

## Overlord 431

### Chapter 431: The Might of Xu Jian

Facing Duanmu Cheng's inquiry, Yang Fei didn't pay him any attention. Duanmu Cheng was from the Duanmu Family, and those he brought with him were also from the Duanmu Family's forces, which included several elite experts. For Yang Fei, although these people were not at fault, since Duanmu Hai and Duanmu Yun had killed his uncle, they were just a little interest he had come to collect.

Like a tiger entering a flock of sheep, Yang Fei charged into the crowd without hesitation, acting swiftly and ruthlessly.

Wang Lei also gave it his all. The two of them attacked from opposite sides towards the middle, like two sharp daggers slicing open gaps through the Duanmu Family's group of dozens.

"Bastards, kill them for me!"

Duanmu Cheng's eyes were split with rage as he bellowed loudly.

Without needing his orders, the Duanmu Family's dozens of skilled fighters hesitated not a moment to besiege Yang Fei and Wang Lei.

At the same time, they split some of their people to charge towards Qi Hongshao and Xu Jian in the center of the arena.

Qi Hongshao was stunned by Yang Fei's formidable combat prowess, but knowing she could not let the Duanmu Family's people take control in the heart of the encirclement, otherwise it would bog down Wang Lei, she decisively pulled out her long whip and swept it towards the attacking enemies.

Xu Jian smiled slightly and said, "Stand behind me."

As he spoke, he stepped forward to position himself in front of Qi Hongshao and Hong Lei. With a casual wave of his hand, a black fog rolled toward Duanmu Cheng.

"Be careful, it's poison fog!"

"Ugh!"

"Ah!"

Someone inhaled the poison, immediately covering their throat with their hands, unable to make a sound.

Others let out harrowing screams, clawing at their faces in agony as they collapsed to the side.

It was the first time Qi Hongshao and Hong Lei had seen Xu Jian use his skills. The domineering effect of the mass attack toxin he unleashed with a wave of his hand, kept the enemies from daring to get close, which instantly shocked them.

"Sister, where did you find such powerful helpers?" Hong Lei couldn't help but ask.

Qi Hongshao opened her mouth, her gaze drifting toward the figure slicing through the crowd.

She didn't have such powerful helpers, it was all him.

In her gaze, that person, wielding a steel saber, moved with pride and authority, even dominating when up against Innate Realm fighters, like a god of war.

Qi Hongshao was momentarily dazed.

Duanmu Cheng, with strength approaching the Innate Realm, had intended to capture Qi Hongshao and Hong Lei as hostages, but he hadn't expected that the old man accompanying the two women would be a master of poison. He immediately halted, not daring to advance.

He focused his gaze on Xu Jian and asked, "Are you a senior from the Poison Sect?"

The Poison Sect was one of the Eight Great Forces. Although the sect's top experts were few, their superior mastery in the use of poisons had earned them a unique place in the Hidden Sect world, and ordinary forces dared not provoke the Poison Sect.

Xu Jian heard the term Poison Sect for the second time. He thought that he should make contact with the Poison Sect when the opportunity arises to see if there was a chance to enhance the Xu Family Poison Skill.

"My Duanmu Family has always been on good terms with the Poison Sect. If the senior wishes to take these two women away, you could just state your name, and I would naturally give the Poison Sect this face. Why must you take direct action and harm the harmony between our two families?" Duanmu Cheng, seeing that Xu Jian did not answer, continued.

He wanted to leverage the relationship between the Poison Sect and the Duanmu Family.

But Xu Jian was not someone from the Poison Sect. He scoffed at Duanmu Cheng's intentions and said coldly, "Don't take on tasks that exceed your ability; with such limited skills, you still insist on stirring up trouble, really losing face for the Duanmu Family."

Duanmu Cheng's face flushed red, he said sternly, "Are you truly intent on opposing the Duanmu Family?"

"You still don't have the right to ask me such questions," Xu Jian said coldly.

Duanmu Cheng, enraged, said, "Surround them. I refuse to believe he has enough poison on him to take down all of us."

Xu Jian laughed out loud, reaching through the air toward Duanmu Cheng.

Power Elements in the surroundings quickly stirred.

Duanmu Cheng suddenly felt a tremendous pressure surging toward him, horrified, "Late-stage Innate?"

How... How could this be possible?

"How unlucky can I get to encounter so many formidable figures all at once?"

Moreover, this old man is a master of poison.

With his mastery of Poison Skill, my men can't even get close, not to mention that this guy is also a high-level expert in the Late-stage Innate Realm?

Amidst his shock, Duanmu Cheng waved his palms high into the sky.

At the same time, the two Innate Realm masters by his side were responsible for his safety; they both struck simultaneously, blasting towards the void.

Xu Jian, who had long stepped into the Late-stage Innate Realm with his Physical Body Realm, was not only powerful in his Divine Soul but had also reached the formidable level of Half-step Divine Travel Realm. At this moment, although his intention was only to control Duanmu Cheng, his power was still formidable.

The void emitted a series of muffled thuds, as several forces invisibly dispersed.

Duanmu Cheng grunted, staggering several steps backward.

The expressions of his two guards grew serious, one of them stayed by his side and said in a deep voice, "Mr. Four, we must leave, immediately."

Duanmu Cheng was furious. "Damn it, we have so many people; how can we let them intimidate us? Attack, we must not lose the face of the Duanmu Family."

The guardian's brow darkened.

Is he still being stubborn at a time like this?

Although we have more Innate Realm experts on our side, there is a significant disparity in combat power with the enemy.

Didn't you see those two young men fighting as if they were entering an uninhabited territory? The people we brought have already suffered over twenty casualties. Aside from a few powerful masters who are still fighting bravely, the rest are trembling with fear, not daring to step forward.

After Duanmu Cheng spoke, he looked around, about to scold everyone to attack together when he caught sight of the scene in the middle, and felt as if he had been struck by lightning.

That fast?

Seeing the twenty-odd corpses lying on the ground, he felt utterly unwell.

How did it come to this?

These were all talents from the Duanmu Family.

The weakest among them were all above the Seventh Rank of Energy Transformation Realm, including several at the Peak of Energy Transformation Realm, whose combat power was not much inferior to those in the Early Stage of Innate Realm.

Furthermore, just yesterday, his elder had given him five elite guards, all of whom were at the Middle-Late Stage of the Innate Realm, ranking among the first-class masters in the entire Hidden Sect World.

Such a lineup, now showing signs of being crushed, was utterly unbelievable.

"Run!"

Duanmu Cheng took a deep breath of cold air, realizing it was crucial to save his own life, and immediately started to retreat, planning to flee.

Xu Jian gave a cold smile and said, "Can you really escape?"

As he spoke, a fierce light burst from his deep eyes, and an invisible force of Divine Soul Power slammed into one of the Innate Realm masters by Duanmu Cheng's side.

The Innate Realm master was highly vigilant and sensed something was wrong. He let out a terrifying roar, trying to invigorate his spirit to resist the enemy's Divine Thought attack.

This tactic did have some effect, yet there was still a gap in the strength of their Divine Souls between him and Xu Jian. Suddenly, the man spat out a mouthful of fresh blood, and as if struck by a heavy blow, he flew several meters backward.

Duanmu Cheng's vision blurred, and Xu Jian, like a phantom, appeared next to him, grabbing his throat in one motion.

A horrifying suffocation swept over him instantly, Duanmu Cheng's eyes widened in terror as he looked at the elder before him, opening his mouth to plead for mercy, but no sound came out.

Xu Jian did not even glance at Duanmu Cheng. His swift gaze fixed on the severely injured Innate Realm master he had attacked with his Divine Thought, his eyes narrowing.

"Pfft!"

A mouthful of fresh blood burst from the man's mouth, his Sea of Consciousness suffered another violent attack, and right there, his Divine Soul shattered, leaving him like a walking corpse, a complete idiot.

A master of the Divine Travel Realm, whose Divine Soul can kill!

## Chapter 432: Prisoner at the Foot of the Stairs

When Duanmu Cheng was controlled by Xu Jian, Yang Fei had already smashed the internal organs of the third Innate Realm expert with a punch.

He was bare-handed, seemingly not much of a threat, yet his combat strength far surpassed that of Wang Lei.

Three Innate Realm experts attacked him, and he killed one in the first wave of contact. Before the remaining two could join forces, he suppressed them one by one, and at the same time, he also managed to kill several capable fighters.

On the other hand, Wang Lei, with his formidable combat strength, heavily wounded an Innate Realm master with a single blade strike. With no Innate Realm masters to stop him, he moved through the enemies like a hot knife through butter, leaving a trail of blood wherever he went. None could withstand a single strike from him, and within moments, he had killed more than fifteen people with his steel blade.

Yang Fei and Wang Lei grew fiercer as the battle raged on.

However, the Duanmu aristocratic family's members had long since been scared out of their wits.

Although they all roamed the Martial Arts World and had frequently encountered scenes of slaughter, with each possessing robust practical experience, they had never met anyone as ferocious as Yang Fei and Wang Lei.

With Duanmu Cheng being held by Xu Jian, the other Innate Realm expert guarding him was caught in a dilemma, afraid to make any rash moves.

He watched Xu Jian with extreme caution, not daring to approach and instead stepping backward to keep a safe distance.

Just now, his comrade had died right before his eyes, and this elder, with his profound and inscrutable Poison Technique, was terrifyingly powerful, already a fierce figure of the Divine Travel Realm – it was simply too dreadful.

He was already roaring inside his heart.

What kind of people has Mr. Four provoked? With such forces arrayed against him, even an aristocratic family like the Duanmus would need to deploy their most top-tier combatants to suppress them.

Soon, there were no more enemies around Yang Fei and Wang Lei.

The ground was already littered with more than thirty corpses.

The remaining dozen or so were either severely injured or unscathed but terror-stricken, and none of them dared to launch another attack.

