

## Medical 891

### Chapter 891: Outstanding Genius (Part 3)

"So my limit is the seventh level," Yan Xiaobao murmured to himself during the pause. "I will gain the most benefit from creating seventh and sixth-ranking medicine pills. Although I gain less energy from creating sixth-ranking pills, my chances of success are much higher. If I undergo the best training, I will eventually waste a lot of material, but my power will surge."

He found himself in quite a dilemma. Although he had many herbs, the seventh-level pills required an unimaginable amount of herbs for each pill, and they were becoming increasingly rare.

"I suggest you focus your efforts on crafting the seventh-ranking medicine pills." Lan Feng said from downstream of the Dantian. "You can trade some of your pills for more herbs; although you will waste quite a bit of material this way, what you need is not to become an Alchemist, not even a Master Alchemist; you need to gain power. Strong enough to strike him down," Lan Feng reminded his friend.

As Yan Xiaobao spent all his time in his room refining pills, these days passed quietly. The only time he left his room was when he needed to visit the Black Market Auction House or the Alchemy Guild to exchange for other formulas or ingredients.

Despite Yan Xiaobao's desire to support the Ma family auction house as much as possible, he knew that they had nearly emptied their herb stock to acquire the Flying Swords he crafted. Even the Ma family could only purchase so many herbs from the mercenaries entering the city. The herbs Yan Xiaobao now needed were no longer easily attainable. The plants he needed were becoming increasingly rare and difficult to find.

That's why Yan Xiaobao had to go to two places to acquire materials.

Initially, Yan Xiaobao was nervous that someone might comment on a second-ranking Alchemist trading seventh-level pills, but he soon discovered that the Alchemy Association asked no questions. Whether purchasing pills or selling materials, no questions were raised. This made everything much easier for Yan Xiaobao.

Though Yan Xiaobao crafted pills daily, he found his strength continuously growing. His Inner Energy felt more profound than before and had increased significantly.

With a smile on his lips, Yan Xiaobao felt the primal power surge into his body, clenching his hands. He was certain that focusing on improving his strength was the right decision.

"The annual medicine pill auction begins tomorrow. Two days after the auction starts, the Alchemist competition will also begin. I think I've trained enough for the competition," Yan Xiaobao told Lan Feng, while trying to convince himself that he had mastered pill crafting. Not knowing the strength of his opponents was enough to make him anxious.

"Are you planning to sell any pills at the auction?" Lan Feng asked curiously, but Yan Xiaobao just shook his head. "All the pills I have are seventh-level pills. Although they are highly ranked, this is the annual pill auction. Many Masters have saved all their pills throughout the year and will auction them. I don't want to compete with them; those buying pills are here for those revered Masters' pills, not simple seventh-grade pills like mine. Holding onto them and selling them in a few weeks will yield greater profits, as everyone is selling now, hoping to achieve a good price, which will deplete the market.

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Chapter 892: Incomparable

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Hearing what Yan Xiaobao said, Lan Feng was at a loss for words. He couldn't find any fault in his young friend's words, and his approach was very cunning. This brought a smile to Lan Feng's face. "Brilliant!" he exclaimed after a moment, "Simply wonderful!"

"So what are you planning to do at the annual medicine pill auction?" Lan Feng asked curiously, but Yan Xiaobao just shrugged.

"I think I should take Julong, Lao, and Jo on a trip to the city. We can look around together. I've been neglecting them because of my training," Yan Xiaobao replied casually. Since he had already completed his research on pill refining and felt ready for the competition, he wasn't in a hurry to rush over, nor did he have any specific tasks needing to be done. What he needed to do now was wait for the much-anticipated day of the alchemy competition. He would showcase to the world that he was the best and youngest budding Alchemist in the competition.

After leaving the room, Yan Xiaobao soon found the children and Wang Julong in the garden, where the three of them were cultivating together. Seeing the three, Yan Xiaobao was greatly shocked. Although

Lao had just reached the King-level, he was already an expert at the King-level. His progress speed was simply unmatched.

Wang Julong was now a nine stars King, close to breaking into the Emperor Realm. She still had some golden pills that Yan Xiaobao had given her, but she hadn't used them yet because she was waiting for the right moment. Before using the pills to break through, she wanted to first reach her bottleneck. She knew she could always get more pills from Yan Xiaobao, but she felt that he had already spoiled her. She wanted to work hard on her own cultivation rather than accepting everything from Yan Xiaobao. Before using the pills to break through, she wanted to first reach her bottleneck. She knew she could always get more pills from Yan Xiaobao, but she felt that he had already spoiled her. She wanted to work hard on her own cultivation rather than accepting everything from Yan Xiaobao.

Yan Xiaobao understood Wang Julong's thoughts, and he respected her desire for self-cultivation. Because of this, he focused more on his own cultivation and that of the children. Lao and Jo were really important to Yan Xiaobao, more so than the two children could guess, and when Yan Xiaobao saw these two children with his lover, an indescribable warmth spread through him. Sitting down, he decided to observe his loved ones as they trained together while waiting for them to finish.

About two hours later, Wang Julong was the first to wake up from her meditation. When she opened her eyes and saw that Yan Xiaobao had locked himself in a room for such a long time, she was a bit puzzled. A warm smile appeared on Wang Julong's face, and she immediately walked over to him, sitting by his side.

Wang Julong sat down, with Yan Xiaobao holding her hand. The two people sat there hand in hand, watching the two kids putting in their best efforts in training. Neither of them spoke a word; there was no need to. Instead, Wang Julong gently leaned against Yan Xiaobao, a satisfied sigh escaping her lips. Although she knew Yan Xiaobao needed to train and work hard, she was happiest when he was by her side.

Wang Julong wasn't the only one enjoying the peaceful atmosphere. Hui Yue, determined to improve his skills to save Sha Yun, needed this time to let his worries relax. It helped him unwind and appreciate the scenery.

