

Powerful 1121

Chapter 1121: Provocation

By the afternoon, it was time for the disciple ceremony of Sect Leader Lin of the Ancient Abyss Sect.

Whether intentionally or unintentionally, Sect Leader Lin's disciple ceremony was much smaller in both spectacle and scale compared to Ancestral Master Zongming's.

Though there were still many attendees, all displaying great enthusiasm.

As the ceremony came to its end, three men had already made their way into the Ten Thousand Mountains together.

Because the Ten Thousand Mountains were within the Outer Courtyard, there were not many people present at this moment.

"Zimu, why is it that, despite you also having a medium Dao Body, you weren't taken in as a disciple by the Sect Leader, yet Third Prince Long Ming was?"

The two sat beside the stone table that Yang Yan had previously carved out with Star Night, while Gu Sheng stubbornly stood behind Yang Yan.

Hearing Yang Yan's question, Lin Zimu couldn't help but smile.

He picked up his sword, gently placing it on the stone table, then looked at Yang Yan and said slowly:

"Brother Yang, it's because my main focus is on the Sword Dao, and within the sect, only the Sword Disciple Elder excels in this field."

"I see!"

Yang Yan immediately felt relieved.

After all, when choosing a master, one doesn't just choose the one with the higher realm.

If the Sword Disciple Elder's expertise in the Sword Dao surpasses that of the Sect Leader, then of course, it's best to take the Sword Disciple as a master.

Lin Zimu then laughed heartily and said:

"Brother Yang, do you know why I didn't go to the Sword Sect, which specializes in the Sword Dao?"

Yang Yan suspiciously asked:

"Why? After all, Sword Sect is still the leader of the top ten sects."

Lin Zimu waved his hand:

"Because the Sword Sect has a nemesis of mine. In this life, I must represent the Ancient Abyss Sect to surpass him!"

The usually gentlemanly Lin Zimu now showed no restraint, his sharpness fully revealed.

As soon as he finished speaking, both of them turned in unison to look behind them.

Lin Zimu smiled:

"Brother Yang, talk about timing."

"Let's see what they want to do?"

Yang Yan replied lightly, seemingly unconcerned.

As for Gu Sheng, he only cared about Yang Yan, bowing his head silently without even glancing up.

The sharp sound of air being cut through whistled past overhead, weaving back and forth over them a few times before slowing down and landing on this small mountain peak.

"Ah! Brother Zimu, I've had quite a hard time finding you! To say, these Ten Thousand Mountains are quite large."

Four disciples, all dressed in white, landed, each wearing a sword at their waist.

The leader, a man of imposing presence and uncommon demeanor, had a slight hint of roguishness in his expression.

"Senior Brother Ban was flying back and forth overhead, I thought he was looking for some female junior, so I didn't dare interrupt."

The expected hostility typical of enemies did not surface upon meeting.

On the contrary, Lin Zimu stood up with a refined demeanor, as if meeting an old friend, outwardly friendly.

This was likely a display of the Inner Sect Senior Brother's cultivated demeanor!

Yang Yan sat there without moving.

After all, it was just an Inner Sect Senior Brother of the Sword Sect; given Yang Yan's current status, the other party indeed didn't have the standing to make Yang Yan rise to greet him.

Lin Zimu still addressed him as Brother Yang because Yang Yan insisted on it.

But that did not negate Yang Yan's identity as the Ancestral Master of the Ancient Abyss Sect.

"Brother Zimu, you seem to be doing well; it's been three years since we last met, and I've missed you greatly."

The leading man among the four was none other than Ban Deming, the Inner Sect Senior Brother of the Sword Sect.

Not only had he reached the peak of Qi Cultivation, his swordsmanship had also reached great heights.

"Have a seat."

Lin Zimu merely smiled slightly and motioned for Ban Deming to sit after he walked over, only then did he sit himself.

"I won't sit. Zimu, have you forgotten the three-year appointment from three years ago?"

"I'll give both of you three years to consolidate your perfected cultivation, and then we shall have another match."

As Ban Deming spoke, a faint smile appeared at the corner of his mouth, as he lovingly stroked the sword scabbard held in his right hand with his left.

This demeanor clearly awaited Lin Zimu's response.

"Isn't there a match scheduled for tomorrow?"

Lin Zimu said softly.

"Really? I had forgotten."

Ban Deming raised his head, looking at Lin Zimu with a half-smile:

"But, esteemed Senior Brother of the Ancient Abyss Sect, it's better today than tomorrow; I can't wait any longer!"

Lin Zimu's cheek twitched slightly, but he said nothing.

A cohort at Ban Deming's side chuckled provocatively and said:

"What's the matter, Lin Zimu? As the Inner Sect Chief Disciple of the Ancient Abyss Sect, are you now afraid to accept a challenge?!"

"Remember, three years ago, you could still draw with our Senior Brother Ban, right?"

With these words, the Sword Sect disciples standing behind Ban Deming also chimed in.

"Indeed, three years ago, our Senior Brother single-handedly challenged the chief disciples of the top ten sects, undefeated."

"At that time, Senior Brother Lin was the only one who managed a draw against our Senior Brother!"

The disciples from the Sword Sect spoke up, as though if Lin Zimu did not agree, he would be admitting he was inferior to Ban Deming.

Crucially, this was a matter of honor not just for Lin Zimu.

The chief disciples of both sects were representative figures within their sects.

If Lin Zimu admitted defeat without fighting, where would the face of the sect be?!

Lin Zimu smiled gracefully, calmly rising to his feet and grabbing the sword laid on the stone table.

He first bowed smilingly to Yang Yan:

"Brother Yang, please excuse me for a moment."

Yang Yan smiled indifferently:

"No worries, I'm actually curious to see you show your might."

Ban Deming caught a chill in his eyes at Yang Yan's attitude.

However, in a brief moment, he refocused his gaze on Lin Zimu.

"Brother Zimu, this way please!"

Ban Deming pointed to a neighboring mountain peak, leading his followers over.

Throughout it all, Ban Deming and his group seemed to disregard Yang Yan, the real protagonist of today.

Or perhaps they noticed him all along.

They just hadn't figured out how to deal with Yang Yan, so they pretended not to see.

For instance, earlier Ban Deming clearly exhibited hostility towards Yang Yan, yet didn't truly act on it.

The Ten Thousand Mountains were vast—large enough to hold hundreds of thousands with room to spare.

However, due to today's ceremony, the mountains were devoid of people.

Even if there were, the majority consisted of three hundred Inner Sect Marquis Mansion disciples in seclusion.

So, the Ten Thousand Mountains remained quite tranquil.

The mountain peak adjacent to Yang Yan's location had a slightly larger platform, free of obstacles, making it perfect for duels.

The Sword Sect disciples stepped aside quietly, standing with their swords, clearly no longer aggressive as before.

Both Ban Deming and Lin Zimu donned white garments, each formidable in their own right.

In terms of demeanor, one was elegantly handsome, the other exuding the grace of a gentleman.

These two would clash swords to decide the better atop this unknown small mountain peak in the Ten Thousand Mountains.

Chapter 1122: The Sword's Offense and Defense

Ban Deming looked at Lin Zimu in front of him, and couldn't help but speak first:

"Zimu, three years ago, you and I fought to a draw. It leaves a lingering regret, making my food tasteless!"

"Three years later, after diligent training, forsaking sleep and food, I have achieved Minor Achievement."

"I have prepared for today's battle long ago, but I wonder how well you have prepared, Zimu?"

Lin Zimu glanced at him casually, holding the Seven-foot Cyan Blade in his hand, trembling slightly in the air:

"With a heart towards Dao, the sword is my heart, if you want to fight, then fight."

For those who wield the sword, it is the king among weapons.

Now a clash between two kings is imminent, everyone stared wide-eyed, afraid to miss even a single detail.

Upon hearing this, Ban Deming pulled up the corners of his mouth, raised the longsword slowly, the tip pointing directly at Lin Zimu:

"Zimu, sorry for making you wait!"

As soon as these words fell, Ban Deming's body had already vanished from the original spot, transforming into a white streak.

A violent wind suddenly arose!

"Ban, you are quite bold."

Even when Ban Deming struck first, being swift, Lin Zimu maintained a calm demeanor.

When that violent wind suddenly stopped, a longsword cleanly pierced through Lin Zimu's chest.

Through the heart!

However, what was left behind was merely Lin Zimu's afterimage!

The real Lin Zimu had already flickered to tens of meters behind, smiling at Ban Deming.

Ban Deming wasn't surprised by this outcome.

On the contrary, everything seemed as expected, anything different would have been abnormal.

He sneered, a cold gleam flashed in his eyes, his whole body turning into a stream of light as he attacked Lin Zimu again.

"Lin Zimu, that was just a probe. After three years of dedicated training, I have gained a lot. Today, I will show you!"

"First technique—Sword Disciple Embracing the Sword!"

This sword from Ban Deming seemed ordinary on the surface, merely slashing towards Lin Zimu.

Yet Yang Yan saw through the intention.

The purpose of Ban Deming's sword was not to injure, but to lay the groundwork!