Across from Wang Lei, the Innate Realm master whom he had severely injured in the abdomen showed a terrified expression and stared at Wang Lei, saying, "You... the technique you're using is the Wang Family's Thunderclap Saber Technique?"

The Innate Realm Elite Guard guarding Duanmu Cheng changed his expression and couldn't help but look at Wang Lei, blurting out, "Are you a descendant of the Langya Wang Family?"

It was as if he had suddenly remembered something, and he immediately turned his head to look at Qi Hongshao and Qi Honglei, saying, "It is said that the Langya Wang Family once had a marriage alliance with the Qi Family... you are Qi Hongshao, so you..."

While speaking, his pupils shrank in shock as he looked at Wang Lei and said, "Are you the Wang Family scion who left the Langya Wang Family ten years ago?"

Wang Lei smiled indifferently, saying, "I didn't expect that after ten years, there would still be people who remember me."



Hearing Wang Lei's admission, the people of the Duanmu Family changed their expressions drastically. Duanmu Cheng, who had been released by Xu Jian, heard this and was greatly shocked, exclaiming, "The Langya Wang Family is getting involved in this matter?"

The Innate Realm Elite Guard twitched his mouth and cursed inwardly at the stupidity.

Duanmu Cheng came back to his senses and shook his head, saying, "That's not right; you were expelled from the Wang Family and disowned ten years ago, and the Wang Family had publicly declared they had cut ties with you. Now, you're no longer a descendent of the Langya Wang Family, so they wouldn't bother with the Qi Family's affairs."

Wang Lei said lightly, "That's correct, I have nothing to do with the Wang Family anymore."

Duanmu Cheng immediately felt relief.

Although he was being held hostage by Xu Jian, uncertain whether he would live or die, if his personal actions brought catastrophic trouble to his family in the form of a powerful enemy like the Langya Wang Family, even if the family patriarch cherished him greatly, he would not protect him.

"So, you're helping Qi Hongshao because she is your fiancée?" Duanmu Cheng asked.

Wang Lei did not deny it and nodded, saying, "That's correct."

Duanmu Cheng took a deep breath, cursing his luck, but given the pressing situation, he had to swallow his pride and said, "What do you want to do next? Although I, Duanmu Cheng, am no genius, I am a direct descendant of the Duanmu aristocratic family, and the patriarch holds me in high regard. If you dare lay a hand on me, I guarantee you won't be able to leave Muyun City alive."

"This place is already outside Muyun City," Wang Lei stated calmly.

Duanmu Cheng was at a loss for words and hurriedly said, "Even if this isn't within Muyun City, the Duanmu Family still has significant influence here. Moreover, many people in my clan are aware that I

was out on an errand today. If I don't return, they will definitely send experts to investigate. Even the Hidden Sect is vast, but you will have nowhere to hide."

"Crack!"

Just at that moment, a clear sound of breaking bones echoed.

Duanmu Cheng broke out in a cold sweat and let out a miserable cry.

Xu Jian crushed his right shoulder, causing him insufferable pain.

"Still so arrogant even as a prisoner at my feet?" Xu Jian said indifferently.

Overwhelmed by the agony and gripped by immense fear, Duanmu Cheng realized just how dangerous his situation was.

Although he recognized Wang Lei's identity and his own perilous fate, he knew nothing of Yang Fei or Xu Jian, and no longer dared to be arrogant.

Yang Fei and Wang Lei were already walking over.

The remaining members of the Duanmu Family didn't flee in every direction; instead, they surrounded the area but not a single one had the courage to make a move.

The only Innate Realm expert from the Duanmu Family who was not injured locked eyes with Yang Fei, visibly on guard, and said in a deep voice, "Who are you? To possess such a cultivation realm at such a young age, not one prodigy from the Eight Great Forces can compare to you."

Yang Fei laughed heartily, "Am I really as awesome as you're saying?"

The man nodded, "I speak no false words."

"Hahaha, thanks for the compliment," Yang Fei said with a light smile, his gaze falling back onto Duanmu Cheng, "Come with us, I have some questions for you."

Knowing he couldn't escape, Duanmu Cheng replied, "Fine, I can cooperate with you, but I hope you can spare the others from the Duanmu Family."

Yang Fei shrugged carelessly, "Having already killed so many, my anger has mostly subsided. As long as they don't seek death, I won't take action again."

Unable to help herself, Qi Hongshao reminded him, "Yang Fei, if you let them go, our whereabouts will be quickly exposed. Even with Duanmu Cheng as a hostage, the Duanmu Family won't let us off."

Yang Fei laughed, "When did I say I was planning to run away?"

Qi Hongshao was taken aback.

Yang Fei looked at Wang Lei and said, "Brother Lei, you take them and go ahead."

Wang Lei gave Yang Fei a look, hesitated slightly, then nodded, "Alright."

After speaking, he turned to Qi Hongshao and her sister Qi Honglei, and said, "Let's go."

Feeling uneasy, Qi Hongshao asked Yang Fei, "Aren't you and Senior Xu leaving together?"

Yang Fei shook his head with a smile, "We still have unfinished business. Don't worry about us, Sister-in-law, you go ahead."

Qi Hongshao tried to say more, but Wang Lei cut in, "Don't worry about them. Your presence here is more of a hindrance. Listen to me, and let's go."

Seeing Wang Lei insist, Qi Hongshao, not one to be overly sentimental, grabbed her sister and knelt before Yang Fei and Xu Jian, sincerely saying, "Thank you both for your rescue. We will forever remember this great kindness."

Yang Fei waved his hand, and an invisible force lifted the sisters before they could fully kneel, casually saying, "Get going. If you want to thank someone, thank my Brother Lei. It's best you find a way to have his back as soon as possible."

Wang Lei was at a loss for words.

Qi Hongshao's face turned beet red.

Soon, Wang Lei led Qi Hongshao and Qi Honglei away.

Although many from the Duanmu Family remained, no one dared to follow.

After Wang Lei and the others had been gone for about the time it takes to drink a cup of tea, Yang Fei looked up at the remaining guards of the Duanmu Family and spoke lightheartedly, "What now, still here to rescue your young master?"

Duanmu Cheng knew the remaining men couldn't save him, and understanding that Yang Fei intended to let them leave, he immediately said to the Innate Realm expert, "Go."

The Innate Realm expert, grasping Duanmu Cheng's intent, decisively said, "We are leaving now, Mr. Four. Don't worry, I'm going back to ask the clan's experts to come forth."

Before leaving, he couldn't resist throwing out a warning to Yang Fei and Xu Jian, "Mr. Four is from the direct lineage and is one of the most beloved grandsons of the old patriarch. I hope you both watch your actions."

#### Chapter 433: Cause of Death

The people of the Duanmu Family left without a trace.

They didn't play it smart by leaving behind spies to watch Yang Fei and Xu Jian's movements, avoiding any clumsy actions that might provoke their anger.

With a casual push, Xu Jian brought Duanmu Cheng back into Ten Miles Pavilion.

The tea that was brewing was still bubbling away, but it was a pity that Duanmu Cheng was too arrogant, having only one teacup.

The three of them sat in the pavilion, and Yang Fei looked at Duanmu Cheng and said, "My name is Yang Fei."

Duanmu Cheng was startled, then his pupils suddenly shrank, "Yang Fei? Are you from the secular world?"

Yang Fei snorted, "You keep referring to the outside world as the secular world, does that mean you consider yourselves superior? May I ask if this is a place where immortals reside?"

Duanmu Cheng felt somewhat embarrassed by the comment, but the arrogance in his bones didn't disappear as he said, "The Hidden Sect World is indeed higher than the outside world, where outstanding people and spiritual lands are found, and cultivation resources are abundant, nothing like what the outside world can compare to."

Xu Jian nodded and said, "You're right about that. Ever since I entered this place, even this withered body of mine seems to have more vitality. Besides, my Divine Soul intentions seem to be sharper here, making it easier to manipulate the Heaven and Earth Power in this space."

Yang Fei had felt the same way and nodded. He looked at Duanmu Cheng and said, "I can't deny that this place is indeed more suitable for those who practice cultivation to reside in, but if you feel superior just because of this, you are gravely mistaken. Just like you said, here you are Mr. Four of the Duanmu Family, a person of high status and power, but if you were outside, there are countless ways to kill you."

Duanmu Cheng wasn't completely ignorant about the outside world and nodded, "I understand, but weapons are strictly controlled in the outside world, and not just anyone has the power to kill a strong martial artist."

Yang Fei waved his hand, "I didn't come here to discuss this with you."

Duanmu Cheng took a deep breath and looked at Yang Fei, "Are you really Yang Fei?"

Yang Fei nodded, "Genuine and guaranteed."

Duanmu Cheng looked at Yang Fei with a complex expression and after a long pause, he eked out, "Actually, we are relatives."

Yang Fei flashed a grin, "It seems my name is very familiar to you all, and you've gotten a clear picture of my background, haven't you?"

Duanmu Cheng nodded, "Yes, ever since you foiled Zhang Wenfeng, your name has spread throughout the Hidden Sect. Especially after the recent leak of your identity as a disciple of Fatty Taoist, all eight great forces of the Hidden Sect World came to know of your existence."

Yang Fei's expression remained unchanged, having anticipated this, he looked at Duanmu Cheng, "So to acquire the so-called Taoist inheritance, the Duanmu Family sent people to capture me?"

Duanmu Cheng said, "Are you referring to Duanmu Hai and Duanmu Yun? Have you already met them?"

By the end of his question, Duanmu Cheng seemed to have realized something and asked with a serious expression, "How are they now?"

"Since I appear here, of course, they are dead," said Yang Fei indifferently.

Duanmu Cheng's pupils shrank, and he furiously said, "You... how could you kill them, do you know what you are doing?"

Witnessing Duanmu Cheng's agitated state, Yang Fei couldn't help but sneer, "They killed my uncle and wanted to kill me, why couldn't I kill them?"

