

Overlord 451

Chapter 451: Helplessness

Yang Fei bowed his head after he answered, displaying the trembling reaction of a petty character under the sharp, scrutinizing gaze of Helian Cheng.

Helian Cheng quickly shifted his gaze and said, "Miss, you are too kind-hearted. It's fine to take this person in, but letting him stay by your side and control the carriage is not quite appropriate."

Helian Rong replied, "Zhang Asheng is skilled at driving carriages, so it's very suitable for him to take on this task."

Helian Cheng shook his head and said, "Such important matters should naturally be handled by our own family members."

"Hmph."

A light snort came from inside the carriage, indicating Helian Rong's displeasure.

Helian Cheng's expression changed slightly, and a bitter smile appeared on his face as he said, "Never mind, it was wrong of me to worry too much. Miss Rong, please do not be angry."

"I'm not," came Helian Rong's ethereal voice.

Helian Cheng gave a bitter smile, knowing that the young lady was still unhappy, so he said no more. He even intentionally slowed down the horse to fall a few steps behind the carriage, so as not to inadvertently say too much again and upset the young lady even further.

Inside the carriage, Immortal Yan hadn't really become angry with Helian Cheng. She had acted that way deliberately to prevent Helian Cheng from continuing to press Yang Fei with questions.

Now she couldn't help but regret, thinking that she should have disguised Yang Fei as a woman and kept him as a maid inside the carriage from the beginning.

But considering Yang Fei's height of over one meter eighty, while it was easy to disguise him as a woman, his large stature would inevitably arouse curiosity and more likely to raise suspicions.

"Who allowed you to run your mouth? Can't you just grunt and play mute?" Immortal Yan transmitted her voice to Yang Fei, expressing her dissatisfaction.

Yang Fei ignored her and concentrated on his own affairs.

Because Helian Cheng was standing aside, Immortal Yan, although she had managed to get rid of the Duanmu Family strongman lurking in the dark, still found it inconvenient to interfere with Yang Fei.

Thus they traveled for a day and a half, and the procession arrived at high ground. Suddenly the view opened up, and a majestic city appeared before them on the vast plains.

They had arrived at Central State City.

Compared to Muyun City, Central State City was even more grand and expansive.

Even though he was accustomed to the modern, steel forestry of big cities, the sight of such a grand and atmospheric ancient city still left Yang Fei with a considerable sense of awe.

This kind of ancient grand city was even more revealing of humanity's intelligence and hard work.

Shortly after, Yang Fei's gaze turned toward the northwest side of the city.

Looking from afar, there indeed stood a solitary peak piercing the clouds. According to the Hidden Sect knowledge Wang Lei had shared with him, this peak should be Qingtian Peak, and atop it was the Qingtian Sect.

It was already the afternoon, and sunset was approaching. The setting sun shone from afar, with Qingtian Peak casting most of the city into shadow, dividing Central State City in two: one side bathed in the afterglow of the sunset, the other plunged into darkness.

Only Qingtian Peak itself glowed brilliantly, adding a sense of mystery and sanctity.

This was a unique and beautiful vista belonging to Central State City.

The procession continued onward, reaching the eastern gate of Central State City before sunset.

The Helian Family's convoy returned without hindrance, passing through the lively streets, and it took about an hour to reach the Helian Family's mansion.

Compared to the Duanmu Family's villa, the Helian Family's estate was much smaller and located in a bustling area of Central State City, but once inside the Helian Mansion, Yang Fei understood what it meant to find tranquility amidst chaos.

The Helian Mansion seemed to shut out the hustle and bustle of Central State City, maintaining a particularly serene atmosphere within its walls that did not feel noisy at all.

After entering the mansion, Helian Rong was greeted by her relatives from the family.

Luckily, she had given instructions early on, and Yang Fei, with the attendants she had arranged, was taken to the living area of the servants. Moreover, the maid and servant accompanying him kept a close watch, and from the occasional power emanating from the two, Yang Fei judged that his chances of escape were not great, so he cooperated obediently.

After all, dealing with the two of them wouldn't be difficult, but to leave the Helian Mansion quietly without causing a commotion would not be so easy.

Just as Immortal Yan had said, it was certainly safer to behave and stay by her side. If he created a fuss, with his current situation it would be very hard to remain hidden.

After dining with the servants of the Helian Mansion, Yang Fei was assigned to a simple room to settle in.

This place was not inhabited by him alone, but by four coachmen as well.

Such treatment greatly displeased Yang Fei.

Damn it, not even a single room, how stingy.

But then he remembered that he was now Zhang Asheng, a green-clothed servant, and he felt resigned to his situation.

As night fell, the other three occasionally struck up conversations with him, but Yang Fei acted very meek and cautious, responding briefly when asked, quickly causing the three men to lose interest in him.

Yang Fei was glad for the peace and quiet, laying on the bed pretending to sleep while he was in fact desperately nurturing his Primordial Spirit and also driving the True Yuan in his limbs, silently restoring his strength.

In the dead of night, Yang Fei suddenly sniffed and became alert, emerging from his meditative state.

The door opened, and a shadow flitted in.

The other three coachmen on their wooden beds were sleeping soundly, snoring thunderously.

The shadow discerned the situation and then headed straight to the side of Yang Fei's bed.

Yang Fei sighed helplessly, "I've never seen someone act like a thief in their own house."

Immortal Yan, dressed in a beige long dress with a radiant smile on her face, looked at Yang Fei and said, "What can I do when you bewitch me so, sir? I can hardly stand a moment without seeing you."

Her voice was seductive, carrying a power that charmed the heart; Yang Fei cursed to himself, a damn demoness, and said reluctantly, "What do you want?"

"I feel sorry for you living in such a shabby place, thought of my spacious and comfortable boudoir, and wanted to invite you to cohabit with me. Are you not pleased?" Immortal Yan said, gazing at Yang Fei with eyes like silk.

Yang Fei, feeling uneasy, said, "I think it's quite nice here. Before you get married, a young man and a woman living together might harm your reputation if word gets out."

Immortal Yan chuckled, "A true gentleman, are you?"

Yang Fei nodded, "I suppose I am, to some extent; my moral compass is pretty straight."

Immortal Yan, with a teasing smile, asked him, "Are you coming or not?"

Yang Fei saw the impatience hidden in her eyes and decisively stood up, saying, "I'm coming."

He who knows the times is a wise man; a true gentleman is flexible. While bowing today, if he gained an upper hand in the future, he would make this temptress understand how terrifying the consequences of offending him could be.

Following Immortal Yan to her private courtyard and into her boudoir, no one noticed them along the way.

Yang Fei didn't know how the demoness had managed this, but after closing the door behind them, he couldn't help but remind her, "If Zhang Asheng just disappears into thin air, wouldn't that raise suspicions?"

Immortal Yan huffed, "Just a coachman, no one will care."

Yang Fei was taken aback, then realized that this was the Hidden Sect World where, under the vile feudal hierarchy, the lives of coachmen and servants were as insignificant as ants. For the vast Helian Mansion, losing one coachman indeed meant nothing to anyone.

"Tomorrow, they will find a corpse of Zhang Asheng," Immortal Yan added coldly.

Yang Fei's pupils shrank as he stared at her, "Is there a need to kill the innocent so recklessly?"

Immortal Yan looked at him and laughed, "Concerned for others whilst being a prisoner yourself?"

Yang Fei responded coldly, "After all, he will die because of me, how could I not care?"

"Can you do anything about it?" Immortal Yan asked.

Yang Fei fell silent.

Indeed, he could not influence such matters now.

But it made him feel suffocated, overwhelmed by a sense of powerlessness he had never experienced before.

He didn't know how long he would remain subject to someone else's control over his fate.

Considering the time, he had been in the Hidden Sect for about half a month; he wondered if Qin Yanyang, upon hearing the news, would be anxious.

Chapter 452: Simplicity is the Ultimate Sophistication

Immortal Yan saw Yang Fei's sorrowful expression and couldn't help but mock herself, "Feigning kindness and righteousness, if you were truly compassionate, how could you have killed so many people in the Duanmu Family?"

Yang Fei glanced at her, offering no explanation.

He never considered himself to be compassionate, for his hands were stained with countless lives. As for the enemies he personally killed, he never felt merciful or regretful.

But to kill the innocent without cause, that, he couldn't do.

"So who are you exactly, Immortal Yan, the demoness of the Poison Sect, or the young miss of the Helian Family?" Yang Fei asked as he looked at her.

Immortal Yan gave a seductive smile, "Does it really matter to you?"

Yang Fei nodded, "If you're the demoness, I indeed have reservations about revealing Taoist techniques to you, fearing that it would only bring more disaster to this world. But if you hail from a famous family, that would be different."

Immortal Yan snorted derisively, "I'm not a three-year-old child, so you needn't try to deceive me with such talk. The nature of a person's heart is much more reliable than moral labels of good and evil. Moreover, the Poison Sect is not an evil cult; otherwise, how could the Hidden Sect's Eight Great Forces allow it to exist? As for the Helian Family, they're not necessarily the bastion of nobility and justice either."

Yang Fei chuckled, "You seem quite averse to the name Helian Rong. You hold a grudge against the Helian Family, don't you?"

Immortal Yan replied indifferently, "So what if I do? That hardly seems like your concern. Let me ask you, are you truly willing to cooperate? If not, I will have to resort to harsher measures. As the saying goes, 'courtesy before force.' I've been quite kind to you these days; you best not reject wine only to be forced to drink a penalty."

Yang Fei nodded, "As a prisoner, I must admit I've been treated fairly well. Rest assured, as long as you keep your promise, I can teach you the Taoist techniques I know."

