

Powerful 1091

Chapter 1091: This Kid's Mind Isn't Pure

Yang Yan couldn't care less about the resentful gazes behind him; at this moment, he happily joined the group of Named Disciples.

These past few days were all about the acceptance ceremony, so many of the chores for the Named Disciples had lessened considerably, leaving them with some leisure time.

The group of Named Disciples saw Yang Yan walking over holding the standard attire of Outer Sect disciples, and instantly understood his identity.

Upon noticing the wooden token hanging from Yang Yan's waist, several people hurriedly halted their conversation and respectfully saluted Yang Yan.

"Greetings, Senior Brother!"

"Greetings, Senior Brother!"

Some, with quick minds, immediately began scheming, looking delighted as they bowed to Yang Yan and said:

"Congratulations, Senior Brother, for entering the Outer Sect!"

It's not that these gray-robed Named Disciples were self-deprecating; it was simply because Named Disciples in any sect were without human rights.

Pleasing Yang Yan might not yield any real benefits, but once you offend him, the retaliation would be miserable.

"No need to stand on ceremony!"

As one of the strongest beings on Earth, the Moonlight Emperor, Yang Yan had experienced countless types of praise.

He indifferently waved his hand and cheerfully approached the little Fatty, Gu Sheng.

Speaking of which, Gu Sheng wasn't that big.

A lad around sixteen or seventeen years old, barely reaching a height of 1.65 meters.

But, this guy was round and chubby, with a body mass that easily exceeded 150 pounds.

"Junior Gu, would you be willing to follow me and personally handle my errands?"

Yang Yan patted the little fatty's shoulder, grinning as he asked.

Wait a moment!

Why does this feel sort of like...

Big Bad Wolf trying to lure Little Lamb?

Gu Sheng never imagined such a great opportunity would fall from the sky, landing perfectly upon him.

His chubby face looked at Yang Yan with excitement.

Just as he was about to speak, a stream of snot blurted...

Oops, no!

Sneezed out instead.

Just then, Yang Yan quickly sidestepped, rolling his eyes involuntarily.

He managed to avoid the misfortune, but behind him, the Named Disciple who was still looking enviously at the little fatty Gu Sheng met his travesty.

After Yang Yan dodged, he was caught off guard and took the hit from the little fatty's secret attack.

Normally, Gu Sheng wouldn't escape a beating from his buddies.

But now, in front of Yang Yan, the Named Disciple stood there motionless.

"Sorry... Sorry, I... I didn't mean it, I didn't mean it."

The excited Gu Sheng couldn't forget his good-natured personality, stepping forward two steps, he used his wide sleeves to wipe the tall Named Disciple's face.

That was snot!

That was snot!

Yang Yan couldn't help but sigh twice inwardly, ultimately choosing not to speak up.

He just watched as the disciple's face showed a bitter expression.

What was originally just snot had now, thanks to the little fatty, smeared all over his face.

Yet the little fatty still looked a bit excited, unsure of what to say.

It seemed he was still waiting for Yang Yan's reply!

"It's alright, it's alright. I can deal with it myself, I can deal with it myself."

Seeing Gu Sheng still staring at him, the Named Disciple instantly said repeatedly, covering his face and turning to run away.

Gu Sheng watched the figure leaving hastily, immediately amused.

His chubby face plainly revealing the delight of getting revenge.

Yang Yan glanced at him and instantly understood.

Damn it!

Indeed, every fatty is a potential power player.

This guy seemed harmless, but who'd have thought that now with the advantage, he's wickedly messing with others.

No need to think, that guy must have offended Gu Sheng.

Sure enough, within the crowd, many noticed this detail, and those who were originally enjoying the spectacle suddenly froze.

At this moment, everyone finally realized all that had happened wasn't mere coincidence.

It's likely that anyone who ever offended the little fatty will have to be careful from now on.

After this small incident, the surrounding Named Disciples dispersed one after another.

Those who had enmities with Gu Sheng ran even faster.

"Wipe the snot, wipe the snot."

Taking Gu Sheng to a place with slightly fewer people, Yang Yan directly tossed out a silk handkerchief.

That's also something he brought back.

Not sure what it really is for.

"Can't use it, can't use it!"

Gu Sheng suddenly excitedly took the handkerchief, but instead of wiping the snot, he directly put it into his pants pocket.

"Alright, stop putting on airs with me! Don't butter me up, just use it for wiping snot; I'm not going to use that thing anyway."

Yang Yan smiled teasingly.

Gu Sheng chuckled silently.

He raised his right hand, pulling out a smaller piece of cloth from his sleeve, and after cleaning it, he sheepishly glanced at Yang Yan, a bit embarrassed saying:

"Yang... Yang Yan, do you really want to take me as a close servant?"

Gu Sheng was referring to what Yang Yan had previously mentioned.

Actually, it's a rule of the Ancient Abyss Sect.

When Yang Yan had received his Outer Sect token earlier, the steward particularly explained this matter to him.

Compared to these Named Disciples, Outer Sect Disciples already possess considerable privileges, having specific accommodations allocated.

Additionally, they can in the Outer Courtyard enlist a Named Disciple to specifically manage the residence and run errands.

That's where the role of close servant comes from.

After all, it would be impossible for the Outer Sect disciples to handle all errands themselves, wasting time.

However, for these Named Disciples, such a position is often highly sought after.

Don't underestimate the role of a close servant still being a Named Disciple; having a support system or not makes a significant difference.

Moreover, the sect provides monthly additional cultivation resources as subsidies for these Outer Sect disciples' close servants.

Though not much, for Gu Sheng and the others, it's exceptionally precious!

"What, you don't want to?"

Yang Yan raised his eyebrows, looking around at Gu Sheng, and then revealed a seemingly enlightened expression.

"Oh! I realize now. Judging by all that bulk, life in the Outer Courtyard must be pretty good, and you might not need to follow me. If so, alright, I'll head back then!"

After saying this, Yang Yan looked at Gu Sheng, displayed an understanding gesture, and was about to leave.

Upon hearing this, Gu Sheng suddenly stirred, rushing over to clutch Yang Yan's sleeve tightly and said:

"Yang Yan, no no, I didn't mean that, I didn't mean that!"

"I'll go with you, I'll go with you, do anything you wish, through knives and fire. If worst comes to worst, I can even..."

"Even what?"

Yang Yan turned around laughingly.

Gu Sheng stood there hesitantly, looking up and then lowering his head.

Finally, as if gathering immense courage:

"Senior Brother Yang, I can even warm the bed for you at night!"

Yang Yan staggered upon hearing this, immediately turning around to hush: "Enough of that! Come with me."

No way he could bear staying here any longer.

This brat's thoughts aren't pure!

He could even think of such outrageous things.

"Hehe! Senior Brother Yang, where are we going?"

Gu Sheng breathed a big sigh of relief, wearing a sly grin, following behind Yang Yan.

Though his personality was honest, in this moment, trailing behind Yang Yan, he couldn't help but feel a bit smug.

Chapter 1092: Token of Allegiance

Following beside Yang Yan, Gu Sheng truly experienced what it meant to have the fox exploit the tiger's might.

Indeed, the named disciples passing by them all showed faces full of respect towards Yang Yan, and from time to time, they glanced at Gu Sheng with envy.

Yang Yan could also understand his current feelings.

This Fatty, in the Outer Courtyard, had often been bullied by others.

Because of his kind and easily exploited nature, almost anyone could come and take advantage of him.

Yet who would have thought that such a punching bag of a fellow would experience a sudden reversal of fortune, unexpectedly finding an Outer Sect senior brother as his backing.

It proved the old saying:

Thirty years on the east bank, thirty years on the west bank!

At this time, many people were secretly pondering to quickly establish some connections and curry favor with Fatty.

Otherwise, if this person recalled their past grudges and came to trouble them, what would they do?!

"Naturally, to the Outer Courtyard."

Yang Yan walked ahead, speaking rightfully.

Gu Sheng took a step forward, cautiously speaking beside Yang Yan:

"Yang Yan, this is the Outer Courtyard."

"Hmm?"

Yang Yan turned his head to look at Gu Sheng, confused, then lowered his head to tug at the wooden token hanging on him, taking a glance.

"Outer Courtyard number 293 residence, where is it?"

Yang Yan asked.

Gu Sheng, upon hearing this, was stunned for a moment, then looked at Yang Yan with a somewhat peculiar expression, then lowered his head respectfully saying:

"Master, I'll take you."

