

Powerful 1081

Chapter 1081: Uniting with the Heavenly Dao

"Heavenly Dao!"

"Have you decided?"

"I have decided!"

"You have ultimately made your decision... You are the first Flawless Divine Body ever born in this realm! Since you've decided, let's begin!"

"How do we start?"

"Give up control of your body and comprehend and operate the Heavenly Dao Laws I guide within you."

"Alright..."

Yang Yan, protected by ten swords behind him, with countless lower-level demons trailing, seemed moved by the words of the ten swords at this moment, floating immobile in the starry sky.

Before Yang Yan, the Demon Emperor who charged at him was temporarily blocked by the ten swords.

The numerous mid- and low-level demons behind him were intimidated by Yang Yan's aura, not daring to move forward.

So no one noticed the faint light emerging from Yang Yan's still body suspended in the starry sky.

The battle had transitioned from its initial clash to a heated exchange, and now to the total disappearance of the human battle zone.

Struggling in the vast Demon Sea, only a small segment of the battle zone around Yang Yan remained!

All 10,000 or so hidden world experts who fought alongside Yang Yan had perished.

On the other hand, the numbers in the Demon Race showed no signs of dwindling.

Instead, more continued to fly out from thousands of colossal ships.

The few thousand strong ones remaining in the Hidden World could only witness the endless Demon Race, with waves of despair rising in their hearts.

Just when everyone felt the utmost despair, the sky above the Hidden World suddenly became tumultuous.

Massive pure white clouds gathered from the summit of Xu Mountain, with spatial tremors resonating.

Power of Rules crisscrossed around Xu Mountain, their might was astounding!

"This... What is this?!"

An elder on the summit of Huashan stared incredulously at the unfolding scenes, momentarily speechless.

"Heaven... Heavenly Dao?!"

Another strongman couldn't help but open his mouth wide, struggling to speak.

Another elder standing beside him swallowed nervously and remarked:

"Isn't this our Hidden World's Heavenly Dao? Silent for countless eons, why does it suddenly manifest today?"

"Could it be that someone is transcending into an immortal? Does someone as powerful exist in our Hidden World?!"

The first elder who spoke seemed to have realized something, spoke with a face full of shock.

From ancient times, a legend was left in the Hidden World:

The Heavenly Dao exists, but to cause its manifestation requires an extraordinary great power or someone to transcend into immortality!

But does such a great power exist in the Hidden World?

If there truly is, then what does this catastrophe even mean?!

Mere clown-like minor demons.

Those capable of transcendence could, with a wave of a hand, bring rivers of blood and turn them to ashes.

"No! It's not. Quickly, look! Look!"

A bald man excitedly pointed to a spot in the outer space of the Hidden World.

In the direction the man pointed was a slender figure, standing high above all the Demon Race with a commanding presence.

After the white clouds gathered atop Xu Mountain, they shot a white beam straight towards that man.

One end of the beam connected to the summit of Xu Mountain, the other to the man.

It was as if the man was drawing the strength of the entire Hidden World through Xu Mountain.

"Moonlight, it's Moonlight!"

Someone shouted joyfully after vaguely recognizing the man's appearance.

"Yes, it's Moonlight! The Heavenly Dao is actually bestowing Heavenly Dao Laws on him!"

"Heaven has not forsaken our Hidden World! Heaven has not forsaken our Hidden World!!"

The ten swords continued to form the Immortal Slayer Sword Array, striving to block the Demon Emperors before Yang Yan, but the endless demon army kept advancing towards them.

Even the Immortal Slayer Sword Array was on the brink of collapse.

At this moment, all the demons suddenly halted.

The Demon Emperors in the midst of their attack revealed expressions of terror, hurriedly abandoning the ten swords and retreating backward.

The ten swords found themselves looking towards Yang Yan.

They naturally understood the strange phenomenon occurring around them.

But, being trapped in the relentless attacks of the demons, they had no time to care.

At this moment, the ten swords glanced back and saw Yang Yan in the starry sky, eyes closed, hands seemingly unconsciously placed by his sides.

Star Night seemed to gain awareness, hovering protectively in the air, continuously circling Yang Yan.

Yang Yan's appearance was peculiar, but in the eyes of the demons, that was all it seemed.

Could they really be scared off by him?

Or were the demons terrified by the sudden rule fluctuations appearing in the Hidden World?

Of course not!

They feared someone else!

Yang Yan had inadvertently connected with the Heavenly Dao of the Hidden World long before, for reasons as simple as his Flawless Divine Body.

He knew the power of the Heavenly Dao was formidable, but there was only one path to using that power to protect the Hidden World—

To merge himself with the Heavenly Dao!

Indeed, after merging with the Heavenly Dao, Yang Yan would become incredibly powerful, but the downside was that he would have to become a guardian spirit of the Hidden World!

Shortly after Yang Yan reached an accord with the Heavenly Dao, and the laws of the Hidden World trembled, a massive wheel came from the starry sky.

It seemed to traverse the space, or perhaps its speed was simply that fast.

In the blink of an eye, that gigantic wheel had arrived behind Yang Yan from tens of light-years away.

The giant wheel was as large as a small planet.

There were no flags on it, but three large characters were engraved on both sides of the wheel—Ancient Abyss Sect!

On the prow of the wheel stood a person clad in a blue robe, with wide sleeves.

A hair bun adorned with a Daoist crown was on his head, a duster was held in his right hand, and his hair and facial hair were both white, looking no more than fifty or sixty years old.

Yet an enduring righteous aura emanated from him.

As this person appeared, it seemed the starry sky dimmed.

The person all the demons saw, and feared, was precisely him!

It's as if they encountered a natural predator; demons of lesser power wanted to flee as far as possible.

"Master Gudu, what is peculiar about this forgotten relic? Why did we change our course midway?"

A person dressed in luxurious attire, with a Jade Pendant at their waist, accompanied by two disciples, approached him and asked.

The elder glanced at him, habitually stroked his beard with his left hand, and once more set his eyes upon the endless demon horde before him.

His voice slightly hoarse, he said:

"This Forgotten Land can nurture a singular Heavenly Dao, indicating it should not perish, capable of cultivating cultivators."

"So what? It's but a forgotten land. Without Spiritual Qi and resources, cultivating here might not even produce Inner Sect talents."

The disciple in luxurious attire wore a gentle smile, appearing dignified, yet a faint hint of disdain could be discerned from his expression.

Since the arrival of the giant wheel, people at the summit of Xu Mountain, along with countless demons, had already focused their gaze upon them.

Yang Yan alone was the exception.

He continued trying to communicate with the Heavenly Dao, comprehending the laws.

Once successful, he could merge completely with the Heavenly Dao.

By then, driving these demons away to protect the Hidden World would not be difficult.

Thus, the once tumultuous war outside the Hidden World suddenly fell silent.

Tens of thousands of demons collectively held their breath, while the Spider Queen, protected by hundreds of Demon Emperors, couldn't conceal her frightened expression.

Chapter 1082: Ancient Abyss Sect

"Isn't that so! Look at that young man—doesn't he have the makings of an Inner Sect disciple?"

"Master Gudu, which one are you talking about?"

The richly dressed man looked left and right, as if he couldn't see the person the old Daoist was talking about.

The disciple behind him stepped forward and pointed from afar at someone, speaking to the richly dressed man:

"Senior Brother, Master said it should be this person. He seems to be about to merge himself with the Heavenly Dao of this world."

"Oh..."

The richly dressed man let out a meaningful "oh," then said with a faint smile:

"It's just merging with the Dao of a small world. Even if he succeeds, his strength will probably still be inferior to our sect's Core Disciples."

"And with the drawbacks of merging with the Heavenly Dao, this child is ruined no matter how astonishing his talent is!"

The old Daoist smiled faintly:

"That is exactly why I rushed over here. Besides, since there is still Heavenly Dao here, this is the place where our cultivators originated; it should be treated with importance."

"Clean out these heretical Demon Race below, and it will count as a merit for you when we return to the sect."

When the old Daoist said this, he suddenly lifted his right hand slightly, the duster pointing at the large number of Demon Race.

In an instant, the faces of those Demon Emperors all changed.

"Good!"

The richly dressed man bent slightly and cupped his fists, then turned around to give a few instructions.

After a brief moment, someone behind him accepted the order, turned around, and shortly after, over a thousand streaks of resplendent light shot out from the giant wheel.

