

Powerful 1101

Chapter 1101: Senior Brother

"He... he actually dares to go?"

"Truly fearless! That's the second-ranked Jade Ruyi of the Inner Sect Marshals!"

"Ha! Open your eyes wide, is it just Jade Ruyi? Sitting next to Sister Yu is the Grand Senior Sister of the Inner Sect!"

A few Outer Sect disciples, seeing Yang Yan leave, began to speak without reservation beside Gu Sheng.

The more Gu Sheng listened, the darker his face became.

By the time Yang Yan flew back, he realized the two women were already sitting in the seats next to his original spot.

And his original spot was already occupied by an Inner Sect disciple.

Jade Ruyi's eyes clearly showed disgust, but she didn't express it.

Because the Inner Sect disciple was sitting beside Wang Peicong, appearing graceful and outstanding.

Even Jade Ruyi didn't have much to say.

Shortly after that man sat down, Yang Yan arrived.

Meeting Jade Ruyi's gaze, Yang Yan unexpectedly noticed a gloating expression on her face.

This woman really holds a grudge!

Yang Yan sneered in his heart, then walked straight up to the handsome man and cupped his fists slightly:

"This spot belongs to me, Senior Brother. Isn't it fair to give priority to those who arrive first?"

Many people beyond and above the stands turned their gaze over.

Except for a few who widened their eyes in surprise, most wore gloating smiles.

They were all clearly waiting to see Yang Yan make a fool of himself.

"That's Liu Haotian, who reached the peak of Qi Cultivation Level Seven two years ago and is ranked twelfth on the Inner Sect Thirty-Six Celestial Pride List!"

"Isn't that Outer Sect disciple seeking death? I heard from my junior brother that his ranking in the Inner Sect Marquis Mansion is the very last seat!"

"Ha! One might say 'the newborn calf is not afraid of the tiger,' or perhaps he is fearless because he knows nothing. He'll learn soon enough the gap between the Inner and Outer Sects!"

"Senior Brother Liu Haotian is amiable to his fellow disciples. But I've never heard of him being amiable to an Outer Sect disciple who dares defy him!"

"No matter, Wang Peicong has many suitors; Liu Haotian is just one of them. We'll just watch. This boy is purely a joke, he's about to have terrible luck today."

The discussions of the neighboring Inner Sect disciples reached Yang Yan's ears without missing a word.

Jade Ruyi's eyes darted around.

In fact, she was among the few in the Ancient Abyss Sect who knew that Yang Yan possessed the Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body.

But having excellent aptitude doesn't mean you can rapidly advance from the start.

She was particularly eager to see what kind of performance Yang Yan would have before someone who is far stronger, Liu Haotian, aside from having a Sacred Body.

Would he lower his head?

Or explode with his Sacred Body identity and force Liu Haotian to lower his head?

"Junior Brother, your words are incorrect!"

Before Wang Peicong, Liu Haotian still maintained his gentlemanly facade, elegantly cupping his fists to Yang Yan and said:

"When I arrived just now, I didn't see anyone in this seat. Perhaps Junior Brother could find another seat?"

Of course, he already had a decision in mind.

If this ignorant Outer Sect disciple continued to be unruly, then he couldn't blame him for not extending brotherhood.

"I was gone for only a moment, how could Senior Brother not know? Or could it be that Senior Brother... has eyesight problems?"

Yang Yan teased deliberately.

Anyway, since the competition was going to start today, why not warm up a bit beforehand?

In Jade Ruyi's ears, his words had two meanings.

Eyesight problems...

Indeed!

Did this loafer know he couldn't win and was going to reveal his identity, then?

But what followed completely exceeded Jade Ruyi's expectations.

"Do you understand the hierarchy?"

Liu Haotian's eyes were cold as he spoke, enunciating each word.

If Wang Peicong hadn't been there, he would have acted already.

A mere Outer Sect disciple, even if he was an Inner Sect candidate, was merely an ant in his eyes.

It was well known that among the thousands of Inner Sect disciples, all but a few showed him respect.

"Senior Brother, I naturally understand hierarchy, but do you understand precedence?"

Yang Yan still held onto the precedence issue, locking eyes with Liu Haotian, a gleam flashing in his own eyes.

"You! Do you have any direct brothers or backing in the sect?"

Liu Haotian asked, suppressing his anger.

Yang Yan's fearless demeanor made it seem like he did have some powerful backing.

His mind raced with the possibility that some foe arranged this to embarrass him publicly.

After all, if someone stood behind Yang Yan, perhaps a core disciple or elder, he couldn't afford to offend them.

"None. Senior Brother, rest assured."

Yang Yan smiled and said lightly.

A backing?

How could Yang Yan, a newcomer Outer Sect disciple, have any backing?

"How dare you!"

Liu Haotian suddenly stood up, his face inches from Yang Yan's.

"Haotian, what's going on?"

A gentle voice suddenly came from afar.

Upon hearing this, Liu Haotian's expression changed, and he glared at Yang Yan fiercely.

The meaning was clear: Yang Yan was lucky.

He pushed Yang Yan with force, only to find Yang Yan remained motionless!

In the end, Yang Yan smiled and stepped aside, offering a path for him.

"Senior Brother!"

Liu Haotian was inexplicably shocked, but quickly took a step forward, bowing to the white-robed man who flew over.

"Senior Brother!"

"Senior Brother!"

"Greetings, Senior Brother!"

"Senior Brother is here!"

The white-robed figure from the distance, elegant as snow, was recognized as the Grand Senior Brother of the Ancient Abyss Sect's Inner Sect.

This person was renowned even amongst the eldest disciples of the elders or core disciples.

The thousand-plus Inner Sect disciples present all rose to greet him, and the tens of thousands of Outer Sect and Named Disciples watching the martial arts arena erupted fervently.

Everyone couldn't help but turn their gaze toward him.

"Haotian, eh... it's you?"

After landing, the white-robed man nodded at Liu Haotian first, then glanced over at Wang Peicong and Jade Ruyi.

However, when his eyes fell on Yang Yan, he suddenly froze, staring at him intently.

"Yang Yan greets Senior Brother."

Yang Yan belatedly cupped his hand as a greeting:

"I wonder why Senior Brother looks at me like this; could it be he knows me?"

Amidst the thousands watching, the words the white-robed man was about to say got swallowed back.

Indeed, when Yang Yan's Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body was revealed, he had just arrived too.

Moreover, he and Yang Yan were not strangers, having met before.

The white-robed man shook his head with a bitter smile:

"I can't bear you calling me Senior Brother. I am Lin Zimu; just call me Zimu."

Joking aside, the title of Senior Brother wasn't something he could bear for someone destined to become the Ancestral Master's first disciple.

The mere thought was daunting!

Seeing Yang Yan's puzzled face, he hurriedly explained:

"You were brought back that day by Elder Dugu and me together."

Chapter 1102: As Long as Yang Is Satisfied

With just those few words, Yang Yan immediately realized the newcomer's identity.

However, upon hearing Elder Dugu's name again, he couldn't help but become anxious.

"Zimu, do you know where Elder Dugu is?"

Yang Yan couldn't resist asking further.

He wanted to know much about the Hidden World.

"Well... Elder Dugu went into seclusion right after returning. He may not reemerge for three to five years. But I do know a bit about the situation."

Lin Zimu's eyes were clear, and he looked at Yang Yan seriously.

Today is not how it used to be.

After learning Yang Yan possessed the Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body, Lin Zimu was already eager to forge ties.

"Thank you for that!"

Since arriving at Ancient Abyss Sect, Yang Yan had always behaved calmly, yet at this moment, an unintentional flicker of excitement appeared on his face.

"No issue!"

Lin Zimu waved casually, smiling faintly as he said:

"After the competition, I'll tell you more. But for now, is there something between Junior Brother Haotian and yourself?"

As he spoke, he intentionally or unintentionally glanced at Liu Haotian.

The surrounding disciples were all amazed.

Why would the senior brother of the Inner Sect engage with a mere Outer Sect disciple?

And talk for so long!

"Senior Brother Haotian took this junior brother's place! And even wanted to hit him!"

Steward Yu spoke with an innocent and naive tone, revealing the truth.

Wang Peicong sat quietly by the side, her gaze gentle and unaffected by who sat next to her.

"No... no! Sorry, junior brother, I was rash. This seat is yours, I just... just wanted to have a look!"

Liu Haotian's broad forehead was covered in sweat like rain.

Despite being on the Inner Sect's Thirty-Six Celestial Pride List, he was insignificant in front of this senior brother.

After all, a senior brother is a senior brother!

In past battles for the position, Liu Haotian was defeated by Lin Zimu with a single strike and, to this day, bears no intention to challenge him.