"Alright."

Yang Yan responded, just lifted his foot to move forward, and suddenly retracted it.

His face full of bewilderment, he turned to Gu Sheng beside him and asked:

"You, what did you just call me?"

"Master, you are the master, I am just a named disciple, specifically responsible for your living and all miscellaneous matters, the distinction between superior and inferior."

Gu Sheng seemed to transform into a different person, no longer resembling the honest-looking self from before.

Instead, he was more like an experienced old hand at this...

Yang Yan suddenly felt that this fellow was becoming more and more interesting.

However, ultimately Fatty Gu Sheng still referred to him as Young Master according to Yang Yan's request.

Disciple classes of Ancient Abyss Sect were divided into four levels.

They were named disciples, Outer Sect disciples, Inner Sect disciples, and Core disciples respectively.

This named disciple had no personal rights; only Outer Sect disciples were considered formal disciples of Ancient Abyss Sect.

However, in reality, even Outer Sect disciples were divided into ranks.

The number of Outer Sect disciples at Ancient Abyss Sect was enormous, over thirty thousand.

As the saying goes, where there are people, there is stratification.

Not to mention cultivators!

These individuals always craved competitiveness, always fond of proving themselves through strength.

Not for any empty fame, just the cultivation resources provided by the sect were enough for many to compete fiercely.

The Outer Sect of Ancient Abyss Sect was just like this.

The thirty thousand disciples created their own Outer Sect ranking list.

Rumor has it, it was even recognized internally by Ancient Abyss Sect.

This ranking seems useless, just for show, but those on the list were the top three hundred among the Outer Sect disciples.

At the same time, they occupied the top three hundred superior residences in the Outer Courtyard.

These top three hundred residences were all places dense with spiritual qi.

Even those at the very forefront were no less than the places where ordinary Inner Sect disciples cultivated.

Therefore, Outer Sect disciples collectively referred to these as the Marquis Mansions of the Inner Sect!

Meaning the owners of these three hundred residences were candidates for Inner Sect disciples!

There was never news of any empty among the three hundred Marquis Mansions of the Inner Sect.

The owner of each was an existence that made ordinary Outer Sect disciples' hearts sink.

However, today, the three hundred Marquis Mansions of the Inner Sect, accustomed to their peace, welcomed two uninvited guests.

"Mas... hmm, Young Master, this is Ten Thousand Mountains, there is a small spirit vein passing below, it is a blessing for cultivators."

"On the mountain, there are three hundred cave dwellings; your residence is among them."

Gu Sheng carefully introduced.

"Hmm! Indeed, the scenery here is beautiful."

Yang Yan simply nodded lightly, appearing very calm.

This was not surprising.

In fact, the cultivation paradise in Gu Sheng Fatty's eyes was, to Yang Yan, just a beautiful landscape.

At least, the mountain's grandeur, the floral abundance, the forest's exuberance, was like a graceful gentleman, unmatched by any famous mountain whether in the real world or in the Hidden World.

"Halt, looking is one thing, but do you actually intend to ascend? What if you bump into a senior brother, can you afford to apologize?"

Just as Gu Sheng led the way, intending to take Yang Yan up the mountain, three named disciples in gray robes suddenly stretched out their hands to block them at the mountain path's entrance.

Yang Yan couldn't help but frown.

For this unfamiliar world, he wasn't entirely naive now and knew that these people before him were merely named disciples.

While he himself had specifically changed into the blue robe of an Outer Sect disciple!

Were they blind?

Of course not!

Did they have extraordinary backgrounds?

Of course not either.

How could someone with an extraordinary background be a named disciple?

Yang Yan looked at the three blocking his way and couldn't help but smile, asking lightly:

"Do you know who I am?"

The three named disciples immediately looked at each other puzzled.

"Get lost! You're blocking the way for our young master to return to the mansion! Do you wish to seek death?!"

Gu Sheng unexpectedly stood up, much to Yang Yan's surprise.

He raised his hand, pointing at the nose of the leading named disciple, looking fierce.

Was this still the honest Fatty he used to know?!

But Yang Yan soon understood, showing a knowing smile.

Presumably, this was Gu Sheng's pledge of allegiance.

If he wanted to board his ship, Gu Sheng had to make some display, wouldn't he?

"You all?"

The leader was instantly uncertain of Yang Yan's identity; could Yang Yan be a new Outer Sect senior brother who successfully challenged the three hundred Marquis Mansions of the Inner Sect?

But there hadn't been any news of a successful challenger recently!

One must know, every change among the three hundred mansions was a huge event making waves in the Outer Sect.

The one standing foremost seemed tall and big, yet his shoulders were slightly thin, with a horse face appearing quite ordinary.

But compared to the dark and sallow faces of named disciples Yang Yan had seen before, these people had healthy complexions.

At least, it indicated they lived quite comfortably on a daily basis.

Horse Face, accustomed to being domineering, didn't even regard some ordinary Outer Sect disciples.

To be pointed and scolded by a mere named disciple like Gu Sheng made him naturally burn with anger.

However, these named disciples, having stumbled up from the bottom, often had deep shrewdness.

Because they were unsure of Yang Yan's identity and level, they didn't dare reveal their anger on their faces.

Instead, he forcibly suppressed his temper, with a smiling face, slightly bowed towards Yang Yan, testingly said:

"So, it is senior brother. May I ask which number is senior brother's cave dwelling? We three can lead senior brother there."

Yang Yan pinched his nose without speaking, but beside him Gu Sheng stepped forward again.

This time, he was practically face to face with the horse-faced disciple.

Horse Face forced a smile, discreetly taking a half-step back, his fists tightly clenched.

Chapter 1093: Slap in the Face

"My master lives in residence 293, do you know?"

Gu Sheng maintained his fierce demeanor, coldly reporting Yang Yan's residence.

Ma Lian heard this and glanced at Yang Yan, his face instantly breaking into a smile.

Then, he turned to Gu Sheng to confirm:

"293?"

Gu Sheng nodded vigorously.

The posture seemed as if he wanted to grab the collar of the listener.

"Residence 293! Haha! You're bold! Think you can fool us? Do you know whose residence 293 belongs to?!"

Ma Lian's demeanor suddenly changed, forcefully pushing Xiaopang aside, smiling slyly at the two of them.

"Haha! Want to see what Ten Thousand Mountains is like just for the sake of it, and didn't even inquire properly before barging in? Do you really think just wearing a green robe makes any difference?"

The person behind Ma Lian laughed aloud, glancing at Yang Yan, hinting at something.

"Residence 293 belongs to the Outer Sect Senior Brother Peng, you've really come looking for trouble."

The other disciple behind Ma Lian, though not as arrogant, also showed disdain.

Evidently, if it weren't for considering the green robe on Yang Yan, they would have no qualms about resorting to violence.

"Respecting you as an Outer Sect disciple, we'll let it slide this time, just leave!"

The leading Ma Lian now appeared calm, waved his hand dismissively to let Yang Yan and company leave like he was being generous.

Yang Yan looked at the three men, squinted his eyes, and coldly uttered two words:

"Slap him!"

Gu Sheng, initially intimidated by the words of the three, felt uneasy.

After all, they understood the rules of the three hundred Inner Sect Marquis Mansions.

Just because the sect allocated it, doesn't mean it's yours.

It only means the sect favors you.

To get a good residence, you must rely on your strength to fight for it!

To be on the Outer Sect disciples' ranking list, to deserve such treatment naturally.

Gu Sheng was following Yang Yan.

Now that Yang Yan had spoken to slap them, though fearful inside, he gritted his teeth and stepped forward resolutely.

"Smack!"

Before Ma Lian could react, Gu Sheng landed a slap that left him dizzy and seeing stars.

"Smack! Smack!"

Gu Sheng seized the moment with successive slaps before the opponent could react.

Yang Yan observed this, nodding in satisfaction.

Gu Sheng's three slaps, all delivered with maximum force.

"How dare you hit me!"

Ma Lian, coming to his senses, shouted furiously and aimed a slap back at Gu Sheng.

Yang Yan wouldn't dare to hit him directly.

Essentially, he couldn't defeat him.

But Gu Sheng, nothing of note in his eyes?!

With a "bang!"

Ma Lian suddenly flew backward, dragging two disciples behind him wanting to take action.

"Ah—"

The three wailed, writhing on the ground.

Yang Yan's kick was quick and retracted even faster.

