

Powerful 1141

Chapter 1141: Lives May Be Lost, but the Name Must Endure

The moon was bright and the stars sparse, with the occasional chirp of cicadas echoing in their ears.

The two chief deacons didn't take the Snake Demon's warning to heart at all and followed right after it.

Yang Yan had been left slightly behind; watching the two chief deacons charge into Yuwen Country together with the Snake Demon, a sudden sense of foreboding welled up in his heart.

"Stop! Stop, now!"

Yang Yan couldn't stop the two chief deacons ahead, but he could call to a halt the large group of Ancient Abyss Sect disciples behind him.

"Grandmaster Yang!"

The one rushing at the very front was naturally not the heavily injured Lin Zimu and Liu Yizheng, but a disciple Yang Yan didn't know.

His cultivation had also stepped into the eighth layer of Qi Cultivation—he must be quite a figure in the Inner Courtyard.

After that disciple stopped behind Yang Yan, he looked at him with a face full of confusion.

He couldn't understand—why, when the Snake Demon was right up ahead, did Yang Yan suddenly call them to a stop?

Was it because they'd reached Yuwen Country and didn't dare go in?

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh..."

Dozens of Inner Sect Disciples behind them also rushed over one after another at this moment.

They all looked as if their swords were already drawn, itching to charge into the open plain and slay the Snake Demon on the spot.

But since Yang Yan had already called a halt, the many disciples had no choice but to swallow their anger and force their flying swords to stop.

"Yang, what's wrong?"

Liu Yizheng was still unconscious; he was grievously wounded and likely wouldn't be waking up anytime soon.

Lin Zimu's condition was slightly better than his; he was on another disciple's flying sword, letting someone else carry him.

Before Yang Yan could reply, they saw the Snake Demon suddenly stop in mid-air above the open plain ahead.

The two chief deacons also halted in tandem, gave it a cautious glance, then suddenly their faces changed drastically as they looked in all directions.

"Swish!"

"Swish!"

Two flying swords shot out from the darkness, aiming straight for the two chief deacons.

The fierce radiance on them was clearly the power of Foundation Establishment and above!

"An ambush!"

The unease and doubts in Yang Yan's heart were dispelled, but he also inwardly cursed that things had gone terribly wrong!

"This place is ill-suited for a prolonged stay. You all return to the sect at once! If you can, go call for reinforcements!"

Yang Yan turned back and barked the order without any hesitation.

In truth, he hardly needed to say it—those disciples behind could see clearly; following the first two sword-lights, three more soared up, completely hemming in the two chief deacons.

Five people in Night Clothes and masks slowly stepped out of the darkness.

Though none of them spoke, the aura on their bodies made everyone's hearts tremble.

"Foundation Establishment cultivators, five Foundation Establishment! Who are they?!"

A disciple pointed at the five black-clothed men and cried out in shock.

"This is bad, the two chief deacons are in danger! This is actually an ambush! That Snake Demon has helpers!"

Another disciple bluntly stated how grave the situation was.

Five Foundation Establishment cultivators, plus the Snake Demon itself—a Foundation Establishment great demon—that made six Foundation Establishment in total!

And on the Ancient Abyss Sect's side, even if they counted Yang Yan, they would be at most three Foundation Establishment!

Their numbers were half of the enemy's—how were they supposed to fight this?

"Liu Cai, you lead the disciples below the eighth layer of Qi Cultivation back to the sect to request reinforcements. Take the Wandering Dragon Boat and return at full speed!"

At this critical moment, Lin Zimu's expression was actually very calm. After naming a disciple he was familiar with, he waved his hand, and a Dragon Boat was flung out of his sleeve.

It grew from small to large, finally turning into a colossal vessel, suspended in mid-air.

"Senior Brother!"

The disciple named Liu Cai was the same one who had previously carried Lin Zimu on his flying sword.

Now he stared at Lin Zimu with tears in his eyes, clearly unwilling to leave.

Lin Zimu's face was utterly bloodless; he gave a couple of wry laughs, then spoke with remarkable composure:

"Dawn cannot stop the coming of the night, just as we cannot stop the coming of the great calamity. But we can meet it head-on, even if it costs us every drop of hot blood."

"Liu, quickly lead the junior brothers back!"

On this last sentence, Lin Zimu suddenly gritted his teeth and hardened his tone.

Staying meant life or death unknown. Lin Zimu was a prodigy of the Ancient Abyss Sect, and also its future hope.

But even more than that, he was the Inner Sect's senior brother of the Ancient Abyss Sect!

What he had received was, more often than not, directly proportional to the responsibilities he had to shoulder!

"There's no time. Move, all of you!"

Yang Yan suddenly frowned, his expression turning fiercer than ever as he shouted back.

Up ahead, the two chief deacons had already been caught in the encirclement of five men and one demon; if not for relying on their speed to evade again and again, they would likely already be in a dead end!

"Yes! Disciples below the eighth layer of Qi Cultivation, return to the sect with me and call for reinforcements!"

Hearing this, Liu Cai roared through his tears and was the first to board the Wandering Dragon Boat.

The rest of the disciples below the eighth layer of Qi Cultivation all leaped up after him.

In just a moment, including Yang Yan and Lin Zimu, only eleven people remained at the original spot.

Among them, five were at the eighth layer of Qi Cultivation, and four were at the late stage of the eighth layer.

Faintly creasing his brows, Yang Yan turned to Lin Zimu and said:

"I think you all shouldn't stay either. Go back. You won't be much help staying, and you're more likely to lose your lives."

That "you all" included the heavily injured Lin Zimu.

Yang Yan's actions weren't proof of some grand chivalrous spirit; his feelings for the Ancient Abyss Sect hadn't reached the point of life-and-death devotion.

He was merely doing what was within his power.

The two chief deacons weren't going to make it out—he was just making a desperate attempt.

If push came to shove, he still had ways to retreat!

This was nothing like that last battle of his in the Hidden World.

In that battle he had fought to the ends of the earth, fought until he nearly became a puppet of a minor Heavenly Dao of an entire realm.

He had no way out; behind him was everything he cared about, everything he was willing to stake his life and soul on—there was simply nowhere to retreat.

"Yang, I think it's better if you're the one to go back. You are, after all, the only Saint Son my Ancient Abyss Sect has accepted in the hundreds and thousands of years since its founding."

Lin Zimu grinned at his words.

The proper gentleman he usually was—his scholarly grace and poise—were already gone.

With his deathly pale face and the blood at the corner of his mouth, when he bared his teeth in a grin, Yang Yan only felt like he was looking at the dumbest fool in the world.

"Get lost! Don't you dare start thinking like that!"

Yang Yan snarled at Lin Zimu as if viciously cursing him, then ignored the others.

A small streak of radiance flashed, and Yang Yan had already shifted to the outskirts of the battle, landing right behind a black-clothed man, his sword thrusting straight at the man's back, accurate and unerring!

The Wandering Dragon Boat bearing dozens of disciples departed.

They had yet to truly grow—and they too were the hope of the Ancient Abyss Sect.

"We senior brothers, who are called 'senior brother' by others day in and day out, can't keep taking advantage of that. Today, let us be the ones to cover their retreat."

Lin Zimu spoke as if talking to himself, yet also as if speaking to the nine Qi Cultivation eighth-layer disciples behind him.

"We obey Senior Brother's command! For the Ancient Abyss Sect, lives may scatter, but its name must never!"

The sect precept of the Ancient Abyss Sect: the powers and sects of the world rise and fall, all things advance and recede in cycles—may the fate of the Ancient Abyss Sect be scattered, yet the righteous name of the Ancient Abyss Sect must never be scattered!

If there is no Dao in your heart, what Dao is there left to cultivate?!

"All the better, then. Junior brothers, form the Ten Directions Demon Destruction Array with me!"

The pallor on Lin Zimu's face vanished; with a sudden thunderous shout, the Chixiao Spirit Sword shot forth like a bolt.

"Yes!"

The nine disciples behind him took the order and immediately formed a Sword Array with Lin Zimu.

Chapter 1142: Surrender?

With their cultivation level, attempting to confront Foundation Establishment cultivators would be like a moth flying into the flame.

Yet with the long years and wisdom of cultivators, there are always methods to fight across levels.

Just like this sword array, with Lin Zimu presiding over the main formation, combining the strength of nine disciples, ten as one, it could rival Foundation Establishment cultivators!

"There are rumors in the Outer Sect that disciples of the Ancient Abyss Sect are fearless of death during their training missions. I didn't believe it before, but now, I do!"

"I'll deal with these youngsters!"

As Lin Zimu and the others formed the sword array and charged, a Foundation Establishment black-clothed man coldly smirked, breaking away from the battle circle and advancing straight towards the group.

Yang Yan joined the battle, barely managing to hold off two black-clothed men.

The two chief attendants fought two against four, with one of them being an even stronger Snake Demon. Now with Lin Zimu sharing the burden, their pressure was greatly reduced!

