

Overlord 441

Chapter 441: Fell for It

Before the dawn broke, an endless darkness swallowed the moonlight, plunging the entire land into the darkest moment.

Having reached the Realm of Unity of Heaven and Man, Yang Fei's recovery was extremely fast, yet this time he had nearly exhausted all the True Yuan within his body, even his Sea of Consciousness suffered a great impact, and a complete recovery in a short period was impossible.

However, Yang Fei was secretly thrilled.

He discovered that after entering this state of Unity of Heaven and Man, not only was his recovery speed astonishing, but also the Heaven and Earth Power that entered his body continuously nourished his meridians and acupoints all over, giving him a feeling of ceaselessly tempering his body.

This feeling was different from his past cultivation.

Past cultivation was merely about absorbing the Heaven and Earth Power and then converting it into True Yuan for his own use.

The current state, however, was about using the Heaven and Earth Power to temper the body.

This was a completely new state.

Yang Fei understood that according to the Taoist texts, this belonged to body tempering for a Golden Body.

Of course, the Golden Body here was not the same as the true Golden Body Immortal.

In essence, this stage of body tempering should be what is known in the orthodox Taoist Cultivation Realm as Foundation Establishment.

Forging a Cultivation Body that harmonizes with Heaven and Earth, and achieving a Cultivation Body suitable for the Taoist practice.

Although he had already discovered the knack of Foundation Establishment during his Dual Cultivation with Qin Yanyang, and his feet had been tempered and transformed,

That was due to the True Yuan within his body impacting the acupoints.

The current state, on the other hand, was attracting external Heaven and Earth Power to temper the body.

This effect turned out to be much stronger than the tempering by the internal True Yuan.

At the current pace, he would only need a few months for all the acupoints, meridians, and bones in his body to be tempered; by then, he would have successfully established his foundation, possessing the so-called Dao Body of Taoism, and truly stepping onto the path of cultivation.

In fact, Yang Fei could have reached this state of Unity of Heaven and Man in his cultivation long ago.

But the spiritual energy of the outside world was too weak, and after the Heaven and Earth Power entered the body and circulated, the effect on the body was not very noticeable.

Now that he had come to the Hidden Sect World, where the nature's spiritual energy was relatively abundant, once he entered this state of Unity of Heaven and Man, the effect was clearly evident.

After ten years of Qi Cultivation, he had finally stepped into the Foundation Establishment Stage.

In this Dharma Decline Era of cultivation, that was considered a defiance of the heavens.

A hundred meters away, Immortal Yan carefully hid behind a large tree, her eyebrows tightly furrowed, her face showing a hint of confusion.

It shouldn't be like this.

How come he hasn't fallen after such a long time? Could the Bone Erosion Powder have lost its effect?

While puzzled, the continuous stream of Heaven and Earth Power towards that young man suddenly stopped.

With a thud, the young man collapsed to the ground, unconscious.

"Clap, clap!"

Immortal Yan clapped her hands, flashed out from behind the tree, her petite figure appearing like a night cat, and in an instant, she was within about ten meters of Yang Fei.

She stared at the unconscious Yang Fei, her face showing a bit of joy but not losing her vigilance, her bright eyes fixed on the closed-eyed Yang Fei, closely observing.

Yang Fei lay as if he had fallen into a deep sleep, without any movement.

Immortal Yan slowly retreated backward, her movements graceful, and in an instant, she had put another ten meters or so between them.

"Stop pretending," Immortal Yan said, staring at Yang Fei.

Yang Fei lay still, motionless.

"I never expected you to be an impressive doctor, knowing to suppress the poison into one spot at the first moment, preventing it from spreading. But it's useless, the Bone Erosion Powder has been absorbed into your body. It is silent and colorless, blending with the spiritual energy, and only after a certain amount accumulates will the poison flare up. Even if it's detected after poisoning, it's difficult to

force it out of the body, because it has fused with your internal True Yuan," Immortal Yan said with a few traces of mockery and derision on her face as she saw Yang Fei still lying motionless on the ground.

"Sigh," Yang Fei sighed and got up from the ground.

His complexion was very poor.

In addition to his huge consumption that had not yet recovered, being poisoned was also a factor.

As a master of medical skills, Yang Fei had never thought that he would be poisoned.

He was an expert in medical theory and had a strong ability to discern toxins, making it very difficult to poison him under normal circumstances.

Even if some toxins were accidentally inhaled into his body, he had ways to contain them within a local area to prevent them from spreading and causing an outbreak.

With his cultivation, he just needed to practice Qi to expel it from his body, and he would be unaffected.

However, this time it was very different.

The poison was colorless and tasteless, silently blending with nature's spiritual energy, and he had inhaled it into his body without noticing; by the time he discovered it, as Immortal Yan had said, the toxins were mixed with the True Yuan inside his body, making them difficult to separate.

Yes, difficult to separate, but not impossible as Immortal Yan had claimed.

For Yang Fei, although the poison was somewhat domineering, with his medical skill and the Revitalizing Needle Technique, he was confident that, albeit at some expenditure of time and True Yuan, he could gradually eliminate the toxin entirely.

It was just a pity that this woman was too cunning—she could see that he was feigning unconsciousness.

In the darkness, both could see clearly, and Immortal Yan inwardly praised him, "Such a strikingly handsome man."

Immortal Yan was dressed for traveling at night, but having exhausted quite a bit chasing Yang Fei, she found her masked breathing uncomfortable and had already torn it off. Yang Fei caught a glimpse of her stunning beauty and was momentarily dazed.

Immortal Yan was evidently very confident in her own beauty. She smiled radiantly, a vision of charm, "So you're Yang Fei?"

Yang Fei recognized her voice and responded with a question, "Are you that woman from the Duanmu Family?"

Immortal Yan nodded, "That's right, it's me."

Yang Fei asked, "You've been following me all this way?"

Immortal Yan smiled and nodded again, "Yes."

"Impressive."

He sincerely admired her.

He had managed to elude even the two old ancestors of the Duanmu Family, yet Immortal Yan had managed to keep up. This woman was indeed remarkable.

Immortal Yan smiled proudly and said, "Those two old fools are stupid. They flaunted their ability to soar through the sky, haha, flying such a long distance in one breath, using up a great deal of True Yuan and Divine Soul Power, yet they didn't anticipate that you could run so well and so fast. Thus, they ran out of strength and lost you."

Yang Fei chuckled lightly.

He found it amusing too.

If the two old ancestors of the Duanmu Family hadn't shown off by flying through the air, he might not have been able to shake them off.

But now, he had been caught by this mysterious woman who had poisoned him, and Yang Fei wasn't pleased about it.

After all, he had underestimated the prowess of the Hidden Sect masters.

This girl might not be as powerful as the old ancestors of the Duanmu Family, but her methods were much more troublesome.

"You're following me because you're interested in the Taoist heritage, aren't you?" Yang Fei got straight to the point as he looked at Immortal Yan.

Immortal Yan's eyes twinkled, and she said cheerfully, "Yes, if you are willing to cooperate, I'll ensure you're unharmed."

Yang Fei nodded, "I'll cooperate."

Immortal Yan giggled, "Really? I don't believe you would give in so easily."

Yang Fei replied with a bitter smile, "Compared to life and death, not to mention Taoist cultivation methods, I would hand over even the secrets to Immortality. I'm still young and have a brilliant life ahead of me—why would I make things difficult for myself?"

However, Immortal Yan remained unmoved and said playfully, "Your stalling won't work; Bone Erosion Powder isn't so easily driven out of the body."

Yang Fei, speechless, looked at her and said, "In the time you've been speaking, you have released seven colorless and tasteless toxins. It's obvious that you were lying earlier; you never intended to spare me but to incapacitate me."

Immortal Yan laughed heartily, "Hehe, you really are remarkable, being able to discern even how many types of toxins I've used just now. Compared to those so-called geniuses from the aristocratic families and Sects, you do have some skill, and you're much more interesting."

Yang Fei stopped talking.

During this time, he had been trying to find a way to expel the Bone Erosion Powder, but she kept stealthily poisoning him, forcing him to remain on guard and leaving him no time to rid himself of the poison.

This woman was too troublesome to deal with.

This couldn't go on.

If he lingered here too long and the people from the Duanmu Family caught up, it would spell big trouble.

Seeing Yang Fei silent, Immortal Yan gauged the time, and with a smile, approached him.

She also knew she couldn't waste too much time here and needed to take Yang Fei away quickly to question him at a perfectly safe location.

Chapter 442: Trapped

Watching Immortal Yan approach step by step, Yang Fei felt a heavy heart.

The voice suggested she was a very young woman, but her initial attack was dominated by such a tyrannical poison. Moreover, daring to break into the Duanmu Family's territory alone indicated she was no ordinary adversary.

Now that she had discovered his identity as a Taoist inheritor, she would never let him off easily.

He could not fall into this woman's hands.

As Yang Fei used his True Yuan to suppress the spread of the poison within his body, he was secretly building up his strength, preparing for a desperate strike.

Immortal Yan was extremely confident in her Poison Technique. After delaying for such a long time, she believed that even if the young man before her was powerful, he could not escape the influence of the Bone Erosion Powder.

She slowly walked towards Yang Fei and stopped less than three meters away, then extended her finger from afar towards a major acupoint on Yang Fei's chest.

Mere control by the poison was not enough, she also wanted to seal the acupoints around Yang Fei's body.

At that moment, Yang Fei, who had been sitting cross-legged, suddenly rose to his full height.

He was incredibly fast; in the blink of an eye, he was beside Immortal Yan and threw a punch, creating an explosive boom through the air.

Po Gang!

With the amount of True Yuan within Yang Fei's body at that moment, executing the Po Gang technique was difficult, and the even more powerful Tide technique was out of the question.

