

Powerful 1201

Chapter 1201: Yang Yan Disappears

Over here, Lin Hao unexpectedly sprouted a head full of white hair, the wrinkles on his forehead particularly pronounced, his skin rapidly aging at a visible speed!

In contrast, You'Er became exceedingly youthful, resembling an eighteen-year-old girl, radiant and alluring.

After Lin Hao's cultivation was completely siphoned by You'Er, he was further drained of his vitality.

However, You'Er suddenly ceased the absorption.

Yet at this moment, the effects of the aphrodisiac had clearly not worn off.

The fire of desire in Lin Hao's eyes hadn't been extinguished, and he was using his last bit of strength to entangle with You'Er.

But with her mission accomplished, You'Er couldn't allow him to have his way!

She immediately struck him with a hand chop, causing Lin Hao to faint instantly.

Now Lin Hao was akin to an aging mortal nearing his end, unable to resist the slightest bit against a Foundation Establishment cultivator!

You'Er couldn't help but marvel at her own luck.

Unexpectedly, with just the effect of an aphrodisiac pill, she easily took down Lin Hao, obtained his cultivation, and advanced rapidly in skills.

Of course, this was also because she had laid the groundwork beforehand; otherwise, it wouldn't have been so easy this time.

Since her goal was achieved, You'Er no longer wished for Lin Hao to continue living in this world.

Although Lin Hao's final outcome was inevitable, before that, she felt she should do something to clear her mind.

No sooner said than done.

With a flash of white light from You'Er's right hand, Lin Hao's lower body started bleeding profusely.

Ah...

A shrill scream, Lin Hao painfully woke up.

But at the moment Lin Hao opened his mouth, a sword light flew over from You'Er.

Wuuu...

Lin Hao's cries suddenly turned into muffled groans, unable to be voiced.

You'Er clearly hadn't vented enough.

Recalling past events, a hint of indignation flashed in her eyes, which then turned into ferocity.

With a flash of chill in her eyes, the sword edge in You'Er's hand trembled slightly, lightly slicing across Lin Hao's neck, separating his head from his body.

As though suddenly remembering something, You'Er took the ring off Lin Hao's left hand.

This was once her hideaway.

An authentic Spatial Spiritual Treasure!

It's important to note that many spatial treasures can store items but cannot store living beings, let alone hide people.

After destroying the puppet, Yang was the first to push open the door.

Upon stepping in, he suddenly disappeared.

Lin Zimu and Zhuge Wushuang immediately stepped forward to explore, resulting in them being forcibly pulled into the grand hall in front.

Yet they didn't disappear like Yang...

Isn't this supposed to be a teleportation array for confusion?

Witnessing this scene, Gongsun Ruyan became a bit flustered.

She tacitly rushed towards the door along with Qingcheng and Xiaocao.

Like Zhuge Wushuang, they crossed into the grand hall in one step!

"No way!"

Xiaocao was the first to react, immediately calling everyone to retreat.

Seeing everyone retreat outside the grand hall, the door slammed shut with a bang.

Lin Zimu finally figured it out.

Xiaocao wanted to recreate the initial scene with Yang.

The mechanism is most likely triggered by pushing the door.

"Creak!"

The door was gently pushed open by Xiaocao.

But the anticipated scene did not appear.

Xiaocao was also quite surprised, frozen in place with no course of action.

"Could it be the teleportation array at fault? Just teleported Yang and hasn't recovered yet!" Lin Zimu speculated.

He knew very well that typical teleportation arrays wouldn't have this issue, but given the eerie nature of this place, it's hard to say.

"Then let's wait a while!"

Xiaocao thought for a moment and addressed everyone.

Given the current situation, it's undoubtedly unwise to act rashly; only observing changes remains feasible.

After about a stick of incense's time, Xiaocao tried pushing the door again.

Unfortunately, the result was the same.

The crowd couldn't help but become alert: this building isn't as simple as it appears on the surface!

But now, how to find Yang?

Everyone fell into silence.

"Let's go inside and take a look!"

As the senior brother, Lin Zimu pondered for a moment and earnestly proposed to everyone.

"Alright! Let's go!" Gongsun Ruyan agreed almost without thinking.

The other girls nodded hastily.

Nobody was willing to wait here idly; they could only proceed step by step!

Even if there's a risk involved, it's willingly accepted.

Yet what lay before them was like the interior of any building.

The surroundings indicated it was a pill room, filled with bottles and jars.

To the right was a counter.

Lin Zimu and Four Swords rummaged through the bottles, but not a single pill was found inside!

Too bizarre...

According to what the elder from the Lingying Sect said, this was once a sacred place of the Demon Sect.

Logically, cultivation techniques and pills should abound!

Yet the setup clearly indicated a pill room, but not a single pill was visible?

Could the bottles and jars merely be ornamental?

There's also the possibility that the fierce Human-Demon war back then forced the Demon Sect to exhaust all resources for a battle.

This reason might be why all the pills were depleted.

Xiaocao moved to the counter, rummaging through drawers in hope of finding clues. She regretted not being the first to go.

Mu Qingcheng headed another direction.

Reaching the door, she meticulously examined everything on it.

Gongsun Ruyan followed Lin Zimu handling the bottles but seemed unconcerned about the contents.

She believed these might be mechanisms!

...

While everyone was busy trying to find Yang, he had arrived in the vast unknown space.

Soon he realized there was no one around him.

Divine Thought spread all around, yet no boundary was found!

Nor could any human presence be detected.

Frowning, Yang cautiously looked around, attempting to discern his location.

Unfortunately, after searching for a long time, he still had no results.

But by now he had speculations, thinking this is likely a hidden space of the Demon Cave.

Yet the question arose, since he managed to come up, why couldn't Zhuge Wushuang and Lin Zimu reach here?

Could it be the isolation array...

With this thought, the corner of Yang's mouth revealed a slight, relaxed smile.

If it is the isolation array, he might have a chance to find them.

However, Yang soon despaired, realizing there truly was no one else in this space but him!

"Whoosh!"

A piercing sound erupted, shattering the void!

A light arrow formed of Spiritual Power shot straight at Yang like lightning.

Raising an eyebrow, Yang subtly tilted his body and jerked his face left, narrowly dodging it.

A gigantic Demon Bear materialized, each step it took violently shook the ground.

"Star Night!"

With the utterance, Star Night appeared in Yang's hand out of nowhere.

Immediately, the sword light covered the sky, Sword Qi spread everywhere, like a storm, assailing the Demon Bear.

Chapter 1202: Horrifying Truth

"Bang!"

The Demon Bear was nothing but a mere shell, as soon as the sword light touched it, it vanished into ash and disappeared without a trace.

"What's going on?"

Yang Yan was indeed confident in Star Night in his hand, yet the scene before him still felt unbelievable.

It couldn't be possible that such a simple sword could be so powerful that it could wipe out a Foundation Establishment Stage demon beast in one strike.

On the surface, he remained calm, but inside, he grew more vigilant.

However, before long, the sound of roaring came from around, five or six demon beasts were rushing toward Yang Yan.

The fluctuation of their cultivation was unmistakably at the Foundation Establishment Stage!

Yang Yan felt a shiver run down his spine.

He could only hope these creatures were as vulnerable as the bear earlier.

Unfortunately, things didn't go as he wished, from the corner of Yang Yan's eye, he suddenly saw a giant bear still in the southeastern direction!

Almost identical to the one from before.

Or rather, it was the same one.

This made Yang Yan suspect that the one he had killed earlier was actually an illusion of the giant bear!

Otherwise, how could a bear at the Foundation Establishment Stage fall in one move against him?!

"Fengduan!"

The sword vibrated, and sword flowers fluttered.

With just a single sword, Yang Yan successfully sent the giant bear flying.

Just at that moment, the Flame Spirit Bird from the northwest opened its mouth and spewed a magic similar to a flaming arrow.

Yang Yan smiled slightly, light flickered as spiritual power enveloped him, surprisingly, he neither dodged nor avoided, confronting it head-on!