In an instant, the starry sky was illuminated by over a thousand thick streams of light.

The Demon Race finally couldn't help but retreat in terror at this moment.

However, such behavior was nothing but a useless gesture to those streams of light.

"Master Gudu, let a few Junior Brothers lead the Outer Sect disciples to clean up these small-fry Demon Race. It can also serve as some training for them."

The richly dressed man's face held a composed expression, seemingly quite satisfied with his own arrangement.

The old Daoist standing at the head of the giant wheel, however, did not respond.

He stroked the beard on his chin, and without any visible movement, a living person simply disappeared from where he stood.

This action inevitably made the eyelids of that richly dressed man twitch.

Right after, he looked with a trace of jealousy at Yang Yan, who was in the midst of countless Demon Race at their core, yet had remained completely motionless all along.

At this moment, Yang Yan was utterly immersed in the Heavenly Dao Laws, completely unaware of anything happening in the outside world.

Yet just as the radiance on his body flourished, the instant he was about to merge with the Heavenly Dao, his vision suddenly went black, and he lost consciousness in a flash.

At the instant his entire consciousness was shrouded in darkness, the last thought that flashed across Yang Yan's mind was:

Wasn't the Heavenly Dao supposed to protect me? Where is the Heavenly Dao!

Little did he know, the Heavenly Dao of the Hidden World was nothing more than a minor Dao.

Back when that old Daoist arrived, the Heavenly Dao had already wanted to abandon him.

After that, with a wave of the old Daoist's hand, the Heavenly Dao was forcibly made to terminate its connection with Yang Yan.

Down below, hundreds of thousands of Demon Race, pierced by the thousand streams of light, suddenly boiled over like a pot of water brought to a roaring boil!

It turned out that those thousand streams of light were exactly a thousand flying swords!

And on each flying sword, there was a human figure!

After these people charged straight into the vast horde of Demon Race, they began a one-sided massacre with absolute overwhelming superiority.

Yang Yan had no idea what he experienced afterward.

In his subconscious, he only knew that the Hidden World was done for, completely and utterly done for!

Without him merging with the Heavenly Dao, that group of Demon Race would easily tear apart Ten Swords' Immortal Slayer Sword Array, then launch a full-scale assault on the Hidden World.

As for the meager forces left to guard the Hidden World, they weren't even enough to withstand a single charge from the Demon Race army.

Yang Yan had a dream, a long, long dream.

In the dream was his entire life.

At the beginning of the dream, he was still that man who'd taken the high-paying "seeking child" flyer, dressed in outdated clothes.

Though his bearing was unremarkable, the sharpness belonging to a king had always been present in his eyes.

At the very start of the dream, he still encountered Zhou Hanyun, the female lead in that little flyer...

"Chirp, chirp, chirp..."

He seemed to unknowingly sink deeper into the dream, while the chirping of birds by his ears sounded more and more familiar to Yang Yan.

At this moment, a wave of inexplicable dizziness surged through his mind.

Yang Yan, who briefly lost his senses, was startled.

Then, he suddenly snapped his eyes open.

"Huff!"

Like an ordinary person waking from a nightmare, Yang Yan abruptly sat up, sweat pouring off him like rain.

Only after taking a deep breath did he begin to look around.

A simple wooden bed, with a thin quilt covering his body.

Though it looked old, it was very clean.

This was a small wooden hut, not too big or too small, about a little over ten square meters in area.

Besides the wooden bed, the only other furnishing in the room was the cabinet next to the bed.

Judging by its appearance, it should be a cabinet for storing clothes.

Yang Yan patted his own head, which was aching.

Where am I?

Where's the Demon Race?

What happened to the Hidden World?

And Ao Tian, Ten Swords and the others?

"Creak..."

The wooden door of the hut was suddenly pushed open, and Yang Yan snapped his head up.

A flash of disbelief flitted across his eyes.

Someone had actually gotten so close to him without a sound?!

The one who came in was a youth in gray homespun clothes. He looked only in his teens, slightly chubby, with an honest, simple smile on his face.

"Ah! You're awake?! That's great! I'll go report to the supervisor right away."

Seeing that Yang Yan had woken, the youth cried out in delight and was about to turn and leave.

"Wait."

Yang Yan called out to stop him in shock and suspicion.

"What is it?"

The chubby youth with the simple face turned back, puzzled, and asked.

"Where is this?"

Yang Yan asked.

"Ancient Abyss Sect!"

"Bang!"

The door, which had originally been half-ajar, was suddenly kicked fully open. A young man in blue clothes walked in, with a strand of blue silk embroidered at each cuff.

"Greetings, Senior Brother!"

At the sight of the newcomer, the chubby youth's plump body trembled, and he hastily bowed in greeting.

The young man in blue snorted coldly and said with disdain:

"This has nothing to do with you anymore. You can leave! Also, this brat doesn't need you to serve him, nor do we need any of you Named Disciples to serve him, understand?"

The chubby youth didn't hesitate in the slightest and immediately nodded in response:

"Yes, Senior Brother!"

With that, he gave Yang Yan a complicated look, then slowly backed out.

He didn't understand: wasn't this the secular disciple Elder Gudu brought back?

He had originally thought he was only staying temporarily in the Outer Courtyard and that once the disciple recruitment ceremony was over, he would definitely return to Elder Gudu's side as a Core Disciple.

So why was it that now even an Outer Sect Senior Brother dared to treat him like this?

"And you are?"

Feeling the other party's hostility, Yang Yan narrowed his eyes slightly and asked.

"Don't bother asking who I am!"

The young man cut him off before Yang Yan could finish, his face full of contempt and arrogance as he said:

"Since you were brought back by Elder Gudu, you naturally count as a disciple of the sect."

"But Elder Gudu never said he would take you as a disciple, so you can only be considered a Named Disciple."

"Named Disciple?"

Yang Yan's brow twitched as he asked somewhat doubtfully:

"May I ask, Senior Brother, do you know why I was brought back? And what does 'Named Disciple' mean?"

The young man in blue said coldly:

"I don't know why you were brought back. As for a Named Disciple... heh! You'll find out in the future!"

Chapter 1083: Jumping Clown

Yang Yan was at a loss for words.

Did this person really come looking for trouble for him?

But, when had he ever offended him?

Anyway, things seemed okay.

It looked like he had been saved.

As for the situation with the Ten Swords and Hidden World, he'd likely have to find this so-called Elder Dugu to get any information.

What Yang Yan didn't know was that it was as hard as climbing the sky for a Named Disciple like him to see the elder!

The young man in green snickered inwardly upon seeing Yang Yan's stunned expression.

Country bumpkin will always be a country bumpkin!

Still dreaming of soaring to the sky?

Even Sun Hai had been in Ancient Abyss Sect for twenty years, and was only an Outer Sect Disciple!

Thinking of this, Sun Hai chuckled:

"It's because Inner Sect senior brother thought it was hard for you coming from the Lost Land and still having cultivation, so he asked me to arrange something for you."

"How about that?"

Yang Yan knew what trick this guy was going to play, and with a somewhat displeased look, he asked:

Arrange something?

Are they treating me as one of them?

And one that's not worth mentioning?

Otherwise, how could anyone come to arrange things for him?

"Hmph, don't overthink it!"

Sun Hai snorted:

"Though you are nominally a Named Disciple, you haven't been registered yet."

"After you're registered tomorrow, I'll naturally tell you what you need to know."

Having said that, the young man turned around and left.

But before leaving, he didn't forget to instruct:

"Tomorrow at this time, don't leave this room!"

Yang Yan couldn't help but laugh.

Now they're restricting my freedom?

Did I agree to be a Named Disciple?

Back then, wasn't it reluctantly that I took the Token from that bragging Star-Picking Palace?

But now that he was here, knowing nothing, it was better to bide his time for now.

"May I know senior brother's name?"

Yang Yan suppressed his anger and asked respectfully on the surface.

"Call me Sun Hai, just call me Sun Brother."

The Outer Sect Disciple turned his head and smiled slightly at Yang Yan, puffing up his chest a bit.

Since you're here, just settle down.

After the person left, Yang Yan closed his eyes and focused on sensing the changes within his body.

He found that apart from some physical weakness, he still retained his full Emperor Realm power.

His strength remained, and he breathed a sigh of relief.

He knew very well that no matter when or where, power was the most crucial thing.

Punching is truth, valid everywhere.

Forget it!