Immortal Yan's eyes brightened, looking eagerly at Yang Fei, "That's more like it. You don't want to be trapped here forever, right? Tell me what I want to know sooner, and I can arrange for your release sooner."

Yang Fei chuckled, "Now that the Hidden Sect has sealed its gates, how do you intend to send me away?"

"Ahem..."

Immortal Yan was slightly embarrassed but not annoyed. She said, "I meant to set you free, not to let you leave the Hidden Sect World. Under the current circumstances, I can't guarantee that I'll be able to help you leave this world. But as long as they can't find you, given enough time, they'll naturally reopen the gates. Then, finding a way to send you out will be feasible."

Yang Fei sighed, "I have no choice but to trust you now."

Immortal Yan nodded in agreement.

She had gone through great lengths to capture Yang Fei. If she couldn't get what she wanted from him, she was definitely not going to let him go.

As for whether she would let him go after getting what she wanted, only heaven knew.

But Yang Fei had no better alternatives.

He believed that if he continued to remain silent, offering Immortal Yan no benefits, this demoness would surely find a way to torture him.

Rather than being tortured by her, better to cooperate willingly, maintaining their current situation, in hopes of finding a chance to escape.

"Taoist techniques focus on building the Golden Body and nurturing the Primordial Spirit. Absorb the power of Heaven and Earth into the body, tempering the body until it is undying like gold. Through meditation, open up the world of the Sea of Consciousness, give life to the Primordial Spirit, form the Golden Core, venture beyond with Divine Traveling, and live as long as Heaven and Earth."

Yang Fei slowly started, outlining the essentials of the Taoist technique.

Immortal Yan listened intently, then frowned and scoffed, "Talk about something practical."

Yang Fei smiled, "Don't be in a hurry, we need to start with an introduction."

Without withholding, he then shared part of the Taoist mental method he practiced.

Immortal Yan listened very seriously, pondering for a while after. Her eyes grew brighter. Although it was a simple breathing technique, she felt this technique was different from those of other schools and sects. It not only encompassed all vital elements practiced by the Hidden Sect's Eight Great Forces but had aspects absent in other techniques.

Moreover, this technique was very simple and easy to understand, exuding a sense of returning to basics and the simplicity of the ultimate path.

"Wait a moment," Immortal Yan pondered for a while before having Yang Fei pause. She turned around, took an incense, lit it in the incense burner, and then handed Yang Fei a pill.

Looking at the elixir, Yang Fei's face immediately frowned, "I've been so cooperative, and you still want to poison me?"

Immortal Yan smiled and said, "I need to verify if your cultivation technique is real. I need some time to prove your sincerity, right?"

Knowing she did not trust him, Yang Fei did not waste more words and swallowed the pill. After a moment, the effect of the hypnotic fragrance emerged, and Yang Fei became irritated and restless, utterly unable to maintain a state of deep meditation.

It was unclear whether Immortal Yan was already immune to the toxin or had taken the antidote beforehand, but she was unaffected. After Yang Fei was controlled by the drug, she still did not feel completely assured and personally sealed the major acupoints around his body, then tossed him on a soft, spacious bed, rendering him immobile.

Having handled everything, Immortal Yan sat cross-legged next to Yang Fei, entering a breathing state of in and out as taught by Yang Fei, similar to Old Ceng meditating.

Time passed second by second, and after an hour, Immortal Yan was still immersed in this transcendent state.

She was already of the Innate Realm in her cultivation, and was initially a bit uncomfortable with the new breathing method. However, she gradually found this cultivation technique very practical for her.

No, it was not just suitable for her, it should be applicable to all cultivators.

But that wasn't right.

Wasn't it too simple?

Immortal Yan, feeling the harmonious connection she had established with the Heaven and Earth Power around her that signified Unity of Heaven and Man, started to harbor doubts.

After a while, she opened her eyes and then looked towards Yang Fei beside her.

Yang Fei's face was flushed, his eyes flickering with raging flames, staring straight at her.

If his entire body hadn't been sealed by acupoints, he might have pounced on Immortal Yan by now.

Even though he made no move, the look in his eyes allowed Immortal Yan to guess that during the past period, he had considered unspeakable, indecent acts involving her in his mind.

Although she was a bold and unconstrained demoness, thinking about this scenario still inevitably made Immortal Yan blush.

Muttering to herself in frustration, Immortal Yan huffed softly.

That sound carried a deep True Yuan, having an effect that could shake one's inner demons and bring peace of mind.

Yang Fei's shaken spirit quickly returned, and seeing Immortal Yan leaving her meditative state, he couldn't help but say, "Quickly get rid of that hypnotic fragrance."

Immortal Yan ignored him and asked, "Are you sure you're not deceiving me?"

Yang Fei was taken aback, "Why would I deceive you?"

Frowning, Immortal Yan said, "The cultivation technique you spoke of seems too simple, doesn't it?"

Yang Fei, appearing calm, responded, "If you do not believe me, there is nothing I can do. In any case, I have always been cultivating with this technique. As they say, 'Great Tao is the simplest'. Taoists emphasize that techniques should appear natural. You might find the technique simple, but for many others, it is profound and elusive. Could it be because you are already a skilled practitioner of the Innate Realm and have your own understandings of cultivation, thus making it seem easy to you?"

Immortal Yan had indeed considered this, but she remained skeptical as it truly seemed too simple.

Yet seeing Yang Fei's innocent and sincere expression, she couldn't help but wonder to herself.

Could what he said be true?

If Taoist techniques were so simple, then how could they be revered as the foremost in the world of cultivation?

"Is there anything else you haven't told me?" Immortal Yan asked.

Chapter 453: Father and Daughter

"No."

Yang Fei answered resolutely.

"I have already told you everything you wanted to know without any reservation."

Immortal Yan clearly didn't believe him, her bright eyes staring at Yang Fei.

However, she couldn't detect any hint of concealment or dishonesty on Yang Fei's face.

"My life and death are at your mercy, do you think I, still so young, value my life or a cultivation technique I've already learned more?" Yang Fei countered.

Immortal Yan laughed, "It sounds like you indeed have no need to deceive me."

Yang Fei nodded with an expression of gratitude for her trust.

After looking at him for a while, Immortal Yan finally nodded, "I'll tentatively believe you for now. I'll practice it for a while to see the effects."

Yang Fei frowned, saying, "How long will that take? Cultivation isn't something accomplished overnight. How can you determine its effectiveness, and surely I can't remain hidden away like this indefinitely?"

Immortal Yan huffed, "Are you not happy to stay with me?"

Yang Fei said speechlessly, "We're not in a romantic relationship, I'm merely your prisoner. If you were in my place, would you be willing to keep this up?"

Immortal Yan giggled, slightly embarrassed, "Yeah, you're right. So you better not deceive me, I will quickly find out whether this cultivation technique is a true Taoist legacy. If it's fake, hmm, I will make you regret it."

Yang Fei nodded, "Alright, I hope you can verify it soon so that I can gain my freedom sooner."

That very night, Yang Fei stayed in Immortal Yan's boudoir.

He continued to suffer from his blocked meridians and the torment of the mind-disturbing poison, unable to fully calm his mind to nourish his Primordial Spirit.

Fortunately, he was slowly adapting to the effects of the poison on him.

Perhaps because of his youthful vigor, the initial two days were indeed unbearable, completely unable to calm down, his thoughts utterly controlled by the toxin.

Now, after several days, he felt the chaotic effects of the poison on his mind diminishing gradually.

So on the surface he pretended to be fully affected, while actually he was silently nourishing his Primordial Spirit in secret.

Of course, the influence of the poison was still there, and the pace at which he nourished his Primordial Spirit was more than three times slower than usual, but at least he was beginning to slowly recover it.

Given time, he had confidence in restoring his Primordial Spirit to a level where he could suppress Immortal Yan.

Moreover, he still had some True Yuan stored in his limbs that he could mobilize when Immortal Yan was away, allowing him to silently practice his cultivation. Combined with the intense refinement his limbs had undergone, he was filled with anticipation about escaping from this demoness's grasp.

Early the next day, there was a knock at the door.

Immortal Yan paused her cultivation and asked, "Who is it?"

"Rongrong, it's me." A man's robust voice came from outside.

Immortal Yan's expression changed slightly, she glanced anxiously at Yang Fei, who was lying on the bed with a flushed face, and swiftly said, "I haven't gotten up yet, I'll see you after I wash up."

"Hehe, you must be exhausted from the past few days of travel, no worries, rest a bit longer, I'll wait for you in the pavilion outside," the man's voice conveyed a tender affection.

"Then... alright then," replied Immortal Yan, somewhat reluctantly.

The man outside walked away.

Immortal Yan quickly motioned with her finger to her lips, signaling Yang Fei to stay quiet.

Yang Fei was slightly surprised, thinking there's no need for gestures to keep me quiet, can't you use Secret Transmission?

But he saw Immortal Yan quickly take out a pen and ink, quickly writing a line of characters and showed it to Yang Fei.

"He is my father, Helian Zhan, of the Divine Travel Realm."

Yang Fei immediately understood.

For a powerhouse in the Divine Travel Realm, even Secret Transmission might be detected by the opponent.

Once the other party realized that Immortal Yan was using Secret Transmission to speak, they would naturally suspect that there was someone else in the boudoir.

Immortal Yan wrote another line: Don't speak, he won't actively spy on my boudoir, but make sure you don't make any noise.

Yang Fei nodded slowly, and only then did Immortal Yan breathe a sigh of relief.

After tidying up a bit, she gave Yang Fei a warning look, and then pushed the door open and left.

As soon as Immortal Yan left, Yang Fei felt much more at ease.