Due to the constant use of Small Shifting to dodge the attacks from the opponents, the two black-clothed men fighting against Yang Yan finally became infuriated.

"Youngster, to think you could touch upon the Space Laws at such a young age! How enviable. Though, it's a pity that today is the day you die!"

The two black-clothed men exchanged a glance, their coordination seamless, and both unleashed their swords.

The two longswords flew out from their grasp.

While in flight, the two sword lights intertwined, becoming a blinding silver glow!

With such immense power, how could Yang Yan dare to take it head-on?

Within the shifting void, Yang Yan once again used Small Shifting to dodge!

The repeated use of Small Shifting had already greatly drained Yang Yan's spiritual energy.

If not for Yang Yan's Flawless Divine Body, which could absorb the spiritual power in the air and transform it into his own energy at a rate far exceeding ordinary people, he would have already lost.

"Hmph!"

Seeing Yang Yan dodge again, the two black-clothed men snorted coldly in unison; the blinding silver light had already found its target, slashing towards the space where Yang Yan was about to appear.

No way!

Yang Yan's heart trembled slightly, suppressing his surprise, and suddenly operated the Space Laws, forcefully stopping himself in another space, not shifting out.

"Boom!"

The immense silver light, even without encountering anyone, did not lose its momentum, forcefully slashing at the space in front of Yang Yan.

"Crack!"

This was the sound of space shattering!

The stability of this space was insufficient to withstand the combined attack of two Foundation Establishment cultivators.

"Pfft!!"

Yang Yan couldn't help spitting out a mouthful of fresh blood, his body forced to reveal itself.

Clutching his chest, his figure stumbled a few steps in the air, almost unable to remain afloat.

"Grandmaster!"

"Grandmaster!!"

The two chief attendants had been closely watching Yang Yan's situation; seeing him in peril, how could they hold back any longer?

The two chief attendants seemingly unleashed all their skills, launching a storm-like attack on the two men and one demon in front of them, intending to force them back and rescue Yang Yan!

But the Snake Demon had already prepared, sneering, and transformed into its true form, risking injury for injury to entangle one chief attendant.

The other chief attendant, despite having extraordinary means, could not break through the encirclement of two black-clothed men of the same realm.

"Brat, are you the Saint Son with the Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body of the Ancient Abyss Sect?"

A black-clothed man stopped his advancing companion, looking mockingly at the blood-spitting Yang Yan.

So what if you're the Saint Son?!

Besides hiding, aren't you still vulnerable?

"Are you the so-called hidden-agenda cowards?"

Yang Yan raised his gaze, calmly looking at the two of them, saying plainly.

His tone was as if he was merely discussing something trivial.

"Brat, I'm surprised you dare talk tough when death is staring you in the face."

The other black-clothed man looked Yang Yan up and down, the killing intent in his eyes unmistakable.

Yang Yan had long suspected, and no longer needed confirmation now.

This was already an open and blatant strategy!

A slight smile appeared at the corner of his mouth. Looking at the two, Yang Yan tilted his neck slightly and said:

"Did you set up this elaborate trap just for me?"

The movements of the two black-clothed men seemed to pause momentarily, then one of them reacted and laughed wildly:

"Brat, so what if you know? It's good to let a dying man die understanding why!"

"The demon was released on purpose, the people were killed on purpose! The aim was to lure you out!"

"But we didn't expect the Ancient Abyss Sect values you so much, sending two chief attendants as well?"

"Too bad, these two chief attendants will die here today too!"

Saying this, the black-clothed man also shook his head, seemingly pitying the Ancient Abyss Sect.

Yang Yan showed a look of curiosity, smiling: "Mobilizing five Foundation Establishment experts to kill me, this kind of influence must be something extraordinary on the Wandering Dragon Star, right?"

The other person said in a sinister voice: "That's none of your concern, brat."

Yang Yan cupped his fists towards the void, showing great respect: "There is one more matter I'm unclear about, I hope the two can let me die knowing why."

The black-clothed man on the left seemed very pleased, laughing aloud before putting his hands behind his back, coldly saying: "Brat, I'll give you one last chance, ask away!"

He seemed quite proud of being able to grant a favor to a Saint Son.

Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body?

Saint Son?

So what!

Don't you still have to bow to my sword in the end?!

"I wonder if the force behind you two needs talent? Although I joined the Ancient Abyss Sect, secretly I've long held a grudge against them, with great animosity towards the Ancient Abyss Sect unavenged!"

Upon saying this, the whole scene was shocked!

Behind, the disciples of the Ancient Abyss Sect battling a Foundation Establishment cultivator, including Lin Zimu, all showed disbelief, each terrified.

Grandmaster Yang, how could this be?!

Not to mention them, even the two chief attendants were shocked and turned their heads to look at Yang Yan.

Both of them widened their eyes, like ox eyes, trying to discern something from Yang Yan's face.

However, Yang Yan's demeanor remained calm and indifferent.

One could not tell if what he said was true or false.

Is it true?

If he truly had a great animosity towards the Ancient Abyss Sect, why act so calm...

Is it false?

Why would he then speak of defecting to the black-clothed men's side?!

In a band of cultivation stars numbering in the hundreds of thousands, the number of people possessing Sacred Bodies would not exceed five figures.

Gaining the loyalty of a true Saint Son among the Three Thousand Holy Bodies is an offer that no force could refuse!

These black-clothed men had no grudge against Yang Yan, and if Yang Yan truly wanted to surrender, none of the five would dare to have ulterior motives against Yang Yan.

After all, there are five of them, not one, not two!

"Are these words true?! What deep vendetta do you have with the Ancient Abyss Sect?"

This voice did not come from the two in front of Yang Yan, but from one of the black-clothed men battling the two chief attendants.

Once that black-clothed man spoke, the two in front of Yang Yan immediately fell silent, as expected, this person should be the leader among them.

Chapter 1143: Transcending Tribulation Ahead of Time

"I was brought back by Elder Dugu of the Ancient Abyss Sect. At that time, the place where I was, is what you call the Forgotten Land..."

Then Yang Yan twisted the story of how Elder Dugu rescued Hidden World and took him away into a mission where Elder Dugu led a team and coincidentally found him as a great talent.

Because Yang Yan couldn't leave his family and was unwilling to follow Elder Dugu to the Ancient Abyss Sect, Elder Dugu, in a fit of rage, killed everyone he knew, and isolated the Forgotten Land.

Helpless, Yang Yan followed them to the Ancient Abyss Sect, biding his time patiently, hoping for revenge one day!

"My home was destroyed, and a massive formation was set up, preventing those inside from coming out and those outside from getting in!"

"The sect claimed they punished Elder Dugu with a thousand years of meditation! They said it would wear him out, but I know this is merely a guise to placate me, as Elder Dugu is clearly in seclusion to break through in cultivation!"

Yang Yan's voice, originally growing softer, suddenly became brilliantly clear, turning sharply, a sinister look of hatred flashing across his eyes.

Though it was quick, it was clear enough to the black-clad men who saw it from the side.

"What do you think, Lin Zimu?!"

One of the black-clad men immediately asked Lin Zimu nearby.

"I didn't expect you to remember that, are mere mortals more important than seeking immortality?"

Lin Zimu gritted his teeth as he spoke.

His words, paired with such an expression of intense fury, brought a smirk to the hearts of the black-clad men.

The grand steward and disciples of the Ancient Abyss Sect all showed bitter expressions.

Could it be that the Ancient Abyss Sect really used such means to bring in their Saint Son?!

Then how could this Saint Son be loyal to the Ancient Abyss Sect?!

Elder Dugu, how foolish!

As for Lin Zimu, a senior apprentice brother from the Inner Courtyard, a distinguished genius, he knew the truth of the matter.

With his intellect, understanding Yang Yan's motives was not difficult!

Thus, he responded to the previous question in this way, to cooperate with Yang Yan.

"Haha! Good, good! It's truly wonderful. Ancient Abyss Sect, you've played a good game! If not, how could my Yizheng Sect stand to gain?"

After hearing Yang Yan's words, the black-clad man laughed uproariously after confirming the truth of Yang Yan's story.

No one noticed how Yang Yan's and Lin Zimu's cold eyes grew icier upon hearing the three words "Yizheng Sect."

A murderous aura began to slowly emanate from Yang Yan.

It was as though a Death God had come to the world with his Soul Hooking Scythe, exuding a chilling air that sent shivers down the spine of all present.

"Yang Yan, since you hold such a grudge against the Ancient Abyss Sect, why don't you kill all these stewards and disciples of the Ancient Abyss Sect today?"

"With the Ancient Abyss Sect losing such a batch of elite disciples, even if it takes a few decades or hundreds of years, what will they have to contend with us?!"

The black-clad man laughed even more savagely.

"I don't think that's necessary."

Yang Yan coldly replied, taking step by step forward.

Step by step, slowly advancing.