Now, he stood nonchalantly, as if nothing had happened.

Except for the slight flutter of his clothes, no one would know it was his kick.

"Who's making a commotion here?!"

A loud shout suddenly rang out, and a person abruptly emerged from the mountain's turn.

He wore a gray robe too, but his blatant demeanor was almost identical to Ma Lian and company.

Upon arriving, he immediately saw Ma Lian and the three men lying on the ground, and Yang Yan's duo.

His expression instantly turned sour.

Having some apprehension, he glanced at Yang Yan, then quickly turned and disappeared around the turn.

"Let's go."

Yang Yan said softly, and continued walking forward.

Gu Sheng quickly followed.

Ten Thousand Mountains roughly divides into several tiers.

The topmost is naturally the mountain summit.

There are three supreme residences there!

Countless Outer Sect disciples aspire to appear there.

Numerous Named Disciples worship them like gods.

Next are seven Hua Mansions, encircling the summit, towering and magnificent.

Below those, belonging to the upper part of the mountain, lie ninety caves.

The middle part of the mountain houses one hundred caves.

At the lowest part of the mountain, there are another hundred residences.

Every residence is serialized.

And differences exist subtly between each residence.

Top to bottom differs vastly.

Fang Yuan is the current master of residence 293.

Only twenty-one years old, through Qi Cultivation Level Five, he seized this cave from many Level Five pinnacle peers.

It's fair to say he's attained success quite young.

The guards at the mountain's foot are self-organized by the servants of the three hundred residences.

Essentially employing personnel from the last ten residences as guards.

Naturally, rotating among the last ten residencies.

Fang Yuan's cave ranked 293 is no exception.

Today, it's Ma Lian's turn for duty.

A missing person inside the cave is of no consequence.

Fang Yuan had been meditating in the inner chamber, rehearsing newly learned magic.

Suddenly, an inexplicable sense of unease crept over him.

Frowning, Fang Yuan interrupted his cultivation.

The unease soon ceased as well.

However, shortly after it subsided, a vibration resonated unexpectedly from the restriction outside the cave.

A faint tremor, just on the level Fang Yuan could detect.

"Who's there?"

Arrogant Fang Yuan, with a flash, appeared at the entrance, removing the barrier with a wave.

Standing before him, a Named Disciple in gray robes, crouched, trembling fearfully.

Fang Yuan frowned:

"You aren't on duty today. Why come here? Don't think Junior Wu can protect you?"

The person flinched and hastily replied:

"Brother Fang Yuan, I wouldn't dare. I've come to report; your attendant was beaten at the mountain's foot by another Outer Sect brother in green robes!"

"Who dares hit my people?!"

Fang Yuan, brimming with fury, grabbed the gray-robed disciple's collar and dragged him closer, face twisted with rage:

"Could it be a senior ranking higher than me?"

The gray robe wore a mournful look, stuttering:

"Fang... Brother Fang, that person... very unfamiliar, never seen, never seen before."

Fang Yuan frowned tighter, almost muttering to himself:

"Then it's not... could it be a challenge against me? Yan Shihu's gang?!"

"No, no! Not them, someone else."

The gray-robed disciple shook his head nervously, hurriedly explained.

"Worthless, get me there quickly!"

Fang Yuan coldly urged.

"Bang!"

Fang Yuan threw the person out.

The gray-robed disciple was disoriented, struggling to stand.

"Brother Fang, your people were beaten, my men reporting it, also deserve a beating from you?"

A sarcastic voice suddenly sounded.

The owner of the voice also appeared.

Seeing the newcomer, Fang Yuan's face stiffened, anger slightly mellowed.

Chapter 1094: Words Become Law?

From a distance he cupped his fists and said:

"Junior Wu, I lost my temper just now, my apologies. A medium-grade Spirit Stone, take it as medicine money."

"Good!"

The sullen-faced man's expression instantly cleared up.

Then he turned a hostile gaze on the gray-robed disciple on the ground and said flatly:

"What are you still lying there for? Need me to send you back to be a menial?"

A Named Disciple never has any human rights!

And what these Outer Sect disciples care about is nothing but face and profit.

Their own servant got a beating, the other side paid him back face and even threw in a medium-grade Spirit Stone. This matter was as good as over.

As for how the bullied Named Disciple felt in his heart, that wasn't within the scope of their consideration at all.

What happened up above, Yang Yan didn't know.

But with that kind of commotion, big or small, Yang Yan could still hear it.

With a bit of thought, he didn't need anyone to lead the way. Yang Yan led Gu Sheng, who was also stepping here for the first time, directly toward the source of the sound.

"Wu... Wu."

The gray-robed man lying on the ground suddenly widened his eyes and hurriedly pointed his right hand toward Wu's side.

"I told you to get up, what are you jumping around for?!"

Wu grew even angrier and questioned him viciously.

He was already considering whether he should swap this Named Disciple out for another attendant.

Anyway, as one of the elite among the Outer Sect disciples, there were countless Named Disciples who wanted to cling to this big tree of his.

Once he had the thought, there would definitely be innumerable Named Disciples recommending themselves.

"N-no, that's not it."

The gray-robed man clawed at the ground in anxiety, trying to struggle to his feet.

Just then, Fang Yuan walked over, glanced at him lightly, and said:

"Trash."

The two light words floated out, making Wu's face grow even uglier.

"It's you two?"

As Yang Yan led Gu Sheng upward, a thin man suddenly flashed out in front to block the way.

His green robe confirmed his status as an Outer Sect disciple.

That lofty air of his made it seem like whoever he met had to be a level below him.

"And you are?"

Yang Yan already had his guess confirmed in his heart, so his words held no respect at all. Instead, he looked lazy and casual.

The thin man in front split his mouth in amusement:

"Heh! You're quite interesting."

"So what? A good dog shouldn't block the road."

Yang Yan looked at the thin man with a harmless smile, but his mouth showed no mercy.

"You injured my man and you're still this arrogant in front of me. Looks like you're pretty capable, planning to play the fierce dragon crossing the river?"

Yang Yan asked back noncommittally:

"And who are you?"

A flash of anger and surprise passed through the thin man's eyes, then he laughed in fury:

"Such arrogance! You want to challenge me and don't even know who I am?!"

"Kid, remember this, the one who cripples you is named Fang Yuan!"

Clearly infuriated by Yang Yan's "who are you," Fang Yuan viciously swung a slap at him without holding back.

Fights between Outer Sect disciples were common.

After all, they were all hot-blooded youths!

Even crippling someone's Cultivation wasn't unheard of.

Compared to such a huge sect, between a top-three-hundred Outer Sect disciple and an ordinary Outer Sect disciple, which side weighed more was obvious at a glance.

So Fang Yuan was completely fearless.

He wasn't afraid that crippling this unknown Outer Sect disciple in front of him would bring him any consequences.

"Smack!"

A loud, crisp slap.

A red, swollen palm print rapidly puffed up on that fair face.

Yang Yan watched Fang Yuan, who was covering his face in front of him, with a smile, and earnestly lectured:

"When you hit someone, you shouldn't hit the face."

"You! Courting death!"

Fang Yuan was inwardly shocked out of his wits, but he still roared subconsciously.

He was the one who'd struck first just now, so how had he somehow ended up on the receiving end of Yang Yan's slap?

From start to finish, he hadn't even seen how Yang Yan made his move!

However, that didn't stop him from trying to take back the field.

"Sparks Set the Forest Ablaze!"

Infuriated, Fang Yuan waved his hand, bellowing.

Boom!

A vast swathe of bright yellow flames exploded from Fang Yuan's sleeve, surging straight for Yang Yan's face.

Words Become Law?

Yang Yan's heart gave a jolt.

In his eyes, Fang Yuan in front of him was only at a level where he could be punched to death.

However, this Words Become Law realm was still too shocking to Yang Yan.

So this was the innate advantage of a Cultivator?

Yang Yan's eyes narrowed and his feet were no slower. He actually grabbed the somewhat dumbstruck Gu Sheng and vanished from where they stood.

When they appeared again, the two of them were eerily standing behind Fang Yuan.

Meanwhile, that sheet of fire seemed to swell at the slightest breeze.

In the blink of an eye, a sea of flames over ten square meters wide surged where the two had just been standing.

However, those flames only lasted a moment before Fang Yuan drew them back.

"Where are they?!"

The furious Fang Yuan couldn't see a trace of Yang Yan or Gu Sheng.

