

Powerful 1111

Chapter 1111: News from Earth

"Naturally, it is Wandering Dragon Star."

Yang Yan had spent quite some time these past days reading that Wandering Dragon Star Mirror.

Thus, he was already familiar with many common things.

But the words 'Star Pavilion' were completely foreign to him.

"Indeed! This star is truly a seventh-level cultivation star, Wandering Dragon Star."

"Wandering Dragon Star belongs to the Quanzhen Star Belt, but it's merely one among hundreds of thousands of cultivation stars within the belt. The secondary-level cultivation sect, Dao Sect, is the most prominent in this realm!"

"And this Star Pavilion, there is one established within each star belt, containing a list of ten thousand Heaven Rankings and thirty thousand Earth Rankings!"

"In short, these two lists record the most outstanding cultivators under the age of four hundred and fifty in the Quanzhen Star Belt."

"Each of them possesses extraordinary talent and is incredibly powerful, defeating enemies across realms as effortlessly as sipping tea!"

Yang Yan's eyes gradually brightened after listening to Lin Zimu's long explanation.

He immediately asked:

"Then how do these lists collect information about geniuses from different places?"

Lin Zimu smiled mysteriously at Yang Yan:

"None other than the Heavenly Dao! The so-called Great Dao is shapeless, and the Heavenly Dao of this realm is rumored to be under the control of a master."

"For instance, our conversation at this moment might very well be watched by a pair of invisible eyes."

Upon hearing this, Yang Yan felt a chill down his spine.

Ling Zimu's words made Yang Yan suddenly sense someone observing him.

Though it was very subtle, he tried to detect it but couldn't perceive anything.

He knew that some could integrate with the Heavenly Dao, akin to servitude.

But to control the Heavenly Dao and establish a Star Pavilion that ranks so many geniuses...

What kind of method is this?!

What are the intentions of the person or organization behind this?

Yang Yan contemplated far more than Lin Zimu.

And Lin Zimu implied that each expansive star belt has its own Star Pavilion!

What kind of operation is this?

Forget it, such distant matters are unnecessary to consider now.

The fleeting thoughts passed in an instant.

"Every time someone defeats or kills a genius on the Heaven or Earth Rankings, their name replaces the original owner."

"The original owner then moves one name down the list, or disappears entirely if killed."

Lin Zimu continued to discuss the Star Pavilion.

"Does our Ancient Abyss Sect have any geniuses on the Heaven and Earth Rankings?"

After asking, Yang Yan shook his head without waiting for Lin Zimu's response.

Ancient Abyss Sect is merely a seventh-level sect, so insignificant among the hundreds of thousands of cultivation stars.

If anyone from here could make it onto the Heaven and Earth Rankings, then the rankings would be meaningless.

"Not now, but in the future, Yang, you will surely make it."

Lin Zimu spoke confidently.

He wasn't merely flattering Yang Yan; the Saint Sons with Three Thousand Holy Bodies were indeed rare.

Even counting the entire star belt, there were at most ten thousand.

The expansive Dao Sect housed a majority, boasting thousands with Sacred Body potential.

Thus, if allowed to grow, Lin Zimu believed that Yang Yan would undoubtedly earn a place among the forty thousand seats in the Star Pavilion.

"However, close to our Wandering Dragon Star, a person named Mu Bai, from a fifth-level cultivation star system, is on the Earth Rankings."

"He is a sought-after figure, barely over two hundred years old, and reportedly has already surpassed the Golden Core stage in cultivation!"

Yang Yan sipped lightly from his cup of spirit tea, narrowing his eyes as he spoke:

"Within five years, I shall surpass him."

Surpass a Golden Core expert in five years!

If someone else had said this to Lin Zimu, he would have dismissed it directly.

Though it initially sounded unreliable from Yang Yan, Lin Zimu felt it was indeed plausible.

One must know, even with Lin Zimu's moderate Dao Body, achieving Foundation Establishment's full circle and breaking through to Golden Core was challenging.

Without significant opportunities, even a century would seem normal.

"Then let me congratulate you in advance, Yang!"

Lin Zimu was genuinely sincere.

"Haha! Zimu almost had me led astray. Actually, what I'm curious about is my hometown, the Forgotten Land, that you mentioned, how is it now?"

Yang Yan spoke casually, but his eyes were filled with hope.

Lin Zimu chuckled:

"There is ample time; I can share it in detail with you, Yang..."

Dong—

Dong—

Dong—

The next morning, the copper bell on the ancient mountain rang only three times.

Unlike yesterday's tournament start, two rings were missing.

Today, not all of the sect's high-ranking figures were present yet; only two elders sat with eyes closed, overseeing the competition.

Today was the competition among the top three hundred newcomers, gradually determining the top one hundred and fifty, seventy-five, thirty-eight, nineteen, ten, and top three.

As Yang Yan automatically entered the top ten, he hadn't arrived at the scene early that morning.

At the moment, he was still sitting cross-legged on his bed.

While Gu Sheng excitedly waited outside the door.

Just earlier, Yang Yan had given him the cultivation technique that only Inner Sect Disciples could learn.

Gu Sheng had already donned the green robe openly yesterday, feeling triumphant.

Yang Yan sat cross-legged, not to cultivate but to contemplate.

Yesterday, Lin Zimu had shared everything he knew, allowing Yang Yan a deep sigh of relief.

After Yang Yan fainted, Elder Dugu of Ancient Abyss Sect brought him back due to his challenging cultivation.

Moreover, severed his connection with Earth's Heavenly Dao!

On that day, tens of thousands of lower-level Demon Race warriors were cleanly slaughtered by several hundred Inner Sect and thousands of Outer Sect disciples of Ancient Abyss Sect.

Frightened by Elder Dugu's Golden Core power, the numerous Demon Emperors dared not resist and fled in panic.

Despite leaving behind some with the help of Ancient Abyss Sect's Inner Sect disciples, the Spider Queen and many Demon Emperors managed to escape.

Yang Yan's ten swords left an impression on Lin Zimu.

Because they had constantly guarded Yang Yan!

When speaking of the ten swords, Lin Zimu couldn't help but tease Yang Yan:

"Those ten swords are truly loyal to you. When Elder Dugu came to rescue you, they had adopted a desperate stance!"

"What happened to the ten swords afterward? Is everything alright?"

Yang Yan urgently asked.

"They're fine, Yang, please rest assured. Though they suffered internal injuries, Elder Dugu healed them completely."

"Oh, and we could see that your Hidden World had barriers, which have already shattered."

"Considerate of human life, Elder Dugu claimed your Hidden World, with its faint spiritual power, was a cultivation origin and personally set a grand array within."

"You should know, Elder Dugu is a third-level Spirit Array Master, one even Sect Leader respects! With him in charge, it's guaranteed to be foolproof!"

Yang Yan finally felt reassured.

However, things always have two sides.

The Hidden World on Earth may be safe, but Yang Yan's return became a major issue.

Chapter 1112: Bring It On Together

To break through the Hidden World Array arranged by Elder Dugu, one needs the Token of the array.

Or ask Elder Dugu to accompany him back and personally help unlock it.

The latter possibility is something Yang Yan does not consider.

However, he does want to try obtaining the Token of the array.

But what frustrates him is that Elder Dugu's retreat is unpredictable in duration.

Especially when he recalls the last sentence Lin Zimu said, he becomes even more frustrated.

"At least three to five years, at most over a decade! Unless a major upheaval occurs within the sect, Elder Dugu will not leave seclusion."

Based on the current situation, Yang Yan roughly planned his return to Earth, and only then did he suddenly open his eyes, get out of bed, and head outside.

"Gu Sheng, let's go, it's about time."

"Yes, young master."

The guard by the door, Gu Sheng, quickly followed in Yang Yan's footsteps.

After the sudden increase in his cultivation that day, Gu Sheng not only successfully reached the fourth level of Qi Cultivation, but his height also suddenly jumped to over 170 centimeters.

With a weight of 150 pounds, he appeared quite normal.

Moreover, Gu Sheng was originally fair-skinned and somewhat delicate, his tall figure following behind Yang Yan could be considered quite pleasing.

"Young master, the list of the top ten is out. Here it is."

Having been out for a while, Gu Sheng flew onto the stands and handed a small list to Yang Yan.

Aside from Yang Yan, the top ten had already been decided, and now it was a time for rest.

Yang Yan remained seated in the highest row where he sat yesterday, although the beauty beside him was absent.

Five or six seats away were the Inner Sect Disciples.

Although Yang Yan and Gu Sheng were wearing Outer Sect attire, none of the Inner Sect disciples dared to underestimate them as they had yesterday.

Celestial Pride Saint Body, Yang Yan!

Who is not aware within the Ancient Abyss Sect at this moment?

Except for those brothers and elders in retreat, the matter had spread widely among both the Inner and Outer Sect.

Yang Yan reached out and took the list, glancing at it casually.

He didn't recognize a single person.

But this was normal.

However...

"These people are at most only at the seventh level of Qi Cultivation?"