Looking disappointedly at Yang Fei, Duanmu Cheng said, "You're wrong! You've been too rash. If you hadn't killed them, there might have been a chance for you to receive the Duanmu Family's protection, to even recognize your ancestors and become a member of the Duanmu Family. But now that you've killed Duanmu Hai and Duanmu Yun, you've lost any opportunity. Do you know, they were among the elite youths of the Duanmu Family, the beloved great-grandchildren of the old ancestor?"

Yang Fei's heart was utterly calm as he replied indifferently, "Oh."

Duanmu Cheng was taken aback, seemingly unable to comprehend Yang Fei's tranquility, and he asked, "Don't you have any regrets? Becoming a member of the Duanmu Family, receiving its protection, do you know how important that could have been for you?"

Yang Fei scoffed, "I truly don't cherish that at all."

Once again, Duanmu Cheng was left stunned.

Yang Fei looked at him and said, "So my mother really is Duanmu Qing?"

Duanmu Cheng slowly came back to his senses, his face revealing a sense of shame as he said angrily, "That's right. Back then she was blind, not favoring any of the many talents from the Hidden Sect, she had to fall for a mere peasant, and even bore him a son."

"Is she still alive?" Yang Fei stared into Duanmu Cheng's eyes.

Duanmu Cheng snorted, "She died long ago. Even if the Duanmu Family wanted to protect her, other powers would not have allowed her to live. No one could have kept her safe under those circumstances; she had to die."

The expression on Duanmu Cheng's face didn't change much, his eyes clear, not seeming to be lying.

Though Yang Fei had been mentally prepared, hearing Duanmu Cheng's answer still left him feeling somewhat lost.

Xu Jian gently patted Yang Fei's shoulder.

Yang Fei glanced at him and shook his head with a smile, "I'm fine."

Xu Jian sighed but remained silent.

Before coming in, Yang Fei had already told Xu Jian and Wang Lei about his origins, with the intention of letting them know that his purpose in coming to the Hidden Sect World was not just to make a name for himself. Therefore, Xu Jian didn't interrupt the conversation between Yang Fei and Duanmu Cheng.

Duanmu Cheng looked at Yang Fei and asked, "Yang Fei, are you really a Taoist Inheritor?"

Yang Fei nodded, "I suppose I am."

A gleam flashed in Duanmu Cheng's eyes as he said, "Although you've killed Duanmu Hai and Duanmu Yun, after all, the blood of Duanmu Qing flows in your veins, and you can be considered a descendant of the Duanmu Family. If you just obey, I can plead with the elder patriarch on your behalf and have him spare your life."

Yang Fei shook his head in disbelief and looked at Duanmu Cheng as if he were an idiot, "Do you think I came here seeking the Duanmu Family's protection?"

Duanmu Cheng said, "Young man, do you think with your current strength that you can truly do as you please? Let me tell you, forget about the Eight Great Forces. Even among the small sects of the Hidden Sect World, there might be individuals stronger than you. Now that your identity as a Taoist Inheritor has been exposed, you've become a target. Everyone wants what you have, and do you really think you can fend them all off by yourself?"

Yang Fei ignored his words and asked about something he was interested in, "How did my mom die?"



Duanmu Cheng, seeing him not addressing the question, couldn't help but become a bit anxious, "I am looking out for your best interest. Do you know how much danger you are in? And yet you still dare to come to the Hidden Sect—it's like you're seeking your own death. Without the protection of the Duanmu Family, you will soon be captured by the other Seven Powers."

Yang Fei grew impatient, directly kicking and breaking Duanmu Cheng's left leg, and said indifferently, "Answer my question. If you spout more useless nonsense, I'll kill you. After all, I'm not the only person in the Duanmu Family who knows the answers to the questions I have."

Duanmu Cheng, with his leg bone broken, screamed in pain and said angrily, "I was being kind to you..."

Yang Fei frowned.

Duanmu Cheng quickly shut his mouth and swallowed the words that were at the tip of his tongue.

"I... I could be considered your uncle. You... you can't do this to me," Duanmu Cheng said.

Yang Fei said indifferently, "I'm running out of patience. Just tell me, how did my mom die?"

"She was forced to her death by the other Seven Families," Duanmu Cheng replied immediately.

Yang Fei looked at him.

Duanmu Cheng hurriedly explained, "What I'm saying is the truth, absolutely verifiable. Your mother violated the promise she made to us. Instead of helping us against the Taoist enemies, she became friends with the Fatty Taoist. The Seven Great Forces were very angry. They opened up the Book Collection Pavilion to your mother, nurturing her into a super genius, but your mother betrayed her promise. Initially, the Duanmu Family wanted to save her life, but the Seven Great Forces joined forces to corner the Duanmu Family, demanding an explanation. Left with no other choice, our family's elder patriarch had to handle your mother personally."

A cold light flashed in Yang Fei's eyes as he asked, "So it was your family's patriarch who personally killed her?"

#### Chapter 434: Make a Scene and Leave

Facing Yang Fei's chilling gaze, Duanmu Cheng's heart trembled, and for the first time, he truly felt the terror and horror of this young man.

For some reason, at this moment, an inexplicable fear sprouted deep within his heart.

There was a ridiculous sense that the Duanmu Family might be devoured by this young man.

"Don't make me ask a second time," Yang Fei said coldly.

Duanmu Cheng took a deep breath and nodded, "Yes, the ancestor personally killed her. It happened in front of experts from the seven major powers, I was there too, I witnessed it with my own eyes."

Yang Fei had still harbored a sliver of hope that his mother might still be alive, but what he heard was such a result.

According to the information he had received earlier, his mother was gifted, a cultivation genius. In her twenties, she had comprehended the strengths of various Hidden Sect families and combined them into a very high Realm, all for the purpose of confronting the Taoist Inheritor.

Logically, any power, especially the Duanmu Family, would want to acquire such a heaven-sent genius, and they would not want her to die.

But the look in Duanmu Cheng's eyes was sincere, he did not seem to be lying.

"At the time, if the ancestor had not killed her, the Duanmu Family would have become the target of the other seven families and would have been attacked. The ancestor had no choice," Duanmu Cheng defended his ancestor, adding.

Yang Fei had no affection for the Duanmu Family, and hearing this only deepened his disappointment.

He certainly knew that it was often beyond one's control for a major family to continue, considering the interests of the family. Many things had to be done.

But what warmth could be spoken of in a family that couldn't even protect its own people?

Yang Fei looked at Xu Jian, and somewhat uninterestingly said, "Senior, I'll leave him to you."

Xu Jian, hearing this, was overjoyed and bowed with his hands clasped, "Thank you."

Yang Fei said, "I will try to buy you as much time as possible."

"Little Brother Yang, I will remember this favor in my heart. If successful, I will surely repay you in the future," Xu Jian once again expressed his gratitude earnestly.

Yang Fei nodded and said, "We part today, and I do not know when we will meet again. Take care, Senior!"

"You too, take care. If it proves too difficult, do not force it. You are still young; if you can endure this period and withstand the loneliness, the future will be yours," Xu Jian sincerely said, offering Yang Fei a high compliment.

Yang Fei laughed freely, "Senior, you flatter me. But that's just my nature. If I cannot live comfortably now, how can I think about the future?"

Xu Jian sighed, "Perhaps I really am old. Young people indeed need to have this kind of indomitable spirit, looking down on the world. Little Brother Yang, I hope there's a chance to meet again someday. Farewell!"

After bowing again, Xu Jian, carrying Duanmu Cheng in one hand, quickly walked away toward the direction leaving Muyun City.

Yang Fei stood in the Ten Miles Pavilion, only hearing the terrified cries of Duanmu Cheng coming from afar: "Where... where are you taking me? Yang Fei, you can't just leave me like this, I am your uncle... "

The sound faded away, but Yang Fei remained unmoved.

All his life, he had only one family—his second uncle's family.

Now that his second uncle was dead, and the people of the Duanmu Family were responsible for his death, regardless of whether he was blood-related to the Duanmu Family or not, he had to seek justice for his uncle's death.

As for Xu Jian taking Duanmu Cheng away, that was exactly what Xu Jian and he had agreed upon.

Ever since Xu Jian suspected that Duanmu Cheng had some understanding of the Body Seizing and Rebirth Technique, after learning about his interest in the Tao Longevity Scripture, he had confided to Yang Fei, hoping Yang Fei would help keep Duanmu Cheng behind.

Xu Jian speculated that Duanmu Cheng might have some insights into Body Seizing and Rebirth, and considering that the Art of Body Seizing and Rebirth required the victim to have some understanding of the technique, with Xu Jian's limited time, he told Yang Fei that he wanted to take a risk.

Although Duanmu Cheng's qualifications were poor, he was still young. If he could succeed, Xu Jian would have much more time, and if a better option arose in the future, he could strive for it then.

He shared all his plans with Yang Fei, and Yang Fei also found them feasible.

After all, the Body Seizing and Rebirth Technique described in the Tao Longevity Scripture might sound simple, but in reality, it goes against the natural order and is extremely difficult, and Xu Jian didn't have much time left, with no better options currently available.

If Xu Jian was fortunate enough to succeed in one attempt, it would also benefit Yang Fei, as Duanmu Cheng's identity was still very useful.

Actually, before this Xu Jian had proposed causing a disturbance in the Duanmu Family for Yang Fei, but Yang Fei had declined.

This time, he had come to teach the Duanmu Family a profound lesson, but he wasn't foolhardy enough to confront them directly; although Xu Jian was strong, he still wasn't a match for the top experts of the Duanmu Family.

He even intentionally sent Wang Lei away.

On his own, he had greater agility, and even if he couldn't overcome an enemy, he could escape.

After his legs were tempered, he was very confident in his ability to flee, and if he encountered a peak expert from the Hidden Sect and couldn't win, he would just run.