As the sun set, Lao and Jo began to move slightly, and after a while, the two of them awoke from their meditation. When they saw Yan Xiaobao and Wang Julong leaning against each other, both of them looked around. They held hands, smiling at the sight of the two of them.

Jo and Lao both felt their faces turn crimson from the sudden attention, but their reaction only made Yan Xiaobao burst into laughter.

"Jo and Lao, come here," he said, waving his hand, and the two kids immediately followed his command. Though they felt a bit embarrassed, they both saw Yan Xiaobao as the absolute authority in their lives. Whatever he said, Lao would lift his head up and follow him directly. Even if he said they were going to pass through the Hell World and back, Lao would follow Yan Xiaobao as faithfully as possible.

"Tomorrow, the pill auction will begin. In this wonderful city, there will be an entire week devoted to Alchemists and their medicine pills. In a few days, I will participate in the annual alchemy competition or tournament. Make sure Aunt Yun has returned," Yan Xiaobao said seriously, and Lao nodded, still waiting for what Yan Xiaobao would have him do.

"You both are very talented, and I think you should at least enjoy a day of fun," Yan Xiaobao said warmly. "Tomorrow, the four of us will attend the pill auction. I might acquire some herbal medicine I want for some time," Yan Xiaobao chuckled happily. He wanted to craft some rank eight medicine pills. Although he could use the materials he obtained from the tomb to make pills, his heart was affected, thinking about all the materials he'd end up wasting when refining these advanced pills. He didn't want to use materials from another world unless he was certain it would succeed. Thus, he traded a lot of pills for formulas ranked eighth in the guild. Unfortunately, it required a Golden Root that was at least a hundred years old.

Hui Yue had been trying to acquire the right herbal medicine, but neither the guild nor auction house had enough herbal medicine to meet Hui Yue's demands in making rank number eight pills. The reason was simple; everyone knew the annual pill auction was approaching, so many Alchemists would spend a significant amount to purchase suitable materials.

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"I know you're not interested in many of the medicine pills sold at the auction, because mine are much stronger; but there will be many merchants selling various other things. If you find something you're interested in, then you can buy it." He said, handing them a gold coin deposit stone.

"There are ten Elf Coins in these gemstones, you can use them freely. If you need more, come to me, and I'll give you some more." He said casually. Despite Yan Xiaobao working hard to earn his own money, he was not stingy when it came to his family. Considering the life his parents had in their youth, and what Lao and Qiao had been through, Yan Xiaobao hoped they could live comfortably. People might say he spoiled the children, but Yan Xiaobao didn't care.

Although the children were spoiled, Lao was the most diligent child Yan Xiaobao had ever met. For him, the dearer tiger and Qiao, the older boss worked harder. Qiao was too young to truly cultivate, but her strength had already reached the King-level. In the mansion, even the guards were weaker than her power. Although she didn't like cultivation, this young girl found a hobby in sparring with the guards, and as she often won against many guards, she gained new respect from them.

Yan Xiaobao didn't neglect these children. While he made Lao focus on cultivation, Yan Xiaobao taught him some martial arts skills that matched his elemental affinity, martial arts, and spiritual art. The Lao would practice these occasionally, but he would mainly focus on improving his own strength. His goal was to reach the Emperor's level, so he could start following Yan Xiaobao.

Yan Xiaobao also gave Qiao a lot of martial arts, martial arts skills, and spiritual art. Qiao had an outstanding understanding, and her control over these arts was surprising. Although her strength was increasing slowly compared to Lao, her combat ability was undoubtedly equal to his, if not better.

Given their current strength and what Yan Xiaobao had already provided for these two children, finding anything valuable at the city's many markets was highly unlikely, but even so, Yan Xiaobao wanted to give them the chance to buy whatever they imagined.

"Um," Qiao tentatively took a step forward. In front of Yan Xiaobao, she was often timid, only outspoken when with the guards or her brother Lao, so the gray-haired youth was surprised to see her step forward.

He immediately gave her a gentle smile and encouraged her to continue. "I would like to know," her voice was low. Since transforming from a simple disciple-ranked expert to a King-level expert, her intelligence had improved. She was also a bit more mature, no longer like a little child, but more like a young adult. These changes were more prominent in Lao than in her.

"I remember last year there was an annual medicine pill auction." She said, her voice growing confident with each word she spoke. "At that time, big brother managed to work hard enough to earn enough money to buy me a candy apple."

Her voice was almost normal now, but she didn't dare look at Yan Xiaobao, as she finally asked her question. "Would it be okay if I used some of the coins you've given us on food?"

Yan Xiaobao was initially confused, but when he thought about it, he realized that the candy apple might be the most precious memory in her life, and reliving such a memory would bring her inner joy and warmth. A soft smile appeared on Yan Xiaobao's lips as he knelt in front of her, gently stroking her head.

"If you spend all the coins on food, so be it. As long as you're happy, you can spend all the money, and I'll never be mad at you." He said comfortingly. When she heard his reply, Qiao immediately looked up. Doubt filled her eyes as she looked into Yan Xiaobao's deep blue eyes, and when she saw he was earnest, her own eyes glistened. She licked her lips to prevent tears from falling.

Seeing how emotional she became, Yan Xiaobao embraced her with a warm, fatherly hug, smiling at her and Lao.

"I am your father." He said with a serious expression on his face. "What I want from both of you is a good life. I want you to enjoy each day without worrying about how to survive the next day. I want you to be spoiled and experience all the things you've never done before." He said.

"Of course, I want both of you to become great experts, partly for myself, because I want you both to follow me as I travel the world. And, I wish to see that after you are on your own, you won't die an untimely death." Yan Xiaobao explained.

He never directly told these two children what he expected from them or what his hopes were, and his words caused Lao's chin to tremble, tears filling his eyes. Although he could feel that he was about to burst into tears, he still tried to hold them back.

"I've chosen you two for two reasons." Yan Xiaobao continued. "First, I discovered your talent is incomparable. It is so outstanding that to leave both of you without cultivation would simply be a shame."