Let's see tomorrow what this Ancient Abyss Sect is all about?

If Yang Yan guessed correctly, it should be similar to those Daoist sects in the Hidden World.

Only one exists in the Hidden World, and the other in an unknown realm outside.

He must first ascertain the realities here, learn everything quickly, and then he might return to his own world.

It's said waiting is always long.

However, Yang Yan remained calm and didn't feel this way.

He collected himself, cultivated on his bed for the day, seamlessly integrating previous insights of Heavenly Dao.

During this time, the honest Fatty came again to deliver food.

Yang Yan learned his name was Gu Sheng.

A very elegant name, but really didn't match his chubby image.

Still, Yang Yan started calling him Brother Gu.

Everyone has vanity.

Indeed, Fatty showed an expression of satisfaction.

The next day, Gu Sheng was knocking on his door early:

"Yang Yan, Yang Yan, get up, Sun Brother is about to come over."

"Understood."

The wooden door opened shortly after.

Yang Yan sat calmly on the bed, seemingly just waking from cultivation.

Actually, right up till now, Yang Yan was still absorbing the Heavenly Dao Law.

After all, it was the Heavenly Dao, even a so-called minor path wasn't something ordinary manpower could match.

Although he hadn't merged with Heavenly Dao, the Law transmitted by Heavenly Dao left a mark in Yang Yan's mind.

This Law seemed to be the Space Law.

Except, losing the blessing of Heavenly Dao, comprehending this Law became vague and difficult for Yang Yan.

Gu Sheng's timing was indeed precise; almost immediately after he came, the Outer Sect Disciple named Sun Hai arrived.

Gu Sheng greeted with an anxious and fearful face, standing outside the room.

Sun Hai looked even gloomier than yesterday, exuding some anger as he rebuked:

"Didn't I tell you not to come?! He's just a Named Disciple, do you think he's like me, an Outer Sect Senior Brother?"

"Sun Brother, I..."

With just one word spoken, Gu Sheng didn't know what to say.

Outer Sect Disciple and Named Disciple, just two words apart, but the difference in Ancient Abyss Sect was worlds apart.

The former is considered a true disciple of Ancient Abyss Sect.

The latter is but akin to a sect servant.

Yet, compared to those actual servants, they at least have the right to cultivate.

Generally, Named Disciples have cultivation aptitude, however relatively poorer.

Though Yang Yan didn't know how he'd fare, Gu Sheng indeed was so.

By his account, after three years, he hadn't reached Qi Cultivation layer three—already quite poor talent.

"Scram!"

Sun Hai impatiently flicked his sleeve, and Gu Sheng nodded repeatedly, cautiously turning to leave.

Yang Yan intended to say something.

After all, Gu Sheng was essentially his first friend here.

Moreover, he got quite a bit of information from that Fatty.

But Sun Hai's next action made him swallow his words abruptly.

"Yang Yan?"

"Yes."

Though Yang Yan disliked Sun Hai's ways, he still answered politely with a smile on the surface.

"Heh!"

Seeing Yang Yan still smiling, Sun Hai sneered.

He eyed Yang Yan up and down, his sharp chin twitching slightly, he said oddly:

"Yang Yan, you're really lucky, huh?"

Yang Yan chuckled, shook his head, and replied:

"I don't know what Sun Brother means?"

Sun Hai watched Yang Yan intently, his mouth showing a hint of a grim smile:

"Inner Sect senior brother specially sent word yesterday, saying you won't need to register, but rather attend today's sect disciple recruitment ceremony."

Yang Yan didn't respond, quietly watching him.

Sun Hai's expression stiffened, though he had some anger inside, he didn't let it out.

He simply eyed Yang Yan with ill intent, and continued:

"The disciple recruitment ceremony, only happens once every ten years. Then, countless people from nearby regions come, hoping to join our sect."

"As long as your aptitude is good enough, you could directly become an Outer Sect Disciple tomorrow, maybe even an Inner Sect Disciple."

Yang Yan thoughtfully nodded, with a harmless smile, sincerely asked:

"Oh! And if it's not good?"

"Not good?"

Sun Hai abruptly raised his tone, saying in mockery:

"Then you can stay in the sect as a Named Disciple akin to a servant."

"Hehe, anyway, you're someone brought back by the elder!"

Chapter 1084: I'm Lost

Yang Yan still seemed oblivious to Sun Hai's insinuations, smiling with clasped hands:

"Thank you, Senior Sun, for bringing me to the grand ceremony."

"Hmph!"

With a cold snort, Sun Hai turned around, flicked his wide sleeves, and spoke icily:

"Keep up with me!"

Upon hearing this, Yang Yan effortlessly got off the bed and silently followed behind Sun Hai.

Yesterday, as instructed, Yang Yan stayed inside the wooden house, quietly cultivating all day.

Today, after leaving with Sun Hai, he finally saw the environment he was in.

This seemed to be the gathering place for Named Disciples.

Wooden houses were everywhere; the best was just stone houses, and none were large.

The gray-clothed Named Disciples passing by in twos and threes quickly saluted after seeing Sun Hai, respectfully calling him Senior Sun.

Then, each of them looked at Yang Yan with curiosity.

But Sun Hai, with his eyes above all, paid no attention to these Named Disciples.

Among them, Yang Yan spotted Gu Sheng.

His slightly plump figure stood out among the standard-bodied ones.

Yang Yan just glanced and saw him.

Yang Yan smiled at him, but at this moment, he didn't dare to come up and greet Yang Yan.

As they walked, Yang Yan realized the Outer Courtyard alone was unbelievably vast.

There were four mountain peaks just in the Outer Courtyard!

Yang Yan roughly calculated that, given the density, there were probably no fewer than fifty thousand Named Disciples!

Fifty thousand!

With just so many Named Disciples, how powerful is this Ancient Abyss Sect?!

Yang Yan's interest was piqued.

Leading the way, Sun Hai looked somewhat grim.

With his fourth-tier Qi Cultivation, even when deliberately speeding up using spells, traveling three thousand miles a day was no problem.

However, Yang Yan always followed unhurriedly, no matter how much he tried to shake him off.

Sun Hai was puzzled.

Strange!

This kid doesn't have a trace of Spiritual Qi on him; he can't be a cultivator?

Could it be that I'm mistaken...

Sun Hai quietly stopped, turning back around.

Fortunately, Yang Yan maintained a respectable distance.

Otherwise, at this speed, he might bump into him.

Seeing Sun Hai stop, Yang Yan asked in confusion:

"Senior Sun, why have you stopped?"

Unexpectedly, Sun Hai turned back with a bright smile at Yang Yan:

"Ahead is where the sect's apprentice ceremony is held. Just queue with everyone and participate in the test. I have urgent matters and won't accompany you."

Yang Yan nodded, gently saying:

"That's fine."

Sun Hai clasped his hands:

"Then I wish Junior Yang success in entering the Outer Sect."

At this moment, he seemed to transform magnificently into a caring, extraordinarily wise senior.

"Thank you."

After nodding, Yang Yan ignored Sun Hai and moved forward alone.

Yang Yan had encountered countless petty figures like Sun Hai.

In the past, he wouldn't even have the desire to slap him dead.

Of course, now he didn't have that desire either.

The key is that he can't slap anyone to death now.

At most, he would just treat him like a fly and let it be.

Sun Hai wasn't aware of Yang Yan's thoughts.

He watched Yang Yan's departing figure from a distance, grinned slyly, summoned his flying sword, and flew leisurely back.

The Ancient Abyss Sect's foundation and power amazed Yang Yan at this moment.

After he moved forward alone, he was soon surrounded by a sea of people.

It seemed most Named Disciples had come to watch.

Today was the Ancient Abyss Sect's apprentice ceremony, and most of them were allowed to observe.

Further ahead, Yang Yan saw a giant gate.

The mountain gate faced outward, below were thousand-foot stairs, seemingly bottomless!

Yang Yan was suddenly shocked.

It turned out he was at the peak of a giant mountain.

And this mountain was countless times taller than the Hidden World's Xu Mountain!

Even though the thousand-foot stairs seemed bottomless, Yang Yan saw groups of people constantly climbing up.

Among them, most were youths.

Some wore simple cloth garments, dusty.

Others wore lavish attire, looking proud.

They were accompanied by servants, clearly of noble descent.

Some even directly flew with their children to the enormous mountain gate of the Ancient Abyss Sect.