For just thinking slightly, Yang Yan could foresee thousands of successive moves!

No matter how you change, it's hard to resist it.

Careless attention could lead to immediate defeat.

However, Yang Yan was quite confident.

If it were him, he would have ways to break Ban Deming's move.

Lin Zimu's comprehension in Sword Dao was evidently no lesser than Ban Deming's.

He not only saw Ban Deming's subsequent moves but also discovered the flaw!

The sword light flashed like lightning, darting straight towards Ban Deming's heart with unrivaled speed.

Using a faster speed than before, this method of exchanging injury for a fatal strike made Ban Deming's face turn dark.

Unexpectedly, Lin Zimu not only had such high attainments in Sword Dao but acted so decisively.

Forced by circumstances, Ban Deming had no choice but to change his move.

A sword barely struck Lin Zimu's sword, causing it to slightly veer off course.

Simultaneously, he quickly retreated, narrowly dodging the strike by a hair's breadth.

"Second technique, Plum Blossoms in Three Movements!"

A failed strike did not deter Ban Deming; after a moment, he launched a furious attack, the longsword unleashed myriad blossoming sword flowers.

"Third technique..."

"Fourth technique!"

Endless techniques forced Lin Zimu into constant defense.

However, as an observer, Yang Yan had a clear view of the situation.

Though Ban Deming's Sword Dao attacks were fierce, as the aggressor, he still had to be wary of Lin Zimu's countermoves.

Lin Zimu focused solely on defense, perfectly guarding every point.

Occasionally, a countermove forced Ban Deming to expend greater heart power to resolve it.

In terms of mana consumption, Ban Deming consumed more as well.

At this rate, inevitably, Lin Zimu should win the duel.

Meanwhile, Ban Deming, unable to break through, suddenly paused, retreating after clashing moves with Lin Zimu.

Ban Deming retreated to the side of the peak, behind him a sheer cliff.

His gaze turned somber; he suddenly smiled as he fixed his eyes on Lin Zimu, showing a playful expression.

"Lin Zimu, it has been three years, yet you still cling stubbornly to your Path of Defense."

"Three years ago, just because you defended flawlessly, I strived for a draw."

"Nothing else, just because you're tough like a smelly tortoise shell!"

Upon hearing this taunt, several Sword Sect disciples spectating burst into laughter.

At this time on Ten Thousand Mountains, people gradually gathered unknowingly.

It seemed the ceremony had ended, and guests began to tour the sect's scenery led by Ancient Abyss Sect's disciples.

There were now Inner Sect disciples from the Marquis Mansion leading groups of disciples from other sects to spectate this battle nearby.

On one side was Ancient Abyss Sect's Inner Sect eldest disciple Lin Zimu, on the other was Sword Sect's senior brother Ban Deming.

Both were somewhat renowned figures on Wandering Dragon Star.

Especially Sword Sect's Ban Deming, who three years ago won a single duel against the eldest brothers of nine great sects, making him famous on Wandering Dragon Star for a time.

Naturally, Ancient Abyss Sect's disciples hoped their senior brother would win.

As for disciples from other sects, they were purely here for the spectacle.

Faced with Ban Deming's deeply taunting words, Lin Zimu remained with tranquil eyes, quietly stood holding the longsword.

"In Sword Dao, there is both attack and defense. As for now, I have just stepped into Minor Achievement of the Path of Defense."

On hearing this, Ban Deming scoffed:

"Indeed! It so happens I'm just the opposite, on the path of offense, and three years later, I have achieved Great Success!"

"Lin Zimu, watch closely, this technique is one of the last four from Sword Emperor Scripture of Sword Sect, and also the most powerful!"

"Sword Emperor's Fury—Three Thousand Miles of Bloodlight in Rage! Cleave the Sky!"

As his final syllable fell, an unprecedented momentum erupted from Ban Deming's body.

The surrounding disciples were shocked.

Everyone involuntarily raised defensive barriers to avoid being affected by the residual force of the sword technique.

If it weren't for their concern with reputation, such a terrifying move would certainly have caused them to retreat far away!

The only individual whose reaction differed from others was Yang Yan, who sat alone at a stone table.

Oh no!

More accurately, there was one more person.

The one still standing behind him—Gu Sheng.

Ban Deming's move carried an overwhelming Sword Momentum, accompanied by a force that seemed unstoppable, sweeping all in its path.

It was as if any enemy standing before him would be torn to pieces!

When the Sword Aura devoured everything, Yang Yan saw most clearly.

A splendor surged forth; although Yang Yan didn't move visibly, a barrier had already risen in front, shielding Gu Sheng behind.

With Gu Sheng's current cultivation, even the slightest residual force of Ban Deming's sword technique could not be endured.

Boom!

A deafening roar echoed through the clouds, akin to a powerful attack clashing against a massive stone, generating a loud shockwave.

Chapter 1123: If It Were You, You Could Do the Same

Ban Deming's move actually matched the strike of a Foundation Establishment cultivator!

One must know, the chasm between Foundation Establishment and Qi Cultivation is like a bridge; they are not the same level at all!

It's fair to say Ban Deming's move successfully crossed this hurdle.

The clouds dispersed gradually after rising thickly.

The previously clear and blue sky suddenly turned dark and overcast, with dense black clouds.

The venue became frighteningly silent, as if a pin drop could be heard.

"Haha! The mighty senior brother of the Inner Sect of the Ancient Abyss Sect is just so-so!"

Though the dust hadn't completely settled, Ban Deming clearly saw Lin Zimu's situation and burst into laughter.

Several disciples from the Sword Sect hurried over, each with joyous expressions, respectfully clasping their hands and saying:

"Congratulations, Senior Brother!"

Some disciples from other sects, who were brought to watch, naturally included those from the Sword Sect.

Seeing this situation, they also shouted directly:

"Senior Brother is mighty!"

"Senior Brother will surely win!"

A group of Ancient Abyss Sect disciples stood dumbfounded, eagerly waiting for the pervasive dust to settle.

"Alas!"

At this moment, Yang Yan, who had remained motionless, suddenly stood up and sighed lightly.

"Young master, take it slow."

Gu Sheng quickly followed behind him.

Though the dust was thick, it didn't obstruct Yang Yan's sight, nor did it come near him.

When the dust finally settled, everyone suddenly realized the spot where Lin Zimu once stood was now empty.

A few disciples who saw Yang Yan and the others stand up and leave fell silently into thought.

Why did the three vanish without a trace?

Could it be... the Earth Escape Technique?!

That is an Ancient Daoist Technique!

Although it's just a Basic Daoist Technique, it's rare to see on a Seventh-level Cultivation Star such as Wandering Dragon Star!

In the Inner Courtyard of the Ancient Abyss Sect, inside Butcher Palace.

"Cough, cough... Yang, I'm fine, don't worry."

Yang Yan sat quietly next to a wooden table, sipping tea, while Gu Sheng stood silently like a wooden figure behind him.

Hearing this hoarse voice, Yang Yan smiled, looking towards Lin Zimu on the bed to his right.

He poured tea into a teacup with fluid movements:

"Zimu, my Butcher Palace doesn't usually have fellow brothers visiting, and it's spacious enough. You can rest in this guest room for now. Avoid being disturbed by those elder disciples."

Lin Zimu lay on the bed, holding his chest and smiling bitterly, gently shaking his head as he struggled to sit up.

Seeing this, Gu Sheng hurried over to help Lin Zimu sit up.

Lin Zimu shook his head again with a wry smile and said to Gu Sheng:

"This... I'm not so injured that I can't move. Thank you for your kindness, Gu."

Gu Sheng blushed.

He meant well, but helped the wrong person.

After all, Lin Zimu was a perfected Qi Cultivator and the senior brother of the Inner Sect. How could he easily become like a mortal after a casual battle?

"Understood!"

Gu Sheng reverently stepped back.

At this moment, Lin Zimu glanced at his clothes, his expression changed slightly, and he asked Yang Yan with some oddity:

"Yang, what's with these clothes on me?"

Yang Yan turned to look; Lin Zimu was wearing the blue robe of an Outer Sect disciple, making him smile with amusement:

"Hey! Zimu, don't take this the wrong way. In that battle, you nearly fainted, and your clothes were covered in dust. How could you not change them?"

Lin Zimu looked increasingly embarrassed, quietly asking:

"Then... who changed my clothes?"

"Naturally, it was me! Don't worry, Zimu. We are like brothers, aren't we? Seeing something we shouldn't is no big deal, right?"

With a playful smile, Yang Yan's gaze intentionally or unintentionally wandered over Lin Zimu.

Lin Zimu's left hand slightly touched a corner of the blanket.

Suppressing laughter, Gu Sheng bowed and said to Lin Zimu:

"Senior Brother, I changed your clothes, just the outer garment."

Lin Zimu finally looked relieved.

Then he looked up at the ceiling and sighed:

"In this competition, I've disgraced the sect."

"Clang, clang..."

Yang Yan tapped the lid on the teacup back and forth, occasionally blowing on it.