"Senior brother, I know the hierarchy of respect."

Yang Yan squinted at Liu Haotian with a smile.

Under Lin Zimu's gaze, Liu Haotian dared not look up at Yang Yan.

Upon hearing Yang Yan's words, he understood the implication.

Situations compel one's submission.

He could hardly care for his dignity, biting his teeth, about to offer something as amends.

However, at that moment, Lin Zimu suddenly spoke.

"Haotian, are you truly unreasonable and took Yang's seat?"

Yang!

The senior brother calling that Outer Sect disciple Yang...

All the Inner Sect disciples overheard and were astonished.

To know, the position of Inner Sect senior brother commands all young disciples in the Ancient Abyss Sect.

In a sense, its authority nearly matches that of the elders!

Yet such a prestigious senior brother calls Yang Yan Yang?

"Senior brother... I..."

Liu Haotian's face contorted with bitterness.

He originally planned to chat with Wang Peicong and strengthen their bond, but disciplining an impudent Outer Sect disciple unexpectedly involved the Inner Sect's senior brother!

"Slap yourself three times and apologize with your head lowered. Yang might forgive you."

Liu Haotian's face darkened further. Slapping himself three times in front of tens of thousands of disciples?

It was as good as taking half his life!

"Junior Yang..."

Liu Haotian had no choice but to cast a pleading look at Yang Yan.

Despite his pride, he was compelled to bow before Yang Yan.

But apologizing to Yang Yan publicly, he couldn't bring himself to do so.

"Forget it, leave now!"

Yang Yan glanced at Liu Haotian, casually waving him off like an intruding dog.

Liu Haotian's right hand trembled at the hem of his clothing.

Though stiff, he slowly retreated step by step.

He shouted begrudgingly:

"Thank you, senior brother! Thank you, Junior Yang!"

"Stop!"

Lin Zimu turned leisurely and stared at Liu Haotian.

Liu Haotian halted, looking uneasily at Lin Zimu.

"Did I tell you to leave?"

Lin Zimu spoke as if discussing trivial matters.

"Senior brother, is there anything else?"

Liu Haotian swallowed his anger, biting his lip as he asked respectfully.

Lin Zimu suddenly smiled, calmly sitting beside Yang Yan, murmuring:

"Now, you can leave."

Humiliated as he was, Liu Haotian had no face left to watch the novice tournament.

He forcefully waved his sleeve, stamping the ground with his right foot, shooting into the sky, disappearing in an instant.

"Yang, are you satisfied?"

Lin Zimu smiled, turning to Yang Yan.

Yang Yan hesitated slightly.

Was this Inner Sect senior brother doing all this to impress him?

Or perhaps to please him...

Although it sounded inconceivable, adept as Yang Yan was, he perceived why they might covet him?

It was merely the Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body!

But Yang Yan did not expose it, instead, he smiled happily and nodded:

"Zimu's actions are gratifying!"

Lin Zimu laughed heartily and nodded:

"If Yang is pleased, that's good."

"Humph! Just a traveler, what's there to be happy about?"

Steward Yu suddenly replied from the side.

Had Steward Yu not spoken, Yang Yan might have nearly forgotten the beauty beside him.

Contemplating, a subtle fragrance wafted to Yang Yan once again, lingering around his nose.

Turning his head, he found Steward Yu watching the crowd below, as if she hadn't spoken.

In white attire, Wang Peicong turned her head.

In that turn, their four eyes met.

A beautiful woman, charming and elegant.

Brows like delicate feathers, skin like white snow, a slender waist, teeth like pearls.

Rare expressions suddenly emerged in Yang Yan's mind.

But for describing the woman before him, Yang Yan couldn't think of anything more apt.

If the Ancient Abyss Sect boasted any superiority over other sects, it was surely the Great Zhou's finest beauty, the fairy Wang Peicong, captivating numerous male disciples.

"This must be Jade Ruyi, correct?"

Though speaking Steward Yu's name, Yang Yan gazed at Wang Peicong, without casting a glance at Steward Yu.

"Indeed, she is Ruyi, do you know Ruyi?"

Wang Peicong tucked strands of hair behind her ear.

The inner disciples watching saw this as captivating.

"Of course!"

As Yang Yan replied, a sudden uproar erupted below.

Several streaks of white light soared above, revealing the Sect Leader and elders.

Yang Yan surveyed the scene where tens of thousands of disciples had gathered outside the arena.

Among them, tens of thousands of Named Disciples and Outer Sect disciples.

Apparently, there were far more Named Disciples in the Ancient Abyss Sect than Yang Yan imagined.

Chapter 1103: Fatty Is Taken Away

"Dong!"

"Dong!"

"Dong!"

"..."

Outside a temple on the peak of the Ancient Abyss Sect's mountain, a colossal ancient bell was struck by several Outer Sect disciples.

They struck it exactly five times.

This implied that a great event was about to unfold in the Ancient Abyss Sect.

"Today is the ten-year Newborn Contest of the Ancient Abyss Sect, aimed at helping all new disciples understand their position within the sect, so they can strive diligently in their cultivation."

Today, Sect Leader Lin An wore his usual Daoist robe, appearing quite unremarkable.

If he wasn't levitating in mid-air while speaking, Yang Yan would have thought he was just an ordinary daoist from the secular world.

However, upon reflection, it made sense.

For practitioners, the more they return to simplicity, the more enlightened they become.

Sect Leader Lin An spoke at length before the start of the contest.

Finally, after announcing "Let the sect's Newborn Contest begin," the Sect Leader and several elders gracefully landed in their respective seats.

Following this, a steward began announcing the rules.

The contest officially commenced.

A few days ago, the Ancient Abyss Sect recruited disciples, admitting more than 5,000 Outer Sect disciples, over 10,000 Named Disciples, and only a handful of Inner Sect disciples.

It's worth noting that during those three days of disciple recruitment, the scene at the Ancient Abyss Sect was so grand that on the first day alone, there were hundreds of thousands of people.

In the end, only this number of disciples was accepted.

Named Disciples mostly lacked a Spirit Body but excelled in other areas or had some background, which caught the attention of the Ancient Abyss Sect, leading to their acceptance as Named Disciples.

Most Outer Sect disciples have lower-grade Spirit Bodies, with a few possessing middle-grade Spirit Bodies.

Those admitted directly as Inner Sect disciples undoubtedly have outstanding talent.

Some had already reached the sixth level of Qi Cultivation within their worldly families, while others were granted entry to the Inner Sect due to their higher-grade Spirit Body talents.

At the start of the contest, thousands of slots were evenly distributed across each arena.

The stewards holding the slots then shuffled the order, randomly selecting two people to come on stage to compete.

In this kind of preliminary round, naturally, there were some unlucky yet competent disciples who encountered geniuses and got eliminated.

This process was inherently unfair.

Therefore, the preliminary round was divided into three stages.

Yang Yan had barely seated himself in the stands before flying down to grab his number plate.

He drew number fifty-one.

Among the thousands, his position was quite forward.

In this contest, Named Disciples competed separately.

Since he had a forward position, Yang Yan's first match came quickly.

He was the first on Arena Two.

Though the venue was bustling with noise, each steward announced names with Spiritual Power.

Thus, if one was attentive, it was still easy to hear.

"Number fifty-one, Yang Yan versus number one hundred thirty-two, Mo Feizi!"

"Number fifty-one, Yang Yan versus number one hundred thirty-two, Mo Feizi!"

"..."

The steward on the platform called out three times until Yang Yan and his opponent both ascended the stage, after which the steward in black stopped.

Shooting both individuals a cursory glance, he coldly said:

"I believe you both know the competition rules. Voluntary surrender is allowed, no intentional severe injuries are permitted during the match, and absolutely no casualties. Begin!"

After all, it was just a preliminary round, so no steward would speak excessively.

Unless encountering particularly talented disciples, they might offer a word or two of advice, urging restraint and avoidance of fatal injuries.

"I am Yang Yan, at the completion stage of the sixth level of Qi Cultivation."

Yang Yan smiled, cupping his hands toward the man in front of him as a salutation.

Due to the Ancestral Master's instruction, Yang Yan also controlled his cultivation power.

What he displayed now was the completion of the sixth level of Qi Cultivation.

"Mo Feizi, fifth level of Qi Cultivation."

The disciple across from Yang Yan didn't look pleased.

It was evident that he recognized Yang Yan.

He was someone who could stand shoulder to shoulder with the Inner Sect senior elder brother!

How could he be an easy opponent?

Especially after hearing about Yang Yan's cultivation, he outright conceded mentally for the first match.

As the match began, Mo Feizi sighed softly and said:

"I beseech Yang to show some mercy."