Even if he tried to use it, its power would be greatly reduced and not as effective as the Po Gang punch.

Immortal Yan had been on guard against Yang Fei, and although his sudden resistance rattled her, she did not panic.

However, Yang Fei's speed took her by surprise, and in haste, she flipped her jade palm to counter.

"Boom!"

In the muffled sound of impact, the two separated upon contact.

Immortal Yan's body floated lightly, flying more than ten meters away. Her internal energy churned, and she couldn't hold back a mouthful of blood within her black mask, sustaining internal injuries.

Yang Fei fell to the ground, his face filled with regret.

Although he had inflicted serious damage with that strike, the woman was too alert. Her palm contained poison, further invading his body.

Not only that, but her deep cultivation allowed her to be prepared. Despite being hit and sent flying, she had turned her retreat into advance, dissipating most of the force. Although she was injured, it was not significant.

In contrast, after using that move, not only was the True Yuan in Yang Fei's body completely eroded by the Bone Erosion Powder, but another more tyrannical poison had invaded, leaving him feeling weak all over and despairing.

Immortal Yan tore off her mask and threw it on the ground.

Yang Fei looked up, and within the dimly lit forest, a woman with cold frost on her pretty face and blood at the corner of her mouth was furiously glaring at him.

"I planned to be gentle with you, but you turned out to be so troublesome, even injuring me. I will make you suffer immensely," she said through gritted teeth, staring at Yang Fei.

Yang Fei felt utterly weak, with the Bone Erosion Powder corroding him, his True Yuan out of control. He was unable to regulate his inner energy to contain the poisoning of his body by another substance, feeling his eyelids grow heavier and heavier.

After a short while, Yang Fei closed his eyes with great unwillingness.

After all, he was only human, and Immortal Yan's poison was too overpowering; he couldn't withstand it this time.

Watching Yang Fei fall and not get up, Immortal Yan still did not approach.

She carefully sensed for a while, confirmed Yang Fei was truly weak with scattered True Yuan, and only then did she walk over to him.

"Bang bang!"

She kicked Yang Fei's body harshly twice, and upon hearing a few unconscious groans from him, Immortal Yan cursed, "Bastard, you're the first to injure me after being poisoned by my Bone Erosion Powder. I'll make sure you're tormented to death."

After speaking, she couldn't help kicking Yang Fei another two times, then crouched down to seal his Martial Meridian Acupoints. Picking up Yang Fei, she disappeared into the night with light and nimble movements like a civet.

When Yang Fei regained consciousness, he felt sore and weak all over, and his body was hollow, unable to gather even a trace of True Essence Inner Breath.

Recalling the scene before he lost consciousness, his heart raced with anxiety, but his face remained calm.

Looking around, he found himself lying on a large bed.

The wooden bed was wide, and in front of it was a screen painted with a landscape of Jiangnan in the misty rain.

He couldn't see the outside scenery, but Yang Fei could imagine that this was a very elegant room.

It seemed there was no one in the room. Yang Fei withdrew his gaze and concentrated on feeling the condition of his body.

It was fortunate.

All his limbs were there, without any external injuries.

He tried to operate the Cultivation Technique and mobilize his True Yuan, but he discovered that several important acupoints in his Martial Meridian were sealed, making it impossible to execute the technique, and his Dantian felt desperately empty, as if the True Yuan he had cultivated over ten years had vanished completely.

This sent Yang Fei into a bit of a panic.

Wasn't it just poisoning?

The toxin was certainly domineering, capable of eroding True Yuan, but it was not supposed to dissolve True Yuan to the point of disappearance.

Two years ago, after being injured, he had finally just recovered to his peak condition, even making advancements, and yet before he could revel in his strength, he was struck down even harsher, reduced to a mere commoner?

His heart felt hollow.

If not for the experience of being seriously wounded two years prior, he would have never accepted this cruel reality.

But things as they were, Yang Fei still tried his best to remain calm.

While the True Yuan seemed to have disappeared, the powerful force of the Divine Soul within his Sea of Consciousness was still present.

Although he had also suffered backlash when he attacked the old ancestor of the Duanmu Family, leaving his Divine Soul weakened and not yet recovered, he knew that with some meditation, he would regain his strength—this was his last trump card.

After some time, Yang Fei completely calmed his mind and closed his eyes to meditate.

However, not long after he had closed his eyes, footsteps could be heard from outside.

The footsteps were extremely light, but Yang Fei found that despite the loss of his True Yuan, his hearing remained intact.

Creak...

The wooden door opened with a noise.

Immortal Yan entered the room, her white fitted long dress swaying, and casually closed the door behind her.

Her fair and enchanting face bore a smile as she gracefully circled around the partition and approached the bed. Her phoenix eyes fixed on Yang Fei, who lay on the bed with his eyes closed, she chuckled, "Stop pretending, I know you're awake."

Yang Fei's eyelids twitched, and he reluctantly opened his eyes, then did not look away again.

Immortal Yan held his steady gaze without shyness, her radiant smile bloomed, "Am I not beautiful?"

Yang Fei instinctively nodded, then felt embarrassed and snorted, "Not as beautiful as my wife."

Immortal Yan giggled, "Qin Yanyang? Indeed, she's very beautiful, and talented to boot—quite remarkable."

Yang Fei was startled to realize that she knew Qin Yanyang was his wife.

But he quickly came to terms with it.

Although the Hidden Sect World maintained its own existence, many from the Hidden Sect still wandered the outside world in secret, and thus the Eight Great Forces could hardly keep anything from becoming known here.

Himself and Qin Yanyang were considered prodigies in the outside world, so it wasn't surprising that individuals from the Hidden Sect World were aware of his marital relationship with Qin Yanyang.

"Who are you, and which force do you come from?" Yang Fei asked.

Immortal Yan laughed and shook her head, "You're a prisoner at the foot of the steps, I should be the one asking questions, shouldn't I?"

Yang Fei found this response eerily familiar.

These were the kind of things he used to say to others.

What goes around comes around, alas!

"However, telling you won't hurt. My name is Immortal Yan, I'm from the Poison Sect," Immortal Yan said with a smile.

Yang Fei was surprised she actually answered his question, and looked at her with curiosity.

Immortal Yan continued, "You've been unconscious for two days, and a lot has happened during that time. I believe you'd be quite interested."

Yang Fei expressed his astonishment, "Two days?"

Immortal Yan nodded.

Yang Fei was secretly shocked.

In the past, he would never have been susceptible to being poisoned by someone. But this time, not only was he brought down, but he had also been unconscious for two days. He had truly capsized in the gutter.

"Aren't you curious about what has happened in these two days?" Immortal Yan asked.

Yang Fei, lacking enthusiasm, said, "It's nothing more than news about me causing a big commotion at the Duanmu Family in Muyun City and causing a sensation in the Hidden Sect World."

"Giggling, you're pretty clever, and quite self-absorbed," Immortal Yan acknowledged with a smile and nod. "You did guess right to a degree, but there's one thing you definitely can't imagine."

Yang Fei, now confined, had no interest in such matters and was too lazy to inquire further.

Seeing his disinterest, Immortal Yan became visibly annoyed.

Chapter 443: Indeed, She is a Demoness

"After you stirred up trouble in the Duanmu Family, you became famous, and then, the major powers came together to make an important decision..."

Immortal Yan looked at Yang Fei lying quietly and paused, observing his reaction.

However, she felt increasingly annoyed.

Yang Fei had unexpectedly closed his eyes.

Unable to restrain herself, Immortal Yan huffed, "Don't you want to know what decision they made?"

Yang Fei did not speak.

Frustrated, Immortal Yan clenched her teeth and finally could not help but say, "They have completely sealed off the Hidden Sect, and from this moment on, no one is allowed to leave. So, you being in my hands is actually lucky, at least you won't be discovered."

Yang Fei slightly furrowed his brow.

The Hidden Sect was completely sealed off?

This was indeed troublesome.

Even if he restored his True Qi and escaped from this woman, leaving the Hidden Sect would now be impossible.

After witnessing the peak combat power of the Hidden Sect, Yang Fei had a new understanding of the strength of its powerful members. He knew his identity as a Taoist Inheritor was too important to them. Since they decided to lock down the Hidden Sect, they would surely station several powerhouses at the exit.

This reckless entry into the Hidden Sect world was thoughtless.

He wasn't particularly regretful.

He was just a bit annoyed that he had become a prisoner.

His master had said someone would secretly protect him after he entered, but days had passed, and no one had made contact.

Of course, it was also possible that his movements were so hidden that the protectors his master mentioned did not know of his presence earlier.

Even if they knew now, they were powerless, at most scouring the world in search of him.

"What is this place?" Yang Fei's thoughts raced through his mind as he opened his eyes and asked.

Upon hearing this, Immortal Yan smiled, "Muyun City."

Yang Fei frowned and looked at her.

Immortal Yan giggled, "Really, I am not deceiving you. This is indeed Muyun City. It is darkest under the candlelight. When I brought you into the city, no one knew. For the Duanmu people, since you had run away, you wouldn't come back. So, in the short term, this place is actually the safest."

Yang Fei nodded silently, appreciating her point, "That makes some sense."

Then he turned to Immortal Yan and said, "You are from the Poison Sect, right? I heard that there is a remarkable genius in the Poison Sect called Immortal Yan. You are said to be capricious, acting righteously and nefariously, and privately, some call you a demoness. You must be the lady, right?"

With a radiant smile, Immortal Yan nodded, "It's me. It's surprising that you know so much about the Hidden Sect."

Yang Fei asked, "What do you plan to do next?"

Immortal Yan blinked her beautiful eyes playfully, "What do you think?"

Yang Fei was silent for a moment, then said, "If I give you what you want, I might die even faster, right?"

Giggling, Immortal Yan asked back, "Am I so malicious in your eyes?"