"Second, you reminded me of myself. I lived a difficult life in a poor family, but at least I had my parents. You do not, so I wish to be the person who can give you the same feeling I had at home. Knowing someone cares for you, that someone is always waiting for you, and that someone hopes for your return home."

Lao spent a long time fighting with his internal emotions. Hearing what Yan Xiaobao said, he could feel his sincerity in each word, and he was simply overwhelmed by it. Initially, due to his talents, he was

certain that Yan Xiaobao had taken them in. He would always be an investment, but hearing what Yan Xiaobao said, the most important aspect wasn't making Lao a strong expert, but because he genuinely cared for them both.

Seeing someone care for him as he cared for Qiao, he suddenly felt as if a huge weight had been lifted from his shoulders. Even after Yan Xiaobao took them in, he was sure they could only stay as long as he worked hard. But now he finally felt that Yan Xiaobao was his father.

He walked unsteadily toward Yan Xiaobao. Throughout the years, pushing himself to be strong, nearly dying of hunger each day while knowing he had to care for Jo had built up and strained his soul. The pressure that no one in the world cared about their knowledge, that no one was willing to help in his everyday life, was finally released from his soul as he cried. He felt relieved, his eyes so misty, he could barely see anything, and he finally was able to let go. His tears finally fell freely.

Yan Xiaobao soon handed Qiao to Wang Julong, who received the child that also began to cry, while Yan Xiaobao pulled Lao into his embrace. He gently stroked the little boy's hair, a bittersweet smile spreading across Yan Xiaobao's lips. He knew this was an emotional moment for Lao, but he also hoped that the distant attitude Lao had shown up till now had vanished.

"Fa... Father," Lao said experimentally. He had previously said Yan Xiaobao was his father to friends at the academy, but this was the first time he had the courage to call him father. Both Yan Xiaobao and Lao were ecstatic. Yan Xiaobao had long hoped Lao would treat him like family, and Lao was proud to be allowed to call him father.

They stayed in the garden for an hour. The sun disappeared below the horizon, and the moon rose in the sky, bathing the four in soft moonlight.

It was only now that Lao regained control over his emotions. Although he was very mature and had gained excellent wisdom in reaching King-level, he still felt embarrassed by his behavior, but now he felt comfortable. More relaxed than ever, his happiness had spread. Jo had long since stopped crying, but like Lao, she was enjoying Wang Julong's warm embrace as she finally fell asleep in the old lady's arms.

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Chapter 894: An Exciting Day

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Lao slowly broke free from the warm embrace and wiped his face with the sleeve of his robe. Happiness flickered in his eyes, and a smile crept onto his face, a smile he obviously couldn't hide.

"I think we need to sleep now. Tomorrow will be an exciting day," Yan Xiaobao said, and Lao nodded. Although he wouldn't sleep but would be cultivating, he was resting while he did so.

"I'll get Qiao to sleep," Wang Julong said with a smile. As she walked toward the mansion, she stood up while gently cuddling the child. Yan Xiaobao and Lao followed behind, smiling.

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"Look at that!" Qiao said, her eyes constantly darting left and right. Her whole body trembled with excitement. She had never had the chance to visit a bustling market like this before. Many experts, merchants, and mercenaries had saved all their items for this annual pill auction, and the number of people selling goods was more than three times the usual. Food stalls were everywhere, and when she said she wished to spend her money on food, Qiao was quite earnest.

As a King-level expert, Qiao could eat as much as she wanted without gaining weight, and she made an effort to eat continuously. At one moment, she held a candied apple, and next, a sugar-coated almond. She often had some pastries and buns in hand as well.

Wherever she went, people treated her with great respect, especially considering she was such a small child, because they noticed her aura was extremely strong.

In the market, there were not only merchants, mercenaries, and cultivators, but also some poor people who came to sell their family heirlooms in hopes of earning enough money to survive.

Yan Xiaobao walked along with Wang Julong and Lao. On Yan Xiaobao's shoulder sat Huli, perched like a Guardian overlooking the entire world.

Lao, like Qiao, often looked around the sights. Whenever Qiao stopped to buy food, Lao would look at the nearby stalls, but he hadn't found anything that caught his attention yet. Yan Xiaobao wasn't interested in ordinary items; he only wanted to buy herbs and ingredients.

The more valuable the items, the farther from the market center they were. Usually, Muchuan City had five large markets and ten smaller ones; however, today, the small ones had become large, and the large ones had grown even larger. Today, everyone was out shopping. On the streets, stalls were set up, allowing even those who couldn't afford market fees to sell.

Entering the market was the safest option. Many guards from the city's powerful families would ensure there were no problems. Those outside the market risked being robbed by ruthless mercenaries.

The market where Yan Xiaobao and his family were currently was one of the smaller ones. As they walked through it, they understood it didn't have many interesting things.

"Let's head to one of the larger markets," Yan Xiaobao suggested with a smile, and the others nodded. The four of them moved towards the market near the Alchemy Guild. The closer they got to the market, the more people appeared in front of them. However, people ensured they weren't in the way of this group of four, as even the weakest child in the group was a top-ranked expert. Such talent was enough to intimidate anyone.

"It seems like the whole city is out here looking around," Yan Xiaobao laughed as he spoke to his family, all moving at a steady pace, not slowed by the crowd. Looking at the sky, Yan Xiaobao saw numerous experts zipping around on Flying Swords. Undoubtedly, it was the best mode of transport when the ground was packed.

"As his curiosity rose, it seemed like they were all headed in a certain direction." Looking at his family, he saw they shared the same curiosity. Even Qiao, busy with her fifth candied apple, was filled with curiosity.

The group exchanged smiles, needing no words, as they all summoned a Flying Sword from their storage stones.

Comparing these swords to the ones used by other experts was like comparing ants to elephants. These were crafted from the best materials Yan Xiaobao possessed, and the runes etched into them were the finest he could write. This group of four soared into the sky, heading in the same direction as the others.