Clearly, some matters could have been resolved with one magic spell, but Yang Yan insisted on doing it like a common person.

However, he enjoyed that feeling.

To him, it gave meaning to tea drinking.

"Zimu, this isn't your fault. I saw it; the Sword Sect, worthy as one of the top ten sects, has its unique advantage."

"If one wants to learn the sword, going to the Sword Sect is a good choice."

Lin Zimu paused, frowning as he said:

"Yang, even you think so?"

Yang Yan grinned, sipping his tea inconsequentially:

"Isn't it so? Your realm and talent are almost equal; your Sword Dao of Defense combines defense with offense, with defense as the main and offense as the auxiliary, which is correct."

"The mistake was only in that his sword technique was one level deeper than yours. That's the Sword Sect's foundation. It doesn't pertain to individual strength and talent. I believe, if it were you, you'd achieve the same."

Yang Yan, as an observer, saw everything clearly and captured every detail.

With his cultivation level, it wasn't difficult to notice these things.

Even Lin Zimu fell into silence after hearing this.

He and Ban Deming were already arch-rivals in the mundane world, and both later participated in the top ten sects' disciple recruitment ceremony.

Upon hearing Ban Deming joined the Sword Sect, Lin Zimu deliberately joined the Ancient Abyss Sect.

His intention was for both to represent their sects and compete against each other in the future.

Three years ago, Ban Deming and Lin Zimu had almost equal reputations.

However, after the former challenged the Inner Sect senior disciples of the top ten sects, he soared to fame, becoming a hotly pursued talent on Wandering Dragon Star.

At that time, Lin Zimu could still fight Ban Deming to a draw.

Nowadays, Ban Deming can defeat him in just one move!

"Young master, it seems there is some commotion outside the residence."

Gu Sheng, entrusted with a Butcher Palace Token by Yang Yan, suddenly whispered a reminder.

Yang Yan was naturally aware and said calmly:

"Go and ask what's the matter. If it's not urgent, let them go. Today, I'm not receiving guests."

"Understood."

Gu Sheng walked out of the room as instructed.

Lin Zimu then came down from the bed, sat opposite Yang Yan, picked up the tea Yang Yan poured, and drank it heartily.

After finishing, he savored and praised:

"Yang, not only are you outstanding in talent, but your tea skill is also among the best in the world!"

Yang Yan couldn't help but roll his eyes.

Isn't that obvious!

The tea was nurtured entirely with his spiritual power; it would be surprising if it were inferior.

Seeing Yang Yan silent as if in thought, Lin Zimu doubtfully asked:

"Yang, is something the matter?"

Yang Yan snapped back, smiling lightly:

"Oh, nothing. Zimu, perhaps you should prepare yourself; you might have to go out."

"Is that so..."

Lin Zimu drank his tea, frowning and deep in contemplation.

Seeing Yang Yan like this, he certainly knows something.

There's no need to ask again, as he's already quickly guessed what's in his heart.

Chapter 1124: The Hundred Spirits' Ever-Successful Technique

Indeed, after returning, Gu Sheng respectfully said:

"Young master, the one outside is a disciple of the Law Enforcement Hall. They said Elder Mad Sword wants to see Master Brother."

Upon hearing this, Lin Zimu's face showed a moment of embarrassment, followed by a sigh of regret:

"So it's my master who wants to see me. Alas, not only did I fail to bring glory to him, I ended up making him lose face."

Saying this, he stood up and cupped his hands to Yang Yan:

"Yang, if that's the case, I'll go see my master."

Yang Yan smiled and said, "Hurry along, then! Your injuries should have mostly healed by now, right? Gu Sheng, see Master Brother off."

"Yes."

Gu Sheng responded.

Lin Zimu laughed heartily:

"Thanks to the sect's Three Lives Pill, the healing effect is excellent. Yang, farewell!"

The battle between Lin Zimu and Ban Deming, watched by many Outer Sect disciples, quickly spread out as news.

The result of this battle was the defeat of Lin Zimu, the Inner Sect Master Brother of the Ancient Abyss Sect.

Some were pleased, and some were worried.

The Sword Sect disciples were pleased, while naturally, the Ancient Abyss Sect disciples were worried.

At this time, a rumor gradually started to spread.

Because Ban Deming had consecutively defeated the top disciples of ten major sects, he subtly became the leading figure among the younger generation on Wandering Dragon Star.

Many were spreading the rumor that the Sword Sect was the number one sect, and Ban Deming was the number one among the younger generation!

Of course, not everyone agreed.

Among them, the disciples of the Sword Sect were the ones dissatisfied.

Though they did not explicitly say it, they merely mentioned that within the Sword Sect, there are individuals more capable than the Master Brother, and then they remained silent.

At this moment, the news about Lin Zimu of the Ancient Abyss Sect being defeated by Ban Deming had not affected a certain Little Witch.

On the main mountain of the Ancient Abyss Sect, atop the ancient mountain, behind the main hall of the Ancient Abyss Sect, Sect Leader Lin An was stopped by someone.

"Guo'er, what kind of mischief are you up to again?"

Sect Leader Lin, who was engaging in a lively conversation with several sect leaders, had the stern expression on his face vanish upon seeing Guo Guoguo.

Guo Guoguo appeared very upset, her mouth turned up so high it seemed like it could hang a dragging oil bottle.

"You let down my mother, and you've let me down too!"

The little girl's words instantly left Sect Leader Lin speechless.

The other sect leaders around wore peculiar expressions.

However, they soon smiled kindly.

The several leaders knowingly greeted Sect Leader Lin, allowing him to handle family matters first.

Even though Sect Leader Lin had lived for several centuries, with his cultivation having long reached the level of Golden Core Great Power, he still found himself on the weaker side when facing Guo Guoguo.

"Guo'er, is it that some disciple doesn't meet your expectations again?"

Sect Leader Lin asked, somewhat headache-ridden.

He had only one true love in his life, but because of certain events, he wronged her.

This led his daughter, once she became sensible, to refuse to take his surname, and instead, she took her mother's surname.

She even named herself Guoguo of her own accord.

Feeling guilt, Sect Leader Lin allowed her to have her way.

After Guo Guoguo embarked on the path of cultivation, she frequently stirred up chaos within the Ancient Abyss Sect.

Many disciples knew of her identity but could only watch helplessly, always giving in to her.

However, the moniker "Little Witch" had already reached Sect Leader Lin's ears.

This time, Sect Leader Lin thought Guo Guoguo was once again here to report about some Inner Sect or Core Disciple.

"Saint Son Yang Yan misunderstands good intentions. He has a prejudice against your daughter!"

Guo Guoguo said angrily.

Upon hearing Yang Yan being mentioned, Sect Leader Lin felt immediately worried.

Currently, Yang Yan was of equal rank to him!

"Guoguo, explain carefully, what did Yang Yan... do? You should be calling him Master Ancestor."

Sect Leader Lin said awkwardly.

"Master Ancestor my foot! I won't call him that! Humph! He... he even calls me Junior Sister!"

"In any case, I don't care. Father, I want you to issue an edict, let him move into Hundred Spirits Palace!"

Sect Leader Lin looked at her curiously:

"Hundred Spirits Palace? Live together with you?!"

Could it be that Guo Guoguo has changed her target, no longer troubling the disciples within the sect, and started to target the Saint Son?

This really was difficult to assess whether it was a good or a bad thing.

Hearing her father understand it as wanting Yang Yan to live with her, Guo Guoguo blushed and said bashfully:

"Then... then let him move Butcher Palace next to me! What's the point of a Master Ancestor living with several Inner Sect disciples?"

Alright then!

This little devil has even figured out where Yang Yan lives.

Even if Sect Leader Lin was dense, he understood his daughter's intentions.

However, speaking of this, if his Guoguo could be with Yang Yan, wouldn't it be all benefits and no harm to the Ancient Abyss Sect?

Sect Leader Lin pondered for a moment, then smiled at Guo Guoguo:

"So being neighbors makes it right?"

Guo Guoguo's face reddened, becoming fiery hot.

She hurriedly stomped her foot and shouted:

"I don't care, I don't care! You've let down my mother! You've also let down me!"

Sect Leader Lin's face turned dark as he turned and walked away.

This little devil, can't she phrase it differently!

However, as he was leaving, he paused, turned his head, and left a remark: "I have to consult Uncle Master Zongming about this."

Guo Guoguo grinned foolishly behind him.

This trick has indeed never failed.

It's even more effective than any kind of magic, directly settles even a Golden Core Great Power.

Yang Yan, still sipping tea in Butcher Palace, slightly wrinkled his nose, and his heart started beating faster.

Why is there a feeling of impending doom?

Could it be due to the sect comparison happening tomorrow...

Yang Yan pondered carefully, but was left without any clues.

Forget it, forget it!

Now is not the time for leisure.

Might as well continue gaining insight into that newly learned intermediate Daoist technique of Foundation Establishment Stage!

Time flew by.

The next day, under the clear sky, a solitary crane ascended among the clouds, and the lazy, gentle sunlight bathed the earth.