Yang Yan murmured to himself somewhat confusedly.

Gu Sheng blushed.

Young master, it seems you're only at the peak of the sixth level of Qi Cultivation.

Of course, Gu Sheng didn't know that this was actually a false state deliberately projected by Yang Yan.

He clenched his fist respectfully and said:

"Young master, because it's the new disciples' grand tournament, although they are all newly admitted Inner Sect disciples with outstanding talent, they have entered the sect for a short time."

They're all newcomers...

Yang Yan had forgotten.

Then, he casually handed the list back to Gu Sheng and suddenly stood up.

Already subtly under the eyes of many, Yang Yan's move drew considerable attention.

Yang Yan remained indifferent, directly flying off the stand and landing on an empty arena number one.

After standing firm, he cupped his hands amid many surprised and doubtful gazes:

"Yesterday, many brothers felt I was unqualified, directly placed into the top ten by the Sect Leader."

"Today, Outer Sect disciple Yang Yan is merely here to account for everyone."

"The other nine Inner Sect siblings in the top ten can challenge me together."

Yang Yan's words were like a rock thrown into a lake, stirring up a large ripple.

"Isn't that too arrogant?! Even if he has the Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body, he's only at the peak of the sixth level of Qi Cultivation. He dares to challenge nine Inner Sect brothers?!"

"This year's newcomers are of higher quality than previous ones. Seven at the peak of the sixth level, two at the seventh level, all with the potential to enter the Inner Sect's Thirty-Six Celestial Pride List. Look at how Yang Yan makes a fool of himself."

"Ha! What Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body? I'd say no more than that. Arrogant braggart, ultimately an ordinary person, will surely vanish among the crowd!"

"Shh—after all, he's the Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body, a treasure in our sect! If we punish him, it wouldn't be impossible."

...

From time to time, unpleasant words from Inner Sect disciples entered Gu Sheng's ears.

Though he had entered the Outer Sect, against a group of Inner Sect disciples, he felt he didn't have the confidence to argue.

Yet somehow, his gaze toward Yang Yan remained full of admiration.

He felt that young master was a true man, and a man of great capability!

Isn't it someone questioning my strength?

Think I'm unworthy?

Great!

Then I'll prove it with my fists.

Meanwhile, a female Outer Sect disciple on the stand slightly opened her mouth and seemed to suddenly realize something, immediately flew off the stand, disappearing in an instant.

Ten Thousand Mountains, three hundred Inner Sect Marquis Mansions.

On the mountain peak were the three highest cavelike houses, residences of the three most authoritative Outer Sect disciples.

They could ascend to the Inner Sect but compelled themselves to hold back their cultivation to build a stronger foundation.

Above the entrance of one cave engraved with an ancient "two," a girl rode the Cyan Rainbow Flying Sword swiftly toward it.

The restriction dissipated, and the door automatically opened.

After entering, the girl hurriedly said:

"Ruyi, Ruyi! That rogue... no, no, Yang Yan, he's starting the match!"

"Isn't it just starting the match? Why are you so startled, Qingmei?"

Beside the stone table, Jade Ruyi unenthusiastically popped crystal-clear purple grapes into her mouth one by one.

"No, no, he..."

The girl shook her head quickly, so anxious that she found herself stuck.

"What about him, did he lose in the first round?"

Jade Ruyi raised her head, her eyes sparkling:

"Seems he's indeed only superficial! Heavenly Dao rewards diligence; this proves that even those of ordinary talent, if they work hard, can surpass geniuses!"

The girl finally caught her breath, waving her hand repeatedly:

"No! Ruyi, he suddenly flew onto the arena during the break and said he would fight the top nine alone!"

"What?!"

Jade Ruyi froze on the spot, it took several seconds for her to frown and say:

"That rogue! Indeed loves recklessness! A child who doesn't know the height of the sky and the depth of the earth hardly does it justice!"

"Qingmei, go check. As soon as you have the result, come back and tell me promptly."

"Alright!"

The reporting girl replied, turned away blinking and afforded an imperceptible smile.

Does Ruyi have feelings for this Saint Son?

Otherwise, why care about him so much?

Why not show up personally?

"He can't possibly win!"

The behind words caused the reporting girl to stagger and nearly trip.

In the Ancient Abyss Sect's new disciples' grand tournament, Yang Yan once again showcased a powerful scene, making shocking remarks.

However, Yang Yan's actions were not stopped by the two elders on the high platform.

The two quickly discussed among themselves, before the slightly older one lazed out two words:

"Approved."

Hence, nine Inner Sect disciples with humiliated expressions flew to arena number one one after another.

The last ones up were the two disciples at the seventh level of Qi Cultivation.

"Yang Yan, since you requested this, don't blame us. Brace yourself, we apologize in advance."

Chapter 1113: One Against Nine

The leader's attitude was slightly better.

The other few almost all looked at Yang Yan with sideways glances, the disdain in their eyes utterly evident.

This is actually normal.

Any man of spirit would feel greatly insulted if provoked like this.

Especially for these geniuses who entered Ancient Abyss Sect as Inner Sect disciples?!

"Are you ready?"

The steward of the first platform, who had never asked this question, asked Yang Yan before the match began.

"I'm ready."

Yang Yan nodded.

This biased scene from the steward, in the eyes of a few, made them even more furious.

After Yang Yan nodded, nine flashed past and surrounded him in a ring on the vast number one platform.

"Then let's begin! Wind and Fire Wheel!"

One of the disciples shouted loudly, and a half-human-high arc of flame appeared in front of him.

"Slash!"

The fire wheel spun rapidly, suddenly adding a gust of wind.

The fire borrowed the wind's power, becoming even mightier!

"Offended!"

After one person began, the other eight disciples launched their attacks.

At this time, naturally no one cared about disdain or unfairness anymore.

Anyway, it was Yang Yan's own fault, no wonder they were attacking.

For a moment, several astonishingly powerful magic techniques bombarded Yang Yan.

Moreover, two disciples relied on their body techniques to follow closely behind these magic techniques, seemingly wanting to defeat Yang Yan with their fists and feet.

This was an outright humiliation!

Cultivators cultivate the Dao.

Daoist techniques and magic are their strengths.

Otherwise, do you think they fight like ordinary people with their fists and feet?

Then what's the point of cultivating Dao!

This kind of array directly stunned tens of thousands of disciples below the stage.

Is this a battle of life and death?

Coming up so relentlessly...

Most of them thought that these Inner Sect disciples, considering their identities, would somewhat show restraint.

At most, they would take turns in a battle of attrition against Yang Yan.

Unexpectedly, they all came together!

Come on!

The more fiercely they come, the more fun it is.

Facing the magic techniques encircling him from all sides, Yang Yan not only didn't show the slightest panic but gently curled his lips into a smile.

He laughed, the smile so relaxed.

He stood motionless, seemingly ready to take on these magic techniques with his body.

At this moment, even the two elders had widened their eyes, ready to intervene and rescue at any time.

This was Ancient Abyss Sect's Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body!

If he died or something happened in their presence, the Sect Leader and Ancestral Master wouldn't even need to step in—they'd have to cripple their own cultivation and fall to mere mortals.

However, a secret law began to rotate around Yang Yan.

The space mysteriously became somewhat illusory, seemingly twisting.

The nine Inner Sect disciples closest felt it most deeply.

However, everyone focused and merely assumed they were witnessing a mirage.

In the eyes of those watching, seven immensely powerful magic techniques collided fiercely with Yang Yan.

Then suddenly exploded!

The magic techniques collided, directly canceling each other out.

The massive impact of the explosion caused the two Inner Sect disciples who followed closely behind hoping to humiliate Yang Yan with fists and feet to have their breath churn.

Had they not firmly supported their protective shields, they would likely have been severely injured by their own comrades.

"Where is he?!"

"What's happening?"

"No, he's right there!"

...

The magic techniques failing to injure Yang Yan and instead colliding for a terrifying explosion stunned everyone.

Looking carefully now, they found Yang Yan still standing in place, calmly watching them.

Though others might not know, the two elders on the high platform had widened their eyes, full of disbelief.

One of them, after three seconds, rubbed his eyes and turned to the other elder:

"Bai Sheng, did I see wrongly? That's... Space Law?!"

The other elder shook his head bitterly and sighed:

"If you've seen wrongly, then I must have too. Even our Ancestral Master can only touch the edges of Space Law!"

At this moment, they both shared one thought:

No wonder he's the Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body, truly extraordinary!

"Dear Senior Brothers, you are too kind to me. Your attacks are too light; they can't hurt me! Though it's just a match, please don't hold back—after all, true strength is shown in combat."

Yang Yan couldn't help but provoke them again with words as he looked at their alternating blue and purple faces.

As if with an unspoken line:

I just love seeing your expressions when you want to hit me but can't.

"Kid, don't be arrogant! Watch me Summon Celestial Thunder!"

A disciple twisted his face, performing the magic technique.

The sky cooperatively conjured a large mass of dark clouds, rolling thunder deafening.