Yang Yan was momentarily taken aback but still nodded and replied:

"Alright."

The ensuing match went unsurprisingly.

Compared to the life-and-death struggles and evenly matched contests on other platforms, Yang Yan effortlessly sent Mo Feizi off the platform with a mere casual palm strike.

"Number fifty-one, Yang Yan, wins!"

After the steward announced the outcome, he recorded it in his notes.

Yang Yan cupped his hands toward the steward and flew off the platform.

After the first match concluded, it would be some time before the second match.

Bored, Yang Yan wandered over to observe several higher-ranking platforms.

These higher-ranking platforms indeed boasted noticeably stronger overall prowess than the lower-ranking ones.

As for the sparring among Outer Sect disciples in the third or fourth level of Qi Cultivation, Yan Yang found no interest at all.

"Brother Yang, Brother Yang!"

Yang Yan initially didn't realize he was being addressed until someone ran up behind him, panting.

Those around them hadn't initially noticed Yang Yan, but upon turning and seeing him, scattered reflexively.

Good heavens!

Have I become a harbinger of misfortune?

Yang Yan chuckled wryly, then lifted his gaze to the unfamiliar man.

This person wore a gray robe, seemingly just a Named Disciple.

Yang Yan had never met him; how did he know of him?

"Who are you? What do you need?"

This Named Disciple evidently lacked cultivation, panting heavily from his sprint.

Upon finally halting before Yang Yan, he clutched his chest, gasping, and said:

"Brother Yang, the Fatty under your wing... he was captured by an Outer Sect senior brother and his men."

"I just happened to be nearby at that moment, and he told me to find you, certain you would rescue him."

"What?!"

Yang Yan furrowed his brow, his eyes instantly becoming as sharp as an eagle's.

The intensity of his gaze made the Named Disciple shiver inside.

He lowered his head, stuttering as he said:

"Brother Yang, this has nothing to do with me, I..."

"Where did they go?"

Yang Yan urgently pressed, his voice low.

He was suppressing his anger.

Back on Earth, everyone knew that anyone under Yan Yang's protection, even a mere servant, was his untouchable scale.

"T-They're over by Xiaochangya,"

The Named Disciple stammered.

"Take me there!"

Yang Yan grabbed the man and soared into the sky.

Many noticed Yang Yan's departure with puzzled expressions.

Why did he leave so suddenly...

Was he not planning to continue in the contest?!

"Brother, it's here! It's here!"

Under the disciple's repeated guidance, Yang Yan swiftly arrived at Xiaochangya, as he mentioned.

In truth, it wasn't far from the arena, only a few kilometers.

To Yang Yan, it took just a few breaths of time to reach.

This was a cliff, with an abyss of immeasurable depth below.

Thick fog rose from the bottomless gorge, resembling a fairyland.

Atop the cliff was a large platform.

Here were three Outer Sect disciples and a group of Named Disciples in gray robes.

On the ground lay a round, stout figure.

His gray robe was covered with dust, and his sturdy arms tightly shielded his head, silent as could be.

Chapter 1104: You Just Accused Me of Harming Fellow Disciples?

The silence of the short, fat man's body evidently angered the leading Outer Sect disciples.

One disciple with a sharp face and monkey-like cheeks kicked the Fatty on the ground alongside several others in gray robes, grumbling resentfully,

"Gu the Fatty, do you think you've really climbed the big tree?!"

"I'm telling you, not just you, but even those who were lucky enough to become Outer Sect disciples are nothing but rubbish I can crush under my foot!"

"What kind of person were you in the Outer Courtyard before? You're still the same kind of person now!"

"I ask you a few questions, and you're aloof; do you really think you're soaring high just because you've found the right master?"

"Pah! In my eyes, you're nothing but a dog, a useless dog!"

After kicking, the sharp-faced man was still unsatisfied, and a thin layer of light appeared on his right fist unbidden.

With a fierce laugh, he heavily struck Gu Sheng's curled up body on the ground with his fist.

Since Gu Sheng was lying sideways, the punch landed on his arm.

"Crack!"

The crisp sound of bone breaking rang out as Gu Sheng's fat body convulsed, yet he stubbornly refused to make a sound.

"Alright, Sun Hai, it's just a gray-robed disciple, why get so angry?"

"It wouldn't be good if you accidentally killed him. After all, his master is still an Outer Sect disciple no matter what!"

Another disciple in a blue robe with a small braid at the back of his head said, with a mocking smile.

He looked at the Fatty on the ground full of ridicule, showing no care for his life as he spoke.

He was indeed speaking the truth.

If a Named Disciple were to disappear without reason, the sect would at most instruct the Outer Courtyard's supervisors to find him.

If they couldn't find him, then so be it.

So what if you have an Outer Sect disciple standing behind you?

If the sect doesn't care, what does an Outer Sect disciple count for in the eyes of these people?

Following Sun Hai's directions, he stopped for a moment, but those gray-robed disciples continued to fiercely punch and kick Gu Sheng on the ground.

"Brother Wu, you saw how he was earlier when we found him, yet he defiantly ignores me!"

"This damned guy obviously thinks he's something because he's relying on that kid!"

"Ha! If we caught that kid today, I'd certainly cripple him!"

The man called Brother Wu said,

"Haha! There's a long road ahead, a long road ahead. We have time, no rush, no rush. Right, Brother Peng?"

Another Outer Sect disciple echoed with a smile,

"Yes, yes, yes! The monk may run, but the temple remains; what is owed will always be repaid."

Suddenly, a loud shout exploded from above the cliff.

Before the sound dissipated, a figure had already rushed to the group.

"Brother Wu, be careful!"

Sun Hai retreated in surprise, exclaiming in shock.

The previously arrogant Brother Wu turned ashen, his face contorted with fear.

Even though he knew he was targeted for attack, apart from barely releasing a shield with his fifth-stage Qi Cultivation level, there wasn't time for anything else.

"Boom!!!"

The fragile shield was like tofu, easily penetrated by a fair hand, shattering into pieces of magic dust, striking his chest.

"Puh!"

Brother Wu flew backward like a broken kite, spraying a trail of blood in the sky.

Boom!

The body flew a full twenty meters before crashing heavily to the ground, raising a cloud of dust.

Without even a groan, his neck fell limply to the side, bereft of breath.

Brother Wu, possessing a mid-tier Spirit Body and fifth-stage Qi Cultivation level, was shockingly killed in one blow!

Everyone widened their eyes, looking at the scene before them in disbelief.

"Yang... Yang Yan! You, you, you killed him! You actually killed Brother Wu!"

Sun Hai's face contorted as he stared at Brother Wu on the ground in disbelief, retreating several steps in terror.

Another Outer Sect disciple was so frightened his legs gave out, sitting down with a thump, desperately scrambling backward.

That was a fifth-stage Qi Cultivation!

And he was killed with one strike by this man?!

Who on earth is he!

A group of gray-robed disciples hadn't even reacted when a strong wind blew past, sweeping up over ten gray-robed disciples.

Only a string of terrified screams remained, as the more than ten gray-robed disciples were swept off the cliff!

"Yang Yan, what are you doing! You dare to slaughter fellow disciples? I... I am Sun Hai! Sun Hai! The one who brought you to the disciple admission ceremony!"

With only third-stage Qi Cultivation, seeing Brother Wu killed by Yang Yan with a slap terrified Sun Hai until he frantically pleaded.

At this moment, he had no thought of resistance.

He retreated over ten meters, his body trembling like a leaf.

How is that possible?!

How is that possible...

To kill a fifth-stage Qi Cultivation disciple in one strike, not even ordinary Inner Sect disciples of the Ancient Abyss Sect could do that.

How could Yang Yan, who had only luckily passed the Outer Sect evaluation in his eyes, suddenly become so strong?!

He felt like he was dreaming, caught in a terrifying nightmare.

"Sun Hai, I know you!"

Yang Yan narrowed his eyes slightly, speaking slowly.

But to Sun Hai's ears, it sounded like a death sentence echoing in his mind.

Under their frightened gazes, Yang Yan simply turned towards Gu Sheng on the ground, lifting him gently and channeling True Qi.

"Young Master..."

Gu Sheng, his face red and swollen, had fainted. But upon receiving Yang Yan's Qi, he gradually regained consciousness.

His eyes swollen and purple could only barely open into slits.

His cracked lips still seeped blood as he painfully whispered the words 'Young Master'.

Yang Yan was instantly filled with fury, asking in a deep voice,

"Shall I take revenge for you, or do you want to do it yourself?"

He'd left Sun Hai and the other one for Gu Sheng to vent his own frustration.

As for sect rules?

Heh!

In Yang Yan's eyes, there were no real rules.

If there must be rules, they were Yang Yan's rules.