White mist floated around the various towering peaks of the Ancient Abyss Sect, whilst the wind gently blew, causing ripples in the blue pools, like a fairytale realm.

This time, the minor comparisons between disciples of various sects took place in the vast Qinghua Garden on the ancient mountain.

Within it, surrounded by artificial hills, the largest area in the center featured a uniquely spectacular pool of green water, named Taihua Pool.

The pool was teeming with various colorful fish, and from time to time, celestial cranes would descend from the sky and stand gracefully on lotus leaves.

Raising their small heads to look at the people coming and going around, they seemed to wonder what these people were doing?

"Hey! These celestial cranes look quite tasty, how about catching them and roasting them in the back mountain!"

A disciple stepping on water, dressed in green, deliberately laughed out loud.

The crane, already possessing intelligence, flapped its wings upon hearing this, and swiftly flew away.

At this moment, another disciple stepped on water, and the two of them simultaneously climbed onto a platform.

This platform was several tens of meters in length and width, although large, it was still small compared to the vast Taihua Pool.

There were as many as nine other similar platforms around, altogether forming ten.

Originally Taihua Pool naturally didn't have these, they were created overnight through the Immortal Daoist Techniques of the Ancient Abyss Sect.

Chapter 1125: All Right, I Accept Your Request

On the platform above, disciples who arrived later looked at Qinghu below and asked somewhat confusedly:

"Senior Brother, why do you think the Ancient Abyss Sect is holding the tournament in this large pool?"

The disciple in a blue shirt was staring dreamily at the back of a certain female disciple, not thinking clearly, he blurted out:

"Surely because the Ancient Abyss Sect ran out of space, so they set up the tournament stage in the pool."

"Who says our Ancient Abyss Sect doesn't have space?!"

A crisp and pleasant voice suddenly emerged, albeit tinged with slight anger.

"I said it, what's the problem?"

The blue-shirted disciple was completely unaware of the danger approaching, and turned gracefully to reply.

At this time, another disciple's hand shook slightly and whispered in the blue-shirted disciple's ear:

"Ouyang Senior Brother, this seems to be the Little Witch of the Ancient Abyss Sect, Sect Leader Lin An's daughter."

"Hmm?!"

The airborne woman naturally heard this, instantly casting an angry gaze at the chatty disciple.

Behind her, two attractive female disciples urgently drew their longswords, ready for conflict.

The blue-shirted disciple's expression now showed slight embarrassment.

In front of everyone's eyes, being pointed at with swords by several female inner sect disciples of the Ancient Abyss Sect, would he not care about maintaining his dignity?

However, as the saying goes, a gentleman does not fight with women!

Especially since the person in front is the daughter of the Sect Leader of the Ancient Abyss Sect, a confrontation would be unwise.

The blue-shirted disciple then laughed awkwardly, saying:

"This must be Guo, Junior Sister, I..."

Unfortunately, before he could finish his sentence, he was interrupted outright by the other party.

"What do you mean, what?! You're not allowed to call me Guo Junior Sister!"

Clang!

Guo Guoguo suddenly drew her longsword, angrily saying: "Except for Yang Yan, no one can call me Guo Junior Sister, do you understand?!"

"Yang Yan..."

The blue-shirted disciple was at a loss for words, smiling bitterly as he spoke:

"Alright, Miss Guo, I am the inner sect eldest disciple of the Yizheng Sect, Ouyang Feng."

Guo Guoguo raised her eyebrows and said:

"I know you. But, does being the eldest brother of the Yizheng Sect make you remarkable?"

"Hmph! Let me tell you, Yang Yan is over there; he is the Saint Son of our Ancient Abyss Sect. Do you think you can surpass him?!"

"If you call me Junior Sister again, I will definitely ask Father to throw you out!"

Ouyang Feng followed Guo Guoguo's gesture, and saw that the elegant young man she pointed to just happened to glance over.

Initially, Ouyang Feng's expression showed nothing, but after Yang Yan turned away, he displayed disdain.

Saint Son?

What does that matter!

Having only joined the Ancient Abyss Sect for a few days, he, Ouyang Feng, of average Dao Body aptitude, had already been cultivating at the Yizheng Sect for over ten years!

Moreover, Yang Yan's recent behavior showed he dared not meet his gaze, having briefly glanced back before swiftly turning away.

To him, such a Saint Son was merely superficial!

"Miss Guo, is what you said just now true? If I surpass your Saint Son, will I be qualified to call you Junior Sister?"

Ouyang Feng nonchalantly asked.

Guo Guoguo's expression shifted several times, finally glaring fiercely at Ouyang Feng:

"Absolutely not!"

Alright!

Typical unreasonable behavior.

In front of this Little Witch, what use is reason?!

Ouyang Feng considers himself a figure akin to a prodigy, and being mocked like this by Guo Guoguo left him slightly embarrassed.

By now, quite a few disciples had gathered nearby to watch the spectacle; he had to state his position.

Thinking thus, he suppressed his anger and instead flashed a relaxed, light smile, gracefully saying:

"Since Miss Guo says I must surpass the Ancient Abyss Sect's Saint Son to call you Junior Sister, then let me declare here, today, I will defeat this so-called Saint Son in one move!"

This statement led nearby Yizheng Sect disciples, already suppressing their enthusiasm, to shout in agreement.

"Master Brother is mighty!"

"Master Brother will win!"

"Master Brother..."

Having adequately regained his face, Ouyang Feng couldn't help but commend his quick thinking.

He gave Guo Guoguo a charming smile and gracefully descended into the arena with his fellow disciples, his movements stylish and elegant.

In the distance, Yang Yan, conversing with Lin Zimu, initially turned back just accidentally, seeing the Little Witch, quickly turned back again to avoid being noticed.

Unexpectedly, a furious figure quickly stormed into view.

Seeing Guo Guoguo's pouting face, Yang Yan found it amusing but forcibly held back his laughter.

"Young Sect Leader!"

Lin Zimu, sensing Guo Guoguo's anger and knowing the danger, quickly called out to avoid being caught in the crossfire.

Originally, he had higher seniority compared to Guo Guoguo. Since she declared that no one was allowed to call her Junior Sister, Lin Zimu swiftly changed his address.

Still, being the Young Sect Leader clearly overturned the hierarchy.

"Guo Junior Sister, what's going on?"

Yang Yan was unaware of Guo Guoguo's announcement, continuing to address her as he always did.

The Little Witch arrived with an angry look but, upon seeing Yang Yan, seemed to lose her temper.

She stood there gloomily, refusing to speak.

Even Yang Yan felt somewhat anxious about her behavior.

Because he didn't know, what storm this Little Witch of the Ancient Forest Spirit Monster was brewing.

Finally, one of her fellow female disciples couldn't stand it anymore, covering her mouth while laughing and stepping forward to explain:

"Guoguo was bullied by one of the eldest disciples of the external sect!"

Yang Yan was immediately stunned.

This Little Witch could be bullied?

Was it possible the sun rose from the west?

Of course, it was impossible for him to do sky-gazing actions like that.

But he did wish to know the brother's name, hoping to learn some tricks for self-defense.

However, it appeared learning such tricks might be out of reach.

Guo Guoguo, after her fellow disciple spoke, immediately raised her stubborn little head and said to Yang Yan:

"The eldest disciple of the Yizheng Sect, Ouyang Feng, I want you to defeat him for me! Beat him so badly even his mother wouldn't recognize him."

Yang Yan couldn't help but chuckle.

He had no intention of holding back in this tournament.

Not for the championship, nor to make a splash.

He just wanted to see where his skill levels stood among these disciples.

If a battle with Ouyang Feng were to occur, helping the Little Witch along the way would be no problem.

"Alright, I promise you. However, Zimu and I have a Daoist technique to discuss."

"Hmph!"

The Little Witch snorted coldly, and swaggered away.

"Yang, you might have been a bit impulsive. This Ouyang Feng is the inner sect eldest brother of the Yizheng Sect; his cultivation has long since reached Qi Cultivation full completion, ready at any time to step into Foundation Establishment."

Lin Zimu kindly reminded him from the side.

Standing behind Yang Yan, Gu Sheng's heart also tightened in worry.

Half-step Foundation Establishment...

That's quite tricky.

In his eyes, though Yang Yan is strong, he is still at the full completion of Qi Cultivation Level Six.

Chapter 1126: Seeking the Dao

Yang Yan laughed heartily and said nonchalantly:

"Zimu, there's a saying that a gentleman's word is as good as a promise, and a true man's word is like a precious pledge."

"Once words are spoken, they are like spilled water; I must fulfill what I've said."

Although he didn't explicitly say it, his demeanor clearly showed confidence.

Lin Zimu naturally shut his mouth wisely, refraining from saying more.

In Lin's eyes, Yang Yan indeed seemed somewhat profound and mysterious.

At the very least, certainly not as simple as the sect claimed, stating Yang Yan was merely at the sixth level of Qi Cultivation.

"Haha! Yang, Senior Brother!"

Just as Lin Zimu was silent, a cheerful laugh suddenly came from afar.

They saw a streak pass through the sky, and a person appeared beside them.