"Summon Nine Heavens Divine Thunder!"

An ordinary Qi Cultivation stage of seven, naturally couldn't summon any Nine Heavens Divine Thunder.

But it was certainly thunder.

While just ordinary Celestial Thunder, it was thick as a barrel, quite terrifying.

"Boom! Boom! Boom!!!"

Several Celestial Thunders fell, electrical arcs danced, thunder rumbling.

Other disciples quickly scattered, desperately wanting to avoid it.

Lightning is a thing—if it strikes, you're either burned to a crisp or charred inside and out. No one likes inviting it.

Of course, Yang Yan didn't want to try.

After the last erratic silver snake faded in the air, everyone saw him unharmed.

Just standing there calmly, still with the previous smile.

"Wow!"

The crowd was amazed immediately, followed by discussions.

"Is he a deity? Why is he unharmed?"

"How can he be like a deity? Only level-three sects have ever produced flying immortals!"

"What magic technique did Yang Yan use? Why have I never heard of it?!"

"If you'd heard of it, you wouldn't be a Named Disciple!"

...

The audience was in shock, while Yang Yan was quite at ease.

"Senior Brothers, have you had enough?"

He asked slowly.

The nine Inner Sect disciples looked at each other, all showing helplessness and confusion.

They started with their most powerful magic techniques, though not their ultimate moves, they represented their true abilities.

Yet after their barrage of magic techniques, Yang Yan remained unharmed.

How could they continue to fight?

One disciple unwillingly stepped forward, his nostrils flaring to express his disdain for Yang Yan.

"Yang Yan, though I don't know what magic technique you used, even if we can't strike you, so what? I imagine you can't strike us either in such a state."

"If you dare attack, you will surely lose! If not, it's just a draw! Is that what you're after—a draw?"

Yang Yan blinked knowingly and coldly asked:

"Oh, really? But what if I not only strike you but also win?"

"Impossible!"

The same disciple didn't hesitate and cried out.

Yang Yan immediately laughed.

The brilliant smile was like sunshine, causing several female disciples to cover their left chest and blush slightly.

Then, Yang Yan rose from the ground, standing proudly in the air, looking down at the few below.

At the moment of ascending, everyone could see that Yang Yan's previously somewhat illusory figure had distinctly become more real!

"This move is my own creation, listen clearly, this move is known as—Azure Vault First Technique, Shattering Heaven!"

Chapter 1114: Ancestral Master Accepts a Disciple

Boom!

The thundercloud summoned by the Inner Sect Disciple hadn't dispersed yet when all of a sudden, a thunderous roar erupted!

Two elders on the high platform abruptly stood up.

Shattering Heaven Style, a move that Yang Yan only used when facing enemies, a powerful attack indeed.

However, Yang Yan had forgotten, this was the new sect competition at the Ancient Abyss Sect.

A silver arc was released by Star Night, and in an instant, heaven and earth seemed to darken before everyone's eyes.

The long silver arc was devouring all light!

An inexplicable pressure weighed on everyone's hearts.

Among them, the nine Inner Sect Disciples directly facing this attack felt it the most.

Their hearts felt like they were about to jump out!

What kind of attack was this?!

This was an attack that made them feel hopeless, powerless to resist!

The magic shield they desperately raised seemed so tiny, so vulnerable before this blade...

Just as desperation filled all the disciples, two vague figures suddenly appeared in front of them.

Pop...

The silver arc of the blade rushed towards the two, but was easily caught by one of them with a slight raise of the hand.

"In this battle, Yang Yan is victorious! The champion of the new sect competition has been decided, it is our Ancient Abyss Sect's Outer Sect disciple — Yang Yan!"

The two who appeared were naturally the oversight elders worried about the safety of the nine disciples.

The elder who effortlessly broke the Shattering Heaven Style took a dazzling glance at Yang Yan.

Then he promptly announced Yang Yan as the champion of the competition.

"Thank you, Elder."

Yang Yan naturally bowed in thanks.

As for the nine disciples, each wore an expression of humiliation.

Thus, they still had to decide who would take second to tenth place.

Yang Yan alone could defeat them all in first place, what was there left to contest for second to tenth?!

"Ruyi, Ruyi! It's different! Completely different!"

At the peak of Ten Thousand Mountains, the entrance to the second cave opened once again as Jade Ruyi walked out with a mocking expression.

"Qingmei, can you act like a proper girl, what was the result of the competition?"

Qingmei playfully stuck out her tongue, then quickly said:

"Ruyi, you have no idea, just now in that battle, the Saint Son fought against nine, standing there and letting them attack..."

Upon hearing this, Jade Ruyi couldn't help but furrow her brows, skeptically asking:

"Standing there letting them attack? Was he scared out of his wits?"

No wonder.

No matter how worthless that kid was, he was still a Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body!

Since he had the courage to challenge nine at once, surely he wouldn't lack the power to fight back?

Regarding Yang Yan, she indeed harbored great prejudice.

But objectively speaking, a figure with the potential of a Saint Son shouldn't be so weak.

"Oh! Ruyi, no, no, that's not the point."

The woman in the blue dress quickly shook her head, hurried to explain:

"The main thing was that under the combined attack of nine, the Saint Son emerged completely unscathed!"

"In the end, he even asked if the nine senior brothers had finished attacking; too frightened by his technique, none dared to answer."

"Then with merely one move, the Saint Son scattered all nine senior brothers!"

"The Saint Son... the Saint Son was simply too astonishing, and he looks very dashing too!"

Qingmei said excitedly, resting her cheeks on both hands and gazing up at the sky at a forty-five-degree angle, admiration written all over her face.

"You little girl, are you lovesick, actually acting lovestruck."

Jade Ruyi jokingly remarked with a mix of amusement and irritation.

But her expression suddenly stiffened.

Upon deeper thought, something seemed amiss.

Just now, what did Qingmei say?

"You said Yang Yan sent nine flying with just one move?!"

Jade Ruyi widened her eyes, incredulously asking.

"Yeah, yeah! The Saint Son..."

Qingmei suddenly choked, then looked down, cautiously saying:

"Apparently, the Saint Son's blade nearly scared the nine senior brothers stiff, and two elders intervened to protect a few senior brothers."

Smack!

Qingmei was startled and looked up.

She saw Jade Ruyi, having learned the truth, smack her hand onto the stone wall, leaving a palm-shaped recess.

"Yang Yan just had good luck! Hmph! You are not allowed to mention him in front of me anymore!"

With that, Jade Ruyi turned and walked into the cave, leaving Qingmei standing there in a daze.

Clearly, these were the messages Jade Ruyi had instructed her to relay.

Where had she gone wrong...

The sect's new competition drew to a close today.

Yet, this year's newcomer contest was like no other in the history of the Ancient Abyss Sect.

Previously, there had been many disciples of exceptional talent who shined brightly at the contests.

But no one's spotlight had ever been like Yang Yan's, nor did they possess such ability!

Yang Yan cheerfully accepted the champion's reward from the Ancestral Master —

The mid-rank spiritual treasure Butcher Palace.

The Ancestral Master, who had never appeared in the newcomers' competition, not only showed up but personally handed Yang Yan the prize!

This further confirmed the speculations in the hearts of those disciples.

The Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body Yang Yan might truly be taken under the Ancestral Master's wing!

The Ancestral Master had never accepted a disciple in his life.

Once Yang Yan became his disciple, he would be the senior disciple, of higher status than the Sect Leader!

Meanwhile, the disciples of the elders and the Sect Leader were merely Core Disciples; by comparison, they seemed so weak.

As the newcomer competition was about to conclude, Yang Yan, who intended to leave, was called back by Zongming using the transmission technique.

He stood on the high platform, his old-fashioned robe billowing in the wind.

His long white beard swayed in the wind; from afar, although he hadn't ascended to immortality, he exuded an aura befitting of a celestial sage.

"My Taoist name is Zongming, and I've been cultivating for one thousand three hundred and ninety-two years."

Yang Yan, rushing over in mid-air, was stunned.

A thousand-year-old monster indeed!

No wonder he was the Ancestral Master!

"The path of cultivation is long; I have always wanted to find someone to inherit my legacy, but due to various reasons, I've never found a suitable candidate."

Zongming stroked his long beard and suddenly smiled:

"A few days ago, I saw a disciple possessing exceptional talents, and thus began to harbor the intention of accepting an apprentice."

"Wow!"

The Ancestral Master had mentioned being over a thousand years old—everyone knew this, so they were quite calm.

But the Ancestral Master openly admitting he wanted to take a disciple was akin to a nuclear bomb hitting the disciples.

Ancestor Zongming was the founder of the seventh-level Cultivation Sect Ancient Abyss, a figure at the Nascent Soul Stage and beyond.

Even within the sixth-level Cultivation Star and fifth-level Cultivation Sect, he was an absolutely high-ranking figure.

Otherwise, how would he be the founder of the Ancient Abyss Sect?

Nonetheless, this terrifying powerhouse was going to take a disciple.

"Yang Yan."