He wasn't arrogant enough to think that his current mortal flames could instantly burn two living people into air.

"Fang Yuan, behind you!"

Wu stared at Yang Yan in shock and blurted out a reminder.

Even as a bystander, he had no idea how Yang Yan had suddenly appeared behind Fang Yuan.

The Body Technique Yang Yan had just displayed was practically Instant Teleportation.

"Die!"

Fang Yuan whirled around, his fist shooting out before his eyes even found the target.

Bang!

When Fang Yuan finally saw clearly, he couldn't help but be shocked.

In his panic, he instinctively tried to pull back his strength, but it was a step too late.

There was no trace of Yang Yan behind him—only that gray-robed disciple!

Bang!

With a dull thud of fist on flesh, the gray-robed disciple didn't even get the chance to scream before he was blasted flying.

Snatched up by Yang Yan and used again, the gray-robed disciple flew out more than ten meters and crashed heavily to the ground.

He landed face down, a pool of blood slowly seeping from the corner of his mouth, life or death unknown.

Yang Yan calmly put down the chubby Gu Sheng and walked over to take a look at the gray-robed man.

He shook his head with a helpless look and sighed lightly:

"Sigh, what a pity, no way he's living through that. Better prepare for the funeral."

Fang Yuan was so enraged he was about to ascend heaven in anger, his eyes blazing.

He raised his hand and pointed at Yang Yan, grinding out:

"You barged into Ten Thousand Mountains for no reason and even killed someone in front of my cave abode. By sect law, you should be executed!"

With that, Fang Yuan turned to look at Wu and said:

"Brother Wu, this fiend is truly a disaster to Ancient Abyss Sect. You and I should join forces to eliminate him!"

Wu seemed to have been waiting for those words and immediately said:

"Don't worry, Fang. Leaving aside the sect rules, just for the sake of the bond between you and me, I have to take this fiend down to vent the hatred in my heart!"

After he spoke, he stared fixedly at Yang Yan, face full of righteous indignation.

In truth, neither of them was stupid; both had already realized that Yang Yan in front of them was no ordinary character.

Thus, one wanted to borrow Wu's strength to deal with Yang Yan together.

The other also feared Yang Yan's strength and was thinking of strangling this potential competitor in the cradle.

Chapter 1095: You Handle It

Fang Yuan instantly pinned a huge accusation on Yang Yan, with an air of righteous indignation and deep disgust, leaving Yang Yan, who was accustomed to all sorts of treacherous faces, quite astonished.

Whoosh whoosh whoosh!

It was not the sound of hidden weapons.

In the sky, several longswords whizzed by, their piercing sound lingering for a long time.

The sword lights that had originally left surprisingly turned back.

At the forefront, the broad silhouette was the most striking.

"I want to see who dares to disgrace my good brother?"

After the sword lights descended, several figures landed, and they stood in a row in front of Yang Yan.

Everyone wore a broad smile, greeting Yang Yan humbly.

"Yang! Greetings Yang!"

"Yang, what a coincidence!"

"Yang, are you in trouble?"

...

Little Fatty Gu Sheng looked at the scene before him, his mouth agape.

This...

A group of Outer Sect disciples in blue robes were fawning over his master Yang Yan?

Yang Yan had just entered the Outer Sect, right?

This is too unbelievable!

Yang Yan scrutinized them and found that the group led by Third Prince Long Jie were indeed the powerful aristocrats.

Long Jie faced him with a grin, and the young master Xu Jie from a Marquis Mansion with past grudges against him, needless to say.

Seeing Yang Yan not responding to their gaze, the few individuals felt awkward themselves.

Especially Xu Jie, who wanted to regain some face in front of Yang Yan, turned around and shouted:

"Who dares to be so ignorant? Daring to offend my Yang brother? Are you tired of living? Is it you? Or you?!"

As he spoke, Xu Jie unleashed his peak fifth-stage Qi Cultivation completely.

Very tacitly, more than ten aristocrats behind him also turned and displayed their realms.

A row of peak fifth-stage Qi Cultivation.

Third Prince Long Jie had even half a foot into the sixth stage!

In an instant, Fang Yuan and Martial Artist Wu's faces turned green!

Martial Artist Wu had long seen their extraordinariness, shaking his head furiously like a rattle drum, repeatedly saying:

"It's none of my business, it's none of my business!"

Every disciple able to reside in the Inner Sect's three hundred Marquis Mansions was not simple, at least equally at the fifth stage, one could fight two, or even three ordinary Outer Sect disciples.

However, making him face a bunch of tough guys, this Martial Artist Wu declared he truly had no friendship with Fang Yuan.

Fang Yuan threw a gloomy glance at Martial Artist Wu, a hint of contempt in his gaze, seeming to despise his timidity.

He then turned to Xu Jie, slowly straightened his chest, lifted his proud head, and stared directly at him, saying:

"I am the master of the two hundred and ninety-third mansion, you have intruded into Ten Thousand Mountains. Do you not regard our three hundred brothers at Ten Thousand Mountains?"

"My elder brother ranks at the one hundred and thirty-eight mansion at Ten Thousand Mountains, do you know that?"

Fang Yuan's words carried an implicit threat.

As he said this, his hawk-like eyes fixed on Xu Jie.

He was pressuring Xu Jie to yield!

"Oh? Your brother is at the one hundred and thirty-eight mansion?"

Long Jie behind Xu Jie suddenly took interest.

He stepped forward a few paces, instructing Fang Yuan like a junior, patting him on the shoulder, and kindly saying:

"You, it's forgivable that you disregard others, but offending Yang, that's your mistake. You say your brother is at the one hundred and thirty-eight mansion?"

Fang Yuan clenched his fist tightly, the veins popping out.

He hadn't expected this wouldn't suppress the group.

Didn't they know what ranking one hundred and thirty-eight among the Inner Sect's three hundred Marquis Mansions meant?

To know, among the tens of thousands of Outer Sect disciples, his brother ranked in the top two hundred, a superlative existence!

"Yes! Do you still intend to stand up for this kid?!"

Fang Yuan suddenly turned to Yang Yan, and said disdainfully:

"Don't think just because there are many people..."

"Bam!"

Just as Fang Yuan spoke halfway, a beam of light flew over, forcefully silencing his words.

The next moment, the other half of his face also rapidly swelled and reddened.

Fang Yuan directly froze on the spot.

Long Jie looked around, leisurely retracted his right hand with a satisfied expression:

"Now it's symmetrical! Good, good, the force was just right."

By the sound of it, it seemed this slap was merely playing around.

After Long Jie moved his hand, the remaining aristocrats swarmed over, surrounding Fang Yuan alone.

Facing more than ten experts of equal realm, even someone like Fang Yuan was rendered speechless.

He could only stand there, his legs trembling slightly, pointing at Long Jie before him, stammering:

"You... you all..."

Boom!

Long Jie, without warning, raised his leg and kicked forcefully.

"We what?"

Poor Fang Yuan couldn't even finish his sentence, landing flat on his back, clutching his stomach on the ground unable to regain his composure.

Clang clang clang...

More than ten longswords simultaneously unsheathed, the sharp blades hovered above Fang Yuan.

Fang Yuan, even with a belly full of resentment, was forced to swallow it down, not daring to utter a single protest.

"Bah!"

Long Jie spat fiercely at Fang Yuan on the ground, kicked him with his foot, and said gleamingly:

"Kid, you said your brother is the master of the one hundred and thirty-eighth mansion. Do you know who my Yang brother is?"

With a swollen pig-face, Fang Yuan shamefully wished to find a hole to crawl into.

After hearing Long Jie's words, he indignantly exclaimed:

"How would I know who he is?!"

"He's the Dao Sacred..."

Xu Jie's sentence abruptly halted, his eyes darted sideways, quickly turning to Yang Yan apologetically:

"Yang... Yang, I'm sorry, in a moment of urgency I almost let slip, please forgive."

The sect had long issued a gag order, forbidding anyone who knew Yang Yan was a Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body from speaking out.

Otherwise, there was only one consequence—

Death!

Before a Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body, the mere lives of a few Outer Sect disciples amounted to nothing!

"Dao Sacred Body?! He's the legendary son of the Dao, the holder of the Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body?!"

However, the quick-thinking Fang Yuan already guessed Xu Jie's original words beneath him!

At this moment, his complexion turned pale, just as he saw Yang Yan shaking his head, appearing indifferent.

For the moment, his lips turned bluish-purple!

