

## Medical 901

### Chapter 901 Dreams Come True (Part 3)

However, not long after, others also heard some commotion on the lower floor of the restaurant, causing them to frown. They had been enjoying their time in the restaurant, and now someone had interrupted their good mood.

The sounds grew nearer, and they soon heard a servant speak. "Sir, all the VIP rooms are occupied. We implore you not to cause any trouble. We can reserve a room for you tomorrow!" His voice trembled with fear, yet he still dared to protect Yan Xiaobao and the other guests.

"Don't worry about this old man," an arrogant voice sounded. "Although nothing is available right now, I will clear a room for you. I'll ensure nothing harms your restaurant."

The voice was no longer distant but very close, and suddenly, the blanket and curtains at the entrance of Hui Yue's family room opened wide.

Looking at the door, Yan Xiaobao casually picked up a dumpling and slowly ate it, ignoring those bursting in.

There were seven people: four Kings and three Emperors. They all had an arrogant aura, and as they looked at the small family inside, they couldn't help but laugh. They knew they had chosen the right room.

"Leave now, and we'll let you live!" said one of the King-level experts as he stepped forward with a knife appearing in his hand.

"Lao, how is your training going?" Yan Xiaobao casually asked his son, who grinned. "The attacks you taught me are exceedingly powerful!" he said. Delightfully, he also ignored the people standing at the door.

"Good," Yan Xiaobao nodded in satisfaction. This strange behavior from the father and son infuriated the earlier speaking King-level expert, and he charged at Yan Xiaobao. "It's your own fault! You should have listened!" he shouted, but less than a second after Lao moved his hand, no one could see anything except a blur and golden light.

The charging expert screamed and fell to the ground. Looking down at his legs, he found two perfect circular holes that had severed his muscles, making it impossible for him to move his legs anymore.

"You bastards! This is the young Master Shao!" shouted one of the Emperors as he stepped forward. Watching the advancing expert, a small flame appeared on Yan Xiaobao's index finger. As he watched the advancing expert, he flicked his finger, and the flame turned into a Fireball. This Fireball was at most 2 centimeters in diameter, and it shot swiftly toward the Emperor.

The flame was faster than the Emperor's reactions, and it suddenly reached the Emperor's head, right between his eyes. As the flame burned within his skull and ignited his brain, the Emperor let out a sharp scream. This caused the expert to collapse onto the ground. With a flick of his hand, Yan Xiaobao had killed an Emperor-ranked expert. In the eyes of all the other experts who had rushed in with him, fear was evident.

The man at the back, known as the young Master Shao, turned pale with fear. He quickly found a piece of jade he had crushed. The remaining guards jumped towards the two people attacking Lao and Yan Xiaobao. Although Lao did not kill the Emperor of King Ranking, he would still need considerable attention from a therapist to recover.

Yan Xiaobao and Lao stood up, both ready to face the arriving experts. On the other hand, Qiao and Wang Julong did not participate in this fight.

Qiao also did not participate in the fight, but that was because Yan Xiaobao and Lao told her not to. She was still a child. Yan Xiaobao and Lao both wanted her to remain innocent. They would rather she didn't have to kill anyone, if they could help it. As long as the two of them could protect her, they would do their best.

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Chapter 902 Everywhere

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The battle was bloody. Lao used the martial power art given to him by Yan Xiaobao. His two fingers, the index and middle fingers, pointed forward, while the rest of the hand was clenched. From the tips of these two fingers, a long martial power sword shot out like a blade. This was an incredibly sharp martial

power sword; something Lao used to kill. All the kings were easily handled by Lao, while Yan Xiaobao dealt with the Emperor.

The battle was short and bloody. Guard after guard fell and died. Even Lao no longer harmed them; determination filled his eyes, his anger boiling within.

He refused to see anyone cause trouble for Yan Xiaobao. Anyone who caused problems for his father had to die. He would use his strength to support Yan Xiaobao for the rest of his life, and if that meant killing, he would kill.

Yan Xiaobao understood Lao's mindset and smiled proudly at his son.

Looking at the only person left, the young Master Shao, Yan Xiaobao pondered his next move. Killing the guards was already excessive, but Yan Xiaobao still felt angry that they had disturbed his quiet time with his family. Moreover, he had heard they were from the Shao Family, and he didn't mind humiliating a family.

To bring as much trouble to the Shao Family as possible, Yan Xiaobao summoned another flame with his index finger and waved at the young master. He no longer focused on the young man, knowing that despite being an emperor, the young master was incapable of defending against his Blue Flame.

Suddenly, the entire restaurant echoed with a loud roar. It drew Yan Xiaobao's attention to the young man now standing behind a large middle-aged man. The man wore a black robe, and his black hair fluttered in the wind blowing in through the open door leading to the balcony.

Upon surveying the expression on this man in black, it turned pale. He immediately turned around, struck the young master hard, sending him flying ten meters as he spat blood. The young master's eyes showed an expression of disbelief.

"Ah, if not Mr. Shao," Yan Xiaobao looked politely at the Saint before him. "Who would have thought you'd be everywhere? Please don't tell me those experts I disciplined came from your family? If I knew, I would have punished them rather than killed them," Yan Xiaobao said with a laugh.

His voice was friendly, Yan Xiaobao's smile radiant, while Mr. Shao's was somewhat stiff. It was clear that his mood was foul.