Then, the two elegantly dressed individuals were warmly welcomed inside by the disciples stationed at the mountain gate.

Such instances weren't rare, but neither were they few.

Within the Ancient Abyss Sect, directly in front of Yang Yan, was a massive training ground.

Dozens of long queues were already lined up.

At the front of each queue was a small platform.

On the platform were disciples and three middle-aged men dressed as stewards.

They each guarded a standing stone monument.

Apparently, each platform could test three people at once.

Moreover, it was quick.

From just observing the apprentice ceremony of the Ancient Abyss Sect, Yang Yan could confirm that the Ancient Abyss Sect was at least a colossal presence in this region.

Otherwise, there's no way such a grandiose scene with tens of thousands attending could be happening.

"What should I do? Just go over..."

Seeing this, Yang Yan was stunned, muttering absentmindedly.

The shortest queue among the dozens was likely tens of thousands long.

Should I really foolishly queue up?

"Naturally, you should queue. Are you going to participate?"

Although the site was bustling with noise, Yang Yan's words were heard by a gray-clothed Named Disciple beside him.

Seeing Yang Yan dressed in coarse clothes, he couldn't help but laugh:

"Mountain village bumpkin, if you're here for the ceremony, why are you wandering here?"

Being called a bumpkin made Yang Yan blush, but seeing the curious gazes around, he shamelessly came up with an excuse:

"Er... I got lost and accidentally wandered here."

Lost?

Past the mountain gate is the training ground, with so many people lining up, and you got lost?

That takes some doing.

Yang Yan's words instantly made the Named Disciples around him burst into laughter.

Just as they were about to find some sense of superiority over Yang Yan, they suddenly froze.

They saw Yang Yan, after an embarrassed smile, taking off into the sky towards the training ground right in front of their eyes.

A gray-clothed Named Disciple's mouth gaped open, incredulously watching, stuttering:

"Flying... flying in the sky."

Flying with a Magical Artifact is something a fourth-tier Qi Cultivation disciple can do.

But to directly fly in the sky without relying on a Magical Treasure requires at least a sixth-tier Qi Cultivation Inner Sect Disciple!

Sixth-tier Qi Cultivation!

Mind you, these Named Disciples, at most, can reach a second-tier Qi Cultivation!

This is the result of some people striving for over ten years.

Yang Yan couldn't see the shock his flying in the air stirred among the Named Disciples.

But he noticed the gazes from those on the training ground.

There was admiration, curiosity, and respect...

Just none of Sun Hai's disdain.

Chapter 1085: Philanderer

Huh?

Yang Yan felt a bit strange, but he could tell that most of the people here were just ordinary people.

Seeing someone fly for the first time, being shocked is understandable.

However, as Yang Yan landed at the back of a long queue, something strange happened.

The person standing in front of him saw him flying down and immediately bowed with a face full of fear.

A few young people who arrived from behind kept a respectful distance from him.

The space for about ten people was empty, yet no one dared to cut in line.

Just as Yang Yan was puzzled, he saw a steward whispering to an Outer Sect disciple in blue robes at the front of the platform.

The Outer Sect disciple immediately nodded, mounted his flying sword, and hurried to the back of the queue.

This action made tens of thousands of people in the queue turn their heads, even the people in the adjacent queues were curious and craning their necks.

Yang Yan then saw that the person was coming in his direction.

While he was still confused, the blue-robed Outer Sect disciple had already landed beside him, respectfully saying:

"Senior Brother, you can take the test first."

"Oh, why is that? Also, why do you call me Senior Brother?"

Yang Yan asked, feeling a bit puzzled.

The Outer Sect disciple looked up at Yang Yan, realizing he couldn't see through Yang Yan's cultivation level, which confirmed his speculation even more.

He was a top-tier Outer Sect disciple at the fifth level of Qi Cultivation, one step away from becoming an Inner Sect disciple.

If he couldn't see through Yang Yan's cultivation, then Yang Yan's strength could be imagined.

"Senior Brother, your strength is already sufficient, I believe the test for you is just a formality."

"With your strength, you'll definitely be an Inner Sect disciple after entering the sect, so calling you Senior Brother first gives me an advantage!"

This Outer Sect disciple seemed much more agreeable than Sun Hai.

Since he could openly cut in line, Yang Yan naturally wouldn't play the gentleman's game.

He laughed and nodded, responding:

"If that's the case, then thank you, Junior Brother."

Yang Yan blended into the environment and adapted to his identity, quite skillfully.

Thus, under the envious gazes of others, Yang Yan followed the blue-robed disciple to soar directly onto the platform.

"Steward Yu, I've brought him."

After the blue-robed disciple landed, he bowed respectfully to the steward who was conducting tests in the middle.

"Hmm!"

Though her voice sounded ethereal and melodious.

She's actually a woman?

Yang Yan couldn't help but look up at the steward in the middle.

She was wearing a black steward's uniform, which seemed quite large compared to her petite figure.

However, it still couldn't hide the well-developed size of her bust.

Yang Yan silently calculated in his mind, estimating that this woman's size should be similar to someone he knew, perhaps the feel would be...

As Yang Yan shamelessly lowered his gaze towards her, Steward Yu happened to finish testing the person in front of her.

"Spiritless Body, next."

As soon as she spoke, she looked up and saw Yang Yan staring straight at her private parts.

The person declared to have a Spiritless Body, indicating no cultivation aptitude, was leaving dejectedly when suddenly a loud shout startled him so much he nearly collapsed.

"You! Get back!"

Yang Yan was taken aback, looking at Steward Yu in front of him.

Several Outer Sect disciples behind the platform looked at him with expressions of mourning.

Yang Yan took a look, and it was quite a sight.

In view was a patch of pure white skin, a long white neck, quite captivating.

Going further up, the complexion was comparable to snow.

Beautiful eyes clear as water embodied a lively spirit.

A lovely and delicate nose, with cherry lips adorning, and cute little ears, a few strands of loose hair flowed gently from her forehead.

Yang Yan found himself momentarily mesmerized.

Though he had seen many beauties, this kind was definitely the first in his experience.

One of those beauty classes befitting reverence.

But something seemed off with this stunning face.

That faint anger under Yang Yan's unabashed gaze finally turned into a thunderous explosion.

The woman raised her hand angrily and said:

"How dare you keep looking at me? Get back in line! Who allowed you to cut in?"

The blue-robed disciple who brought Yang Yan was shocked at her words.

He looked at Yang Yan with an expression suggesting he was helpless and that Yang Yan should fend for himself, and quickly lowered his head.

Others might not know Steward Yu's identity and temperament, but they surely do.

"Uh... Sorry, miss, I'm just struck by your beauty, I've never seen such a gorgeous woman..."

Compliments never fail.

This was Yang Yan's approach.

To his surprise, the blue-robed disciples' expressions toward him changed immediately.

That was...

Gloating?

"Pah! You look like a scoundrel! Even if you are extremely talented, I wouldn't accept you as a disciple of Ancient Abyss Sect! Now, get back in line!"

Steward Yu seemed greatly provoked, trembling and pointing angrily towards the back of the queue.

"Alright."

A sensible man doesn't fight with a woman, seeing her like this, Yang Yan was worried he'd be kicked out any moment.

He still didn't understand this place, it's better to stay and figure things out slowly.

Yet just as Yang Yan turned to return to the queue, an interruption occurred.

Just as he flew back a short distance, a loud voice suddenly rang out from the crowd.

Judging by the direction, it was aimed at Yang Yan.

"Hey friend, since you're queuing, why not queue with us!"

Yang Yan turned towards the voice, it was from near the front of the queue, a lavishly dressed Fatty speaking to him from below.

There's more.

Judging by the crowd around, these were all lavishly dressed, and seemed not bothered to queue.

Suddenly gathered in front, chatting in groups.

The kids who seemed like they belonged to the Cold Race behind them didn't dare provoke them, maintaining a noticeable distance.

"This doesn't seem right?"

Yang Yan said it wasn't right, but he paused in mid-air.

He genuinely wasn't cutting in line, but rather being polite!

"Haha! What's wrong with that? It's just a formality, why queue for so long?"

The lavishly dressed Fatty laughed, a small silver flying sword revolved in the air.

The Fatty leapt onto it, astonishingly flew towards Yang Yan.

Yang Yan was curious how this Fatty balanced on such a small sword.

Upon closer look as the Fatty approached, Yang Yan saw his clothing was embroidered with dragons!