Xu Jie could not swallow the remaining words, turning to exchange a glance with Long Jie.

Without consulting Fang Yuan's opinion, he sought Yang Yan's permission:

"Yang, this boy overheard our conversation, has already leaked the secret. Shall we help you deal with him?"

Yang Yan still maintained an indifferent attitude, nodding casually:

"Handle him as you see fit, just a trivial matter, I'll go check out the new residence first."

Xu Jie pointed at Fang Yuan and Martial Artist Wu, saying solemnly:

"Yes! Don't worry Yang, these two will never appear before you again!"

Martial Artist Wu's face changed dramatically, immediately trying to rush down the mountain path.

Two sharp-eyed aristocrats sprang up, wielding swords as they rushed forward.

Chapter 1096: Refusal to Meet

"Clang, clang, clang..."

The sound of weapons clashing, and Yang Yan didn't know what happened afterwards.

However, before he left, he took a glance and found that those two managed to force Wu into a sorry state almost instantly.

With Xu Jie and Long Jie around, dealing with these two wouldn't be a problem.

These spoiled brats with powerful backgrounds must be here at Ten Thousand Mountains to challenge those ranked grotto heavens.

But, they happened to come across this matter, naturally wanting to show off in front of him to establish connections.

"Young master, that scene just now was really thrilling!"

Gu Sheng followed behind Yang Yan, exclaiming in excitement.

He was still savoring the scenes that just unfolded.

The three hundred Marquis Mansion disciples, pretentious as they were, gained nothing in front of Yang Yan.

What was more satisfying was that Yang Yan barely had to lift a finger as those suddenly appearing noble children beat them up.

Yang Yan had reached the entrance of a grotto heaven.

The entrance was small, seemingly only allowing one person to pass through.

The stone walls engraved with large archaic script—

293.

This was the grotto heaven marked on Yang Yan's token.

A thin barrier still enveloped the exterior, and when Yang Yan touched it, he couldn't help but frown.

"The thrill is irrelevant now. What's up with this barrier?"

Yang Yan asked because he felt even he might not be able to break through this barrier.

"Young master, the sect arranged this, I've heard it's for the protection of disciples in seclusion and their abode."

"Without Foundation Establishment cultivation, breaking this barrier is impossible."

Gu Sheng's chubby face beamed with joy, with his small eyes squeezed into slits from excitement.

"How do I enter?"

Yang Yan pressed on.

Gu Sheng hurriedly explained:

"Young master, don't you have a token? Once you've bound it with a blood drop, you can go right in. The barrier will respond to your command."

Yang Yan furrowed his brows slightly:

"Oh? If that's the case, doesn't Fang Yuan have one too?"

Saying this, Yang Yan had already taken out the grotto heaven token, conjuring a drop of blood from his fingertip, which promptly merged into the token.

In the next moment, Yang Yan felt an inexplicable connection with the grotto heaven token and the barrier before him.

"Young master, your friend will surely destroy his token later, or send it over. They know this, naturally."

Yang Yan shook his head, feeling like a fool in the cultivation world who knew nothing.

Abandoning distracting thoughts, as he focused his will, the barrier outside the entrance vanished.

A narrow opening appeared, just enough for one person to enter.

Yang Yan glanced back at Gu Sheng with an inexplicable look.

With his figure...

Well, fortunately, he could barely squeeze in.

So, Yang Yan said nothing more, leading the short, chubby, overly excited Gu Sheng inside.

However, after just a few steps, they discovered the inside to be unexpectedly spacious.

After navigating a short, narrow passage, Yang Yan found himself in an expansive stone chamber.

A finely crafted, antique square wooden table stood in the center, surrounded by four chairs of the same style.

A teapot rested on the table.

Apart from these few items, the large stone chamber was otherwise empty.

Looking further, a passage led deeper into the mountain's core.

Doors appeared on either side of the passage.

Yang Yan counted about six rooms.

At the innermost door, he found a spacious master bedroom.

Its furnishings were complete.

Yet, these furnishings were antique, exuding an ancient charm.

Of the other six rooms, three were ordinary rooms.

They contained beds and some simple utensils, lacking sophistication in both design and material.

They seemed to be quarters for servants.

The other three were designated as the Alchemy Room, study, and Seclusion Room.

These three small rooms had their own barriers.

Besides Yang Yan, unless one had sufficient strength to forcefully break through, no one could enter.

Altogether, the grotto heaven was surprisingly over two hundred square meters!

But remembering how vast Ten Thousand Mountains appeared from the base, Yang Yan felt at ease.

If outer sect disciples have such arrangements, what about the inner sect?

Yang Yan felt a sense of anticipation.

"Young master, everything's been sorted. Most of Fang Yuan's items have been discarded."

Gu Sheng, sweating profusely, approached with respect.

Apart from the Alchemy Room's herbs and large cauldron, and the study's books left by Fang Yuan, all mundane objects were discarded.

Yang Yan had no habit of using others' belongings.

"Alright, find yourself a room as a bedroom, and don't bother me."

After speaking, Yang Yan entered the study.

The study contained not only Fang Yuan's collection but books left by previous grotto heaven owners.

They seemed numerous, resembling a miniature library.

But in reality, most were trivial.

For example, the book in Yang Yan's hand, 'Wandering Dragon Star Mirror,' discussed the general background and anecdotes of Wandering Dragon Star.

Much content known to native Wandering Dragon Star residents made it irrelevant.

But Yang Yan didn't know!

So, he read with zest.

The Ancient Abyss Sect was merely a seventh-rate sect, ranking ninth among the ten seventh-rate sects on Wandering Dragon Star, at the bottom.

Wandering Dragon Star was a seventh-level cultivation star.

Above the seventh were sixth-level and fifth-level cultivation star systems.

Each star system had a transcendent Daoist Sect Law Enforcement Alliance.

The Dao Sect, a second-rate sect, seemed to be the leader of all cultivation sects?

"Young master."

Yang Yan had just settled in when the recently instructed Gu Sheng called from outside.

"What's the matter?"

Yang Yan furrowed his brow slightly.

"That group of friends of yours has arrived."

Gu Sheng lowered his voice, sensing Yang Yan's displeasure.

"Not seeing them!"

Yang Yan instantly thought of Long Jie and his group, directly refusing.

If he hadn't displayed the Sacred Body, how could those people possibly flatter him?

Such people were only good for occasional greetings.

As for deep friendship?

He's not a fool.

"But they mentioned bringing Fang Yuan's token."

Gu Sheng added hesitantly.

"Destroy the token on the spot and ask them to leave."

Yang Yan replied impatiently.

"Got it!"

Gu Sheng wasn't as naive as he seemed?

If that were true, countless times he should've died in the Outer Courtyard ruled by the law of the jungle.

He understood Yang Yan's implication, thus turned around at the entrance, saying:

"Apologies, my young master is in urgent seclusion, inconvenient for guests. The young master said just destroy the token here."

Gu Sheng's speech showcased his diplomatic skills.

At least from his perspective, though unable at present to aid his master, he shouldn't create enemies for Yang Yan!

Chapter 1097: Astonished

"Emergency seclusion? Could it be that Yang's cultivation encountered some misfortune?"

Xu Jie stood outside and pondered for a moment, then turned his right hand around, revealing a pill bottle with a slender neck.

"There are three Heart Cleansing Pills in here, not only can they eliminate heart demons, but also prevent them. Taking them during cultivation is even more beneficial. You can open the restriction later and give them to Yang."

This action by Xu Jie drew side glances from the people nearby.

Even Fatty Long Jie's round face twitched twice involuntarily.

These are Heart Cleansing Pills!

And damn it, three of them!

This guy Xu Jie is really spending big money.

However, Long Jie, being the Third Prince, comes from strong roots.

He was not to be outdone, directly removing a token from his body and said:

"This is the Imperial Decree my father bestowed upon me, although it's a royal item, it has special uses. Wearing it naturally gathers Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi."

This action by Third Prince Long Jie once again opened people's eyes.

Turns out, winning someone over can be done this way!

The Heart Cleansing Pill, the palace plaque that comes with a Spirit-Attracting Array, aren't they all top-prized items in everyone's eyes?

The remaining nobles, even if they wished to make friends with Yang Yan, felt ashamed that they simply couldn't produce anything valuable.

Even if they did, it would merely be to accompany Third Prince Long Jie and Xu Jie.

Since that's the case, better not take out anything.

"Thank you. We'll be off now, please tell Yang that we will visit next time."