"No, you don't need to apologize," the clan leader said, lifting the young master to bow to Yan Xiaobao. "Knowing my disobedient son has caused trouble, I truly apologize," Shao said, with his son understanding his father's intentions through gritted teeth. "Apologies for the trouble this inept person has caused."

The young Master Shao had never been treated like this before, as if he was ready to vomit more blood without having to apologize to the one who killed all his guards. It was an injustice he would forever be disappointed by! Many of the experts killed were the Shao Family's elite guard. Their demise led to the entire Shao Family losing strength. Although the Shao Clan Leader was one of the most powerful Saints in Muchuan City, he knew that his individual strength was only to benefit his family. He needed strong allies and followers to maintain their powerful family status in Muchuan City.

Looking at Yan Xiaobao, the Shao Clan Leader shivered, reminded of an episode at the unknown grave. There was once a large group of saints, but suddenly a white blizzard appeared, and one saint after another died, unable to overcome their fate. Until today, Mr. Shao was deeply terrified in his heart. If he was unlucky, he would have died back then.

Knowing Yan Xiaobao could swiftly kill so many experts like him, he understood that Yan Xiaobao could easily kill him now. Despite his anger and regret, he remained humble before Yan Xiaobao. In fact, his behavior was so humble that even his son was forced to bow and apologize, despite having lost many guards.

"To think that our younger generation dared to cause such trouble, I deeply regret and apologize." Upon hearing this, Yan Xiaobao nodded. "I accept your apology, now please excuse us. We'll spend the night together," Yan Xiaobao said. Without a word, a normal flying sword appeared before the clan leader, and he and his son disappeared onto the open balcony.

Once they left, waiters from all over the restaurant came to clean up the bodies, wash away the blood, allowing Yan Xiaobao and his family to continue their meal and enjoy their time.

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"Father!" The young Master Shao said indignantly after flying out of the restaurant. "That man is nothing more than an emperor, how could you show him such respect? There's nothing worthwhile in his eyes!"

"Shut up!" His father shouted, enraged. "Do you remember I told you about a deadly expert comparable to Yanluo? A man who kills saints as easily as a saint?" His father asked, leaving his son dazed. He wasn't sure why they were discussing this.

"The white-haired young man you saw is the expert I mentioned. And you thought you had to insult him? We can't even avenge the killed guards. All we can do is endure! Behind him is not only the Beast Army from the Divine Domain, but also a large group of saints within the city!" He couldn't help but recall the sudden rise in power of saints Ye Ling, Zhu Jun, and Luo Qiang. This was clearly due to Yan Xiaobao and his assistance to them.

Chapter 903 Omnipresent\_2

"Didn't you notice those two kids? Although they look like they're ten years old or younger, they have the ability to defeat King-level experts. Clearly, they have many experts supporting them and many other secrets that even others cannot fathom. Don't insult them, because we're not strong enough to deal with them."

Looking at his father, the young master's expression became serious. "You mean we can take revenge one day?" he asked excitedly, and his father nodded. "Many nobles are dissatisfied with this young man's sudden rise in our city. He's just a bastard of mixed blood. It's only natural for us to get rid of him."

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The restaurant was very efficient, and soon after, the bodies were dealt with. The blood had been cleaned up, and new rugs, cushions, and curtains were placed around the room. This ensured that there was absolutely no trace of the battle. They even offered some complimentary dishes for their trouble.

The initial atmosphere was a bit tense. Lao was a young boy; despite his strong determination and killing many experts at once, the sudden consequences made him feel a bit queasy.

Yan Xiaobao sat beside him, gently patting his head. "It's never easy, but you did the right thing. You might feel nauseous, but it will get better soon. Think of it this way, killing those who bully the weak;

you'll save many people. You saw how they were willing to use the restaurant's VIP room to kill us. Imagine how many people have already died at their hands."

Hearing Yan Xiaobao's words, Lao felt much better. "Father, that Saint appeared, why did he treat you with such awe? It seemed like there was hostility between you two, yet he even reprimanded his son in front of you. He even ignored the fact that we recklessly killed his elite guards?"

Ever since reaching the King-level, Lao had become smarter; even a young person like him could notice small things. Yan Xiaobao understood that this issue was serious, and he gave Lao a wry smile.

"Do you remember I told you a group of Saints was prepared to attack us in the inner chamber of an unknown tomb?" Yan Xiaobao asked. He had already narrated his entire experience in the tomb, and Lao nodded. He remembered everything his father had told him.

"This Clan Leader Shao was one of those blocking our way. He's slightly stronger than the weakest in my Blizzard Prison, which is why he survived, but like any expert encountered in the Blizzard Prison, he fears dying next to me. Even now, I'm sure he's somewhat afraid of me because of that."

"But isn't it terrible to increase the hostility between the two families?" Qiao suddenly asked from the other side. "What if he suddenly wants to take revenge against our family?"

Hearing this question, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but chuckle. "They certainly want to get rid of me. In the Sun Kingdom's Capital, there are many who want to eliminate me. The reasons they hate me are as many as the stars in the sky. Some don't want to acknowledge a person of mixed blood, thus they want me dead. Some fear I will lead the Divine Origin Beast Army to destroy their Kingdom.

"Others are simply unhappy that I have gained my power, while others oppose me because they want my treasures and secrets."

"Those who wish to get rid of me are gathering together; soon they will begin to oppose me." Yan Xiaobao shrugged.

"How do you know this?" Lao asked curiously, "Did Uncle Gao warn you?"