Standing on their swords and looking down, they all realized they were heading towards the Alchemy Guild.

In front of the guild was a large city square. Usually, it was empty, but today, a large stage and rows of seating had been set up. Many of these seats were already taken, and Yan Xiaobao landed in front of an attendant handing out flyers, showing what kinds of pills would be on sale at today's auction.

The auction took place once a day for a week, with many Alchemists vying for a spot in today's auction. Initially, Yan Xiaobao wasn't interested in selling any of his medicine pills, but seeing the immense interest in many pills, Yan Xiaobao reconsidered.

Yan Xiaobao landed in front of the attendant, accepting a flyer and casually flipping through it. As he saw someone selling White Yin Energy Pills from an unknown grave, his eyebrows raised.

The Yin Pills weren't the only pills from the unknown grave; there were also some red and some black pills. Hui Yue recognized them all since he had many himself. On the other hand, he had never planned to sell these pills because he knew how useful these medicines were, especially since he frequently relied on the White Yin Energy Pills to maintain his training foundation's Yin Yang balance.

#### Chapter 895: An Exciting Day

Flipping through the flyers haphazardly, he didn't find anything interesting, but looking at everyone in attendance, their eyes were filled with the urge to purchase many medicine pills. Seeing their expressions, a smile appeared on Yan Xiaobao's lips.

"Let's stay and attend the auction." He chuckled, and the four of them went together to find some seats where they could clearly see the auction.

Finding seats wasn't as simple as they expected, as they needed four seats next to each other. Fortunately, they were all top-ranking experts, so no matter where they sat, they could see the stage, so they decided to just sit in some seats at the back.

The moment they sat in front of the servant, she appeared beside them. "I'm sorry, to participate in this auction, you need to pay fifty gold coins for those who wish to attend. Everyone will receive a number and a token, if you want to give fifty gold coins it will be deducted from the price you finally pay for our goods. Unfortunately, if you don't buy anything, this money is non-refundable."

"Do you want two numbers, does each of you have one?" the lady asked, but Yan Xiaobao scoffed at her question. "Four numbers are fine," he said, and with a simple wave, coins appeared, and he traded for four numbers. The woman glanced long at Qiao and Lao, and when she noticed their auras, her heart shook. At first, she noticed many auras in this group, but she thought it was from the two adults. It was only upon observing the children closely that she could feel the overwhelming aura.

Her heart trembled with fear. She was a Master-level cultivator, and she had been cultivating diligently. She was very proud to reach such a level at the age of twenty, yet these two children in front of her seemed very young, and their auras easily surpassed hers. Seeing them, she was very shocked internally, and she immediately handed them the numbers, treating them as if they were her parents.

The family who received the cards didn't pay much attention to the servant, and she rushed out, her mind completely shaken.

"Is there anything specific that caught your interest?" Yan Xiaobao asked curiously as they waited for the auction to begin, looking at the other three.

"I saw some poisonous pills," Wang Julong said with a smile. "The poisons are far better than any poison I've seen before, naturally, they interest me."

Hui Yue nodded, understanding her interest. He had skimmed past the poisons, as they were of no interest to him, but for Wang Julong, they were indeed valuable.

Yan Xiaobao wanted to give her more spirit coins, but he knew that she already found the ten spirit coins he previously gave her to be too miraculous. She wouldn't express her gratitude, because she knew if she did, the kids would refuse the money.

However, for now, she would refuse. The money she earned while treating other experts was stubborn, and she believed she had enough money. Yan Xiaobao had done this so many times that it was etched in his mind.

Sighing, he gave up saying anything before he even started, instead watching Lao and Qiao sitting between the two adults. Both of them held numbers and flipped through the catalog. As they read what each pill did, their eyes lit up. Some pills held their interest, while others quickly passed by.

Any pill that could increase their cultivation base was immediately ignored since they could casually use golden pills. Meanwhile, they also skipped over red pills and other energy-restoring pills.

"I need some Yang Pills," Qiao muttered to herself. "Father has many Yin Pills, but now that I'm a King-level cultivator, I need a lot of Yang energy." Although she was murmuring, Yan Xiaobao heard these words and nodded. Another storage stone with coins appeared and flew to Qiao.

"Here are those ten spirit coins too. Now, you have a total of twenty Soul Coins. Purchase all the Yang Pills you can get." He said earnestly. "It's crucial for your cultivation. I'll try to learn how to make them, but it will take some time. You're right, you need such pills, I'm sorry I didn't think of it earlier," Yan Xiaobao apologized. He genuinely felt regret because he had given Old Yin ten pills but hadn't given any to Qiao. She needed to balance her energy just like Lao.

"Don't worry, Father," Qiao said happily. "I can't imagine how long it would have taken me to reach King-level without your help, not to mention that without Uncle Feng, I could never have taken that pill. Without him, I would have had to let all the energy leave my body due to overwhelming pain."

Yan Xiaobao nodded, for what she said was true. Initially, he expected the Silvermoon's Pill to be a potent pill that anyone could take. However, these pills were mainly for children Jo's age in Heaven, but the pain was indeed very hard to bear, making it difficult for children to tolerate such a degree of pain. This was not only true in Heaven but even more so here, where children didn't begin cultivation until around seven or eight. And that was only the age when noble children started cultivating; many city dwellers didn't start until they were about ten.

In Heaven, children prepared to take the Silvermoon Pill at the age of five. The first five years of their lives were spent preparing for the pill. After they turned five, they would take the Silvermoon Pill, and their strength, maturity, and intelligence would surpass the Nine Heavens; then they would start cultivating from a level equivalent to King-level experts on this plane.

"What about Lao?" Yan Xiaobao asked curiously. "Did anything catch your attention?"

Lao kept flipping through the flyer, shrugging. "I don't know," he admitted. "I'm interested in some pills that help enhance individual affinities. Although my foundation is solid from the Silvermoon's Pill, I don't have much connection with my elements." Lao reflected.