The two black-clad men looked straight into Yang Yan's eyes and felt an inexplicable sense of danger arise.

That wildly laughing black-clad man ceased his mirth.

By this time, the truce between the Ancient Abyss Sect and the black-clad men had lasted a while, all because of Yang Yan's talk of "betrayal."

The Snake Demon beside him glanced at Yang Yan with considerable wariness, its mouth opening to speak human words:

"Hua Sheng, don't be deceived. This kid is clearly the most cunning among the human race!"

The black-clad man named Hua Sheng glared fiercely at the Snake Demon, and the Snake Demon dared not speak again.

It was a demon, or rather, the Mountain Guardian Demon Beast controlled by the Yizheng Sect with Secret Techniques after capture.

In status, it was inferior to these five black-clad men of equivalent realm.

"Yang Yan, what do you mean by that?"

Hua Sheng, having achieved Foundation Establishment, was not a fool without insight.

What was Yang Yan saying?

Not necessary!

Moreover, the tone, the look in his eyes, seemed to make Hua Sheng realize Yang Yan's true intention.

Yet, for the moment, he found it somewhat hard to believe and wanted to make one last struggle.

A disciple with the Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body was truly too valuable for the Yizheng Sect.

Going through all this pains and setting up this situation, wasn't it all for this young man before them?

"I said it's not necessary," Yang Yan lightly raised his eyes, looking calmly at him, before continuing, "I am a disciple of the Ancient Abyss Sect, the sect holds no grudge against me."

"Then why?!"

Finally realizing his efforts were in vain, Hua Sheng shouted furiously.

Now, the grand stewards of the Ancient Abyss Sect beamed with joy.

This was still their saintly disciple!

Both of them readied themselves.

They were prepared, even if they perished here today!

Even if every person in the Ancient Abyss Sect died here today!

Yang Yan must not die!

"What about me? Want to see what it feels like to be struck by Celestial Thunder?" Yang Yan suddenly smiled brightly and said.

"You!"

Hua Sheng nearly gritted his teeth to dust, pointing his forefinger firmly at Yang Yan, unable to utter a single word.

Just when he was about to take action himself to kill Yang Yan, he suddenly raised his head to look at the sky, his expression changing dramatically!

In that instant, all starlight disappeared, and overhead, unknown when, dark clouds gathered densely, layering upon each other.

As if all the thunderclouds within eight hundred miles converged here.

"Hoo—"

Just a normal night's breeze blew through, yet it caused everyone to clench their fists secretly.

Above their heads, lightning flickered in the sky.

"Tribulation cloud, it's the Thunder Tribulation! This kid is mad! He's triggering the Thunder Tribulation early. He's attempting Perfect Foundation Establishment!!"

One of the black-clad men cried out, his face distorted with fear.

"Yes indeed!"

Yang Yan smiled nonchalantly, speaking as if it was no big deal, as if he wasn't the one about to undergo the tribulation.

"If I remember correctly... during the Thunder Tribulation, there should be no one within several kilometers of the person undergoing it, and certainly no one should shield the tribulation taker from the lightning."

"Otherwise, it will not only increase the power of the Thunder Tribulation, but others will also be targeted by the Thunder Tribulation for attack."

"Why, do you fellow disciples of the Yizheng Sect also want to perish with me?"

When Yang Yan mentioned the words "fellow disciples of the Yizheng Sect," Hua Sheng finally understood what the Snake Demon meant by calling Yang Yan the most cunning of the human race.

He could only grind his teeth and curse, "Damn kid, truly detestable! Detestable!"

Boom!

The gathered dark clouds suddenly vibrated.

"Swish!"

A bolt of electric serpent struck over Hua Sheng's head, and just as it was about to dissipate above his head, it surged forward again like it had eyes, spitting out a flash of lightning.

Crack—

The thunderbolt exploded above Hua Sheng's head, frightening him into stepping back involuntarily.

Glaring coldly at the tribulation cloud, Hua Sheng said gloomily, "Big snake, you guard outside the tribulation cloud's range, I want to see the living or dead! The rest of you, follow me and kill all the people of the Ancient Abyss Sect!"

Chapter 1144: Break Through!

Hua Sheng turned his gaze from the Snake Demon back to Lin Zimu and his group, then suddenly laughed, his voice chilling as he said:

"If you have the guts, keep guarding your Ancient Abyss Sect Saint Son, protect him well! Haha! Hahaha!"

Leaving these words, he immediately turned around and walked away with his people.

Yang Yan knew they were just lurking nearby, not leaving so easily.

To silence witnesses, not a single person from the Ancient Abyss Sect could escape today.

Seeing them leave, Yang Yan turned back to observe the group of disciples behind him; his body floating in midair seemed inexplicably thin.

The green robe draped over him flapped wildly in the fierce wind, wave after wave, layer after layer.

It was as if even the wind was against Yang Yan.

Lightning flashed and thunder roared, freely roaming above him, shaking the entire space.

The electric snakes flicked their greedy tongues outward, and the thunder grew louder.

All things in this world dimmed at that moment!

Even the tenacious life of the vast green grass beneath his feet cowered in terror on the ground.

They trembled in the wind, losing the courage of being reborn after a wildfire in the flashes of lightning and thunder!

Who can defy nature?

Who can oppose heavenly might?!

Even villagers a thousand miles away were awakened, clad in thin cloth garments, fleeing their homes, kneeling and bowing repeatedly.

Several elderly folk among them murmured to themselves:

"Heaven is showing its might, heaven is showing its might! An Immortal is undergoing tribulation, an Immortal is undergoing tribulation!"

Just then, Yang Yan's voice suddenly rang out.

Unlike his previous calm and lazy tone, it now carried a thread of authority.

"Disciples of the Ancient Abyss Sect, heed my command!"

"At your command, Master!"

Lin Zimu and nine disciples kneeled at his words, including two Foundation Establishment senior officials, all bowing reverently for orders.

"Lin Zimu, form a Sword Array with the nine disciples and retreat beyond the Thunder Tribulation's range, just hold your ground, no reckless battles!" Yang Yan instructed.

"At your command, Master!" Lin Zimu's expression remained cold, his right hand gripping Chixiao, a radiant aura flowing, brewing a menacing presence.

"To the two senior officials, stay close and protect yourselves!"

Yang Yan spoke of protecting themselves, not those lower-level disciples.

The two senior officials, both middle-aged, bearing years of experience, couldn't help but reveal excitement, their voices trembling as they responded:

"Duly noted, Master!"

"Disperse..."

Yang Yan waved his sleeve, bringing a sense of desolation.

"Master Ancestor!"

Some disciples showed expressions of grief.

They saw this as Yang Yan, still at the ninth level of Qi Cultivation, forcibly triggering the Thunder Tribulation to attempt that Perfect Foundation Establishment, exceedingly dangerous.

Even for a Sacred Body, unprepared, how can one contend with heavenly might?!

Yang Yan clearly had better options.

Even if he commanded these people to escort him out, the Ancient Abyss Sect would do so.

Yet, Yang Yan chose to make this sacrifice of himself, as they saw it.

Cultivators pursue immortality, also gaining wisdom from the Red Dust.

Moreover, they were a group of emotional and righteous low-level cultivators.

How could they not feel sadness?!

"Hurry, leave now, the Thunder Tribulation is about to begin!"

Yang Yan's gaze remained calm, slightly raising his chin, seemingly wanting to see the Thunder Tribulation above more clearly.

Boom!

As if in response to Yang Yan, the thunderclouds burst across the sky with a thunderous crash.

"Go!"

Lin Zimu led the team away, taking the nine disciples, followed closely by the two senior officials.

Senior officials, the true officials of the sect, are usually those of mediocre talent.

Regardless of the Ancient Abyss Sect's senior officials, what of it?

They would still spend a lifetime stagnating at the Foundation Establishment Stage!

Not reaching the Golden Core, their lifespan would forever halt at several hundred.

Who doesn't cherish life?

Who is willing to give up life without compensation for others?!

Yet the two senior officials had resolved in their hearts, even if those Inner Sect geniuses of the Ancient Abyss Sect faced inevitable doom, they would have to step over their corpses first!

Just as Lin Zimu said, Senior Brothers, Senior Brothers, they've been calling us this for so long, how can we take advantage of them as Junior Brothers?

Rumble!

This thunderclap was mightier than any mundane thunder, a singular Celestial Thunder rolled, deafening!

"What a pity! With wind, with thunder, with clouds, yet missing some rain. What a pity, truly a pity."

Yang Yan seemed unconcerned with the impending Thunder Tribulation, instead lamenting over the lack of rain, too lamentable.

Rumble!

Thunder growled impatiently in the sky, a bolt of immense silver lightning struck down fiercely as if a giant in the sky stretched out an arm.

After a thunderous roar that shook the heavens and earth, Yang Yan's first Thunder Tribulation arrived!

Yang Yan laughed heartily, a flood of boldness and aspirations arose inside him.