"Haha, no, Uncle Gao is still investigating," Yan Xiaobao said with a laugh. "It's just something I know will happen. These experts are all human. No matter how much they wish to hide their animosity, they cannot do so. Because of the red wolf, my intuition is much keener than people expect. Seeing through false smiles and expressions is as easy as scratching my head," Yan Xiaobao boasted slightly, but his words made Lao and Qiao nod in satisfaction.

Yan Xiaobao, deep down, wasn't that confident. "We'll be able to take on three or four Saints at once. If they come at me with more than that, it will become troublesome," Lan Feng said, and Yan Xiaobao nodded seriously. Despite being very strong, he was, after all, just an Emperor. Relying on Lan Feng's power could allow them to handle four Saints. If they used all their secrets, they should be able to accommodate more experts, but that was something none of them were willing to do unless they were on the verge of death.

"Should we summon Wan Qiao?" Yan Xiaobao pondered, but as always, mentioning Wan Qiao sent a chill down Lan Feng's spine. "We can summon her, but she's currently busy relocating more and more beasts from the Divine Domain's forests to their new territory in Siban. Interrupting her would be pointless.

"Our other option is to gather all the experts who owe us favors, having them ready to provide assistance at any time," Lan Feng suggested, and Yan Xiaobao hesitantly nodded. "So for now, what we'll do is kill anyone who follows me. As long as I support the Royal Family, I think they won't dare make any large-scale attacks," Yan Xiaobao decided as his family once again focused on the many different delicious dishes they were eating.

After finishing the meal, the group finally left the restaurant. Yan Xiaobao paid the restaurant additional Soul Coins, knowing that killing the Shao Family's guards was something that caused them extra trouble.

Chapter 904 Omnipresent\_3

"Let's make sure to return here again," Yan Xiaobao said to everyone as they left the restaurant. Each of them summoned a sword; these swords were identical, even Yan Xiaobao's sword matched them, and they soared into the sky, returning to the mansion.

Although Yan Xiaobao hoped his sword would always be the fastest so that he could always escape, the swords he made for his family were equally prudent. If they had to flee from dangerous people, he would provide them with the best. Even Saints could not attack them because their swords were at least three times faster than those sold at the Black Market Auction House.

Returning to their mansion again, the entire family was in an excellent mood. Today, they all went to their rooms to begin cultivation. Each of them had their own thoughts.

Wang Julong was contemplating how comfortable it was to have a family. As she recollected every moment of the night, her heart felt warm. Even though the battle made her excited, seeing her husband and son fight side by side. She wished for such a life every day, her heart trembling.

Qiao was thinking about celestial food. When she was poor and forced to leave, she was reminded many times; often, when she dreamed of entering and eating delicious food, they had driven her away. She expressed gratitude to Yan Xiaobao and Wang Julong. Today, these two people made her feel truly part of the family, happiness filled her. She knew the reason she didn't participate in the fight was that Yan Xiaobao and Lao both wanted her not to kill anyone. For this, she felt even more grateful. These three people became increasingly important to Qiao, her eyes suddenly became sharp. If she had to fight, then she would gladly strive to protect her family.

Lao was also deep in thought. His mind was still in shock from killing those people. Looking at his hands, he felt as if they were covered in blood. He felt like he had finally gone mad, but every time he thought about it, he remembered what Yan Xiaobao told him. Killing bullies was indeed saving others. Though troubling, his heart finally began to calm down. He sighed deeply, picked up the pills he bought that day, and then sat in a lotus position. He placed a pill in his mouth and began to cultivate overnight. The sun rose in the sky, bringing a new day. In this city, many Alchemists gathered in front of the Alchemy Association for the annual alchemy competition's first day. Yan Xiaobao had done his best preparations.

He filled the Cosmic Box with herbs from his own world and the many herbal medicines he collected on his journey to the unknown tomb. He had enough herbs to make at least ten different pills, even if he failed several times, he could still make those pills. This time he truly emptied the herbal medicine from the Black Market Auction House, and he had even searched for rare herbs in the market.

Yan Xiaobao stood in his room and found Wang Julong, Qiao, and Lao all waiting for him outside. Seeing his family, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but smile happily.

"Let's go," he said, and the three nodded. They were all excited today. They knew this competition was not just about Yan Xiaobao's own contest, but it was the only way to bring Sha Yun back.

Lao and Qiao didn't have much interaction with Sha Yun because she did her best not to return home, as she wished to avoid Yan Xiaobao. Although they met her a few times, her friendliness overwhelmed them. She was warm and never judged the past. Their impression of her was very good.

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## Chapter 905 The Greatest Rival

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Knowing this Snake Woman's significance to Yan Xiaobao, and her friendliness towards them, Qiao and Lao were eager to support Yan Xiaobao in this competition. Therefore, they waited for him from dawn, not wanting him to go alone.

Seeing his family willing to wait for him so long, Yan Xiaobao felt his heart warmed. Everyone left the mansion and headed towards the square in front of the Alchemy Guild.

The auction stage held the night before had been removed, and all the seats were also gone. Instead, a new stage was erected in the middle of the square. A row of tables was set up, seven rows lined up in a single row.

Looking at the stage, although Yan Xiaobao wasn't too worried about his abilities, he couldn't help but feel some pressure. For him, this was more than just a simple competition.

In front of the Alchemy Guild was a large crowd. These were alchemists and their masters.

"I'll go with them," Yan Xiaobao told his family, and they all nodded. They found a spot around the stage where they could see everything happening.