Chapter 1086: What's Your Name?

Three-Clawed Python Dragon.

Which Prince's runaway is this?

So fat?

Before Yang Yan could figure out the answer, he was pulled by someone who put an arm around his shoulder and led him away without waiting for his consent.

The group of nobles were originally cutting the line, and now seeing someone bringing another person to cut as well, no one dared to say anything.

Everyone in the queue, including the nearby Outer Sect disciples, pretended not to see the commotion happening.

As for the stewards, they either turned a blind eye or, like Steward Yu, were too busy to notice.

"Brother, flying in the sky, impressive! Let me introduce myself, I'm Long Jie, the Third Prince of this country, and these are my friends!"

The Fatty enthusiastically introduced Yang Yan after letting go of him.

"This is Xu Jie, the eldest son of Hengnan Marquis Mansion, this is Liu Wenbo, the eldest son of Marquis Changping, and..."

The Third Prince introduced everyone to Yang Yan with a familiarity.

As he went around, Yang Yan indeed identified them as offspring of the nobility.

And those who could associate with the Prince were the top-tier noble children of this country.

Yang Yan returned their courtesies one by one.

However, he could sense that although these people appeared friendly, their smiles contained another layer of meaning.

"Haha! Brother, no need to be so reserved. We invited you here because we saw your strength and wanted to make friends."

Long Jie laughed heartily, patting Yang Yan's shoulder.

He acted like they were old friends, very familiar.

On the surface, Yang Yan also appeared very amiable and easy-going, nodding and smiling politely to the nobles in front of him, acknowledging acquaintanceship.

Little did Yang Yan know, his mere nodding was seen as a sign of disdain by the group of nobles.

Really!

We respect you, that's why we kept you here.

Not being more respectful is already one thing, and you still just nod at us?

Do you think you're better than us?

One man in a light yellow robe stepped forward, looking at Yang Yan and smiling coldly.

To him, Yang Yan's coarse clothes clearly showed his grassroots origin.

He happened to have a bit of luck, enabling him to cultivate to Qi Cultivation level six.

Such people meant little to them.

"What's your name?"

The man in the yellow robe scrutinized Yang Yan and slowly asked.

"Yang Yan."

Sensing the hostility from the other party, Yang Yan sneered inwardly but answered calmly and confidently.

"Oh, Yang Yan? I wonder which noble family you come from? In the future, I, Xu Jie from Hengnan Marquis Mansion, might pay a visit."

The man in the yellow robe was none other than Xu Jie, the eldest son of Hengnan Marquis Mansion, introduced earlier by the Third Prince Long Jie.

Though Yang Yan was not afraid of these people, he knew he was a newcomer. Ultimately, a mighty dragon won't overpower a local snake; he might have to endure some play-acting in front of these local nobles.

So, he just smiled and said:

"I'm just an ordinary villager, not from any noble family."

The man in the yellow robe and a few others behind him first froze upon hearing Yang Yan say he was a mountain villager, then quickly exchanged glances.

Xu Jie raised his folding fan and pointed at Yang Yan, turning back to his companions and laughing heartily.

"A mountain villager, a mountain villager! Haha! Turns out you're a villager, no wonder you don't know how to appreciate things!"

"Haha, like I said, this kid seems to have crawled out of some backwoods. Just a frog in a well with a bit of skill!"

"Of course? He just offended Steward Yu without knowing better. He won't need to enter the sect; the test alone will be enough for him!"

...

The laughter of the group of noble sons rang out boldly in the field making everyone else feel uninhibited.

Yang Yan, witnessing this, did not feel uneasy at all.

Instead, he stood quietly in place like nothing happened, still bearing that faint smile.

The field was quite large, bustling with people.

Yet the few testing stewards at the front had sharp hearing, picking up the laughs from here.

Especially the stunning Steward Yu in the middle, who lifted her head, furious.

Seeing the culprits were some front-row nobles, her face darkened as she scolded:

"More disruptive noise, and you are out of the test!"

Steward Yu's words were effective.

The noble sons, who were just acting cocky, stopped laughing immediately, not daring to mess around.

Privately, however, each still hid a mocking smile while looking at Yang Yan.

Long Jie had already moved away a few steps.

Now seeing Yang Yan isolated, he hesitated but still patted Yang Yan's shoulder and shook his head saying:

"Yang, brother, don't be angry, they mean no harm, just joking around."

"Yes, yes, Yang, brother, queue with us."

Xu Jie also acted understanding.

Yet he was the one laughing the loudest and most wildly earlier.

Even Yang Yan was impressed by the contrast.

Each was like an academy-award level actor, a pity if not pursuing theater with such talent.

"No matter."

Yang Yan slightly raised his head with a smile and said before looking away from them.

These people meant nothing to him, out of sight, out of mind.

"Haha! Good, Yang, brother, as long as you're not angry. Are you planning to enter the Inner Sect, or the Outer Sect?"

"Or perhaps, directly join a master's discipleship and enter as a Core Disciple?"

Long Jie laughed with cheeks piled upon each other, his naturally small eyes turning into slits.

"What's the difference between these options?"

Yang Yan immediately countered.

This baffled Long Jie for a moment.

Soon, however, he regained composure and said with a smile:

"Brother Yang has been in the villages, it's understandable not knowing these."

"Outer Sect disciples are officially part of the Ancient Abyss Sect."

"However, mostly it's those with average talent. The sect's resources for them are also the most basic."

"For most of their life, they only reach Qi Cultivation level six or seven."

Speaking of which, Long Jie shook his head to express pity for those Outer Sect disciples.

Xu Jie leisurely opened his fan, fanning himself, and intervened:

"Third Prince, he's at Qi Cultivation level six! Surely the Outer Sect is not suitable for him."

Long Jie immediately realized and laughed saying:

"Yes, yes, Brother Yan can fly in the sky, surely the Outer Sect is not to be considered."

"Unlike us, still at Qi Cultivation level four or five. Entering the sect after us means we call you senior brother!"

"Long Jie will first call out senior brother here. I hope senior brother takes good care of us upon entering the sect!"

Chapter 1087: Entry Test

Long Jie with this sentence seemed to have nothing inappropriate.

Though coupled with his identity as a Prince, it carried a bit of a playful tone.

Xu Jie and that group of nobles couldn't help but burst into laughter.

Just as they laughed, they suddenly remembered Steward Yu's earlier rebuke and immediately suppressed it.

Xu Jie wasn't done, holding back laughter as he raised his eyebrows at Yang Yan, closed his fan, and bowed respectfully toward Yang Yan:

"Brother Yang, after entering the sect, we hope you will take care of us junior disciples."

Anyone could tell that what was being said was irony, deliberately mocking Yang Yan.

How could Yang Yan not understand?

He snorted coldly in his heart, but outwardly accepted their greetings leisurely, appearing quite pleased.

"Haha! Fellow junior disciples, it's fine, it's fine, there's no need! We're all part of the same sect, brothers, we should help each other."

The nobles clearly didn't expect Yang Yan to be so clueless, not even able to see through this, their expressions turned sour as if they had eaten a fly.

After Xu Jie rose, he blatantly sneered at Yang Yan with contempt.

In his heart, he already labeled Yang Yan as a fool.

They were just looking to make fun of Yang Yan, a country bumpkin, for some amusement.

Who would have thought Yang Yan's realm seemed higher than theirs?!

Long Jie also bared his two rows of white teeth at Yang Yan, chuckled, twisted his large belly past him, and started chatting with the group of young nobles ahead.

This group deliberately isolated Yang Yan again.

To them, Yang Yan was just failed amusement.

Seeing the few no longer entangled with him, Yang Yan was pleased with the freedom and simply stood behind them.

Those from ordinary families maintained distance from him, fearful of being implicated by these noble sons.

Thus, Yang Yan occupied the space of five or six people, somewhat standing out from the crowd.

Being upfront, a platform would usher a batch every few seconds.

With such speed, soon it was the turn of the nobles in front of Yang Yan.

From their confident looks, Yang Yan knew their talents were not bad.

They must have been tested within their respective families, assured of their standing.

Indeed, responses came quickly from the three stewards, these were all medium Spirit Bodies.

Even Steward Yu slightly eased his tight expression upon these results.

Though these noble successors had some poor traits, they had decent foundations; once polished within the sect, they would prosper.

The most important factor was their solid resources, with such talent they could become pillars within the sect.

