

Powerful 1211

Chapter 1211: Multitasking

Seeing that the three Great Powers, Fu Xi, Bian, and Pulao, were so generous in teaching the Secret Technique of crafting Soul Artifacts to Yang Yan, the other two Primordial Spirits looked at each other in astonishment.

When they looked at Yang Yan again, their eyes were filled with envy.

As if seeing through their thoughts, the three brothers shared their insights on the Path of Space with them.

As for the Secret Technique taught by the three brothers, Yang Yan couldn't fully comprehend it, but he understood the most basic aspects.

Crafting a Soul Artifact is merely a matter of injecting a soul into any item, refining it, and bestowing it with the appropriate attributes, even granting it independent consciousness.

If practiced to a profound level, it can nurture an Artifact Spirit, enabling it to act independently and cultivate and grow on its own.

Additionally, Yang Yan learned a method of using condensed Evil Qi as a weapon.

By compressing the Evil Qi into a very small space and then sealing it in certain objects, it can be detonated during combat to achieve unexpected victory.

However, generally, only those with Nascent Soul cultivation can wield the Power of Space.

To them, the method of storing Evil Qi using space is as good as useless.

But for Yang Yan, who has grasped certain Space Laws despite not being at Nascent Soul, it's incredibly practical, as if tailor-made for him.

During Yang Yan's learning period, the three Great Powers also discussed among themselves about how precious the Secret Technique was, how sought after it was in the outside world, and the difficulty in mastering it.

They spoke eloquently, saying that even with their extraordinary talents, it would take considerable time to understand it, only to see Yang Yan already stand up, ready to set off.

Pulao couldn't help but ask, "Did you... truly comprehend it? Or completely comprehend it?"

"Of course, it's not that difficult," Yang Yan replied with a smile, seemingly anticipating their reaction.

After all, no one present knew that he possessed an exceptional learning talent.

In fact, for him to take this much time, it indicates that these Secret Techniques are indeed challenging.

Upon confirming that Yang Yan truly grasped the essentials of these Secret Techniques, rather than merely having a superficial understanding due to impatience, they were all deeply moved.

Yang Yan didn't tarry any longer and turned to leave.

In just a short while, Yang Yan left the barrier.

The moment his figure appeared, it immediately attracted a number of Residual Souls.

"Haha! Coming to die so eagerly? Well, since you're here, I won't refuse."

Yang Yan operated his Spiritual Power according to the newly comprehended Secret Technique and once again wielded the Devouring Power to absorb the Residual Souls.

This time, he clearly felt a complete difference from before.

Previously, Yang Yan's speed and quantity in devouring these Residual Souls were far inferior to now.

The earlier comprehension seemed to have elevated him entirely.

At the same time, he also realized that the influx of Residual Souls into his body felt indescribable and mysterious.

Nonetheless, his current goal was to enhance Star Night into a Soul Artifact.

Though it was his first time, Yang Yan's adept handling was astonishing.

If the three brothers Fu Xi, Bian, and Pulao were present, they might have started swearing.

After a few breaths, Yang Yan had injected all of them into Star Night.

However, the newly devoured ones were far from sufficient.

Relying on the Residual Souls that bumped into him was extremely inefficient.

Thus, with a thought, Yang Yan devised a plan.

His figure flashed quickly, moving wherever the number of Residual Souls was greater.

Thanks to the earlier insights into the Path of Space, his speed was incredibly fast.

These Residual Souls, having no consciousness, surged towards Yang Yan the moment they saw him.

In just a short moment, he was surrounded by Residual Souls.

Due to the snowball effect, Yang Yan didn't need to deliberately attract them; Residual Souls came rushing continuously.

These Residual Souls had shallow Soul Power, more filled with Evil Qi throughout.

Hence, even though Yang Yan devoured many Residual Souls, the refined Soul Power injected into Star Night was still exceedingly weak.

Instead, the accumulated Evil Qi on Yang Yan kept increasing.

Initially, it was alright as the Evil Qi couldn't create much turbulence within Yang Yan.