Landing in front of the Alchemy Association, many participants and their masters noticed Yan Xiaobao. This was mainly because of his high rank. Knowing he was an Emperor meant he had more spiritual energy than other alchemists who had only unlocked their mid-level energy. Although they had more time to study alchemy, Yan Xiaobao had a significant advantage due to his high level.

Even though Yan Xiaobao ranked high, he wasn't the only Emperor participating in today's competition. Looking around, he found two other competitors. Their masters were also Emperor rank, and compared to Yan Xiaobao and others, they looked quite old. Seeing them, he immediately understood they were those who had waited several years before participating. Clearly, doing so almost guaranteed their victory.

Yan Xiaobao was not interested in winning the prize; he only wanted to save Sha Yun.

Yan Xiaobao shook his head, deciding not to spend any more time worrying about these old monsters. Their choice to practice for ten years before becoming alchemists was theirs. No matter how strong they were, Yan Xiaobao had no intention of losing to any of them.

Thinking about who would be his biggest rival, Yan Xiaobao oddly wasn't too worried about these ordinary experts. Not even those who had trained for ten years or more. No, the only one he truly worried about was Zhong Xi.

There was hostility between him and this other expert, and Yan Xiaobao had no doubt this expert was willing to do anything to win. He wanted to win so that Yan Xiaobao would fail, thus losing the only protection and chance to return Sha Yun.

"Welcome, Mr. Xu." one of the alchemists said. It was a newly appointed alchemist who, like Yan Xiaobao, participated in the same exam and also made a pill in the final exam. Although his pill wasn't perfect, it was certainly enough to make him a two-tier alchemist.

"Master Bo," Yan Xiaobao nodded, and the two stood slowly beside each other. Neither of them had any master present, so they felt somewhat lost. When they observed more and more alchemists arriving, they no longer felt bewildered.

The sun slowly moved across the sky, eventually reaching its highest position. As the scorching sun shone down on everyone, the woman in the exam emerged from the Alchemy Guild. As she looked at the many people before her, her face was calm.

The many people waiting outside the guild parted like the sea, creating a path no one dared to block. This path allowed the woman to reach the stage on any issues, and when she stood on the stage, everyone quieted down. The audience became so silent that one could hear a pin drop if it fell to the ground.

"Welcome to the annual Alchemists' Competition." the woman began, her voice booming across the square. Everyone heard every word she said, and their hearts began to race. Everyone was excited about what they were about to witness.

"This annual alchemists' competition is divided into three days." The woman continued, "The first day's competition will feature half of the appearing alchemists. Today we will require everyone to make the same pill, the Monkey's Strength pill. This pill is a third-level pill." The woman explained, as her eyes scanned everyone in the audience.

"While you might think this is an easy task, it is actually not. You need to remember that to be a part of this competition, you cannot have been an alchemist for more than a year. Anyone who has been an alchemist will be immediately disqualified. How difficult is it to become third-level alchemy within a year? I will let you decide on your own." Her voice sounded a little arrogant, knowing some people would find the first test easy.

"Every participant finds a table ready. Each table will have a recipe on it, but you need to bring your own materials and cauldron. If you don't have these items, you will quickly be disqualified." The woman said, and suddenly everyone rushed to the stage.

Yan Xiaobao and Master Bo were not in a hurry. Both of them felt fairly confident in their ability to handle the first test, so they took their time preparing a table for themselves.

#### Chapter 906 The Greatest Rival (Part 2)

As soon as Yan Xiaobao reached the table, he noticed a Memory Stone placed in the center, with the rest of the table completely bare.

"You have two hours! Begin!" The woman's cold voice echoed across the square again.

After she finished speaking, each expert on the stage picked up the Memory Stone and placed it on their forehead. As the information was transmitted into the minds of many experts, a blue lamp lit up after being illuminated by the blue light.

As the information was transmitted into Yan Xiaobao's mind, he took some time to fully understand the entire formula. This formula was not challenging to Yan Xiaobao, who had been creating seventh-level pills, but even so, he did not dare to become complacent.

He opened his eyes and waved his hand, and the medicinal herbs he needed appeared on the table in front of him. After he waved his hand again, a beautiful large cauldron also appeared. After finding all

his items, he took a deep breath. Without perfecting them inadvertently, he found three sets of herbs. He knew that most Alchemists present could make the pill, so he needed to ensure his perfection.

This pill allows the consumer to gain the strength of the Black Emperor Monkey, which is considered one of the most dangerous beasts in legend.

This medicine requires a total of five Emperor-ranked beast cores, in addition to most of the medicinal herbs, some of which are extremely rare.

If Yan Xiaobao had not emptied the Black Market Auction House and bought many items on the market, he would have encountered difficulties even if he provided three sets of materials.

Yan Xiaobao was fully focused on refining the first medicinal herb, Thousand-Eyed Root, and had no time to look around; however, if he had, he would have noticed that four of the seventy experts had already left their tables.

Although this Monkey's Strength pill is only a third-level pill, it almost became a fourth-level pill. Not only that, its materials are even more precious than most fifth or sixth-level medicine pills.

Yan Xiaobao focused on the herbs in his cauldron. He perfectly controlled his flame, adjusting the temperature appropriately every time he transitioned from one herb to another. It seemed eternal, but in just an hour, he completed the refinement of all the herbs. Now it was time to refine the beast cores.