Yan Xiaobao nodded in agreement. "Qiao, you should buy some pills too. If you both don't have enough pills, I'll give you more. These pills are crucial for your future." He spoke seriously, and after a while, the two children nodded.

Their cultivation was something they didn't want to jeopardize; they wanted to become stronger not only for themselves but also for Yan Xiaobao.

Time passed quickly as the four of them joked with each other and all the surrounding seats began to fill up.

Experts from the sky often appeared on Flying Swords and descended. Many of these experts already had reserved seats at the front, and when they sat down, they exuded arrogance. Many people looked at them in awe, but Yan Xiaobao had to suppress his laughter. All of them looked so conceited, but Yan Xiaobao knew their Flying Swords were actually terrible. Their swords were so ordinary that they would undoubtedly rest after a while because the swords couldn't handle constant martial power. Yan Xiaobao didn't care about this because he could provide more Flying Swords to the Black Market Auction House.

As the last person came down from the sky, a beautiful woman appeared on stage. This woman, Yan Xiaobao instantly recognized as the woman who controlled the exams. However, today she wore a fitted green dress. This dress showcased her curves as her hair fell down her back and her face. She was very attractive, but Yan Xiaobao only admired her beauty; he didn't lose his mind like many other men. Seeing her, a smile appeared on his face.

"Welcome everyone to this year's annual pill auction!" the woman began. In the ears of everyone present, her voice sounded very clear. Seeing her able to use her energy in this way, Yan Xiaobao knew she was an Emperor. It was evident that higher-level people were alchemists, and their cultivation was also at a higher level.

"This year we will be hosting a total of seven auctions. The first auction will be held today. All the ladies and gentlemen who have attended the meeting have received our flyers; today, we will start with the first item. The first auction item is a set of twelve crystallized hymn pills. These pills can heal the injuries a person suffers. Each of these crystallized hymn pills is of the Fifth Rank. These pills can heal almost any type of wound in just ten minutes. As these are only Fifth Rank pills, they cannot restore energy."

"Let's start the bidding for this set of twelve pills at fifty gold coins!" the woman's enticing voice resonated. Numerous numbers were raised, and in the initial few minutes, competition for the pills was

quite fierce, then quickly faded. After all, there were four sets of these crystallized hymn pills, and they sold very quickly.

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Chapter 896: Butterfly Pearl

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One by one, the pills were brought out, but these pills held no interest for Lao, Qiao, or Wang Julong. They were all hoping to purchase the high-ranking pills, which would be the last batch of pills in today's auction.

As they waited and watched, Yan Xiaobao and his small family were busy observing the people around them. They looked at who bought what items and who hadn't purchased anything.

They had great patience, happily watching everyone in the square. Sometimes they would look back with a tinge of sourness, then hurriedly move on to another person, sometimes they laughed and then laughed again. Many people were present waiting for the last pills, those of the higher rank.

Finally, the stage was cleared, and some guards appeared with jade boxes. Now these pills were no longer sold in packs of twelve. Instead, they were sold individually. Their ranking was so high that if they were sold in batches, not many people could join the bidding war, and they would lose money.

"Here we have a poison pill known as the Butterfly Pearl. Its name is as if there's a butterfly image printed on the pill. This poison pill is very potent, anyone who takes it will die within three days. There is no way to trace this poison, and there are no known cures. We start the bidding at fifty Gold Coins!"

Upon hearing this explanation, Yan Xiaobao saw the excitement in Wang Julong's eyes. It was obvious, like a child on Christmas Eve. He found her behavior so adorable that he couldn't help but chuckle. Fortunately, Wang Julong didn't have time to look at him because she was focused on the pills in front of her; these were the pills she truly wanted.

Gazing at the pills on stage, Wang Julong was filled with excitement. The Butterfly Pill was an extremely rare poison pill. It was a pill that could undoubtedly kill anyone. It didn't matter if the person was a Saint or a disciple. Whoever they were, they would die.

This toxic pill was exactly what Wang Julong hoped to study in her collection. If she had time to examine the pill, she should be able to use her abilities to create some new poisons herself. Though it wasn't possible to replicate this pill or any other drugs made by an Alchemist, Wang Julong excelled at replicating and creating poison powders, inspired by the pills she examined.

Raising her sign, Wang Julong was the first to bid. Both she and Hu Yue hoped no one else would want to purchase such a unique item. Unfortunately, they were proven wrong. Three signs were raised in succession, and by the time Wang Julong bid again, the price was nearing seventy Gold Coins.

The bidding began to slow, and suddenly only two experts were fighting against each other. One expert was Wang Julong, and the other was an old man near the front. Both were very stubborn, as neither backed down, and everyone remained completely silent, curious to see who would win the pill.

While these experts were watching Wang Julong, their gaze also fell on Lao, Qiao, and Yan Xiaobao. Seeing the surprise in the two men's eyes, their jaws dropped.

It was quite clear that these two youngsters were King-level experts, and the man beside them was undoubtedly the Grand Marshal of the Beast Army.

The old man also noticed the power of the team Wang Julong came from. "My life is more important than this pill," the man mumbled to himself, but even so, his heart ached with the longing for the toxic pill. Shaking his head, he could only blame himself for not being strong enough, as a self-mocking smile appeared on his lips, allowing Wang Julong to make the final bid.

"Sold! The Butterfly Pill goes to bidder number 474. The final price is ninety-five Gold Coins!" The woman on stage was nearly as ecstatic as Wang Julong. Selling poison pills usually wasn't profitable at all. People had to be interested in poison to even start, which excluded many. Almost everyone considered it a coward's skill, so no one chose that path.

Even so, a fair number of such pills had emerged today, and they sold for a relatively high price; she would earn a considerable amount from the commission.