"Young Master, you... you're here, and that's enough. The sect has... rules, we can't... can't harm fellow disciples."

Gu Sheng spoke, even smiling honestly at Yang Yan.

This silly Fatty, although barely having the strength to say these words, still managed a smile!

"I understand, just stay on my back for now."

Yang Yan's voice was uncomfortably calm, then without hesitation, he hoisted the Fatty onto his back.

The boy, weighing little more than a hundred pounds, would not impede Yang Yan's movements.

Then, death in his eyes, he turned to look at Sun Hai, and quickly glanced at the other Outer Sect disciple on the ground.

The air felt frozen in place.

Even time seemed to come to a halt.

For a long moment, Yang Yan looked at Sun Hai, speaking chillingly,

"You just accused me of slaughtering fellow disciples?"

Chapter 1105: Cut the Crap! Just Watch Closely

Under Yang Yan's gaze, Sun Hai's body trembled violently.

His foot that was slowly retreating felt as if it had taken root, heavy as a thousand pounds, completely impossible to lift!

"No! No! Absolutely not! Yang... Yang, I didn't see anything! Didn't see anything!"

Sun Hai shook his head vigorously, hastily saying.

It seemed that by refusing to admit it, Yang Yan would spare his life.

However, who has ever seen a King of Hundred Beasts tiger that doesn't eat people?

Yang Yan seemed to mock him, with strands of contempt.

"You say I've harmed my fellow sect members, thinking I'm bound by the sect's rules and don't dare to kill you, right?"

"Today, I'll show you exactly what rules mean!"

"Rules are made by people and are naturally meant for people as well! But the ones who set the rules are the strong, and the weak can only follow them unconditionally!"

As soon as his words fell, Yang Yan suddenly flashed and appeared directly in front of Sun Hai.

He reached out with his left hand, seemingly casually, but firmly grabbed Sun Hai's throat.

He turned around, reaching out to pick up another outer sect disciple sitting on the ground with dazed eyes.

Just like that, Yang Yan, carrying one person and holding two others, appeared amidst the heated martial arts tournament, while the sect leaders had yet to leave!

"Boom!"

On the number one arena, a sturdy man barely knocked his opponent off the stage with a surprise attack, earning his second victory.

Before the official could announce the winner on the number one arena, everyone around the arena paused, looking up at the sky in unison.

Bang!

Bang!

Two figures fell from the sky, crashing heavily onto the ground.

The few sect elders who had already noticed this side were enraged and about to get up.

However, upon seeing who landed on the number one arena, they hesitated.

They instinctively turned to look at the sect leader behind them.

"Elder Ou, you go, but don't act hastily, just observe first."

The sect leader Lin An clearly recognized the person who landed on the number one arena and instructed calmly.

For unexpected events during the tournament, Lin An, the sect leader, seemed unconcerned.

"Yes!"

A long-bearded elder below responded, bowed to Lin An, and then flew straight toward the number one arena.

At this moment, hundreds of thousands of disciples cast their gaze toward the number one arena.

Even the disciples fighting on other arenas gradually noticed something amiss and suddenly stopped fighting.

Some named disciples, due to their poor position, could only tiptoe, trying hard to see what was happening on the arena.

"What the hell is this Yang up to?"

On the viewing platform, Lin Zimu in white clothes asked curiously.

"This scoundrel! What is he doing?"

Ruyi on the stage gritted her teeth and couldn't help but frown.

As soon as Yang Yan arrived at the number one arena, the two original disciples were immediately driven off by him.

Strangely, two bodies appeared prostrate on the arena.

Yang Yan also gently laid down Gu Sheng, who he was carrying, letting him lean on a corner of the arena.

"Just sit down. Watch closely, and see the outcome of those who dare challenge Yang Yan!"

Yang Yan patted Gu Sheng's shoulder, and said with a cold smile.

Gu Sheng opened his slightly squinted eyes and gave Yang Yan a sincere and pure smile:

"Young Master, actually Gu Sheng is insignificant, you don't have to do this for me."

Yang Yan chuckled and said:

"Enough with the nonsense! Just watch carefully."

With these words, Yang Yan turned around without waiting for him to say more.

His starry eyes suddenly flashed coldly, turning ice-cold.

He looked indifferently at the tens of thousands of disciples below the arena, and for a moment, no one dared to meet his gaze.

At this time, a figure suddenly appeared on the edge of the arena.

However, that person did not enter the arena, only watching those on the arena, pondering something.

At this moment, Yang Yan took the initiative to speak.

"I, Yang Yan, a newly admitted outer sect disciple of the Ancient Abyss Sect. These two are outer sect seniors who joined before me, with approximately the third or fourth level of Qi Cultivation."

The scene with tens of thousands of people became silent.

Only the figure standing proudly on the number one arena recounted the facts slowly.

"Senior brothers and junior brothers, are like siblings, and I should have respected them rather than pushing them too hard."

"However, today these two injured my brothers! When I arrived, they dared to lecture me about sect rules! Haha—"

Saying this, Yang Yan laughed disdainfully, full of contempt.

He looked down at Sun Hai and the other outer sect disciple, lying like dead dogs under his feet.

After a cold snort, he heavily stomped down with his lifted foot, fiercely stepping on Sun Hai's chest.

"Ah!"

Sun Hai couldn't help but let out a miserable cry, his eyes turning white, and his fingers splayed, clawing at the ground incessantly.

"No! Help! Elder, help! Sect leader, help!"

The other outer sect disciple was scared out of his wits.

He leapt up in panic, running toward the edge of the arena while hysterically shouting.

However, before he could get over the arena, a longsword pierced through cleanly.

Star Night thrust through his heart, suspending in mid-air, holding the outer sect disciple steady in the air.

"This rebel!"

Ruyi sprang up in shock, changing her exclamation from scoundrel to rebel.

"Ruyi, wait!"

Beside her, Wang Peicong reached out to stop Ruyi from leaping down, gently shaking her head.

"Sister, why are you doing this? A life has already been lost below!"

Ruyi said anxiously.

"No! Things might not be that simple. Look, Elder Ou is standing by, yet he hasn't intervened. There's something fishy going on."

Wang Peicong held Ruyi's hand, softly persuading her.

But her gaze had already fallen on Yang Yan standing on the arena.

"They hurt my brothers, yet come to talk to me about sect rules?! Ridiculous, utterly ridiculous! Such bandit logic is easily discernible!"

Yang Yan seemed to talk to himself, his face full of disdain.

He raised his right hand, and the Long Sword Star Night flowed through the air, landing in Yang Yan's hand.

While the inner sect disciple, dead beyond revival, fell to the ground with a thud.

"The law of the land, the rules of the sect! By right, I have no authority to take their worthless lives."

Yang Yan's gaze fell on the tens of thousands of disciples below, with the same calm and slow voice.

As if he wasn't the one who just acted violently.

Every disciple who met Yang Yan's gaze felt a chill in their hearts and involuntarily lowered their heads.

Finally, Yang Yan's gaze landed on the elder who flew over to the side of the arena.

The elder was indifferent, gently stroking his chest-length beard, his face calm.

He didn't even look toward the arena.

Since the sect leader had not spoken, why should he intervene?

This disciple before him possessed the Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body!

Furthermore, he was the personally chosen main disciple of the Ancestral Master.

If everything goes as expected, he would at least be a peer to the Sect Leader in the future.

At this moment, why should he stick his neck out?!

Chapter 1106: Making an Example! Tolerance?

Yang Yan wasn't looking at this elder for no reason.

Of course he knew he was challenging the bottom line of the Ancient Abyss Sect.

However, this time Yang Yan not only wanted to avenge Xiaopang, he also wanted to see what status this so-called Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body of his held in the eyes of the sect's high level, to test where exactly the sect's bottom line lay.

"But there's one thing I believe you should all know."

Yang Yan bent down, looking at Sun Hai lying at his feet with a smile that was not quite a smile.

Sun Hai's mouth was overflowing with blood, and his eyes looking at Yang Yan were filled with a deep plea.

Unfortunately, his injuries were so severe that his lips could only tremble slightly, unable to form a complete syllable.

"And that is: when the lord wants the minister dead, the minister must die! You are no minister, but I am the lord. Now that I want you dead, what can even the heavens do about it?!"

Boom!

As Yang Yan's final syllable fell, he stomped down viciously with one foot.

With an explosive crack, a huge dent appeared instantly in the stone platform beneath his foot.

And Sun Hai's right arm, caught in between, had turned into minced flesh and gore.

In front of hundreds of thousands of people in the Ancient Abyss Sect, he actually likened himself to an emperor sovereign.

Everyone's eyes widened as they stared at Yang Yan on the stage in disbelief.

"I left this for you!"