Picking up a beast core, he lowered the flame temperature in the cauldron, and as the beast core entered the cauldron, it began to crack. As he gradually increased the heat, cracks appeared on the surface core, slowly causing internal energy to leak out.

The energy from the beast core is the energy magical beasts use in cultivation. It's not Qi, nor spiritual energy, or Wu Wei; it's a completely different form of energy. It's a type of energy that humans find hard to absorb, unless it is in a medicinal pill or refined paste. It can also be used as fuel for weapons to enhance their power.

Upon completing the perfection of the first Emperor Beast core, the entire core itself would shatter into thousands of fragments, which would be burned into nothingness. The energy itself now floated around the refined herbal paste.

Another beast core entered the cauldron and was swiftly refined. Soon, all the beast cores were refined, and all the materials were prepared. Now all Yan Xiaobao needed to do was combine all the paste and energy together, and place them into a Dragon Pearl.

A Dragon Pearl is a pearl that is much larger than an ordinary pearl. To be able to contain the powerful energy in a Monkey's Strength pill, one had to use a Dragon Pearl. These pills are undoubtedly some of the most expensive on the market, yet because of their ability to enhance strength, there are always people willing to purchase them.

Staring at the cauldron, Yan Xiaobao's eyes were completely focused on the task before him as he began to fuse the various energies. Watching the different energies in the Crucible, Yan Xiaobao slowly picked up a Dragon Pearl from the table and placed it inside.

Sweat trickled down his forehead, but he quickly wiped it on his robe and focused again on the ingredients inside the Crucible. When the Dragon Pearl entered the cauldron, the white mist within the pearl evaporated, and the previously hard shell became soft. Yan Xiaobao concentrated on the materials, slowly merging all these materials together, a process that took a full half hour. He took the time to merge them slowly, ensuring that none of them lost any potency.

Firstly, he combined all the herbal paste together, afterward, he very slowly added the energy from the beast cores. Finally, he ensured that all of these were perfectly merged before slowly forcing them into the Dragon Pearl.

Touching the soft shell of the Dragon Pearl, the merged medicine slowly dripped into the pearl, one drop at a time. Without rushing, he allowed this paste to fill the pearl.

When all the medicine was inside the pearl, Hui Yue turned up the flame temperature inside the cauldron, heating the soft shell of the pearl once again. The more heat it absorbed, the softer the shell became.

It no longer appeared like the glossy white light of a pearl. Instead, the pearl was now red, with beautiful golden streaks. These colors were the colors of the paste, the red coming from the pill, and the golden lines from the beast cores.

Yan Xiaobao withdrew the fire from the cauldron, reached inside to pick up the pill. A strong medicinal fragrance began to waft from the pill in his hand, and with very careful gestures, Yan Xiaobao placed the pill into a jade bottle. Then he placed this jade bottle in front of his table, and with a wave of his hand, collected everything into his Cosmic Box.

#### Chapter 907 The Greatest Rival (Part 3)

Looking around, he discovered he was not the only one who had completed the pill; at least a quarter of the experts had finished as well. Among the many who had not yet finished, some were struggling, while others bore serious expressions but were evidently on the right track.

Everyone who finished their pill was confident they would progress to the next stage of the competition. Among these alchemists were those who had been training for over a decade.

Although these experts believed they had done well, none intended to produce a perfect pill. One of the challenges in creating a perfect pill, especially a Monkey Strength Pill, was that it required more than the allotted two hours.

They were sure they would go far. They knew no one could surpass their achievements, and as they looked at many of the current alchemists, their faces bore a haughty expression. When they noticed Yan Xiaobao finally finishing his pill, even disdain appeared in their eyes.

As someone of Emperor-level, they regarded him as one of their greatest challengers, but seeing how long it took him to make merely a third-level pill, they now began to look down on him.

Faced with many gazes, Yan Xiaobao was not bothered by their thoughts. The clarity and pride in Yan Xiaobao's eyes made their gazes disappear in an instant. None of them could withstand his gaze without feeling uncomfortable.

Among the crowd, Qiao, Lao, and Wang Julong stood with their hearts pounding. They were nervous when they saw how difficult it was for Yan Xiaobao, but when he finished his pill, they cheered loudly. They were wholeheartedly supporting him.

Having consumed the pill, Yan Xiaobao also looked at many opponents, his eyes falling on Zhong Hei. The moment he saw him, his heart became cold, and a murderous intent rose around him. He quickly suppressed the hatred he felt, but whenever he looked at Zhong Xi, he vowed to win the first prize. He swore that Sha Yun would gain freedom once more and return freely to Yan Xiaobao and his family.

Observing Zhong Xi, Yan Xiaobao notices that even though he is still refining, he also desires a perfect pill. Noticing this moment, Yan Xiaobao grits his teeth. He knows the other experts pose trouble as well, but he remains untroubled. He has the Silvermoon's Pill to use, so he should be able to win this tournament; however, something about Zhong Xi makes him anxious. He feels that as long as Zhong Xi is in the competition, victory will not come as easily as he expected.

Zhong Xi is a member of Zhong Hui's Frozen Army. This army harbors many secrets, and if they have secrets about alchemy, it wouldn't surprise Yan Xiaobao. Aware of this, he grits his teeth, hatred flashing in his eyes.

"Bring it on." he murmurs. "Anything you can do, I can do better." he mumbles to himself. Yan Xiaobao finally calms down, his eyes leaving Zhong Xi, shifting to all the other experts participating in the competition.