Meanwhile, Wang Julong, who had been saving money for years while treating people, also had the ten Spiritual Coins given by Yan Xiaobao. The price hadn't discouraged her. She was willing to spend more than half her savings to buy contraceptive pills.

"Next, we stay in the Poison World." The beautiful lady said as another pill was placed on the stage near her. "This toxic pill is different from the Butterfly Pill. It's called a Blood Corrosive Pill. It's a slow-acting poison. When someone ingests this pill, their blood will slowly begin to corrode. Like the Butterfly Pill. There's no antidote, but this poison doesn't work on holy ranking experts, only on Emperors and below."

Yan Xiaobao looked at his beloved to see if she also had an interest in this poison, but her eyes were filled with uncertainty. Contraceptive pills only applied to Emperors, and she knew almost everyone Yan Xiaobao fought were Saints. She wanted it to be useful for him, so this poison was too weak.

"Let's start by selling this Blood Corrosive Pill at fifty Gold Coins!" the woman shouted excitedly, but when she noticed Wang Julong didn't want this item, the excitement quickly turned sour.

However, the old man wasn't disappointed that she wasn't bidding; to him, this was a great opportunity. He did his best to win the contraceptive pills.

#### Chapter 897: Butterfly Pearl (Part 2)

Although some others bid on this pill, they quickly withdrew, and the old man won it for seventy gold coins.

He was extremely excited, his eyes shining brightly. When the next poison pill appeared on stage, they would glitter even more greedily. Seven kinds of poison pills appeared in total. Wang Julong purchased all those effective for Saints. Unfortunately, there were only three such pills, so the old man bought the other four.

The old man quickly realized that what Wang Julong commanded was truly what she wanted, and he did not wish to compete with someone so influential. If they were annoyed by inflated prices, they might find that he would retaliate. He decided not to disturb them, still holding on to four poison pills, as he was very excited.

After the poison auction, medicine pills that interested Lao appeared. These pills enhanced people's affinity for their elements. He bought a significant portion of such pills, smiling satisfactorily after a

round of bidding. Although he nearly spent all the money Yan Xiaobao gave him, he knew it was a good investment. It would dramatically increase his power.

Following these medicine pills, it was time for pills containing Yin Energy to appear. When he saw some were white pills from the tomb, Yan Xiaobao was surprised. While other pills also contained Yin Energy, none were as effective as those from the tomb. To Yan Xiaobao, it was obvious why. The tomb's owner was from another world, a heavenly world, and therefore his pills were superior to those originating from this lower-ranked world.

The contest for Yin Pills was incredible. So many experts wanted to buy the Yin Pills that they were willing to pay extravagant prices to obtain them. Some even reached the price of a single spirit coin.

Ordinary Yin Pills were also interesting to some poorer families, who could not afford to participate in the bidding wars for more excellent pills.

With the final Yin Pills sold, the Yang Pills emerged. This caused Jo to immediately move to the edge of her seat, as she was ready to bid.

Once the pills were introduced, Qiao raised her hand and shouted clearly, "One spirit coin!"

Throughout the auction, that voice rang out, stunning everyone with the high bids. Even Yan Xiaobao was surprised upon hearing her voice, but after a moment, a smile appeared on his lips. There were a total of ten Yang Pills of different strengths, exactly the same number as the spirit coins.

Thinking about it, Yan Xiaobao was not very surprised. They needed to consume Yang Pills every day of the auction, so selling only 10 pills per day was quite natural. Similar to the Yin Pills.

"This young lady has bid one spirit coin. Does anyone want a higher price?" The lady on stage smiled brightly. The prices she obtained at the auction were absolutely satisfactory.

No one shouted out, and Jo won the first pill. The second pill was released, followed by the third. Everyone participating in the auction began to feel a headache; it was clear that Jo was unwilling to let even one pill slip away. Her clear voice rang throughout the area, and everyone looked at her, seeing only a child with a terrifying aura. Her entire team was terrifying.

After the last Yang Pill was sold, various miscellaneous pills appeared. Some could change a person's appearance or aura. Another made it possible to completely hide a person's aura. One could make you invisible, another could make you infinitely more attractive. While many of these drugs were useful in certain situations, they were usually not very expensive, mostly intriguing or amusing. By the auction's end, customers were in a good mood, laughing at the pills' functions.

"Let's go pick up the pills before returning to the market." Yan Xiaobao said as the auction ended, with a slight wave of his hand, a new gold coin storage stone appeared. She had spent all the money. Although she had saved some money before, it was all spent on food, and the money Yan Xiaobao gave her was all used on Yang Pills.

"Here are another ten soul coins." he said, then filled Lao's golden storage stone with more spirit coins. Lao and Qiao did not refuse them, but Yan Xiaobao could see that Wang Julong would not accept them. With a sigh, he did nothing but put the coins back.

"Master Hui!" Someone called to a middle-aged man approaching them, waving his hand with a smile on his face.

"General Ji," Yan Xiaobao smiled and approached the man. He had met the General while traveling to unknown tombs. At the time, he had been working under the Third Prince's rule, but who he was working for now, Yan Xiaobao did not know.

"Meeting Mr. Xu here and having the pleasure of seeing these two outstanding prodigies, perhaps you could introduce me?" he said with a smile on his face. Clearly, his intention was to befriend the two children, but Lao and Qiao were not foolish. They could see his intentions immediately, yet they still smiled at the old man.

"General Ji, these are my two children, Little Lao and Little Qiao. Indeed, they are prodigies, managing to reach King-level at such a young age. We are proud of them." He smiled as he looked at the two children and spoke with a grin.

### Chapter 898: Butterfly Pearl 3

Upon hearing these words, General Ji was shocked. It wasn't just him, but many experts who were wandering around, heard the conversation between the General and Yan Xiaobao. When they confirmed their belief that these children were actually Kings, they were deeply shaken inside. Their cultivation speed was truly terrifying.

"General, you must forgive us, we need to pick up our items." Yan Xiaobao said with a smile as he gently led his family towards the desk to pay for the medicine pills they had won.