Yang Fei grunted, noncommittal.

Immortal Yan said, "Don't worry, even if you cooperate, I won't kill you. Verifying whether what you told me is true will still take some time. If I can gain something from this and move forward, I wouldn't mind sharing this knowledge publicly. Otherwise, it would be a huge problem for me and even for the Poison Sect in the future."

Yang Fei looked astonished.

Immortal Yan continued with a smile, "I don't aspire to be the best in the world. The title of being the best is very dangerous; whoever takes it dies. What I seek is simply stronger personal power and that elusive opportunity for longevity. Even the mighty Taoist sects of the past were destroyed when everyone turned against them. The world of Cultivation is constantly regressing, and yet, each sect treasures its own secrets. If this continues, the world of Hidden Sects will eventually be destroyed. It's better to let everyone know the advanced Cultivation Techniques and let the entire world of Cultivation prosper."

Yang Fei was not just surprised but utterly dumbfounded.

He really couldn't imagine such words coming from the so-called "demoness".

This grandeur, this magnanimity...

His gaze unnaturally fell on Immortal Yan's proud bearing, and he couldn't help but inwardly exclaim: It really is big!

Immortal Yan, feeling Yang Fei's burning gaze, seemed undisturbed, as she had seen many men like him before.

She had absolute confidence in her appearance and figure.

But she didn't intend to seduce Yang Fei with her beauty; instead, she continued, "Just think, if the entire Hidden Sect knew the true Cultivation Techniques of the Taoist, wouldn't it glorify the Taoist completely? Who would care about whether you, Yang Fei, are the true inheritor of the Taoist then? They'd be too lazy to bother you anymore. Everyone would be happy."

Yang Fei had to admit that although her words were outrageous, they gave him a very reliable feeling.

The main reason he was currently in such trouble was because possession brings worry.

But once everyone had the 'Jade' that he possessed, who the hell would come to rob you?

"How about it? My method is pretty good, right? Don't worry, as long as you cooperate, I definitely won't kill you. The Fatty Taoist isn't dead yet, and I'm not going to doom myself by offending him," Immortal Yan said as she looked at Yang Fei.

Yang Fei closed his eyes.

Immortal Yan grew angry and said coldly, "Don't refuse the toast only to drink the forfeit. I've been very polite to you, and I swear, I, Immortal Yan, always keep my word and would never lie to you."

Yang Fei spoke, "Let me think about it."

Immortal Yan was taken aback for a moment, her expression softened considerably as she said, "Sure, there's no rush, you can think about it slowly. Of course, if you don't agree, I also have ways to make

you talk. The Poison Sect lacks nothing but ways to make people cooperate honestly. Think about it for your own sake, and for your wife waiting outside."

Immortal Yan left; the room became extraordinarily quiet again with only Yang Fei remaining.

Wait, it really is quiet here.

Yang Fei was struck by a thought and listened intently for a while, realizing it indeed was very quiet here during the broad daylight.

Given that Muyun City was bustling and busy, especially during the day, it shouldn't be this quiet, yet he could hardly hear any noise from outside.

Even without True Essence Cultivation, his normal hearing was intact, yet he couldn't hear anything from outside, indicating the place was rather secluded.

Perhaps Immortal Yan was deceiving him; this might not be Muyun City.

However, Yang Fei only thought about it briefly before drawing back his mind.

No matter where this place was, the most important thing now was to recover his Sea of Consciousness Divine Soul as soon as possible.

In previous Cultivation, the main focus was on enhancing True Essence Cultivation and tempering the body.

The strengthening of Divine Soul spirit was merely incidental.

Moreover, it was only after reaching the Innate Realm of the Physical Body Realm that the Sea of Consciousness truly opened up and the Divine Soul was nourished and strengthened.

Now that his True Essence had been eroded by the Bone Erosion Powder and he could not run his Cultivation Technique, Yang Fei focused all his heart on nourishing the Divine Soul.

Although he was injured during the sudden attack on Duanmu Wugou, Yang Fei felt that he just needed ten days or half a month to fully recover. By then, catching Immortal Yan off guard would be enough to subdue her.

Half an hour later, the door was pushed open, and Immortal Yan walked in.

Yang Fei's Cultivation was interrupted, and somewhat annoyed, he said, "I haven't figured it out yet."

From behind the screen, Immortal Yan heard Yang Fei's words and lightly chuckled indifferently.

She came into the room holding a black wooden box, walked up to the table in the center, opened the incense burner, poured some grayish-white powder from the box into it, pressed it down into shape, and lit it with a lighter.

Having done all this, she chuckled mockingly from behind the screen, then turned and left without having said a word to Yang Fei throughout.

Yang Fei frowned slightly, not knowing what she was up to. He entered his meditation state again.

However, moments later, he abruptly opened his eyes, his eyes carrying a trace of anger, and cursed, "She really is a demoness!"

Chapter 444: The Days Brother Fei Was Tortured

Yang Fei felt his body growing hot.

His heart was also fiercely ablaze.

His mind began to be filled with thoughts of Tong Yunshu.

Uh.

In his life, he had only been with one woman, so now his head was full of Tong Yunshu, as well as memories of their time together.

Damn it, I've been poisoned!

That damn Demoness, she's truly vicious.

She resorted to such despicable tricks to keep me from being able to calm down.

Yang Fei silently cursed Immortal Yan fifty times in his heart, and couldn't help but picture her enchanting face and proud figure, immersing himself in the persona.

Mea culpa, mea culpa.

In the next room, Immortal Yan was sipping tea and couldn't help but want to laugh.

That was a close call.

This kid got away from Duanmu Wugou, and I heard Duanmu Wugou even suffered a spiritual backlash, which shows he must have cultivated a strong Divine Soul Power too.

Too dangerous.

He must have suffered severe damage to his Divine Soul when I captured him, or else he wouldn't have been caught so easily.

But now, huh, he thinks he can delay and restore his Divine Soul Power to contend with me, wishful thinking!

Watch me torment you to death.

After three hours passed and night fell, Yang Fei's room was pitch dark. He lay on the bed unable to move, his whole body burning with heat, soaked through his bedding with sweat, his face flushed and ears hot, agitated and unable to calm his mind.

The sandalwood infused with special toxins had long since burned out, but its power was too great and the lasting effects were significant. In addition, with Yang Fei's own robust vigor, his heart was still ablaze even after three hours.

That Demoness's move was vicious!

Yang Fei thought bitterly, even though he had just punished her countless times in his imagination, that was mere fantasy. As he began to calm down a bit, he thought that if he ever got the chance, he'd make her regret treating him this way today.

Gradually, the effects of the drug began to dissipate. Yang Fei, relying on his strong willpower, cooled his own faculties and strove to enter a state of meditation.

Time was of the essence, and he tried to meditate whenever possible to restore his Primordial Spirit and to escape the Demoness's clutches.

Just as he was about to meditate, the door was pushed open again.

The noise disrupted Yang Fei, and sensing the light footsteps, he couldn't help but angrily say, "You're really despicable."

Immortal Yan giggled, her voice sweet and enticing, "Oh dear, you wrong me. I was merely worried that the young master would be too lonely by himself, so I wanted to add a little bit of fun for the young master. With all my good intentions, yet the young master misunderstands me."

Yang Fei angrily replied, "You call this good intentions? I was damn near tortured to death! If you're really so kind-hearted, why not be more generous and join me? Despite my lack of True Yuan, if you just undo my acupoint, I still have the vigor of a dragon and tiger, I guarantee you the most wonderful experience in the world."

Despite being daring and unconventional in her actions, Immortal Yan was a proper virgin and hearing such indecent words made her annoyedly blush, while her face reddened attractively.

But she quickly regained her composure.

She had heard worse things than this, and compared to some of the dissolute young men, Yang Fei's words weren't that powerful.

With a devilish smile, she lit another thirty minutes of incense, then circled around the screen to come to the front of Yang Fei's bed, looking at him with alluring charm.

Yang Fei had just begun to meditate, and his Dao Heart instantly crumbled.

The Demoness was too enchanting.

Perhaps it was the deep immersion into the earlier role from the poison, or maybe the remaining potency of the toxin, but Yang Fei felt himself stirring again.

Immortal Yan's face flushed instantaneously, and she inwardly cursed, thinking that men really are no good; even in this state, he could still harbor such wild thoughts.

She reached into her bosom and pulled out a porcelain bottle, pouring out a brownish-yellow elixir and stuffing it directly into Yang Fei's mouth.

Yang Fei was about to spit it out when she pinched his jaw with her delicate hand, and the elixir dissolved as soon as it hit his throat.

"What did you give me?" Yang Fei glared angrily.

Ever since he began his career, he had never suffered such humiliation; this time, he really had met his match.

The Medical Saint himself had been poisoned and reduced to such a state, truly a pitiful sight.

"Poison." Immortal Yan said with a smile.

Yang Fei's eyebrows darkened.

He was asking a question to which he already knew the answer.

Could the demoness possibly give him a spiritual elixir instead?

But he couldn't help asking, "What poison?"

"I have sealed your Martial Meridians, and by now, they should almost be unsealed, although the Bone Erosion Powder has already decomposed the True Qi in your body. Since you are a Taoist Inheritor, you might still have some clever method of recovery, so to be on the safe side, it's best to continue eroding your Martial Meridians with poison and keep your channels sealed," Immortal Yan said frankly.

Yang Fei felt a sinking feeling in his heart.

Before he could speak, Immortal Yan continued, "By the way, I think it's better for you to think things through sooner rather than later. After all, every medicine has its toxic side, and if I use this poison on you too much, it can cause permanent damage to your Martial Meridian Acupoints. Don't say I didn't warn you when the time comes."

Yang Fei erupted in anger, "You're despicable!"