Long Jie bowed respectfully and said.

"Safe travels."

At this moment, Gu Sheng was calm.

He seemed to understand that Yang Yan is now highly sought after, causing those noble descendants who were usually aloof and snobbish to have this attitude.

After Long Jie and his group left, the restriction on the cave mansion opened automatically.

Gu Sheng's eyes lit up, he hurriedly grabbed the wooden plaque, pill bottle, palace plaque, and other items in his hands, running excitedly into the cave mansion.

"Young master, young master!"

Just a few steps in, he saw Yang Yan walking out of the study.

With Yang Yan's cultivation level, how could he not know what happened outside the mansion?

"Young master, they're... they're all good stuff! Good stuff!"

Gu Sheng eagerly handed the items in his hands to Yang Yan, so excited he was nearly incoherent.

Yang Yan simply waved his hand, and the pill bottle and palace plaque disappeared.

The remaining wooden plaque was still in Gu Sheng's hand.

It was Fang Yuan's number 293 cave mansion wooden plaque.

Yang Yan glanced over it calmly, and said:

"You hold onto this, you can freely enter and exit the mansion's restriction, but don't perform a blood recognition to claim ownership, understand?"

One controls the restriction, the other enters and exits it, the privileges are naturally worlds apart.

But Gu Sheng was already thrilled beyond measure.

This was Yang Yan's trust in him!

His plump body trembled slightly, and the wide gray robe swayed.

"Thud!"

Gu Sheng suddenly knelt down, looked up at Yang Yan, forcefully squeezed a few tears from his eyes.

"The young master sees me as trusted ally, I, Gu Sheng, will never betray the young master's trust! From now on, even if it's a matter of life and death, it only requires a single word from you!"

What a drama queen...

Yang Yan, carrying the pill bottle and palace plaque back to his room, took out two pills and put them in his hand.

Pure and flawless, although they had no pill fragrance, Yang Yan could see they indeed had good medicinal properties.

However, these were casually given by others, he dared not eat them just like that.

The Heart Cleansing Pills, I'll save them.

Then Yang Yan picked up the jade palace plaque to inspect it, feeling the unique coolness of the jade.

This piece of jade is really good!

Even though Yang Yan has seen and owned countless treasures, he couldn't suppress a feeling of admiration.

This Jade Pendant is just palm-sized, engraved with a fierce, clawed Azure Dragon.

This must be the Third Prince Long Jie's personal Jade Pendant?

Holding it in his hand, Yang Yan clearly sensed the spiritual energy gathered towards him.

Within it, there must be a hidden Spirit-Attracting Array.

It's comparable to being in a place with dense spiritual energy wherever Yang Yan goes.

Cultivating surely becomes twice as effective with half the effort.

However, for Yang Yan's Flawless Divine Body, such an array appears to be useless.

If enough spiritual energy could allow Yang Yan to advance, his breakthroughs would be as easy as drinking water.

With the novelty gone, Yang Yan casually understood the purpose of the items, and then discarded them to the side.

Soon after, he took out the Wandering Dragon Star Mirror to read carefully.

Yang Yan spent the day at his new residence, except for some minor interruptions, the rest of the time was spent reading.

Among the books, he found low-level magic techniques for cultivators quite interesting.

For instance, the Sparks Set the Forest Ablaze move Fang Yuan used against him was merely a low-level Fire Control Technique.

All outer sect disciples cultivate low-level magic techniques.

Each magic technique has varying power depending on its practitioner's skill.

Yang Yan effortlessly comprehended the fire attribute spiritual energy in the air just by reading the Fire Control Technique.

The next step, he directly guided the fire attribute spiritual energy to form a small flame in his hand.

The fireball looked ordinary, but whoever saw it would be alarmed by its terrifying power within.

"Hmm, not bad! It seems the application of power in this world is far more advanced than Earth."

Yang Yan nodded in satisfaction.

Although it's fire, it didn't burn its owner.

Moreover, since it's magic, his mind controlled it effortlessly, words become law.

This fire can be used to attack or defend, all decided in a single thought by Yang Yan.

Time flew by.

The next day, the sun was bright, the breeze gentle.

Drops of rain fell from the sky, carried by the wind onto people's bodies.

At this moment, standing alone on a small hill in Ten Thousand Mountains was none other than Yang Yan who hadn't slept all night.

Despite sleeplessness, Yang Yan showed no signs of fatigue; on the contrary, he appeared even more energetic.

At this moment, his hands were clasped behind his back, the green robe gradually getting drenched.

The breeze brushed against him, invoking a refreshing sense.

He looked poetically at the distant scenery, couldn't help but recite:

"Indeed, it's the season of yellow plum rains, with every house graced by rain, and frogs singing in every pond. Truly a splendid scene!"

"That poem is quite good."

A bright female voice suddenly echoed from above.

Yang Yan couldn't help but be speechless, turning to look, he noticed a woman gracefully walking down the hill.

In the north, there is a beauty, unmatched and solitary.

"I didn't know the lady was here, pardon my presumptuousness."

At that moment, Yang Yan felt quite surprised inside.

Initially, upon waking up and being silently approached by Fatty Gu Sheng, he was puzzled.

Now, with a random woman approaching while he was in peak condition, without him noticing, it's quite terrifying!

If an enemy were to stand behind you with a knife, yet you remained unaware, how alarming would that be?

Seems he needs to ask for advice from Gu Sheng.

Yang Yan silently resolved in his heart.

Chapter 1098: Rumors

A figure in white appeared before Yang Yan, a pair of small pointed shoes, with fair feet just slightly visible.

Yang Yan stepped back two steps, feeling apologetic, and said:

"Sorry to disturb."

"What disturbance? If anything, it should be me disturbing you."

The voice was clear, crisp, and pleasant to the ear.

Yang Yan couldn't help but glance upwards.

From afar, she didn't seem extraordinary, but up close, she was breathtaking.

This woman was more beautiful than any woman Yang Yan had ever seen before.

Even Steward Yu pales in comparison.

It's not about the difference in beauty.

Both these women are flawlessly beautiful, hard to distinguish between.

Steward Yu is like a lotus emerging from clear water.

However, this white-clad woman's aura is like a celestial being from the Nine Heavens Palace, naturally exuding immortal qi.

One can't help but admire her upon seeing her, even Yang Yan was no exception.

"Yang Yan, pays respects to the celestial maiden."

Yang Yan sincerely cupped his hands and said.

"Wang Peicong."

The woman smiled charmingly and said softly.

Wang Peicong?

That should be her name.

The woman slightly raised her jade hand, as if intending to catch the raindrops in front.

Her gaze looked towards the sky, her lips gently parted:

"Is there a continuation to this poem?"

Yang Yan blushed slightly, the poem was just his random inspiration... well, borrowed.

The key was that the next two lines were inappropriate, so he had to awkwardly say:

"It was just inspired, haven't thought of the next lines."

The white-clad woman turned to look at Yang Yan, her clear eyes didn't contain any blemishes.

"If it weren't for me coming out of the Ruyi Sect this morning by chance, I would have thought you knew beforehand and were deliberately waiting for me here."

"Ruyi Sect?"

Yang Yan expressed he didn't understand.

The white-clad woman laughed lightly:

"Jade Ruyi, don't you know?"

Yang Yan shook his head with a bitter smile.

He had just arrived here, had never heard of any Jade Ruyi.

Speaking of which, he knew about Steward Yu.

But that woman seemed decent in appearance, but too hot-tempered.

"Seems you don't even know me. Are you a new disciple?"

The white-clad woman's eyes showed a hint of curiosity as she asked, intrigued.

"Yes, are you my senior sister?"

Yang Yan nodded gently and smiled as he asked.

He saw her descending the mountain, guessed she ranked ahead among the Inner Sect's three hundred marquis mansions.

"Senior sister? I suppose so!"

The woman softly chuckled.

I suppose so...

That simple sentence seemed to lift Yang Yan's soul.

He suddenly felt wary, looking at the exceptionally beautiful white-clad woman with a hint of caution.

This woman is definitely proficient in sound technique.

How else could her words be so touching?

Seems he's still too relaxed, otherwise wouldn't keep falling into traps!

If he doesn't adjust his mindset, Yang Yan fears he wouldn't even know how he died.

After all, this place is not the Hidden World or the mundane world, but a new world full of unknowns.

All these thoughts in mind happened just in an instant.

On the surface, Yang Yan wore a silly grin, seemingly enchanted by the woman's beauty.