The flame arrow met Yang Yan's body as if encountering the strongest shield in the world, bursting into countless tiny sparks, scattering in all directions like goddess scattered flowers.

The bird seemed greatly stimulated, opening its mouth again and spewing out a five-colored flame.

The five-colored flame was more than twice as strong as the initial attack!

It was so scorching that even as it swept across the void, it emitted a large area of white mist.

As if there was white Gang Qi surrounding the flames, burning everything!

Yang Yan hadn't anticipated the Flame Spirit Bird to be so ferocious, thus, he became fully alert.

"Azure Vault Technique—Shattering Heaven!"

With a decisive shout, starlight flared, and the Sword Aura whipped out like lightning, lashing at the flames.

In a flash, the Flame Spirit Bird let out a cry of sorrow, its wings disintegrating visibly at a rapid pace, with a small part of its body vanishing amidst the brilliant starlight.

Yang Yan was first stunned, then he understood upon seeing the scattered starlight in the air.

It turned out these creatures were not entities, but Soul Bodies.

Only for some unknown reason, these souls had a tendency to materialize, making their defense slightly weaker, but the displayed attack power should not be underestimated.

This explained why the demon creature he slayed earlier seemed so weak.

Most likely, its soul was severely damaged, already on the verge of collapse but showed no signs outwardly.

Thus, although it appeared to have Foundation Establishment strength, it could be reduced to ash in one move.

And the Flame Spirit Bird battling him now, he obviously felt its power was beyond the initial stage of Foundation Establishment.

Presumably, it had devoured some souls here, which made its strength so formidable.

Having struck successfully, Yang Yan didn't hesitate, stabbing once more toward the Flame Spirit Bird.

Boom...

The Flame Spirit Bird's form immediately quivered, retreating like a kite with a broken string.

Facing Star Night's unabated attack, the Flame Spirit Bird soon couldn't withstand it.

It was merely a Soul Body itself, had it not devoured many other Soul Bodies and continuously strengthened itself, it likely couldn't withstand even a single move from Yang Yan.

Realizing Yang Yan's might, fear appeared in its eyes, it turned to flee.

However, how could Yang Yan let it have its way?

Sword techniques danced, directly slashing toward its head, annihilating it in one strike.

Boom—

In the vast space, the sound of breaking through exploded suddenly.

A white figure emerged from the explosion, transforming into a shadow, sweeping through everything.

Upon closer look, it was indeed Yang Yan's rapidly moving figure.

After successfully killing the Flame Spirit Bird, the other Soul Bodies he encountered were mostly fragile.

Under the explosion of starlight from Star Night, it was like a gust of wind sweeping leaves, utterly undefeatable.

Despite their increasing numbers, for Yang Yan intoxicated in killing, it was like moths darting into a flame, no different from courting death.

After all, it's challenging to achieve a qualitative change from a quantitative one.

At least in the current situation, they posed no threat to Yang Yan whatsoever.

Now, Yang Yan roamed the space like a predator.

He discovered that using Devouring Power to devour these souls made his own soul feel waves of delight.

Thus, he randomly found a spot in this place to start cultivating.

The soul path is one of the most mysterious types among the Heavenly Dao Laws.

Yang Yan began absorbing after devouring some souls.

Once absorbed, he stood up again, continuing to move forward, reaping those souls daring to approach.

Strolling and stopping, Yang Yan's Soul Realm rose rapidly.

But the deeper he went, the more he found that these monster souls were more or less tainted by Evil Qi.

Due to the invasion of Evil Qi, their intelligence had become blurred.

Driven by Evil Qi, their desire for slaughter was fully provoked, knowing only relentless attacks, without sanity, fearing no death.

The Flame Spirit Bird, at least retaining some intelligence, already counts as an anomaly.

At least among the many killed by Yang Yan, it was the only one of its kind.

Some more severely corrupted Residual Souls were completely invaded by Evil Qi.

And only by relying on Evil Qi could they barely remain unextinguished.

Initially, Yang Yan hoped to absorb them profusely, but gradually realized the Evil Qi piling up in his heart, with some negative emotions seemingly about to break reason and erupt!

Sensing the situation in his body, he promptly restrained his mind, had no choice but to stop absorbing these souls, instead summoning Soul Fire, starting to furiously annihilate these souls.

The flickering Soul Fire, like a fierce pursuit, once latching onto those souls, wouldn't rest until it killed them.

Several beast souls attempted to flee, only to find the Soul Fire following like a shadow, rendering escape impossible.

The soul of a Cold Radiance Snake, initially nine zhang long, shrunk by dozens of times under the erosion of Soul Fire.

Its pitiful snake eyes stared at Yang Yan, showing a look of pleading.

Comparatively, it counted as one of the rare wise ones here.

Just not as advanced as the previous Flame Spirit Bird.

The evil energy from the Ice Spirit outside was of the same origin as this Evil Qi.

Boom!

Like a thunderclap exploding in Yang Yan's heart, he suddenly thought of something.

Thinking about the creatures outside lacking intelligence, Yang Yan believed it's highly likely their souls had all been stripped to this place.

Finally, Yang Yan had to admit a frightening truth:

This place should possess some powerful force, forcibly stripping the souls of all creatures from the Land of the North Cold, allowing their bodies and souls to be corrupted by this Evil Qi.

What Lin An deduced about infection presumably originates from here!

Chapter 1203: Searching

After crushing them unilaterally for a while, Yang Yan grew more certain: the souls here represented the total number of beasts in the Land of the North Cold.

Realizing the immense number of these souls, Yang Yan stopped his attacks knowing it'd be quite exhausting to eradicate them completely.

But to verify his suspicion, he chose relatively intact souls during his wanderings and performed the Soul Searching Technique on them.

Yang Yan searched through many souls at once, and most individual souls contained only scattered fragments of memory. However, when pieced together, he astonishingly found that the only valuable image was of an unknown creature enveloped in Demonic Qi.

The creature's eyes were as large as a pair of copper bells.

With just a glance, Yang Yan could feel the frightening Evil Qi emanating from the unknown creature.

It seemed to step out from a field of corpses, with the snow-white bones serving merely as its backdrop.

Yang Yan paused, startled, and when he regained consciousness, a chill ran down his spine, yet his mind remained as lucid as a mirror.

The bizarre phenomena in the Land of the North Cold must be related to this unknown creature.

Yang Yan wandered in this space for about two days but didn't find Lin Zimu and the others.

He even began to doubt his own judgment.

After killing Lin Hao in the secret chamber, You'Er consumed a Disguise Pill and then retraced her steps.

Although her goal was achieved, the legacy within tempted her immensely.

"Thump!"

The sound of what seemed like a footstep appeared.

Xiaocao's nerves tightened and when she glanced at the counter, she realized that a woman had appeared there at some unknown time.

Though the woman appeared extremely ordinary, like the everyday person one would see on the street, she piqued Xiaocao's great interest.

The woman merely smiled slightly, having long predicted that there would be outsiders in this house.

"Who are you? Is that the entrance to the Teleportation Array?" Xiaocao asked.

"Yes! Miss, would you like to enter?"

Lin Zimu stood aside, eyeing the suddenly appearing woman closely to prevent any unexpected actions from her.

She was truly too unusual, forcing him to be on guard.

"Where are you going?" Wushuang asked coldly as she blocked You'Er with her sword just as You'Er intended to move forward.

"What's it to you where I go?" You'Er glanced back coldly and responded with a smirk.

She was once a Shadow of the Sword Sect; though her strength had diminished now, she still possessed her own pride.

Lin Zimu hurried forward to mediate.

With a slight bow of his fists, he politely said, "I am a disciple of the Ancient Abyss Sect, Lin Zimu. May I ask if this senior sister encountered our ancestor Yang Yan within?"

You'Er shook her head: "No, I muddled through the Array, but neither going in nor coming out did I encounter anyone. I even thought I would never return!"