The hem of Yang Yan's green robe was splattered with a large patch of blood; Sun Hai, who had lost his right arm, had already fainted from the pain.

Yet Yang Yan acted as if nothing had happened, completely unperturbed as he turned around, walked to Gu Sheng, and placed Star Night in front of him.

After a long rest, thanks to Yang Yan's True Qi, Gu Sheng's injuries had recovered by seventy to eighty percent, and he had barely regained the ability to move.

He didn't know why the sect was ignoring Yang Yan killing people under the eyes of all, but there was one thing he understood very clearly.

Yang Yan did all of this entirely because of him!

As the saying goes, a warrior dies for the one who truly knows him.

Since that was the case, he might as well throw everything aside.

Gu Sheng steeled his heart, gave Yang Yan a grateful look, stretched out a trembling hand, and with effort gripped Star Night.

The hilt felt icy cold.

The sharp Cyan Blade, the thin sword body, had killed several people and yet had not been stained by a trace of mortal blood.

This was a fine sword!

"Since someone dared to lay a hand on you, he'd better be ready to die. Kill him!"

Yang Yan stared straight into Gu Sheng's eyes and spoke, word by word.

His words seemed to carry some kind of Magic Power, making Gu Sheng nod subconsciously.

But when he came back to himself, he swallowed imperceptibly.

Steadying his mind, Gu Sheng gripped Star Night with both hands and walked step by step over to Sun Hai.

Sun Hai, who had fainted, had no idea that the youth he once regarded as less than grass was now approaching him sword in hand, step by step, and could end his life with a single thrust at any time!

Lin An, seated above, had been silent for a long time; suddenly his lips parted slightly and moved a little.

Although no sound came out, the elder at the edge of the arena had already received the order.

Immediately, an old, hoarse voice rang out:

"Outer Sect disciple Sun Hai, with eyes for no law, cruelly harming his fellow sect members, according to the sect laws, is to be beheaded!"

"Disciple Gu Sheng will carry out the execution in his stead. Now, this public execution held during the grand competition is meant to warn you all of the consequences of violating the sect's decrees!"

"Gu Sheng, you may carry out the sentence!"

With just a few words, the elder glossed over Yang Yan's offense of making a scene at the grand competition, and even turned his actions into something pre-approved by the Ancient Abyss Sect.

In other words, whether it was Yang Yan or Gu Sheng doing the killing, it was all, in fact, something the sect had permitted in advance.

But was that really the truth?

Anyone with eyes could smell that something was off, but since those above had already made their stance clear, right and wrong no longer mattered.

After all, the Sect Leader was seated above, and the one announcing this matter was a high-status elder of the sect; that already made the sect's attitude clear.

Or rather, Yang Yan, who possessed the Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body, had not yet stepped on the sect's bottom line.

"Kill!"

The words of the sect elder at the side made Yang Yan freeze for a moment.

But only for an instant; he immediately reacted and fully understood the intentions of the sect's upper echelons.

Even so, he still couldn't help but sigh at the status his Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body held in the sect's eyes.

According to his earlier thoughts, he had assumed the sect would at least put on a show.

Either stopping him, or punishing him afterwards.

He had even been thinking about how to successfully kill Sun Hai at the moment an elder tried to intervene.

Yet to his complete surprise, the sect was simply straightforward and directly gave him a legitimate, open excuse.

Since that was the case, there was nothing left to hold back for.

As Yang Yan shouted "Kill," Gu Sheng's mind trembled, then he gritted his teeth hard, let out a low shout, and thrust Star Night's tip straight at Sun Hai's heart.

Just as the sword tip was about to pierce in, it suddenly stopped when it was only a few centimeters from Sun Hai's chest.

Gu Sheng turned his head to look at Yang Yan and gave a bitter shake of his head.

In the end, he was still a youth; killing a chicken on an ordinary day was one thing.

Killing a person?

The hurdle in his heart, in the end, he still couldn't get over.

Yang Yan suddenly stepped forward, grabbed Gu Sheng's sword-holding hand with his left, and without even blinking, pushed gently forward; Star Night slid in without any obstruction.

Schhk!

Sun Hai's chest jolted, and the man who had fainted would never wake again.

"I don't care who you are, how much glory you possess, or how strong you are; I advise you all, do not touch my people."

Yang Yan withdrew Star Night, his gaze incomparably calm.

His words seemed to be addressed to the hundreds of thousands of disciples below the stage, and also to those self-important Inner Sect Disciples on the stage, as well as the three hundred Marquis Mansions.

Even a dragon has its reverse scale; touch it and you die!

"The execution is over. Yang Yan, you may leave the stage."

The elder at the side spoke out in a clear voice.

"Yes."

Yang Yan answered, then picked up the still-stunned Gu Sheng and leapt down from the arena.

The elder also returned to his seat.

It seemed as if the matter had thus come to an end, and the Ancient Abyss Sect's new disciples' grand competition continued as usual.

But everyone remembered a single name—

Yang Yan!

That Outer Sect disciple, during the new disciples' grand competition, had killed two people in one breath.

And the sect actually adopted an attitude of letting it happen, even indulging it?!

"Number Fifty-One, Yang Yan, versus Number Two Hundred Thirty-Four, Wang Da!"

On the second arena, Yang Yan's name was called.

Because his second match had been delayed by him, it was counted as an automatic loss.

Fortunately, the rules of the Ancient Abyss Sect's preliminary selection were that winning two matches or drawing two matches was enough to advance.

Yang Yan's opponent in the third match was a disciple dressed in tight, sturdy clothes.

The exposed muscles on both his arms were knotted, coiled with explosive power.

Before this disciple encountered Cultivation, he was eight or nine times out of ten a naturally strong man of Divine Power.

"Yang Yan."

Because of his mood, after coming on stage Yang Yan merely reported his name.

Then he stood there motionless, his expression cold.

The disciple opposite him didn't dare imitate Yang Yan; instead, he nodded slightly toward him with a hint of respect and said:

"Qi Cultivation Fifth Level, Outer Sect disciple Wang Da. Yang, please!"

After reporting his name and level, Wang Da gestured with a please motion, his bearing clearly that of one trained in martial arts.

Yang Yan said nothing, merely stood there quietly, regarding him with eyes as calm as still water.

Chapter 1107: Direct Entry into the Top Ten

Wang Da waited for a long time, seeing that Yang Yan still hadn't responded or made any move, he finally couldn't hold back.

He gritted his teeth and bowed his head, saying,

"Offending you!"

Swoosh!

With a reverse grip, he drew the sharp blade from his waist and charged at Yang Yan like a bolt of lightning.

"Bang!"

The suddenly appearing protective shield slammed Wang Da back with even greater speed than when he came, while Yang Yan remained motionless.

Even the suddenly appearing protective shield didn't ripple in the slightest.

"I lost!"

Wang Da conceded straightforwardly, acknowledging defeat in just one confrontation.

It wasn't surprising at all.

If he couldn't even break through Yang Yan's defense, how could he duel?!

Even if Yang Yan stood there allowing himself to be attacked, he wouldn't be hurt, leaving only the option of conceding defeat.

Yang Yan's appearance had already drawn the attention of many interested individuals.

After witnessing Yang Yan's performance, many began to ponder in their minds.

They couldn't fathom Yang Yan's strength.

From the performance in battle, he was at least at the seventh level of Qi Cultivation!

The seventh level of Qi Cultivation...

Even in the Inner Sect, this was considered a mid-level skill.

"Number fifty-one, Yang Yan, wins!"

The deacon at the second arena seemed to anticipate this result, announcing the victory at once.

Just then, the Sect Leader, seated in a higher position, suddenly spoke up.

"Yang Yan, may directly enter the top ten."

"Wow!"

The crowd of disciples below suddenly exploded like a pot of water.

The Sect Leader's words were like a boulder dropped into a calm pond.

The Sect Leader personally naming Yang Yan to directly enter the top ten of the Grand Competition, what an honor that was?!

Although Yang Yan's strength was evident to all, at this point, it was about more than just strength.

"Sect Leader, this... is against the rules!"

As everyone was still buzzing with discussion, a graceful figure suddenly stood up from the stands.

The woman next to her, dressed in white like a fairy, could only clasp her hand with a look of helplessness.

"Ruyi, do you have any objections?"

An Outer Sect disciple of the Ancient Abyss Sect, conversing with the Sect Leader, setting at the top of the Ancient Abyss hierarchy, across such distances.

The strangest part was that the Sect Leader could even call out Jade Ruyi's name.

It seemed Jade Ruyi was very renowned within the sect!

"Sect Leader, allowing this rogue... ugh! Allowing Yang Yan to directly enter the top ten, this is against the rules. In past sect competitions for new disciples, there was no such precedent!"

