh, you possess not only exceptional talent for someone your age, but also the power to threaten Saints," one expert remarked, to which Yan Xiaobao responded with a mere smile. His smile was not friendly, but filled with a sinister bloodthirsty desire.

Many observing experts felt a chill before they even started observing. They suddenly became uncertain about their decision. They realized that fighting Yan Xiaobao might not be as easy as they had anticipated.

"Fine, I'll admit your strength. What do you require for your technique?" one expert finally sighed and asked. He held a high-quality storage stone coin, ready to pay the price Yan Xiaobao demanded.

Seeing the Saints back down, the Hui Clan decided to seize the opportunity to obtain the item instead of wasting time fighting several Saints. "Alright, since you're asking nicely, let me make something clear first. What I use is not Martial Arts, but a Flying Sword. I have an inscription that, when placed on a weapon, makes it fly; however, because this inscription is exquisite and important to me, it won't be cheap. If you provide me with various materials, I don't mind engraving it for you. Advanced herbs would be best."

Hearing what he said shocked everyone, but the Saint who had taken out the stone removed it and took out some other storage stones. He tossed the stones to Yan Xiaobao, who caught them and looked

inside. He nodded and looked at the expert who tossed the herbs towards him. "These will do, give me a sword to engrave the rune on," Yan Xiaobao said, and the expert made a sword for him.

Looking at the sword, the white-haired young man nodded and entered the Blacksmith Shop. He first engraved the Flying Rune on it, and then placed another rune on top of it. This rune created an illusion over the inscriptions, making them indistinguishable. This ensured that no one could understand or replicate the runes he had inscribed.

Upon leaving the room, Yan Xiaobao handed the sword to the expert who had given him the storage stones with the various advanced herbs. Once the expert infused his martial power into the sword, he was astonished to find he could soar into the sky on the sword beneath him.

Seeing the expert soar skyward, the eyes of all other experts filled with envy, and they shouted one after another to toss their storage stones to Yan Xiaobao, demanding Flying Swords. However, what they failed to notice was that the speed of these swords was far inferior to the one Yan Xiaobao flew on. "Everyone, calm down!" Yan Xiaobao shouted, amazed as experts attempted to force their storage stones upon him. "I am a top-notch spiritual blacksmith, and naturally, I will do business with those who can pay," Yan Xiaobao said, taking a few steps back calmly. "This was a lucky inscription acquired during my travels in the wilderness, but due to its age, this stone can only be used once. I was lucky to find this inscription left behind by an unparalleled engraver."

"I will not take over her shop, so future transactions will be as follows: a high-end storage stone filled with herbs, metals, or other items, plus a spirit coin. I want some of these items to be rare, but don't worry, I won't force you to give me only rare materials. I only want half of the items to be considered relatively rare or higher in quality. The spirit coins will be given to Cou Ling for lending us her shop. The materials will be to my satisfaction. If you can pay this price, I will be happy to engrave my Flying Rune onto the item of your choice."

Considering the importance of the inscriptions, the price he offered was not high. Everyone who had previously threatened him was now as friendly as possible, eager to obtain their inscribed weapons.

"Pay Cou Ling, I'll take one sword at a time. It will take some time to complete everyone's requests, but I believe it'll be worth the wait for everyone." As he picked up a sword and entered the Blacksmith Shop behind him, Yan Xiaobao smiled.

Having perfected his inscriptions while crafting his own Flying Sword, Yan Xiaobao now used one that wasn't as exquisite as earlier versions. Therefore, it consumed minimal energy. However, the other rune

that prevented replication required him to use a considerable amount of energy. He quickly realized that he could engrave four swords before needing to use a red pill to return to peak condition.

Although those pills were rare, Yan Xiaobao had the recipe to make them. Looking at the numerous herbs in the Cosmic Box, Yan Xiaobao wasn't too concerned about using the pills. If necessary, he would learn and make the pills himself.

Putting down one inscription after another, Yan Xiaobao finally completed his work. When he handed the last sword to the final expert, Yan Xiaobao wiped the sweat from his forehead and let out a deep sigh. As the expert soared skyward with an excited smile, Yan Xiaobao rose to the heavens.