With the demoness by his side, he was always on alert, terribly afraid that he might carelessly expose the fact that his limbs still contained True Yuan, and even more worried that she would discover him silently nourishing his Primordial Spirit.

Moreover, he had a surprising discovery: the poison incense burning in the room had become ineffective.

It was her father's birthday today; it would be best if she had no time to return, which would give him another full day to work with.

Over the past few days as they travelled, Immortal Yan had no way to inhibit him from nourishing his Primordial Spirit. Although it was only a matter of days, Yang Fei's Magic Technique for nourishing the Primordial Spirit was profound, and since he was only injured because of the backlash of Duanmu Wugou's Primordial Spirit, recovery was not difficult.

He felt that if he had three to five more days, he would be completely healed.

Even if he couldn't recover to his best condition, at most it would only take half a month for his Primordial Spirit to heal.

By then, with a powerful Primordial Spirit condition, he would have the ability to protect himself, and more importantly, an opportunity to escape.

Outside, in the gazebo of the courtyard, a middle-aged man stood proudly. He was originally turned away from Immortal Yan, but when he heard the opening door, he turned around.

He appeared to be in his thirties, very young-looking, handsome and spirited, his bright eyes twinkling with powerful self-confidence.

Upon seeing Immortal Yan, he hastened towards her, his eyes filled with warmth and affection as he gleefully said, "Rongrong, Father didn't expect you would come back specifically for my birthday, haha, I'm truly overjoyed that you could come back."

Immortal Yan harrumphed and said, "My name is Immortal Yan, don't call me Rongrong."

The middle-aged man was her father, Helian Zhan.

The eldest yet youngest person in Qingtian Sect.

As Immortal Yan's words reached his ears, a hint of helplessness flashed through Helian Zhan's eyes, and he said with a wry smile, "Are you still unwilling to forgive me? But it doesn't matter, whatever surname or name you go by, you are always Helian Zhan's daughter."

Immortal Yan harrumphed again but did not deny it.

Helian Zhan, with affection in his eyes, looked at his tall and straight daughter and joyfully said, "I heard a few days ago that you were coming home, and I should have come to meet you, but I have been too busy with affairs and couldn't leave. I only managed to rush back last night after an overnight journey from out of town."

Immortal Yan responded with a noncommittal sound, remaining silent.

Helian Zhan, however, was not bothered.

He was obviously used to his daughter showing him a cold shoulder.

He had no choice; for almost ten years his daughter hadn't called him 'Father' and was extremely reluctant to meet with him.

But today, on his forty-seventh birthday, she had travelled thousands of miles to return, which showed that deep down she still cared for her father.

There is no reason for enmity between father and daughter, and he believed that with time, his precious daughter would surely forgive him.

As he contemplated, he heard Immortal Yan ask, "You're the junior uncle of Qingtian Sect, what matters could possibly require your personal attention?"

Taken aback, Helian Zhan was then delighted.

He felt that his daughter was expressing concern for her father.

He promptly answered, "You must have heard about the remarkable young man who came from the outside, huh? Hehe, this youngster stirred up trouble at the Duanmu aristocratic family, causing the various forces of the Hidden Sect to become restless. Qingtian Sect naturally couldn't stay out of it. The matter is of great importance, so the Sect sent me to handle it personally. Unfortunately, that young man has hidden himself too well; after so long, no one has been able to find him."

Immortal Yan thought to herself that it indeed was this matter.

The corners of her mouth lifted slightly, a bit smug.

The person whom the Eight Great Forces were searching for had already been confined by me for several days.

Even if you dig three feet into the ground of the Hidden Sect, you won't be able to find him.

Chapter 454: I Poison Myself

The father and daughter talked for a while in the pavilion, and Helian Zhan said with anticipation, "Rongrong, stay for a few more days this time you're back. After all, you are a member of the Helian Family. It's not good to always live with your maternal grandparents."

Immortal Yan hummed, "My grandparents and their family treat me very well, and I'm quite happy living there."

Helian Zhan gave a bitter smile and said, "Does the Helian Family not treat you well?"

Immortal Yan nodded and said, "They all treat me nicely, but it's because of you they are nice to me, while my grandparents and relatives really love me for who I am."

Helian Zhan helplessly said, "If that's what you think, there's nothing I can do, but since you've come back after such a long time, I still hope you could stay for a bit longer."

Immortal Yan pondered briefly and then said, "Let's talk about it later."

Seeing she didn't outright refuse, Helian Zhan felt joy in his heart and said, "Right, right, take your time to think about it. Oh, you remember the masters from the Qingtian Sect, don't you? They've heard of your return and have come down from the mountain to see you."

Immortal Yan was somewhat surprised, "To see me?"

Helian Zhan nodded, "Yes, you've been weak and sickly since childhood, always staying at your grandparents' to recuperate and receive treatment. I've been very concerned, and your masters have

been worried about this matter too. They each brought some spiritual elixirs or precious tonics, saying they wanted to give them to you."

Immortal Yan was very touched inside, but meeting her father's fellow disciples made her worry she might reveal herself.

Under the meticulous treatment of several masters from the Poison Sect over the years, her frail constitution had improved, and she didn't just stop there -- she had succeeded in her cultivation, becoming a 'Demoness' of the Poison Sect.

Although her father was a formidable person, she had special means to conceal her True Essence Cultivation. With her father's nature, unless she cooperated, he would not take the initiative to check her body, and therefore he would not discover her anomaly.

But her father's fellow disciples were different.

If they impulsively decided to take her pulse, they would certainly notice something was amiss.

She needed to make some preparations.

With this thought, she said to Helian Zhan, "The masters haven't arrived yet, have they?"

Helian Zhan nodded and said, "Yes, I've come ahead. They will arrive shortly. Come with me to the entrance to greet them."

"Alright. You go ahead... I need to go back to my room for a moment and will come right after," said Immortal Yan.

Helian Zhan was taken aback, looking at his daughter with puzzlement.

Didn't you just get up and wash? What are you going back to your room for?

Feeling her father's puzzled gaze, Immortal Yan immediately showed an impatient look, "Oh come on, if I tell you to go ahead, just go. I really have something to take care of."

Seeing his daughter get angry, Helian Zhan immediately realized she might be going through her uncomfortable days of the month and it was inappropriate to ask more, hastily saying, "Alright, alright, I'll wait for you outside."

He walked toward the outside of the courtyard.

Immortal Yan heaved a sigh of relief when he left the courtyard and then turned to go back to her room.

Seeing Yang Fei lying on the bed with his eyes tightly closed, as if he were asleep, Immortal Yan noticed the burner was out of hypnotic fragrance and walked over to refill it.

She then took out an elixir and placed it in her mouth.

I poisoned even myself; that's ruthless enough, right?

After waiting for a while and letting the effect of the Bone Erosion Powder fully take hold, Immortal Yan finally felt at ease.

She had to be well prepared to meet her father's fellow disciples and prevent anyone from detecting any flaws.

Of course, it didn't matter even if they discovered her identity, but Immortal Yan enjoyed the feeling of her real identity being unknown to others.

"Hey, you'd better behave, and don't cause any trouble, or it'll be problematic if someone finds out," Immortal Yan whispered to Yang Fei.

Having felt the invasion of the hypnotic fragrance on his mind, Yang Fei snorted coldly, "I'm already like this, how could I not behave?"

Immortal Yan giggled, "That's true, haha."

After closing the door to her room, she stepped outside to the courtyard, only to see her father waiting just outside the door.

When Helian Zhan saw his daughter emerge, his gaze shifted to the inside of her boudoir for a moment, then settled on his daughter, seemingly deep in thought.

However, Immortal Yan did not notice anything unusual in her father's expression and said, "Let's go."

At her words, Helian Zhan smiled, turned around, and walked away.

A man was hidden in his daughter's room.

And it was a man.

As a father, Helian Zhan felt an impulse to burst into his daughter's boudoir and confront the man who was hidden there.

But he restrained himself.

The disgrace of the family should not be exposed.

His daughter was not yet married, and if this matter became known to others, her reputation would be ruined for life.

But the question was, even though his daughter had not forgiven him and even harbored resentment towards him as a father, how could she, who was knowledgeable and respectful of tradition, do something so absurd as to hide a man in her boudoir?

All the way, Helian Zhan walked ahead, never looking back, nor initiating conversation with Immortal Yan.

His mind was full of the outrageous matter of the man hidden in his daughter's boudoir.

It wasn't long before the father and daughter arrived at the main gate, where Helian Cheng had been waiting. In addition to him, the Clan Leader of the Helian Family, Helian Bo, was also there, accompanied by several elders from the family.

The Helian Family was originally just a declining minor family among the third-rate aristocratic families of Central State City, but Helian Zhan was taken to the Qingtian Sect and taken in as a closed-door disciple by the previous Sect Master shortly after his birth. Since then, the Helian Family had hitched itself to the high branch of the Qingtian Sect and had rapidly developed over the decades.

Particularly after Helian Zhan showed exceptional Cultivation talents and entered the Divine Travel Realm at the age of thirty-two, the Helian Family had risen rapidly like a rocket over the past decade.

Now, with two Innate Realm masters and Helian Zhan, the youngest Divine Travel Realm powerhouse of the current era, the Helian Family had carved out its place in the Hidden Sect World.

Therefore, members of the Helian Family placed great importance on the Qingtian Sect, the esteemed benefactor that had completely changed the fate of their family. Hearing that several predecessors from the Qingtian Sect were coming to visit, Helian Bo, the family head, did not dare to put on airs because he was Helian Zhan's father and personally came to the main gate to welcome them.

When the people of the family saw Helian Zhan and Helian Rong appear, they all welcomed them with smiling faces.