"Yang... oh no, now the disciple should address you as Grandmaster. Grandmaster Yang!"

Yang Yan had already turned to look, and upon seeing the person's appearance beside him, he couldn't help but laugh heartily:

"So it's Yi Zheng, we've been waiting for you for quite a while."

Lin Zimu watched Liu Yizheng, silent for a moment, before suddenly cupping his hand and smiling:

"Liu, congratulations. You might surpass me, the Senior Brother, in stepping into the Foundation Establishment Stage first!"

Liu Yizheng heard this and immediately shook his head with a wry smile:

"Senior Brother, don't tease me. I only know my potential is limited, so I dare not pursue that Perfect Foundation Establishment, thus I seek the ordinary Foundation Establishment method."

"What's the use of being quick? I wish it were slower. Alas, unfortunately... sigh!"

The two sang in harmony, and Yang Yan didn't quite understand, asking doubtfully:

"Does Foundation Establishment have different levels?"

Liu Yizheng saw Yang Yan's confusion and quickly explained:

"Grandmaster Yang, once we cultivators successfully establish our foundation, we gain three hundred years of life. However, this foundation establishment is divided into Perfect Foundation Establishment and ordinary Foundation Establishment."

"The Perfect Foundation Establishment is just as its name implies, like the path Senior Brother seeks—it's the path of Perfect Foundation Establishment."

"But there's a limitation; one's constitution must at least be a medium Dao Body!"

"Otherwise, they completely cannot endure the cleansing of Celestial Thunder, let alone speak of a perfect foundation body training event."

"Is it due to innate talent?"

Yang Yan felt somewhat regretful.

From his observation over these days, it's not difficult to see that Liu Yizheng actually has decent skills and a good character.

Most importantly, Yang Yan gets along very well with him.

Now knowing it's because of an innate talent issue, it indeed is regrettable.

The path of cultivation, if taken one step slow, remains a step slow.

Yang Yan didn't need to think to know there are definitely differences between Perfect Foundation Establishment and ordinary Foundation Establishment.

There might even be substantial differences!

Encouragingly patting Liu Yizheng's shoulder, Yang Yan reassuringly said in a warm voice:

"Yi Zheng, the Dao path is vast, always leaving a glimmer of hope. We cultivators are those who defy the heavens, making earth-shattering deeds. If you don't believe in your own path, then it's better not to walk it."

Yang Yan's words, though meant to be comforting, served more like a wake-up call, allowing Liu Yizheng to wake up to reality.

"Grandmaster Yang, thank you!"

Liu Yizheng bowed deeply recognizing the gesture with reverence and sincerity.

Yang Yan gently smiled and helped him up:

"Yi Zheng, just don't forget your own path."

At this point, Lin Zimu remarked from the side:

"Yi Zheng indeed is fortunate, receiving guidance from Yang; blessed are the kind deeds."

Yang Yan laughed heartily:

"Let us continue discussing techniques! There are still many things I don't understand, being new to this path, I have much to learn from you both."

Liu Yizheng shook his head earnestly:

"Grandmaster Yang, if you have questions, please speak freely, how could it be worthy of the word 'learn'?"

Yang Yan entered the Ancient Abyss Sect not long ago, and the time spent learning Daoist techniques was even shorter.

Naturally, there are many things he doesn't understand.

Regarding the understanding of magical techniques, he's definitely not as thorough as Lin Zimu and Liu Yizheng, who have been studying for over ten years.

Fortunately, Yang Yan's comprehension speed is quite astonishing, encountering almost no difficulties throughout the process.

Especially when the two learned that Yang Yan could already grasp Daoist techniques at the Foundation Establishment Stage, they both showed expressions of great surprise.

Yang Yan could only smile wryly.

Actually, the reason was he feared they would feel it was too unbelievable, so he hid his true situation.

If they were to know he could already slightly use intermediate Daoist techniques at the Foundation Establishment Stage, who knows if they'd be directly petrified on the spot.

People were gradually gathering around Taihua Pool, and among them appeared the high levels of various sects.

Once sect leaders and elders of the ten major sects arrived with several of their chosen disciples, the Ancient Abyss Sect's Sect Leader Lin An finally appeared.

As the host, it was only natural for Ancient Abyss Sect to make a delayed appearance at their own venue.

However, Sect Leader Lin An managed it with perfect timing; neither early nor late, without making people feel they waited too long.

After Lin An appeared, an elder from Ancient Abyss Sect rode a flying sword over Taihua Pool's sky, announcing hoarsely:

"Will judges take their positions."

With one command, ten beams of black light suddenly shot into the sky from the crowded surroundings.

Finally, each black beam chose a platform to land on.

These were ten stewards of the Ancient Abyss Sect.

However, the golden silk patterns embroidered on their sleeves distinguished them from ordinary stewards.

All of these were Ancient Abyss Sect's senior stewards, holding positions just below the elders.

Yang Yan glanced around, noticing the lowest realm was the early Foundation Establishment Stage!

To know, in some small sects, Foundation Establishment Stage already represents figures akin to elders.

They even have the privilege to establish a ninth-level sect!

Yet, in Ancient Abyss Sect, they're merely senior stewards serving as judges.

Observe just a part to grasp the whole; one cannot deny Ancient Abyss Sect's profound strengths.

After two consecutive mandates from the elder, the stewards took the stage, simply announcing the rules.

At this point, there was nothing more for Ancient Abyss Sect's high ranks to do.

Everything would be managed by those ten senior stewards.

Because nominally, this was merely a small competition among the disciples who came to Ancient Abyss Sect from Wandering Dragon Star, disciples from eighth and ninth-level sects were also participating.

The initial competition at Taihua Pool was among these disciples.

Of course, some members of the ten major sects were also interspersed.

Though the disciples brought by those eighth and ninth-level sects were of the core level, their duels were still quite exciting.

But if they encountered the core disciples of the ten major sects, they'd appear somewhat lacking.

Under such circumstances, on the third platform, Yizheng Sect's First Elder's first disciple, with just a few sword moves, forced the disciple who had already won several consecutive matches—a disciple from some eighth-level sect leader — into a disadvantage.

After several more sword stances, that sect leader's disciple was already exposed to danger and defeat.

With no other choice, the disciple had to admit defeat.

"Yizheng Sect, Peng Tao wins!"

The senior steward announced the result expressionlessly, picking up a brush and jotting down something in a thin booklet.

Chapter 1127: Okay

"Senior Brother Peng truly lives up to being the Grand Elder's disciple, he beat the Blade Sect Leader's disciple the moment he went on stage. He's way too strong!"

"Of course! Senior Brother Peng has long since stepped into the ninth level of Qi Cultivation, while that Sect Leader's disciple is only at Qi Cultivation eighth level perfected!"

"Don't forget, our Yizheng Sect still has Senior Brother!"

"Right right right! Senior Brother Ouyang is the Sect Leader's personal disciple, his cultivation has already reached Qi Cultivation great perfection, he'll definitely get our Yizheng Sect a good ranking!"

...

Peng Tao's clean and decisive finish of his opponent sparked heated discussion among the surrounding Yizheng Sect disciples.

Their words were nothing but showing off, with a trace of pride.

The nearby low-ranked sect disciples could only let it pass.

Those disciples from the other top ten sects just smiled faintly after hearing this.

"Platform No. 3, Ancient Abyss Sect's Yang Yan versus Yizheng Sect's Ouyang Feng!"

On the high Platform No. 3, a bout had just ended as well, and the Deacon on stage called out loudly.

The disciples of Yizheng Sect stared fervently at Ouyang Feng, who was being surrounded by several Core Disciples.

Ouyang Feng also looked toward Yang Yan with quite some disdain, his lips moving almost imperceptibly:

"Today will be the day of your humiliation!"

Ouyang Feng was brimming with confidence, not putting Yang Yan in his eyes at all.

As for those Yizheng Sect disciples, they only remembered Yang Yan's face for the moment, and had already forgotten his name.

So, they naturally assumed that their Senior Brother was about to show his might.

A streak of cyan light flew through the air and landed on Platform No. 3.

The Deacon merely lifted his gaze slightly to look at him.

The next moment, a beam of white light followed.

The newcomer was of course none other than Yang Yan.

With flawless features and an easygoing bearing, the moment he appeared, he immediately drew the sidelong glances of many outer female disciples, who then covered half their faces, cheeks flushing and hearts racing.

The Deacon stepped forward with a very respectful expression, cupped his fists with a bow, and said:

"Grandmaster!"

Yang Yan took a step forward and replied:

"No need for formality, just be fair and impartial."

Yang Yan was saying this to avoid any misunderstanding.

After all, he was the Ancient Abyss Sect's Grandmaster, and the referee was also from Ancient Abyss Sect; these things still needed to be said on the surface.

"Yes!"

The Deacon retreated respectfully to the corner and raised his hand, shouting:

"The match begins!"

Ouyang Feng, who had watched this process from start to finish, wore a mocking expression, his narrow eyes slightly narrowed.

Looking at Yang Yan in front of him, he slowly raised his own sword and asked with a cold smile:

"Grandmaster Yang, may we begin?"