Upon hearing this, Gongsun Ruyan quickly approached the counter: "Miss, may I ask where you emerged from?"

You'Er pointed to a candleholder with a wick halfway burnt down, prompting Ruyan to step up and pull it. Her hand merely touched, and she vanished instantly.

Seeing this, Xiaocao no longer paid any attention to the woman, nor to Ruyan as she followed with her sword.

Despite the woman's suspicious emergence, they felt no trace of Yang Yan's aura on You'Er and thus deduced there was likely no connection with him.

Moreover, their trust in the King's strength was unwavering; although the woman was mysterious, she surely couldn't do anything to Yang Yan.

With a flash of light, Gongsun Ruyan was transported to the center of a grand hall.

The hall appeared exceptionally simple, yet brightly displayed six Arrays around its periphery.

"Has the King ever been here?" Gongsun Ruyan speculated with a slight frown.

"I think not; after all, the main entrance and here differ quite a bit!" Lin Zimu chimed in after entering, offering his thoughts.

"Then where could the King go?" Ruyan replied with a question.

Xiaocao pondered for a moment: "There are six arrays here; why not split up to search? Whoever emerges first can proceed to the remaining Array!"

"By no means! If split up, there's no mutual support. If people aren't found and unexpected events occur, how could I face Yang?"

Xiaocao and Ruyan said nothing further, seeing Lin Zimu, they too did not wish to speak more.

Anyway, if anyone dares approach these Arrays, Lin Zimu will inevitably step in to stop them.

"Why is this building so eerie?"

Mu Qingcheng, though cold, was forever warm towards Yang Yan.

"Demon Cultivators, surely differ significantly from proper cultivators! Their way of thinking and principles in dealing with matters are generally quite unconventional!" Lin Zimu spoke slowly, squinting slightly.

"Hey! Don't approach!"

Lin Zimu suddenly shouted.

It turned out Mu Qingcheng, watching Lin Zimu engrossed, planned to stealthily enter the Array unnoticed.

But as the head disciple, how could Lin Zimu be so easily tricked?

Mu Qingcheng, with questions, was rare enough for the Ice and Snow Sword!

Thus, Lin Zimu detected suspicious signs instantly, having been prepared all along.

Indeed, he succeeded in stopping Mu Qingcheng.

"Just let us go in!" Mu Qingcheng pleaded in distress.

"But we mustn't split up!" Lin Zimu suddenly remarked.

How he wished to find Yang Yan!

Were the Saint Son of the Ancient Abyss Sect to meet harm in his care, he would be the eternal sinner of the Ancient Abyss Sect.

So at present, his burdens were no lighter than the others, rather even more urgent.

After Lin Zimu's words, he looked at everyone and continued: "I can't let you run into trouble. Otherwise, even if we find Yang Yan, I couldn't account for it."

Unfortunately, however well-intentioned Lin Zimu was, each of the Four Swords were proud and would only heed Yang Yan's words. No one else was accorded respect.

At this moment, Yang Yan not being present, the Four Swords stood silently, gazing at another Array.

Without words, the four got the message across to Lin Zimu with their actions.

Witnessing this, Lin Zimu found himself helpless for a time.

Strong though he was, facing the four women, he had no means to intervene, nor could stop them with any means.

Lin Zimu hesitated for a long time, others stayed silent.

With a gentle nature, Lin Zimu's decisiveness in making impromptu decisions was far inferior compared to the Four Swords, hence if they truly insisted, he was powerless.

Moreover, the Four Swords, neither yielding nor compromising, gave him due respect, allowing him some time to decide.

Sure enough, Gongsun Ruyan soon spoke.

She said seriously, "Senior brother, except for Yang Yan's words, none of us will listen to anyone else. It applies not only to me but the other three as well. Thus, although you're the sect's head disciple, you hold no sway over us."

Hearing Gongsun Ruyan's blunt words, Lin Zimu was rendered speechless, silently complaining: Is it really appropriate to say this so openly in my presence?

Still, due to his personality, this remained something he'd only ponder internally.

Chapter 1204: Little Guy

Lin Zimu ultimately didn't say much more, turning to look at the others.

Before Lin Zimu's gaze could reach her, Mu Qingcheng had already stated that she was just expressing her stance, not discussing.

At the same time, she hoped he would abandon the idea; all four of them probably shared the same thought, and his advice would be useless.

At this critical moment, Xiaocao, who rarely spoke, finally suggested a compromise.

Everyone should enter an array together, even though it was slightly less efficient, it ensured progressing together and looking after each other.

Because no one knew what kind of dangers awaited inside.

Going solo would undoubtedly increase the risk factor significantly.

Instead, acting together might give them a chance at success.

On hearing this, Lin Zimu was exactly satisfied.

This was indeed the best approach they could think of at the moment.

Without the slightest hesitation, he fully agreed with Xiaocao's plan.

"This method is workable, I agree. What do you all think?"

As soon as Lin Zimu spoke, he saw the other three women smiling somewhat mysteriously.

The next moment, he realized that he might have been tricked by the four women in cahoots.

This was probably something they had planned in advance.

However, a gentleman keeps his word.

Once spoken, there was no reason to take it back.

He only hoped to quickly find Yang Yan to stabilize these four swords.

The four swords had a habit of acting alone, so their concession this time was commendable.

Before taking action, Lin Zimu reminded them again: "Everyone, be sure not to split up. Time is of the essence, let's get moving!"

Thus, the group randomly selected an array to enter together, continuing their journey to find Yang Yan.

On the other side, Yang Yan, while choosing Soul Searching, suddenly felt something watching him, giving him a start, and he quickly emitted his Spiritual Sense to search.

Before long, he discovered that it too was a spiritual soul of a mystical creature.

The difference was that this soul still retained intelligence.

Yang Yan's curiosity was immediately piqued.

However, as soon as he discovered this mystical creature's soul, the soul became alert.

Almost at once, it turned and fled.

This made Yang Yan even more certain of his guess.

"Interesting, but I won't let you get away."

Yang Yan sneered, then transformed into a shadow, starting to chase in the direction of the aura.

It was getting more interesting.

Unexpectedly, this little thing was quite fast.

Unfortunately, you've come across me, Yang Yan, today, and you're destined not to escape!

As Yang Yan chased, he found the opponent's speed was astonishing.

It was small in stature, emitting a faint light, looking just like a beam of light.

From the beginning to now, only a few breaths had passed, and it had already widened the distance between them.

Additionally, the bright glow it emitted made it hard for Yang Yan to identify what it was.

Finally, he had to use Soul Fire to block its escape route and coupled it with Devouring Power to capture the soul.

Looking at the mystical creature's soul in hand, Yang Yan revealed a slight smile, speaking as if to himself:

"Heh! Magic is one foot tall, the path one yard high. To try to escape from my grasp, you're still a bit lacking."

Upon closer inspection, Yang Yan found that beneath the spiritual light, the soul resembled a little kitty.

Perhaps it was frightened by Yang Yan's laughter, or perhaps it understood his words, it began to plead for mercy once captured.

Nonetheless, even though it was clearly scared, it insisted on putting on a facade of indifference, with a do-or-die demeanor, making Yang Yan find it both amusing and exasperating.

He speculated that its intellect was likely equivalent to a six or seven-year-old child.

Yang Yan could sense that this soul was quite weak, even inferior compared to the numerous Residual Souls he had overpowered.

Just applying slight pressure, its glow visibly dimmed somewhat.

Luckily, Yang Yan did not truly intend to harm it and immediately withdrew his strength.

Otherwise, it might have already dispersed into the air by now.

Right from the start, Yang Yan was highly intrigued by this little thing.

Unexpectedly, such a weak soul could burst forth with such astonishing speed!

It was exactly for this reason that Yang Yan did not harbor murderous intent at first sight.

Otherwise, it might have ended up like its numerous companions, dissolved into the air.

Yet Yang Yan attempted to probe it, and indeed, it was too weak.

Trying to forcefully Soul Search it to retain its existence or original intelligence seemed unfeasible.