After all, the Helian Family owed its present status to Helian Zhan, the super genius.

As for Helian Rong, even though she had left the Family ten years prior, she was Helian Zhan's only daughter, and the entire Helian Family was extremely fond of her.

Especially since the powerhouse elders from the Qingtian Sect had come this time precisely to treat Helian Rong's physique, and since even these high-ranking figures of Qingtian Sect were so affectionate towards this little princess, how could the people of the Helian Family not regard her with importance?

Before long, a group of people could be seen striding towards them.

The three men leading the group wore blue robes and were white-haired elders, but they walked briskly and appeared youthful, with their faces glowing with health, exuding an air of transcendence and Taoist charm.

Behind these three were several younger disciples, who were also elderly. These disciples, some carrying boxes and some holding boxes, all wore expressions of joy on their faces.

Helian Zhan and Helian Bo went to greet them together.

Although Helian Bo was Helian Zhan's father, he was only in his seventies and significantly younger than the senior figures of the Qingtian Sect he was now facing.

Facing the elders of the Qingtian Sect, Helian Bo greeted them with the deference due to an uncle's generation, feeling nervous inside.

The Sect Master of the Qingtian Sect, Zhao Wannian, chuckled and said, "You are the father of our little junior brother; by seniority, we should rightly call you uncle. There's no need to be so formal about such trivial matters."

Looking towards his son, Helian Zhan laughed and said, "The eldest senior brother makes the rules. Hahaha, please come inside, esteemed senior brothers, lest outsiders think the Helian Family is deliberately parading your presence here to show off."

Zhao Wannian also laughed heartily and, invited by the Helian Clan, entered the Helian Mansion.

Chapter 455: Helian Zhan Sneaks into the Room

In the spacious guest hall, Zhao Wannian was invited to sit in the place of honor, followed by the two accompanying elders from Qingtian Sect, Gong Haichao and Qin Sizhong, who took their seats in order.

The host, Helian Bo, sat to the left of Zhao Wannian, with Helian Zhan right beside his father.

Although other members of the Helian Family were of higher seniority than Helian Rong, they did not take seats. Instead, Helian Rong was arranged to sit next to Helian Zhan.

It's true that Zhao Wannian had given enough face to Helian Bo, but surely the Helian Family should also know their place, shouldn't they?

If not for Helian Zhan, the people from the Helian Family would be nothing more than minions in front of these big shots from Qingtian Sect. It was already a great honor for Helian Bo to be seated on an equal footing with them.

"We brothers have always been looking forward to holding a grand birthday feast for our junior brother, inviting peers from all over the world to celebrate. However, after waiting for so many years, this year our junior brother has only turned forty-seven, and celebrating a birthday at this age with such pomp is really quite inappropriate," Qin Sizhong said with a look of smugness on his face, laughing.

Laughter filled the hall.

Zhao Wannian nodded and said, "Indeed, the junior brother is too young. One should at least wait until the age of sixty. By that count, we still have to wait for thirteen more years."

Gong Haichao said with a chuckle, "I'm just afraid we won't even have to wait that long."

Helian Zhan quickly said, "Great Elder, please don't talk like that. You are still strong and in good health."

Gong Haichao waved his hand and, with a smile, turned to Immortal Yan. "Miss Rong, it's been ten years, and you've grown up to be so graceful. Truly, you are a remarkable girl. How come you don't recognize us old folks anymore?"

Immortal Yan quickly stood up and made a respectful curtsy, sincerely said, "The three venerable masters have always treated me as their own daughter. Rongrong still remembers when I was a child on the mountain, how much you liked me. Even when your own great-grandson caused me trouble, you would take my side."

Gong Haichao laughed heartily, gently stroking his beard, the more he looked at her, the more he liked her. "If I remember correctly, the young miss is twenty-five this year, isn't she?"

Upon hearing this, Helian Zhan smiled. "Yes, Great Elder, you have a good memory."

Zhao Wannian snorted, "He's keeping the girl in mind for his family's boy."

As soon as he said this, Helian Bo's eyes brightened.

The others from the Helian Family also showed looks of pleasant surprise.

If they could establish a marriage tie with Gong Haichao's family, the status of the Helian Family would be lifted yet another notch—a result the Helian Family would clearly welcome.

Sure enough, Gong Haichao made no secret of his intentions, saying, "What's wrong with keeping an eye on the girl? My boy is also a dragon among men; he should be more than a match for Miss Rong, don't you think?"

Upon hearing this, Qin Sizhong smiled. "Great Elder, you are being too modest. How could your great-grandson be merely sufficient for Miss Rong? In terms of family background, you, Great Elder, are the Great Elder of our Qingtian Sect. As for talent, Yu Chong is not yet thirty but is already at the Middle Late Stage of the Innate Realm, a leading figure among the younger generation of our sect. Moreover, he is handsome and of exemplary character, having been raised under our watchful eyes; naturally, he's more than worthy of Miss Rong."

On the surface, Immortal Yan appeared to blush with shyness when her marriage was being discussed, but inwardly she cursed, if these people weren't her senior elders and currently the leading figures of the world, she would have already left with an upset expression.

Although she hung her head in feigned timidity, her eyes darted toward her father.

Helian Zhan, catching his daughter's glance, naturally understood what she meant.

But thinking about his earlier discovery, he felt inclined to test his precious daughter.

"Heh, Great Elder's suggestion is..."

"Father!"

Before Helian Zhan could finish, Helian Rong couldn't help but softly interrupt, "How could your daughter with her frail health be a burden to someone else?"

Helian Zhan internally scoffed, feeling even more hatred for the man hidden in his daughter's room, and a murderous intent flickered deep in his eyes.

"It's fine, it's fine. Yu Chong knows about your frail health, and over the years, he has traveled the world and gathered quite a collection of precious medicinal herbs. Taking advantage of your father's birthday, he asked me to bring some for you."

Gong Haichao said with a smile, "Unfortunately, Yu Chong is currently away from Central State and can't make it back. Otherwise, I would have definitely brought him along today for you two to meet in advance."

Qin Sizhong nodded as well, saying, "That's right, Miss Rong, there's no need for you to worry. We watched Yu Chong grow up, and his character is beyond reproach. As for the condition of your health, my own medical skills have also improved over these years. Let me examine you first."

Helian Zhan agreed, "Right, your Third Master Uncle is a saint of medical skills, and had it not been for him, you wouldn't be here today. In these years, he has delved into medical texts regarding your ailment, and he has gained some insights which might completely rid you of your chronic illness. Please let him take a look."

Helian Rong knew she couldn't evade this checkpoint set by her Third Master Uncle, and indeed, it was he who had saved her life when she was younger, so she trusted him greatly. Thus, she went over and sat down beside Qin Sizhong.

Suddenly, Qin Sizhong heard a voice transmission: "Third senior brother, give Rong'er a thorough check and delay for some time."

Qin Sizhong didn't verbally respond but subtly nodded his head in acknowledgment before taking Helian Rong's pulse. The room fell silent, everyone watching expectantly as he examined her.

Seeing that his daughter hadn't noticed his move, Helian Zhan quietly slipped away.

Zhao Wannian, Gong Haichao, and Helian Bo, among others, saw him leave and were curious why, yet no one asked.

After a long while, Qin Sizhong wore an expression of admiration and exclaimed, "The old poisoner from the Poison Sect indeed has remarkable medical expertise; he managed to use poison to suppress the stubborn disease within Miss Rong, preventing it from flaring up, truly remarkable."

Upon hearing the mention of the old poisoner from the Poison Sect, everyone showed a mix of awe and respect.

In their realm, who could claim not to fear the old poisoner?

Qin Sizhong released Helian Rong's wrist and, after pondering for a moment, said, "You have True Qi circulating inside you, which means you have entered the threshold of cultivation. However, the True Qi is very sparse, and your reserves are extremely limited. If you can elevate your cultivation to the Energy Transformation Realm or even the height of the Innate Realm, it should be more effective in suppressing your chronic illness."

The crowd found nothing strange about this.

Helian Rong had grown up in the Qingtian Sect, and because she was frail and sickly since childhood, the old fellows of the sect had taught her cultivation methods in an attempt to strengthen her constitution. Unfortunately, she was too young at that time, and due to the chronic illness inside her, cultivation proved to be difficult.

Now that she was twenty-five, it wasn't surprising that some True Qi had developed within her.

After all, she was the daughter of Helian Zhan. If not for being plagued by illness, her natural talent for cultivation shouldn't be too poor.

"Old Third, why do you speak so much nonsense? Just tell us if she can be cured," Gong Haichao asked.

Qin Sizhong glared at him: "What's the rush?" Then, turning to Helian Rong, he asked, "Have you taken Bone Erosion Powder?"

Helian Rong's expression changed drastically upon hearing this, and she looked at Qin Sizhong in surprise.

Qin Sizhong kept his gaze on her, and seeing her reaction, he knew he hadn't misread the signs.

However, inside, Helian Rong was extremely shocked and somewhat panicked.

How could it be possible?

That her Third Master Uncle could even discern the already functioning Bone Erosion Powder was mind-blowing.

While Helian Rong was inwardly flustered by Qin Sizhong's words, Helian Zhan, who had left the parlor, moved swiftly to his daughter's private courtyard at the fastest speed.

With a heart filled with complex emotions, he pushed open the door to his daughter's room.

Immediately, a man's voice came from behind the screen: "Why have you returned so soon?"

Helian Zhan's eyes flashed coldly as he forcefully suppressed the fury in his heart and quickly closed the room's door, fearing the man's voice might drift out and be overheard by others.