Having Xu Jian and Wang Lei nearby would instead be a burden.

In the Ten Miles Pavilion, Yang Fei sat quietly, his thoughts exceptionally clear.

With Wang Lei taking Qi Hongshao and Qi Honglei, hiding in the Hidden Sect World wasn't too difficult, but for long-term stability, it was best to leave the Hidden Sect World.

It was uncertain whether Qi Hongshao and Qi Honglei would leave this place.

He knew Wang Lei well; once he had settled the Qi sisters, he definitely would come to help him, so before that, he needed to create a big disturbance at the Duanmu Family and then leave.

"If Yanyang knew I was in the Hidden Sect World, she would definitely be very worried, so I can't stay here too long to avoid worrying her, and definitely can't let her act rashly on my behalf," he thought.

He also thought of Tong Yunshu, and relatives like Yang Hao and Yang Wen.

They all needed his protection.

Now that his identity as a Taoist Inheritor had been exposed, although only Duanmu Hai and Duanmu Yun needed to appear, other forces might still try to find him. Therefore, by coming to the Hidden Sect World, he had to make a commotion early to prevent those searching for him from threatening Yang Hao and Yang Wen because they couldn't find him.

Having realized all this, Yang Fei decisively got up and headed towards Muyun City.

Just having walked a little over ten miles, urgent hoofbeats approached from the front, accompanied by several strong and somewhat concealed presences.

Yang Fei concealed his breath and avoided the area where the group was likely to pass, hiding himself in a large tree.

Soon, dust swirled as a dozen swift horses galloped toward him.

The riders on their backs were all real Cultivation Experts, and two of them radiated a frightening aura that seemed to leave no place for any demons or monsters to hide.

Even though Yang Fei had expertly hidden his presence, he felt as if these two people had glanced in his direction, giving him the illusion that they had detected him.

Suddenly, Yang Fei's eyes narrowed as he recognized a familiar face.

It was the only Innate Realm master who had remained unharmed while guarding Duanmu Cheng before.

This person now held only the fourth rank in the group. As they passed near where Yang Fei was hiding, he faintly heard him say, "It's not far ahead now, I hope those few thieves haven't escaped yet, otherwise things will look grim for Mr. Four."

After the group had passed, Yang Fei jumped down from the tree, internally shocked, "The Duanmu Family reacts so swiftly and just now, in that troop, there were eight Innate Realm masters, two of whom seemed to possess powerful Divine Soul Power, no weaker than Zhang Wenfeng. The elite force in the Hidden Sect World indeed far surpassed that of the ordinary world."

"However, now that these people have left Muyun City, the Duanmu Family's top fighting strength has been significantly weakened. It's a perfect opportunity to create a major disturbance," he thought.

#### Chapter 435: What a Coincidence

Muyun City had a permanent population of over eight hundred thousand, and although the city gates would close at night, there was no curfew. The ancient city, illuminated by the gleam of lights, bustled with prosperity and liveliness at night, giving Yang Fei the illusion that he was in the Prosperous Tang Dynasty Chang'an.

Although he had never visited Chang'an during the Tang Dynasty, he believed that Muyun City was not far behind in comparison.

He entered the city at dusk and wandered around for a long time, paying certain attention to the lives and businesses of the inhabitants. He found that most of the residents were well-off, with even those living in the most remote outskirts of the city having their own small independent courtyards.

Most of the people in the city practiced martial arts, and Yang Fei once saw a couple in a courtyard yearning for a bright future.

They had three children, the eldest and the second being of mediocre talent, but the third was detected to have an exceptionally good martial arts talent. The couple managed to get their child admitted to the Martial Arts School established by the Duanmu Family within the city, and the father even spent a decade's worth of savings to buy a Body Shaping Pill for the child. It was said that after taking this elixir, the child's physical foundation would become stronger, laying a more solid foundation for future martial arts training.

Because of the third child, their family didn't have to worry about being driven out of Muyun City.

After all, Muyun City is one of the Eight Major Cities, their family had lived there for generations and bore the mark of the Duanmu Family. If they were to leave, they could only go to relatively backward towns, and whether their descendants could return to Muyun City in the future would be a big question.

Since the third child was selected by the Martial Arts School of the Duanmu Family, he would be able to serve the Duanmu Family in the future. According to the rules of the Duanmu Family, from the third child's generation onward, they could reside in Muyun City for three continuous generations.

If no one succeeded in the following three generations or gained the favor of the Duanmu Family, they would have to leave.

One could say that although Muyun City was a free city where people from the Hidden Sect World could come and go for business and life, it was, in fact, dominated by the Duanmu Family's people, and the majority of the permanent residents were affiliated with the Duanmu Family.

This was a private city that honored the Duanmu Family.

The Duanmu Family owned a city and controlled all resources within a hundred kilometers around Muyun City, basically constituting their own country.

After wandering around the city for a few hours and when night fell, Yang Fei arrived at the northernmost area of Muyun City.

This place, relative to the whole city, was the highest terrain. A continuous mountain range spanned across this area, from north to south.

Midway up the mountain, there was a vast, flat area that was either naturally formed or carved out by successive generations of the Duanmu Family. The headquarters of the Duanmu Family were situated here. The vast complex of buildings, magnificent like ancient palaces, lay across the broad mountainside. At night, the brilliant lights from the pavilions formed a chain, looking from a distance like a fire dragon coiled around the mountainside, overlooking and protecting the vast Muyun City.

The foot of the mountain was heavily guarded, with several accessible spots to the mountain even stationed by masters at the Innate Realm level.



This astonished Yang Fei.

Although he knew that the Hidden Sect World primarily focused on cultivation, and there were many more martial arts experts than in the outside world, still, the fact that those who would be considered at the National Guardian Level in the outside world were as common as dogs here, being merely at the Innate Realm, was almost too "that" to believe.

Just within the Duanmu Family, he had already seen no fewer than fifteen Innate Realm masters.

What's more important, he had not yet entered the core area of the Duanmu Family.

Though boldness often follows mastery, Yang Fei remained discreetly cautious.

With the Duanmu Family alone possessing such strength, going against the entire Hidden Sect World on his own was tantamount to courting death.

He finally understood why his master, even as an inheritor of the Taoist teachings and possessing such strength, could not find his place in the Hidden Sect World.

While the peak combat power here might not be significantly stronger than his current self, the number of those at the Unique Tier and National Guardian Level was simply too great.

Moreover, the quantity of peak combat power was probably not small either.

While cultivation may have declined in this world and the height of individual power reached by cultivators was confined and restricted, within those bounds, there were still numerous cultivators who could reach the ceiling level of this world.

After much consideration, Yang Fei still snuck into the territory of the Duanmu Family.

To cause a big stir, leave his name, and depart.

As long as he could kill a strong opponent and retreat entirely unscathed, he could leave behind a formidable reputation. Then, other forces that wanted to deal with him would have to weigh their own strength.

His intention this time was to establish his reputation, not to linger in battle. Now that both of his feet had undergone Foundation Establishment tempering, he was confident in his escape.

Half an hour later, Yang Fei arrived at the grand manor built by the Duanmu Family.

During this half hour, Yang Fei was on high alert. Fortunately, he could hide his Inner Qi very well; otherwise, he would have been discovered by the various secret guards along the way.

With no precise target in mind, Yang Fei entered the manor and, taking advantage of the night's cover, began to search through the grand palace-like estate. After some time passed while he wandered, he suddenly stopped in front of a courtyard.

From inside came the worried voice of a woman, "It's been so long since the third son went to the outside world, and there has been no news. My eyelids have been twitching fiercely lately, and you won't even go to inquire about him."

"What's the rush? He is among the best of the younger generation in the Hidden Sect, and besides, he went out with Duanmu Yun. With the two brothers working together, who could easily threaten them?" A calm voice of a middle-aged man soon followed.

Yang Fei's eyes lit up.

He had stumbled upon the very people he was looking for.

This courtyard must be where Duanmu Hai's parents lived.

Duanmu Hai killed my second uncle, so I will kill his father in return.

"But I've been feeling uneasy recently, with severe eyelid twitching, and he has been out for so long without returning; naturally, I am worried," the woman's voice continued with concern.

The middle-aged man said, "He must have succeeded, perhaps delayed to avoid other aristocratic families and Sects."

Yang Fei listened for a moment but, hearing no useful information and growing impatient with their worries about Duanmu Hai's delayed return, he decided not to keep listening.

He hid his presence and quietly descended into the courtyard; the couple inside were oblivious to his presence.

Yang Fei silently shook his head.

Duanmu Hai was not weak, possessing the combat power of the Innate Realm at such a young age, yet his parents were too feeble.

From his observations just now, Duanmu Hai's father was only at the Late-stage Energy Transformation Realm.

"Who's there?"

Inside the room, Duanmu Xin suddenly became alert and sensed a dangerous aura. He quickly turned his head toward the window and faintly saw a blurred figure flash by in the courtyard.

He hurriedly pursued out of the room to find, under the dim light, a figure standing proudly in the courtyard.

Duanmu Xin's pupils contracted, and he asked warily, "Who are you to dare trespass upon the Duanmu aristocratic family?"

His wife also quickly followed behind him.

Looking at the couple, a flash of murderous intent appeared in Yang Fei's eyes, but in the end, he decided to kill only Duanmu Xin. He said, "I am the Yang Fei your son went looking for. Since your son shows no righteousness and brings disaster to the innocent, I'm returning the favor. I generously offer to send his father to join him on Huangquan Road."

"What, you... you're spouting nonsense. How is my third son now?" The woman, catching the implications of Yang Fei's words, was greatly shocked and shrieked in anger.

Duanmu Xin was also terrified and blurted, "What are you saying? You... you're Yang Fei, the Taoist Inheritor, Yang..."

Before he could finish his sentence, his vision blurred as Yang Fei was already by his side.