Therefore, Yang Yan planned to straightforwardly question it.

If it was sensible, it would be a win-win for everyone.

If it was uncooperative, he would have no choice but to strike ruthlessly.

"Little thing, why are you here? Tell me the truth! If you cooperate, I might spare your life."

Apparently understanding Yang Yan's words, the mystical creature immediately showed a relieved expression.

The light on its body flickered, and it actually spoke directly.

"Really? Will you really spare me?" It looked at Yang Yan eagerly, asking weakly.

Seeing its innocent demeanor, he found it amusing.

This creature was definitely pretending.

Its true intelligence might be higher than a child's.

The more this was the case, the more delighted Yang Yan was.

The higher the intelligence, the more it would know, which was exactly what Yang Yan needed in this peculiar space.

He grinned, warning fiercely: "Heh, if you believe, then there is, if not, then there isn't. Of course, if you don't believe, your little life is certainly gone."

The little thing's face showed uncertainty at his words.

After a while, it looked up again, pitifully glancing at Yang Yan.

But when its gaze met Yang Yan's, it immediately shrank its neck, averting its eyes.

"I'll talk, I'll talk! Whatever I know, I'll tell. Just please, don't kill me. I beg you..."

Hearing the little thing's stammering words, Yang Yan's smile grew even brighter.

Yet his intense gaze remained fixed on it, not leaving for a moment.

The little thing glanced at him quickly, shivering all over, and hurriedly pleaded:

"No... I... I'll talk! Actually... actually, I don't even know why I'm here, and I remember very little."

Yang Yan saw the little thing's expression, knowing it was truly scared, and did not press it further, saying directly: "Then tell me everything you know. Make sure not to try and hide anything; I am indeed a ruthless killer."

Hence, this soul spilled out everything it knew like a bamboo tube pouring out beans.

Unfortunately, this soul's own memory was also incomplete, unable to recall what had happened here.

Merely based on vague memory fragments, it inferred that some catastrophic event had occurred, rendering it and the other mystical creatures in this state.

But Yang Yan quickly realized that this guy was born a comedian.

As it spoke, it became loquacious.

Chapter 1205: Void-Devouring Tiger Race

It began to boast about how powerful it was during its lifetime, claiming that even though only its Primordial Spirit remained, it could still maintain its mind from being infected by the Evil Qi here.

Yang Yan was somewhat skeptical about this.

This spirit self-described itself as being over hundreds of years old with high cultivation skills, which wasn't impossible.

But no matter how formidable it was in life, now it seemed as weak as an ant.

Moreover, the more he listened, the less it seemed like it had the mind of a child.

Yang Yan found it amusing; this creature was speaking without restraint, completely unaware that it had already exposed its true cards.

"I've told you everything I know, can you spare me?" The little thing spoke with strong hope in its voice.

In truth, Yang Yan couldn't bear to eradicate this little thing either.

Moreover, Yang Yan had always kept his word; since he had already gotten the information he wanted, he naturally wasn't thinking about making things difficult for the other party any further.

Of course, simply letting it go wasn't the result Yang Yan hoped for either.

"You can keep your life for now, but I won't let you go." Yang Yan said without disguise.

Hearing that it wouldn't have to die... Well, it automatically ignored the word "for now," and the little thing was exceptionally happy.

If it hadn't been caught by Yang Yan, it would have been dancing with joy.

It seemed that being here, it had already despaired and didn't have much hope for freedom.

Better alive than dead.

Even in another form, it stubbornly wanted to keep surviving.

The Primordial Spirit, perhaps trapped here too long, began to speak boldly with Yang Yan after knowing it wouldn't die, asking endless questions out of curiosity.

Yang Yan couldn't help but silently complain, how much does this guy love talking!

Chattering away ceaselessly, without a moment's pause.

But taking a second thought, Yang Yan came to terms with it.

Staying in such a ghostly place for so long, curiosity about the outside world was inevitable.

Maybe in this kind of place, losing one's mind could be considered a blessing.

At least it spared one from enduring the torment of endless years.

However, being questioned for too long, Yang Yan also began to feel a bit impatient and planned to simply store it in his Void Storage space.

At this point, the spirit quickly revealed that it wasn't the only intelligent Primordial Spirit here and wanted to take Yang Yan to their hiding place.

Shaking his head helplessly, Yang Yan couldn't say much more.

As the saying goes, "too clear water has no fish, too scrutinizing a person has no followers."

Encountering such a guy, hoping for it to reveal everything was still somewhat unlikely.

Later, to allow this spirit to have the strength to lead the way, Yang Yan shared some acquired souls with it.

And this kitty-like spirit, after receiving the soul supply, displayed a budding form of the Flying Divine Tiger!

"Is your true form actually the Flying Divine Tiger?" Yang Yan was genuinely surprised and said with a smile.

"Bah! What Flying Divine Tiger? Clearly, you're an outsider." Upon hearing Yang Yan utter "Flying Divine Tiger," the kitty-like spirit showed disdain.

Then, looking proud, it continued to explain:

"The title Flying Divine Tiger is just a generalized term used by outsiders, and much of what you humans have recorded about us is misunderstood."

After speaking, the spirit leaped forward, turning its head to beckon Yang Yan:

"Come on, I'll take you to our hiding place."

Yang Yan observed silently as the spirit, after absorbing the souls he provided, manifested more clearly in the form of the Flying Divine Tiger, feeling less weak than before.

The body was more clearly visible than before.

Yet why would such a divine creature be forced into such persecution?

For a moment, Yang Yan couldn't understand.

He hesitated not a moment longer and directly followed the Flying Divine Tiger, wanting to see where exactly they were hiding.

"Earlier, you said I am an outsider; why is that?" Yang Yan casually inquired for more information while following it.

Upon hearing Yang Yan's question, the Flying Divine Tiger gave him a sidelong glance.

"Because those truly familiar with us do not generally refer to us as Flying Divine Tiger but call us by our clan's self-given name."

"Only people like you and those with shallow dealings from outside call us Flying Divine Tiger."

Yang Yan asked curiously, "Oh? So you mean you have another name among yourselves?"

The spirit nodded and continued, "Of course, Flying Divine Tiger encompasses a series of species."

"Because this designation carries significant weight among humans, they gradually accepted this title."

"Even some species try every trick in the book to associate with this name to gain fame among humans."

At this point, it snorted coldly: "But though Flying Divine Tiger encompasses higher-level species, they don't actively promote themselves into it but use it as a gauge for outsiders."

After finishing, the spirit glanced at Yang Yan.

Seeing his indifferent expression, it raised its head and continued speaking:

"Besides you and those sect elders outside calling us Flying Divine Tiger, many species in the Star Realm have been randomly named by humans."

"However, to facilitate interaction with humans, they gradually accepted these titles."

"Of course, there are still some species that have not reached a consensus, still negotiating the names internally, or simply their clan does not recognize these names, only adopting them among humans."

Yang Yan casually asked: "So a species could have different titles among different species?"

The spirit nodded: "Indeed! And such situations are quite common. Some weaker species do not have the recognition privilege and could only be forced to accept foreign naming."

Yang Yan inquired again: "Then for species like yours, what is the internal name?"

The spirit visibly frowned, somewhat displeased as it said: "What do you mean by species like ours?! Bah! Our species belongs to the Devouring Void clan among the Thirteen Star Gates, commonly known externally as the Void-Devouring Tiger Race."

"Among all species, considered not weak in spatial talent. So even though I'm currently weak in power, my speed can still match yours."

At this point, the spirit began to be proud again.

Yang Yan seeing its expression, even found it quite amusing.

It's no wonder its speed was so fast, keeping pace with his own speed.

At this moment, the Flying Divine Tiger began to self-boast again.

"If I restore my power, I can even directly rip through space. Bah! This is much more powerful than your humans' cultivation techniques!"

"Oh!" Yang Yan casually responded.

"Oh?! Bah! You probably haven't witnessed our strength. That's why you respond this way, right? Let me tell you, our clan..."