The man's tone made Yang Yan feel quite uncomfortable inside, but outwardly he still replied:

"Anytime."

"Hehe! Grandmaster Yang, you might not know this, but I already promised Junior Sister Guo of Ancient Abyss Sect that I would defeat you with a single move on the arena!"

"So, Grandmaster Yang, you'd better make the first move! Otherwise, if you lose before even getting a move out, you'll just make a fool of yourself for nothing and won't be able to show your face in Ancient Abyss Sect in the future."

Once Ouyang Feng said this, he immediately made the Ancient Abyss Sect disciples' faces flush red with anger.

The Ancient Abyss Sect's Saint Son and their Grandmaster—was he someone you could insult?!

The Sect Leader of Yizheng Sect still maintained a veneer of friendliness, but several Elders sitting beside him laughed outright without the slightest attempt to hide it.

The nine great sects had made such a big scene, stirring up this little tournament; wasn't their purpose precisely Yang Yan?

However, there was one person who was even more furious than all the Ancient Abyss Sect disciples present.

Even her two senior sisters couldn't hold her back.

When Guo Guoguo heard Ouyang Feng call her junior sister again, she immediately channeled her Spiritual Power and shouted:

"Senior Brother Yang Yan, hurry and help me defeat him! He's a bad guy!"

Yang Yan, who had always treated this Little Witch with respectful distance, actually turned his head and gave her a slight smile, replying lightly:

"Alright."

Guo Guoguo's face-slap on the spot could be said to have made Ouyang Feng's anger surge up from his heart.

His slender, fair fingers gripped the hilt with all their strength, yet his face still maintained a facade of calm.

"Grandmaster Yang, in that case, this disciple will have to offend you!"

Feeling the anger coming off Ouyang Feng opposite him, Yang Yan couldn't help but find it amusing.

He really didn't know—he and this man didn't even know each other, where did such great hostility come from?

With both hands clasped behind his back, he casually lifted his head to glance at a corner of the sky, then looked back at him:

"It's fine, just make your move. To defeat you, I only need one strike."

"Whoa!"

The Yizheng Sect disciples burst into an uproar when they heard this.

"This Ancient Abyss Sect Grandmaster is too shameless, isn't he? He's only been in Ancient Abyss Sect for a few days; where does he get this confidence?!"

"Could it be he thinks our Yizheng Sect Inner Sect Senior Brother will hold back on purpose for him?"

"I think that's exactly what he's counting on! After all, this is Ancient Abyss Sect's home turf!"

"Whatever the case, after saying something like that, he's no Saint Son in my eyes, just a fame-seeking clown!"

...

Once such talk from Yizheng Sect started spreading, it naturally couldn't be left unchecked.

The already angered Ancient Abyss Sect disciples immediately pushed back hard.

The fiercest among them were, of course, the Little Witch and the two senior sisters she'd led astray.

The chatter below the stage made a hint of smugness rise in Ouyang Feng's eyes.

Unfortunately, aside from that first glance, Yang Yan had kept that posture of looking off toward the horizon, as if he didn't have a care in the world.

"Hmph! Techniques have no eyes; if Grandmaster Yang is injured, please forgive me!"

Ouyang Feng gave a sideways cold snort and immediately drew his sword.

Zheng!

The seven-foot Cyan Blade left its sheath, the pleasant sword cry echoing to the clouds.

That familiar sword cry made Yang Yan involuntarily lower his head to look at the Sword Scabbard in his hand, muttering:

"Star Night, there's no need for you to come out of the scabbard to deal with someone like this."

Star Night had a spirit; the Sword Scabbard in his hand trembled a few times, as if responding to its master.

"Courting death!"

Seeing Yang Yan acting so arrogant, Ouyang Feng roared, lifted his Longsword, and lunged at him in an instant.

Where the sword passed, countless silver sword-lights surged toward Yang Yan like a tidal wave blotting out the sky.

The sequence of strikes was so fast it was as if dozens of people were thrusting at you at once, wrapping you up so tightly not even wind could slip through!

Yang Yan's eyes narrowed slightly, his expression becoming a bit more serious.

After all, this was Yizheng Sect's Senior Brother. If he wasn't a bit serious and slipped up, that would be troublesome.

Just when everyone clearly saw Yang Yan lift the Sword Scabbard a fraction, thinking he was going to strike first, his figure suddenly shot backward tens of zhang.

Then, his figure blurred once more, and after a brief bout of spatial shifting, he appeared in another spot, directly avoiding Ouyang Feng's pursuit.

Ouyang Feng's eyes narrowed, the corner of his mouth curling upward as he gripped the seven-foot Cyan Blade in his hand and chased after him.

Each time, Ouyang Feng unleashed a different Sword Technique, but Yang Yan always dodged it with an air of nonchalance.

In the end, Ouyang Feng just looked like an idiot, showing off his sword-flowers in midair the entire time.

Finally, Ouyang Feng couldn't take it anymore.

With a sharp shout, the Longsword in his hand turned into a Jing Hong and hacked down through the Void once more without resistance.

The sinewy veins on his neck bulged like dragons as he bellowed in rage, "Yang Yan, can you only dodge?! Coward!"

Yang Yan's rapidly moving figure came to an abrupt halt, forcefully stopping ten zhang in front of Ouyang Feng.

The word "coward" made his eyes gradually turn icy cold.

Chapter 1128: How Can You Be So Fast?

"Your disciple's heart is too impetuous."

Yang Yan's gaze was like water, returning to calmness.

"So what? Unlike you, a person who hides and shows only a little!"

Ouyang Feng glared with anger, gritting his teeth in hatred.

Even though Yang Yan was only ten zhang away from him, he no longer foolishly rushed forward.

He had already realized that Yang Yan definitely had a Spatial Treasure on him.

Otherwise, how could he perform a Secret Technique that only Nascent Soul Stage Great Powers knew — Small Shifting?!

Thinking about who Yang Yan's master was, he immediately felt relieved.

It should be the life-saving item granted to this treasured Saint Son by the Ancestral Master of the Ancient Abyss Sect.

It's just that he actually used it repeatedly in this small contest that posed no danger.

"Pah!"

Thinking this in his heart, Ouyang Feng spat on the ground.

Isn't it just because of his good talent?

A lucky fellow!

Yang Yan remained silent for a while as he saw this.

He looked at the many disciples around, and then at the Sect Elders and Sect Leader on the viewing platform, seemingly speaking to himself:

"Your Sword Dao lies in speed. Extreme speed possesses earth-shattering might. Unfortunately, the power is insufficient!"

"The most important thing is that your Sword Techniques are too gaudy. Or rather, the swordsmanship of the Yizheng Sect is ineffective!"

Yang Yan was merely stating a fact calmly, a fact that seemed undisputed in his eyes.

All the dodging earlier was to observe Ouyang Feng's sword techniques, then study privately and find flaws.

Although Yang Yan's words were calm in tone, they stirred anger among those Yizheng Sect disciples.

Even neutral disciples from other sects looked surprised.

Does he know what he is talking about?

He was commenting on the heritage of a seventh-level sect!

He even pointed out its shortcomings with certainty?!

Didn't he know that these heritages were thoroughly refined and supplemented by Nascent Soul Stage Great Powers over the years?

Not to mention Golden Core, even Nascent Soul Great Powers from other sects dare not comment lightly!

"Hehe! Sect Leader Lin, it seems this new Saint Son from Ancient Abyss Sect is quite extraordinary, perhaps the reincarnation of an immortal?!"

The sect leader of Yizheng Sect sat a few seats away from Lin An, speaking with sarcasm.

The other sect leaders smiled knowingly upon hearing this.

No one took Yang Yan's words seriously.

To them, Yang Yan was likely doing exactly what some disciples said, merely fishing for a reputation.

Did he not realize that with his status as a Saint Son, there's no need for such things?

Even though people around him spat venomous words, Yang Yan only slightly furrowed his brows.

Picking up his Sword Scabbard, he pointed at Ouyang Feng's face and said coldly:

"Since you pursue the fast sword, why bother with all those fancy moves?"

"Having watched you wield your sword for a while, I crafted a sword technique; since it was inspired by your moves, let it be called — Fengduan!"

Yang Yan still did not draw his sword, and simply rushed straight at Ouyang Feng.

Wielding the sword...

He actually dared to say he had been wielding his sword all along?!

Ouyang Feng felt a blaze of anger rise within him.

Upon seeing Yang Yan's straightforward charge, seemingly a suicidal move in his eyes, Ouyang Feng's eyes bulged with astonishment.

So, after all you said, you're using techniques like a common man?

A plain and simple slash...

Courting death!

"Thundercloud!"

Facing Yang Yan's attack, Ouyang Feng advanced instead of retreating.

A seamlessly flowing Sword Technique, like a meteor, slashed towards Yang Yan's waist.

The sword gleamed with brilliance, clearly infused with Ouyang Feng's full Spiritual Power.

With this move from Ouyang Feng, if Yang Yan continued charging directly, the most likely outcome would be being split in two by the sword.