The disparity in strength between the two was too great, and Duanmu Xin had underestimated Yang Fei's power, especially on his home ground. Yang Fei vanished in an instant and reappeared the next moment right before him. Duanmu Xin tried to dodge, but he found he couldn't make a sound; his throat was already seized by a hand as hard as steel.

"Crack!"

The sound of a crushed windpipe rang out.

Yang Fei directly killed Duanmu Xin and casually tossed the body toward the woman.

The woman was also a martial artist, with strength that was even greater than that of Duanmu Xin. She tried to save Duanmu Xin but saw her husband's body hurtling towards her, forcing her to catch it.

"Ah!"

Lowering her head to see her husband was already breathless, the woman was shocked and angry, letting out a furious and mournful cry. When she looked up, Yang Fei had already vanished from the courtyard.

"Someone come, a thief has broken into the manor!"

#### Chapter 436: Can You Get Lost?

The defenses of the Duanmu Family were extremely strict, and under normal circumstances, it was almost impossible for assassins to infiltrate their villa.

However, once the external defenses were breached and the intruder entered the villa, the inner defenses became relatively lax.

As one of the Eight Great Forces, the Duanmu Family was rich in experts, and very few dared to barge in and stir up trouble there since ancient times.

When Duanmu Xin's wife let out a terrified scream, the entire villa was alerted.

Soon, the inner court guards formed by the Duanmu Family's own clansmen rushed over.

Seeing Duanmu Xin lying dead in his wife's arms, and the wife pointing frantically in a direction, she screamed, "The villain went that way, catch him for me, I must have him flayed and quartered!"

Immediately, several masters chased in that direction, while several others who remained, one of them respectfully asked, "Auntie, what on earth happened, how did Uncle end up like this?"

"The villain said he was Yang Fei, and he claimed he had killed your cousins Duanmu Hai and Duanmu Yun, coming here for revenge today."

"What?"

The Duanmu Family guards were all shocked.

It wasn't the influence of Yang Fei's name that startled them, but rather the death of Duanmu Hai and Duanmu Yun was a huge shock.

These two were the leading figures in the younger generation of the Duanmu Family, having stepped into the Innate Realm in their thirties with exceptional talent, key pillars of the family's future, and now they were dead?

While the guards were still in shock, the sound of breaking the air continued, as other family experts arrived after hearing the news.

One of the old men glanced at Duanmu Xin's corpse in the woman's arms, his pupils shrank, and he snapped, "What happened?"

The woman recounted the incident.

The old man was seething with anger and shouted, "Damn it, how dare some outsider barge into the headquarters of our Duanmu Family! Raise the alert, we must find this brat, I want to see if he's really as exceptional as he seems."

Another clan elder arrived shortly after and asked after being briefed on the situation, "You and your husband hadn't yet rested, and it was that youngster who killed Duanmu Xin?"

Duanmu Xin's wife cried, "Yes, that villain is indeed formidable, he struck and left immediately, my husband didn't even withstand a single blow before he was killed. By the time I charged over, this person had thrown my husband's body at me to block the way, and when I went to pursue him, he had already leaped over the wall and fled, his speed was like that of a ghost."

"It indicates that the boy's strength is extraordinary since he managed to sneak into the villa's inner grounds; we must not underestimate him."

"Yes, Uncle was also at the Peak of Energy Transformation Realm Ninth Rank; with such strength, he couldn't even withstand one move from that boy, the boy must also be in the Innate Realm."

"Could he really be a Taoist Inheritor?"

"Only a Taoist Inheritor could have such a realm at such a young age."

"The true inheritance of Taoism is indeed powerful."

Amidst the discussion, sharp gleams flickered in the eyes of the Duanmu Family members.

This was indeed like finding a rare treasure without even searching; with rumors about the Hidden Sect's Taoist Inheritor emerging, all forces wanted to secure the Taoist inheritance. They never expected the Taoist Inheritor to dare intrude into the heart of the Duanmu Family.

It was practically suicide.

If the Duanmu Family could capture this youngster and obtain the true Taoist cultivation technique, the family was certain to reach new heights.

In a moment, everyone was burning with eagerness, their zeal to capture Yang Fei intensifying.

As for the killings of Duanmu Xin, Duanmu Hai, and Duanmu Yun, that was no longer as important.

After all, they could simply force the Taoist cultivation technique out of him and then kill the youngster, holding a memorial for the three of them to pacify their souls in heaven.

After killing Duanmu Xin, Yang Fei had fled far from the crime scene, hiding in a tranquil courtyard hundreds of meters away.

This courtyard seemed rather desolate and decrepit, seemingly uninhabited.

This made it convenient for Yang Fei to hide.

What surprised Yang Fei was that this place was already the heartland of the Duanmu Family. The residence where Duanmu Xin and his wife lived didn't even reach the center of the heartland, yet this estate he had chosen for his hideout had much better overall architecture and location.

Why was such a place so run-down and deserted?

It was as if it had been uninhabited for many years.

This was even better for hiding for the time being.

The outside was in an uproar, with several areas that were preparing for bed being disturbed, lighting up one after another with candlelight.

Occasionally, a powerful presence flickered by, clearly alarming the bigwigs of the Duanmu aristocratic family.

After killing Duanmu Xin, much of Yang Fei's hatred had dissipated.

His uncle's death had driven him mad at the time.

But now that he had personally slain Duanmu Hai and Duanmu Yun, his uncle's vendetta could be considered avenged.

Only when he thought about how his uncle had been implicated because of him and that the opponent had shown no martial arts world's righteousness, breaking the principle of 'calamities should not involve family,' Yang Fei's anger could not be extinguished.

Now that he had killed Duanmu Hai's father, almost all of Yang Fei's hatred had faded, and he had truly calmed down.



Calamities should not involve family.

Wasn't he now doing the same as Duanmu Hai?

He recalled the words that Qin Yanyang had repeatedly reminded him of.

Be a little more magnanimous in everything, open-minded, reduce the desire to kill, and don't be too consumed by malice.

If he couldn't control his desire to kill, he would be even worse than Duanmu Hai and Duanmu Yun, and eventually become the person he loathed.

Suddenly, he shook his head in self-mockery with a smile.

Now that he had alarmed the experts of the Duanmu Family, it would not be easy for him to leave, and not wanting to kill was no longer an option.

However, this had nothing to do with his uncle's vendetta anymore, he just wanted to live well from now on, nothing more.

"Hey, can you just get lost?"

Suddenly, an icy female voice came through, filled with disgust and complaint.

Yang Fei was startled, and the hairs on his back stood up.

There was still someone hiding in this courtyard, and he hadn't noticed?

He followed the voice, but he didn't see anyone, which made his brow furrow.

Just as he was about to search thoroughly, that cold voice came again: "Your presence will implicate me."

The voice was clear and cold, very dissatisfied.

Yang Fei said helplessly, "Sorry, I didn't realize that someone was already here. But it's not safe outside now, so I have to hide here."

"Bad luck!"

The voice came again.

This time, Yang Fei pinpointed the location of the other party's hiding spot.

He was amazed to find that this person, like himself and Qin Yanyang, could perfectly conceal their presence.

No wonder he hadn't noticed her before.

But as soon as he became aware of the woman, she scaled the wall like a civet cat and quickly disappeared from his senses.

Obviously, since she couldn't drive away Yang Fei, she was worried about being implicated and chose to leave, giving up this excellent hiding spot to him.

"The voice sounded a bit young and belongs to a woman, I wonder what she looks like?" As the woman walked away, Yang Fei muttered to himself.

Suddenly realizing something, Yang Fei slapped himself lightly on the face and inwardly scorned himself, "Yang Fei, oh Yang Fei, what nonsense are you thinking about? You haven't even dealt with your relationship with Qin Yanyang and Tong Yunshu yet, and you're already concerned about whether another woman is beautiful. Even if she is a celestial being, what does it have to do with you?"

He inwardly warned himself to stay steady, not to get involved with other women, and not to become a fickle lover; otherwise, it would be too unfair to Qin Yanyang.

Er, Tong Yunshu was an exception.

After all, she was there before Qin Yanyang.

Qin Yanyang and he had connected hearts first.

But Tong Yunshu chose a shortcut and went ahead with a different connection, it wasn't his fault.

As he was indulging in wild thoughts, a sense of vigilance suddenly arose within him.

Invisibly, it was as if a pair of eyes were scanning over from afar; even in the darkness of the night, it gave Yang Fei a feeling of having nowhere to hide.

#### Chapter 437: Terrible Backlash

Just as that line of sight was about to sweep over the courtyard, Yang Fei had already held his breath, concealing all traces of his presence, even hiding his body under the eaves of a complex mortise and tenon structure, attempting to evade the sensorial search.

The next instant, that powerful perception entered the courtyard.

Like a thermal imaging camera and radar scanning equipment, that keen line of sight scanned every corner of the courtyard, almost reaching the place where Yang Fei was hiding when suddenly it vanished.

Yang Fei, with his keen senses, felt that the perception suddenly pursued a different direction.

And that direction was precisely where the woman who had hidden here before had just departed.

"She really is... quite loyal," Yang Fei thought with an odd expression.

Elsewhere, a petite figure dressed in black night clothes deftly avoided the gaze of the Duanmu Family's expert searchers. Just as she was about to break out of the encirclement and escape the search area, she suddenly froze.

"Idiots, you've got the wrong person," the woman snorted lightly, but her face changed drastically, and she helplessly sped up, trying to escape from the palace-like complex residence.

"And that boy, don't let me see you again. You've killed this lady."

The woman in black was silently cursing Yang Fei when suddenly her pupils constricted, and she felt the naked sensation of being bathed in someone's gaze.

"Audacious, to dare to intrude upon the Duanmu aristocratic family!"

A majestic and domineering voice descended from the heavens.