Upon seeing Yang Yan's dazed expression, the white-clad woman indeed slightly lowered her head, a trace of regret seemed to flash in her eyes.

Then, she lifted her jade foot and walked down the mountain.

"Senior sister where are you going? Why don't you use sword control?"

Yang Yan called after her.

"It's just that time allows me to walk, naturally returning to the mansion."

The white-clad woman replied without turning back, throwing out such a poetic remark.

Heh!

Seems she's a literary enthusiast.

Yang Yan found himself amused watching her gradually disappearing figure.

Just returning to the mansion...

So, she was descending the mountain?

Yang Yan suddenly seemed to realize something, a glint of insight passed through his eyes.

Since she's not wearing a green robe, she must be at least an Inner Sect disciple.

Jade Ruyi?

No matter!

He would find an opportunity to understand it better in the future.

Yang Yan gently shook his head, walked to a pair of large and small boulders, stretched out his right hand, and Star Night appeared in his hand out of thin air.

However, Star Night revealed its first edge in this realm, used by its master to... carve stone.

In a short while, two adjacent stones were carved by Yang Yan into a stone table and a stone stool.

Looking at his creation, Yang Yan nodded with satisfaction.

In the following days, Yang Yan squeezed every second to cultivate and practice various new magical techniques he learned.

With natural talent and inherent strength, learning things was incredibly efficient, with hardly any difficulty.

In his spare time from cultivation, he would often take leisure to enjoy the scenery and read various ancient texts.

Of course, occasionally he would seize opportunities to admire beauties too.

These days were quite leisurely.

In a blink of an eye, Yang Yan had been in this world for half a month.

During this time, several shocking news began to circulate within the Outer Sect of the Ancient Abyss Sect.

Firstly, was Yang Yan, as a newly admitted Outer Sect disciple, seized one of the Inner Sect's three hundred marquis mansion seats on the first day.

Yang Yan went from an unknown figure to suddenly becoming famous in the Outer Sect.

Secondly, was the Third Prince Long Jie and his group, who shone brightly.

These talented aristocratic youths seized a seat in the three hundred marquis mansion as soon as they entered the Outer Sect.

Their strength was truly remarkable.

Thirdly, was the Fourth Prince Long Ming, whose dao body was exposed, and was directly accepted as a disciple by the Sect Leader.

The disciple acceptance ceremony will be held after the sect's freshman ceremony.

Fourthly, is also about Yang Yan.

However, compared to the previous three, this news was more secretive, and it's unclear who the person involved actually is.

It was Yang Yan's Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body revealed in the school ground!

Even though the Ancient Abyss Sect tried every means, the matter of the sect accepting a top disciple with a Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body still inevitably spread.

Now, within the sect, most discussions revolved around the mysterious person with the Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body.

Many sect female disciples have already set their hearts on that disciple with the Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body, who hasn't appeared yet.

The rumors from outside would occasionally reach Yang Yan's ears.

When he heard some talented inner sect senior sister had already declared her intent to pursue the disciple with the Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body, Yang Yan couldn't help but smile.

Time slowly passed amidst the ever-spreading rumors.

On the tenth day after entering the sect, the new student competition of the Ancient Abyss Sect finally began!

This rookie competition was open to named disciples, outer sect disciples, and inner sect disciples.

Named disciples were placed in a separate battle zone, and outstanding performers could be directly admitted into the Outer Sect.

Outer sect disciples, inner sect disciples, and core disciples were in one battle zone.

Despite the large difference in status among the three, they were all freshmen, just entering the sect, so the realms couldn't be too vastly different.

Thus, in accordance with past rules, they were all grouped together.

Chapter 1099: Freshmen Tournament

However, according to Yang Yan's knowledge, it seems there are no core disciples in this year's new student competition.

There are only inner sect disciples and outer sect disciples.

Although the Fourth Prince, Long Ming, has been taken as a pupil by the Sect Leader, he has not yet officially been accepted as a disciple.

So according to the rules of the Ancient Abyss Sect, he still cannot be considered a core disciple.

Therefore, for this new student competition, the only thing Yang Yan is interested in is the first place reward.

The Butcher Palace, rumored to be a small palace spiritual treasure, is considered a middle-grade among spiritual treasures.

Its size can be adjusted at will, as small as the palm of a hand, but as large as an ordinary palace.

Imagine, in the wilderness, a man and woman are traveling, night falls, the man waves his sleeve, and a palace appears out of thin air...

Hehe!

The scene would be indescribably wonderful.

Of course, this is just one of Yang Yan's trivial thoughts.

What he truly values is the grade of this spiritual treasure.

After some intensive study, he has come to have a considerable understanding of this world.

The spiritual artifacts used in the cultivation world are classified into magical artifacts, magical treasures, and spiritual treasures by their levels.

Magical artifacts are the most basic magical implements.

They are generally used by disciples below the sixth level of Qi Cultivation.

Magical treasures and spiritual treasures are again subdivided into four sub-grades:

Low-grade, middle-grade, high-grade, and supreme-grade.

The first place prize of this new student competition, the Butcher Palace, is a middle-grade spiritual treasure.

Such a good thing, even some elders within the sect regard it with great value, so the newly arrived Yang Yan is naturally envious.

Of course, some capable newcomers are also eager to try and showcase their skills in the competition to win the treasure, achieving fame and fortune.

But there are also smart people who have already seen through everything and sneer at it.

The reward for first place in this new student competition is so generous, probably prepared for the disciple with the Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body!

Of course, knowing is easier than doing.

Under such a valuable treasure, there are still quite a few who dare to challenge it.

Yang Yan didn't know he would have many competitors for the championship; at this moment, he was leisurely walking down the Ten Thousand Mountains with Gu Sheng.

The Ancient Abyss Sect's new student competition will officially commence this morning.

It seems the Ten Thousand Mountains hasn't received the news of the new student competition.

On the mountain path, there were only Yang Yan and Gu Sheng.

"Isn't it said that all disciples of the Ancient Abyss Sect will return to observe the ceremony?"

Yang Yan looked around, seeing no one, and couldn't help but ask in a low voice.

"Young master, the senior brothers of the three hundred Marquis Mansions in the inner sect will probably wait until a certain time to go."

Gu Sheng cautiously replied from behind.

"Why?"

Yang Yan asked suspiciously.

Gu Sheng sneered:

"What else! Naturally, it's to show their different status!"

Yang Yan gently shook his head and laughed lightly:

"Ha! After all, not outer sect disciples, why distinguish ranks."

After leaving these words, he didn't say more, and along with Gu Sheng, continued leisurely towards the arena.

The arena is the training ground where disciples' qualifications were previously tested, located on the main mountain of the Ancient Abyss Sect, the Ancient Mountain.

The training ground is very large, enough to accommodate hundreds of thousands of people.

Originally without stands, now they appeared out of thin air.

Previously without those rows of platforms, now they have sprung up.

Such is the means of immortals!

When Yang Yan and Gu Sheng arrived, it was neither early nor late.

Only about half the crowd had gathered, roughly around a hundred thousand disciples.

Most were wearing gray robes of the named disciples, making up at least three-fifths of the total.

Green-robed disciples accounted for two-fifths, while none were inner sect disciples.

However, Yang Yan did notice many black-robed sect stewards on the scene.

The cultivation of these stewards was generally around the fifth and sixth levels of Qi Cultivation.

The highest was only the seventh level of Qi Cultivation.

Initially, Yang Yan thought the stewards should have considerable status in the Ancient Abyss Sect.

Now it seems, it's not as he thought.

Then, he turned back to ask Gu Sheng:

"Where did these sect stewards come from?"

Gu Sheng replied with his head lowered:

"Young master, most of these stewards are outer sect disciples who cannot advance further. They are primarily responsible for handling various sect affairs."

"Because stewards receive more resources from the sect, many outer sect disciples can use this opportunity to break through to the sixth or even seventh level of Qi Cultivation."

"However, these people can no longer enter the inner sect. Oh, there is one exception..."

Gu Sheng suddenly seemed to recall something and glanced at Yang Yan with some hesitation.

Yang Yan immediately nodded, signaling Gu Sheng to continue.

"Sometimes, when the sect assigns tasks and there aren't enough stewards, they issue tasks at the Task Hall."

"Outer sect disciples who have the time and meet the cultivation requirements can take on a task and act as temporary stewards for the sect."

So that's it...

It seems that the Steward Yu tested earlier must be the latter case.