It is evident that many of these contestants are incapable of making contraceptive pills. They have only recently become alchemists and are really just first or second-level alchemists. For them, attempting to create a third-level pill is simply asking too much.

Time slowly passed by, and soon two hours were over. The woman judging the competition suddenly stood up, her cold voice resounding in the square once more, "Leave your table!"

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Chapter 908 Forced to Leave

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Everyone acted according to their requirements; some regretted doing so, while others had a look of excitement on their faces.

"Anyone who fails to produce a pill will leave the stage." The woman shouted, slowly watching as one alchemist after another followed her command. They packed their belongings into their Memory Stone and then slowly left the stage. Nearly half of them left on their own because they failed to complete the contraceptive pills.

"Five more people will also be eliminated," the lady announced to all who successfully refined and produced pills. "Queue here. The five worst will be set aside. Whenever someone has worse pills than these five, they will be replaced. Ultimately, the five worst pills will be asked to leave."

Looking around, everyone frowned. They had all completed their pills and expected to pass. Who would have thought that even five successful people would have to leave?

Standing in a line, each person held their jade bottle. Slowly, the line moved towards her, and people were judged based on their pills. The first five were naturally chosen as the worst, but were soon replaced by those of inferior quality.

When it was Yan Xiaobao's turn, he handed his pill to the stern woman, who for the first time since the formation of the line, showed a hint of surprise in her cold eyes. Letting the pill roll out from inside, she observed it from various angles. With a smile, she couldn't help but praise it. "To think you could complete a perfect pill in just two hours!" she said in amazement. Although her words weren't as loud as when she made announcements, her voice was enough for every alchemist and many closest audience members to hear.

Hearing that he managed to create a perfect pill in such a short time, everyone present looked at him with new eyes. Upon hearing he successfully made such a pill, they were all shocked, and those who had despised him no longer did so. Their eyes were filled with doubt. They now regarded him as the most challenging opponent.

Yan Xiaobao nodded and stepped aside; he did not participate in the last five matches.

The contraceptive pills were taken by the woman, just as she had consumed every other pill before. Although the alchemists provided these materials, the medicines belonged to the Alchemist Guild. It was the rule, and no one questioned it.

After Yan Xiaobao, it was only about ten minutes before Zhong Xi's examination could be seen, and he too made a perfect pill. At the moment he was praised by the woman, the man wore a fake smile and looked directly at Yan Xiaobao. Everyone present could feel the tension between the two, but at this point, Yan Xiaobao simply returned the smile.

While Yan Xiaobao felt a slight threat from Zhong Hui, he also realized he had the skills to win. He had to do his best. He needed to stay focused, so he wouldn't mess up, and only then would he have the chance to win the competition.

"Here are the worst five," the woman announced sternly, her voice once again filling the entire square. "You five leave the stage." Her order was not hurried, but the five struggled to accept it, although they managed to make pills, they still failed to advance to the second round.

"The next test is at noon tomorrow, make sure to be here by then!" the woman said, then placed all her pills in her storage stone. She headed directly into the Alchemy Guild, as her eyes contained many valuable pills, many in the audience looked at her with greed and envy.

Looking at each other, many alchemists weren't sure what to do. Finally, Yan Xiaobao left the stage heading towards his family; he gave Wang Julong a hug, a smile on his face. He pulled her into his embrace, and although her face turned crimson, she let him express his emotions, because she could understand the young man's pressure. This was not just a tournament, but a glimmer of hope for his good friend.

"Let's go home," Yan Xiaobao said wearily, and for the first time in a long time, Yan Xiaobao leaned on Wang Julong. After this competition, the lady could feel the extent of his exhaustion. Even for someone like Yan Xiaobao, maintaining complete focus for two hours, and not allowing a single mistake to occur, while the constant threat to Sha Yun's life hovered over him, it all drained Yan Xiaobao.

The two children and their parents took out their Flying Sword, soaring into the sky together at the fastest speed towards the mansion.

When they arrived, Yan Xiaobao went to his room and lay on the bed. His eyes slowly closed, and sleep overwhelmed him. When Wang Julong came to see how he was doing, he was already deeply asleep. His mind needed a small rest, his body required a long respite.

Finding a blanket, Wang Julong covered Yan Xiaobao before leaving the room. Lao and Qiao were waiting outside, but Wang Julong just shook her head, placing a finger to her lips.

"Let's go eat together," she said softly, and the three of them went to the dining hall together. Yan Xiaobao found himself sleeping throughout the afternoon and night. When he woke, he discovered the moon high in the sky, and his body felt more invigorated than before.

His body felt rested, and his thoughts were no longer as pressured as usual. He could now think more clearly, focusing on the competition. Regarding the first test, he believed he could easily complete the second part. As for what the second part entailed, Yan Xiaobao was still uncertain.

#### Chapter 909 Forced to Leave

Yan Xiaobao sat on the floor and began meditating. The night passed, and as the sun rose in the sky, Yan Xiaobao stood up to get something to eat. After relaxing and sleeping for most of the day, Yan Xiaobao found himself excited for the day, as he would participate in the second test of the annual Alchemist competition.

"Father!" As soon as Yan Xiaobao reached the dining hall, he found Lao and Qiao already there. They smiled, expressing curiosity about the competition that day, just like Yan Xiaobao himself. Obviously, they and Wang Julong were eager to watch and support him in the competition. Knowing they would be there, in the audience, observing and wishing him well, Yan Xiaobao couldn't help but feel grateful.