He wielded the Star Night Sword, and the hem of his green robe fluttered.

The Longsword suddenly pointed to the sky, emitting a sharp and cold glimmer, carrying an invincible power!

Yang Yan raised his head, letting out a long howl, his voice like thunder:

"This is the Azure Vault Technique—Shattering Heaven! If asked whom I don't submit to, the first I don't submit to is you, Tian, the Sky!"

"Pressing on my head every day, do you realize your guilt?!"

"The Sky must die, and the Yellow Sky should be annihilated too, with one sword in my hand, I shatter all things in this world! Break!!!"

Two parties several miles away tacitly refrained from immediate combat.

Perhaps those from the Yizheng Sect wished to see how Yang Yan would perish.

However, the first scene alone left them all in awe!

They saw Yang Yan facing the first water-bucket thick thunder pillar, not dodging or defending!

Instead, he increased his speed, heading straight for the Celestial Thunder.

The Star Night Sword in his hand slashed out a vast and splendid beam of light, violently smashing towards the Celestial Thunder, charging at the thundercloud!

"This demon! Is it really he undergoing the Thunder Tribulation, or is the Thunder Tribulation enduring him!"

Hua Sheng gripped the Longsword tightly, his teeth gritting audibly.

Boom!

The two finally intersected under everyone's gaze, emitting an expanding circular light wave from inside out.

As if a star collided with a planet, both erupted with incomparable energy.

Bang!

An explosion of dazzling light scattered, and the lightning in the sky was the first to dissipate.

There, Yang Yan stood untouched, his face devoid of sorrow or joy, his expression unreadable.

Seeing this, the disciples of the Ancient Abyss Sect all beamed with joy.

The first Thunder Tribulation, Yang Yan passed it!

And in such a formidable manner, making it possible that their Master Ancestor might truly pass the tribulation, becoming the first in the Ancient Abyss Sect's history to successfully undergo tribulation at the ninth level of Qi Cultivation, achieving a Perfect Foundation Establishment!

"And this is only the first Thunder Tribulation! A Perfect Foundation Establishment's Thunder Tribulation, though not a Golden Core's Four-Nine Celestial Tribulation, is still a Three-Nine Thunder Tribulation!"

"A total of twenty-seven Celestial Thunders, each stronger than the last! I want to see how many levels of tribulation he can pass!"

Hua Sheng didn't believe Yang Yan could survive this tribulation, he sneered and said.

Chapter 1145: When I Become an Unparalleled Powerhouse, I Will Slaughter All Your Enemies for You
Know this, he is just a disciple at the early stage of Qi Cultivation level nine!

How many heavenly talents with aptitude above mid-grade Dao Body dare not easily take that step even at the completion of Qi Cultivation.

Just like Lin Zimu from the Ancient Abyss Sect!

Suppressing his cultivation, he had already reached completion seven or eight years ago, yet he has not crossed the tribulation simply because he is not confident.

Of course, Hua Sheng's somewhat pathological mindset is largely due to him being merely a cultivator at the ordinary Foundation Establishment.

Although he was once a medium-grade Dao Body, the failure of that Perfect Foundation Establishment left him with an injured foundation, lucky to have been saved by the intervention of his elders within the sect.

Thus, he can now only linger at the early Foundation Establishment stage.

Yang Yan seemed to hear Hua Sheng's resentful voice, gazing towards him from afar with a gentle smile.

Though the voice was small, it was enough for him to hear from miles away.

"This move is named Fengduan! Taken from the name of your now-crazed Inner Sect senior brother, Ouyang Feng!"

Hua Sheng, hearing this, almost spat out each word between gritted teeth:

"I'll watch you...die!"

Since the assassination attempt on Yang Yan, Ouyang Feng had been thrown into the Punishment Hall by the Ancient Abyss Sect.

Ouyang Feng naturally refused to say anything.

With no other options, the elders of the Punishment Hall proceeded with Soul Searching, discovering that a Forbidden Technique placed on Ouyang Feng automatically activated upon searching.

The two factions battled within Ouyang Feng's mind as the main battlefield.

The result was that the Ancient Abyss Sect gained no valuable information while Ouyang Feng truly went mad and was sent back by the Ancient Abyss Sect.

The Yizheng Sect essentially lost an elite disciple for nothing.

When the second Thunder Tribulation descended, Yang Yan repeated the scene from the first time.

Head on, he swung the Star Night sword in a Fengduan technique, splitting the Celestial Thunder in two.

The divided Celestial Thunder attempted to whirl towards Yang Yan, but was cut into dozens of segments in nearly an instant, finally dissipating into the air.

The third, fourth, fifth...

A total of the twenty-first!

Seeing Yang Yan once again use Shattering Heaven to dispel a Celestial Thunder, the members of the Yizheng Sect finally showed a look of fear.

Hua Sheng began to grow restless, anxious, and increasingly uncertain.

Just then, he suddenly summoned the Spirit Sword, holding it in his hand as he charged towards the Ancient Abyss Sect crowd, roaring, "Kill them all first, leave no future threats!"

"Kill!!!"

On the other side, the prepared Ancient Abyss Sect members promptly retaliated.

Lin Zimu led nine others to form a Sword Array, blocking one person, while two chief deacons barely held off four.

Yet, they were being firmly suppressed, and danger loomed imminently.

"Twenty-second!"

"Break!!"

"Twenty-third!"

"Slash!!"

"Twenty-fourth!"

"Annihilate!!"

"Twenty-fifth!"

"Star Constellation Swordsmanship!!"

"..."

The battle descended into a white-hot clash, leaving none with attention to spare for the state of Yang Yan's tribulation.

Even Hua Sheng.

He was focusing all his might to kill the two chief deacons in front of him, who were trying to delay as much time as possible.

Long defense would surely have a flaw.

Besides, the strength on both sides was inherently uneven.

One exhausted chief deacon, accidentally or perhaps out of weakness, exposed a considerable flaw before being slashed away by Hua Sheng's sword!

The Spiritual Treasure in the deacon's hand slipped powerlessly, while Hua Sheng broke away from the battle with a fierce look, pursuing the exhausted deacon towards the ground.

Three swords!

Facing the chief deacon who lost all resistance, he struck out with three swords.

The first sword broke through the deacon's protective shield.

Struggling in mid-air, he raised his head, gazing in Yang Yan's direction with a smile.

Regardless, in this lifetime, he had pursued immortality, though he didn't succeed.

At least he accomplished something he believed to be of world-shaking significance, even if he won't see the future.

It was worth it...

"Old Peng!!"

The other chief deacon, in a frenzy, tried to save him, but was blocked by two others and a Snake Demon.

"Chief Deacon!"

"No, Senior Brother, quickly save the chief deacon!"

Some disciples, eyes red as fire.

Among fellow sect members, elders and above are the mentors, but the deacons are the ones who interact most with the disciples.

In this sense, they are both teacher and friend.

Now seeing their familiar chief deacon about to be slain, how could one suppress their fury?!

Frustrated they couldn't immediately kill the enemy, even choosing a method of mutual destruction.

However, it was clearly too late.

Moreover, the disciples could not rashly charge out of the Sword Array.

Such actions would not be permitted by Lin Zimu.

Among them, Lin Zimu should be the calmest one.

Forcing himself not to turn for Hua Sheng's final sword.

Wait until I am a peerless powerhouse, willing to slaughter your foes.

Third sword!

This third sword, each faster than the last, yet in everyone's eyes, each appeared slower than the last.

But that was merely their disbelief in the reality.

In a fleeting moment, Hua Sheng's third sword swung wantonly at the chief deacon plummeting through the air.

The chief deacon did not resist, or rather, lacked the strength to resist.

"Die! Hahaha! All must die! Everyone must die..."

Hua Sheng opened his mouth, laughing wantonly.

His eyes narrowed slightly, with a look of playfulness.

Rip—

Despite the cultivators having a physical strength far superior to ordinary people, when faced with the power of the Spiritual Treasure, they were as fragile as common matter.

"Boom!"

Like a punctured balloon, it suddenly exploded with a loud bang.

The chief deacon's body was split in two by Hua Sheng!

Afterwards, it rained down a torrent of blood, scattered in all directions!

The person, utterly unable to even leave a corpse.

"Yizheng Sect scum! My Ancient Abyss Sect shall wipe out your entire clan one day!!"

The other chief deacon felt his blood surge to his head, nearly fainting.

Regrettably, such a shout did not change his current predicament.

Three Foundation Establishment stage figures in black, plus one Snake Demon, how could he withstand it?!

Hua Sheng looked at him, a brilliant smile appearing at the corner of his eye, patting his head and saying:

"Seems the Ancient Abyss Sect won't have the chance. Also, you seem to be dying soon as well!"

Speaking in a deliberately mocking tone, Hua Sheng then transformed into a stream of light and charged in.

Holding the Spiritual Treasure in hand, his face displayed a heavy murderous intent.