Jade Ruyi stomped her foot anxiously on the stand, arguing fully justified.

"There was none before, starting now, there will be."

The Sect Leader's response remained aloof.

Throughout, he didn't even lift his eyes.

"Sect Leader, disciple is not convinced!"

After hearing the Sect Leader's response, Jade Ruyi seemed even more distressed.

Next to her, Wang Peicong also let go of her hand, showing a helpless expression.

Oh well, let her have her way!

The tens of thousands of disciples below had already made the two their focal point, whispering amongst themselves.

One was Yang Yan who had just killed two during the competition, his strength among newcomers, definitely within the top ten.

The other was Jade Ruyi, standing with Wang Peicong, whom by herself was not to be underestimated.

The former's stunning looks were even dubbed the Twin Beauties of Ancient Abyss along with Wang Peicong by numerous disciples.

Other female disciples, even if envious, couldn't find anything to say.

Just a single Jade Ruyi was enough to overshadow all the beauty.

Not to mention the even more beautiful Wang Peicong.

An annoyed Jade Ruyi gritted her silver teeth, angrily pointing at the insufferable Yang Yan and shouting,

"Sect Leader, is it because he possesses the Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body that the sect can make such an exception for him?"

Back during the testing, Yang Yan's inadvertent glance made Jade Ruyi feel he was a lecher.

Now during the competition, Yang Yan had openly killed two fellow students in front of everyone.

Although recognized by the sect, Jade Ruyi refused to believe it was that simple.

After all, the sect's high-ranking members hadn't left after sitting down for the competition.

At this moment, the Sect Leader even directly guaranteed Yang Yan would enter the top ten!

Jade Ruyi, who always hated evil, naturally couldn't bear it.

In her frustration, she even blurted out the secret of the Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body, which the sect had ordered to be kept secret, in public.

The Inner Sect disciples on the stands, and the tens of thousands of Outer Sect disciples and Named Disciples below, were instantly stirred into a frenzy!

"He... he's actually the Saint Son with the Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body?!"

"Yang Yan! Unbelievable, it's unbelievable!"

"Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body... no wonder the Sect Leader is protecting him so much!"

"He's actually the Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body?! But it seems, his character is indeed lacking?"

"Right, he just killed two Outer Sect senior brothers in front of tens of thousands of fellow students!"

"Such a Saint Son in the sect, who knows if it's a blessing or a curse!"

...

Amidst the discussion below, the Sect Leader, who had remained unmoved, finally showed a slight change in his tone.

He coldly said,

"Jade Ruyi, bold!"

"Silence!"

An elder shouted, the sound imbued with Spiritual Power ringing in every disciple's ear.

Realizing she had spoken out of turn, Jade Ruyi froze momentarily, instinctively turning to look at Wang Peicong.

Wang Peicong gave Jade Ruyi a helpless smile, then stood up, bowing,

"Sect Leader, Ruyi was momentarily confused and spoke out of turn, I ask for the Sect Leader's forgiveness."

As a figure akin to the senior sister in the Inner Sect, in terms of both strength and appearance, Wang Peicong held absolutely compelling influence among all disciples of the Ancient Abyss Sect.

Her acknowledging Jade Ruyi's previous words as inappropriate, not incorrect, confirmed the truth of Jade Ruyi's statements.

The young man Yang Yan, standing firm at the second arena, genuinely possessed the Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body.

"The competition continues."

After Wang Peicong spoke on Jade Ruyi's behalf, the Sect Leader surprisingly did not pursue the matter.

He didn't even glance at Jade Ruyi again, announcing the continuation of the competition as usual.

And Yang Yan directly skipping the following matches to enter the top ten was thereby confirmed.

"Brother Yang!"

"Senior brother!"

"Senior brother!"

...

As Yang left the arena, all along the way, whether Outer Sect or Named Disciples, respectfully made way for him.

They continuously greeted him, displaying utmost respect.

Yang Yan did not respond, returning unhindered to Gu Sheng's side.

"Young... young master."

Gu Sheng appeared very excited.

The young master he followed turned out to be the Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body, the legendary Saint Son!

No matter if his own talent were lacking, following such a prodigal figure, how could his future achievements be mediocre?!

Gu Sheng felt he was so fortunate he could almost faint.

"How's your recovery?"

Yang Yan asked, extending a wisp of Spiritual Qi with his hand.

"Young master, I'm much better. Thank you, young master."

Gu Sheng puffed up his chest, responding eagerly.

But his movements seemed a bit too exaggerated, and immediately he winced in pain.

Who would have thought this kid, injured so severely, could still smile through it?

Chapter 1108: Mutual Candor

"Yang."

Another sword light swept across the sky.

When the man in white landed, a group of named disciples hurriedly stepped back, exclaiming:

"Senior Brother!"

The Senior Brother of the inner sect, the Senior Brother for all disciples including named and outer sect.

There is also a Senior Brother in the outer sect, but he absolutely doesn't receive this kind of treatment.

"Hmm!"

The newcomer was naturally Lin Zimu.

At this moment, Lin Zimu actively revealed himself, his intentions unknown.

"Yang, here's a bottle of Bone Marrow Cleansing Pill, which can not only heal internal injuries but also enhance cultivation."

Lin Zimu took out a small white jade porcelain bottle and handed it to Yang Yan with both hands.

"Bone Marrow Cleansing Pill!"

Hearing these three words, Gu Sheng's eyes stared fixedly.

This is a Bone Marrow Cleansing Pill that inner sect disciples can only receive once per quarter!

And the other party simply gave away a whole bottle?!

Judging by its appearance, there seemed to be a dozen or twenty pills inside.

"Thank you, Lin!"

Since it concerned the injuries of his follower, and seeing Lin Zimu's sincerity, Yang Yan didn't stand on ceremony.

He reached out to receive the pill bottle, casually tossing it into Gu Sheng's arms, and said indifferently:

"Take it; I'll help you refine it."

Such a forthright gesture made Lin Zimu pause, and then he broke into a broad smile.

Genuine character!

Worth befriending.

It's well known, many of those with great talent are generally arrogant and rude unless facing their peers.

No other reason.

The cultivation world has always revered strength after all.

At Yang Yan's suggestion, Gu Sheng opened the pill bottle and poured out a gold-colored pill.

Immediately, a refreshing pill fragrance wafted out.

All the named disciples around gazed enviously at Gu Sheng, who seemed to have struck golden luck.

Especially after smelling the pill fragrance, they couldn't resist inhaling deeply.

This is a Bone Marrow Cleansing Pill!

Even if they can't eat it, just getting a whiff is enough to boast about later!

Amidst hundreds of envious, jealous, and hateful eyes, Gu Sheng happily swallowed the Bone Marrow Cleansing Pill in one gulp and sat cross-legged as Yang Yan instructed.

"Circulate your energy."

Yang Yan placed a hand on Gu Sheng's shoulder and softly instructed.

Gu Sheng, naturally not foolish, seized this opportunity. If he missed it, who knows when such a chance would come again.

Therefore, he focused his mind, embraced his dantian, and began circulating the sparse spiritual power within.

Yang Yan continually channeled spiritual power into Gu Sheng, aiding the effects of the Bone Marrow Cleansing Pill to impact his meridians.

Qi Cultivation Stage 2...

Mid Qi Cultivation Stage 2...

Late Qi Cultivation Stage 2...

Peak Qi Cultivation Stage 2...

Qi Cultivation Stage 3!

Even after a breakthrough, the ascent did not stop, and Gu Sheng's cultivation continued to increase.

Mid Qi Cultivation Stage 3, Late Qi Cultivation Stage 3, Peak Qi Cultivation Stage 3!

The subsequent breakthroughs slowed down significantly, but it was still steadily progressing.

Meanwhile, Gu Sheng's physique visibly grew taller at a noticeable speed.

The fat on his body also diminished significantly.

If he was considered a Fatty before, now at a glance, he had the physique of a normal teenager.

And the injuries within Gu Sheng's body had mostly healed, with his cultivation stopping at Peak Qi Cultivation Stage 3.

By this time, the effects of the Bone Marrow Cleansing Pill had almost dissipated.

Just as Yang Yan intended to withdraw his hand, a gentle breeze stirred beside him.

Using the corner of his eye, he noted Lin Zimu had approached and placed a hand on Gu Sheng's right shoulder, exchanging a smile with Yang Yan.

Inner sect Senior Brother Lin Zimu, having been at Peak Qi Cultivation Stage 9 for years, it was rumored he wasn't unable to achieve Foundation Establishment but was seeking a Perfect Foundation Establishment method to lay a solid foundation.

With Lin Zimu's more refined spiritual power joining, Yang Yan also lent his aid, helping Gu Sheng push through his realms.