After all, Steward Yu looked very young, with clearly good aptitude, so it wouldn't be due to aptitude that he turned to the steward position.

But Gu Sheng's hesitation, evidently wanting to remind me, indicates I should strive for similar opportunities if they arise.

Yang Yan appeared to understand this very well.

People seek higher ground.

Though Gu Sheng may not have that opportunity, it didn't prevent him from hoping that I climb higher, so he can also rise with me.

At this time, the crowd around began to grow gradually.

Among them were primarily more named disciples arriving.

But there were also many outer sect disciples riding flying swords, descending together like a group of friends.

Their appearance attracted the admiration of another group of named disciples.

As half an hour slowly passed, a variety of dressed disciples began to arrive.

These people had an indifferent expression of looking down upon others, and when they arrived from the sky, all the named and outer sect disciples showed expressions of respect and admiration.

These people were naturally the genuine inner sect disciples.

Not only are they given abundant resources by the sect, but the constraints on them are also greatly reduced.

For example, inner sect disciples can wear what they like, as long as it does not affect the sect's image.

After descending, the inner sect disciples sat in groups on the stands and started conversing with each other.

They paid no attention to the standing outer and named disciples below.

The stands on both sides were enough to seat tens of thousands.

However, only a small number of inner sect disciples were seated at this moment.

"Are these stands prepared for the inner sect disciples and sect leaders?"

Yang Yan asked aloud.

Before Gu Sheng could answer, an outer sect disciple nearby suddenly turned, looked at Yang Yan, and smiled:

"These stands have never had a rule. You can sit as long as you arrive first."

"Moreover, even if all sect leaders and inner sect disciples combine, they won't reach tens of thousands, so some must be left available."

"Not to mention that some inner sect senior brothers are in seclusion, so the sect won't demand it of them."

Chapter 1100: It's Over, It's Over

Yang Yan asked somewhat curiously:

"If that's the case, why does no one dare to sit?"

The Outer Sect disciple turned back with a gentle smile, then raised his head towards the sky:

"Well, if you have their strength, you could sit there openly and honorably."

Yang Yan followed his gaze and looked over, discovering dozens of cyan figures soaring through the sky, each deliberately exuding a powerful aura.

These cyan-robed disciples landed openly on the viewing platform and sat down, quite close to those Inner Sect disciples.

Just below the Inner Sect disciples.

Those Inner Sect disciples merely glanced once, and acquaintances from both sides greeted each other warmly.

"Are those the three hundred Marquis Mansion people of the Inner Sect?"

Such arrogant Outer Sect disciples might in Yang Yan's eyes only be the three hundred abode masters on Ten Thousand Mountains who have the courage to act this way.

"Naturally."

The man nodded:

"Every one of them is a renowned figure in the Outer Sect. Even the Inner Sect senior brothers would give them some respect."

"After all, they are about to enter the Inner Sect; entry is often just a matter of time."

Yang Yan nodded thoughtfully:

"I see, thank you, brother!"

Just then, a hand suddenly grabbed Gu Sheng's shoulder.

Xiaopang was still excitedly looking around!

The Ancient Abyss Sect recruits disciples once every ten years.

Such a grand occasion only occurs once every decade.

For him, this was the first time experiencing this; naturally, he was very excited and curious.

"Are you tired of standing?"

Yang Yan asked.

Gu Sheng instinctively nodded and responded:

"Yes! Young master, we've been standing for half an hour."

"Haha! Then I'll take you to sit down!"

Without waiting for Gu Sheng to respond, Yang Yan lifted him by his broad shoulder and soared into the air.

A somewhat brighter beam of light rushed towards the viewing platform.

This scene immediately drew the attention of countless people.

After all, anyone who could sit on the platform was considered a big shot by the Named Disciples and Outer Sect disciples below.

As Yang Yan carried Gu Sheng towards the platform, two figures, one cyan and one white, happened to pass by in the sky.

The direction was just the area of the viewing platform Yang Yan had chosen.

However, Yang Yan flew up behind them and quickly surpassed the two graceful figures, causing them to be slightly surprised.

"Just sit here and sit comfortably!"

After tossing Gu Sheng down, seeing his surprised expression, Yang Yan smiled and reassured him, calmly sitting down.

The place Yang Yan brought Gu Sheng was right above where those three hundred Inner Sect Marquis Mansion Outer Sect disciples were, next to a large group of Inner Sect disciples.

Seeing himself appear directly here, Gu Sheng naturally understood Yang Yan's intention.

But how could he dare to sit?!

Even if Yang Yan had access to the three hundred Inner Sect Marquis Mansion seats, it was barely appropriate to sit here.

Though others might see it as somewhat arrogant, it barely made sense.

But what about him, Gu Sheng?

His gray robe was so conspicuous!

Frightened, Gu Sheng shivered and ran behind Yang Yan, standing upright, trying to appear serene and composed.

Actually, he was terrified inside, fearing someone might focus on him and cause trouble.

This was the top row; there were actually no seats behind.

However, there was a small part of the platform behind where people could stand without a problem.

Noticing Yang Yan's enquiring look, Gu Sheng hastily explained:

"Young master, I... I won't sit; it's against the rules, I'll just stand obediently!"

When Gu Sheng said this, his face was pale, his tongue a bit tied.

As long as he saw the eyes of those Inner Sect disciples turn towards him, his legs went weak.

An Inner Sect disciple seeking to punish him needed only an unfounded accusation to doom him.

Even with Yang Yan's strength, it would be hard to protect him completely.

"You're tired, aren't you? With me here, what are you afraid of?! Come on, put your mind at ease and sit down. If anything happens..."

Yang Yan was saying this with a smile, but suddenly stopped talking.

Two strong winds came, and Yang Yan's eyes sharpened as he abruptly turned around.

Accompanying the breeze came a faint fragrance.

Appearing before Yang Yan were two graceful beauties.

Two women Yang Yan knew.

"Steward Yu, the woman in white... Fairy Wang Peicong, please sit, both of you!"

Once Yang Yan saw their faces, he felt relieved.

Just now, he thought trouble was coming!

Given that Steward Yu knew he was a Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body, she shouldn't make things difficult for him.

And the other fairy-like person, Wang Peicong, had no enmity with him, so there was no need to fear.

"Why did you bring a follower up here? Don't you know Named Disciples are only allowed to stand and observe the ceremony?"

Little did Yang Yan know, after greeting them, Steward Yu sternly questioned him.

Steward Yu, also known as Jade Ruyi, was the good sister of the Inner Sect senior sister Wang Peicong.

She was also a prominent figure in the Outer Sect.

She was even famous in the Inner Sect, rumored to have many admirers.

At this moment, having seen Yang Yan, she hadn't changed her impression of him.

What Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body, Daoist Saint Son?

It's merely good fortune.

He's actually a wanton scoundrel!

And so arrogant was he to bring a follower onto the new disciples' competition platform; it was intolerable.

Did he really think being a Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body exempted him from sect rules?!

The more Jade Ruyi thought, the angrier she got, her pretty face slightly contorting.

That's it, that's it!

Little fatty Gu Sheng's heart sank, his face turning bitter.

He bit his lip and whispered in Yang Yan's ear:

"Young master, the sect indeed limits Named Disciples."

Yang Yan was momentarily speechless.

It seemed he was ultimately an outsider and didn't understand these matters well enough.

Under the roof, he had to lower his head.

Furthermore, the other party was a woman, and there was no need to break relations.

Thinking this, Yang Yan felt relieved.

He seemingly cowered under Steward Yu's imposing gaze, gracefully lowered his head, and explained:

"I'm truly sorry, I wasn't familiar with the sect's rules. Fortunately, you reminded me in time; I'll immediately send him down."

Thus, under the astonished gazes of the two women, Yang Yan "ashamedly" carried Gu Sheng down from the platform, placing him among the Named Disciples.

That group of Named Disciples was also afraid of Yang Yan, respectfully making way for him.

They had witnessed the scene just now, realizing this inappropriate Outer Sect senior brother had been driven away by the fairies.

However, they dared not laugh.

Even toward Gu Sheng, they showed considerable respect.

They were genuinely afraid Yang Yan might vent his frustration on the minor roles they played.

"Stay here and be good; I'll go up alone."

Yang Yan comforted Gu Sheng with a sentence; without waiting for him to speak, he rose into the air again, transforming into a streak of light flying towards the platform, leaving the Named Disciples in disbelief.