"..."

In terms of understanding spirit beasts, Yang Yan remained at a rookie level, always responding calmly, not cooperating in the least.

This made the little creature somewhat angry.

Thinking he was blind to the treasure before him, showing more disdain toward Yang Yan.

"If it weren't for you, I could have returned quickly; having you along slows my speed greatly."

Saying this, the little creature gave Yang Yan an indignant look, then mischievously accelerated its speed, as if wanting to embarrass Yang Yan.

Yang Yan found this quite amusing.

He, the dignified Moonlight Emperor, actually despised by something as small as a cat.

Chapter 1206: A New Discovery

Yang Yan merely glanced at the Flying Divine Tiger indifferently and immediately accelerated to keep up closely.

The Flying Divine Tiger was somewhat surprised to see him following so effortlessly.

But that was the extent of it.

Perhaps it believed Yang Yan had nothing else going for him other than speed.

Then, it high-held its small head and continued on its journey.

Along the way, Yang Yan shared some of his situation, as well as the abnormal monstrous beasts he encountered.

"Do you know what's going on?"

Speaking of the abnormal monsters outside, Yang Yan inquired of the proud Flying Divine Tiger.

Maybe, this guy might know the answer.

"What do your human sects have to do with me? I don't know their situation."

"We don't care much about your human abilities. But those riots are indeed a big problem."

The Flying Divine Tiger spoke, with a trace of worry in its eyes.

When Yang Yan further inquired, hoping to get some information, the Flying Divine Tiger impatiently refused to answer.

Yang Yan felt somewhat helpless.

It seemed this Flying Divine Tiger indeed had quite a temper!

"You..."

Yang Yan wanted to say something else, but was immediately interrupted by it.

"Hmph! Don't ask anymore. I know nothing. Let's hurry on our way!"

On the surface, Yang Yan appeared indifferent, but he actually had the urge to give it a hard punch.

However, Yang Yan finally suppressed his anger and didn't bother with the primordial spirit with the intelligence of a child.

Fortunately, this guy is actually just a chatterbox.

No need for Yang Yan to initiate questions; during its incessant complaints, it did educate Yang Yan a bit about those creatures outside.

"You humans like to give other creatures all sorts of weird names, calling those outside monsters."

"Actually, these so-called monsters can be further divided into many categories, such as spirit beasts, monstrous beasts, primordial beasts, magical beasts, and various elves formed after all things become spirits."

"And each different category has its own standards for power division."

"Our Void-Devouring Tiger Race belongs to the Star Spirit category, which is an elf born from the rich spiritual power between the star universe."

Seeing its interest, Yang Yan didn't miss the chance and asked, "So you are an elf?"

"Of course!" This guy indeed looked proud, "Having just absorbed the soul you gave, my power has now recovered to the equivalent of the early stage Foundation Establishment in human terms."

"Hmph! Isn't that stronger than you humans?"

Upon hearing this, it raised its head high again, flaunting.

Yang Yan was greatly shocked upon hearing this.

He had to admit, this guy indeed had reasons to be conceited.

This rate of improvement was indeed impressive!

But soon, Yang Yan learned from its mouth that there were limitations to this.

Their race, up until the equivalent of the human Nascent Soul Realm, had rapidly increasing strength.

But beyond that, advancement becomes much more difficult compared to humans.

Only then did Yang Yan feel somewhat balanced in his heart.

Throughout the journey, Yang Yan endured the bad temper of this primordial spirit, treating it as a child.

Moreover, he took its words only as information, neither affirming nor denying, and never let down his guard.

During the conversation, the man and the soul reached the hidden refuge of other normal primordial spirits described by the primordial spirit.

"Here it is."

"Are you sure this is the place?"

Yang Yan naturally questioned because he couldn't detect any conscious souls.

The surrounding space was still extremely vast, so vast it felt eerily unsettling.

Without any signposts, if not for referencing these residual souls to confirm he had indeed moved, Yang Yan would have slapped it.

The little creature noticed Yang Yan's confusion and hurriedly explained, "Yes, this is it, just hidden by a barrier."

After saying this, the little creature's light intensified, and by the look of it, it was using some secret technique.

Seeing this, Yang Yan's first reaction was to check for any dangers around.

After all, he had been wary of this little creature throughout the journey and shouldn't relax now.

After observing for a moment, Yang Yan didn't find anything amiss and didn't stop the little creature's subsequent actions.

It seemed to use some secret technique to emit a strange fluctuation, visibly spreading quickly around, causing ripples.

Whether it was an illusion or not, Yang Yan heard several ethereal sounds by his ear.

Though there were several, they lingered around his ear, unable to disperse.

And Yang Yan was unable to determine where the sounds originated.

If you've come, you may as well stay.

Yang Yan decided not to dwell on it, continuing with caution, silently watching the little creature's actions.

The little creature didn't notice Yang Yan's internal activity, nor did it pay attention to Yang Yan's constant vigilance towards it.

After a short moment, the light around it gradually weakened.

Yang Yan knew this was the prelude to the barrier opening.

Sure enough, the little creature immediately withdrew its secret technique and opened the barrier here, which included soul barriers, space locks, among others.

Had the barrier not opened before him, Yang Yan wouldn't even have discovered them.

This demonstrated the high skill of the person who set up this barrier, earning Yang Yan's silent admiration.

Intrigued, he couldn't help but pause to observe this barrier.

The more he observed, the more profound Yang Yan found this barrier.

At this moment, he was like a liberal arts student looking at calculus, feeling somewhat powerless.

But fortunately, Yang Yan wasn't someone who easily gets entangled.

The heavens do not create people above others, nor below others. The difference lies in learning or not learning.

And what is Yang Yan best at?

Is it not learning?

He certainly had reasons to believe that if he persisted, surpassing these was inevitable.

"Follow my steps carefully, don't make a mistake, or I won't be able to save you."

The little creature's words brought Yang Yan back from his musings, and without saying much more, he followed its figure into the barrier.

Of course, even at this moment, the necessary vigilance wouldn't relax even a bit; instead, it increased slightly.

After Yang Yan and this primordial spirit entered the barrier, it automatically locked.

Looking out, those residual souls were no longer visible, as they entered another space.

Just a soul body could create another realm; these beings must have grasped certain space laws to some extent.

It's unimaginable how powerful they were in life.

And such powerful beings are nevertheless imprisoned here; what calamity has this place encountered?

Since this place is also the Demon Cave, Yang Yan felt the situation was worsening, contemplating quietly in his heart.

At some unknown point, the previous endlessly talking primordial spirit fell silent as it led the way.

And as soon as Yang Yan stepped in here, his spiritual sense spread out immediately.

Indeed!

He soon made a new discovery.

Chapter 1207: Prophecy

There truly appeared other intelligent souls here, and they are extremely smart beings.

They also noticed Yang Yan immediately.

Although they did not attack right away, they were all extremely cautious.

You could say they were eyeing him like a tiger watching its prey.

Not long after exchanging words with the Primordial Spirit that led Yang Yan, they all ran off.

In less than a minute, they returned.

Upon reappearing, they surprisingly brought several powerful Primordial Spirits with them.

Without further ado, they collectively launched a nearly crazed assault on Yang Yan.

If not for the prior warning from the Void-Devouring Tiger race's Primordial Spirit that brought him, informing Yang Yan of a test, he might have thought this was a trap and would have resolved it directly with a counterattack.

This fellow even mentioned, judging from Yang Yan's performance dealing with the group of residual souls, there should be no problem passing the test, and advised him to be gentle.

Silently observing the few lightning-fast Primordial Spirits charging at him, Yang Yan frowned.

Honestly, the aura these Primordial Spirits emitted was incredible.

Unfortunately, he couldn't recognize them; he had no idea what kind of Primordial Spirits they were.

Actually, he couldn't be blamed, these Primordial Spirits belonged to a high-end level but weren't at the food chain's top, so Yang Yan hadn't paid attention.