Chapter 869: Unmatched Inscription (Part 2)

"That's truly amazing," Cou Ling smiled as she looked at the number of spirit coins in her hand. Passing the storage stone to Yan Xiaobao, she stored the spirit coins in her money stone. Although she was reluctant to take the money, she knew that if she offered it, Yan Xiaobao wouldn't accept it, so instead of making it awkward, she just kept the coins for herself.

"It's quite exhausting," Yan Xiaobao said as he slid to the ground where he was sitting. He leaned against the building and closed his eyes. Crafting so many inscriptions, while getting easier with practice, took a toll. Even though everyone's energy consumption was less, his energy still depleted significantly. Hence, he decided to take a break.

"When did you reach the Master level?" Ke Ling asked curiously as she watched Yan Xiaobao. "I guess you found all sorts of inscriptions in the tomb?" Yan Xiaobao merely smiled before he crafted a memory stone and placed it on his forehead. A soft blue glow enveloped the courtyard before Yueyue tossed the memory stone to Cou Ling.

"So far, I've only perfected these two inscriptions, the Flying Rune and Rune Hidden Inscription. Unfortunately, I can't pass on the protective inscription I use on breastplates to you. Also, when you make the flying inscriptions, they have about seventy percent effectiveness, so they don't fly as fast as ours." He laughed as he stood up again. I need to leave, but at least this will help me gather quite a lot of materials.

He laughed, jumped onto his flying sword, and soared into the sky. He was heading in the direction of the black lion to gift a sword to Gao Yan. Although Yan Xiaobao had only created five swords so far, he planned to give one to each of his friends. When he saw Gao Jian, he was thrilled with the sword, then left, entering the Black Market Auction House.

"Young Master Hui," a servant bowed in greeting as Yueyue entered the auction house. Noticing that the servant recognized him, Yan Xiaobao wasn't surprised. He was used to it now; he gently smiled at the servant in front of him.

"I need to speak with Ma Kong," Yan Xiaobao confidently told the servant, certain he would be led to his good friend. Indeed, the servant bowed deeply again, "This way, Young Master Ma." The servant said as he led Yan Xiaobao to the actual mansion, away from the auction house, into the Ma family's residence.

They quickly arrived at Ma Kong's office. This young man's office was now that of an important figure in the Ma Family. He was highly regarded, often bringing great items to the auction house and excelling in customer service. Not to mention, Ma Kong was the person in charge of controlling Ma Business Insurance. Ma Company was originally part of the Liluo City Black Market Auction House, like his father and brother, but due to his outstanding talent, he was summoned to the Capital, where he took on greater responsibilities. Upon arriving in Muchuan City, he showcased his true skills and established himself as an important member of the core family.

Hearing the knock on the door, he called out, "Come in," and Yan Xiaobao entered the room. His appearance brought a smile that spread across Ma Kong's face.

"Yue!" he exclaimed joyfully as he placed the memory stone he was pressing on the table and stood up. "What should I be happy about?" he asked as he walked over to Yan Xiaobao, leading him to a chair.

Taking out the sword, he gently handed it to Ma Kong. Before he had time to speak, Ma Kong's eyes were filled with excitement.

"Is this one of those awe-inspiring flying swords I've heard about?" he asked, catching Yan Xiaobao by surprise.

"How could you have heard about them? I haven't given out anything until today..." he said loudly, but Ma Kong just smiled. "One of your clients came to buy a flying sword from us. After showcasing it, our family bought the sword for three hundred spirit coins. We've been hunting for more of them, but those who managed to get them have remained silent. The higher-ranking experts in this city are practically going crazy trying to purchase these swords."

Yan Xiaobao didn't know whether to laugh or cry at the news. He was shocked that someone had already sold his creations and was even more surprised at the extravagant prices they fetched. He felt a bit guilty for not telling his friends about the flying inscriptions earlier, though he never thought it would be a big deal. "Well, I'm the creator of these flying treasures. If you give me the remaining time and hand me some swords, I'll give you a small batch," Yan Xiaobao proposed. Practicing inscriptions could help him become a person with metal element, which he had been working on. Helping his friend at the same time was just a bonus.