Zongming called out softly, his eyes inadvertently glancing in a particular direction.

"Disciple here!"

In the air, not a ripple formed, not even a wisp of breeze stirred, yet Yang Yan appeared calmly before Zongming.

Zongming, seeing this, slightly lifted his gaze, extending his left hand to pat Yang Yan on the shoulder.

Seemingly the slowest gesture ever.

At first glance, it seemed like an ordinary elder simply patting a junior on the shoulder.

Yet for Yang Yan, it was entirely different.

He felt enveloped by the other's presence, unable to evade.

Yang Yan's gaze was fixed on Zongming's hand.

He desperately wished to understand why this seemingly sluggish gesture could not be avoided?!

Chapter 1115: Guo Wants to See You

"Haha! I just heard those two brats say you've already learned the Space Technique. At first I didn't believe it, but now I'm sure."

"As for the Space Law, even after painstaking cultivation for hundreds of years I've only touched its fringes. Only the Nascent Soul Stage cultivators' Instant Teleportation Divine Technique has quite a deep comprehension of it."

"This is an insight of mine. You can go back and slowly ponder it. If you bring it to Great Success, it'll be far stronger than that small-range spatial crossing of yours."

Ancestor Zongming naturally had no intention of harming Yang Yan.

After speaking in a kindly, benevolent tone, he looked at Yang Yan as though he were looking at a junior of his own blood.

He placed his left hand on Yang Yan's shoulder, a layer of milky white halo rose in a hazy glow, and an insight about the Space Shifting Technique was transmitted over.

Yang Yan knew full well how precious such Law insights were, and couldn't help but be overjoyed.

As they say, techniques must not be passed to outsiders.

An insight from a Nascent Soul Stage cultivator is a thousand times more important than any Daoist Technique!

"Many thanks, Ancestral Master."

Yang Yan bowed with genuine expression to show his gratitude.

He was a later-generation disciple to Ancestor Zongming, and as for Ancestor Zongming, was he not likewise an elder, of the master generation, to him?

"Haha! Yang Yan, the path of cultivation is extremely arduous. Fortunately you have quite decent aptitude; from here on it will be much easier."

"But remember, you ought to hack your way through thorns and brambles all the way, and must not become arrogant or complacent. Bear this firmly in mind!"

"Yes, Ancestral Master."

Yang Yan bent slightly at the waist and nodded in response.

"Good! Xiaozzi."

Ancestral Master Zongming nodded in satisfaction and called out toward the Sect Leader at the side.

"Grand Martial-Uncle, I'm here."

Xiaozzi again!

Though helpless in his heart, Sect Leader Lin An did not show it on his face.

Standing behind, he hurriedly responded, took a few steps forward, and stood respectfully before Zongming.

On the vast high platform, at this moment only Ancestral Master Zongming, Yang Yan, and Sect Leader Lin An were standing.

The gazes of several hundred thousand disciples were all focused on the three of them.

Their strength differed enormously, yet the amount of attention the three received was almost the same.

In fact, in a certain sense, Yang Yan received the most attention.

Lin An slightly raised his long sleeve, looked down below with a rather solemn expression, and slowly said:

"Today we have disciple Yang Yan, number one thousand eight hundred and twelve among the Three Thousand Holy Bodies, the Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body. For him to appear in my Ancient Abyss Sect is truly a great joy for my Ancient Abyss Sect."

"Grand Martial-Uncle Zongming has set three days hence to take a disciple. At that time, he will widely invite fellow sect members and hold a grand disciple-recruitment ceremony!"

Yang Yan was standing right next to him yet couldn't hear how loud Lin An's voice was, but the several hundred thousand disciples below all showed expressions of excitement.

They had naturally heard clearly.

Three days from now, widely invite fellow sect members, and open a grand disciple-recruitment ceremony!

Below the platform, a certain elder, after meeting Sect Leader Lin An's gaze, immediately understood, nodded, and loudly announced:

"The Sect Leader will also take a disciple three days from now, and it will be carried out together at the grand ceremony!"

The Sect Leader would also be taking a disciple then.

This once again stirred up a wave of discussion among the disciples present.

Only one person in the crowd was looking at Yang Yan with hatred in his eyes.

This person wore a yellow dragon robe, upon which were embroidered several flood dragons.

If the Fourth Prince Long Jie saw him, he would definitely recognize at once that this was his third brother, the Third Prince of the Great Zhou Kingdom, Long Ming!

"The Ancient Abyss Sect's new disciple grand competition hereby concludes!"

With a steward's loud declaration, the several hundred thousand disciples left the venue in an orderly fashion.

Yang Yan naturally took the Butcher Palace and returned to his residence.

Gu Sheng followed behind him with a face full of delight, every now and then looking greedily at the Butcher Palace in Yang Yan's hand.

"You like it? Here, play with it."

Seeing Gu Sheng like this, Yang Yan couldn't help but chuckle.

He didn't mind in the slightest and tossed the Butcher Palace in his hand into Gu Sheng's arms.

Though this mid-grade Spiritual Treasure was of high rank and could be large or small, it was, after all, only an auxiliary Spiritual Treasure, not a weapon or Treasure Armor.

To Yang Yan, it was rather like chicken ribs, of not much significance.

"Ah!"

After catching it, Gu Sheng immediately hugged it to his chest, looking like he wished he could kiss it, overjoyed.

The legendary mid-grade Spiritual Treasure was actually being hugged in his arms!

Not to mention the whole Outer Sect, even those Inner Sect senior brothers—who else had this kind of treatment?

Because Yang Yan was walking on foot, Gu Sheng also followed closely behind him, step for step.

At the moment he was staring at the small Butcher Palace in his arms and not looking ahead.

"Ah!"

A woman's startled cry suddenly sounded in front of them.

The sudden exclamation scared Gu Sheng so much he jumped, his hands flew open, and the Butcher Palace immediately dropped straight toward the ground.

"No!"

Gu Sheng was far more frightened than that woman, his whole person spreading out like a roc spreading its wings, wanting to salvage it.

Seeing him like this, Yang Yan couldn't help but find it funny.

It might be chicken ribs, but it was still a mid-grade Spiritual Artifact. How could it possibly break just from being dropped like that?

Let alone breaking it by dropping, even if one deliberately tried to damage it, it wouldn't be that easy.

The white-clothed Inner Sect female disciple in front clearly hadn't realized this. She was scared by Gu Sheng's movement into retreating three steps in a row, her face full of panic.

"Senior sister, may I ask what you need?"

Yang Yan had seen her flying over toward the two of them; she couldn't possibly be looking for Gu Sheng!

If it were some Outer Sect female disciple, that might still be possible.

"Yang, I don't dare accept you calling me senior sister. This..."

The Inner Sect female disciple, heart still pounding, pointed at Gu Sheng.

Gu Sheng, face covered in dust and mud in his mouth, nevertheless stood up grinning from ear to ear and said to Yang Yan:

"Young Master, Young Master, the Butcher Palace is fine, it's fine."

Yang Yan turned back somewhat awkwardly and said:

"It's a mid-grade Spiritual Treasure. You think it'd shatter from one drop?! Stop embarrassing yourself."

"Heh heh... heh heh heh..."

Gu Sheng only knew how to chuckle stupidly in delight.

It wouldn't break from a fall, but it wasn't good to let it get dirty either.

This was the prize the Young Master got as the sect's champion; it had to be kept properly.

"He's my attendant, Gu Sheng, and he's also an Outer Sect disciple now."

Yang Yan introduced with a smile.

"Yang, our Guo wants to see you."

The female disciple nodded, then hurriedly said.

"Guo? Guo Guoguo?"

Yang Yan immediately thought of that female disciple who frightened Lin Zimu, Guo of the Ancient Abyss Sect's Inner Sect, known as the "demonic girl."

"Yes."

Yang Yan's heart sank, a bad premonition rising, and he hastily declined:

"Uh—you can just tell her that the competition has just ended and I'm too exhausted, so I won't go."

"Why? Yang, you..."

The female disciple raised her head to look at Yang Yan, then lowered it again and cupped her hands, saying:

"Very well then! Yang, I'll go back and tell Guo."

"Thanks!"

After the young woman left, Yang Yan brought Gu Sheng—who had been hugging the Butcher Palace tightly to his chest the whole way—back to the Ten Thousand Mountains.

Because Ancestral Master Zongming's disciple-recruitment ceremony was in three days, and Sect Leader Lin An's disciple-recruitment ceremony would be held together, the entire sect, from top to bottom, had already begun preparations early.

After all, when the time came, most of the cultivation sects on Wandering Dragon Star would send their high-level members and disciples to attend the ceremony.

Among them, as for the ten seventh-rank cultivation sects, the other nine would definitely be coming.

Chapter 1116: Grandmaster Yang!!

The matter of Ancient Abyss Sect accepting a Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body disciple has already caused a stir among the major sects on Wandering Dragon Star.

Although the major sects often have talented disciples appear, most of them are of high-grade Spirit Body or low-grade Dao Body.

When a Dao Body appears, everyone tends to treat it like a treasure.