Chapter 456: Your Master Should Be Polite When He Sees Me

On the soft, expansive bed, Yang Fei instantly became alert at the sound of the door opening, swiftly hiding his True Yuan within his acupoints and simultaneously stopping his meditation to restore his Primordial Spirit.

He thought it was Immortal Yan returning, so he asked aloud.

However, he didn't hear Immortal Yan's reply.

A thought crossed his mind that perhaps Immortal Yan couldn't speak, so he quietly waited, but he soon realized something was wrong.

His strong perception and keen sense of smell revealed that the person entering the room was not Immortal Yan.

"You are..."

Yang Fei began to ask who the other person was, but suddenly his vision blurred as a figure, like a specter, flashed from behind the screen to the front of his bed and then seized him by the throat.

Uh...

Yang Fei's pupils contracted sharply, a novel fear sweeping through his body, filling him with deep despair.

Though young, he had faced many tough situations and grown from countless life-threatening ordeals.

He had thought he was ready to face death, but now confronted with a real threat to his life, he truly realized the fear of death and his desire for life buried deep within his heart.

Yet he was powerless.

First, the handsome middle-aged man before him was far stronger than he had anticipated; second, his True Yuan had been neutralized by Bone Erosion Powder, and his Primordial Spirit in the Sea of Consciousness had not fully recovered yet.

Before the bed, Helian Zhan's gaze was as sharp as a knife, his imposing presence making Yang Fei feel as if he had fallen into an ice pit, trembling not from cold but from fear.

As the two men's eyes met, Helian Zhan saw the astonishment and fear in Yang Fei's eyes, while Yang Fei saw anger and violence in the other's.

With his throat seized, Yang Fei felt death was so near, yet he did not act rashly because the other man had not killed him immediately, indicating there was still a chance to maneuver.

Sure enough, Helian Zhan slowly calmed down, still firmly gripping Yang Fei's throat, but asked, "Who are you, and why are you here?"

When he had first entered the room and discovered his daughter had really hidden a man here, Helian Zhan's anger was imaginable; he truly wanted to strangle him immediately.

But his strong perception quickly alerted him that something was off.

There was hypnotic fragrance in the room, which could confuse one's mind and lead to fanciful thoughts.

Also, the man on the bed had his Martial Meridian acupoints sealed, leaving him with no ability to resist.

So, it was not a case of his daughter hiding a man in her chamber without valuing her own purity and engaging in absurd behavior, but rather imprisoning a man in her own chamber.

This girl really was willful and capricious.

Even if she needed to imprison someone, she shouldn't hide him in her own chamber.

It's too easy to ruin her own reputation.

His mind racing, Helian Zhan slightly loosened his grip after speaking.

Yang Fei could finally breathe deeply and sighed in relief.

Seeing that the other did not recognize him, he felt greatly reassured and said, "I... my name is Zhang Asheng, I was... I was captured by Miss Yan."

Anger flashed in Helian Zhan's eyes, "Do you think I'm an idiot?"

Yang Fei asked, "Who are you?"

Helian Zhan, enraged, was about to teach Yang Fei a lesson, but saw Yang Fei quickly say, "You are the father of Immortal Yan, the renowned Second Place, Helian Zhan, right?"

Helian Zhan paused, surprised that the man who had just been acting so meek and compliant had suddenly become so composed and even knew his name.

He was struck by a thought, an absurd possibility that he himself found hard to believe.

"You are Yang Fei?" Helian Zhan asked.

Yang Fei also paused slightly.

He could guess Helian Zhan's identity because he had long heard of this Second Place's reputation., most importantly, the man was very handsome, making him feel threatened in terms of looks.

Such a handsome man, bearing some resemblance to Helian Rong, and with the speed he had just displayed, with Yang Fei's intelligence, it wasn't hard to guess his identity.

However, the fact that the other party had immediately guessed his identity deeply impressed Yang Fei.

Indeed, to have produced a daughter like the Demoness, he truly was a wise man.

Now that this man had discovered him, Yang Fei knew he could not hide his identity and thus maintained his silence.

Helian Zhan's eyes flashed with brilliance, "It really is you!"

Yang Fei still did not answer.

Helian Zhan started to laugh.

No wonder his daughter had sneakily hidden this young man in her boudoir, it was him all along.

That made sense, then.

Right now, this young man was like a ticking time bomb, with forces from the Hidden Sect searching for him all over the world. Anyone who found him would be extremely cautious; no wonder his daughter had hidden him in her boudoir.

"Heh, who would have thought that the person everyone in the world is searching for would end up in the hands of my daughter, Helian Zhan."

Helian Zhan smiled slightly, looking at Yang Fei with a teasing expression, "One thing I can't figure out though, you managed to escape from Duanmu Manor, even injured Duanmu Wugou, how did you end up in Rongrong's hands?"

At these words, the corner of Yang Fei's mouth twitched, feeling incredibly choked up, he said, "It's really like a child with no mother, the story is long..."

Helian Zhan snorted, "Then make it short and cut the chatter."

Yang Fei gave Helian Zhan an innocent look and said, "Poison."

Helian Zhan was exasperated.

I asked you to make it brief, not to oversimplify it.

But it was true.

This young man was showing signs of being poisoned, and even though he was lying in bed with his acupoints sealed, that girl still wasn't reassured and used such a ruthless hypnotic fragrance to disturb his mind; indeed, she was harsh enough.

"Since you already know my identity, don't you have any thoughts on it?" Yang Fei suddenly asked, becoming curious.

Since Helian Zhan learned of his identity, he hadn't shown much surprise, which Yang Fei found very strange.

Since his identity as a Taoist Inheritor was confirmed and the forces of Hidden Sect were searching for him, why didn't Helian Zhan show any joy upon seeing him?

Helian Zhan looked at Yang Fei, a disdainful expression on his face, "You think I'm also eager to obtain the so-called true Cultivation Technique of Taoism, right?"

Yang Fei asked in puzzlement, "Don't you want it?"

The disdain in Helian Zhan's expression deepened, "The Cultivation Path, though it takes different forms, ends up at the same destination. There isn't much difference in superiority; it all comes down to the cultivator's talent and insight. To me, the Cultivation Techniques of Qingtian Sect and Taoism are not much different."

So cocky!

Yang Fei felt his title of Madman King was somewhat threatened.

Being young and spirited, his pride was stirred, and he retorted, "If that's the case, why did Qingtian Sect participate in the siege of Taoism, if not to acquire the Taoism Cultivation Technique?"

Helian Zhan said indifferently, "That was a matter of the previous generation, what does it have to do with me?"

Yang Fei was at a loss for words.

"However, since Rongrong is so interested in you, you just stay here obediently and cooperate with her. Don't make her angry, understand?" Helian Zhan suddenly said.

Yang Fei hadn't expected Helian Zhan to actually lack interest in him, and absurdly felt a touch of disappointment.

"Also, don't think about running away. As long as you stay here, I can ensure your safety. Once you leave this place, like your mother, even if the Duanmu Family shows some compassion or even if I intervene for you, it won't save you," Helian Zhan continued.

Upon hearing this, Yang Fei's pupils shrank, "You know who my mother is?"

Helian Zhan sneered lightly, "Of course, I do. I not only knew your mother, I also knew your master. And your master, Fatty Taoist, would have to be very polite when he sees me."

Yang Fei was stunned. He thought Helian Zhan was bragging, but had no proof.

With you being so awesome, why don't you just ascend to heaven then?

Chapter 457: Do You Have Someone In Your Heart?

Yang Fei didn't say much before Helian Zhan left.

Before leaving, Helian Zhan told Yang Fei, "Kid, we've never met, got it?"

Yang Fei was filled with curiosity towards this supreme powerhouse from the Hidden Sect World.

Since the other party bore no ill will towards him, he naturally expressed his gratitude.

Seeing him looking, Yang Fei nodded, indicating he remembered.

Helian Zhan turned around and left, closing the door behind him.

The moment he stepped out of the room, Helian Zhan's face revealed a strange expression as he muttered to himself, "A person who can escape from the watch of those old fellows of the Duanmu Family, even as a student of the Fatty Taoist and in a weakened state, shouldn't be imprisoned by that girl, right?"

It seems that after not seeing each other frequently over the years, Miss Rong has been hiding many things from him.

In the living room of the Helian Family, everyone was shocked when Qin Sizhong announced that Helian Rong had taken Bone Erosion Powder.

Helian Bo asked with concern, "Miss Rong, Bone Erosion Powder is a deadly poison from the Poison Sect. How could the Yan Family give you such a toxin?"

Gong Haichao also asked Qin Sizhong with concern, "Old third, will taking Bone Erosion Powder help her with her chronic illness?"

Qin Sizhong heard this and slowly shook his head, "I don't know, but Bone Erosion Powder is indeed one of the most domineering poisons in the world. It can not only erode and damage the bones fundamentally but also has a disintegrating effect on the True Yuan, causing a cultivator's True Yuan to dissipate and unable to condense."

Everyone nodded in agreement.

The Bone Erosion Powder of Poison Sect was a domineering poison that made the top internal masters of the Martial Arts World tremble with fear. Although the Poison Sect seldom used it to poison the martial arts community, many masters had been ruined by it, and its formidable reputation was undeniable.

Looking at Helian Rong, Qin Sizhong asked, "Did you take Bone Erosion Powder because it helped with your chronic illness?"

Helian Rong used Bone Erosion Powder merely to conceal her high level of cultivation. She did not expect Qin Sizhong's medical skill to be so profound and his knowledge of Bone Erosion Powder so thorough that he actually noticed her taking it.

Seeing his inquiry, she hurriedly followed his lead and nodded, saying, "Yes, whenever I suffer unbearable pain, a small amount of Bone Erosion Powder can relieve it."