"The inscriptions on this sword are better than the swords you previously purchased," Yan Xiaobao said, indicating the sword he had already given to Ma Kong. "Keep it for yourself. The inscriptions I'll use for your family won't be as efficient."

Ma Kong nodded, a brilliant smile on his face before he left the room for a moment. When he returned, he was holding a storage stone filled with ordinary swords around the edges.

Yan Xiaobao sat comfortably in the chair, stacking two runes on each sword, one by one, finally placing them on Ma Gang's desk.

*Knock**Knock*

"Come in." Ma Kong called out, and the door opened. The Clan Leader of the Ma Family was revealed at the door. He quickly entered the room and closed the door behind him, his eyes filling with excitement when he saw the pile of swords placed atop the table.

Chapter 870: Unrivaled Inscription (Part 3)

"I was told, the secret of the young master is that he is a special spiritual blacksmith capable of creating these flying swords. To see that you really created so many of them, I fear we may not have sufficient funds to purchase them. Might you be willing to sell them at the auction?" the Clan Leader asked, his heart aching. Though he truly wished to own these flying swords, he could not pay too high a price for so many. Upon hearing his words, Yan Xiaobao merely shook his head.

"Ma Kong is my good friend; I am gifting these to him. If you truly wish for me to be paid, then I am happy to accept some herbal medicines. Not rare ones, but those used by apprentice Alchemists." Yan Xiaobao laughed aloud, the Clan Leader's eyes grew increasingly bright. "Herbal medicine, you say? I will prepare them immediately."

Though Yan Xiaobao said he was gifting these swords to the Ma Family, they did not want to take his friendship for granted. If they didn't give him something in return for all his efforts, then their relationship might not be as good in the future. They preferred to pay for his work, so he would help them without hesitation in the future, rather than hoarding some precious treasures. They had benefited from Yan Xiaobao numerous times. Clearly, maintaining a good relationship with Yan Xiaobao would continue to boost their family's influence.

The Clan Leader and Ma Kong were not fools. Hearing that Yan Xiaobao requested herbal medicines for apprentice Alchemists implied that this genius before them had likely already succeeded in achieving elemental affinity with fire and wood, and it was evident before them that he clearly had elemental affinity with metal. Having three elemental affinities was exceedingly rare, and if allowed to grow, they could become top experts. The Clan Leader would do anything to maintain their friendly relationship with Yan Xiaobao.

Indeed, the Clan Leader was extravagant. For each sword, he offered a high-grade storage stone filled with herbal medicine, some even containing very rare herbs. Clearly, he had almost cleared out the entire herbal medicine storehouse of the Ma Family. Despite this expense, the Clan Leader deemed it worthwhile. Buying herbal medicine was simple. Mercenaries brought herbs daily and sold them to the auction house, but these flying swords could only be made by one person! Purchasing them and selling them at the auction was the best choice for the Ma Family.

Yan Xiaobao crafted these swords well. He knew the Ma Family wouldn't flood the market with them, and even if they did, it didn't matter to Yan Xiaobao. The swords were of a lower grade than his own; they were made of black iron, not from the high-quality materials from which Yan Xiaobao's sword was crafted, and the quality of the runes on them was lower than those on his own sword. When he decided to roam the skies, no one could follow him.

"We, the Black Market Auction House, cannot thank you enough for the goodwill you have brought to our family," the Clan Leader said excitedly, his eyes misty as he gazed at the tall flying swords piled on Ma Kong's desk.

"If you need anything, please feel free to contact us. The Black Market Auction House will always be there to support you. If we refuse, heaven might strike us down and crush our spirits!"

The Clan Leader was indeed quite emotional. His eyes were almost misty, and though he might have sworn an oath due to these emotions, it was an oath he would zealously uphold. It wasn't the first time Yan Xiaobao had done things beneficial for the Ma Family; he had done many things that brought fame and fortune to the Ma Family.