Now, Ancient Abyss Sect has produced a Sacred Body, which is not just a matter for Ancient Abyss Sect alone.

This spells a signal to the nine major sects that once the Sacred Body disciple of Ancient Abyss Sect grows up, it will probably be the time for Wandering Dragon Star to unify its orthodoxy!

No sect would willingly sever its own inheritance.

Becoming a vassal or abandoning everything to relocate might seem an obvious way to avoid Ancient Abyss Sect's annexation, but this is clearly not a result the major sects wish to see.

Therefore, the revelation of Yang Yan's identity in Ancient Abyss Sect at this moment is not a good thing for him or the sect.

"Young master, there's an Inner Sect senior brother outside saying he has business with you."

Just after Yang Yan sat down back at the residence, he heard Gu Sheng shout from outside.

"Did he say what it's about?"

Yang Yan couldn't help but frown slightly.

He was not a person who enjoyed noise, and he rarely felt comfortable in such situations.

"Young master, that Inner Sect senior brother said he wants to take you to the Internal Affairs Hall to collect the seasonal attire and waist badge of Inner Sect disciples."

Gu Sheng continued to shout.

"Inner Sect?"

Yang Yan still didn't quite understand, but he pushed the door open and went out.

Although Yang Yan had removed the prohibition inside the cave mansion, Gu Sheng still dared not push the door to come in and report.

In Gu Sheng's eyes, Yang Yan's residence was a forbidden area.

Without his personal permission, as a servant he couldn't possibly enter.

"Senior brother, please come in and have a seat."

Yang Yan waved his hand and removed the prohibition outside the cave mansion, his voice arriving before him.

"Good! However, Yang brother, this title of senior brother is truly not something I deserve."

Responding as he walked in was an Inner Sect disciple.

He was wearing the formal seasonal attire of an Inner Sect disciple, with a longsword at his waist.

"Haha! Why worry? After all, I am just an Outer Sect disciple currently."

Yang Yan laughed heartily and went up to greet him directly.

Although he didn't recognize the other person, his savvy nature made him aware of what actions were appropriate at what times.

"Yang brother is not an Outer Sect disciple now! Congratulations Yang brother, sect rules state that the top ten in the new student grand competition can directly enter the Inner Sect."

This man was tall, with eagle eyes that were sharp and breathtaking.

However, in front of Yang Yan, this disciple was quite restrained.

"What may I call you by, senior brother?"

Yang Yan invited him to sit by a stone table, as Gu Sheng cheerfully ran off to prepare tea.

Yang Yan's residence had its first guest.

Of course, the group of the Fourth Prince did not count.

After all, those people hadn't even entered the door.

The first guest arrived, and Gu Sheng naturally wished to serve well.

"Yang brother, my name is Liu Yizheng, Yang brother can just call me Yi Zheng. This senior brother title is truly not deserved, not deserved."

Just as Gu Sheng brought over the tea.

Liu Yizheng was quite composed, nodding to Gu Sheng before accepting the tea.

"Young master, I'll head to the study while you two chat."

Gu Sheng consulted by Yang Yan's side.

"Hmm!"

Yang Yan didn't particularly mind.

The study was also a place he permitted Gu Sheng to enter.

"Yi Zheng brother, I will shamelessly call you so. Does the sect have any other mandates coming down?"

Yang Yan said with a laugh.

Liu Yizheng set down his teacup, shaking his head:

"There aren't other mandates, but I expect Yang brother will enter the Inner Courtyard, and in three days you can justifiably apprentice under the Ancestral Master. Then, one would dare not call Yang brother by this title."

Yang Yan waved dismissively:

"These are not worth mentioning. In the Cultivation Realm, everything is still based on one's abilities to determine seniority."

Think of him as one of the renowned Four Emperors in the Hidden World, revered by many.

Even arriving at Wandering Dragon Star, he still was not very concerned with such meaningless fame.

Moreover, under such hollow fame people were venerating the Nascent Soul power of Ancestral Master Zongming, not him Yang Yan.

"Haha! Let's not talk about that for now. Yang brother, would you accompany me to the Internal Affairs Hall?"

Liu Yizheng said with a smiling face.

"Alright! Then I'll trouble Yi Zheng brother to lead the way."

The two went out from the residence together, and walking side by side, both were quite charismatic and graceful.

However, in comparison, Yang Yan exceeded by more than a margin in every aspect.

"Yang brother, I rank second on the Inner Courtyard Thirty-Six Celestial Pride List, just below the senior brother, and my residence is beside the senior brother's."

"When Yang brother has time, you should visit my residence to discuss Dao and the laws."

Two long rainbows traversed the sky, and Liu Yizheng engaged Yang Yan using the technique of Secret Transmission.

"When free, Yang Yan will surely visit."

Yang Yan immediately responded.

Actually, he understood very clearly; merely notifying him to visit the Internal Affairs Hall could have been undertaken by any Inner Sect disciple.

Yet Liu Yizheng came, expressing closeness so evidently in his words, clearly intending to forge a connection with Yang Yan.

At worst, even wishing to make friendly with him.

Bearing the title of Saint Son, he was sure to frequently encounter such "friendly actions" in the future.

"Such excellence!"

Liu Yizheng received Yang Yan's response and showed a satisfied expression.

Ancient Abyss Sect is divided into four major halls:

Law Enforcement Hall, Punishment Hall, Task Hall, and Internal Affairs Hall.

Each hall's Hall Master is a respected elder.

The positions below are mostly held by disciples and officials.

The four halls are all located within the Inner Courtyard, so generally Outer Sect disciples won't meet people from the four halls.

The Internal Affairs Hall occupies a separate peak within the Inner Courtyard, making it quite conspicuous.

Yang Yan and Liu Yizheng took merely a tea's time to fly there, and both landed in the outer grounds of the Internal Affairs Hall.

"Senior Brother Liu!"

"Second Senior Brother!"

"Greetings to Second Senior Brother!"

As Liu Yizheng landed, many Inner Sect disciples coming and going respectfully bowed to Liu Yizheng.

Ranking as the second senior brother within the Inner Sect, Liu Yizheng indeed was deserving of the position.

"Good day to the junior brothers."

Liu Yizheng clasped his hands in salute, effectively returning the courtesy.

"This is... Grandmaster Yang!"

Of course, some disciples noticed Yang Yan beside Liu Yizheng and called out in shock.

"Greetings to Grandmaster!"

"Greetings to Grandmaster!"

The formation of Inner Sect disciples in front of Yang Yan was far more ceremonious than it was for Liu Yizheng.

A whole line of Inner Sect disciples knelt on one knee, fists clenched, loudly greeting Grandmaster.

It was long conveyed that Ancestral Master would take Yang Yan as his first disciple.

In their eyes, Yang Yan was thus Grandmaster, regardless of whether the disciple acceptance ceremony had started.

"I should have expected this."

Seeing the situation, Liu Yizheng adapted smoothly; with everyone performing the grand ceremony, he couldn't neglect it.

Thus, he respectfully retreated a few steps from Yang Yan, mimicked the others by kneeling on one knee, and said with clasped fists:

"Disciple Liu Yizheng pays respects to the Grandmaster!"

Chapter 1117: If You Don't Have It, You Don't Have It; If You Want It, You Want It

Faced with the current scene, Yang Yan was initially a bit dumbfounded.

But after coming to his senses, he just sighed slightly in his heart and accepted this fact.

"Everyone, please rise, please rise! The Ancestral Master has not officially accepted me as a disciple at the disciple acceptance ceremony yet..."

Before Yang Yan could finish speaking, an Inner Sect Disciple looked up and said solemnly:

"I dare not! Etiquette must not be neglected. The Senior Ancestor's status is far above ours, and should be addressed as such."

It was clear that this person in front of him was probably one of those disciples wholeheartedly devoted to the Dao.

In the current world, commonly referred to as a bookworm.

However, his cultivation level was quite impressive.

Yang Yan glanced over and found he was at the peak of Qi Cultivation Level Seven.

Such a level should also be a character on the Thirty-Six Celestial Pride List.

After all, many of the Inner Sect Disciples of the Ancient Abyss Sect were around Qi Cultivation Level Six, or at most mid-Level Seven.

Advancing from late-stage to peak was not a simple progression; it was incredibly difficult, and many spent their whole lives unable to make the leap.

"Yang Yan! Why did you lie to me!"

While a group of Inner Sect Disciples were still kneeling on the ground, a graceful figure suddenly stopped above Yang Yan's head.

Hearing the voice, Yang Yan couldn't help but look up.

Goodness, she was actually wearing a skirt...

"Do not look upon that which is indecent, do not look upon that which is indecent..."

Yang Yan murmured in his heart, but his eyes couldn't help but pause for a few seconds.

He couldn't see anything else, but her jade-like legs were truly well-shaped.

"You!"

Seemingly realizing she was exposed, the woman flew down angrily, landing beside Yang Yan.

The next moment, all the Inner Sect Disciples witnessed a scene that filled them with fear.