A Saint Son of the Celestial Flood Dragon Sacred Body and the Senior Brother of the Ancient Abyss Sect working together to transfer spiritual power to a named disciple to help them breakthrough?!

What immense good deeds did this Fatty do in his past lives?

Wait!

He could no longer be called a Fatty now.

With his height increased significantly, Gu Sheng had slimmed down considerably.

Bang!

A thin layer of white light burst out from Gu Sheng's head, the most conspicuous sign of a mid Qi Cultivation breakthrough.

Qi Cultivation Stage 4!

Gu Sheng suddenly leapt from a low-level disciple to Qi Cultivation Stage 4!

One could say, he already had both feet directly into the outer sect.

"Congratulations, Junior Brother, for stepping into the outer sect."

After Gu Sheng regained consciousness, Lin Zimu unexpectedly smiled and clasped his hands towards Gu Sheng.

Gu Sheng was momentarily perplexed before hastily standing up, repeatedly bowing and saying:

"I dare not, I should sincerely thank Senior Brother for the Bone Marrow Cleansing Pill."

Yang Yan also chuckled at the side and said:

"You ought to be grateful. Without the Bone Marrow Cleansing Pill and Senior Brother's helping hand, you couldn't have broken through to Qi Cultivation Stage 4."

No matter Lin Zimu's intentions in approaching him, Yang Yan treated all his friends with sincerity.

"A trivial effort, not worth mentioning."

Lin Zimu shook his head, then turned to look at Yang Yan and said:

"Yang, this place is noisy, and the rookie competition lasts two days, with the finals for the top ten being tomorrow. How about coming to my residence for a chat, and I can also discuss what happened that day, what do you think?"

"Alright."

Yang Yan agreed without hesitation.

Only Lin Zimu knew what happened that day.

Indeed, he very much wanted to know now.

If possible, he wished to return to the Hidden World as soon as possible to see what was happening there.

"Then let's go, this Junior Brother..."

Lin Zimu chuckled and then hesitated while looking at Gu Sheng.

"Gu Sheng, if there's nothing else, you can stay and observe or find an official in the Outer Courtyard to apply to join the outer sect."

Yang Yan instructed with a lowered gaze.

"Yes, Master."

Gu Sheng accepted the order, watching as Yang Yan and Lin Zimu departed.

After the two left, a large crowd of grey-robed disciples gathered around him.

"Senior Brother Gu, congratulations, congrats on joining the outer sect!"

"Senior Brother Gu, congrats on rising to the top. This is a little token of appreciation from me; I insist you accept it."

"Hehe! Senior Brother Gu, here's a little trinket you fancied before. I didn't realize Senior Brother Gu was truly exceptional, today was my blessing to see your true form, please do accept it."

...

Gu Sheng stood in the center of adulation like a moon surrounded by stars, watching those who once acted high and mighty before him now appear flattering, his eyes squinted with satisfaction, his hands clasped behind his back, exuding an air of a lofty figure.

In fact, what he truly wanted to do now was to laugh heartily three times to the sky!

The Ancient Abyss Sect, from ancient times, had always been divided into the Inner and Outer Courtyard.

The Outer Courtyard lay on the outskirts of the Ten Thousand Mountains, with various peaks divided into named disciples' peaks and outer sect disciples' cultivation peaks.

In the Outer Courtyard, the lowest treatment naturally went to those bottom-tier named disciples.

They resided in stone houses, or even shabby wooden huts, responsible for various sect chores daily.

As far as benefits went, besides a low-level cultivation manual tossed by the sect, they would not give any extra resources.

Chapter 1109: What a Coincidence

In the Outer Courtyard, the ones with good treatment are naturally those Outer Sect disciples who possess the marquis mansions of three hundred Inner Sect members.

Just like Yang Yan's abode, where Spiritual Qi is abundant and the area is large enough.

At least in the eyes of those Outer Sect disciples, it is considered a sacred land.

However, when Yang Yan arrived at the Inner Courtyard, he suddenly realized.

That he hadn't even seen a corner of the Ancient Abyss Sect.

The two, flying through the sky, continued from the ancient mountain into the Inner Courtyard as thin layers of clouds began to appear.

Every now and then cranes chirped as they passed by the two.

Groups of three to five female disciples frolicked among the clouds, their laughter sweet and echoing, like a beautiful painting.

It seems that since their masters had gone to the new disciple competition, they were granted a little holiday.

In the distance, pavilions and towers peeked out from beneath, a verdant stream ran through the entire Inner Courtyard.

By lowering his head, one could catch sight of the carps leaping out of the water.

Such a celestial paradise is hardly comparable to anything else.

Especially the Spiritual Qi here; Yang Yan distinctly felt that the Spiritual Qi here was on par with the marquis mansions of three hundred Inner Sect members in the Outer Sect.

It's important to note, this is the entire Inner Courtyard!

And those three hundred marquis mansions are prosperous because there's a small Spirit Vein hidden beneath the mountain!

Lin Zimu led the way ahead, while Yang Yan followed closely, the two barely a half-body's distance apart.

Due to their slow pace, as they passed a group of female disciples, Lin Zimu was suddenly stopped.

"Zimu!"

A young girl with a naive face waved her long sleeves and led two other female disciples flying over.

Yang Yan clearly saw Lin Zimu's face change, almost wanting to turn around.

However, the young girl dragged people to block the two.

"Cough, cough! Guo."

Lin Zimu coughed lightly, forcing a smile.

"Eh? Zimu, why aren't you calling me Guoguo today?"

The leading girl wore a thin, light blue garment, and one could see that she wore white clothing underneath.

However, it was clear that this girl's figure was quite decent.

But thinking of Jade Ruyi, Yang Yan couldn't help but smile bitterly to himself, hurriedly redirecting his gaze, not daring to look any longer.

"Guo, two sisters, why aren't you going to witness the new disciple competition?"

Lin Zimu's face seemed to blush slightly; unwilling to answer the girl's question, he tried to change the subject.

"Humph! Zimu, you haven't answered my question yet! Don't you know it's rude not to answer, Zimu?"

Imagine Lin Zimu, the dignified top senior disciple of the Ancient Abyss Sect's Inner Sect, revered by tens of thousands of disciples, yet he blushed again and again in front of this girl.

"Well... I used to call you Guoguo, it just slipped out accidentally..."

Lin Zimu hurriedly explained.

"Accidentally? Oh..."

The girl oh-ed meaningfully before suddenly focusing her gaze on Yang Yan, who was pretending to look calm.

"Zimu, who is this? Isn't he an Outer Sect disciple? How come you brought him into the Inner Courtyard?"

Seeing the girl actively change the topic, Lin Zimu was overjoyed and quickly introduced Yang Yan:

"Guo, this is Yang Yan; you must not call him an Outer Sect disciple. That's just a temporary title."

Yang Yan seemed to understand now.

It's not that the generally calm senior brother lost his demeanor; it's just that in Lin Zimu's eyes, this girl before him was like a major evil!

Only he didn't know that within the Inner Sect, this was actually widely known.

Moreover, because she had a master who was extremely protective, there was a saying in the Inner Courtyard:

Better to be sent to the Punishment Hall than to offend Guo Guoguo!

The Punishment Hall is the place where disciples who violate sect rules are dealt with.

"Yang Yan? Isn't he just an Outer Sect disciple in a blue robe? Humph!"

The girl arrogantly snorted, hands clasped behind her back, as she approached Yang Yan, looking him over like an exotic item.

Behind the girl, the two Inner Sect female disciples covered their mouths and started giggling.

Being scrutinized like that made Yang Yan extremely uncomfortable, so he retreated a step and cupped his hands, saying:

"Greetings, Guo."

Little did he expect, calling her "senior" was like stepping on the girl's tail, instantly causing her to lose her temper.

Her face fell, she straightened her small lotus tip, and, hands on hips, she roared angrily:

"Who's your senior? Who's your senior?! Am I older than you? You're an uncle! Uncle!"

Yang Yan's face turned dark.

Isn't it hard to see him as that age of an uncle?

Moreover, isn't it customary for Outer Sect disciples to address Inner Sect disciples as senior brother or sister?

Of course, Yang Yan didn't dare to voice these thoughts.

Didn't he see her already losing her temper?

Seeing Guo Guoguo, he suddenly had a sense of déjà vu, as if encountering Miss Zhou Er.

"Well then... Guo."

Yang Yan thought about it, might as well call her junior sister all together.

"Ah! You!"

The girl pointed at Yang Yan, one hand on her hip and the other chubby cheeks puffed up in anger.

"I am an Inner Sect disciple, you are an Outer Sect disciple, how dare you call me sister!"