Qin Sizhong looked shocked and contemplative.

A moment later, he chuckled bitterly and shook his head, "When it comes to using poisons, no one in the world is a match for that old poisoner. It's really impressive that he came up with this method to help you suppress your chronic illness. Today, I've truly broadened my horizons."

Gong Haichao said, "The old poisoner's expertise in this area is well known to all. There's no need for you, old third, to promote him. Just tell us if there's any way to help Miss Rong solve her problem once and for all."

Remembering his junior brother had asked him to stall for time, Qin Sizhong then told Helian Rong, "Miss Rong, please extend your hand again, and let me have another look."

Gong Haichao, being a man of impatience, could not help but complain, "Old third, are you capable or not? Didn't you just take her pulse? Why are you doing it again?"

Qin Sizhong snapped, "Can you shut up?"

Seeing him get angry, Gong Haichao gave an embarrassed smile and obediently closed his mouth, standing behind Zhou Wannian.

This time, the pulse checking took even longer.

Qin Sizhong also asked Helian Rong about her symptoms, spending the time of an entire cup of tea. Seeing Helian Zhan approaching from outside, he finally let go of Helian Rong's arm and said, "With that old poisoner's treatment, Miss Rong's condition has improved a lot compared to the past. Over these years, we've also gathered the medicinal ingredients from the secret manual. As long as Miss Rong cooperates with the treatment, I believe it will be helpful."

Upon hearing this, Gong Haichao was overjoyed, "That's wonderful news, hahaha. Miss Rong, did you hear that? With your third master uncle here, your chronic illness is no issue at all. And besides, my boy Yu Chong is deeply devoted to you. Even if you're not in good health, he will take care of you for a lifetime. He's already told your father that he will marry no one but you in this lifetime."

Everyone showed smiling faces, clearly very supportive of this marriage prospect.

However, Helian Rong was inwardly raging.

I wish I hadn't come back.

It was all because of that old man from the Duanmu Family. Had he not monitored me all the way and followed me, would I really have come back to Central State City?

And she knew that even if she refused Gong Yuchong, the family would pick another son from an aristocratic family or Sect to be her husband.

Age was an issue here, as it was the family's primary concern at this stage.

Being pressured by one's family to marry is something that never disappeared, regardless of the world or the system in place.

"Cough cough, second senior brother, the two children have grown up without ever meeting each other; it's too early to say whether they could truly fall in love," Helian Zhan said, sensing his daughter's disgust and rejection of this matter.

Gong Haichao's eyes bulged out, "How is it too early? You watched Yu Chong grow up. He has never done anything to wrong Miss Rong. You know how deeply he cares for Miss Rong."

Helian Zhan replied with a wry smile, "Of course I know, and I haven't objected either. But marriage is a big decision, and Miss Rong must like him, too. Second senior brother, don't be too anxious. Let's wait until Yu Chong returns and Miss Rong has met him before discussing further."

Gong Haichao wanted to say more, but Zhou Wannian interrupted, "Young junior brother is right; there's no rush on this matter. Old third, how confident are you in curing Miss Rong's illness?"

Helian Zhan also looked expectantly at Qin Sizhong.

After thinking for a moment, Qin Sizhong said, "I can't guarantee complete recovery, but I'm sixty percent confident I can extend her life by ten years. Within these ten years, she shouldn't be in any life-threatening danger."

Helian Zhan beamed with joy, "Is that true?"

One has to know that when Helian Rong was taken away by the old poison master, Qin Sizhong had said she could live at most eight years, and even during those years, her life was in constant danger.

Now, ten years later, he said she could live another ten years—how could Helian Zhan not be overjoyed?

This meant that his daughter's condition was improving under the old poison master's treatment.

The others also wore happy expressions.

Helian Rong had been afflicted with a congenital disease from childhood. Her bone marrow's ability to produce blood was much weaker than that of an average person, and she even had a heart condition. If it weren't for her father, Helian Zhan, and the backing of the mighty Qingtian Sect, she would have perished in her youth.

Over the years, her life had been preserved through treatment by her master at the Poison Sect, but she could not be completely cured, and her life was still at risk at any moment.

Hearing Qin Sizhong say she would be safe for the next ten years, she was rather pleased herself.

However, didn't this mean she would have to accept the treatment from her third senior uncle, thus delaying the verification of whether Yang Fei's cultivation technique was real?

She knew all too well that Yang Fei was a hot potato.

The sooner she could throw him out, the better it would be.

Yet, until she had completely extracted the cultivation technique secrets from Yang Fei's mind, there was no way she was going to let him leave.

Healing Helian Rong was a lengthy process, and since today was also Helian Zhan's birthday, no one was in a hurry to have Qin Sizhong begin treatment right away.

Soon, the topic of conversation among the guests shifted to Yang Fei, who was recently causing unrest in the Hidden Sect World.

After listening for a while, Helian Rong excused herself for being tired and left first.

Helian Zhan said to everyone, "You all continue talking, I'm going to send Rongrong back and have a word with her."

After the father and daughter left the living room and walked a distance, Helian Rong stopped and told Helian Zhan, "I'm fine. It's your birthday today, and with the senior uncles here, you should stay and entertain the guests for Grandfather. I can go back by myself."

Helian Zhan smiled slightly, looking at his own daughter, "Just like that, you've grown so much. You seemed unhappy when Gong Yuchong was mentioned earlier. Don't tell me you've already got someone in mind?"

Chapter 458: The Attack and Defense Transformed

The one in my heart?

Immortal Yan secretly smiled to herself, for she had long passed the age when love poison first embarks, and due to her health, she never took affairs of the heart seriously. Now that her father brought it up, she couldn't help but find it amusing.

"No, my health is fragile, and I cannot drag others down with me," she replied softly.

Helian Zhan said with heartache, "Your health is not too bad now, and Third Senior Brother will work hard to cure you. You are still young, with a wonderful life ahead of you to enjoy. Do not belittle yourself, and don't live each day in a dejected and pessimistic manner."

Immortal Yan felt her father's care and nodded slowly, "Daughter understands, Father, please go back. I will return to my room to rest."

Seeing her response, Helian Zhan did not insist on staying any longer.

He already knew that his daughter was hiding Yang Fei in her room. His daughter did not want him to see her to the door, which was also her concern for him discovering Yang Fei. How could he, as a father, not cooperate?

Once back inside her room, Immortal Yan finally breathed a sigh of relief.

But she soon fell into distress again.

The meaning of her Third Senior Uncle was to provide treatment for her, which would be a relatively slow process, so she might have to stay in Central State City for a considerable time.

She might even need to reside permanently at Qingtian Sect.

In that case, what about Yang Fei?

She had suffered from an innate hidden ailment since she was a child, hanging by a thread. It was only thanks to Third Senior Uncle and her mentor's rescue that she had survived all these years, but the hidden danger had not been eliminated.

Now that Third Senior Uncle had the opportunity to secure her against threats to her life due to illness for the next ten years, it was only natural that she would cooperate with the treatment.

But once she went to Qingtian Sect, it would be very difficult to keep Yang Fei hidden.

And after a while, Gong Yuchong will return to Qingtian Sect too. By then, he would surely pester her every day, which would be unbearable.

Going behind the screen, she saw Yang Fei lying on the bed with a flushed face, looking at her.

His gaze swept over her body without restraint, and although she had never experienced the matters of men and women, she could tell that it was the most primitive desire and impulse of a man.

"Slap!"

She raised her hand and slapped Yang Fei across the face.

Yang Fei was originally in control of the love poison's effect on him, but to put Immortal Yan at ease, he had pretended as if he couldn't withstand the toxin's torment. He hadn't expected to be fiercely slapped by her, and was momentarily stunned.

"It's all your fault for not cooperating. If you had cooperated earlier, I would have already verified whether the Cultivation Technique you mentioned was true or false. You have made your mistress very conflicted," Immortal Yan glared venomously at Yang Fei. Seeing him in a bewildered state, her anger flared, and she raised her hand to deliver another slap.

Yang Fei hadn't expected Immortal Yan to slap him before, but now he was on guard. Seeing her get carried away, he got angry and grabbed her wrist at once.

Immortal Yan's wrist was caught, and she was stunned on the spot. A flash of shock then passed through her eyes, and she began to struggle desperately.

She hadn't expected Yang Fei to have such strength while his Martial Meridian Acupoints were sealed by her.

She had also forgotten that she had taken the Bone Erosion Powder earlier, which left her in a weakened state, perhaps no match for the man in front of her.

Yang Fei immediately felt Immortal Yan's struggles were weak and feeble.

What's going on? Did this demoness lose all her True Yuan just by leaving the room for a bit?

Surprised at first, he then felt an inner rush of ecstatic joy.

Heaven is truly helping me!

Yang Fei stopped pretending entirely, and the True Yuan in his limbs and acupoints burst forth. With his robust strength, he pulled at once, and Immortal Yan let out a shout of surprise, being pulled onto the bed and tumbling over onto him.

"You... what are you doing, let go of me," Immortal Yan exclaimed in a lowered voice.

She was both shocked and afraid, and at the same time worried that her shouts would be too loud and alert others, thus she suppressed her voice.

Seeing her reaction, Yang Fei felt greatly reassured.

This demoness was indeed worried about the fact that she was hiding him being exposed, and dared not make a fuss.

This should be easier now.

He suddenly exerted force, flipped over to press Immortal Yan beneath him, and covered the demoness's mouth with his hand. Looking down at the panicked Immortal Yan, Yang Fei said, "Now the roles have been reversed. Remembering the opportunity you gave me before, I'll give you one too. Hand over the antidote for the Bone Erosion Powder, and I promise not to hurt you."