However, as the water accumulates to form an abyss, he eventually had to divide his focus to resist.

This also reduced his devouring efficiency by nearly thirty percent.

Yang Yan felt a pang of frustration but was helpless.

Luckily, Yang Yan also understood that the path of cultivation was bound to be fraught with obstacles, seldom smooth sailing, and only by maintaining a steady mind and constantly seeking solutions could he find the right strategy.

Thus, Yang Yan injected the Residual Souls into Star Night while operating his Spiritual Power as described in the Secret Technique to begin condensing the corroding Evil Qi.

Until he felt he couldn't condense any further, he stored it temporarily in the storage bags provided by the sect.

Yang Yan had long mastered Void Storage, so certain storage Magical Artifacts were still empty, never having been used.

As time passed, the number of devoured Residual Souls increased, and the Evil Qi around Yang Yan became noticeably more significant.

From the rare few faint red threads of Evil Qi at the start, gradually dispersing to faint red mist, rising to a thick red fog.

There were even a few strands of Evil Qi that couldn't be fully condensed and dispersed towards space.

Above Yang Yan's head, a vortex subtly formed, where countless Residual Souls submerged, constantly devoured and condensed through the operation of the Secret Technique.

This was Yang Yan's first attempt at crafting an item, with no prior experience, yet he was trying to craft two types simultaneously, a feat only he, with the Flawless Divine Body, could attempt.

To others, this was undoubtedly courting death.

However, Yang Yan was by no means ordinary; naturally, he couldn't be judged by ordinary standards.

Of course, even for the extraordinarily gifted Yang Yan, undertaking such high-intensity work was a test requiring him to concentrate completely and exert his utmost effort.

Earlier, he had discovered an interesting Residual Soul, which, when faced with Yang Yan's Devouring Power, suddenly attempted to escape.

Through observation, Yang Yan realized that this Residual Soul was also unconscious.

Realizing this, Yang Yan intended to get to the bottom of it to understand the situation.

Each time it was about to be devoured, Yang Yan meticulously stopped the devouring at the right moment.

Once it collided with Yang Yan, it seemed stunned, circling in place, only for Yang Yan to resume the devouring.

Initially, Yang Yan was having fun, considering playing out a "Seven Captures of Meng Huo," but by the third round, he found it somewhat uncontrollable.

With no choice left, he had to gather his thoughts and focus on the crafting.

After continuously crafting at high intensity for quite a while, Yang Yan felt a rare exhaustion, a strong wave of fatigue overcame him, causing dizziness and instability.

He shook his head helplessly, being compelled to take some elixirs to replenish his strength.

Nevertheless, Yang Yan recognized that continuing like this was not feasible, and thus a bold notion emerged in his mind.

Dealing with the accumulated Evil Qi within his body, Yang Yan considered using his own Evil Qi to counter it, thereby alleviating the pressure.

Once the idea appeared in his mind, it lingered.

He gritted his teeth and, embracing a trial attitude, gave it a shot.

"How come... there's still no reaction..."

Chapter 1212: Star Night's Evolution

Yang Yan squinted his eyes, striving to calm the foul energy swirling inside and outside his body.

His original plan was to forge Star Night into a soul artifact, with the gathering of foul energy being merely a subsidiary endeavor.

However, after quite some time, Star Night showed no change, yet many condensed spheres of compressed foul energy were formed.

It was somewhat a case of putting the cart before the horse.

At least it allowed him to see some results of his efforts, preventing such frustration!

What were all these condensed spheres of foul energy?!

Moreover, Yang Yan could tell that the foul energy spheres he condensed weren't particularly lethal, only enough to interfere with the enemy.

Everyone has foul energy, but refining it into a weapon is far from sufficient.

If foul energy could be used to kill, then everyone might as well cultivate foul energy.

Perhaps it could even spur the creation of a cultivation technique specifically for foul energy.

Dwelling on such nonsensical thoughts was undoubtedly a waste of time, so Yang Yan quickly settled his mind and began to think from another angle.