"Father, aren't we a bit abnormal?" Lao suddenly asked while looking at Yan Xiaobao, but the old man just patted his head. "Abnormal? Maybe. But I don't care about such things. I wish for your safety. Your life is far more important than a normal life." Yan Xiaobao said solemnly, and Lao nodded. Who cares if they're abnormal. The important thing is they can become strong. After paying and picking up the medicine, the group decided to return to the market. Walking on the main market road, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but notice what was happening around him. Many experts stepped aside to make way for Yan Xiaobao and his family as they walked forward.

In the market, many mercenaries were selling the beast cores and herbal medicine they had obtained over the past few months. Yan Xiaobao would occasionally purchase some items. As he had reached a higher level as an Alchemist, he needed more beast cores as ingredients for his pills. Although he had obtained many cores in the sacred underground city, he hadn't killed many beasts recently.

They soon reached the end of the market. Outside, Yan Xiaobao saw many restaurants and entertainment venues.

"Why don't we go to one of these restaurants together for a meal?" Yan Xiaobao asked with a smile. It was a good day; he allowed himself to relax, although he hadn't forgotten about Sha Yun and her situation, he figured he could have a day of comfort.

"You must take us to a great restaurant!" Qiao said, her eyes sparkling with light, and Yan Xiaobao swore he could see her drooling. Lao watched Qiao, feeling she might be a bit too bold. He worried Yan Xiaobao would scold her, but the white-haired young man laughed, affectionately patting her head. "Of course, it will be a proper meal. You can eat to your heart's content, and if you show yourself well, you can even taste some wine." He laughed.

Although Qiao and Lao were children, they were King-level experts. Ordinary wine could no longer get them drunk, only immortal wine could do so, and immortal wine was not something people could buy in stores.

"Qiao, since you want to eat a lot of food, why don't you decide what we should eat?" Yan Xiaobao laughed happily. To him, where they ate wasn't important, he just wanted to experience the feeling of being with his family.

"Can I really decide?" Qiao asked with big eyes, her voice trembling slightly. Yan Xiaobao nodded. Everyone looked at Qiao, it was obvious she had some ideas.

"When it was just Lao and me, I would often pass by this restaurant. The smell of the food was intoxicating. When I was hungry, I'd always want to go there, but the servants would drive me away. I often dreamed of going every time I passed, but knowing our situation, how could I tell Brother about my wishes?" Qiao recalled many times she passed by the restaurant, her face filled with emotion. Although she was smarter now, her wish to one day eat at the restaurant still remained, and now that she was allowed to choose, she wanted to eat there.

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Chapter 899: Dreams Come True

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"Lead the way in this situation," Yan Xiaobao said with a smile on his face. Allowing Qiao's dream to come true, how could Yan Xiaobao not grant her simple wishes?

Not only was Qiao ecstatic, but Lao was equally excited, though expressing this excitement was awkward due to his age. Nevertheless, his pace was quick and his face bore an irrepressible smile.

The family of four crossed the busy streets heading to the restaurant that Qiao had longed for many times.

After walking halfway through the town, Qiao finally stopped. Before her was a bustling restaurant, teeming with people. The aroma of delicious food wafted out from inside. Yan Xiaobao could imagine how young Qiao would walk past this bustling place.

Qiao, once at the forefront, no longer wished to enter first, so she hid behind Yan Xiaobao, holding Wang Julong's hand. Her behavior was understandable as her only real interaction with this place had

been to be driven away. Although she now knew the situation was different, these emotions couldn't change. Even Lao was a bit worried and held onto Wang Julong with his other hand.

The woman watching the two children felt her heart soften. She gazed at Yan Xiaobao, conveying her intention. He moved ahead, and the three followed him.

Yan Xiaobao felt somewhat helpless and shook his head before heading toward the entrance. Two guards blocked the way, but after closely observing Yan Xiaobao and his family, they respectfully bowed and opened the door.

Entering inside felt like stepping into another world. The lights dimmed, and many booths were filled with parties. Some were mercenaries celebrating their day's sales, while others were merchants doing the same. There were also Alchemists celebrating.

The clinking sounds could be heard when glasses were used for toasts and utensils clattered on plates. Loud voices chatted and laughed, filling the restaurant with excitement. Only a few noticed the entrance of Yan Xiaobao and his family, quickly losing interest in them.

A servant rushed to them, "Milos, what can I do for you?" he asked bowing deeply, hands clasped together. His eyes quickly scanned the entire group, and as he noticed the two children, his heart trembled. Although they held their mother's hand like good kids, each had an aura stronger than his own. It was so powerful that he couldn't even gauge his own strength. Seeing children much stronger than him, his heart couldn't help but quiver.

"Do you have a private booth?" Yan Xiaobao looked around the noisy restaurant, "Can we have a quieter place? I will certainly pay extra."

"Yes, yes. We have VIP rooms." The servant turned around and led the four to the back of the restaurant, ascending a flight of stairs.

On the second floor, many rooms were separated by thick blankets and curtains. This ensured the sound within the rooms was muffled. Out of the five curtain and blanket-covered rooms, only two were occupied, while the other rooms were free.

The servant guided the four experts into one of these private booths. Three walls were draped with curtains and blankets adorned with beautiful embroidery. They depicted various magical beasts, while the final stone wall had two large French doors leading out to a small balcony. People could choose to open the doors to let fresh air into the room.

In the middle of the room was a round table, with various cushions scattered on the floor. Clearly, these cushions were meant for seating.

"Please make yourself comfortable. If you need to order food and drinks at this low price, feel free to use the Memory Stone in the middle of the table. Sending a message on this stone will instantly reach me." he explained.

Yan Xiaobao and his family sat at the table, and the servant left a card in front of each guest. The card explained the food and drinks they offered.

Seeing the guests focused on the menu, the servant bowed deeply and left the room. He made sure to close the curtains so no one could hear the sounds inside. Although no one could hear exactly what's being said, they could hear faint sounds from adjacent rooms, and laughter too.