"Ouch! Junior Sister Guo, let go!"

Yang Yan felt the pain from his ear being tugged and gasped in a breath of cold air.

"How dare you peek at me, don't think I can't deal with you. Don't you know I've even plucked a few of Elder Dugu's beard hairs?"

Elder Dugu?

Oh damn!

Even daring to mess with a Golden Core Elder, this witch truly lives up to her name!

"Junior Sister Guo, let's talk this out, let's talk this out. I saw nothing, it's inappropriate for men and women to be so familiar in public, inappropriate indeed!"

"Pah! What kind of nonsense are you spouting?"

As soon as Yang Yan said this, Guo Guoguo immediately came to her senses.

Her pretty face turned red, and after softly spitting out a curse, she withdrew her hand.

Yang Yan immediately took a few steps back, maintaining a safe distance before speaking again.

"Junior Sister Guo, a gentleman uses his mouth and not his hands, I acted without malice."

Yang Yan said cautiously.

"What gentleman uses his mouth not his hands?! I only know that women use both! You made a mistake, you deserve punishment! Hmph!"

Guo Guoguo crossed her arms and snorted haughtily.

Yang Yan thought to himself, this is not good.

This is bad!

This isn't the current world, it's Wandering Dragon Star; discussing these principles with a young lady probably won't work!

"Junior Sister Guo, may I ask why you came here?"

Yang Yan could only change the subject.

"Oh really! How dare you ask?!"

Guo Guoguo's eyes widened, as if she wasn't angry before he mentioned it, but mentioning it now infuriated her.

She aggressively stepped forward, her barely developed chest puffed out, and arrogantly said to Yang Yan:

"I kindly invited you to visit my residence, and you had the nerve to say you're busy? So why do you have time to come to the Ministry of Internal Affairs?!"

"Do you know how many of my Inner Sect brothers are lining up to get into my residence, and I refuse to let them in!"

Guo Guoguo's expression of you're missing out and this is a huge loss was vividly portrayed by her.

"Ahem— Well, I came to the Ministry of Internal Affairs to handle matters about entering the Inner Sect and to get my nameplate and clothes."

Yang Yan said awkwardly.

He was most afraid of unreasonable young women, not enemies.

This one in front of him was even more extreme than Miss Zhou Er Zhou Hanyu.

"I don't care! Just say it, do you have no idea how to compensate me for having me come all this way to find you?"

Guo Guoguo glanced at Yang Yan and couldn't see any worth from his Outer Sect Disciple's blue robe.

So, she disdainfully waved her hand:

"Forget it, forget it! You've just entered the Inner Sect, you must be poor, just come back with me first!"

After speaking, she didn't care whether Yang Yan agreed or not, stepped forward, grabbed him by the arm, and pulled him away.

An inexplicable layer of cloud appeared under Yang Yan's feet, and in the blink of an eye, he was soaring among the clouds.

This scene left a group of Inner Sect Disciples below dumbfounded.

This witch, could she possibly be involved with the Ancestral Master?

Already difficult to provoke, if she becomes the Ancestral Master's woman, their future days would be impossible.

A few disciples with weak hearts clutched their chests in despair, looking pained.

Liu Yizheng saw this scene from where he stood, shook his head helplessly, and turned to enter the Internal Affairs Hall.

"Junior Sister Guo, I indeed have some business to attend to."

On the cloud, Yang Yan said with a headache.

"I don't care!"

Guo Guoguo didn't even turn her head, seeming to accelerate even more.

"I really have stuff to do, if I miss it, I won't get into the Inner Sect, what then?"

Yang Yan said helplessly.

"No problem, my master is very powerful, I'll help you with that. Entering the Inner Sect? Just a word from me!"

Guo Guoguo confidently finished saying this.

Yang Yan was a bit puzzled, suddenly thought of something, and cautiously asked:

"Could it be that Junior Sister Guo is the Sect Leader's own daughter?"

Guo Guoguo suddenly turned her head and glared fiercely at Yang Yan:

"Don't mention my father!"

Alright!

The Sect Leader's daughter, not someone to provoke, not someone to provoke!

Yang Yan stood silently on the cloud, letting Guo Guoguo lead him on at full speed.

Guo Guoguo's cultivation was also only at the peak of Qi Cultivation Level Seven, yet her speed in riding the clouds was inexplicably faster than other disciples.

After landing and seeing the clouds turn into a wisp of colorful haze which she collected, Yang Yan finally understood that it was due to the power of a Magical Treasure.

"This is a mid-level Spiritual Treasure called Flowing Cloud, much better than that whatever Butcher Palace you have, how about it?"

Guo Guoguo saw Yang Yan staring at the Flowing Cloud in her hand, couldn't help but wave it in her hand proudly.

"Also... that whatever Butcher Palace you have, was what I left behind! My dad gave me three mid-level Spiritual Treasures for protection."

Even knowing the huge gap, upon hearing this, Yang Yan couldn't help but feel a rush of blood.

The one Spiritual Treasure he painstakingly obtained was something someone else discarded.

For someone else's father, gifting three at a time!

Clearly, being born is indeed a skill.

"I don't care about these external items."

Up to this point, Yang Yan could only stoically utter this line, going against his true feelings.

We must lose ground but not face, right?

"Hmph! If you don't have it, just say it, if you want it, just admit it, stop making excuses!"

Guo Guoguo snorted twice and led Yang Yan forward.

It should be known, this was the gathering place for female disciples in the Inner Courtyard, where you typically don't see male disciples.

Now that Yang Yan appeared here, he was an absolute head-turner.

Many female disciples found it was Yang Yan and either blushed and shyly looked down.

Others were bold and, behind Guo Guoguo's back, sent a barrage of flirtatious glances at Yang Yan.

Whether they were doing it seriously or teasing Yang Yan, it was hard to tell.

Chapter 1118: Are You Waiting for Me to Pursue You First?

Yang Yan had never been teased like this before, but times have changed, and he could only feign a breezy demeanor.

"I am a virtuous monk, my six desires have been curbed!"

"Rouge and bones, rouge and bones..."

"You tempting ladies, if you dare to bat your lashes at Yang Yan, I'll not hesitate to give you a thrashing! Don't think I don't know what you're up to!"

Just then, Guo Guoguo turned around sharply and threatened the group of female disciples fiercely.

"Oh dear! Guo, what's the matter, protecting your lover? Aren't we good sisters? Good things are meant to be shared!"

"Yes, yes! Guo, we supported you in pursuing the Saint Son back then! But now that you've caught him, as you have a bite of meat, let us drink some soup too!"

The male disciples of the Inner and Outer Sects feared Guo Guoguo, but these female disciples who knew her nature weren't afraid, merrily teasing her.

Renowned as the Great Witch, Guo Guoguo rarely blushed.

She stomped her foot in embarrassment, pulling Yang Yan forward swiftly.

Yang Yan, still being pulled by the arm, could only muster the strength to keep up.

"Those are wicked women, temptresses; they'll gobble you up without spitting out the bones. You mustn't pay them any mind."

Guo Guoguo pulled Yang Yan to a grand mansion and stopped at the entrance, her face still flushed.

If they are temptresses, then what are you?

A super temptress?

Yang Yan grumbled internally but dared not say it aloud, nodding seriously:

"Yes."

"Glad you understand. I just want to give you a reminder, all for your own good."

Guo Guoguo, seeing that Yang Yan was genuinely convinced, stated solemnly.

Yet, her eyes showed some evasion, secretly revealing her true thoughts.

She also silently grumbled, thinking of herself as the Great Witch of the Inner Sect, Guo Guoguo, how could she fall to such a level!

"This is Hundred Spirits Mansion, my residence. You can come by often if you're free. The Spiritual Qi here is plentiful and will aid your cultivation."

"You've just entered the Inner Sect, you should diligently train and never slack off, tarnishing the Ancestral Master's reputation."

After Guo Guoguo finished her seriously nonsensical talk, she led Yang Yan directly inside.

The grand door opened automatically, and Yang Yan noticed there were several maids within.

Real maids, and judging by their aura, they appeared to be ordinary mortals.

"Guo, may I know the reason why you called me to your mansion?"

Yang Yan realized after entering that he seemed to have been duped and led here.

"No rush, no rush, follow me."

Guo Guoguo didn't leave Yang Yan any time to respond, pulling him further inside.

Those maids watched the scene in quiet shock.

Everyone knew that Guo Guoguo's Hundred Spirits Mansion was strictly forbidden to male disciples.

Last time, due to an urgent Task Hall mission, a male disciple was sent to fetch her.

He ended up getting his face bruised by Guo Guoguo and thrown out unceremoniously.

After this incident, Guo Guoguo's reputation as the Great Witch spread completely.

Guo Guoguo led Yang Yan straight to a room quickly.

There was a plaque at the entrance inscribed with three ancient, vigorous characters —

Treasure Pavilion.

"Here it is, go in!"

Guo Guoguo stopped and smiled at Yang Yan, pointing at the wooden door.

"Guo, what do you mean by this?"