Furthermore, they seemed to be rare species, even the locals wouldn't necessarily recognize them without deliberate study.

Of course, their identity wasn't important now.

Facing such a storm-like attack, Yang Yan wouldn't just stand there and take it; he immediately counterattacked.

With a thought, space rippled slightly.

The next moment, Yang Yan appeared elsewhere, using the Small Shifting Technique to easily dodge these attacks.

Then he waved his right hand, leaving a dazzling sword light in the air, lunging at the Primordial Spirits before him.

Yang Yan didn't exert full power; they exchanged blows with probing attacks.

After testing a few strikes, Yang Yan realized the attacking Primordial Spirits were at Golden Core level, making him even more cautious.

Simultaneously, he pulled back and looked towards the Void-Devouring Tiger race's Primordial Spirit, asking: "This doesn't seem like a test! You've got to explain?"

Hearing Yang Yan's slightly cold tone, the Void-Devouring Tiger race's Primordial Spirit calmly replied, "Don't worry, it's really a small test, I can guarantee it."

Yang Yan was about to pursue further questions, but was unexpectedly attacked from the side.

His gaze darkened as he decided to focus cautiously.

Honestly, he wanted to see what the Primordial Spirits intended for him.

Boom!

A sword light easily cut down several attacking strikes, Yang Yan took the opportunity to assault a few Primordial Spirits.

However, things didn't unfold as he expected.

The Primordial Spirits suddenly seemed to burst out, no longer probing, shooting red, yellow, and blue beams frantically at Yang Yan.

The beams formed a brilliant light path in the air, extremely spectacular.

Even more uncanny, these attacks enhanced each other, power exponentially increased.

Yang Yan realized the opponent wasn't probing anymore, hurriedly using techniques to counter each attack.

The battle advanced through a few more rounds, visibly intensifying, metals clashing constantly resounding.

Ting... Ting... Dang... Dang...

As the fight continued, Yang Yan had to bring forth more abilities.

If not for his Soul Fire, Devouring Power, and other soul-restraining combat techniques, he'd be cornered for sure.

Conversely, the Primordial Spirits collectively attacking Yang Yan were struggling too.

In their eyes filled with astonishment, the result was completely unexpected.

Yang Yan grew somewhat impatient, summoning Spiritual Treasures Star Night, Illusory Night, and Asura, preparing to decisively end the battle, but didn't expect the Primordial Spirits, seeing Yang Yan in this state, immediately ceased their offense.

They all assumed a respectful demeanor, uttering bizarre phrases to Yang Yan.

Stuff like the prophecy has come true, the prophet has arrived, we are about to be saved, and so on...

Facing this abrupt change in atmosphere, Yang Yan felt fooled, confused for a moment then enraged, harshly demanding an explanation from the Primordial Spirits: "You must give me an explanation."

As he said this, Yang Yan, provoked, looked at the Void-Devouring Tiger race's Primordial Spirit with a hint of killing intent.

Confronted by Yang Yan's demand, the Void-Devouring Tiger race's Primordial Spirit again emphasized, "It's really a test, truly, I wouldn't deceive you."

At this point, Yang Yan couldn't possibly believe it!

With a thought, the Void-Devouring Tiger race's Primordial Spirit was instantly imprisoned within a cage of Soul Fire formed by Yang Yan.

Thoroughly sensing danger, the Void-Devouring Tiger race's Primordial Spirit crumpled, reverting back to the adorable little kitty it originally appeared as.

Seeing Yang Yan's prowess, it shivered, not daring to speak further.

Yang Yan was also vexed.

First being randomly transported here, then finally encountering intelligent souls yet subjected to indiscriminate attack, making him want to unleash havoc.

But the Primordial Spirits likely held significant clues, and each stopped once he seriously acted, leaving him frustrated.

For a moment, the field was silent in fear, and no other Primordial Spirits stepped forward to explain.

The more Yang Yan thought, the angrier he became, his murderous intent was increasingly apparent, seeming ready to explode.

The gathered Primordial Spirits, seeing Yang Yan's rage, couldn't help but exchange nervous glances.

Then, among them, several Golden Core level Primordial Spirits stepped forward to apologize: "We genuinely didn't mean to toy with you, there's a reason for all this."

"Then hurry up and explain." Yang Yan impatiently urged.

A Primordial Spirit hastily responded: "Your arrival confirms the prophecy; it marks a pivotal step in overcoming adversity and reversing a deadlock. The earlier attack was to eliminate all uncertain disruptive factors."

"Ha, and what is the prophecy?" Yang Yan coldly laughed, showing disbelief.

However, seeing their earnest expressions, they didn't seem intent on deceiving him, so he continued inquiring.

Though his tone retained some mockery.

As if arranged, another Golden Core level Primordial Spirit that Yang Yan couldn't recognize stepped forward to answer:

"This prophecy has circulated among us for a long time; specifics on its origin remain unclear."

It glanced at Yang Yan, seeing the anger on his face subsiding somewhat, then continued:

"Rumor has it a never-before-seen catastrophe will descend soon, enveloping countless beings within its disaster. Corpses will lie everywhere, rivers of blood flowing!"

"In such global desperation, one shall rise; his strength reaching peak supremacy. With his power alone, he shall stem the calamity."

Chapter 1208: Mist

The savior?

Yang Yan felt a bit awkward.

Honestly, during the Hidden World Human Demon War on Earth, he indeed played the role of a savior.

But he never expected that upon arriving here, he seems to have another similar identity waiting for him.

Yang Yan briefly summarized that these guys clearly regard him as the existence from the prophecy meant to save the day.

They believe this because Yang Yan's appearance earlier, wielding Star Night and Asura, and wearing Illusory Night, precisely matched the prophecy's indication.

As a result, this group of Primordial Spirits with Golden Core cultivation had such a dramatic shift in attitude.

However, those Primordial Spirits obviously didn't know Yang Yan's thoughts at the moment, showing a look of "you must believe us."

Yang Yan couldn't help but find it amusing.

Especially that Void-Devouring Tiger Race Primordial Spirit leading the way, with its eyes squinting closely together, its cat-like head lifted upwards to look at him, almost made him burst out laughing.

But their explanation couldn't fully satisfy Yang Yan.

Not even mentioning the truth of the prophecy, just their offensive actions without any cost made Yang Yan feel quite unhappy.

However, from their fragmented explanations, Yang Yan finally gathered some useful information.

Shortly before he entered, other disciples also entered this space but couldn't resist the invasion of the Evil Qi, losing a significant portion of their strength, eventually going mad and dying or dying at the hands of Primordial Spirits infected by the Evil Qi.

Furthermore, among these disciples, there were those who practiced Demon Race cultivation techniques.

At this point, Yang Yan couldn't bother arguing with these creatures anymore and immediately demanded them to take him over, trying to figure out what's going on with those disciples practicing Demon Race techniques.

That Golden Core Primordial Spirit hesitated and asked, "What do you want to see them for? They're all dead, nothing to see."

Yang Yan raised an eyebrow and looked at it intensely.

The Golden Core Primordial Spirit shrank its neck and hurriedly changed its tone, "But since it's your request, we certainly won't refuse. Follow me!"

After speaking, it led the way ahead.

Yang Yan smirked and quickly followed by performing a body technique.

Along the way, Yang Yan carefully observed the surroundings.

He found this area wasn't as spacious as outside the barrier, retaining a lifeless feel.

In less than half the time it takes to brew a cup of tea, the guiding Golden Core Primordial Spirit stopped.

Sure enough, they found some human corpses.

But within this short period, they had been corroded by Evil Qi beyond recognition, making identification difficult.

Their bodies were almost entirely covered in wounds, with faint black Qi emanating from them.

Yang Yan didn't know the world's attitude towards people practicing Demon Race techniques, but having experienced the Hidden World Human Demon War, he was naturally hostile to them.

After thinking for a moment, Yang Yan turned and asked the Primordial Spirits, "When you discovered them, did you notice any special markings on their bodies?"