Today, every individual present from the Ancient Abyss Sect must die!

Not one left alive.

Rumble!

Woo woo...

A distant thunder cry abruptly halted everyone's actions.

Even Hua Sheng was inevitably drawn to lift his head in terror.

That sound of thunder turned out to be emitted when the final thunder of the Heavenly Tribulation vanished.

It felt as if someone was weeping!

Everyone distinctly noticed that atop Yang Yan's head, the thunder cloud remained, yet no lightning brewed within.

In other words, the three-nine Heavenly Tribulation Yang Yan faced had stopped!

That earth-shattering thunderous sound just now was emitted as the final Thunder Tribulation was obliterated by Yang Yan.

Even carrying a trace of lament!

Chapter 1146: Foundation Established—One Sword to Kill You All

The celestial tribulation abruptly stopped, and the oppressive dark clouds had yet to disperse.

A man stood calmly in the void.

His eyes were closed, and both hands rested peacefully at his sides.

The sheathed Star Night clung tightly to his side, occasionally emitting a buzzing sword hum.

Once the heavenly might ceased, the previously disappeared wind reappeared, transforming into a powerful gale.

Woo woo woo...

The sound was as if lamenting the fate of the thunder tribulation.

The hem of his blue robe fluttered with the wind as the man standing in mid-air seemed to feel the gusts and slowly opened his eyes, asking in a deep voice:

"Are you the one who wants to kill us all?"

Hua Sheng's body trembled incessantly.

Though both were at the Foundation Establishment Stage, he had just entered it. How could Yang Yan exert such immense pressure on him?!

"Yang,"

"Ancestor!"

"The Ancestor has attained Perfect Foundation Establishment! Perfect Foundation Establishment!!"

"The Ancestor is one of the Three Thousand Holy Bodies, what difficulty is there in passing the tribulation?! Haha, hahaha!"

"Please Ancestor, slay the evil demon here!"

"Please Ancestor, slay the evil demon here!"

"Please Ancestor, slay the evil demon here!!"

...

The disciples of the Ancient Abyss Sect were flushed with excitement, shouting angrily below.

Yang Yan quietly looked at Hua Sheng, glancing at his blood-stained sword without responding.

After a long while, he softly uttered, "Deserves to be killed."

Deserves to be killed—

These words echoed in Hua Sheng's ears like thunder, exploding in his mind, leaving him stunned in place.

A gust of wind blew past, and that figure suddenly rose high, then rushed downward with a black storm.

"Life and Death Slaughter Sword, sword slays the evil demon!"

Yang Yan swung his sword at Hua Sheng.

Such a swift strike, how could the dazed Hua Sheng possibly react?!

Besides, with Yang Yan having completed Foundation Establishment, the power of this sword was incomparable to before!

"No!"

Regaining his senses, Hua Sheng realized an intense danger was rapidly approaching.

He only had time to let out a wretched scream before he was engulfed in a storm of blinding silver-white sword shadows.

Boom!

The Star Night's tip barely made contact with his body before Hua Sheng burst like a hot air balloon.

A storm of blood blossomed in the air, his death mirroring that of the grand steward perfectly!

But the victim was now Hua Sheng instead.

"Hua Sheng!"

A man in black turned his head and screamed in terror, exiting the battlefield hurriedly.

"First kill Yang Yan!"

Two other men in black shouted, immediately abandoning their assault on the grand steward, leaving a Snake Demon to hold him off, and the rest collectively charged towards Yang Yan.

"It's Yizheng Sect's swordsmanship! They are indeed from Yizheng Sect!"

A sharp-eyed disciple in the sword array recognized the sword techniques of the men in black.

"So what if we are, you will still die! Then no one will know our identity!"

A man in black fighting Lin Zimu and others yelled fiercely at the disciple before speeding up his attacks, eager to slay Yang Yan or perhaps worried that one of their own had already perished.

Despite their combined efforts, the Foundation Establishment Stage great powers made it difficult for the Ancient Abyss Sect's ten disciples and their sword array to defend.

One could say that if it weren't for Lin Zimu leading the sword array, it would have collapsed long ago.

"Ten Thousand Swords Return to the Root!"

At this moment, in the battle with Yang Yan, the three men in black exchanged a knowing glance and simultaneously launched their flying swords.

Upon the utterance of Ten Thousand Swords Return to the Root, the three longswords turned into flowing lights entwined together, forming a mightier sword light.

That wasn't all.

A man in black revealed a gaze full of disdain towards Yang Yan.

The thick sword light split into two, two into four...

In a short time, it divided into ten thousand sword auras!

The sky was filled with sword shadows, waiting for their master's order to strike down at Yang Yan!

"Yang, be careful! Every shadow of Yizheng Sect's Ten Thousand Swords Return to the Root is real. But..."

Lin Zimu anxiously tried to warn Yang Yan, only to abruptly stop speaking in the next moment.

"Performing acrobatics? It looks rather impressive."

After making this remark, Yang Yan unexpectedly charged into the sky with the Star Night in hand.

Oh heavens!

He actually... counterattacked instead of defending?!

This thought occupied everyone's minds.

What is acrobatics?

The three men in black from Yizheng Sect didn't understand.

But they knew Yang Yan was provoking them.

Facing their sect's strongest technique—Ten Thousand Swords Return to the Root, he dared to strike first?!

"Courting death!"

"Kill him!"

"Let him die!!!"

The three shouted in unison, sending a torrent of flying swords towards Yang Yan.

"Heh."

For some reason, as the dense swarm of flying swords closed off his escape routes, Yang Yan suddenly smiled, a trace of disdain forming at the corner of his mouth.

The Ten Thousand Swords Return to the Root seemed formidable, though each sword's power was only one-tenth of the original.

One-tenth might not sound impressive, but with ten thousand sword shadows, it was overwhelming to face.

But Yang Yan was seasoned through countless battles; he had seen it all and would never undertake anything without confidence!

When he charged towards the myriad sword shadows, it was merely the first step of his plan!

As the myriad sword shadows enveloped him, the space around Yang Yan blurred and became illusory.

Watching this familiar scene unfold, the three men in black were engulfed in shock and anger.

Their hearts sank, knowing something was amiss!

While they were panic-stricken, trying to recall their sword shadows for protection, it was already too late!

Holding a flying sword, Yang Yan appeared above them as if out of thin air.

He chuckled gently, pronouncing each word deliberately:

"You need to unleash ten thousand sword shadows to kill me, but for me to kill you... heh! One sword suffices."

"Dream on, kid!"

"I suppose the thunder has scrambled your brains!"

The three were like cursing shrews in high gear, yet their hands moved swiftly, unleashing three spells with furious power at Yang Yan in a flash.

The first spell saw a man in black extracting a splash of water from mid-air, then shooting it like a released arrow straight at Yang Yan.

Just as it was about to reach him, it suddenly transformed into a sharp ice arrow, aiming for Yang Yan's left heart!

The second was a wind technique.

Dozens of wind blades, carrying a momentum that could shatter even the toughest obstacles, came slicing towards Yang Yan ferociously.

The third was a Fire Dragon, menacing with its claws and fangs, faintly accompanied by a dragon's roar as it lunged at Yang Yan in the air.

The trio unleashed their most powerful spells, leaving everyone convinced that Yang Yan had no escape and was facing certain death.

Undeniably, the combined assault of three Foundation Establishment cultivators was indeed overwhelming, leaving one devoid of any courage to resist.

Yet Yang Yan merely raised an eyebrow slightly, seemingly regarding the oncoming attacks as nothing more than child's play, not worth mentioning.

Such trivial spells were of no consequence to him.

Chapter 1147: Did I Allow You to Die?

"Life and Death Slaughter Sword!"

Yang Yan let out a fierce shout, his azure robe billowing, as he gracefully thrust forward with his longsword in hand.

It seemed like nothing more than a common thrust from an ordinary person!

Yet who would dare underestimate it?!

The mere mention of "Life and Death Slaughter" made the Snake Demon, who was far from the battlefield, tremble a few times.

His opponent, the chief steward, seizing the opportunity, abandoned defense and launched a fierce and torrential assault.

The face of the man in black facing Yang Yan changed dramatically.

Regrettably, the mask obscured his face, and Yang Yan couldn't see it.

He was utterly shocked, his limbs turning slightly soft under the gusts of powerful wind.

"Wind Escape!"

The man in black barely had the intention to flee, but his actions preceded his thoughts, and he turned into a whirlwind, shooting backward.

He's really escaped!

"You!"

The other two black-clad men could only let out a shout of anger before they fell silent.

Their eyes gradually showed confusion.

When Yang Yan was only at the ninth layer of Qi Cultivation, he could make the Snake Demon avoid direct confrontation with just this sword. What about after his Perfect Foundation Establishment?

Even though Yang Yan had just entered the Foundation Establishment Stage, and his realm was not yet consolidated.

Now, it didn't seem so difficult to kill them...