After finishing his meal, Yan Xiaobao and two children beside him left the dining hall and met Wang Julong in the corridor. Together, they summoned their Flying Swords and once again headed toward the square outside the Alchemy Guild.

On the night when Yueyue fell asleep, another auction was held in the square, and children along with Wang Julong attended. As before, they purchased pills useful for their cultivation. Since Yan Xiaobao wasn't there to give them money, Wang Julong gave them some. When Yan Xiaobao tried to repay her, she refused to accept it and remained in good spirits. Not wanting to press her, Yan Xiaobao let it be.

Upon arriving at the square in front of the Alchemy Guild, they discovered that the stage and seats from the previous night's auction had been dismantled, and in their place, a large stage with tables had been set up. Fewer tables were there compared to the previous day, amounting to half the previous number.

This also provided extra space on the stage so more people could watch the competition. Yan Xiaobao arrived a bit early, but even so, he found a large group of Alchemists already gathered at the entrance of the Alchemy Guild. After bidding farewell to his family, he also flew to the entrance.

Upon landing, he politely greeted other contestants. Those present early were people who had practiced for many years before entering the competition, and all of them were obviously tense.

Usually, this competition would only be between those experienced individuals who had trained for a long time, but this year, Yan Xiaobao, Zhong Hui, and some other skilled young Alchemists were making their mark. These dark horses appeared suddenly, surprising the older contestants, causing them inner turmoil. They were far more powerful from years of training than any other newly appointed Alchemist, but this year, things were different. No matter how much they trained, there were others more skilled.

The rewards for winning this competition were amazing for any ordinary Alchemist. Therefore, some, especially those from ordinary backgrounds, tried their utmost to achieve first place in this contest; it was only natural. Although they could use formulas bought from the Alchemy Guild, the special and more powerful formulas were usually passed down by Masters, unreachable by those from ordinary backgrounds. Winning the competition was their only chance of getting these heavenly formulas.

Time slowly passed until a woman came out from the Alchemy Association and headed to the platform. As she moved, Yan Xiaobao and others followed her.

"Today, we will begin the second day of the annual Alchemist competition!" The voice boomed once again throughout the venue, and everyone fell silent. "Today's competition is different from yesterday's. A large number of experts passed the first test, and now we will make it more challenging."

"On each table is the formula for a fourth-level pill. There is no time limit for this competition. However, the first seven to create a perfect pill will be the ones advancing to the finals tomorrow."

Upon hearing this, the audience began to murmur. No one expected this. It was clear this year's competition was more exceptional than usual. To think the newly appointed Alchemists would create a fourth-level pill, not only create it but make a perfect version.

Even the participants were shocked, and Yan Xiaobao could only laugh at himself. Creating a perfect pill, even without a time limit, was difficult; crafting a perfect fourth-level pill was rare.

Yet despite this, Yan Xiaobao believed in his abilities. He had the support of his cultivation base and his Crucible. Seeing others, he recognized the same frown on their faces. None felt overly confident about this sudden and unbelievably difficult task.

Yan Xiaobao stood before the table, eager to see the formula they were given. As the woman said, "Let the test begin!" Yan Xiaobao, like others, picked up the stone and placed it on his head.

As before, these Alchemists needed to produce their materials for the pill, but unlike the previous day, everyone had all the materials. At least they had enough to make attempts. However, they all knew one attempt was unlikely. They had to make the pill perfect, and with the slightest error, they would have to start all over again.

The first thing Yan Xiaobao did after understanding the formula was to locate his materials. All materials, along with his Crucible, were arranged on the table.

Yan Xiaobao did not immediately start refining. Instead, he took time to calm himself. Though he had the support of his Crucible and his high cultivation base, he knew if he did not stay calm, he would waste his energy.

Even having purchased all the materials, Yan Xiaobao had only three attempts. The materials needed for the pill were too precious.

Yan Xiaobao opened his eyes and placed the first herb into the Crucible. Refining it wasn't too challenging, and the first five herbs were perfected within the first half-hour.

In the next half-hour, two of the rarest and most challenging herbs were refined, and then he was excited as he was about to merge them into the Dragon Ball. His focus was entirely on the merged energy, as some liquid fully dripped into the refined pearl while some still swirled inside the Crucible.

Suddenly, a loud bang echoed when a Crucible exploded, the rumbling sound so loud that Yan Xiaobao lost focus and missed a tiny drop of liquid.

Looking at the remaining pill, Yan Xiaobao felt an unpleasant taste in his mouth as he quickly finished the pill. Yet he no longer focused on the rest of the process. A mistake resulted in concocting a decent pill, rather than a perfect one.

Looking around, he saw many people were still on their first try. His speed was much faster than the others, but now he had to start from the beginning again.

Taking a deep breath, he gathered the herbs and began refining them once more. After refining all herbs, five hours had passed.

Just as he sighed with relief, seeing no one had yet gone to the woman, he smelled an excellent medicinal aroma and saw Zhong Hui approaching the woman overseeing the test, holding a Medicine Bottle. Seeing he was the first, Yan Xiaobao gritted his teeth but kept his focus on refining. He could not mess up again.

While Yan Xiaobao was entirely engrossed in merging the liquid with the Dragon Ball, three other experts took their pills to the woman, and all were accepted. Now only three spots were left, but even so, Yan Xiaobao couldn't rush the process. If he did, he would end up with a subpar pill again.