"I ask you, do you look down on me? Think I can't beat you?"

"Haha!"

"Haha!"

Her two companions couldn't contain themselves and burst into laughter.

Seeing Miss Guo about to lose face, Lin Zimu was startled, wanting to say something again.

Fortunately, the two friends brought by Miss Guo were understanding; the one on the right quickly spoke:

"Alright, Guoguo, don't trouble people, he does look quite handsome, oh!"

The other hurriedly nodded:

"Isn't it true! In the Outer Sect, such looks and temperament are truly rare, huh!"

"What good is looking handsome! Humph! Being handsome can't be eaten."

The girl said this, but her eyes still glanced at Yang Yan slightly.

Yet she still craned her neck, looking proud.

"I want to become the woman of the Saint Son. Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body, do you know it?"

The girl turned proudly to her two female companions.

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"Young and beautiful as Guoguo is, even the Saint Son might find his heart stirring upon seeing her!"

The two female disciples laughed in agreement.

Lin Zimu looked at Yang Yan with a peculiar expression at this moment.

Others didn't know, but he certainly knew that the rightful owner of the Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body was right here.

The expression on Yang Yan's face grew more complex.

The previous rumor said an Inner Sect senior sister had already declared her affection for the Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body; could it be this problematic girl before him?

Seeing Yang Yan silent, Guo Guoguo raised an eyebrow, looking at him intensely, she said:

"Hey! I see you're still an Outer Sect disciple; being brought into the Inner Courtyard by Zimu must mean you have good aptitude, right? What kind of aptitude do you have?"

Before Yang Yan could speak, a female disciple behind him had already said:

"Middle Spirit Body, right? Guoguo, you forgot that only those with Upper Spirit Body or above can directly enter the Inner Sect."

"Oh! I almost forgot!"

Guo Guoguo nodded immediately, realizing.

Then, she looked at Yang Yan and shook her head:

"Doesn't seem like much! Apart from being handsome, you're worthless."

Chapter 1110: Senior Brother's Humble Abode

Lin Zimu was feeling extremely awkward on the side.

He had already imagined various scenarios, wondering what the situation would be like if Guo found out that Yang Yan was the Saint Son she openly declared she wanted to pursue?

"Guo, if there's nothing else, Yang Yan and I will take our leave."

Lin Zimu didn't want to delay further; to be precise, he feared the imagined situation might come true and just wanted to find an excuse to leave quickly.

"Hmph! Zimu, it's always like this, so dull. Forget it, you both can go!"

The girl waved her hand in boredom, and along with two female disciples, left ahead of Lin Zimu and the others.

It seemed that this kind of situation had happened more than once or twice before!

Her actions were indeed quite skillful!

"Yang, Guo just now was truly a beauty with both talent and brains!"

Once the girls had walked away, Lin Zimu suddenly laughed, standing there teasing Yang Yan:

"Zimu, you're joking. Guo... hmm! Guo was likely just joking."

Yang Yan shook his head, indifferent.

"It seems, Yang's perspective goes beyond that. This way, please."

Lin Zimu knowingly smiled, then gestured in a certain direction.

Two streaks of white light darted through the clouds, finally landing outside a courtyard.

There were courtyards all around, but it was clear that all were centered around this particular building.

A closer look revealed this place was slightly elevated compared to its surroundings, it seemed to be the residence of the distinguished Inner Sect elder brother.

"Yang, this place is designated by the sect and has gone through over twenty owners. Each one was once an Inner Sect elder brother."

"For example, the current Sect Leader was once the owner of this residence."

After landing, Lin Zimu pointed to the house in front, smiling, directly solving Yang Yan's confusion.

The position of the Inner Sect elder brother has always been conceived as a potential Sect Leader in Ancient Abyss Sect.

Although sometimes the position is inherited by the Sect Leader's child, most times, it's an outstanding disciple under the Inner Sect elder brother or a gifted disciple under an elder.

"Then that's great, Zimu, you have the hope of becoming the next successor of the Sect Leader."

Yang Yan said a couple of good words, not out of flattery but merely a polite exchange.

Just like everyone lifting each other up with mutual praise.

"Haha! It's too early for that, too early! Yang, please."

When Lin Zimu led Yang Yan to the entrance, the door opened automatically as if sensing their presence.

Immediately, a child looking about seven or eight years old, with braided hair, stood respectfully at the door, calling out in a young, tender voice:

"Elder brother."

Lin Zimu nodded, introducing to Yang Yan:

"Yang, this is my Daoist child, named Zi Xuan, followed me for three years. Now he has reached Qi Cultivation level six."

Lin Zimu pointed at the child, speaking with some pride.

Even his seven or eight-year-old Daoist child has the cultivation level of an Inner Sect disciple, which caused Yang Yan to slightly marvel.

Indeed the Inner Sect elder brother.

This Daoist child is not only talented, but most of the resources also come from Lin Zimu.

After all, a Daoist child is adopted by Lin Zimu privately.

In the eyes of the sect, he's an unregistered servant, naturally not provided any resources.

However, this Daoist child, following Lin Zimu, might truly hold a higher status than those ordinary Inner Sect disciples.

"Greetings, elder brother."

The child, perceptive, bowed to Yang Yan with reverence.

The child may be small, but his cultivation level reveals his cleverness, and his interpersonal skills are impressive.

He knew perfectly well that the elder brother never brought people home.

Usually, Inner Sect elder brothers would personally visit him.

This was the first time seeing the elder brother bring someone over!

Even though by attire, Yang Yan appeared to be an Outer Sect disciple.

But he understood well that receiving such importance by the elder brother, he was definitely not ordinary.

"Alright, you may rise."

The obedient child delighted Yang Yan.

Moreover, coming for the first time as a guest, it's not proper to arrive empty-handed.

However, as the Inner Sect elder brother, Lin Zimu clearly lacked nothing, so Yang Yan, with a thought, produced a jade tablet, placing it before the child.

"Take it, consider it a welcoming gift from your elder brother."

The jade tablet engraved with the Five-Clawed Golden Dragon was precisely the one given by Third Prince Long Jie, containing a Spirit Array Master-carved Spirit-Attracting Array.

This kind of treasure, to mid to low-level cultivators, is immensely valuable.

The child, evidently having a refined view, immediately recognized the item's precious nature.

First startled, then rapidly shook his head like a rattle drum.

His two braids swayed, adding a touch of cuteness.

Seeing this, Lin Zimu laughed and said:

"Zi Xuan, when a gift comes from an elder, you shouldn't refuse. Since it's a greeting gift from your elder brother, just accept it."

"Yes, elder brother."

The child hesitated for a moment before delightedly taking the smooth, milky white jade tablet with both hands.

Looking at Yang Yan with eyes full of gratitude.

"Zi Xuan, today don't receive guests, no one at all, understand?"

The child obediently nodded:

"I understand, elder brother."

Lin Zimu nodded with satisfaction, saying to Yang Yan:

"Yang, please come inside my humble abode."

The phrase "humble abode" was indeed modest.

If the residence of the first Inner Sect elder brother was somewhat modest, then after generations of improvement, the humble abode had long turned into a mansion.

After walking a stretch of the stone path, crossing a small bridge, at Yang Yan's suggestion, they stopped at a pavilion above a small lake.

Without needing orders, an attendant-like person had already brought tea and cups.

However, this attendant was wearing the Outer Sect disciple's uniform of Ancient Abyss Sect—a green robe.

It turned out, the attendants under the Inner Sect elder brother were all Outer Sect disciples, and Yang Yan happened to be an Outer Sect disciple.

From this viewpoint, it really was awkward.

After preparing tea for the two, the attendant was waved away by Lin Zimu.

"Zimu, your Daoist child is an upper Spirit Body, isn't it? Congratulations!"

Yang Yan took a sip of tea, casually said.

The tea tasted gentle, containing myriad flavors, and even had faint Spiritual Qi lingering within.

This was a fine pot of Spirit Tea!

Lin Zimu paused for a moment, then burst into laughter:

"Haha! I thought you were going to praise my tea!"

He set down the teacup and continued:

"Zi Xuan does have decent talent, a lower Dao Body, but he's promising."

Yang Yan nodded:

"That's truly good news! By the way, Zimu, you must be of mid-tier Dao Body talent?"

Lin Zimu squinted slightly, then sighed:

"Yang, you are of Sacred Body talent, ranking upper mid-tier among Three Thousand Holy Bodies, sure to gain fame in Star Pavilion. Compared to you, I'm insignificant."

"Star Pavilion? What's that?"

Yang Yan asked puzzledly.

Lin Zimu laughed and said:

"Yang, you've come from the Forgotten Land, it's normal not to know this. Have you any idea where my Ancient Abyss Sect resides?"