Immortal Yan's beautiful eyes remained fixed on Yang Fei, her momentary shock and panic replaced by calmness and even a hint of mockery.

It was as if she were saying, go ahead and kill me if you dare.

Yang Fei understood her provocative and mocking gaze, which instantly enraged him. Perhaps it was the influence of the love poison, or the habit formed from frolicking with Tong Yunshu, but he flipped Immortal Yan over and slapped her plump buttocks several times.

Although Immortal Yan was bold and unrestrained, she had never encountered such treatment and immediately tensed up, her eyes revealing a complex mixture of shame and fear.

Anxiety, indignation, humiliation, and restlessness surged in her, and as her True Yuan, suppressed by the Bone Erosion Powder without having taken the antidote, her frail body could no longer withstand the innate medical conditions she had. She began to convulse.

After several slaps, Yang Fei found the sensation damn good, and couldn't help but give a few more gentle pats.

But the next moment, he realized something was off.

The woman was not screaming or struggling fiercely, but shaking violently.

Could she be this excited?

He looked down to see the demoness's face pale as paper, her body trembling like chaff, muscles spasming, and her breath coming in quick gasps, as if she could die at any moment.

Yang Fei, being a doctor, noticed at a glance that something was seriously wrong with Immortal Yan's condition. He let go of Immortal Yan's mouth, from which a weak, painful moan escaped.

She wasn't faking it.

Yang Fei immediately grew tense.

He had not yet cured the Bone Erosion Powder within himself. If this demoness were to perish, wouldn't he be doomed as well?

Remembering Helian Zhan's warning, Yang Fei felt chilled to the bone.

This demoness must not die.

He laid Immortal Yan flat on the bed and took her pulse.

Moments later, Yang Fei's face showed a grave expression.

How on earth did this demoness manage to live until now?

Her Life Qi Mechanism was extremely weak. Not only that, she also had innate heart disease, low bone marrow activity, poor blood-making function, among several other conditions that were difficult to cure in the outside medical world.

All these conditions appearing in one person were practically a death sentence.

Even with his high Medical Skill, Yang Fei recognized that completely curing Immortal Yan would be very difficult and would require a large amount of precious medicinal materials.

"You're lucky to be alive," Yang Fei muttered to himself, while looking at Immortal Yan's barely alive and pained appearance, he let out a silent sigh.

Saving her was equivalent to saving himself.

Although the demoness took advantage of his weakness to imprison and torment him for so long, his current situation was closely linked to hers. Her death would bring him no benefits and only harm.

Without hesitation, Yang Fei prepared to treat her with the Qi-guided Needle.

But just as he activated his True Yuan, he realized it was completely depleted.

Fuck!

He had forgotten he was now a "useless person."

Looking at the extremely weak Immortal Yan, Yang Fei's expression was incredibly complex as he said softly, "Demoness, this is your own doing. If you had not gotten rid of my True Yuan, I could have saved you, but now all I can do is watch you die."

Though in immense pain, Immortal Yan seemed to hear Yang Fei's words. Her bright eyes looked at him, showing a longing for life.

Yang Fei met her longing gaze, his heart softened. Thinking that there was still a certain amount of True Qi hidden in the Martial Meridian Acupoints of his arms, he made up his mind and said, "Let's give it a try, hope you're lucky enough."

Saying this, he dilated all the Martial Meridian Acupoints in his right arm, and the True Yuan surged forth. He used this part of True Qi with the Qi Control Needle and barely managed to activate the Revitalizing Needle Technique to treat Immortal Yan.

Chapter 459: Fighting Fiercely

Thirty minutes later, Immortal Yan's condition was somewhat controlled.

By then, Yang Fei was already covered in sweat, his complexion slightly pale.

The True Qi within the acupoints of his limbs had become isolated, unable to connect. He had just activated the Revitalizing Needle Technique to treat Immortal Yan solely relying on the faint True Qi stored in his right arm.

That he could barely stabilize Immortal Yan's condition was a testament to her extraordinary luck.

"You actually still have some remnants of True Qi within you, yet you dared to keep it hidden?" Immortal Yan looked at Yang Fei, her face filled with immense surprise.

The power of Bone Erosion Powder was unparalleled; once it invaded, the victim's True Yuan would be completely dissolved, even damaging the bones, and in severe cases, causing total paralysis. It was unexpected that, after being afflicted with Bone Erosion Powder for so long, Yang Fei still had True Yuan remaining inside him, and all this time she had been with him day and night without noticing.

"Taoist Cultivation Techniques are truly miraculous." Immortal Yan's eyes shone brightly, filled with expectation.

Yang Fei was speechless. Even now, you're still obsessed with the Taoist Cultivation Techniques, aren't you?

But now he was not afraid of this demoness at all, because although she had woken up and her condition was somewhat controlled, she was still very weak and within his control.

"The true Taoist Cultivation Techniques are indeed extraordinary; otherwise, why would they have brought about such a catastrophe to the Taoist sect?" Yang Fei said coldly, his words tinged with sarcasm.

Immortal Yan completely regained her composure and saw Yang Fei looking at her fearlessly. Her eyes shifted as she asked, "Why did you save me?"

Yang Fei said, "You dying doesn't benefit me."

Immortal Yan giggled, her demeanor charming, the way one is when freshly recovered from a serious illness, which made Yang Fei's heart skip a beat, feeling oddly heartbroken.

"You're clever," Immortal Yan said after laughing, struggling to sit up.

Yang Fei asked, "Why did this happen to you?"

Immortal Yan said, "Since my childhood, this illness has tormented me; I didn't expect it to occur in front of you today."

She didn't mention a word about taking Bone Erosion Powder to hide her powerful cultivation in front of Qin Sizhong.

However, Yang Fei just smiled slightly, looking at her and said, "You took Bone Erosion Powder, right?"

Immortal Yan was taken aback.

Seeing her expression, Yang Fei felt reassured. He had guessed right.

During his treatment of Immortal Yan, he had discovered a kind of invisible, tyrannical toxin within her, similar to the toxin in his body, like flesh-burrowing maggots, extremely difficult to remove.

He just couldn't understand why the demoness had taken Bone Erosion Powder.

"Where's the antidote?" Yang Fei asked.

Immortal Yan snorted, "There isn't one."

She had to accept her bad luck.

Qin Sizhong being able to tell she had taken Bone Erosion Powder was understandable, being a renowned Medical Saint from the Hidden Sect and quite knowledgeable about Bone Erosion Powder.

But for Yang Fei to also recognize it, that was just her bad luck.

This young man, not only with a profound cultivation realm but also wielded exquisite medical skills, was truly a freak of nature.

"Don't worry, my strength hasn't yet recovered and the Hidden Sect has deployed many strong individuals to guard the passageways; I can't escape. Relatively speaking, Miss Helian has been quite decent to me. I have already shared the Cultivation Techniques I practice with you. We should consider it water under the bridge. So, if you bring out the antidote, you ensure your own safety, and I can also recover some of my strength to protect myself. Why not?" Yang Fei looked at Immortal Yan as he spoke.

Immortal Yan remained determined, shaking her head, "There is no antidote."

Yang Fei, feeling helpless, continued to persuade, "I can assure you that I have indeed informed you of the Taoist Cultivation Techniques. Even if you keep me by your side, you won't get anything more. Let me go. This way, you'll be more free yourself. I, Yang Fei, have no intention of being your enemy. I hope Aunt Helian gives me a chance and shows herself some respect."

Immortal Yan stubbornly said, "What if I refuse?"

A cold light flashed in Yang Fei's eyes as he harshly said, "I have been here too long, and my family and friends must be worried about me, so I must leave this cursed place. If you really insist on opposing me, not giving me a chance, then I'm left with no choice but to throw caution to the wind and perish together with you."

Immortal Yan saw a trace of determination and ruthlessness in Yang Fei's eyes.

She, of course, was afraid to die.

If not fearful of death, why would she exhaust every effort to find the Taoist heritage and attempt to exchange cultivation for a chance to survive?

But precisely because of her fear of death, she could not let Yang Fei leave.

At least until she was certain that Yang Fei was of no value to her, she would not let him go.

Therefore, facing Yang Fei's resolute and fierce gaze, after a brief moment of fear in Immortal Yan's heart, she became resolute and firm, shaking her head and saying, "If I said there is none, there is none. If you dare, kill me. I won't live much longer anyway, but once you kill me, you will have no chance to escape. My father will never let you go."

Unexpectedly finding her so troublesome, Yang Fei was somewhat at a loss and out of options.

But soon he calmed down, seeing him suddenly take control of Immortal Yan with one hand while the other hand began to search her body.

Immortal Yan was startled and exclaimed, "What... what are you doing, stop it..."

Though it was a cry, she was still worried about Yang Fei being discovered, so she kept her voice very low.

Yang Fei's heart was greatly stabilized.

The demoness indeed was bluffing, actually fearing being discovered herself.

Understanding the demoness's mindset, Yang Fei became even more unbridled, saying, "The antidote must be on you, since you are not handing it over willingly, I have no choice but to be rude."

Facing a golden opportunity when the roles of offense and defense were reversed, how could I, Yang Fei, be manipulated by a mere woman?

Feeling Yang Fei's relentless searching on her body, Immortal Yan felt extreme shame and anger.

She had never been treated so inappropriately by a man from childhood till now, and now being treated like this by Yang Fei, she felt both ashamed and furious, yet powerless.

But she did not beg for mercy, did not compromise, and remained silent, her body tensed as she silently endured everything.

Shame, humiliation, and a strange feeling spread throughout her body, causing Immortal Yan's body to tremble again like a sieve.

She was about to have an attack again.