Immediately after, the woman in black felt as if struck by lightning. It seemed as though every word of that voice was an invisible attack, continuously bombarding her spirit.

"Hmph!"

With a heavy cold snort, a muffled sound burst forth, and she felt refreshed and clear-headed.

At that moment, the Duanmu Family peak master utilizing his Primordial Spirit had launched an auditory assault on the woman in black with his voice and Primordial Spirit.

If not for the woman's resolute will and extraordinary realm, she might have been suppressed on the spot.

But being reminded by that peak master of the Duanmu Family, other experts of the Duanmu Family soon discovered the woman.

Many who were searching for Yang Fei thought she was him and rushed over in pursuit.

The woman in black mentally cursed the person who attacked her to the eighteenth generation of his ancestors, still unable to vent her anger, and even more furiously cursed the bastard who had snatched her hiding spot earlier.

How could she be so unlucky to have some fool also break into the Duanmu Family grounds?

If you don't have the skills, don't come and court death.

Dammit, causing the Duanmu Family people to get involved, truly bad luck!

"Where do you think you're going!"

A shout came from ahead.

Even though her face was covered with black cloth, a pair of eyes bright as stars emitted a gleam in the darkness.

Blocked by an expert, she didn't pause at all, but instead, her figure suddenly accelerated. She swung her hand despite being more than a dozen meters away.

In the dim light, it was impossible to see what she had thrown, but the person ahead let out a strange cry, suddenly covering his face with his hands, screaming as he plunged from the air to the ground.

The woman in black swiftly flew over his head and sped off into the distance.

"Ah... agh, it's... it's poison, quick, save me..." The skilled fighter who had fallen to the ground kept wailing, calling for help.

A moment later, cries of alarm came from afar.

"Be careful, this thief is proficient with poison!"

"A wickedly toxic Poison Skill, likely the methods of the Poison Sect."

"She doesn't use just one kind of poison; there's an intangible lethal poison and also Soft Muscle Powder that dissipates one's Inner Strength, rendering one weak and powerless."

"Not only that, this thief's Qinggong is outstanding; her speed is extremely fast."

"Uncle Three just now exchanged a palm with her, and she shattered his heart meridians; she is a peak master of the Innate Realm!"

In no time, exclamations arose, with various frightened voices surfacing.

The majority of the Duanmu Family's experts were drawn away, chasing after her in a frenzy.

Who knew how long it had been before someone realised something was amiss, and reprimanded, "Today's intruder is not just one person. This is a female thief, not the petty thief Yang Fei."

"Split up and search; we must not let that petty thief Yang Fei escape, otherwise our Duanmu Family will become a laughingstock."

"We can't let that female thief escape either; many in our clan have been poisoned, and perhaps only she has the antidote."

Immortal Yan, relying on her superb Qing Gong Technique and skillful Poison Skill, eluded pursuit and was unstoppable.

Yet her heart was filled with extreme urgency.

She was already being pursued by many people.

If this continued, she wouldn't get away.

Listening to the cries of surprise coming from behind, her heart suddenly skipped a beat.

Yang Fei?

This name had been sounding familiar recently.

Could it be the same youngster the outside world was talking about?

Why would he come to the Duanmu Family's territory? Wasn't that seeking death?

Hmph, I hope those from the Duanmu Family don't discover you; next time I will settle my scores with you myself.

...

Yang Fei lingered in the dilapidated courtyard for only a moment before decisively changing his position.

Although it looked like a suitable place to hide, it was actually extremely dangerous.

The busier a place was, the safer it was in fact.

While the vast majority were distracted by that woman, Yang Fei successfully moved his position. He found a place to hide inside a woodshed of a courtyard home.

The family there had already been alarmed, and there were quite a few people patrolling inside the courtyard. From their conversation, it seemed the most powerful experts had gone to join the search and pursuit.

Of course, there were still several experts left in the courtyard, one of whom possessed a Unique Tier level of strength.

But evidently, their attention had been diverted, especially since they had not expected Yang Fei to move here so quickly, daring to hide within this courtyard.

After hiding for the time it took to drink a cup of tea, curses filled the air outside and the entire manor was alerted, countless experts searching everywhere yet finding no trace, which left many from the Duanmu Family irritable as thunder.

"Silence!"

Suddenly, a voice like thunder fell from the sky.

The noisy manor quieted down instantly.

Apart from the group still doggedly pursuing the female thief, the rest of the manor was eerily silent.

"Everyone stop where you are. A mere thief dares to intrude upon the Duanmu Family, thinking we are undefended?"

A vigorous and powerful voice followed.

Then, there was a chill in everyone's heart.



Numerous young members of the Duanmu Family excitedly trembled.

"The Old Ancestor is showing his power!"

"He's about to use his Divine Thought to cover the entire clan and find that thief."

Countless people thought excitedly to themselves.

The next moment, three sharp presences appeared simultaneously, spreading out from three different directions.

These three presences were like three pairs of penetrating eyes, within the range of their search, no person or thing could escape their gaze.

Divine Thought seaching!

Inside the woodshed, Yang Fei had thought he could stay hidden, but the moment he heard that thunderous voice, he immediately became alert.

Sure enough, a powerful Divine Sense soon swept over.

He was unsure if he could stay concealed, but within his Sea of Consciousness, Divine Thought surged, ready for anything.

After a dozen breaths, the courtyard where he was hiding was swept by a Divine Sense.

Everyone felt as if they were being stripped bare under scrutiny.

Inside the woodshed, Yang Fei's heart suddenly jolted.

Without any hesitation, his Divine Thought surged forth, violently colliding with the 'gaze' that was sweeping over him.

In the rear courtyard, within the quiet room of a serene residence, an old man dressed in a white robe sitting on a cushion suddenly changed expression dramatically, blood seeping from his eyes as a mouthful of fresh blood spurted out.

He shook violently as if he had been struck by lightning, almost losing his life.

"Dammit!"

"He's in Duanmu Tao's home!"

#### Chapter 438: I Was Careless at the Time

After sending a warning to the experts in his family, Duanmu Wugou, one of the three Divine Travel Realm powerhouses of the Duanmu family stationed at home, hurriedly stabilized his loosening Sea of Consciousness. Moments later, he rose up and, like a specter, rushed out of the mansion.

He wanted to suppress that young man personally, making him suffer tremendously under his hands.

To think that the young man dared to launch a surprise attack and cause severe damage to his Sea of Consciousness, leaving it unable to heal for ten to eight years, was truly detestable.

Sustaining injuries was a minor issue, but the key point was the damage to his soul, which would directly shorten his lifespan by several years.

For an old man like him, lifespan was incredibly precious; not to mention three to five years, even three to five months were extremely valuable.

...

Meanwhile, after Yang Fei successfully struck, that feeling of being watched vanished instantly.

His own Divine Soul also suffered a slight shake, which secretly alarmed him greatly.

No wonder he was a Divine Travel Realm powerhouse. Despite a surprise attack from Yang Fei, he still felt somewhat dizzy and strained. If he were to confront him head-on, he wasn't sure if his soul's strength could withstand the opponent's Divine Thought attack.

Was this the strength of the top combat power of the Hidden Sect?

Alarmed, Yang Fei did not stay for a moment longer; he immediately rushed out of the woodshed and ran towards the base of the mountain.

Previously, he had thought that merely killing Duanmu Xin was not enough to establish his authority.

Now realizing that there were numerous strong experts in the Duanmu family, with three in the Divine Travel Realm alone, and the threat posed by just one of them was so fearsome, he feared it would be difficult to escape if he were surrounded.

So now he no longer thought about establishing his authority; he only wanted to retreat safely.

The master of this courtyard, Duanmu Tao, had already gone out to search for Yang Fei's whereabouts. The strongest person in the courtyard was merely of Unique Tier strength. As soon as he received a warning from the elder, Duanmu Wugou, he immediately chased towards the woodshed. Before he arrived, a person rushed out from within, roaring and charging with a sword.

Yang Fei did not even glance at him, turning around to flee.

The ground's stone slabs cracked as Yang Fei's body shot into the air like a cannonball. He utilized Telekinesis to harness the Power of Heaven and Earth to support his body, flying through the air and covering a distance of about fifty meters at once.

Numerous skilled members of the Duanmu family locked onto his position; some threw hidden weapons, others shot arrows.

But these either couldn't accurately target Yang Fei's body, or were deflected by his strong Protective Gang Qi before they could even touch him.

Yang Fei, high in the sky, surveyed the landing area below with an eagle-like gaze.

Experts from the Duanmu family were already waiting there, ready to swarm him once he landed.

Seeing no Innate Realm experts obstructing him, Yang Fei did not forcibly use his Divine Thought to change direction in the air with the Power of Heaven and Earth and chose to fall.

"Boom!"

With a loud noise, a small pavilion directly collapsed, scattering debris and repelling several people.

A few brave ones closed in to attack, but saw Yang Fei sweeping his palms, and the furious palm wind sent those people flying.

His knees bent, then instantly straightened.

His body, like a bullet, shot back into the sky, and when he landed again, he was already tens of meters away.

Though this took long to describe, all of it happened in the blink of an eye. Each of Yang Fei's leaps took just a few seconds, yet each covered a distance of over fifty meters.

Compared to those light-bodied Qinggong masters, Yang Fei's movements were not as graceful, but each leap was filled with power, especially his speed, which was not inferior to any Qinggong master.

Anyone who tried to block him was instantly defeated by his moves.

He was like a ferocious primordial beast appearing among the crowd, his overpowering strength combined with flawless power made him unstoppable amidst the chase and assault by hundreds, if not thousands, of Duanmu family experts.

Shortly after, Yang Fei had rushed hundreds of meters from the inner area of the Duanmu family villa towards the outer periphery.

When he soared into the sky for the ninth time, a thunderous sound suddenly descended from the void: "Arrogant fool!"

As the voice fell, Yang Fei's heart suddenly tightened, and an unprecedented sense of crisis emerged.