Immortal Yan remained unconcerned, with a look of helplessness on her face, "What can I do? After all, you are a Taoist Inheritor. You're two years younger than me, raised in the outside world, yet your strength surpasses mine. Your orthodox Taoist cultivation techniques are truly remarkable; I want to see them for myself."

"With your current *modus operandi*, if I were to tell you these secrets, I would only die faster," Yang Fei said with a cold laugh.

Immortal Yan responded with a smile upon hearing this, "It seems you still don't trust me. Well then, we'll just have to drag this out."

After saying this, she really stopped asking and turned to walk away.

Once Immortal Yan had left, Yang Fei attempted to run his cultivation technique, but it elicited no response.

This state was like that of an ordinary person, without any Martial Meridian Acupoints activated in the body, unable to form a Circulation.

He could only rely on restoring his Primordial Spirit.

He quickly calmed his mind, but soon opened his eyes and cursed, "Demoness, may you not die a good death!"

So hot!

She was pulling that trick again.

Yang Fei felt he was being toyed with by Immortal Yan to the point of losing all his dignity as a man.

The poison was too evil; it wasn't particularly fierce, but it was something he couldn't resist at the moment.

The key issue was the duration; the torment of staying rigid for a prolonged period without release was something those in the know would understand.

As a normal man, subjected to this kind of poisoning, how could Yang Fei possibly settle down for meditation?

Too ruthless!

The effect of the drug lasted even longer this time.

Shortly before dawn, the effect of the drug finally wore off.

Yang Fei took advantage of this break to enter a state of meditation, nourishing his Primordial Spirit for a while.

About an hour later, as daylight broke, Immortal Yan appeared again.

She came straight to the bed and, seeing Yang Fei with even breathing, no longer fevered, and not appearing to be affected by the poison, she was taken aback and exclaimed, "Turns out I underestimated your constitution and willpower, I used too little of the drug."

Yang Fei's heart trembled, and his gaze towards Immortal Yan now held a trace of fear.

Whether it was severe poisoning or physical torture, Yang Fei considered himself a tough guy, one who would never even frown.

But this demoness was too cruel, using that kind of poison.

Who the hell had leaked the information, betraying Brother Fei's only weakness to that demoness?

Chapter 445: Turnaround

The Demoness is extremely poisonous.

She tormented Yang Fei in this manner for three whole days and nights.

Each time she increased the dose substantially, replenishing the poison every five hours without any further conversation with Yang Fei.

She had all the time in the world to compete with Yang Fei in terms of endurance, to see who would outlast the other.

When Immortal Yan pushed open the door and entered on the morning of the fourth day, Yang Fei couldn't hold on any longer and said in a weak voice, "Can you give me a bath?"

"Pfft!"

Immortal Yan laughed triumphantly. Yang Fei couldn't see her expression behind the screen, but he imagined the Demoness was quite pleased with herself at that moment.

Walking around the screen, Immortal Yan's gaze fell on Yang Fei. Seeing his haggard appearance and empty gaze, and smelling the odor of sweat mixed with a strange scent coming off the bed, even she, notorious as a demoness, couldn't help but flush with color.

Qianqian covered her nose with her delicate hand, while Immortal Yan looked at Yang Fei with a seductive glance and said, "Didn't you say you were very capable? It's only been a few days, and you're already done for?"

Yang Fei was completely devoid of dignity.

A man should never admit defeat, but now he had to confess that he truly was at his limit.

Even iron men couldn't withstand such torment for several days in a row.

If this continued, he would lose his life.

"I want to take a bath," Yang Fei said through gritted teeth.

Immortal Yan nodded with a smile, "Sure, I don't want to talk to a stinking man either."

After she said that, she left the room.

Soon after, someone sent a Large Wooden Barrel into the room, followed by several others who continuously poured hot water into the barrel.

After those people left, Immortal Yan closed the door, approached the bed, and rapidly released the restraints on Yang Fei's hands and feet, which had been sealed by the acupoints. She then stuffed an Elixir into Yang Fei's mouth.

"I thought you were going to help me bathe myself," said Yang Fei as he felt sensation slowly returning to his hands and feet, and he couldn't help but chuckle.

Immortal Yan was not angered, and she said with a teasing smile, "You'd better not try any tricks, or else I'll make you suffer a thousand times, no, ten thousand times worse than the previous days."

Yang Fei gave a self-deprecating smile, "My True Yuan is completely depleted; now that only my limbs can move, what tricks could I possibly play?"

Immortal Yan said, "You should have cultivated strong Divine Soul Power, and your Primordial Spirit is capable of harming others."

Yang Fei shook his head.

Immortal Yan scoffed, "It doesn't matter if you don't admit it. I think your Primordial Spirit is also damaged, and even if it recovers, I, Immortal Yan, have ways to counter it. Besides, even if you could escape from me, you won't get out of Muyun City. Countless strong people are searching for you all over the world now."

Yang Fei had already thought through this during the past few days and said, "That's right, so staying here with you is actually the safest."

As he spoke, he felt much of his strength had returned, his hands and feet were able to support his body to rise from bed, and he rolled off the bed in one smooth motion.

Whew!

How exhilarating.

It had been several days and nights on the bed, plagued by toxins, and he had suffered terribly.

Now, just walking a few steps on the ground like a normal person, he felt incredibly fortunate.

Upon reaching the barrel filled with steaming water, Yang Fei began to undress and walk toward it.

As he was about to remove his pants, he looked back at Immortal Yan, "Do you want to watch the live show?"

Immortal Yan snorted, "If you dare to strip, I will turn you into a eunuch."

Yang Fei didn't dare.

A man absolutely must not lose that thing.

Immortal Yan was very pleased with Yang Fei's reaction and walked out.

The moment she closed the door, Yang Fei said, "Change the water after a while."

Immortal Yan glanced at him, and by chance, her eyes landed right on the central spot.

There was a large patch.

Despite her bold and seductive nature, she couldn't help but blush to the tips of her ears, and with an inward curse, she slammed the door shut.

The moment Yang Fei's entire body submerged into the hot water, he couldn't help but let out a comfortable moan.

It was as though the past many days of exhaustion and weariness were swept away.

The hot water penetrated through his skin and into his body, gradually bringing back sensation to his numb limbs.

Yang Fei closed his eyes, but his brows were tightly furrowed.

After finishing this bath, how should he deal with that Demoness?

If he didn't cooperate, she would undoubtedly resort to even more vicious means against him.

But if he did cooperate, once she got what she wanted, whether he could even save his life was an unknown.

What to do?

After pondering for a moment, Yang Fei felt deeply troubled.

These past few days he had constantly been thinking about how to escape, but without any means to do so.

Not only was Immortal Yan herself very strong, but she was also adept at using poison.

The key issue was that he had completely lost his Cultivation, and even his Primordial Spirit was very weak and unable to recover.

In his current predicament, he had no strategies to deploy, no hope of fleeing.

He simply closed his eyes and entered the state of meditation as quickly as possible.

His only hope was to recover the power of his Primordial Spirit as soon as possible.

He just needed to catch Immortal Yan off guard, subdue her, then he could obtain the antidote. Once his True Yuan was restored, he might have a chance to escape the vast Hidden Sect World.

Just as he entered the state of meditation, a melodious sound of a zither came from outside.

The sound of the zither, melodious as if carrying a certain magic, penetrated into Yang Fei's ears and instantly disrupted his state of mind.

Yang Fei immediately furrowed his brow, helplessly withdrawing from his state of meditation.

This demoness truly has no shortage of tactics.

Just to preclude him, she wouldn't even let bathing pass undisturbed, using such acoustic waves to disturb his state of mind.

How ruthless.

After the time it took to finish a cup of tea using the Cultivation Technique, the zither music came to a sudden stop, and Immortal Yan's voice came through, "Can we change the water now?"

Yang Fei snorted, "I'll soak a bit longer."

"The bath will get cold if you soak any longer."

"I haven't bathed for so many days, my body is rank; I need to soak longer to really clean through,"
"Aren't you generous."

A tremor passed through Yang Fei's heart.

This woman was getting angry.

For some reason, Yang Fei felt somewhat fearful of this woman. With a resigned sigh, he leaped out of the Large Wooden Barrel and wrapped a piece of clothing around his waist to cover his private parts.

"Are you done?" Immortal Yan asked.

Yang Fei was about to reply when his eyes suddenly lit up, he looked at his hands, then lowered his head to look at his feet.

Compared to before, weren't his limbs feeling more agile?

That's not right...

True Yuan was actually circulating on its own within his limbs.

He was slightly surprised before quickly calming down, quietly rotating the Taoist Cultivation Technique. Indeed, he discovered that his limbs had formed independent True Qi circulation pathways.

How is this possible?

Yang Fei was both shocked and delighted.

"Bang!"

At that moment, a muffled sound came through, as Immortal Yan, not waiting for Yang Fei's reply, kicked the door open and entered.

Her eyes ablaze with a fierce light, she stared at Yang Fei, "Delaying is pointless. If you try to pull any tricks, I'll make you wish you were dead."

Yang Fei had already suppressed the wandering True Qi in his limbs and discovered that this True Qi was actually stored within the acupoints of the limbs.

Acupoints could also store True Yuan, just like the Dantian.

Why hadn't he discovered it before?

He was secretly overjoyed, but outwardly he remained composed as he looked at Immortal Yan, "Nothing of the sort, I was just thinking about finding some clean clothes to wear, but I didn't see any, so I had to use dirty clothes to cover up for now."

Seeing that he was indeed wrapped in dirty clothes, Immortal Yan's expression softened slightly, and she huffed, "Go hide behind the screen, I'll have someone change the water for you."

"Remember to find some new clothes, yeah. I want white ones, that make me look handsome and dashing," Yang Fei called out as he walked behind the screen.