"Ha—"

Seeing Ouyang Feng had set up his defense, Yang Yan instead smiled.

Swoosh!

A shimmer flashed by, leaving only a thin shadow behind.

"You've lost."

As he felt a blunt object pressing against his back, Ouyang Feng's face turned pale, sweat beads rolled down like raindrops.

His lips trembled, shouting in unwillingness:

"No, it's unfair! Without your Spatial Treasure, how did you reach my back? Coward, coward!"

Ouyang Feng, seemingly deranged, shouted hysterically.

"Ha! Putting aside how you react, your Thundercloud barely blocks the front; reaching your back to kill you is easy enough, isn't it?"

Yang Yan had never truly considered him from the beginning.

The previous direct attack had a method to defeat him, but it was a lethal move.

Otherwise, he wouldn't bother flashing to the back.

"Thundercloud, it's not for you to critique! Without that Spatial Treasure, what is this Saint Son?"

Ouyang Feng turned his red eyes around, speaking with reddened eyes.

Anyway, he wasn't afraid Yang Yan dared to kill him.

"I don't have space..."

Yang Yan's words were cut off as a Jing Hong suddenly erupted before him.

"Die!"

Ouyang Feng's expression turned extremely sinister.

Several elders of Yizheng Sect suddenly stood up, faces full of astonishment.

Some elders even looked at their sect leader with questioning eyes.

Several elders from Ancient Abyss Sect rushed towards Yang Yan on the stage, but being Golden Core, they couldn't perform Instant Teleportation.

The chief steward of the third ring was always watching the two on stage. At this moment, seeing what unfolded, his eyes nearly popped out.

The pressure unique to his Foundation Establishment Stage burst forth as he rushed towards Yang Yan.

He would protect Ancient Abyss Sect's Saint Son, even with his own flesh and blood!

However, these people were ultimately a step too slow.

Frankly speaking, Yang Yan never expected to encounter such an assassination at the righteous sect contest among the Ten Sects.

But he wasn't entirely unprepared internally.

Never forget where he came from!

Back then, Yang Yan had fought his way out step by step from the Hidden World.

In that realm, a single mistake could spell death.

This scene, although unexpected, wasn't beyond Yang Yan's precautions.

Clang!

The clash of gold and weapons rang out as a bright yellow flame streaked through the air.

The longsword originally swinging towards Yang Yan's neck flew backward, tracing a beautiful arc in the air.

All disciples, high-ranking sect members, all instinctively held their breath for a moment.

Did the nine major sects hope Yang Yan would die?

Clang...

The longsword, now fallen and rolling on the ground, fell silent.

Ouyang Feng's face was ashen as he slowly lifted his head:

"How can you be so fast?"

Yang Yan didn't draw his sword even at this moment, the sword scabbard casually hung at his waist.

As though Ouyang Feng before him hadn't just been his would-be killer.

After sheathing his sword, Yang Yan looked at Ouyang Feng for a moment, then suddenly said:

"Because my sword is fast, so it is fast."

Because my sword is fast, so it is fast...

Because I am invincible, so it is invincible!

Ouyang Feng collapsed to the ground.

The arriving elders of Ancient Abyss Sect surrounded the two.

Among them, a goat-bearded elder, clearly quick-tempered, extended a hand like an iron clamp to grab Ouyang Feng's shoulder.

Chapter 1129: Why Does It Smell So Fragrant?

With just one strike, Ouyang Feng let out a painful groan, followed by the sound of bones cracking.

He could be considered a man.

Several elders had originally gathered around Yang Yan, intending to comfort him with a few words. Unexpectedly, they turned their heads and stopped speaking altogether.

Because that figure had already turned and left, vanishing into the crowd.

He believed the Ancient Abyss Sect would handle the ensuing matters properly.

If they still wanted to keep him as their Saint Son.

He didn't want to dirty his hands with Ouyang Feng's blood.

The final outcome indeed did not deviate.

Even though several high-ranking members of the Yizheng Sect wanted to plead and explain, they couldn't withstand the dominance of the Ancient Abyss Sect.

The person was taken away.

The reason was that an Inner Sect disciple like Ouyang Feng couldn't possibly have such audacity; there must be someone behind him pulling the strings.

The implication was that the mastermind could very well be the Yizheng Sect themselves.

As soon as this was said, the nine major sects fell into a tacit silence.

"Yang Yan! Are you okay?"

After Yang Yan landed, surprisingly, it wasn't Lin Zimu or Liu Yizheng who rushed over first, but the anxious Little Witch Guoguo.

"I'm fine. How could I be in trouble?"

Yang Yan said casually.

Guoguo pouted at Yang Yan, clearly concerned for him, yet he was giving her the cold shoulder!

"Good to hear you're okay. You must not have any mishap! Don't forget... you are our Ancient Abyss Sect's Saint Son!"

Finding a somewhat reasonable excuse, Guoguo realized everyone was watching her because of her actions, causing her to blush slightly.

However, being a witch, she straightened her back confidently, puffed out her chest, and showed a face of "What are you looking at?"

After using her gaze to disperse the onlookers, she walked away proudly through the path the disciples had parted.

After she left, Lin Zimu and Liu Yizheng exchanged a quick glance before stepping forward slowly.

"Grandmaster Yang, it's unexpected that the Yizheng Sect could nurture such a cunning and treacherous senior disciple. It seems that Yizheng Sect can't really be considered a righteous sect!"

Liu Yizheng said bitterly, looking coldly at where the high-level members of the Yizheng Sect were.

Lin Zimu lightly waved his hand and smiled:

"Ouyang Feng is Ouyang Feng, and the Yizheng Sect is the Yizheng Sect. But I know Ouyang Feng quite well; he logically shouldn't be such a reckless person. Moreover..."

At this point, Lin Zimu suddenly stopped talking and discreetly glanced at the Yizheng Sect Leader.

Seeing this, Liu Yizheng scratched his head and said, "Senior Brother, are you suspecting that this is a scheme by the Yizheng Sect?"

Yang Yan suddenly gave Liu Yizheng a meaningful look.

Liu Yizheng immediately realized something and shut his mouth at once.

Lin Zimu turned to Yang Yan with a knowing smile.

A legitimate sect nurturing such a disciple is not impossible.

But nurturing such an Inner Sect senior brother, that's absolutely impossible!

Unless it's some shady dealings.

Regarding this matter, the high-ranking members of the Ancient Abyss Sect, including the Ancestral Master, must be well aware.

However, this is the apparent scheme of the nine major sects towards the Ancient Abyss Sect, and the Ancient Abyss Sect can't afford to turn against all nine sects at once.

That would give them ample reason to crusade against the Ancient Abyss Sect!

Sometimes, those so-called righteous sects can be more despicable in their secretive maneuvers than the Demon Dao.

Due to the disturbance caused by Ouyang Feng, the Yizheng Sect directly announced their withdrawal from this small contest.

Meanwhile, Yang Yan continued to participate. The Ancient Abyss Sect sent no one to express any condolences to him.

Everyone acted as if nothing had happened, and the contest proceeded as usual.

However, unlike the beginning, everyone in Qinghua Garden could feel a subtle pressure enveloping them.

It was the work of Ancient Abyss Sect's only Nascent Soul Great Power, Yang Yan's master, Zongming.

The sect leaders of the nine major sects were only at the Golden Core Stage in their cultivation.

With Zongming's intervention, any further thoughts of scheming would have to weigh the consequences.

"Baihua Fairy from the Valley of Ten Thousand Flowers against Wu An from the Magic Sect!"

After a few ordinary disciple battles, another contest drew everyone's attention.

An Inner Sect disciple from the Magic Sect was pitted against the senior sister Baihua Fairy from the Valley of Ten Thousand Flowers.

The Valley of Ten Thousand Flowers consisted solely of female disciples and only accepted those with medium-level Spirit Bodies or higher.

Therefore, the number of disciples in the Valley of Ten Thousand Flowers was much smaller than other sects.

But no one dared to underestimate them.

Even the Sword Sect, subtly holding the upper hand, maintained a friendly attitude.

It's rumored that the Valley of Ten Thousand Flowers has an Inner Sect senior sister, very beautiful, but no one knows her name. Everyone simply calls her Baihua Fairy.

The Magic Sect disciple's face turned black when he heard he had to fight the senior sister from the Valley of Ten Thousand Flowers.

When he saw a woman dancing with long sleeves in the wind, he fell into a momentary daze.

It wasn't until the referee had to pat him on the shoulder that the fight continued.

No unexpected things happened in the end; Baihua Fairy casually waved a gust of wind.

The Magic Sect disciple, still standing there, was directly blown away by the wind.

The disciples of the Magic Sect felt deeply embarrassed.

However, some couldn't help but express admiration:

"A fragrant wind indeed! If I were Wu, I'd willingly let Baihua Fairy's wind gently escort me off the stage."

Those around him looked at him disdainfully.

Wu landed quite embarrassingly.

Are you blind?

Didn't you see him wake up abruptly after landing?!

Yang Yan observed the match silently for a while and suddenly said, "This woman has formidable Charm Art."