He looked up sharply, seeing no one in the nighttime sky ahead, but a visible whirlwind suddenly appeared and surged towards him.

The whirlwind picked up speed and solidity, transforming into a huge hand in the tens of meters it traveled and ferociously striking towards Yang Fei, blocking his path.

High in the sky, Yang Fei let his body arch forward, his True Yuan within moved, and he fiercely threw a punch.

Boom!

A breaking sound echoed through the void.

The speed of this punch surpassed the speed of sound, creating a sonic boom.

"Buzz!"

A tearing sound spread.

Yang Fei felt as if his fist had struck a soft yet tough material.

But that material, ultimately unable to withstand the dominance of his fist power, was torn open.

The hurricane brushed past his body, tearing multiple holes in his clothes, and if it were not for the Protective Gang Qi, his body would have likely been slashed with several wounds.

Yet this incredibly refined giant palm was solidly blasted into fragments. Amid the flying Qi, Yang Fei passed through.

"Boy, don't run, take my sword!"

A fierce shout came.

A figure shot up from the ground, within the dancing silver light, Sword Qi surged threateningly as a sharp long sword stabbed directly towards him.

At that moment, Yang Fei felt a bit of regret.

Since entering the Martial Arts World, he had not found a suitable melee weapon. Now facing this Innate Realm expert with a sword, he was fearless, but without a weapon in hand, he ultimately suffered a great disadvantage.

The situation today was critical; he couldn't afford to be entangled by the enemy and must fight quickly and decisively.

Moreover, he was now in mid-air, making it too difficult to dodge this sword.

The only option was to meet it head-on.

Without any hesitation, a glint flashed in Yang Fei's eyes as he stared at the trajectory of the incoming sword. His right foot suddenly swept out in a horizontal kick.

"Seeking death!"

The swordsman snorted coldly, his sword move unchanged, aiming to severely injure Yang Fei with one strike.

"Bang!"

It sounded like metal clashing as Yang Fei's foot accurately kicked the sword's blade.

The sword, wrapped in dominant True Qi and fierce Sword Qi, tore a hole in Yang Fei's shoe, and his right foot was somewhat in pain.

Fortunately, he had kicked the blade of the sword. Combined with his feet, already tempered and as hard as iron, the force of this kick was astonishing, and the sword was actually kicked into two pieces.

Having deflected that sword, Yang Fei punched towards the opponent's face.

The man was shocked and horrified.

His sword, forged from fine iron, a rare treasure sword, was actually broken by a kick?

A tremendous pain transmitted from the base of his thumb, indicating it was already fractured.

An incredibly strong force reverberated back along his arm into his own body.

What a dominant kick!

What kind of strength was this!

Internally shocked, yet suddenly a punch by Yang Fei smashed down towards him. Reacting promptly amidst the shock, he crossed his arms in front to block.

"Thud!"

Yang Fei's punch struck his crossed arms.

"Crack!"

Bones shattered, broken by the punch, as the terrifying fist power surged through. The man's arms rebounded, striking his own chest fiercely, a mouthful of fresh blood spurted out, and his body plummeted backward like a kite with its string cut.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh!!!

Several sharp sounds of cutting air came, as four or five experts soared up, swords, and knives drawn, determined to hack Yang Fei to death.

Yang Fei, still in the air, had just been obstructed by that Innate Realm expert, slowing his fall into an ambush.

But he didn't take these few individuals seriously.

However, the real powerhouse rushing towards him at an astounding speed from a hundred meters away made him feel a tinge of despair!

In the end, he had underestimated the overall strength of the Duanmu Family.



Once entangled by this powerhouse even for a moment, the other two powerhouses would also surround him. Then, facing three opponents alone, where would there be a chance to escape?

He had been careless!

#### Chapter 439: Combo Moves for a Narrow Escape

After landing again, several experts attacked simultaneously on the ground. Yang Fei seized a short blade and repelled the crowd.

He didn't take to the air again, but took advantage of the close proximity of loft buildings and the cover provided by the bustling crowd, sprinting low to flee outside the villa.

Above in the sky, Duanmu Wugou, with his powerful Divine Soul, had locked onto Yang Fei's aura, ready to attack as soon as Yang Fei soared into the sky again. However, he hadn't expected the young man to stick close to the ground.

Despite his ability to precisely lock onto Yang Fei with Divine Thought, with the experience of being counterattacked earlier, Duanmu Wugou dared not unleash a telekinetic attack again; he could only follow Yang Fei. Moreover, since Yang Fei was mingling with the crowd, it was difficult to make a move without risking injury to his own clan members.

Taking advantage of this, Yang Fei managed to escape another hundred meters, and Duanmu Wugou saw that continuing this way would allow him to escape the villa.

With the boy's speed and strength, once he broke free from the villa's encirclement, it was very likely that he would escape.

"Those below the Innate Realm, hide and cease pursuit," Duanmu Wugou commanded sternly.

His voice was like thunder, and the members of the Duanmu Family immediately complied.

Thus, the bustling chase scene vanished instantly. All martial artists below the Innate Realm within the entire villa stayed where they were, halting their pursuit, leaving only a dozen Innate Realm experts clinging to Yang Fei.

Duanmu Wugou remained in the sky, continuously leveraging the air to soar, truly like an immortal, impressively powerful.

Yet he knew all too well that this was draining on his Primordial Spirit, and coupled with the backlash from Yang Fei's earlier ambush, his combat power was already compromised.

However, to personally suppress Yang Fei, Duanmu Wugou spared no effort, determined to capture him himself.

On the ground, unimpeded, Yang Fei's speed increased even more.

But the downside was also obvious; he had nowhere to hide, his movements were clear in the eyes of his enemies.

Suddenly, it was as if a thunderclap exploded within his Sea of Consciousness.

His vision blurred, nearly causing him to faint.

Damn it, those at the Divine Travel Realm could kill with a thought. He was locked onto by the enemy, who could attack at any moment, and he was nearly caught off guard.

His Sea of Consciousness was shocked, but Yang Fei's Divine Soul was strong, his will firm, and after only a brief moment of darkness and dizziness, he recovered.

He didn't stop his feet, his speed astonishing. Although Duanmu Wugou was flying, he found it very difficult to catch up.

Farther away, two other Divine Travel Realm experts from the Duanmu Family followed.

Over a dozen Innate Realm experts were close behind.

With such a lineup, there were few in the world who could escape.

Yang Fei, holding a blade in one hand, had only one thought in his mind.

Run!

The faster, the better!

In the end, he had underestimated the overall combat power of the Duanmu Family.

Three Divine Travel Realm experts were not to be underestimated, and the dozen or so Innate Realm experts also posed a big problem.

If entangled by these people, he would have a hard time getting away.

Fortunately, his highly-anticipated legs did not disappoint him.

The refined legs seemed to possess infinite power; with each step he took, his figure burst forth like a specter, with amazing speed.

Hum... hum hum...

Piercing sonic vibrations buzzed past his ears.

Without the need for telekinesis to stimulate the power of Heaven and Earth, just the force from his legs was enough to bring his speed close to the speed of sound, almost causing a sonic boom.

The more Duanmu Wugou chased, the more alarmed he became.

He had roamed the Hidden Sect World for many years. Although he was not invincible, he was a top-tier powerhouse, and had encountered countless opponents in his lifetime.

But an enemy like Yang Fei was a first for him.

This young man, although he had not reached the Divine Travel Realm, already possessed a very strong Divine Soul, and had opened up his Sea of Consciousness.

What surprised him most was that despite his young age, the True Yuan within him was as vast as an abyss, and his Qing Gong Technique was unprecedented.

With this speed, Duanmu Wugou believed that looking across the world, no one could catch up.

If this young man were let loose in the wild, he would have likely already escaped.

Fortunately, the high buildings and lofts played a certain role in obstructing him, otherwise, he would not have been able to catch up.

Beyond his shock, excitement flashed in Duanmu Wugou's eyes.

Was this the true Cultivation Technique of the Taoist way?

Indeed, it was extraordinary. If he could acquire this Cultivation Technique, perhaps he could make another breakthrough and reach a higher level.

As Yang Fei sprinted, he sensed himself being locked onto by an invisible aura and knew he couldn't escape unless he severed this connection.

The other two powerhouses were still far away, and to truly escape, Yang Fei needed to shake off the person tracking him.

Suddenly, he felt the other's concentration wavering.

With a glint in his eye, Yang Fei leaped into the air, his steel blade flying from his hand like a meteor toward Duanmu Wugou.

Hisss!!!

A sharp sound tore through the sky.

Though the strike lacked technique, its power was maximal, its speed meteoric, closing quickly on Duanmu Wugou and aiming for his chest.

Duanmu Wugou scoffed, "A mere trifle!"

As he spoke, he casually flicked it aside.

"Duang!"

In a dull thud, the blade was slapped away.

Just as Duanmu Wugou was about to mock him, his pupils suddenly contracted, struck by a terrifying blast of Divine Soul Power.

"Boom!"

Lightning suddenly struck within his Sea of Consciousness.

Duanmu Wugou had previously been injured by backlash, and now, as he was focusing on locking down Yang Fei and deflecting the blade Yang Fei had thrown, he hadn't expected Yang Fei to dare attack him with Divine Thought.

Distracted on multiple fronts, Duanmu Wugou was unprepared. His Sea of Consciousness shook, his vision blackened, and a mouthful of fresh blood sprayed out as he lost balance and fell from the sky.

Simultaneously, Yang Fei's face turned ashen, forcefully swallowing a mouthful of blood and steadying his mind.

His mind buzzed chaotically, devoid of thought, yet his feet carried him forward relentlessly, his body blurring into an afterimage as he dashed out of the Duanmu Family's vast estate-like mansion.

"Elder Wugou!"

"Elder, how are you?"

"Quick, go check, the elder seems to be injured!"