The Primordial Spirits exchanged glances, and finally, the guiding Golden Core Primordial Spirit responded to Yang Yan's question.

It shook its head and said, "There were no markings. Aside from practicing Demon Techniques, their aura was different from others, but otherwise, they were similar."

Hearing this, Yang Yan nodded slightly and again carefully examined the corpses of those who didn't practice Demon Techniques.

Unfortunately, after searching for a long time, he couldn't find any anomalies and had to give up.

While unsure of the identity of those practicing Demon Race techniques, there's one undeniable fact.

Among the people sent by the sects, there were indeed some practicing Demon Race techniques.

Whether a conspiracy or accident, the entry of those practicing Demon Race techniques into the Demon Cave was bound for no good.

It seems his initial intuition was correct; this trip to the Demon Cave is far from simple as imagined.

But what precisely these creatures' plots are needs to be gradually verified.

Yang Yan gradually gleaned some information about the place from the Primordial Spirits.

According to them, their situations were similar.

These intelligent Primordial Spirits existed in this space for a long time.

But it's as if they've been damaged since then, with their power constrained to some extent, and they've lost part of their memories.

Leading to an inability to recall why they're within this space.

Of course, as an outsider, Yang Yan felt their memories might have been deliberately erased!

According to their words, since they appeared, the Evil Qi had existed in this space.

Though unaware of the source of the Evil Qi, a few high intellect Primordial Spirits existed who, through limited clues, deduced a rough theory.

Though rough, countless days and nights of brainstorming, pondering deeply, even taking heavy risks were involved.

Thus, the deduction held a certain degree of reliability.

It's suspected that something powerful and evil exists within this space, continuously emitting this Evil Qi, making the Qi denser.

They've attempted to search throughout the space without finding anything.

They also tried to summon the collective strength of the Primordial Spirits here to suppress the Evil Qi.

Many Primordial Spirits didn't hesitate to expend their Soul Power to resist, yet it's treating the symptoms, not the root.

Even if they could withstand temporarily, over time, ultimately they couldn't escape the invasion of Evil Qi, losing strength.

Some even lost their minds completely, becoming puppets of Evil Qi, madly wanting to destroy all living beings they could see.

Due to this, the accumulating Evil Qi broke through the space's barrier, infecting the monsters living in the Land of the North Cold.

Outside, a host of low-tier Primordial Spirits were invaded by Evil Qi, yet only the special Divine Beast-level Primordial Spirits here resisted.

But due to the long passage of time, their strength naturally declined compared to before.

Seeing the suppressive power weakening, and now with none retaining their past Soul Power, they couldn't suppress the Evil Qi anymore, so they formed a barrier for self-preservation.

Yang Yan thought this approach was naturally right.

After all, even when their strength far surpassed now, they couldn't resolve this issue. Now the only option is to preserve live strength, stalling as much as possible.

If it were him, he'd probably do the same.

The barrier he finds himself in now was established by the strongest three among all Primordial Spirits here with power equating to the early Nascent Soul Realm Great Power.

Realizing continued survival would eventually lead to exhaustion, they used up their Spiritual Power, prophesied, and then fell into slumber.

While the other Primordial Spirits within kept waiting in dormant for the savior in the prophecy to appear.

Chapter 1209: Looked Down Upon

Yang Yan was transported to where the disciples had previously entered, waking them from their slumber as well.

However, seeing that the disciples couldn't survive outside the barrier, they fell into deep disappointment again.

Moreover, discovering that these were people practicing demon techniques made them both disappointed and angry.

As a result, from then on, regardless of who came, they would first observe if the person could resist the residual souls infected by Evil Qi before deciding whether to draw them into the barrier for a test.

In this way, they used this extremely unreliable method to select Yang Yan.

Yang Yan was not the only one to be pulled in for testing; as for where those others went, it could easily be inferred—they were most likely eliminated by them.

Although Yang Yan was reluctant to get involved, he also couldn't let the Evil Qi run unchecked.

After a brief consideration, he had these Divine Beast-level Primordial Spirits take him to meet the three Great Powers who had fallen into slumber.

Hearing Yang Yan's request, these Primordial Spirits were overjoyed.

After all their efforts, this was the result they wanted.

Without further ado, they respectfully led Yang Yan forward.

Going to meet the three Primordial Spirits equivalent to humans in the Nascent Soul Realm required Yang Yan to be fully alert.

After walking for a while, Yang Yan suddenly asked, "I wonder what race these three Primordial Spirits belong to? Can someone tell me?"

The Golden Core Primordial Spirits exchanged glances, and one replied, "The three Primordial Spirits we are taking you to are much more powerful than us. These three have notable origins and are descendants of dragons."

Hearing they were dragons, Yang Yan couldn't help but shake his head.

Although dragons were fascinating creatures, he had encountered quite a few.

In fact, he even kept two at home.

So, regarding these so-called dragon descendants, he didn't have much feeling.

Having seen True Dragons, what are these pseudo-dragons!

Seeing Yang Yan's silence, the Primordial Spirit continued, "The first one possesses the bloodline of Pulao, with formidable strength. The second is a descendant of Bian, whose strength has also reached the Nascent Soul level."

"The last is a descendant of the Bifu, and in terms of strength, it's even more formidable than the first two."

"Ninety-nine percent of the time, they are asleep. Indeed, since they prophesied your arrival, they have hardly awakened."

As soon as the Golden Core Primordial Spirit finished speaking, Yang Yan felt three powerful auras lock onto him.

However, he wasn't the least bit surprised.

In fact, from the moment he entered, Yang Yan had vaguely sensed their presence.

But since he felt no malice, he didn't pay it much mind.

Now that they have awakened, it was necessary to meet them.

Perhaps he could obtain some more useful information from them!

Soon, Yang Yan met the powerful beings spoken of by the Primordial Spirits.

He had to admit, at that moment of seeing them, Yang Yan was genuinely surprised.

Although he had seen countless dragons, he had never before encountered a Bifu, Bian, or Pulao.

On Earth, he had interacted with their other kin.

The Bifu in front of him was about a hundred feet long, with four claws sharp enough to emit a cold gleam that could capture one's soul.

Dark red scales covered its entire body, and its dragon-like head had two long whiskers floating in the air.

Its large eyes were fixed on Yang Yan, with an utterly stern expression.

Bian's entire body was covered in a golden-yellow fur with some black stripes, and the character for "king" on its forehead radiated authority.

At this moment, Bian was sitting with its eyes slightly closed, giving no indication of its terrifying nature.

Pulao appeared much like the legends.

In terms of appearance, it was undeniably the closest to the dragon form.

Its body was entirely covered in red scales, about seventy to eighty feet long, much smaller than Bifu.

Even though it resembled its ancestor, Yang Yan could tell that its strength was the weakest, just around the Nascent Soul level.

As Yang Yan assessed and evaluated the appearances and strengths of these legendary spirit beasts, they were observing him too!

Eventually, Yang Yan broke the silence first.

"And, haven't you been watching me for a long time already? I could feel that gaze from afar."

"And you there, yes, you, Pulao, what's with that look? I don't have that kind of inclination."

Feeling uneasy under their gaze, Yang Yan pointed bluntly at the weakest one, Pulao, and said unceremoniously.

He was merely testing the attitude of these three Divine Beasts.

Of course, to avoid too much trouble, he didn't choose the strongest one.

As the saying goes, pick the softest peach.

Provoking the strongest might leave no room for maneuver.

But this Laosan, well, there shouldn't be any problem.

Pulao prided itself on being the most dragon-like and was always proud. How could it tolerate such disrespect!

Instantly, its aura changed, stirring an invisible storm around it, poised to pounce on Yang Yan.

However, at this moment, the strongest Bifu finally spoke.

"It seems there's no mistake this time. You are indeed the one in the prophecy. Kin of the Void-Devouring Tiger, this time you did well."

The Void-Devouring Tiger Primordial Spirit, hearing the praise, looked excited.