Immortal Yan's mouth twitched.

You, a prisoner, still have so many demands?

Still, she didn't argue with Yang Fei and soon someone came in to change the water.

When Yang Fei emerged from behind the screen again, he found a new set of clothes waiting for him.

They were cyan-grey.

This color and style, goddamn, why do they look like the garments of a servant?

Picking on me, huh?

Yang Fei felt irked inside, but he submerged his body into the hot water, comfortably closing his eyes.

Once again, the mind-disturbing zither music began to filter through.

Yang Fei's lips curled up in a disdainful smile.

Do you think you can completely block my path to recovering my power like this? How naive, demoness!

Chapter 446: Searching the City, About to Leave

In the steaming wooden tub, Yang Fei's mind was disturbed by the strange sounds of the qin, making it impossible for him to enter a state of meditation, but he kept his eyes closed, striving to maintain a hint of calmness as he sensed the condition of his limbs.

Although the acupoints all over his body were sealed and his True Yuan was utterly depleted, there was still True Yuan remaining in the acupoints of his limbs, and it was even forming a small closed loop, becoming a system of its own.

This made Yang Fei feel as if his limbs were filled with strength.

The only regret was that the True Yuan stored in the acupoints within his limbs was too weak.

It wasn't even one-tenth of his peak strength.

But Yang Fei was not discouraged because, after sensing the True Yuan, his limbs felt burning hot, as if filled with boundless strength.

Right, he almost forgot that his limbs had undergone further tempering and had completed the Foundation Establishment.

If not for this, he would never have been able to outrun the old ancestors of the Duanmu aristocratic family a few days ago.

Now, his legs and feet were like independent entities, hard as iron and incredibly powerful, needing only a trace of True Yuan to exhibit strength far beyond normal.

After a brief excitement, Yang Fei calmed down.

It wasn't enough yet.

If Immortal Yan were below the Innate Realm, he would have struck without hesitation.

Relying on the weak Primordial Spirit in his Sea of Consciousness, he was brave enough to make a move on Immortal Yan.

However, Immortal Yan's Realm was clearly in the Innate Realm, and even belonged to the well-established category within the Innate Realm.

Moreover, her ability to catch up to him indicated her profound mastery of Qinggong.

And then there was the poison.

This woman's troublesome nature was in no way inferior to the Divine Travel Realm.

After a moment of thought, Yang Fei reached a conclusion.

He still had to entangle with this demoness for some time.

Unless absolutely necessary, he couldn't afford to reveal his trump card and turn against her.

After all, what the demoness said was right.

Even if he escaped from her, her wrath and the revelation of his whereabouts would mean that, in this Hidden Sect World, he would have to face even more, and more dangerous, powerhouses.

Thirty minutes later, the qin music stopped, and Immortal Yan's voice reached his ears, "Are you done washing yet?"

Yang Fei sighed inwardly.

This woman was pressing him step by step, hardly giving him a chance to breathe.

This time, he didn't delay; he promptly dried himself and felt relaxed after putting on new clothes.

Hiding the wandering True Yuan in the acupoints of his limbs, Yang Fei took the initiative to open the door.

He glanced outside from the doorway, only to see a courtyard resembling the flowing waters of Jiangnan.

The courtyard was empty and very quiet.

Immortal Yan, noticing Yang Fei's gaze, pursed her lips in a smile, allowing him to take in the scenery outside the door for a while before she entered the room and closed the door.

She walked to the table inside the room, poured herself a cup of tea, looked up at Yang Fei and said, "You do look quite the handsome servant." She then gestured to a bluish-gray hat on the chair, "Put on the hat, and you'll look just like one of the servants in this courtyard."

Yang Fei had seen that hat before, he had not worn it due to a distaste for it, but now that Immortal Yan was insisting, he frowned and said, "Is it really necessary?"

"I want you to wear it," Immortal Yan's tone was unequivocally firm.

Yang Fei took a deep breath, walked over, and obediently put on the hat.

Immortal Yan gave him a look and nodded in satisfaction, "Now you look like a servant."

As she stood up, she said, "I'll disguise you, we need to leave this place."

Yang Fei was stunned, "Leave this place? Didn't you say it was the safest here?"

Immortal Yan explained, "The Duanmu Family has somehow received news and has started a secret search throughout the city. Although my courtyard is quiet, today a servant came to know that there is someone hiding in this room. It's hard to guarantee it won't get out, so it's safer to leave first."

Yang Fei expressed his concerns, "Since the Duanmu Family is searching the entire city, wouldn't our leaving now make us even more suspicious?"

Immortal Yan chuckled, "The Duanmu Family is merely grasping at shadows, merely suspicious. The search is not that intensive yet. Besides, I have ways to leave the city quietly, you don't need to worry about that."

As she looked at Yang Fei, she spoke seriously, "You better cooperate in what follows. If anything goes wrong, I can't guarantee your life. It's your choice to either trust me or fall into the hands of the Duanmu Family. Decide for yourself."

Yang Fei immediately responded, "Of course, it's safer to be with you."

Immortal Yan, surprised, looked at him and smiled, "Do you trust me that much?"

"My mother is from the Duanmu Family. They, for the so-called future of the clan, would even kill their own direct descendants. How can I expect them to save me?" Yang Fei said calmly.

Immortal Yan's expression changed dramatically, "What did you say? Your mother is from the Duanmu Family?"

Seeing Immortal Yan so agitated, Yang Fei was also stunned and asked, "You didn't know?"

Immortal Yan was speechless, "How could I possibly know such a big secret?"

Only then did Yang Fei realize.

Duanmu Qing was his mother, which he had confirmed through his investigations, but it was still a secret to the outside world.

But since Yang Fei felt there was no need to hide who his parents were, he frankly said, "Based on the clues I've gathered, I am indeed the grandson of the Duanmu Family."

Immortal Yan said in a grave tone, "Your mother's name is Duanmu Qing?"

Yang Fei looked at her and countered, "You've heard this name?"

According to his understanding, to settle that matter, the Hidden Sect aristocratic families deliberately blocked off information about Duanmu Qing, so many people had not heard of his mother's name.

However, given how formidable Immortal Yan was, and likely a high-ranking member of the Poison Sect, it wasn't surprising that she knew about his mother.

Immortal Yan looked at Yang Fei and nodded to herself, saying, "Right, that explains it. No wonder Fatty Taoist took you as his disciple, not only because of your talent but also because you are her son."

Toward the end, she looked at Yang Fei with a complex expression and said, "Since you are Duanmu Qing's son, I can promise you, as long as you cooperate, I will definitely not harm you."

Yang Fei was speechless, "So the assurances you gave me before were fake?"

Immortal Yan scoffed, "If you don't want to die, just cooperate honestly and don't try any tricks."

Yang Fei, with a helpless expression, said, "Do I have a choice?"

Confident in her own methods, and certain that Yang Fei wouldn't dare expose his whereabouts, Immortal Yan nodded and said, "You're smart. Come here, I'll disguise you; otherwise, with your looks, you're too easily noticeable."

Yang Fei chuckled, "Can't help it, handsomeness is innate. Even dressed in this servant's attire, my charming presence cannot be concealed."

Immortal Yan spat in disdain but, looking at his handsome and resolute face, she offered no refute.

This guy really was blessed with good looks.

Thirty minutes later, looking at the unfamiliar face in the mirror, Yang Fei touched it and couldn't help but exclaim, "This Disguise Technique is truly amazing."

Compared to Li Xuanyu, Immortal Yan's Disguise Technique was even more superior.

Although he still looked handsome, his original charm was lost, making him less memorable at first glance.

Just as the two were about to leave, hurried footsteps came from outside, followed by a maid's voice, "Miss, Young Master Duanmu Lingfeng is outside asking to see you."

Immortal Yan's eyebrows furrowed, a clear sign of wariness flashed in her eyes, "What does he want?"

Chapter 447: Aunt Helian

Immortal Yan met Duanmu Lingfeng, who had been waiting in the reception hall.

As a direct descendant of the Duanmu Family, Duanmu Lingfeng's position in the clan was originally not as high as Duanmu Yun's and Duanmu Hai's, but now that Duanmu Yun and Duanmu Hai had both been slain by Yang Fei, Duanmu Lingfeng had become an important figure among the younger generation of the clan.

Accompanying Duanmu Lingfeng were several others, who waited outside the living room. Only a middle-aged man stayed closely by his side, acting as a guard.

Upon seeing Immortal Yan, Duanmu Lingfeng hurriedly set down his teacup and stood to greet her.

"It's been months since we last met, Aunt Helian grows more beautiful by the day," Duanmu Lingfeng said, looking at Immortal Yan with undisguised adoration in his eyes.

Hearing this title, Immortal Yan felt repulsed, but she kept her composure and looked at Duanmu Lingfeng, saying, "What brings Young Master Lingfeng to my humble home?"

Duanmu Lingfeng replied with a smile, "Aunt Helian has been in Muyun City for many days, and I should have visited you at the earliest opportunity, but some matters arose in the clan these past few days. I believe Aunt Helian might have heard about them, thus the delay. I hope Aunt Helian will forgive me."

Immortal Yan slowly nodded, feigning curiosity, and asked, "Recently there has been news that the Duanmu Family lost many of their skilled members that day; is that true?"

Duanmu Lingfeng sighed, sadness crossing his features, "Yes, that young thief sneaked into our clan and killed my Uncle Duanmu Xin. After alarming the clan, that man even managed to escape using cunning means."

This was an embarrassing matter, and Duanmu Lingfeng's face was devoid of pride, but he did not hide it. After all, the Duanmu Family had already announced it to the world. Now that all the forces of the Hidden Sect World had united to seal off their world, even if Yang Fei had incredible powers, he couldn't hope to escape.