Yang Yan clearly saw what they were thinking and gave a faint smile, saying casually:

"Killing you is as easy as slaughtering chickens."

Boom!

In the fearful eyes of the two men in black, the protective barrier they had erected with all their might shattered into pieces when touched by the sword light.

Immediately, the sword light unobstructedly sliced through the two.

Swish...

A burst of brilliant blood sprayed into the air, yet no one thought it a beautiful sight.

Only the smile on Yang Yan's face intensified.

He stood proudly gripping his sword, the tip of the Star Night Sword pointing diagonally downwards, his smiling eyes on the retreating man in black.

That man was almost scared out of his wits!

Two Foundation Establishment Realm cultivators were instantly killed by this young man with a single sword?!

"In the past, did the senior brother from the Yizheng Sect, Ouyang Feng, wish to personally defeat a Foundation Establishment cultivator one day?"

"Unfortunately, he never had the chance. So, let me do a good deed and clean the sect for him!"

With a devilish smile, Yang Yan grinned at the man in black.

"Fengduan!"

As the piece of silver light swallowed everything around and appeared before his eyes, the man in black knew he was finished.

In fact, he didn't even put up a resistance before the silver light slowly consumed him.

The seemingly gentle silver light was terrifyingly powerful.

The third man in black exploded with a loud bang, his entire body crumbling at a speed visible to the naked eye, turning into fragments of blood petals that drifted in the air.

Gulp!

The remaining man in black swallowed involuntarily at the sight.

"It's bad, Senior Brother, he's going to run!"

A disciple immediately pointed at the man transforming into wind and dust, shouting.

"He won't escape!"

With icy eyes, Lin Zimu commanded the Dragon Elephant Sword Array to charge forward, blocking the black-clad man's escape route, trapping him tightly.

Now, it's no longer the arrogant scene set by Yizheng Sect, but the disciples of the Ancient Abyss Sect suppressing this Foundation Establishment cultivator!

Yang Yan only glanced over, then turned his gaze to the Snake Demon entangled with the chief steward.

He led the team to set out; the original target was this Snake Demon.

The sect never anticipated that the worst outcome wasn't the emergence of a Foundation Establishment Great Demon, but that it was all a grand conspiracy.

The most dangerous things in the world have always been the human heart!

Who would have thought Yizheng Sect would so blatantly target the disciples of the Ancient Abyss Sect?!

With Yang Yan about to strike at the Snake Demon, the chief steward suddenly called out while grappling with the Snake Demon:

"Ancestor, this demon needs to be kept as evidence for the sect's future crusade against the Yizheng Sect!"

There was one more thing the chief steward couldn't say in this situation, and he had no place to say it.

Stewards like them have far more considerations than ordinary sect disciples.

Without explanation, Yang Yan understood how the Ancient Abyss Sect's relationships would develop with the other nine sects in the future.

Keeping evidence at hand, whether useful or not, at least positions the Ancient Abyss Sect on the side of justice.

After a moment of silence, Yang Yan lightly nodded, saying a single word:

"Okay."

With a slight movement of his right hand, the Star Night sword emitted a beam of sword light.

"Ah—Ah—"

The Snake Demon let out two strange cries toward the sky, and the chief steward stopped his attack, staring in astonishment at a small blood seam on the Snake Demon's main body.

With one sword, it annihilated the Demon Core deeply hidden within the Snake Demon!

In other words, this Snake Demon, which had cultivated for over a thousand years, had its millennia-long cultivation destroyed by Yang Yan's single sword?!

Aside from its already formed Foundation Establishment physique, Yang Yan couldn't make it degenerate any further, but that Foundation Establishment Stage was no longer existent.

The Snake Demon plummeted heavily from the sky, hitting the ground with great dust scattering, struggling and twisting its massive body for tens of breaths in the howling wind.

In the end, it seemed to exhaust its last strength, helplessly lying on the ground, slowly transforming into a small blue-green snake.

Meanwhile, the red gleam between its eyes also dissipated, losing its luster.

Perhaps, being taken back to the Ancient Abyss Sect alive was already a good ending for it.

Faced with this outcome, it naturally couldn't muster any thoughts of resistance, resignedly waiting there for the final judgment.

On the other side, the last remaining man in black, faced with the horrifying fact of his four companions' deaths, no longer harbored any thoughts of resistance.

He just wanted to escape!

Escape as far away as possible!

However, Lin Zimu and the others who surrounded him extinguished his last hope completely.

"If that's the case, then let's die together!!"

The head of the man in black was raised, his neck surging with dozens of sinuous veins.

Boom!

The aura on his body surged several levels upward in an instant.

"It's bad, he's going to self-destruct!"

"Senior Brother, retreat quickly!"

"He's going to self-destruct!!"

Even if they had the Dragon Elephant Sword Array to jointly resist the power of the self-destruction, the best outcome would be severe injury against a Foundation Establishment Realm cultivator's self-destruction.

And Lin Zimu, who was at the forefront, was already fighting with an injured body.

He would certainly receive the most damage.

In the worst-case scenario, he could be dragged to his grave by this man in black!

Yang Yan suddenly looked over, his eyes radiating a terrifying light.

"Did I allow you to die?"

Accompanied by a thunderous roar, a horizontal slash of silver light made heaven and earth lose their color.

Many days later, villagers from nearby villages in Yuwen Country came to check.

All that remained on the ground were pools of blood not yet entirely vanished.

Thus, a new legend spread among the people.

An Immortal Master, who had cultivated for tens of thousands of years deep in the mountains, transcended a tribulation on the eighth of July, in the year one thousand two hundred ninety-eight of the Yuwen Calendar.

The Immortal Master endured bravely under the Celestial Tribulation for a long time, with wounds increasing on his body inferred from the pools of blood on the ground.

In the end, even formidable human strength failed to resist the heavenly might, and the Great Power Immortal Master ultimately perished.

Chapter 1148: He Is Neither the Saint Son Nor the Sacred Body

As for the actual situation?

Now, only a few of the higher-ups in the Ancient Abyss Sect and the Yizheng Sect know.

Additionally, the Yizheng Sect issued a mourning notice today.

Five Foundation Establishment Grand Deacons of the Yizheng Sect were killed by a demon while on a secret demon-slaying mission outside.

It is rumored that the demon suddenly broke through, catching them off guard, resulting in their untimely deaths.

Yizheng Sect is shrouded in gloom and silently mourns.

"Haha! Comparing you to a monster fits your image quite well."

Seated on the high platform, Ancestral Master Zongming looked at Yang Yan with great satisfaction and said with a smile.

Yet everyone below the stage saw the flash of killing intent in his eyes!

His disciple under Zongming dared to kill as well?!

"Master, your disciple almost got killed."

Yang Yan couldn't help but smile bitterly below the stage.

This is the main hall of Ancient Abyss Sect, also the place where the high-level members of the sect usually discuss matters.

Standing beside him was Lin Zimu, with a dozen elders sitting on either side.

However, these elders, who usually have an otherworldly demeanor, now all showed thinly veiled anger.

Sect Leader Lin An sat beside the Ancestral Master, also on the high platform.

No matter his status, he is, after all, the current Sect Leader of Ancient Abyss Sect.

"Ancestral Master, just say the word, and I will lead people to attack Yizheng Sect!"

An elder with white hair and beard immediately stood up and said.

Although Yang Yan was not familiar with these elders, it did not mean that these elders did not recognize Yang Yan.

Now, who in the entire Ancient Abyss Sect does not know what Yang Yan means to the sect?

It is as if someone sees their hope with their own eyes, only to have a black hand suddenly appear to snuff out that hope.

Can you not be angry at this time?!

Of course, the answer is impossible.

But the reality is another matter.

"Sit down."

Zongming ordered him to sit down, and he had no choice but to reluctantly sit down.

Afterwards, Zongming looked at Yang Yan, opened his mouth, but said nothing, appearing hesitant to speak.

In contrast, Yang Yan smiled brightly, showing no concern for the matter of seeking revenge.

"Master, it doesn't matter, I will keep this grudge to settle myself in the future!"

Even if the evidence is conclusive now and they can openly turn against Yizheng Sect, extreme caution is still necessary.

Not to mention whether Ancient Abyss Sect can defeat Yizheng Sect, even if the other eight sects do not help Yizheng Sect and allow Ancient Abyss Sect to defeat it, the sect will surely suffer great losses afterwards!

At that time, if Ancient Abyss Sect faces a formidable enemy, how will it resist?!

As the Sect Leader, Lin An came forward at the right moment, showing a look of bitterness, "Yang Yan, you fell into a trap outside, and I was powerless to help, it's my failure."

"Sect Leader, it's not your fault." Yang Yan immediately shook his head.

Lin An looked steadily at Yang Yan and suddenly said, "When the time is right, Ancient Abyss Sect will take the lead for you."

Upon hearing these words, several elders stood up, echoing with excitement.

"Young man, just wait until you grow up, remember, you are a Sacred Body!"