Then Bifu, Bian, and Pulao engaged in negotiation with Yang Yan, providing him with more exclusive information.

This included where exactly this place was and how to leave, among other key issues.

Pulao, still agitated from earlier, suddenly spoke, "I don't know what your cultivation level is. However, it looks like you haven't reached the Golden Core?"

When it said this, Pulao's tone was contemptuous and provocatively laden.

In fact, not only it, but the other two Divine Beasts also looked at Yang Yan with questioning eyes, waiting for his response.

From Yang Yan's first appearance, they hadn't particularly focused on him.

But the fact that someone deemed weak by their standards had passed the test, made them very puzzled.

Was he actually being looked down upon?

With a cold smile, Yang Yan retorted, "So what, if I'm not even at the Golden Core?"

As he spoke, he turned as if to leave.

If they already believed he was the prophesied one, how dare they treat him like this?

If he was in a good mood, there could be discussions.

If not... well!

Sorry, it's best they go their own way while he goes his, neither interfering with the other.

Before the meeting, Yang Yan had thought, since a demon cultivator was present, he might as well take action to eliminate them.

Now, he decided not to play along.

Nobody expected Yang Yan to move as he spoke, leaving all the Primordial Spirits present stunned.

At that moment, they all very synchronously tried to stop him, clearly fearing that Yang Yan would just leave like this.

Chapter 1210: Rest Assured

The Primordial Spirit of the Void-Devouring Tiger Race was the most familiar to Yang Yan among all the Primordial Spirits. It approached Yang Yan with a smile and said:

"We tested your strength earlier; although it's not at the Golden Core level, it surpasses Golden Core quite a bit. Lord Pulao only spoke as he did because he hadn't seen your capabilities before."

In truth, Yang Yan didn't really intend to have a quarrel with these three characters; taking advantage of the opportunity, he let the matter slide.

The three great Primordial Spirits were actually very interested in Yang Yan, and ignoring unrelated individuals, they began discussing serious matters with him.

Yang Yan informed them roughly of external matters: the creatures of the Land of the North Cold had been infected by Evil Qi, he had followed various sect members to enter this place, and they were mysteriously transported here from the Demon Cave.

The three descendants of the Dragon Race learned that among outsiders, the highest cultivation realm is the Golden Core Realm, which made them show the same disdain as the Primordial Spirit of the Void-Devouring Tiger Race. However, they soon became anxious.

According to them, the Evil Qi covering the Demon Cave and this area was only a very small fraction that escaped from suppression.

In a short period, though it can't infect everyone, over time, these intruders will end up like those creatures, losing their minds and becoming puppets to the Evil Qi.

And now, the previously reinforced Suppressing Power is loosening, and these Evil Qi are showing signs of explosion.

Once the Suppressing Power completely collapses and the Evil Qi fully erupts, the entire Land of the North Cold will be utterly eroded.

When the time comes, even those at the Golden Core Realm will barely be able to protect themselves, and the Land of the North Cold will inevitably become a human purgatory, a thousand miles of scorched earth.

Upon understanding the situation, Yang Yan furrowed his brows slightly but maintained a calm front and asked, "Do you have any solutions?"

Bian flashed a bitter smile, "In our slumber, the three of us have actually comprehended some Space Laws, and fortuitously, the Power of Space allows us to attempt communication with this space, discovering that this place is inside a Spatial Spiritual Treasure."

"After we individually communicated, we found that this Spiritual Treasure was supposed to shelter objects within it, yet now it appears itself has been eroded by Evil Qi, preventing free entry and exit."

"Thus, even though the inside is sealed, it uncontrollably transports objects from the outside world into here."

"If the three of us exerted the Power of Space together, we might temporarily tear open portions of the space sealed by this Spiritual Treasure, theoretically allowing escape."

"However, currently, we only have our Primordial Spirits, with inadequate strength and no mastery of the Path of Space, so we can't guarantee success."

"Giving it our all, we might transmit everyone outside but we would exhaust ourselves, reverting to Primordial Spirit Pearls, thereby truly at mercy of others. Hence we hope you won't hold grudges and save us from this dire situation."

Yang Yan observed the strands of plea in Bian's helpless gaze before nodding and promising:

"Since I've encountered this matter, I won't stand idly by. Rest assured, I will do my utmost to help you escape this place."

"However, you should at least attempt something; you can't just sit around and wait for death."

Pulao let out a rueful laugh, somewhat self-deprecating as he said, "We're aware that continuing like this spells doom. But alas, we have no other way."

"You may not know, but over the years, countless attempts have been made by the Primordial Spirits inside the barrier, all resulting in failure, with heavy casualties and great losses."

Hearing this, Yang Yan nodded knowingly and refrained from saying more.

Afterward, the three brothers requested Yang Yan to eliminate the Primordial Spirits outside the barrier before departing, and informed him that although they couldn't be absorbed, the Residual Souls and Evil Qi could be used for other purposes if harnessed properly.

Already having absorbed several Residual Souls before, Yang Yan was naturally aware of the benefits therein, but even without this, he would not turn a blind eye.

After a brief contemplation, Yang Yan agreed to their request.

To earn their trust, Yang Yan specially demonstrated his comprehension of some Void Storage techniques, such as Small Shifting and other aspects of the Path of Space.

The originally uneasy three brothers were taken aback and their confidence surged tremendously upon witnessing this.

Yang Yan informed them that once the opening was torn open, he could leave on his own, and promised to investigate the causes and origin of the Evil Qi proliferation.

"We didn't expect your understanding of the Path of Space to have reached such a state, we three brothers are humbled, absolutely humbled!"

At this moment, even Pulao, who initially harbored some misgivings towards Yang Yan, finally bowed his head and marveled.

Yang Yan responded with a nonchalant smile.

In this world, the strong consume the weak, and fists decide everything.

With sufficient strength, even the most arrogant Pulao had to acquiesce.

Just as Yang Yan was preparing to set out, Bian suddenly recalled something and spoke up:

"We also ask you to eliminate all the Primordial Spirits here. We need to sustain the barrier, and as Primordial Spirits, they are more easily corrupted, doomed to perish sooner or later, so better to end it early."

Yang Yan chuckled dryly and admitted candidly, "Truth be told, with my current strength, completely cleansing them might be impractical."

This was not Yang Yan being modest or shirking work.

Realistically, the task was not easy.

Like a level 1 hero in League of Legends, trying to kill countless enemy minions without allied minions or defensive towers is ultimately challenging.

Yazi, Bian, and Pulao looked at each other.

After pondering for a moment, they acknowledged Yang Yan's point, realizing it was indeed a difficult request.

Later, the three brothers gave Yang Yan some cultivation insights and told him that despite the Evil Qi preventing direct absorption, these souls could be used to craft Soul Artifacts.

This unexpectedly delighted Yang Yan.

Everyone knows the might of Soul Artifacts and the evil nature of the Refining Secret Technique, traditionally despised by the righteous.

But the current situation fits the bill.

Outside, some Demon Dao practitioners often slaughter ordinary people to extract Life Souls, using them in conjunction with secret techniques to craft Soul Artifacts.

With so many Residual Souls before him, rather than letting them be polluted, why not utilize them and absorb them to refine lethal weapons?

Though Yang Yan wasn't lacking in Spiritual Treasures, one can never have too many good things.

Even if not for his own use, those around him would need such specialized Magical Artifacts.

The area here is extremely cold, with so many Primordial Spirits gathered, and the Evil Qi concentration is imaginable,

Evil Qi can be refined and consolidated into pearls, enhancing the grade of Soul Artifacts, transforming them into lethal weapons.

Upon stumbling upon this secret technique, Yang Yan immediately felt sufficiently motivated.

Now, his demand for Primordial Spirits is inexhaustible; as long as he has enough time, he can spend efforts to clear out all the Primordial Spirits here.

In this manner, after spending over an hour familiarizing himself with the secret techniques imparted by the three brothers, he eagerly prepared to clear these Residual Souls.