Hearing this, Lin Zimu immediately smiled.

With some interest, he picked a small wildflower from his feet and brought it to his nose for a sniff.

After a long pause, he slowly said, "The Valley of Ten Thousand Flowers doesn't practice Charm Art but Flower Dao. Cultivators like us are always cautious when encountering a female disciple from the Valley of Ten Thousand Flowers..."

Before Lin Zimu could finish, he saw a graceful figure leap into the air from the stage, followed by a streak of white light.

"Greetings, Baihua Fairy!"

After the person landed, Liu Yizheng cupped his hands.

But Yang Yan and Lin Zimu remained silent.

Baihua Fairy, from ascending the platform to defeating the Magic Sect disciple, took no more time than a tea break.

Everyone was still staring at Baihua Fairy's figure, filled with admiration.

Now they saw Baihua Fairy suddenly fly beside a few disciples of the Ancient Abyss Sect, drawing their astonished gazes.

"Isn't that the Inner Sect senior brother of the Ancient Abyss Sect? What's Baihua Fairy got to do with him?"

"Are you blind? Look beside him. Baihua Fairy is clearly smiling at the Ancient Abyss Sect's Saint Son, Yang Yan!"

"Why is the Valley of Ten Thousand Flowers doing this?"

"I don't know, could it be a beauty trap?"

Whether it's a beauty trap or not, Yang Yan really doesn't know.

But Yang Yan had already deeply appreciated Baihua Fairy's peerless beauty.

Beside him, Lin Zimu, for some reason, kept giving Yang Yan subtle glances.

Liu Yizheng simply pinched his nose to signal Yang Yan.

"Hmm?"

Yang Yan was a bit puzzled, and his nose twitched at the right moment.

Why... is it so fragrant?

Is it...

Flower fragrance!

Chapter 1130: Demon Subjugation Mission

The Baihua Fairy suddenly smiled at Yang Yan.

"Cough, cough!"

Yang Yan coughed twice forcefully: "Baihua Fairy, I am quite inexperienced, please don't use this kind of approach on me."

What a joke, how could Yang Yan fall for something like that so easily.

Liu Yizheng relaxed when he saw this, seeming relieved.

"This fellow apprentice seems to dislike my presence? Holding his nose, is there some strange odor on me?"

Baihua Fairy noticed Yang Yan was unaffected, so she turned her gaze to Liu Yizheng.

Liu Yizheng was still holding his nose.

"No, no. Please don't misunderstand, Baihua Fairy. My nose is just a bit itchy, just a bit itchy."

Basic disciples rarely have any ailments, and even Liu Yizheng claiming an itchy nose is impressive enough.

Baihua Fairy rolled her eyes at Liu Yizheng.

Worthy of being a fairy, even the action of rolling her eyes is so... beautiful.

"Why has Baihua Fairy come here, I wonder?"

Lin Zimu asked from the side.

Lin Zimu had been talking to Yang Yan about Baihua Fairy and the Valley of Ten Thousand Flowers when unexpectedly, she showed up, which was a bit awkward.

"Of course, there's a reason."

Though Baihua Fairy replied to Lin Zimu, her gaze remained fixed on Yang Yan.

She stared at Yang Yan for a long while, her eyes bright and lively.

"Yang Yan, are you really the first Saint Son I've ever seen!"

Yang Yan pondered for a moment and then smiled: "Then Baihua Fairy is truly fortunate."

Yang Yan was not even slightly modest.

Upon hearing this, Baihua Fairy smiled coyly, saying in a charming manner:

"Since the establishment of Valley of Ten Thousand Flowers, we have never had a male disciple, which was an instruction left by our Ancestral Master. However, Valley of Ten Thousand Flowers does not forbid disciples from entering the Red Dust."

"Oh? What does Baihua Fairy mean by this?"

Yang Yan seemed to have guessed Baihua Fairy's intention.

But the actions and words of Baihua Fairy that followed still left Yang Yan feeling bewildered.

Baihua Fairy suddenly laughed tremulously, her clothes seeming to slide off unintentionally, revealing a small patch of flawless skin.

"Yang Yan, I am also of upper Dao Body, and the day of Perfect Foundation Establishment is not far off. The road ahead is long, why not choose a good partner to journey together?"

This was an outright attempt to draw him in!

It was just uncertain whether this was arranged by Valley of Ten Thousand Flowers or if Baihua Fairy had her own intentions.

However, Yang Yan felt the situation was most likely initiated by Valley of Ten Thousand Flowers, with Baihua Fairy happily agreeing after thinking it over.

Baihua Fairy is beautiful, there's no doubt about it.

But how many beauties has Yang Yan seen?

Not to mention the numerous wives with enchanting beauty waiting for him.

"How is it, Saint Son Yang? What is your intention?"

Yang Yan remained silent for a long time, and as his gaze slowly shifted away from Baihua Fairy, her expression turned a bit unpleasant.

"I am short of a maid to serve tea and water, what does Baihua Fairy think about that?"

Yang Yan casually replied, still wearing that harmless smile.

Liu Yizheng and Lin Zimu both looked as if their throats were stuck.

They couldn't help but quickly exchange a glance, and both saw the shock in the other's eyes.

The only person who could speak to Baihua Fairy like this is likely Yang Yan.

Regardless of status or power, only him.

Baihua Fairy's face showed a slight anger, and without responding to Yang Yan, she turned around and left.

All the sect disciples saw Baihua Fairy angrily flying away from Yang Yan's side.

Immediately, countless discussions arose within the scene.

The time for the minor competition passed quite quickly, and it soon came to a close.

Yang Yan wasn't interested in competing; deliberately going onto the stage to surrender meant the following matches had nothing to do with him.

Time passed quietly, in the blink of an eye, another two months flew by.

A major event occurred recently in Ancient Abyss Sect.

Within the Zhou Kingdom, where Ancient Abyss Sect is located, a great demon suddenly appeared.

Within just two days, not only did it slaughter three mortal villages, but it also wiped out the team of Inner Sect disciples who went to subdue it, from the eighth-level Phosphorus Sect in Zhou Kingdom.

Bear in mind, leading the Phosphorus Sect was Inner Sect's third senior brother.

This person was at the seventh layer of Qi Cultivation, complete with over ten Inner Sect disciples at the fifth and sixth layer of Qi Cultivation, without even having time to call for help, they were massacred completely!

Phosphorus Sect was merely an eighth-level sect, losing so many Inner Sect disciples all at once certainly made them heartbroken.

Due to suspecting it was a demon exceeding the Foundation Establishment Stage, they had no choice but to seek help from Ancient Abyss Sect.

After all, Ancient Abyss Sect is the undisputed largest sect in Zhou Kingdom.

Outside the Task Hall of Ancient Abyss Sect, hundreds of Inner Sect disciples were gathered.

Though there were many people, almost no conversation was heard.

Occasionally, a few words like "task" and "reward" could be heard.

At this time, a chief steward with gold embroidered edges on his sleeves stepped out, the disciples' gaze immediately shifted to him.

The chief steward stopped at the entrance of the Task Hall and spoke loudly:

"The sect commands that for this demon-elimination, it will be led by two Foundation Establishment Stage chief stewards, only Inner Sect disciples of the seventh layer of Qi Cultivation and above can participate."

Once this was said, there were both joy and lament.

Of course, the majority of disciples looked sullen.

The reason being, although Inner Sect disciples receive the sect's monthly stipend, which provides enough resources for their daily cultivation, it's merely sufficient.

If they wish to accelerate their progress, earning more resources becomes a necessity.

Usually, Inner Sect disciples accept tasks from the Task Hall, completing them to earn resource rewards as a routine.

This demon-elimination task has been classified by the Task Hall as top tier!

The resources gained would be massive, it could be said that participating disciples would all get a share.

However, the sect issued a limitation requiring disciples to be above the seventh layer of Qi Cultivation.

Among Inner Sect's thousands of disciples, most are still lingering at the sixth layer of Qi Cultivation.

Being at the complete sixth layer in the Inner Sect is already considered outstanding.

Those who broke through to the seventh layer are even fewer.

This explains why, among the Inner Sect disciples present, many are feeling crestfallen.

As they haven't broken through the seventh layer yet, it means they will miss out on this batch of resources.

However, the final outcome proves the higher-ups of Ancient Abyss Sect made a wise decision.

The scene shifts back to the Inner Courtyard, within Butcher Palace known as the Saint Son Palace of Ancient Abyss Sect.

Yang Yan sat atop a Pudian, exhaling a long white silky thread.

This white silky thread almost solidified upon touching the air.

As it touched the wall, it lashed against it like a long whip, making a "snap" sound.

After two months of intensive cultivation, Yang Yan successfully reached the ninth layer of Qi Cultivation.

Leaving him with only one significant obstacle before entering the Foundation Establishment Stage.

Outside the door, Gu Sheng stood silently for a long time.

Once Yang Yan's voice was heard, Gu Sheng dared to reply.

"What is it?"

"Master, the sect is gathering disciples to eliminate the demon tomorrow, senior brother and second senior brother have summoned those disciples going, only waiting for you now."