"I heard that even Senior Duanmu Wugou failed to capture him; is he really that powerful?" Immortal Yan asked deliberately, a look of shock on her face.

Duanmu Lingfeng nodded and said, "Yes, my great-uncle personally took action, and yet that young man still escaped. My great-uncle said that despite his young age, he must have received the true teachings of the Taoist, and his cultivation has reached Divine Travel Realm."

"Ah, that's formidable?" Immortal Yan expressed her shock.

If Yang Fei were here, he would definitely give a thumbs-up, for this demoness' acting could win her the Best International Actress award.

Duanmu Lingfeng continued, "Yes, though we are peers, as a Taoist Inheritor, the cultivation technique he practices is naturally extraordinary, and his strength is enough to look down upon his contemporaries."

His evaluation was very objective. After all, Yang Fei was able to escape from his great-uncle, showing that his power indeed surpassed that of his peers.

Especially since Duanmu Hai and Duanmu Yun had been slain by Yang Fei, his actions further confirmed everything.

Thus, the Duanmu Family now portrayed Yang Fei's power as very formidable to the outside world, which could only make people understand that it wasn't because the Duanmu Family was incompetent, but because this Taoist Inheritor was too powerful.

Immortal Yan reacted very cooperatively, giving Duanmu Lingfeng the illusion that they were enjoying a very pleasant conversation.

After chatting for a while, Immortal Yan asked, "I wonder what brings you here today, young master?"

It seemed that Duanmu Lingfeng then remembered his actual purpose and said, "A few days ago, the elite members of the clan were tracing that young man's trail and discovered he had stopped less than 300 miles outside Muyun City before disappearing. Based on information provided by various forces, everyone speculates that he might have returned to Muyun City, intending to strike us under cover of darkness."

A chill ran down Immortal Yan's spine; she knew that Muyun City was under a city-wide search, but she hadn't expected the search to reach her so quickly.

Indeed, Duanmu Lingfeng went on to say, "After discussing with the elder ancestors of the clan, it has been decided to impose a complete lockdown on Muyun City to search for the felon's whereabouts."

Immortal Yan's brows slightly furrowed as she looked at Duanmu Lingfeng and asked, "So, Young Master, are you here to search my humble abode?"

Duanmu Lingfeng hurriedly waved his hand, "No... no, Aunt Helian has misunderstood, I..."

"Cough cough..."

Just then, the middle-aged man standing behind Duanmu Lingfeng gently coughed.

A chill ran down Duanmu Lingfeng's spine, and he steeled himself, "The truth is, this boy is too cunning, and I was worried that he might carelessly break into Aunt Helian's residence. If Aunt Helian were to be frightened here in Muyun City and Senior Helian blamed us, the Duanmu Family would not be able to explain ourselves."

He was genuinely infatuated with Helian Rong, but his family took this matter very seriously and even sent elite guards to follow him; if he were merely making an appearance, he'd likely be unable to explain himself once he returned.

Immortal Yan immediately darkened her face and furrowed her brows.

Duanmu Lingfeng felt his heart leap to his throat. He truly did not want Helian Rong to develop a bad impression of him because of this, and he hurriedly explained, "Aunt Helian, I am also acting on orders, and more so for your safety, I..."

"I understand."

Immortal Yan cut off Duanmu Lingfeng's words, yet her brows remained knitted, "Young Master has duties to fulfill, which I naturally understand. However, coincidentally, I was about to leave Muyun City when I stumbled upon the city being sealed off, isn't this going to delay my journey?"

"Ah?" Duanmu Lingfeng exclaimed, and quickly said, "Aunt Helian, haven't you just arrived here not long ago? Why are you leaving already?"

He had hoped that the other party would stay here for a longer period. Once he was done with his busy schedule, he would have time to invite her to tour and deepen their understanding of each other.

If he could gain the affections of this esteemed lady and have the support of that impressive father-in-law, his own status within the Duanmu Family could skyrocket, and even in the entire Hidden Sect World, his standing would increase substantially.

Compared to Duanmu Lingfeng's demeanor, a glint flashed in the eyes of the middle-aged man standing beside him, who could not help but ask, "Why does Aunt Helian need to leave in such a hurry?"

Immortal Yan's brows furrowed as she looked up at him.

The man felt a chill in his heart, immediately aware of her status, and hurriedly explained, "Please don't take offense, Aunt Helian. What I mean is, with your status, even with the city being sealed, as long as you state your reasons, if our Young Master reports them to the elders of our family, they will surely not hinder you and will definitely allow you to leave the city."

Duanmu Lingfeng eagerly chimed in, "Yes, exactly. The sealing of Muyun City is only to search for the thief Yang Fei; with Aunt Helian's distinguished status, you are naturally not bound by this."

Immortal Yan's face showed the kind of proud and spoiled expression befitting her status as a noble lady, and she nodded, "Five days from now is my father's birthday celebration. If I leave today, heading to the Central State Sky Pillar Sect from here would be just right."

The distance from Muyun City to the Sky Pillar Sect was vast; if one rode a fast horse day and night, it would barely take three days and nights to reach. By leaving five days in advance, Immortal Yan would not need to travel day and night, and the timing would be just perfect.

"However, given the significant incidents in Muyun City, I naturally need to cooperate with the Duanmu Family's search. I will remain for two more days; if there are still no results after two days, I would then ask Young Master Lingfeng to say a few good words for me to not miss congratulating my father on his birthday."

Duanmu Lingfeng quickly nodded, "Absolutely."

The middle-aged man beside him also smiled and said, "Aunt Helian, how about this? Our inspection is also a part of our official duties, and our Young Master also needs to give an explanation to our family.

So, we will conduct the search now, and afterward, the Young Master will report your situation to our family, striving to let Aunt Helian depart earlier."

Hearing this, Immortal Yan smiled. She was very confident in her Disguise Technique, and since Yang Fei had already lost his cultivation, it was difficult for others to see through him. She then nodded, "If so, I shall trouble my cousin."

Chapter 448: Second Place for a Thousand Years

Yang Fei was called out by the mansion's steward, who told him about the people from the Duanmu Family who had come to search the place, instructing him to stand ready in the outer courtyard.

"By the way, this is the Helian Mansion, and my young mistress is named Helian Rong," the steward reminded Yang Fei.

Yang Fei was slightly stunned, then nodded, "Understood."

Was the demoness Immortal Yan or Helian Rong?

Yang Fei didn't think further.

A name was just a code after all; it didn't matter what he was called.

Arriving in the spacious courtyard outside, there were already over a dozen family servants dressed just like him, lined up in formation.

Besides them, there were more than twenty female servants and about a dozen guards.

Yang Fei voluntarily joined the ranks of the household servants, and everyone stood obediently in silence, not speaking.

Soon, a group of people arrived outside and entered the mansion, searching each room before a middle-aged man from Duanmu Lingfeng's entourage came into the courtyard, his gaze sharp as a knife as it swept over everyone's faces.

The household servants and female servants all bowed their heads, not daring to meet his eyes.

Some guards, however, showed no fear, and even appeared disgruntled by the scrutiny, meeting his gaze sharply.

It was true that this place was Muyun City and that the Duanmu Family ruled here.

But the Helian Family's properties were widespread, and the owner was a renowned powerhouse; these guards were the close protectors of the young mistress and naturally didn't need to show deference to this Duanmu Family guard.

The Duanmu Family's expert guards scrutinized these Helian Family guards more closely, and at the very back of the line of household servants, Yang Fei, who had disguised his appearance, looked down calmly at his feet with a composed expression.

His current significance went without saying, so whether he ended up in the hands of Immortal Yan or the Duanmu Family, he wouldn't be in life-threatening danger in the short term.

Of course, it would be best to stay with Immortal Yan.

After all, with deadly poison inside him, if he were taken by another force, once the poison acted up and others couldn't cure it and didn't trust him to cure himself, he would be in big trouble.

"Come, tell me, what's his name?" Suddenly, the guard by Duanmu Lingfeng's side pointed to a guard in the front row, asking for another guard's name.

"His name is Wang Lin." The man asked glanced at the pointed at individual and responded.

The middle-aged guard slightly frowned and pointed to another person; this time he said to the other guards, "I'll count to three, and you all shout his name."

"One, two, three..."

"Feng Wenxuan."

After pointing at each person in turn and finding that all the guards knew each other, the Duanmu Family guard turned to Duanmu Lingfeng and slowly shook his head.

Duanmu Lingfeng laughed heartily and said to the steward of Helian Mansion, "Sorry for the trouble, steward. The matter is of great importance, and I had to carry out the orders from my family."

The steward smiled and nodded, "I've heard about the incident a few days ago, I understand. Has Young Master Lingfeng finished the search? If there's nothing else, then I will let them get back to their tasks."

Duanmu Lingfeng waved his hand grandly, "It's all clear now, everyone go back to work, haha."

He casually returned to the living room, seeing Aunt Helian still waiting there, and quickly approached her saying, "Thank you, Aunt Helian, for your understanding. The search is complete now. That lad seems to have some sense after all; he wouldn't dare to set foot in Miss Helian's place to seek his own demise."

Immortal Yan gave a slight smile and said, "You jest, young master. I appreciate your early report on my matters."

"Don't worry, Miss, I will report back to the elder immediately and will inform you once I have news," Duanmu Lingfeng hurriedly said.

Immortal Yan expressed her thanks, "Thank you, young master."

"Aunt Helian, you're too kind. We have known each other for many years, and you... you know my feelings," Duanmu Lingfeng said with some excitement.

Immortal Yan pretended not to understand, not picking up the conversation.

Duanmu Lingfeng coughed, realizing he had been too eager. This Miss Helian, born into a prestigious family and herself the Heavenly Pride Girl, though he was also not without merits, captivated her heart would not be easy.