Finally, eight hours later, Yan Xiaobao took the pill and placed it into a jade bottle. The moment he reached the woman, he couldn't help but feel anxious. Though he knew it was perfect, if he made even the slightest mistake, he wouldn't be able to save Sha Yun. His heart pounded heavily as he waited, mouth dry, while the woman meticulously examined every inch of the pill.

After a good ten minutes, the woman finally nodded. "Congratulations, you will participate in the finals tomorrow." She congratulated him, and as he joined the other four experts who successfully created perfect pills, Yan Xiaobao felt a weight lifted from his heart. In Zhong Xi's eyes were hidden mockery. Clearly, he felt superior since he submitted his pill first. However, as long as he was in the finals, Yan Xiaobao did not care.

After waiting for an additional three hours, the finalists were chosen, and the evening's test ended.

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Chapter 910 The Third Trial

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"Father! Father!" someone shouted, as two children suddenly flew down from the sky and landed in front of Yan Xiaobao, who had just walked down the stairs. Everyone was dumbfounded to see these two children jump into Yan Xiaobao's arms and wield Flying Swords. Flying Swords are only meant for cultivators with an Upper Dantian, yet neither of them seemed over ten years old.

It wasn't just the ordinary audience who were shocked; Zhong Xi's eyes also narrowed, and his heart trembled. He, being an Emperor himself, knew how much effort it took to reach the emperor's level, but these children seemed to have accomplished the impossible. The lady from the Alchemy Guild was also stunned, her eyes filled with excitement as she watched the children.

No one had paid much attention to Yan Xiaobao's family before. He was known to be a dangerous individual, and his family was just ordinary experts, overshadowed by his brilliance. But now, they appeared to be at least as extraordinary as he was. Everyone present had to reevaluate this young man who could intimidate anyone. Yan Xiaobao noticed the stir his children caused but did nothing to stop it. The stronger he became, the better. Even if that strength arose not from his own abilities but from his children's, Yan Xiaobao didn't mind. He felt proud of his two children, and knowing others looked at them with reverence was enough to make him proud.

"Let's celebrate; I advanced to the next part of the competition!" Yan Xiaobao smiled as he hugged his children, who nodded eagerly. Their eyes sparkled with excitement, oblivious to the commotion they had caused by eagerly rushing to their father with Flying Swords.

Wang Julong laughed heartily. As she looked at her family, a gentle expression crossed her face. Taking a few steps forward, she held onto Yan Xiaobao, and Wang Julong, the two children, were the first to leave.

The four of them returned to the same restaurant they had visited before, enjoying a night of delicious food and fine wine again. The children were loud and talkative today. They spoke of how nervous they had been when his first pill failed and how angry they were at those who made their cauldron explode.

Yan Xiaobao, who was under great pressure at the time, was startled by the noise and thus failed. Now, having advanced to the finals, he was no longer upset about it. Instead, he picked up the jade bottle containing the pill, which didn't reach perfection.

Opening the bottle, a strong medicinal aroma filled the VIP room occupied by the family. Yan Xiaobao glanced at the pill and then handed it to Qiao, who looked surprised as she accepted it.

"This pill is a fourth-level pill beneficial for you," Yan Xiaobao said with a smile. "It contains Yang Energy. While the internal energy isn't as active as the pills you buy at auctions, it's not too bad either," Yan Xiaobao laughed as he spoke. Hearing his words, a big smile spread across Qiao's face as she tucked the medicine pill into her embrace as if it were a priceless treasure.

As the sun rose in the sky, Yan Xiaobao and his family left the restaurant. It had been open all night, catering to regular customers and those feeling a sudden urge to indulge. Dancers on the ground floor entertained guests all night, while upstairs, private conversations were held quietly.

"We have a few hours until the final test," Yan Xiaobao said, glancing around the street in front of the restaurant. "I want to visit the market again," he considered aloud, with the others quickly agreeing to his suggestion. "I need more ingredients. No one knows what medicine we will make for the third test, but if I don't even have the materials, I certainly won't win," he said honestly, with no objections from the others as they began heading to various markets.

One after another, they passed through a market, finding many herbs to use. He excitedly kept adding to his stock of flowers.

As the sun rose higher in the sky, they walked to the square in front of the Alchemy Guild, the same as the previous day. In the middle, the large stage now only had seven tables. A large crowd of cultivators, Alchemists, and casual onlookers gathered in the square, eager to watch the final three tests of the annual Alchemist competition.

As Yan Xiaobao and his family arrived, everyone made space for them to approach the stage; no one wanted to obstruct their way. Yan Xiaobao separated from them, walking towards the entrance of the Alchemy Guild, where three of the seven Alchemists had already gathered. Zhong Xi was among them, his eyes filled with hostility when he saw Yan Xiaobao and his entire family. He no longer even tried to maintain a friendly demeanor in front of Yan Xiaobao.

Time passed slowly as one contestant after another appeared in front of the Alchemy Guild. Anticipation and nervousness for the final test grew among everyone.

This year's competition was very different from previous ones, with much higher test difficulty. The final test would undoubtedly be very challenging; no one could imagine what medicine they would be required to create.

As time went on, the lady also appeared and, as usual, walked towards the stage, with the seven finalists following behind her.

"Today is the last match of our Alchemist's new competition this year. We've had some outstanding young participants this year," the woman began, her voice booming across the area. "As a result, we had some difficulties deciding the content of today's match, but we finally agreed. Each contestant will have ten hours to create their most exceptional pill. The one who creates the best pill will win!"