"Yes, you are the Saint Son of our Ancient Abyss Sect, once you reach Golden Core, then step into Nascent Soul, the world is vast, where can you not go?"

"The vast world should carry the name of Yang Yan!"

Although nominally Yang Yan's status is higher than theirs, in terms of realm and age, Yang Yan is always a junior in their eyes.

Thus, these elders spoke without much reservation.

"He is not a Sacred Body! Not a Saint Son either!"

At this moment, an untimely voice suddenly came from outside the hall.

Everyone, including Yang Yan and Lin Zimu, looked towards the entrance.

There, a thin figure slowly emerged and finally walked into the hall.

Under everyone's gaze, the person looked at Yang Yan, smiled, and said again: "He is not a Sacred Body."

All the elders looked at him with peculiar expressions.

"Elder Dugu..."

Yang Yan moved, somewhat excited, and walked up to him.

Looking at the face blurred in his memory.

Today, he finally sees it clearly.

The aura on this person, unmistakable!

Elder Dugu, at this moment, carried a broad sword on his back and looked at Yang Yan with a merry smile.

After Yang Yan addressed him, Elder Dugu kindly patted his shoulder.

Seemingly reminiscent of past events, he looked into Yang Yan's eyes with a gentle expression and said:

"Child, would you like to be my disciple?"

The eyes of the elders on both sides almost fell to the ground.

Good old Dugu, not announcing your return is one thing, but now you want to take Yang Yan as your disciple as well?

But, what's the deal with the shameless old guy, saying Yang Yan isn't a Sacred Body just now?

Yang Yan smiled and cupped his fists, "Elder Dugu, I already have a master."

Dugu laughed, stroked his beard, and said with a grin:

"No worries, there's no rule that says you can only have one master in this world."

"Besides, you're the one I brought back, everything should be about first come, first served."

Now he started to talk about favors.

Sitting on the high platform, Zongming had a trace of peculiar expression on his face and seemed to have a dry throat as he lightly coughed twice.

Dugu Elder finally looked towards the high platform, immediately realized, and cupped his fists, "Greetings, Ancestral Master and Sect Leader."

Zongming nodded approvingly, "Mm! Dugu, Yang Yan has already apprenticed under me. Are you also intending to take him as your disciple?"

Dugu was immediately stumped, eyes wide open.

After about ten seconds, he had to shake his head with a wry smile, "Ancestral Master, I wouldn't dare, wouldn't dare."

What a joke!

If he takes Yang Yan as a disciple as well, wouldn't that put him on the same level as the Ancestral Master?!

He really doesn't dare, truly doesn't dare!

"Weren't you in a closed life-or-death retreat? You vowed not to emerge until breaking through to mid-Golden Core Stage, yet here you are on the peak of the initial stage, still some distance from that step."

"Disciple emerged because something suddenly occurred to me, and it's all because of him—Yang Yan!"

Dugu Elder gazed at Yang Yan again, already starting to look at him as if he were a treasure.

Zongming's eyes sharpened and asked:

"Why is that?"

Yet Dugu Elder, stroking his long beard, instead smiled leisurely, choosing to keep the Ancestral Master in suspense.

Then Dugu turned to Lin Zimu and asked with a smile, "Zimu, do you remember what Yang Yan was doing when I brought you back?"

Lin Zimu looked bewildered, blinking his eyes, "Grandmaster Yang was merging with the Little World Heavenly Dao at the time."

Yang... Grandmaster Yang...

Dugu Elder's expression turned somewhat strange.

How should he address this lad now?

In such a short time, Yang Yan's status had actually surpassed his own!

"Yes, Yang Yan was merging with the Heavenly Dao at that time! I believed he was undoubtedly going to die, as even a puppet of the Heavenly Dao, albeit just a Little World Heavenly Dao, is not something a Qi Cultivation stage disciple can withstand!"

Dugu Elder looked at Yang Yan again, this time his face clearly showing a noticeable excitement.

Chapter 1149: I'm Afraid I Can't Protect You Much Longer

Cough cough—

Elder Dugu lightly coughed twice, composed himself, and then continued:

"But later, during my closed-door cultivation, I inadvertently thought of this segment and only then realized that the Heavenly Dao never had a process to select powerful puppets!"

"On the contrary... hmm, it seemed rather affectionate in protecting Yang Yan! Yang Yan, am I correct?"

When Elder Dugu spoke these words, he stared at Yang Yan intently, as if he wanted to see through his flesh and glimpse his soul.

Yang Yan's face showed a hint of embarrassment.

Celestial Dao Puppets, even if they are mere puppets, are not roles that small fry can assume.

They naturally have manifold checkpoints laid down by the Heavenly Dao for self-selection.

Then why was he directly granted such protection and allowed to borrow the power of the Heavenly Dao?

It was because the Heavenly Dao was willing to sacrifice.

There was only one reason, he possessed the Flawless Divine Body!

Yang Yan roughly understood Elder Dugu's thinking, but still bore a puzzled expression as he asked, "Elder Dugu, even so, how could you be certain that I am the Flawless Divine Body?"

"Haha! Indeed, indeed!"

Elder Dugu did not answer Yang Yan but raised his right hand, pointing at him, and laughed unrestrainedly.

Finally, he suddenly turned around, knelt vehemently towards the high platform, and loudly declared:

"Ancestral Master! The day of Ancient Abyss Sect's rise depends entirely on the Divine Son! The legendary Flawless Divine Body, which is difficult to encounter once in ten thousand epochs, is within our Ancient Abyss Sect!!"

Divine Body!

Yang Yan is actually the Divine Body?!

All the elders on either side, as well as Lin Zimu and the Sect Leader, displayed expressions of excitement unmatched by their cultivation realms.

The Divine Body!

It truly is the Divine Body!

Only the Ancestral Master pondered for a long time, continuously gazing at Yang Yan, and finally explained to him:

"Besides the legend of the Flawless Divine Body, there is another legend related to it."

"If the Heavenly Dao of any world senses there is a Divine Body within its reach, it will transform a manifestation of itself, expending every effort, whether by temptation or deceit, to bind the Divine Son with the Heavenly Dao."

"Because if the two unite into one, there is a possibility of a new grand path emerging in this world!"

Elder Dugu also looked towards Yang Yan, speaking calmly:

"Were it not just barely being from the Forgotten Land, and the Heavenly Dao having regained its consciousness not long ago with weak power, he would have never let you leave after a hundred thousand years!"

"Disciple..." Yang Yan slightly nodded, yet could not utter a word.

In fact, he himself did not know this physique was so formidable.

But seeing everyone's expression in the Ancient Abyss Sect now, he felt a bit troubled.

The trees in the forest that are taller than the rest must bend to the wind.

Yang Yan understood this principle well.

In this world, he is merely a young sapling, naturally averse to perishing prematurely!

At a critical moment, the Ancestral Master finally spoke.

"Yang Yan, you are only the Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body, not a Saint Son, remember this."

Zongming's words seemed to carry a hypnotic effect, as everyone below the grand hall, except Yang Yan, showed a dazed look in their eyes.

Moments later, everyone's heads swayed twice and fell asleep.

"Master?"

Seeing everyone suddenly fall into slumber left Yang Yan almost speechless.

Of course, aside from Yang Yan, Sect Leader Lin An on the high platform was not among them.

Zongming smiled warmly: "This is my awakening from a grand dream, which I just recently entered into Great Success."

"When they awaken, they will forget today's events, with other memories filling the void."

"For example, that Dugu lad, when he awakens, his memory will likely be of being summoned by me, prompting his urgent exit from cultivation."

"As for Lin An..." Zongming looked towards Sect Leader Lin An.

Lin An retained poise, as usual, his demeanor untouched despite the scene.

Since Ancestral Master Zongming wished him to know, there was naturally a reason.

Ancestral Master Zongming nodded satisfactorily before continuing, "Lin An has been by my side for a millennium; he is someone I trust."

Yang Yan smiled knowingly, clasped his hands towards Zongming, and said, "Thank you, Master, for your painstaking efforts to protect your disciple."

Zongming's appearance was that of an old man, yet typically one would see no wrinkles.

However, at this moment, Yang Yan distinctly noticed a crease upon Zongming's face.

"Disciple, since establishing the Ancient Abyss Sect, I have journeyed for over nine thousand years."

"For nearly two millennia, I've been stalled at the mid-phase of Nascent Soul, unable to advance despite my efforts."

"Cultivators of the Nascent Soul, though having a lifespan beyond ten thousand years, I fear I cannot protect you much longer. Lin An is a junior I hold in high regard."

Yang Yan gazed deeply at his Master, his eyes tinged with melancholy.

So this is how it is!

Everything has been thought through meticulously, right down to arrangements post ascension.

Perhaps this is why Zongming did not erase Lin An's memory.

But did Yang Yan with Zongming and the Ancient Abyss Sect really have such deep ties?