The Cultivation Realm always respects strength, where the strong devour.

At the start of cultivation, your talent is what is recognized.

In the universe, three thousand Sacred Bodies are acknowledged.

Among these three thousand, the further upfront, the stronger the talent.

Such as the Star-Plucking Saint Body Yang Yan encountered earlier, ranked in the top ten of the Three Thousand Holy Bodies!

Though three thousand sounds plenty, many major sects might only produce one across a millennium.

The Ancient Abyss Sect is only listed seventh-tier on the Dao Sect roster and only occupies one nation, so Sacred Body doesn't cross their minds.

Of course, beneath the Sacred Body are three tiers each for Dao Body and Spirit Body.

In regard to a second-tier behemoth like Dao Sect, its disciples are mostly of Dao Body offerings.

For a seventh-tier sect like Ancient Abyss, unveiling a lower Dao Body would be a major celebration.

"Congratulations to Hengnan Marquis Mansion's Mr. Xu, Xu Jie! Upper Spirit Body!"

The elderly steward on the right of Steward Yu looked at the Testing Stone Monument with joy and couldn't help announcing loudly.

The surrounding crowd erupted in exclamations.

The noble group immediately beamed, offering compliments.

Even Steward Yu wasn't an exception.

Her jade face glanced at Xu Jie, personally inscribing "Upper Spirit Body" beside his name.

"An Upper Spirit Body qualifies for the Inner Sect."

She placed down the red pen dipped in cinnabar, speaking indifferently.

"Thank you, Steward Yu!"

Though Xu Jie presented a composed appearance, his eyes couldn't conceal the thrill.

He knew he was an Upper Spirit Body since he was capable of remembering.

Typically nobles test the talent of the core offspring once their physical form is established at the age of one.

This decided the child's future rank within the family and the resources they would receive.

Though it was inevitable for these nobles to enter the Inner Sect eventually, Xu Jie being admitted straight in presented a stark contrast.

"Your talents are good but in cultivation, if you do not advance, you regress. You must not be arrogant and complacent; you must not slack off. Now, you may wait aside."

Steward Yu, carrying a chilly demeanor, still responsibly gave a few words of counsel.

Outer Sect disciples upon passing simply carry their issued token to the Outer Courtyard to find the overseer to receive the season's robes and token from the Ancient Abyss Sect.

Inner Sect disciples are different; they are escorted by several stewards directly to the Inner Sect.

"The boy remembers Steward Yu's teachings!"

Just because Steward Yu exchanged extra words with Xu Jie, many were envious.

Even Xu Jie himself felt a bit puffed up.

Upon receiving, he respectfully retreated behind the stewards.

There, several official Outer Sect disciples immediately greeted him obsequiously, calling him senior brother.

In the Cultivation Realm, ranks are always determined by strength.

"Next group."

After Xu Jie yielded one Upper Spirit Body, Steward Yu slightly delayed the test's speed.

Upon handling Xu Jie, the new tests commenced.

After this group, it would be Yang Yan's turn.

Right in front of Yang Yan was Long Jie, the Third Prince.

Along with him, two other noble successors were being tested.

"Medium Spirit Body, qualifies for Outer Sect, passed."

This was the first one.

After testing an Upper Spirit Body, the elderly steward's enthusiasm seemed spent.

Now testing another Medium Spirit Body appeared much duller.

"Medium Spirit Body, qualifies for Outer Sect."

This was the second one, even Steward Yu did not raise her head.

These two passing young noblemen were elated, holding their respective tokens, retreating aside.

Those who passed shouldn't linger on proper grounds.

Yet, none of these nobles were monitored.

According to them, they would wait for companions to complete tests.

That small group, bearing special status, wasn't minded by Steward Yu.

"Third Prince Long Jie, Upper Spirit Body, passed!"

The third steward called out loudly and cordially invited Long Jie to wait on the platform behind.

Chapter 1088: Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body

The status of the imperial family really is different.

They even unprecedentedly reported his identity out loud.

Just looking at how the nearby teams reacted made that clear.

With that shout, he instantly drew everyone's gaze over.

"The Third Prince is also a high-grade Spirit Body!"

"This is a blessing for our Great Zhou!"

"The Third Prince bears the mandate of heaven; of course he'd be a high-grade Spirit Body!"

"The Third Prince might be a bit gluttonous and lazy, but his talent is absolutely stunning!"

...

With so many people, no one knew who said what, so some ended up saying things they really shouldn't have.

All in all, though, it was a chorus of flattery.

Long Jie stuck out his big belly, smiling like a Maitreya Buddha, and even let his lecherous gaze sweep over Steward Yu.

Steward Yu seemed to feel that scorching gaze and happened to look up at Long Jie; at once, she swallowed back all the words she'd been about to say.

She only waved expressionlessly toward the back, signaling Long Jie to go wait behind.

Long Jie was in high spirits just now; he lifted his right foot, ready to step onto the platform.

At that moment, from the platform two "long dragons" of people away, a series of loud shouts suddenly rang out.

The shouts were earth-shakingly loud, to the point that Long Jie's just-lifted foot froze in midair.

"Fourth Prince Long Ming! Mid-grade Dao Body! Mid-grade Dao Body!! Mid-grade Dao Body!!!"

The Steward announcing the good news had his face wrinkled into a mass of smiles, actually shouting three times in a row.

Over there, a man in a gold-threaded yellow robe turned his head and, deliberately or otherwise, glanced in Long Jie's direction.

Envious cries and gasps of amazement instantly erupted around the yellow-robed man's mid-grade Dao Body!

Long Jie's face darkened; he lowered his head and quickly walked onto the platform.

Damn that fourth brother!

He'd never known the guy's talent and always thought it worse than his own—how could he be a Dao Body?!

The worst part was, he was actually a mid-grade Dao Body!

Thinking back to how he'd been flaunting himself everywhere after testing as a high-grade Spirit Body, he now felt like nothing but a pig.

No one knew what was going through Long Jie's mind right now, but what Steward Yu was thinking was written all over her face.

Her beautiful eyes looked resentfully toward the Fourth Prince's testing platform as she muttered indignantly:

"That girl Zixuan actually tested out another Dao Body, while the best I've gotten here are only two high-grade Spirit Bodies—how is this even fair?!"

The resentment in her words swept straight toward Yang Yan, who was first in line in the team.

"You, yes you! What are you looking at? Get up here and test!"

Steward Yu pointed at Yang Yan and snapped.

Yang Yan was the first in this batch and was supposed to go to the first old Steward, but at her words he could only lower his head slightly and walk forward.

Amitabha!

Hopefully this demon girl has forgotten what I look like.

Unfortunately, things did not go as Yang Yan wished.

Seeing Yang Yan still keeping his head down and ignoring her, Steward Yu slapped the wooden table in front of her hard and barked sharply:

"What are you here for? To face the wall or count ants? Raise your head and put your hand on the stone tablet!"

At that moment, the provoked Steward Yu seemed to have jumped straight into menopause.

Yang Yan showed a wry smile, grumbling inwardly:

Who on earth did I offend?!

There was no hiding from this, so he had no choice but to lift his head, then place his hand in the groove on the stone tablet before him.

"You!"

In the instant Yang Yan raised his head, Steward Yu recognized him—this was that lecherous little pervert!

But the words she was about to spit out were forcibly choked off by the scene before her.

Even the two Stewards conducting tests to the side simultaneously turned their heads, eyes wide as they stared at the stone tablet blooming with dazzling radiance.

On the stone tablet touched by Yang Yan's right hand, a gentle white glow slowly emerged.

In just the blink of an eye, the white glow transformed, turning into a pillar of white light that shot straight into the sky, instantly drawing the gaze of everyone in the training field!

No, not just these people.

In the distance were tens of thousands of Named Disciples standing around as spectators.

Behind them, there was an endless stream of people rushing in from outside the mountain gate to be tested.

In the sky above, several blinding streaks of Sword Aura suddenly appeared!

Even without anyone explaining to him, that white pillar of light piercing the heavens had already told Yang Yan the result of his test.

Because within the pillar of light, a few large characters faintly appeared, then gradually solidified.

This strange spectacle was so clear that even people dozens of miles away could see it.

For a time, everyone within Ancient Abyss Sect couldn't help but look up.

Many elders and disciples who were in seclusion were shocked awake, their faces full of bewildered astonishment.