"So Qiao, now that we're here, what would you like to order?" Yan Xiaobao asked gently, but Qiao's eyes widened, her face full of uncertainty. "I don't know..." she said helplessly looking at the menu. "Everything looks good, I simply can't choose!"

"I must admit I find it difficult to decide too." Wang Julong said, smiling at the same menu, completely unsure of what to choose.

"Well, let's do this." Yan Xiaobao said as he summoned the waiter. It only took a moment before he appeared in front of Yan Xiaobao and his family.

"What can I do for you?" he asked very politely, inwardly surprised they had summoned him already. Usually, it took some time to decide what to eat, but this family made a quick decision.

"We'll have one of each dish from the menu." Yan Xiaobao nodded, and the waiter felt his eyes open wide. "You want one of each dish?" he was repeatedly stunned but when he saw Yan Xiaobao nod, his

heart raced with joy. Anyone ordering one of each dish must be quite wealthy, which meant if he did his job well, he might receive a very good tip. He bowed and prepared to leave, but then turned back. "Milos, for your drinks, what would you prefer?" he asked politely.

Chapter 900: Dreams Come True (Part 2)

"All of us want some wine. I'll let you choose the best," Yan Xiaobao said casually. Although the servant was elated, he began to doubt whether Yan Xiaobao truly had as much money as he pretended.

Seeing the hesitation in the waiter's eyes, Yan Xiaobao withdrew three spirit coins and tossed them to him. "You go ahead; this should be enough to cover the entire meal and drinks. You can keep the rest."

Seeing the three spirit coins, the waiter's mouth went dry. One and a half would be enough to cover all the expenses and even leave a nice tip, but three spirit coins were much more than he had earned in the past year.

Bowing deeper, the waiter couldn't help but say "Thank you" in a trembling voice. He immediately rushed downstairs to find his manager, and when the manager saw the three spirit coins, his mouth went dry too.

"These guests, treat them well," the manager said, gripping the waiter's shoulder tightly. "If they can become regulars, I'll make you the CEO!"

Hearing this promise, the servant was willing to do anything to ensure that they enjoyed their visit so much they'd return.

"Boss, I'll bring the peach wine," he said seriously, and the boss nodded. "Take it. Let them drink as much as they want and let them party here all night. Even if they stay after the restaurant closes, accommodate them. It's entertainment we're here for, and they're really paying a lot!"

The waiter could only nod and then hastened to the wine cellar to pick up two bottles of Old Wine. Both came from a batch of only twenty bottles, but the bottles were still taken out. The servant raised the bottles and headed up the stairs to the second floor.

"Milord, please enjoy this peach wine. It's a specialty of our restaurant. The supply is very limited, but I believe you'll like it!"

After saying this, the servant poured the wine into a glass, and Yan Xiaobao tasted it. As the wine entered his mouth, a surprised expression appeared on his face, and he nodded. "This is a very fine wine," he praised, and the servant felt as if a weight had lifted from his shoulders.

Pouring the wine for each guest, the servant bowed once more. "I will return shortly with the food," he humbly said, disappearing behind the heavy embroidered curtains. Soon, the food was served on the table, but they had ordered so much that not even half could fit on the table at once. Therefore, the servant placed some dishes on the table and then left the room, allowing the curtains and blankets to fall, letting the family quiet down.

The embroidery on these blankets and curtains was filled with various runes. These runes prevented words from leaving the room, allowing only faint laughter and voices from outside. Although speech was not allowed in the room, they could still hear everything outside.

When the food arrived, everyone was eager to taste it, their eyes filled with happiness as if they were children. This was one of the most expensive restaurants in town, and even though every meal cost a fortune, the fame of the food proved it was worth it.

Tasting the food, everyone suddenly fell silent. They were savoring the delicious dishes, saying nothing; they were entirely overwhelmed.

After some time spent eating, Yan Xiaobao turned to Lao. "Will you continue your studies at the academy? You can graduate once you reach the King-level," Yan Xiaobao asked curiously, and Lao pondered for a moment.

"Even though I can graduate, I think I'll continue the classes. I never had the chance to learn much about the basics of cultivation before, and to be honest, you're a terrible teacher," Lao admitted candidly, causing Yan Xiaobao to burst into laughter. He was well aware he wasn't a good teacher.

"I'm not interested in what the twins are doing," he said with a serious expression. "Although the kingdom has many powerful Martial Arts, beneficial to us, I'm unwilling to sacrifice my cultivation to aid a kingdom that has never helped me," he said earnestly, and Yan Xiaobao understood him.

Lao looked seriously at Yan Xiaobao. "Don't forget, you promised that when I become Emperor, I can travel with you!" he said earnestly. Yan Xiaobao nodded at the statement. For once, he did not laugh but was serious. "When you become Emperor, you can join me in helping me with various things I need to accomplish," Yan Xiaobao confirmed, and Lao's face broke into a smile. To him, it was most important to be useful to Yan Xiaobao. He felt he owed his new father the world and would do his best to help him. He was not inclined to assist a kingdom that did nothing when he most needed it.

"Tell us about the Sacred Dungeon!" Qiao begged, laughter filling the air as Yan Xiaobao and Wang Julong began recounting their experiences. Yan Xiaobao withheld nothing from these children and his lover. They were his family, and they should know the truth.

As they chatted, the servant occasionally appeared with empty plates and placed new ones. With the family enjoying delicious dishes while sipping delightful peach wine, the supply of food was unending, hour after hour. The family felt they could relax and enjoy each other's company. Even Hui Yue suppressed his sadness and worries about Sha Yun, having a wonderful day with his family. Later, he would again focus all his energy on winning the Alchemist competition.

As they were speaking, Yan Xiaobao suddenly frowned, looking at the entrance of the room. The others stopped talking, watching Yan Xiaobao to see if he would say something, but he simply shook his head and smiled.