Yang Yan was instantly puzzled.

Did she bring him here just to show off her wealth and treasures?

"Of course, to let you in."

Guo Guoguo seemed entirely justified at this moment,

"Enter and see if there's anything you like, just take one out."

Yang Yan was even more perplexed, frowning as he asked:

"Why?"

This witch offering him Spiritual Treasure for no reason, he didn't think it was anything good.

Guo Guoguo saw Yang Yan's clearly unwilling face, her lips pouting high.

She crossed her hands, grumbling angrily:

"Hey! You think your reward from the Freshman Tournament is anything good? It's just a palace!"

"My father's private collection is stored here, and aside from medium-grade Spiritual Treasures, there's even a high-grade one."

"Offering you to choose one, yet you still...you still..."

Guo Guoguo suddenly choked at her words.

She stared at Yang Yan with a pitiful expression.

Being stared at made Yang Yan terribly uncomfortable, his head bowed as he quietly asked:

"What about me?"

Guo Guoguo became even more annoyed seeing Yang Yan like this, angrily said:

"You know full well, so why ask?!"

"Last time I bumped into you at Zimu's place, I didn't know you were the Saint Son, you never said."

"Are you just waiting for a girl to chase you? You're such a big jerk!"

Ah-hem!

Yang Yan immediately choked, coughing violently.

"Guo, I never had such thoughts. Thank you for your kindness, but I respectfully decline."

"Well...if there's nothing else, I'll take my leave!"

Without waiting for a reply, Yang Yan swiftly traversed a short space, ascending straight to the sky.

Afterwards, he tread on cool breezes, gradually departing.

Guo Guoguo gritted her teeth in anger, looked at the ground, then vented her fury stomping over and over.

She muttered to herself:

"Saint Son, Saint Son, Saint Son! Yang Yan, don't think you can escape, you definitely can't escape from this lady's grasp. Humph!"

Ancient Abyss Sect became busy after the Freshman Tournament concluded.

Particularly, those Named Disciples were the most burdened.

The majority of the workload for organizing the sect's grand ceremony fell upon them.

Of course, there were also some Outer Sect disciples assisting.

As for Yang Yan, having just ascended to the Inner Sect, his residence naturally moved from the Outer Courtyard to the Inner Courtyard.

Due to his unique status, the Internal Affairs Hall hadn't yet decided on an appropriate position for Yang Yan.

Provide him with the standard Inner Sect disciple treatment?

Absolutely not!

Yang Yan was soon to be the Ancestral Master's chief disciple, second only to one and above all others in Ancient Abyss Sect.

Grant him the Core Disciple treatment?

Clearly, there wasn't a position suitable for Yang Yan.

Even if there was, it should be upon Yang Yan officially becoming the Ancestral Master's chief disciple.

To avoid trouble, Yang Yan simply chose on his own, situating Butcher Palace between Senior Brother Lin Zimu and Second Senior Brother Liu Yizheng's residences, and placed it directly on the ground, reducing it to normal size.

A medium-grade Spiritual Treasure is indeed a medium-grade Spiritual Treasure. Apart from its grand and stable appearance, Butcher Palace's interior rooms were all inherently equipped.

Aside from a few everyday items he needed to bring inside himself, everything else was fully provided and available.

After erecting Butcher Palace, Yang Yan spent his days inside it cultivating, occasionally meeting with Lin Zimu and Liu Yizheng, discussing Dao and philosophy, sipping tea together.

Life was utterly leisurely.

Of course, he frequently faced visits from those Inner Sect disciples.

Most would bring some precious gifts.

Yang Yan saw selected few, returned all gifts, and didn't see the rest.

Ensuring he had a tranquil place for himself.

Chapter 1119: Discipleship Ceremony

The day before the sect ceremony, the Ancient Abyss Sect opened its gates.

At this moment, the Ancient Abyss Sect began to bustle with activity.

Some sects close to the Zhou Kingdom or directly within it had already sent their people early on.

The leaders were figures like the Ancestral Masters or Sect Leaders.

Bringing along a few sect elders and a group of the top disciples within the sect, they arrived at the Ancient Abyss Sect.

On this day alone, 27 ninth-level sects and 11 eighth-level sects from the Wandering Dragon Star came.

In a short span of three days, time flew by.

But at this moment, the interior of the Ancient Abyss Sect was vastly different from what it had been three days prior.

If three days ago the Ancient Abyss Sect was still an ordinary city, it had now become a blissful Immortal Blessed Land shrouded in immortal qi.

"The Sword Sect has arrived! Welcome Sect Leader Xu and all the elders!"

"The Magic Sect has arrived! Welcome Sect Leader Liu and all the elders!"

"The Valley of Ten Thousand Flowers has arrived! Welcome Baihua Fairy and all the elders!"

"..."

Unlike the arrival of other ninth and eighth-level sects, when the other nine major seventh-level sects from the Wandering Dragon Star arrived, a specially arranged steward from the Ancient Abyss Sect announced their presence.

This was a differential treatment.

Of course, the people of the Ancient Abyss Sect were very enthusiastic in nature.

"Yang, that is Sect Leader Xu of the Sword Sect, at the mid-Golden Core stage. The Sword Sect is acknowledged as the top sect on the Wandering Dragon Star."

"That young man in the green robe, carrying a sword, appears handsome and graceful, but in reality, he's competitive and cares about his face, a petty person."

"He is the senior disciple of the Sword Sect's Inner Sect, Ban Deming, also at the completion of Qi Cultivation. I had quite a grudge with him before."

On a small adjacent peak next to the main mountain of the Ancient Abyss Sect stood three people, able to see all the guests coming and going.

"Zimu, aren't the ten major sects of the Wandering Dragon Star said to be very united?"

Yang Yan raised his head, smiling as he asked.

Upon hearing this, Gu Sheng, standing behind Lin Zimu, couldn't help but twitch the corner of his mouth.

Lin Zimu smiled and gently shook his head, saying:

"Yang, you don't know, the ten major sects only maintain a facade of peace and friendship, secretly they're all at odds."

"As for the competition among the disciples of each sect, it's even more innumerable."

Lin Zimu spoke, stretching out his right hand, pointing remotely at a group of incoming female disciples with a slightly solemn face, saying:

"Yang, this is the Valley of Ten Thousand Flowers, ranked second among the ten major sects. Did you notice anything?"

Yang Yan looked as instructed, calmly stating:

"It's all female disciples and a few female elders; I suppose the Valley of Ten Thousand Flowers only accepts female disciples, right? Is there anything unusual?"

Lin Zimu shook his head again, remotely pointing in the void at several female disciples:

"Leading the group from the Valley of Ten Thousand Flowers this time is the senior sister of the Inner Sect, Baihua Fairy."

"Our Ancestral Master of the Ancient Abyss Sect took in a disciple like you, Yang, with such talent. The Valley of Ten Thousand Flowers sending these disciples to deal with a small event is nothing but looking down on us!"

"Haha! That's quite possible."

Yang Yan wasn't as aggressive as Lin Zimu, but what Lin Zimu said did make sense.

Lin Zimu retracted his hand, turned his head to face Yang Yan, and said:

"Yang, this disciple selection ceremony might not be that simple... sigh!"

Lin Zimu paused for a long time at the end of his sentence, only to let out a long sigh.

"No worries! As the saying goes, when a soldier comes, a general stops him; when water comes, soil covers it. I'll live freely and happily, regardless of the chaos outside."

Yang Yan appeared very carefree, speaking nonchalantly.

"Indeed, Young Master just needs to be happy, why bother about others?"

Gu Sheng happily chimed in from behind, flattering.

Seeing this, Lin Zimu barely managed to show a subtle bitter smile.

"Dong!"

"Dong!"

"Dong!"

The large bronze bell atop the ancient mountain struck once more.

This time it had only been three days since the last grand comparison when it was rung.

Moreover, seemingly because both the Ancestral Master and the Sect Leader were taking in disciples, the bell tolled ten times!

That was the highest ceremonial treatment.

It sufficiently indicated the level of importance the Ancient Abyss Sect placed on this ceremony.

"The disciple selection ceremony begins!"

At this moment, the grand ceremony of the Ancient Abyss Sect was filled with green smoke, and guests were seated according to their respective hall order on both sides.

At the top sat Ancestral Master Zongming and Sect Leader Lin An of the Ancient Abyss Sect.

Outside the majestic hall, countless disciples from major sects of the Wandering Dragon Star stood watching, roughly a scene of sweating profusely.

At this moment, as the ceremony began, three people were slowly walking along a long aisle leading directly to the main hall.

Trailing behind were two stewards dressed in black.

Leading at the front was Yang Yan, already being referred to as the master ancestor by the disciples of the Ancient Abyss Sect.

Yang Yan had journeyed here after going through the intricate bathing and fragrant crowning ceremony, and then donning the somewhat loose Daoist robe of the core disciple.

"This incense is dedicated to Xing Songzi, the Ancestral Master who founded the Ancient Abyss Sect."