It was still better to handle the tasks at hand swiftly to leave a good impression on her.

After Duanmu Lingfeng left, the steward came over and respectfully asked, "Miss, has the Duanmu Family already become suspicious?"

Immortal Yan shook her head, "It's just that the lad is too important; it's simply a matter of heightened tension during a critical period."

The butler nodded silently and asked, "Then, will they allow the miss to leave?"

Immortal Yan stated proudly, "The Duanmu Family doesn't have the courage to keep me here. Everything will proceed as usual."

"Yes." The butler respectfully agreed and then withdrew.

Only Immortal Yan was left in the room, and she slightly furrowed her brow.

In five days, indeed, it would be that person's birthday.

But compared to the Poison Sect, Qingtian Sect was ultimately a place she detested.

...

Duanmu Manor.

Duanmu Wuwang, Duanmu Wugou, and Duanmu Wuwo, the three personally presided over, commanding the entire search operation.

Although Muyun City was dominated by the Duanmu Family, it also housed descendants of other powers, including some significant figures, so the citywide search would surely encounter obstacles.

To not miss any spot, the trio issued orders to strictly search every residence, regardless of whose it was.

At that moment, Duanmu Lingfeng had arrived here to personally report on Helian Rong's matter.

Facing the three elders, Duanmu Lingfeng reported the details of the incident and then dared not even breathe too loudly.

He wanted to speak up for Helian Rong, but he couldn't bring himself to say a word.

Duanmu Wugou was meditating with closed eyes, still healing.

Duanmu Wuwang looked at Duanmu Wuwo and asked, "Big brother, how should we deal with this girl from the Helian Zhan Family?"

Duanmu Wuwo said, "Since we've already searched, we must give Helian Zhan some face."

Duanmu Wuwang was not surprised by this at all and nodded, "I'm just curious why she would choose to leave at this time."

"Didn't everyone say? Helian Zhan is having his birthday in a few days." Duanmu Wuwo added, heaving a sigh, "That guy should be under fifty, shouldn't he?"

Duanmu Wuwang was taken aback, pausing for a moment before nodding, "It seems he is forty-seven this year."

Don't ask why he remembers the age of a junior so clearly.

If asked, it's because that guy is too much of a demoness, too notorious.

As the Qingtian Sect's previous Sect Master lay on his deathbed, he brought back that baby swaddled in cloths; Helian Zhan was adopted as his closed-door disciple.

Thus, in Qingtian Sect, Helian Zhan became the highest-ranked person of his generation.

Based on seniority, Helian Zhan now ranks alongside the old ancestors of each aristocratic family and Sect within the Eight Great Forces of the Hidden Sect.

Therefore, in the entire Hidden Sect World, wherever Helian Zhan goes, he is the highest in seniority. Most of his contemporaries have to greet him respectfully as 'Junior Uncle' or 'Junior Grand Uncle'.

Of course, in the world of the Hidden Sect, having a high seniority doesn't count for much; what matters most is one's strength.

And Helian Zhan has indeed not disappointed the people of the world; his strength is truly worthy of his contemporaries respectfully addressing him as Junior Uncle.

For at the age of thirty-two, he had already entered the Divine Travel Realm.

Since then, he was known as the second greatest within the Hidden Sect of the millennium.

Commonly called the Second Place.

Thus, for Helian Zhan, who was already in the same Realm as they were fifteen years ago, the three elders of the Duanmu Family had no choice but to show significant respect.

A tinge of wistfulness flickered in Duanmu Wuwo's eyes as he murmured, "If it weren't for that incident back then, if she were still..."

Duanmu Wugou swept a glance at Duanmu Lingfeng and coughed, interrupting, "Big brother."

Duanmu Wuwo snapped back to reality, glanced at Duanmu Lingfeng, and said, "You go and escort that girl."

At these words, Duanmu Lingfeng was overjoyed, took his leave, and departed.

Chapter 449: Covert Surveillance

Muyun City was under martial law, no entry nor exit was allowed.

At the South Gate, a convoy of about a dozen people made its way slowly from within the city.

Leading the group were two fine horses, and the riders' temples bulged prominently, their gazes sharp as knives - clearly figures of considerable cultivation and might.

Close behind followed a double-horse carriage.

The carriage was spacious, exuding an aura of luxury at first glance.

On the outside of the carriage sat a green-clothed servant handling the reins, none other than Yang Fei in disguise.

By the side of the carriage curtains, Duanmu Lingfeng rode close behind on a fine horse. As the curtain was lifted, a woman of exceptional beauty and temperament was revealed inside - it was Yan Xiaoxian (Helian Rong).

Four high-ranking guards followed the carriage, and the maids serving Miss Helian fell in line, making the procession through the locked down streets of the South Gate seem grand and impressive.

From the taverns and inns on either side of the street, patrons watched the procession head towards the city gates, and their conversations buzzed.

"So-called martial law is just to restrain us rootless folks. But when Miss Helian wants to leave, not only does Muyun City have to open its gates for her, but they must also send a direct descendant of the aristocratic family to accompany her ten miles outside the city."

"Naturally. Miss Helian isn't yet betrothed, and within the current Eight Great Forces, what young prodigy wouldn't want to win her heart? The Duanmu Family, of course, wishes to form a marriage alliance with the Helian Family."

"Miss Helian is considered one of the world's foremost beauties. Sadly, she has been frail and often ill since childhood, practically raised in a medicinal bath with a delicate constitution, incapable of cultivation. Therefore, she has lived a life of seclusion, rarely seen by outsiders."

"Indeed, they say she's a woman of unparalleled beauty, but few have actually seen her face. It's hard to say if her fame as the most beautiful woman in the world is exaggerated."

"Humph, even if she is an ugly freak, with her being Helian Zhan's daughter, I'd still be willing to marry into her family."

"You shameless dog, have you even looked at yourself? Even if the Helian Family wanted a son-in-law, it would have to be someone like me."

"Heh, you lot might as well stop dreaming. Even if they were to seek a son-in-law, they would pick from the accomplished and talented in the Eight Great Forces, not you guys."

These discussions weren't loud enough to reach the ears of those in the middle of the street.

Duanmu Lingfeng, full of attentiveness, stayed close to Helian Rong's carriage window and smiled, "The clan elders informed me that it's Senior Helian's birthday in a few days, so they sent me to offer birthday wishes and to also escort Aunt Helian.""

Helian Rong's beautiful brow furrowed as she hurriedly declined, "Sir, you are too kind. My father prefers tranquility, and his birthday is always spent with just my mother and me. Even some elders of the Qingtian Sect are kept at bay, so there's no need for you to make this trip in vain. As for the sentiments of the Duanmu Family, I'll convey them to my father."

Duanmu Lingfeng's face fell at her words.

He had been eager to use this opportunity to spend more time with her and to familiarize himself with his 'future father-in-law', but her direct refusal made it difficult to proceed without appearing unwelcome.

"Senior Helian is indeed admirable for his indifference to fame and wealth. Since that's the case, I will at least escort Aunt Helian to the Ten Miles Pavilion outside the city," Duanmu Lingfeng offered.

Helian Rong politely refused, "There's really no need for such trouble."

"No trouble at all. Just to speak a few more words with Aunt Helian fills me with contentment," Duanmu Lingfeng said, peering through the window.

Upon uttering these words, his heart couldn't help but beat wildly, full of anxiety yet tinged with a sliver of hope.

After all, Young Master Duanmu was considered suave and handsome, a veteran of romance who had encountered many noble ladies. Yet, when faced with Miss Helian, he always felt an inexplicable sense of inferiority.

Listening to Duanmu Lingfeng's declaration, Helian Rong chuckled inwardly while politely saying, "I appreciate your affection, Sir, but my father has long promised me to someone else. Your company outside the city might lead to misunderstandings, so I ask that you go no further."

Duanmu Lingfeng felt as though his heart was being torn apart.

He was truly captivated by Helian Rong's grace and beauty and had intended to make her his wife, but he had not anticipated her revelation of being promised to another.

"Who... who is it?" Duanmu Lingfeng asked, unwilling to give up.

Helian Rong responded slowly, "My father has yet to announce it, and it's not convenient to reveal at this time."

Duanmu Lingfeng's spirit soared at this, and he declared firmly, "Since it hasn't been announced to the world, there's still a chance. I will return and request my ancestors to meet with Senior Helian personally."

"Why do you torment yourself so, Young Master?" Helian Rong softly persuaded.

But Duanmu Lingfeng had made up his mind and simply wouldn't listen.

Upon arriving at the city gate, the expert guards who saw Duanmu Lingfeng came forward to greet him. After receiving Duanmu Lingfeng's Pass Token and noticing that Miss Helian wished to leave the city, they immediately opened the gate to let them pass.

After sending the procession out of the city gates, Duanmu Lingfeng exchanged a few words with Helian Rong, then turned his horse around and galloped back into the city.

Once out of the city gates, the procession continued along the official road towards Central State.

Yang Fei drove the carriage, his skills becoming ever more proficient, and thinking back to the conversation between Immortal Yan and Duanmu Lingfeng, he couldn't help but shake his head inwardly.

He might not consider himself a master in the game of love, but he could tell that Helian Rong held no interest in Duanmu Lingfeng. Yet Duanmu Lingfeng was under the delusion that all he needed was for his clan elders to propose marriage, and he could win the beauty over.

That demoness was also detestable, clearly not interested in the man, yet she wouldn't clarify it outright. Instead, she used that grievous tone to explain her father had arranged a marriage for her, expressing a sense of grief and dissatisfaction with the forced marriage. Combined with her face that could enchant any man's soul, how could Duanmu Lingfeng not be disturbed?

Indeed, she was a demoness.

However, Yang Fei quickly refocused his mind.