At the foot of Ancient Abyss Mountain lay dozens of towns and villages; countless mortals living there dropped whatever they were doing upon seeing the scene in the sky.

Many adults grabbed their children and knelt directly on the ground, kowtowing again and again.

"An Immortal has manifested! An Immortal has manifested!"

These mortals didn't know the truth, but the four characters appearing in the white pillar of light revealed an unbelievable fact to those Named Disciples and the hundreds of thousands of testers—

Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body!

To be honest, not only others, even Yang Yan himself, as the person involved, was a bit dazed.

Only now did he faintly recall that the old Daoist from Star-Picking Palace had said he had a Flawless Divine Body, hadn't he?

How did it suddenly become some Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body?!

Of course, Yang Yan had no way of understanding the painstaking intentions of the old Daoist from Star-Picking Palace right now.

To keep his true talent from being discovered by outsiders, that old Daoist had likely used some Blinding Technique, that was all.

Compared to Ancient Abyss Sect, Star-Picking Palace was like the bright moon compared to mortal dust.

Forget Ancient Abyss Sect, even stronger sects wouldn't be able to see any clues on Yang Yan.

"It...it's actually a Sacred Body!"

"A Sacred Body... our Great Zhou has birthed a Sacred Body?!"

"A Sacred Body, truly a Sacred Body! Born in accord with the Great Dao, a Dao Sacred Body, a child of the heavens!!"

"Heavens! Our Ancient Abyss Sect actually has a Sacred Body appear! Am I dreaming?"

"This...this is a Saint Son! Uu—Saint Son!"

The old Steward to the left front stared at Yang Yan, so excited he could hardly speak; two streams of muddy old tears rolled straight down as his body trembled slightly!

Those nobles who'd wanted to see Yang Yan make a fool of himself all gaped.

Even if they found it unbelievable and were unwilling to admit it, their mouths hung open and not a single word came out.

The quicker-witted ones were already thinking about how to curry favor with and befriend Yang Yan.

As for their earlier sarcasm and ridicule, that was just a joke, just a joke.

Steward Yu's heart was a maelstrom of emotions; her pretty face, originally frosted over, was now completely shrouded in shock.

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh——

Countless streaks of multicolored Sword Aura suddenly appeared one after another in the sky.

These were Inner Sect Disciples and even Core Disciples of Ancient Abyss Sect rushing over to watch the commotion.

A Sacred Body's aptitude had always been something out of legend in Ancient Abyss Sect!

At this moment, however, Yang Yan felt a jolt in his heart.

Why was this power so overwhelmingly strong, to the point that it actually made him feel a sense of dread?!

Chapter 1089: Not a Bad Deal

In front of Yang Yan, an old Daoist with white hair and a long beard appeared out of thin air.

He was wearing an ancient and wide Daoist robe, with a long sword sheath on his back.

Upon his appearance, the three streaks of white light heading towards the platform suddenly stopped.

This included Steward Yu, as well as all the disciples, whether in the sky or on the ground, who all bowed respectfully and said:

"Greetings, Ancestral Master!"

Yang Yan did not know the background of this old Daoist, but he knew that he was no one to be underestimated, a formidable figure.

So, he also slightly bowed and shouted:

"Greetings..."

Unexpectedly, before he finished his words, the old Daoist reached out, supporting him, and with a smiling face, stroked his own beard:

"No need, no need. Now is not the time for you to pay your respects, and even when the time comes, it won't be this way. Haha! Hahaha!"

The old Daoist laughed very happily.

Almost as soon as the old Daoist appeared, the hundred-thousand-strong training grounds fell into silence.

Ultimately, the three white streaks landed on the platform.

Leading them was a middle-aged Daoist with a formidable aura.

Though his appearance commanded respect, he was very reverent in front of the old Daoist.

He bowed and respectfully said:

"Congratulations to Martial Uncle Ancestral Sword Immortal for gaining a brilliant top disciple!"

The old Daoist with a white beard laughed heartily:

"Xiaozzi, seems like your role as the Sect Leader is not for nothing, you can even guess my thoughts?"

Upon hearing this, the middle-aged man's face immediately looked bitter.

My dear Martial Uncle Ancestral, there are so many people here!

Can you leave some face for your disciple?

And calling me Xiaozzi...

Their dialogue gave Yang Yan a rough idea of their identities.

One is the current Ancestral Master of the Ancient Abyss Sect, and the other should be the current Sect Leader.

As for the two elders behind the Sect Leader with white hair and beard, although Yang Yan didn't know their identities, he imagined they wouldn't be of a lower rank.

Besides, why do these two look at me so strangely?

So fervently...

I don't swing that way!

"Ancestral Master, Sect Leader, it's been identified, Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body, ranked 1,812th among the Three Thousand Holy Bodies, placing it in the upper mid-tier among the Sacred Bodies!"

The steward on the far right, who had not spoken before, reported excitedly while pointing at the ancient book in his hand.

"Hmm! I know, the impact of this matter is still too big, and although our Ancient Abyss Sect has the protection of the Dao Sect, we must remain vigilant."

The old Daoist stroked his beard, pondered for a moment, and said to the Sect Leader:

"Xiaozzi, you handle this matter. The people who came for the test today and the sect's disciples, deal with them as you see fit. Delay it as long as possible."

The Sect Leader nodded in agreement:

"Understood, the disciple will handle it well."

The old Daoist gestured to Yang Yan:

"Young man, you come with me. The sect's disciple induction ceremony continues, and the rest of the matters can be handled by yourselves."

After giving instructions, without waiting for Yang Yan's response, he lifted his shoulder with his right hand and flew up directly.

After a whirlwind experience, Yang Yan found himself in a grand hall.

The old Daoist sat cross-legged on a puduan, stroking his beard, becoming more and more pleased as he looked at Yang Yan.

Yang Yan stood there, shaking his head vigorously.

This kind of direct space traversal was his first time experiencing it.

He looked around, and his gaze fell on the massive statue enshrined in the center.

The statue, seven or eight meters tall, was majestic and lifelike.

The grand hall was filled with swirling cyan smoke, and Yang Yan was surprised to find that that the burning cyan smoke not only calmed the mind but also had the effect of enhancing cultivation.

One must know, he was already at the peak of the Emperor-level, just a step away from entering the Half-Step Divine Realm!

Initially, an unmoving step had shown a slight loosening because of inhaling a breath of cyan smoke.

This caused Yang Yan to be overjoyed, eagerly taking a few more breaths.

"Haha! Young man, isn't the Cyan Smoke quite nice?"

The old Daoist sat on the ground, with a look of kind brows and benevolent eyes.

"Cough, cough! It's alright!"

Though he was quite pleased in his heart, Yang Yan on the surface responded casually.

"Haha! What's your name, young man? Where are you from? Who's in your family?"

The old Daoist asked again with a laugh.

Yang Yan's expression changed slightly but still responded truthfully:

"Disciple was brought back by Elder Dugu, and Elder Dugu should know the details."

"Oh..."

Upon hearing that, the old Daoist replied meaningfully, nodding:

"So it was brought back by that little Dugu. But from the way you tested today, he probably doesn't know of your aptitude?"

Yang Yan shook his head to indicate he did not know.

"Has he taken you as his disciple?"

The old Daoist asked another question.

Yang Yan shook his head again.

The old Daoist was immediately overjoyed and couldn't help but ask eagerly:

"If that's the case, would you be willing to accept me as your master?"

Yang Yan shook again...

Sensed something was not right and abruptly stopped.

Although his face was still indifferent, his heart was rapidly weighing the pros and cons.

The person before him was the Ancestral Master of the Ancient Abyss Sect, known as the Sword Immortal.

The Ancient Abyss Sect appeared to be a giant entity in this realm.

If he apprenticed under the Ancestral Master, even the Sect Leader would address him as an equal.

"It's a good deal!"

Yang Yan, caught up in the moment, blurted out his internal answer.

The old Daoist was waiting for Yang Yan's response.

Upon hearing this, he was slightly stunned.

Realizing his mistake, Yang Yan immediately added:

"I mean it's a good deal for me to be your disciple!"

The old Daoist's face broke into a delighted smile, stroking his beard with great satisfaction:

"Haha! Good, good, good! In my entire life as a Daoist, I've never accepted an inner chamber disciple. It's either because of a lack of talent or an incompatible personality. If you enter my sect, you shall be the head disciple!"