However, it's certain that, while it may not have existed before, it surely does now.

At this moment, the people who were previously asleep all opened their eyes one after another.

Everyone's faces were free of peculiar expressions, as if they noticed nothing amiss.

Zongming looked deeply at Yang Yan once more, then raised his sleeve and loudly announced:

"Dismissed, dismissed! Additionally, inform all sect members, I am about to enter a five-hundred-year death seclusion."

"Yes!"

Lin An rose to receive the order, his eyes touched by sorrow.

The elders each showed expressions of shock.

Ancestral Master, why suddenly the death seclusion?

Perhaps only Lin An among them knew.

Zongming's cumulative lifespan likely numbered six hundred years at most.

A five-hundred-year seclusion seeking breakthrough, without progress, means no means of contending with time's passage!

Nascent Soul stage cultivators have lifespans extended to seven thousand years, gaining two thousand more with each minor realm advancement thereafter.

Zongming in mid-phase lived over nine thousand years, already a formidable existence; if no breakthrough occurs after five hundred years, only death remains.

This is why even the consistently calm Lin An showed signs of sadness.

"Disciple receives the order!"

After taking orders under the platform, the elders pair off and exit the grand hall.

And Yang Yan silently leaves alongside Lin Zimu and Elder Dugu.

Elder Dugu apparently forgot about Yang Yan's Flawless Divine Body, with his mind entirely occupied by the fact that Yang Yan is the Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body.

Unaware, the journey back was filled with Elder Dugu talking to Yang Yan without interruption.

Insisting had he not suddenly sensed something, leading to an urgent exit from seclusion, he would have taken Yang Yan as a disciple immediately!

His words were filled with regret and remorse.

To be the Master of a Saint Son would be a matter of pride and triumph.

The three unknowingly arrived at Yang Yan's Butcher Palace.

Yang Yan invited the two inside, where Gu Sheng, who had kept watch over the Butcher Palace for a long time, immediately ran out.

The guy was so excited upon seeing Yang Yan, he could hardly speak, and hurried to dust off Yang Yan's attire.

Chapter 1150: Want to Go Back and Take a Look

Sure, here is the translation:

Actually, with Yang Yan's level of cultivation, Fengchen could hardly get close, so the so-called dust was naturally non-existent.

Then he diligently prepared refreshments, busying himself with tasks, and finally dutifully stayed behind Yang Yan.

As soon as Yang Yan and his group returned, the sect was already buzzing with the news.

Who doesn't know now that Yang Yan forcefully endured the thunder tribulation, established the perfect foundation, and slashed five foundation establishment great powers in battle?

Now, whether it's the Inner Courtyard or Outer Courtyard of the Ancient Abyss Sect, Yang Yan is the focus of discussions!

Gu Sheng, as Yang Yan's only attendant disciple, naturally also gained fame.

He was naturally proud and felt exhilarated for Yang Yan.

After the three sat down at a stone table, each tasted a sip of tea.

Yang Yan then said to Dugu, "Elder Dugu, there's one more thing I would like your help with."

Elder Dugu didn't even need to ask what it was. Since the Saint Son sought him out, what couldn't be done?

He immediately burst into laughter, confidently said, "Yang Yan, speak, as long as it's not asking for the stars or the moon, I'll make sure to handle anything else smoothly for you!"

"Cough, cough!"

Yang Yan coughed once, slightly cleared his throat: "Elder Dugu, I'd like to go back to my homeland for a visit; I heard that there's a great formation set by you there, and I hope you'll give me a token for free access to the formation."

"Oh? I wonder what the matter is, this can be arranged!" Elder Dugu waved his hand, a small silver sword appeared in his hand.

However, he didn't hand it directly to Yang Yan, instead he looked at Yang Yan meaningfully, saying, "That place is different from others, are you sure you only want to return to... the Hidden World?"

Yang Yan was somewhat surprised to look at Elder Dugu.

He didn't expect Elder Dugu to even know about the Hidden World.

But he quickly came to terms with it, nodded and replied, "Disciple indeed wants to return to the real world, where my family resides."

Upon hearing this, Dugu showed a look of regret.

"Alas! That's difficult. Before leaving that day, I took a glance. At least a late-stage Nascent Soul great power is needed to break through the barrier from the outside!"

"And now on Wandering Dragon Star, only the Sword Sect Ancestor has that capability. Or three great powers of the Nascent Soul Stage acting together. But these are impossible."

As Elder Dugu spoke, he sighed and shook his head.

"Is that so?" Yang Yan immediately fell into contemplation.

The Nine Sects limiting the Ancient Abyss was already urgent; how could they send two Nascent Soul Ancestors to assist him?

The Sword Sect is the leader of the Ten Sects, there's no reason for their Ancestral Master to intervene.

So wouldn't I be unable to see Zhou Hanyun and Qiye and their sisters during this return?

Well!

Let's take it one step at a time!

At the very least, the Ten Swords are still in the Hidden World...

"Elder Dugu, there's one more matter I want to know, my friend Ao Tian, was he really taken away by the Demon Race?" Yang Yan asked intently.

He had learned about this earlier, not that he was worried about Ao Tian's safety.

He just feared any unexpected changes.

After all, Ao Tian was mistaken for Chiyu by the Demon Race at that time.

Coupled with his Demon Body, at least there won't be any danger.

"You do have a friend who was taken away. But I observed the situation, and he shouldn't be in any danger."

"Besides, I observed his physique, likely an unparalleled existence to those lower-level Demons. I suppose he'll live well."

Elder Dugu sat opposite Yang Yan, smilingly said.

After saying this, he leisurely picked up his teacup to savor it, feeling the lingering taste, his smile growing more brilliant.

"Unparalleled existence?" Yang Yan paused ever so slightly.

That kid Ao Tian merely went through Yin Wind Bone Training in the real world's Demon Cave, didn't he?

Although that was the energy stored for tens of thousands of years in the Trial Demon Cave...

Uh... Tens of thousands of years!

Alright, that's indeed possible.

"So, do you still want to go?" Elder Dugu asked with a smile: "There's still three years until the Immortal Cultivation Conference. I hope worldly matters won't delay your cultivation path."

"I'm definitely going!" Yang Yan replied with determined eyes.

Whether for the Ten Swords or to see what the Hidden World is like now, it was necessary for Yang Yan.

Elder Dugu nodded slightly, placing the silver small sword on the table before Yang Yan, spoke softly:

"Then go! It's best to take Zimu and some sect disciples, just in case."

Yang Yan didn't refuse Elder Dugu's goodwill, he thankfully nodded and said, "Thank you."

He paused and then asked, "What is the Immortal Cultivation Conference?"

"The Immortal Cultivation Conference..."

Elder Dugu turned into a kindly figure, slowly lifted his chin, gazed at the ceiling, and stroked his beard.

Seemingly recalling past events.

Lin Zimu sipped his tea, gently put down the cup, cutting off Elder Dugu's opportunity to keep them in suspense.

"The Immortal Cultivation Conference is held once every hundred years, participated by all eighth-level and above sects from thousands of cultivation stars in this star system."

"The process is roughly about selecting a few spots from each cultivation star, to participate in subsequent competitions."

"In the end, they select the top hundred strongest from the star system, this is the Immortal Cultivation Conference!"

"There's another requirement; all participants must be disciples under a hundred years old."

"And the quota each cultivation star receives varies. Stars with seventh-level sects can get more than eighth-level stars, but not by much."

"For instance, our Wandering Dragon Star has only five spots altogether!"

"Ten seventh-level sects compete for these spots and battle against geniuses from other cultivation stars!"

Yang Yan asked with a curious expression:

"Oh? What is the highest level sect in our star system?"

"And what's the purpose of selecting the hundred young powerhouses in this star system at the Immortal Cultivation Conference?"

Lin Zimu smiled and looked at Elder Dugu, who was no longer immersed in his memories, said: "Let Elder Dugu tell you that!"

Elder Dugu's beard bristled in anger, glaring at Lin Zimu, but continued:

"The purpose is simple, it's to select disciples for the Dao Sect eventually! To obtain that heavenly fortune! Our star system's strongest sects amount to three."

"I won't say the names; anyway, they are all fifth-level sects."

"Your bone age does not exceed thirty, though extraordinarily gifted, still too young, this Immortal Cultivation Conference... is still more of a training."

Anyone could tell that Elder Dugu wanted Yang Yan to experience more, to realize the vastness of the outside world, rather than being a Saint Son who only knows cultivation.

Yang Yan, of course, understood Elder Dugu's considerate intention, lightly smiled: "There are still three years left, I have time."

Elder Dugu couldn't help but shake his head.

To think of making a major breakthrough in three years was a notion only Yang Yan dared say.

Still, Yang Yan did indeed have the capability!

One of the Three Thousand Sacred Bodies, the Celestial Flood Dragon Saint Body isn't to be underestimated.

The power of the Sacred Body is unrivaled throughout the universe, it naturally has its explanation.