Taking advantage of the current 'freedom,' he spared no effort to nourish his Primordial Spirit.

As for cultivating the True Qi within his limbs, he dared not. Once he activated his True Yuan, Helian Rong would surely detect it.

Even the guards accompanying Helian Rong could sense it.

These guards were no pushovers, consisting of two at the Innate Realm and four with the combat strength equivalent to the Peak of Energy Transformation Realm Ninth Grade, not much different from Tong Yan's power.

Inside the carriage, Helian Rong sat with closed eyes, concentrating as if she were asleep, yet she remained highly vigilant.

Not long after they left Muyun City, she began to feel as if she were being watched.

It was as if an invisible pair of eyes from high above were keeping watch over her team's every move.

She snorted softly in her heart.

The old ghosts from the Duanmu Family were indeed suspicious.

But out of respect for her father Helian Zhan's reputation and because of the Qingtian Sect, the Duanmu Family did not dare to keep her within the city and had to let her pass.

However, after allowing her to leave, they remained doubtful of her and secretly monitored her with the special Divine Skills of the Divine Travel Realm.

She wasn't worried about Yang Fei being discovered, as his current condition matched his identity as a coachman perfectly.

Moreover, she believed Yang Fei would rather follow her than deliberately expose himself to the Duanmu Family, only to be captured by them.

The only concern for her was how long the person secretly monitoring them would keep it up.

If they continued following, wouldn't she actually have to go to Central State?

Thinking of meeting her father, Helian Rong instinctively rejected the idea.

The world knew of Helian Zhan's doting love for his only precious daughter, yet who knew how she, Helian Rong, loathed her father to the bone?

Beyond not wanting to see her father, she had another worry—Yang Fei.

Although Yang Fei wouldn't intentionally reveal his identity, as long as the powerful figure from the Duanmu Family kept tracking and monitoring them, she couldn't afford to distract Yang Fei, thereby depriving him of time to nourish his Primordial Spirit.

She expected the person couldn't monitor them for too long. Once assured there was nothing amiss with her team, they would likely leave.

And in such a short span, even if Yang Fei managed to nourish his Primordial Spirit and regain some of its strength, it wouldn't have a significant impact and wouldn't escape her control.

Chapter 450: The Petty Man, Zhang Asheng

Three days later, they were less than two days' journey from Central State.

Having rested for a night in Yu Zhou City yesterday, the group continued on their journey early this morning after eating.

Once settled in the carriage, Immortal Yan still appeared in that frail state, meditating with her eyes closed.

A moment later, the sensation of being scanned inside the carriage happened again.

When the feeling of being surveilled disappeared, a flash of anger crossed Immortal Yan's eyes.

It had been three days and they were still watching her. Did they intend to escort her all the way to Central State City before they'd be satisfied?

Damnable!

All those old fools from the Duanmu Family deserved to die.

In the past three days, Immortal Yan had wanted to create some disturbances for Yang Fei, but since he was outside the carriage, even if she were to light hypnotic fragrance inside, it wouldn't affect Yang Fei outside.

Moreover, she dared not communicate with Yang Fei.

The senses of a Divine Travel Realm expert were incredibly sharp; they couldn't be deceived by any action.

She didn't even dare to use the Secret Transmission to interfere with Yang Fei, for should she do so, the vibrations of the sound waves would still be detected by the Divine Travel Realm expert.

Although the other party wouldn't be able to hear the content of her Secret Transmission, they could still notice something amiss, leading to suspicion.

Yang Fei's identity was too sensitive; he was too important to the Hidden Sect Eight Great Forces, so even the slightest chance of exposing Yang Fei, Immortal Yan wouldn't take the risk.

Fortunately, it had only been three days.

Even if the Duanmu Family insisted on 'escorting' her to Central State City, it would only be four to five days at most. During that time, no matter how hard Yang Fei tried, he couldn't recover his Primordial Spirit.

An injury to the Primordial Spirit was more problematic than an internal injury; the recovery speed was extremely slow. Since Yang Fei hadn't been able to flee from under her watch with his Primordial Spirit before, it meant his Primordial Spirit was very weak now, and it couldn't recover in just a few days.

But Immortal Yan was still frustrated.

Because she truly didn't want to go to Central State City.

Just as she was feeling annoyed, a loud voice came from outside, "Is this the convoy escorting Miss Helian? I am Helian Cheng, having learned of the young lady's return, I've specially brought experts from our family to meet you."

In the carriage, hearing this voice enter her ears, Immortal Yan's heart completely sank.

Now, going to Central State City was an inevitability.

Helian Cheng was a member of the family born of a concubine, but his personal ability was outstanding, and he was greatly favored by the grandfather, which gave him considerable status and ability within the Helian Family.

According to their relationships, she had to call him her uncle, and she hadn't expected him to come to receive her personally.

"Mr. Cheng, it's us."

One of the two guards at the front of the convoy showed a smile and replied loudly, then turned back to the carriage and said, "Miss, the family has sent someone for you."

Immortal Yan responded, and her maid Xiao Huan quickly lifted the curtain.

Yang Fei quickly collected his thoughts and, understanding the situation, tugged the reins firmly, slowing the two horses to a halt.

Maid Xiao Huan hopped down from the carriage and helped Immortal Yan descend.

At that moment, from the opposite side, a cloud of dust rose, and a handsome black horse galloped forward. On its back was a man with a curly beard, large and towering in stature, with piercing eyes and a torrential aura that commanded respect at just a glance, exerting an invisible pressure on those around him.

As soon as he saw Immortal Yan getting off the carriage, his body soared into the air and landed in front of the carriage, bowing respectfully to her and saying, "Miss, there's no need for you to get down in your weakened state."

Immortal Yan insisted on walking down from the carriage and approached Helian Cheng, saying, "What merits or abilities do I possess to trouble my uncle to make this trip? It is truly embarrassing."

Helian Cheng laughed heartily, "You are the treasure of our Helian family, the old master adores you greatly. As soon as he heard of your return, with just a single command from him, how could I not come to meet you?"

Upon hearing the words 'old master,' a hint of guilt flashed across Immortal Yan's eyes.

Though he harbored resentment towards his father, setting aside that matter, both he and the entire Helian Family's affection for him was sincere and genuine.

Especially his grandfather, who, among many grandchildren, doted on him alone, and this affection and favoritism had nothing to do with his father being Helian Zhan, which was indeed very precious.

As the two conversed, a cloud of dust rolled in from the opposite direction—Helian Cheng, accompanied by the Helian Family's experts, had arrived.

Once the dust settled, Helian Cheng invited Helian Rong into the carriage, and the procession then resumed its journey.

After the time it took to drink a cup of tea, Helian Cheng, who was riding escort beside the carriage, suddenly looked up at the sky and said aloud, "I do not know which senior is meditating here; I am Helian Cheng, escorting my young lady home. If we have disturbed you, I apologize and hope for your understanding."

No response came.

Helian Cheng's expression grew solemn, his brow furrowed tightly.

A moment later, he waved his hand and commanded, "Continue the journey."

The caravan moved on.

Two hours passed, and Immortal Yan did not feel the sensation of being watched again.

Presumably, the old codger from the Duanmu Family had been covertly monitoring for several days without any results and, having been discovered by Helian Cheng, found it tasteless and departed.

With no one watching, Immortal Yan's mood greatly improved.

Yet, the thought of reaching Central State City in just one day's time prevented her from feeling happy.

Though she would be a highly esteemed young miss within the Helian Family, with her own independent courtyard and loyal subordinates at her side, the thought of relatives visiting her home gave her a headache.

Moreover, knowing that person the way she did, he would surely drop all matters to keep her company.

This would waste a lot of her time, how annoying!

Moments later, Immortal Yan calmed down.

Since her return to Central State City was inevitable, there was no point in dwelling on it.

While it was not as tranquil as being at the Poison Sect, it was, relatively speaking, safer within the Helian Family.

Besides, it wasn't as if the Poison Sect might not have noticed something amiss and grown suspicious of her.

With this in mind, Immortal Yan completely relaxed.

One must adapt to circumstances; she would take it one step at a time.

Another hour passed, and she never felt that sensation of being watched again; Immortal Yan couldn't help but use Secret Transmission to say to Yang Fei outside, "Hey, don't think about nurturing your Primordial Spirit and then attempting to escape. Let me tell you, if you cooperate obediently, I won't mistreat you, but if you try to run, once you fall into someone else's hands in Central State City, it won't be so pleasant."

This Secret Transmission sound was incredibly crafty, so even if Yang Fei blocked his Sea of Consciousness, this voice still penetrated his mind, forcing him to accept the stark threat from Immortal Yan, which disrupted his nurturing of the Primordial Spirit.

"Cough cough..."

Yang Fei adjusted the reins and coughed to signal a response.

No choice; with his True Yuan sealed, he couldn't respond with Secret Transmission.

And if he spoke out loud, he would expose himself in front of Helian Cheng.

Just a cough, and Helian Cheng's sharp gaze swept over him, chilling to the bone.

"Boy, what's your name, and since when have you been following the young lady? Why do you seem unfamiliar?" Helian Cheng's eyes scanned Yang Fei's face a few times before he suddenly asked.

Yang Fei instantly became vigilant, realizing he hadn't displayed the necessary reverence and nervousness of a servant when he faced Helian Cheng and added to that indeed being a new face, had aroused the latter's suspicion.

He immediately shrank his neck, showing a fearful expression, and said softly, "To... to your honor, this humble one is Zhang Asheng. I owe my life to the young lady's rescue three months ago. The young lady, with a heart of a bodhisattva, took pity on me as I had no home and kept me by her side. To repay the young lady's kindness, I am willing to serve as a willing ox or horse for the rest of my life."

Helian Cheng stared coldly at Yang Fei, trying to discern whether Yang Fei's words were true or false.