Before Yang Yan could rejoice, the old Daoist suddenly changed his tone:

"However, accepting a disciple is a serious matter for this old Daoist. Even the Dao Sect must register it. So, you still have to take a few more steps."

Yang Yan didn't care what steps he needed to take, and immediately bowed and shouted:

"Disciple pays respects to Master!"

This old Daoist being several hundred years old with formidable strength was certainly qualified to be his master.

"Good, you're clever."

The old Daoist smiled, his eyes full of admiration:

"My Daoist name is Zongming, you should remember it."

Yang Yan nodded, indicating he remembered.

"The current Sect Leader of the Ancient Abyss Sect is named Lin An, with the Daoist name Yu Xu. You may interact with him as an equal."

"In terms of seniority, as my head disciple, you're slightly higher than him."

Yang Yan blinked and looked at Zongming:

"Junior Brother?"

Zongming nodded with a smile and said:

"Indeed!"

Alright, just joined the sect, and I've become the Sect Leader's senior brother. Those Outer Sect disciples and Inner Sect disciples are simply outclassed!

"What is your cultivation stage?"

Elder Zongming suddenly asked while examining Yang Yan up and down.

"Disciple does not know either."

Yang Yan shook his head with a bitter smile.

He truly did not know what level his Emperor-level strength was considered here.

Chapter 1090: You're Blocking My Way

He had previously heard that old Daoist from Star-Picking Palace say that he hadn't even reached Foundation Establishment.

Foundation Establishment must be one of the recognized realms here.

"The Sacred Body, however, is different from the usual."

Elder Zongming stroked his white beard and said seriously:

"Feel free to reveal your true strength, I, as your teacher, will take a look."

Though he hadn't officially accepted Yang Yan as a disciple yet, Zongming had clearly already regarded Yang Yan as one.

Yang Yan actually didn't know what his Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body meant here and was eager to learn more about it.

"Yes."

Without hesitation, Yang Yan openly released the restraint on his body, displaying his power.

Indeed, living within the Hidden World, he'd long since cultivated this habit.

He couldn't constantly expose his realm to outsiders and become a target for everyone.

But he never expected that even with Zongming's precautions, he couldn't see through him.

It seemed the old Daoist from Star-Picking Palace, who saw through Yang Yan's cultivation realm with a glance, was indeed skilled.

Just by the realm, Yang Yan ranked Zongming and that person from Star-Picking Palace respectively.

"Perfect completion of Qi Cultivation eighth layer, about to enter the ninth layer, impressive, impressive."

Elder Zongming nodded with satisfaction, his face beaming with joy.

Indeed.

Born with a Sacred Body, even without the aid of worldly resources, training is bound to be twice the result with half the effort, progressing rapidly.

The Dao Sacred Body is no trifling matter.

"But from today, you shall announce your cultivation as complete Qi Cultivation sixth layer, understood?"

"Yes."

Yang Yan fully understood.

He also didn't wish to push himself into the spotlight.

Right now, he only wanted to figure out how he ended up here and find a way to return.

He didn't even know the situation back on Earth, whether the Demon Race army had successfully conquered the Hidden World, or if it had already turned into a living Purgatory.

Then, Elder Zongming briefly introduced the realm divisions and some matters concerning Ancient Abyss Sect to Yang Yan.

Finally, he earnestly instructed Yang Yan on some matters before sending someone to escort him back to the small wooden hut in the Outer Courtyard...

According to Elder Zongming:

"Sacred Body matters are significant, the sect will conceal it for you for a few days. For now, stay in the Outer Courtyard as an Outer Sect disciple."

"After the sect's new disciples competition, I will formally accept you as my disciple!"

His meaning was clear: Yang Yan was to win an honor, then be accepted as a disciple.

By then, openly and honorably, other sects, even if they came upon hearing the news, would have to weigh the Dao Sect's rules.

Dao Sect, a top-tier second-rate sect, controls countless star systems and dozens of third-rate sects.

The seventh-tier faction, Ancient Abyss Sect, naturally being one of them.

The sects range from ninth-tier to first-tier denominations.

Although these lower-tier sects aren't directly managed by Dao Sect.

Dao Sect, however, retains absolute control.

Because they have a Law Enforcement Alliance established in each star system.

It's not just Ancient Abyss Sect; all sects in this realm are subject to the Law Enforcement Alliance's restraint.

Cultivation realm division ranges from Qi Cultivation first to ninth layer, breaking through the ninth layer leads to Foundation Establishment.

Surpassing Foundation Establishment comes Golden Core, longevity spans millennia within reach.

Over Golden Core lies Nascent Soul, naturally understanding Space Law.

Elder Zongming is the Nascent Soul Stage ancestor of Ancient Abyss Sect.

The art of Instant Teleportation is precisely a Nascent Soul ancestor's signature.

Beyond Nascent Soul lies Divinity Transformation.

After Divinity Transformation, Elder Zongming did not elaborate.

Yang Yan's current location is the Great Zhou Kingdom's seventh-tier sect, Ancient Abyss Sect.

The place where Ancient Abyss Sect is located is a star called Youfeng, a seventh-level literary star.

Youfeng Star is at least several dozen times larger than present-day Earth; it is a typical Cultivation Star.

Within it lies countless Mortal Realms, sects established widely.

Yet only the top ten sects are notable.

These top ten sects are all seventh-tier sects, Ancient Abyss Sect being one of them!

Below them are a few eighth-tier sects and countless ninth-tier factions.

Sixth-tier sects can already govern an entire Cultivation Star System, known as sixth-level Cultivation Star!

According to Elder Zongming, Yang Yan's Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body could elevate Youfeng Star from a seventh-level Cultivation Star to fifth-level, or even above fourth-level existence!

When Yang Yan grows up, if he remains in Ancient Abyss Sect, the sect will inevitably transform into a fourth-tier grand sect, dominating one or even multiple star systems would not be impossible!

Yang Yan donned his unique Outer Sect disciple's azure robe and briskly strode along the bluestone path.

Unexpectedly, even with such talent, he couldn't escape the fate of an Outer Sect disciple!

"Haha! How was it? Junior Yang Yan has returned from testing his aptitude?"

"Why so late? Did you manage to secure a Named Disciple position after much hardship?!"

As Yang Yan approached the Outer Courtyard, nearing his shabby wooden hut, Sun Hai, with his ill-intentioned face, appeared once more before Yang Yan.

Although Yang Yan possessed a Sacred Body, at the time, everyone only saw the column of light.

Very few could actually discern Yang Yan's appearance.

Moreover, with a gag order in place, those knowing the truth were even fewer.

Yang Yan first furrowed his brows slightly; previously, he'd put up pretenses with Sun Hai, but now it was unnecessary.

"Yes, I've returned."

Yang Yan replied nonchalantly and then coldly said:

"Please step aside, Senior Sun; you're blocking my path."

Now, having received Elder Zongming's promise, Sun Hai, a clownish figure, was entirely beneath Yang Yan's notice.

Sun Hai, seeing Yang Yan dismiss him, found his face suddenly hard to keep together.

But accidentally spotting the azure Outer Sect disciple uniform in Yang Yan's arms, his heart faltered instantly.

"So Junior Yang has advanced to the Outer Sect, congratulations, congratulations! I'm the imprudent one. Junior, how about coming to my humble abode for a visit?"

Almost immediately, Sun Hai plastered on a smiling face, his changeling nature unmistakably apparent.

Seeing Yang Yan completely unmoved, Sun Hai quickly added:

"I joined before you, and I know quite a few other Outer Sect senior and junior brothers too; celebrating with them would be wonderful!"

At this point, Sun Hai addressed Yang Yan with "senior" and "junior" repeatedly, seemingly expressing great care for him.

If not for his snobby front followed by sycophantic flattery, Yang Yan could have easily been fooled by his enthusiasm.

Then Yang Yan noticed that plump face in the distance, and his eyes brightened.

Impatiently waving Sun Hai away, he bluntly refused:

"There's no need for that, Senior Sun is busy cultivating, I dare not disturb you too much. I have some personal matters to handle, goodbye!"

With those words, Yang Yan gave Sun Hai no further chance to speak and boldly strode past him.

Sun Hai glared sullenly at Yang Yan's back; his clenched fists trembled slightly.

Isn't it just luck that got you into the Outer Sect?

At most, you're nothing but a low-grade Spirit Body!

Soon I'll speak to Senior Wu a few times, with his mid-grade Spirit Body, he surely won't let a country bumpkin like you be so arrogant!