"Quickly bring out the antidote, I have blocked all your acupoints and can't mobilize more True Yuan to treat you a second time, you will die," Yang Fei exclaimed upon seeing Immortal Yan's impending attack, urgently speaking.

Immortal Yan looked up at Yang Fei.

Her face was determined, as if to say even if I die, don't think you can get the antidote; I will drag you down with me.

Yang Fei was stupefied.

Freaking hell, why so ruthless?

Do you freaking not care about your life anymore?

Seeing Immortal Yan's condition worsening, Yang Fei was greatly alarmed.

This demoness was indeed determined to die unyielded.

Damn it, I've encountered a lunatic.

Fine, you are tough, I concede.

Without any hesitation, Yang Fei urgently mobilized the True Yuan in the acupoints of his left hand to treat Immortal Yan.

If it weren't for Helian Zhan's previous threats, Yang Fei might, out of anger, have chosen not to save her.

After all, this demoness was courting death herself, he couldn't be blamed.

But now that Helian Zhan was aware of his existence, if Immortal Yan died just like this, Helian Zhan would definitely not let him go.

Saving lives is inherently the nature of a doctor.

But this time, treating Immortal Yan, Yang Fei felt exceedingly stifled.

Compelled to outdo the demoness in ruthlessness, he was outplayed.

However, looking at that stunningly beautiful face with its determined and resolute expression, deep within, Yang Fei couldn't help but feel a trace of admiration.

Chapter 460: Defeated and Retreat

Immortal Yan woke up again to find herself lying on a soft and comfortable bed, and at the other end of the bed, Yang Fei was sitting cross-legged, unabashedly practicing to restore himself.

The hypnotic fragrance in the room had burned out and no longer affected Yang Fei.

Immortal Yan's body was still very weak.

After being affected by the Bone Erosion Powder, one could not restore their True Yuan without having taken the antidote.

Seeing that she had woken up, Yang Fei had no choice but to give up his cultivation.

The two sat at opposite ends of the bed, eyes locked, neither willing to submit to the other.

Ultimately, it was Immortal Yan who couldn't suppress her curiosity and asked, "Why do you still have remnants of True Yuan in your body?"

"Hmph, if I didn't have remnants of True Yuan in my body, you would already be dead," Yang Fei replied with a cold laugh.

Immortal Yan was somewhat grateful in her heart for him saving her life twice, but at this moment, she would not admit it and changed the subject, "Is this the wonder of Taoist Cultivation Techniques?"

Yang Fei, seeing her dodge his comment, also chose to resist with silence.

Seeing his lack of response, Immortal Yan chuckled lightly, "Playing the waiting game with me? I have plenty of time, but I'm afraid someone else might not be able to wait that long."

The corner of Yang Fei's mouth twitched, wishing he could rush over and slap her a few more times.

This demoness had him in her grip.

After thinking for a while, Yang Fei sighed and yielded, "Yes, Taoist Cultivation Techniques emphasize the Taoist principle of naturalness, and after cultivating to a certain level, one can engage in Body Refinement and Foundation Building."

A gleam flashed in Immortal Yan's eyes, "Body Refinement and Foundation Building? So, are you saying that you have reached the Foundation Establishment Stage by now?"

Yang Fei nodded, "I suppose so. Sadly, I've only completed Foundation Establishment with my arms, unblocking the acupoints in them. The acupoints can store True Qi. Although you used Bone Erosion

Powder to collapse the meridians throughout my body, preventing the flow of True Qi, some True Qi was stored within my acupoints, creating a world of its own."

"Acupoints are like the Dantian, being able to store True Essence Cultivation, and create a world of their own?" Immortal Yan, being knowledgeable in cultivation, felt a sudden enlightenment as she spoke, exclaimed excitedly, "So that's it; by using powerful True Yuan to break through the Martial Alliance acupoints, one can store more True Yuan, refine the body, strengthen tibia blood vessels and achieve the Taoist realm of an Immortal Golden Body, right?"

Seeing that she had grasped the concept immediately, Yang Fei was somewhat surprised and nodded, "It should be, I'm not completely clear on it yet as I'm still in the exploratory stage."

Immortal Yan, upon hearing this, did not doubt him but became even more convinced.

If Yang Fei had truly succeeded in Body Refinement and Foundation Building, the poison of the Bone Erosion Powder would likely be ineffective against him.

After being affected by her Bone Erosion Powder, Yang Fei's arms were still able to store some True Yuan, and he could even use the Qi Control Needle to treat himself, which indicated that this direction of cultivation was correct.

She had been plagued with illness since childhood; all she sought was the healthy body that ordinary people possessed, not Immortality but a healthy life.

For this goal, she had to diligently cultivate, relying on her exceptional talent to finally enter the Innate Realm, which had some suppressive effects on her illness but could not eliminate the underlying problem.

Now, having learned about the concept of Body Refinement and Foundation Building from Yang Fei, she felt she had found the right direction.

She believed that once her Foundation Building was successful, her bones and blood would be strengthened, and even if she couldn't fully heal herself by then, she would have enough support to live for decades like an ordinary person.

"Where is the antidote for the Bone Erosion Powder?" Yang Fei asked while Immortal Yan was lost in thought.

Immortal Yan snapped back to reality, her pretty face flushing with anger as she retorted, "What did you do to me while I was unconscious?"

Yang Fei showed no embarrassment, saying indifferently, "I had already done what needed to be done before you became unconscious."

"You... You bastard!" Immortal Yan's cheeks flushed red, shouting words that even she felt lacked force.

That's not right. I am a Poison Sect Demoness; how can I be shy?

But... but...

Thinking of his previous actions when searching her body, Immortal Yan felt an indescribable sensation within.

Moreover, this man had clearly searched her body thoroughly before she woke up, and not finding the antidote, he had resorted to asking.

The more she thought about it, the more embarrassed and angry she felt, and the less she dared to think further.

Immortal Yan said resentfully, "There is no antidote."

Seeing her still with that stubborn attitude, Yang Fei sneered and said, "Don't say I didn't warn you—if you have another attack, I will be powerless to help."

Immortal Yan huffed, "Whether I live or die, it's none of your business."

"I couldn't care less about whether you live or die, but you'll damn well drag me down with you," Yang Fei said, truly angry now.

Ever since falling into the hands of this demoness, he, a man who once stood tall and proud, had been tormented by her poison for days on end, showing utter disgrace. Now that the demoness had clearly fallen into his hands, she still acted as if she had him under her thumb, which infuriated him.

Seeing his burning fury, Immortal Yan felt only the injustice of having been touched by him; as a woman, she was at a great disadvantage, yet she had not even gotten angry. Why should he be angry? She inevitably felt wronged.

Neither of the two stubborn people would bow their heads.

After a while, seeing that she remained silent, Yang Fei sighed, conceding a point and said, "Fine, I won't force you to hand over the antidote anymore. You go ahead and cure yourself first. Otherwise, if you really die, I won't have any good days ahead."

He didn't doubt for a second that Helian Zhan would have him buried alongside Immortal Yan.

Seeing him concede, Immortal Yan felt somewhat better, tidied up her clothes, jumped off the bed, and looked at him, "Do you really dare let me leave?"

Yang Fei gestured with his hand, "Go on then, I can't beat you, I admit defeat."

Immortal Yan snorted proudly, "I am someone who might die at any time. You try to outdo me in toughness, it'd be strange if you didn't lose."

"As for you wanting to search my body for the antidote, heh, that's never going to happen, because I never carry the antidote on me," Immortal Yan said proudly.

Yang Fei had already searched her body and indeed found no antidote, but he did find several obviously highly toxic drugs.

"Then how is the poison to be cured?" Yang Fei asked.

Immortal Yan said, "By concocting it. You really are quite foolish."

Yang Fei was exasperated.

The demoness truly had a venomous tongue.

He admitted, if he were not currently under her control, he would definitely teach her a profound lesson.

"Actually, we can cooperate," Yang Fei forcefully suppressed the resentment in his heart towards Immortal Yan and spoke up.

Immortal Yan's bright eyes stared at Yang Fei, teasingly said, "Cooperate? Do you even have the right to cooperate with me as a prisoner at my feet?"

Ignoring her sarcasm, Yang Fei said, "Right now, I have the opportunity to kill you, but I haven't done so. Plus, the cultivation technique I told you about earlier is genuine. You should be able to see my sincerity, right?"

Immortal Yan fell silent for a while, then slowly nodded, "What do you mean by cooperate?"

"I can help you with your cultivation, improve your strength, and save you from many detours to prove the truth of the cultivation technique I mentioned," Yang Fei said earnestly.

Immortal Yan fixed her gaze on him and questioned, "On the condition that you help cure the poison?"

Yang Fei nodded, "That's right. Only by helping me cure the poison and restoring my strength can I assist you in your cultivation."

Immortal Yan chuckled lightly, her expression plainly asking if he thought she was a fool as she looked at Yang Fei.

Yang Fei, feeling helpless, sincerely said, "I truly intend to cooperate with you; you must believe me."

Immortal Yan obviously didn't believe him and turned to walk away.

Yang Fei watched her departing figure, his heart torn with conflict, ultimately choosing not to chase after her and take her hostage.

Now was not the time to turn against Immortal Yan.

This was Helian Mansion in Central State City of the Helian Family. Besides Helian Zhan, there were a few powerful elders from the Qingtian Sect present. For him, in his current condition, to turn against Immortal Yan would be a death wish.

Fortunately, this demoness wouldn't kill him in short order.

Just give him a little more time, once his Primordial Spirit had fully recovered, he would press her again for the antidote. If he still couldn't get it, he would take the risk and escape from the demoness. Otherwise, Yanyang's wife must be worrying herself to death on the outside.