A chorus of exclamations rose again from the Duanmu aristocratic family.

The dozen Innate Realm experts who Yang Fei had distanced himself from rushed toward the area where Duanmu Wugou had fallen.

"Don't... don't bother about me, go after him, we can't let that boy escape!"

Duanmu Wugou's angry voice could be heard.

Only then did the Duanmu's family members feel relieved.

Thankfully, it seemed that Elder Wugou was not seriously harmed.

In a courtyard, Duanmu Wugou shook his head, his mind still buzzing like a hive, chaotic and thoughtless.

As he gradually recovered, his heart filled with shock and rage, and he felt a lingering fear.

He had almost been taken by surprise, nearly vanquished in both body and soul.

He had been careless!

Thinking that he, a revered elder of the Duanmu aristocratic family, had been injured by someone so junior, and that if this were known, his reputation could be completely ruined, Duanmu Wugou felt choked up, spitting out another mouthful of blood.

At that moment, two powerful Divine Souls swept past him, pausing momentarily on him before quickly vanishing. Soon, two fast-moving figures flew through the sky, following the direction in which Yang Fei had fled.

Duanmu Wugou wanted to follow, but his Sea of Consciousness was rippling, making it difficult to concentrate.

Startled, he no longer dared to be careless and sat down cross-legged on the spot, closing his eyes to focus, striving to gather the scattered thoughts in his Sea of Consciousness.

In a shadowy corner, clad in black, Immortal Yan held her breath, hiding under the eaves.

Initially, she had drawn the pursuit of many of the Duanmu Family's experts, but as Yang Fei's location was exposed, those chasing her had decreased. She then managed to lose her pursuers with her proficient Qing Gong Technique, finally finding safety.

Hearing the commotion earlier, Immortal Yan was secretly shocked.

That fellow actually injured Duanmu Wugou and managed to escape from under his watch?

That was Duanmu Wugou, the fierce figure known for a century in the Duanmu Family, a being at the pinnacle of the Hidden Sect World's combat capabilities, whose presence meant that no less than the Divine Void Realm immortals could suppress him.

And now, that outsider had injured Duanmu Wugou and escaped from under his very eyes?

Chapter 440: Coming from a Windfall

A ghostly figure burst out from the immense mansion of the Duanmu Family.

Along the way, many Duanmu family experts exclaimed in surprise, wishing to stop him, yet no one could block this ghostly silhouette.

In the darkness, once Yang Fei broke out from the encirclement of Duanmu Manor, he was like a wild horse that had broken its reins, rushing down the mountain at an astonishing speed.

The outer defenses of the manor activated quickly but failed to stop him, and they couldn't even hold him back for a moment.

In the dark night, Yang Fei's mind still buzzed; he was not fully conscious, yet his body kept moving forward, driven by the last vestiges of instinctive thought.

Soon, he had rushed into Muyun City.



The city had no curfew, and instead, due to the incident at Duanmu Manor, there was significant uproar; after Yang Fei entered the city, he met no resistance, mainly because his speed was too fast, and even if someone wanted to stop him, it was too late to make a move.

In less than thirty minutes, he had crossed the vast city and charged towards the wild forests in the southwest direction.

Three minutes after Yang Fei rushed out of Muyun City, two powerful auras chased after him from within the city.

These two were the ancestors of the Duanmu family; they had been flying from the start and flying so far had drained a huge amount of their Primordial Spirit Thought Power.

Now, having chased to this point, they had completely lost track of Yang Fei.

The two stood on the city wall, exchanged glances, and saw a deep shock in each other's eyes.

"Such speed, Wuwo was seriously injured; could it be that this boy still had something up his sleeve, deliberately luring us away from the manor?" one of them couldn't help saying; his name was Duanmu Wuwang.

The other, the eldest, looked like a man on his last legs, his eyes deeply profound, his wrinkled brows tightened further as he said in a deep voice, "Hardly. If he truly had such a cultivation realm, why would he keep such a low profile?"

Duanmu Wuwang's mouth twitched.

This was keeping a low profile?

Breaking into the headquarters of the Duanmu family alone and causing a huge commotion, this incident would definitely shake the Hidden Sect—was this really being low key?

"Should we chase?" Without arguing with his elder brother, Duanmu Wuwang asked.

Duanmu Wuwo pondered for a moment, shaking his head, "We can't catch up. We can no longer lock onto the boy's aura. With his incredible speed, if we were not able to fly, he would have already escaped. Now we have both drained too much and can't keep up."

Duanmu Wuwang quietly nodded.

The fact that the two of them could chase from Duanmu Manor all the way here was almost miraculous, a method nearly akin to that of immortals; even in the Hidden Sect World, it would be considered astonishing.

Yet, they never expected to still let the boy escape.

Thinking about the boy's speed, both couldn't help but feel secretly terrified.

What kind of Qing Gong Technique could enhance speed to such a degree?

"Taoist cultivation techniques are truly remarkable. If we could learn this movement technique, we would be invincible, invulnerable in the martial world," Duanmu Wuwang said, his eyes flashing with greed.

Duanmu Wuwo pondered momentarily, shaking his head, "This boy's speed is fast, but it doesn't seem like he is using any particularly impressive Qing Gong Technique. It appears more like he pushed his speed to the limit through the profound depth of his True Yuan Essence."

Duanmu Wuwang was startled and briefly recalled the scenes he witnessed during the chase, he couldn't help but nod quietly.

It did seem to be the case.

The boy had completely evaded capture from the two brothers through his unmatched speed, without any clever movement technique at all.

"So, he must be depleting his Inner Breath True Essence greatly, wouldn't he run out of stamina soon?" Duanmu Wuwang's eyes lit up.

Duanmu Wuwo coldly said, "You and I have already drained a massive amount of Primordial Spirit True Qi coming here, yet the boy only kept increasing the distance. Do you think you could last longer than him?"

Duanmu Wuwang's expression drastically changed, shockingly said, "Brother, are you saying this boy's True Yuan capacity exceeds ours?"

Duanmu Wuwo slowly nodded, saying solemnly, "If not, he couldn't have escaped."

"Hiss... this... is that possible? He's so young, how could his True Yuan capacity exceed our hundred years of hard cultivation?"

"Have you forgotten that fat fellow?" Duanmu Wuwo coldly said.

Duanmu Wuwang fell silent.

Thinking back to how that fatso had almost single-handedly suppressed all the strong individuals from the Hidden Sect's Eight Great Forces, he still felt a chill in his heart.

"Taoist cultivation techniques are indeed mystical. Even if we can't obtain them, we must never allow other aristocratic families and sects to monopolize them," Duanmu Wuwang said in a deep voice.

"Not only that, but we cannot allow that young man to continue to grow. He is even younger than the Fatty Taoist was back then. If we let him continue to develop, we will never be able to sleep in peace."

...

Yang Fei ran frantically, crossing mountains and ridges, moving through the deep mountain forests at night like a ghost.

He did not tire, his body mechanically following the sole command to flee!

After an hour, his inner energy was nearly depleted, and intense pain spread throughout his body.

Perhaps it was the severe pain that stimulated his muddled consciousness, bringing some clarity.

Gasping...

His body continued to run wildly, but his consciousness became clearer, and even in the darkness, his vision slowly returned.

"Thud!"

Suddenly, like a machine that had lost its power source, the True Yuan inside his body was completely drained. Without the support of robust True Qi, his body lost control and was thrown out.

Rough-skinned as he was, the fall left him aching all over.

His consciousness was fully restored.

And with it came agony.

This was not just the pain of exhausted True Yuan and physical overexertion, but also the lingering damage from the huge shock his Sea of Consciousness had suffered.

Although he had successfully ambushed Duanmu Wuwo and severely wounded him, the difference in their strengths meant that while he injured his opponent, he also paid a high price.

He had almost turned into an idiot.

Although he had regained consciousness now, the trauma to his Sea of Consciousness Divine Soul was astonishing, and the backlash that ensued was immensely painful.

Under the torture of both physical and mental pain, Yang Fei rolled continuously on the ground.

Yet he did not scream out loud, as he did not know if he had completely escaped his enemy's pursuit. Subconsciously, he restrained himself from making any sounds.

If any outsider were to see him, they would greatly admire him.

To maintain such tenacious and steadfast willpower under such torment was truly remarkable.

He did not know how long he had been rolling on the ground, his painful moans muffled in the dirt and silently absorbed by the earth.

Gradually, Yang Fei stabilized his mind with the Visualization Chapter, repeatedly consolidating his consciousness and stabilizing the injuries in his Sea of Consciousness.

Having safeguarded his mind, he began practicing his cultivation technique, trying to suppress the severe pain coming from the acupoints throughout his body.

In the depths of the dense forest, in the darkness, unnoticed by anyone, as Yang Fei sat cross-legged in meditation, practicing his cultivation technique, the flowing power of Heaven and Earth in the woods slowly moved, wrapping around his body.

The circulation within his body aligned silently with the natural cycle of Heaven and Earth. Unity of Heaven and Man.

Thirteen miles away from Yang Fei, a petite dark figure tracked the ground, following marks that appeared every few tens of meters. Under the dim moonlight filtering through the dense branches, her face was revealed—it was Immortal Yan.

At this moment, she had chased more than a hundred and forty miles from Muyun City. Despite her deep cultivation and extraordinary Qinggong skills, she was drenched in sweat.

Looking at a deep pit two meters ahead where the earth was torn open, Immortal Yan couldn't help but be astounded: "He ran nearly two hundred miles in one breath; is he even human?"

She was thinking of giving up.

But thinking about that object that all cultivators in the world would risk their lives to obtain, Immortal Yan was filled with motivation again.

To have escaped from the pursuit of an elder from the Duanmu Family, he must have paid a significant price. Having now sprinted hundreds of miles with huge energy consumption, it was the perfect time for this young lady to take advantage.