Reaching the steps with the group, there was a bronze cauldron on a platform, filled with large incense sticks.

A waiting steward handed several sticks of incense to Yang Yan.

Xing Songzi, the true Ancestral Master of the Ancient Abyss Sect.

Though he had passed away, his rank was significantly higher than that of the current sect's Zongming.

This was a necessary ritual of respect.

Though mentally grumbling about the complex ceremony, Yang Yan remained very proper on the surface.

After bowing respectfully three times, he inserted the incense.

At this moment, the steward in the black formal attire gave Yang Yan a peculiar look but still motioned for him to continue forward.

Yang Yan was unaware that the rituals he used in the Hidden World differed entirely from those on the Wandering Dragon Star.

However, under the watchful eyes of many, the black-attired steward had to pretend not to see it.

He certainly couldn't provide instruction on the spot!

After offering one stick of incense, there was nothing else to do, and Yang Yan was led into the main hall by the two black-attired stewards.

Then, for just a moment, Yang Yan could feel himself being simultaneously locked upon by all the eyes in the hall.

Countless gazes, whether curious, friendly, or indifferent, fell on Yang Yan.

It wasn't a feeling of being in the spotlight, but rather an unsettling sensation.

Yang Yan felt a slight numbness in his heart.

Upon entering the main hall, his eyes naturally drifted to the top position.

There sat Ancestral Master Zongming and Sect Leader Lin An.

Ancestral Master Zongming displayed a kind appearance.

With smiling eyes, he looked at Yang Yan, seemingly more satisfied the longer he looked.

Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body!

Daoist Saint Son!

Yang Yan alone could possibly elevate the Ancient Abyss Sect to a fourth-level sect in the future.

As an Ancestral Master of a sect, how could Zongming not be pleased?!

"Yang Yan, come forward."

Seeing Yang Yan unexpectedly pausing at the entrance for a moment, Ancestral Master Zongming couldn't help but cheerfully call out.

"Yes!"

Yang Yan was really just unsure of what to do next.

Upon hearing this, without thinking much, he immediately walked forward.

The two stewards who had followed behind had completed their task and withdrew early on.

Moreover, they didn't even have the qualification to enter this grand hall.

Even someone like Lin Zimu, the senior Inner Sect disciple, could only watch the ceremony from outside.

Chapter 1120: As Agreed

Inside the grand hall, aside from the various sect elders, were the leading figures.

Each of these individuals possessed unfathomable strength, with only one exception.

And that was Baihua Fairy, the senior sister of the Inner Sect from the Valley of Ten Thousand Flowers.

Disciples brought by other sects, regardless of their status, could not enter and had to observe from outside.

She was the only one representing the Valley of Ten Thousand Flowers as the leader of this group.

Therefore, the Ancient Abyss Sect naturally did not have much to say about this.

Of course, that was only on the surface.

In reality, which sect leader or elder present would take a girl seriously?

No matter if you are the senior sister of the Inner Sect, a disciple is still a disciple!

Can she truly be considered on an equal footing with them?!

"Disciple Yang Yan, pays respects to the Ancestral Master and Sect Leader."

Reaching the steps, Yang Yan stopped appropriately and bowed to the two on the platform.

The Ancestral Master didn't speak, and the Sect Leader merely nodded.

At this moment, an elder stepped forth from the side.

This elder seemed to have reached the time of destiny, though benevolent in appearance, the air of old age was undeniable.

This was an elder who had stepped into the Golden Core path, yet due to lack of talent, even a lifespan of over a thousand years was confined to this state.

"Child, kneel."

The elder stood to Yang Yan's left front, speaking softly.

Though soft, it was still very audible in the silent hall.

"Yes."

Although Yang Yan didn't know the etiquette, at the very least he knew to listen, and immediately knelt before Zongming as instructed.

Yang Yan, would not kneel to heaven or earth.

Those he found worthy of kneeling were only his parents and teachers.

"After three bows, present the tea."

The elder continued.

"Yes."

The ceremony to become a disciple, Yang Yan hadn't witnessed for who knows how long.

Unexpectedly, this time he personally experienced it.

After three bows, as instructed, he took the cup of tea sent by the elder and walked up the steps to present it to Ancestral Master Zongming.

This was the master-disciple tea.

"Master."

Yang Yan respectfully presented the tea to Ancestral Master Zongming.

When Ancestral Master Zongming accepted the cup of tea with a smile, Yang Yan's address of "Master" was affirmed.

"The ceremony is complete!"

The elder below was visibly pleased, his voice slightly trembling.

This was not surprising.

Being able to witness such a scene within his lifetime was indeed heartening.

Everyone could imagine, with the addition of a disciple possessing a Sacred Body to the Ancient Abyss Sect, what grand future lay ahead.

"Yang Yan, you are my senior disciple, also my closed-door disciple, I will impart all of my life's accomplishments to you."

"May you grow and protect the sect in the future, do you understand?"

"Disciple understands!"

Yang Yan certainly had no reason to refuse, and said respectfully.

If he refused, Zongming might die from anger.

"Congratulations, congratulations, Zongming! You've accepted such a talented disciple, truly making others envious!"

At this moment, a middle-aged man among the guests on both sides suddenly spoke with a laugh.

"Haha! Sect Leader Xu, no need to be envious! The Sword Sect has a disciple with a superior Dao Body, who I hear is under your tutelage."

Zongming also responded with a smiling face.

Yet his words made the middle-aged man's smile freeze.

It was true that the Sword Sect had recently accepted a superior Dao Body disciple.

Just over ten days ago.

Though he had become a disciple under Sect Leader Xu, there was no grand ceremony for taking in disciples.

Even within the Sword Sect, many disciples were unaware, as the news was tightly sealed.

Unexpectedly, Ancient Abyss Sect knew about it so soon.

"Haha! While my disciple's talent is good, compared to your sect, it still falls short!"

Sect Leader Xu self-deprecatingly said, gaze still fixed on Yang Yan.

One couldn't tell what kind of undercurrent lay beneath his smile...

"The Sword Sect has always been the leader of the ten sects, the disciples under Sect Leader Xu must be extraordinary!"

A sect leader of a ninth-level sect took the opportunity, quickly stepping forward with a smile to flatter.

"Haha! The path of cultivation cannot be generalized."

"I see the decade-held Immortal Cultivation Conference is approaching, and today coincides with the discipleship ceremony of the Ancient Abyss Sect, where all fellow sects are gathered."

"I presume each sect has brought their elite disciples, how about a small demonstration today?"

Sect Leader Xu suggested to Zongming with a smile.

With those words, his intentions were made clear.

In his view, even if Yang Yan had a Sacred Body, he was a new addition to the Ancient Abyss Sect and his cultivation level mustn't be high.

But the disciple from their Sword Sect wasn't like that.

He had been cultivating for five or six years, and if he could suppress the prestige of the Ancient Abyss Sect, then use that momentum to overpower Yang Yan.

How could a Saint Son matter then?

As long as the Sword Sect could overpower the Ancient Abyss Sect, even a Saint Son wouldn't be immune to having his mindset broken and become just an ornament!

"Sect Leader Xu's proposal is excellent, I think it can be done."

This was an elder from the Magic Sect.

Though only an elder, such agreement clearly had the sect leader's tacit approval.

"The Immortal Cultivation Conference is indeed approaching, a small demonstration wouldn't hurt."

Another sect member quickly stroked his beard, smiling and agreeing.

What followed was a wave of agreement.

It seemed like a group had conspired in advance, right?

Otherwise, how could they reach such consensus so quickly!

Zongming discreetly glanced at Yang Yan, a slight smile appearing on his lips.

Others might not know Yang Yan's level, but how could he not know?

While not at the peak of Qi Cultivation, it was at the eighth level of Qi Cultivation.

Even within the Ancient Abyss Sect's Inner Sect, he was only subordinate to a few disciples who had cultivated for decades!

Moreover, the power of the Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body wasn't merely in cultivation.

His understanding of spells and the Law far exceeded ordinary people.

Even Zongming didn't know where Yang Yan comprehended the Space Law.

And it seemed to be on par with his own.

After much thought, Zongming could only attribute it to Yang Yan's Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body.

"Then it's settled!"

Seeing the unanimity among the numerous small sects below, Zongming readily agreed.

"However, today isn't just this old man receiving a disciple."

"Our Ancient Abyss Sect's one hundred and twelfth generation Sect Leader Lin An will also accept disciples today. The time is set for the afternoon."

"So, let's hold the disciple competition tomorrow instead."

Naturally, no one opposed Zongming's words.

After a chorus of assent, the matter was settled.

The people in the grand hall gradually dispersed, with the Sect Leader staying to accompany sect leaders and masters in discussing the Dao.

Hearing of tomorrow's competition, many powerful disciples on the periphery of the ceremony were eager to take action.

Among them, disciples from the ten major sects were the most enthusiastic.

For when their seniors brought them over, it had already been instructed that this Ancient Abyss Sect ceremony was not merely a disciple initiation.

They had been explicitly and implicitly told to perform well!