If he could release foul energy in large quantities, forcing the enemy to defend while continually weakening them, wouldn't it offer a unique way to win?

And here, foul energy abounded, seemingly meeting this requirement.

Hence, what was regarded as a major nuisance by all Primordial Spirits became something Yang Yan needed, which he continuously separated, devoured, and condensed from residual souls.

Actively drawing foul energy into oneself is seen as suicidal by normal people.

Regardless of the final outcome, the high risk during the process would deter most people from trying.

If he were to fail unexpectedly, it could truly be deadly!

Yang Yan wouldn't dwell on how shocking his actions appeared to others.

He only knew the principle of seeking wealth within danger.

Since he didn't want to miss this opportunity, he had to be prepared to play with fire.

Besides, as the saying goes, entrusted by someone, remain loyal to their tasks. He originally took on the task from the three brothers to clear out residual souls, so he must fulfill his promise.

Since these residual souls needed to be destroyed anyway, why not utilize them well, considering it his interest for exertion.

Just that collecting this interest was quite overwhelming...

But if he gave up this opportunity, he thought it rare to encounter such an abundance of soul and foul energy resources again in the future.

Yang Yan gritted his teeth, a trace of determination flashed across his eyes, deciding to persist.

Yang Yan didn't reach the position of the Four Emperors in the Hidden World at this young age merely on talent.

Especially now, with so many people possibly eyeing him with envy and grudges, he couldn't slacken the least bit.

Therefore, he wouldn't miss any opportunity to enhance his strength!

Thus, relying on the innate talent of his Flawless Divine Body and timely pill supplements, Yang Yan pulled through.

His efforts finally bore fruit.

The Star Night, which previously required him to continually infuse soul power, began to actively absorb some residual souls on its own.

At the same time, Yang Yan felt his connection with Star Night was much tighter than before, with compatibility significantly improved.

Vaguely, there was even a sense of man and sword as one.

Yang Yan, the first to notice such change, also realized that this soul artifact refining method was truly extraordinary.

Though he hadn't cultivated a Star Night Sword Spirit, it had begun to develop a rudimentary intelligence.

Even more delightful was that Star Night could now actively absorb residual souls.

He only needed to infuse the devouring power into the Star Night sword, then control the sword to slay those residual souls, allowing it to absorb on its own.

No longer did he need to exhaust himself by devouring residual souls and operate spiritual power according to the secret technique, injecting the separated soul power into Star Night.

Moreover, when Star Night absorbed these residual souls, it would automatically strip away the foul energy, not absorbing it.

This relieved Yang Yan considerably.

This way, although he still needed to split his attention to control Star Night, it was relatively easier compared to before.

And the foul energy stripped away by Star Night was utilized fully by Yang Yan, forming spheres.

With such coordination, Yang Yan could allocate more effort to condense foul energy, and his efficiency increased significantly.

Although the work intensity hadn't decreased much, seeing tangible results significantly motivated Yang Yan.

Additionally, the more souls Star Night absorbed, the higher its intelligence became, and the stronger its connection with Yang Yan.

Even when they were far apart, Yang Yan could sense and control Star Night.

After some time, Yang Yan found he didn't have to deliberately control Star Night; simply giving a command, it would fight autonomously, changing moves and attacking as if someone was controlling it.

Thus, as Yang Yan concentrated on gathering foul energy spheres, with a thought, Star Night at a hundred meters away would take initiative, annihilating residual souls in waves and absorbing them.

Honestly, the intelligence Star Night currently displayed greatly exceeded Yang Yan's expectations, leaving him in awe.

If it cooperated like this in battle, it would undoubtedly serve as an independent yet most reliable ally.

At this moment, Yang Yan's plan finally came on track, easing him both physically and mentally.

Hence, he summoned all his energy and continued condensing the foul energy stripped by Star Night.

Losing himself in diligent work, he didn't know how much time had passed.

After all, as a cultivator, whether in cultivation or fully concentrating on refining something, one can almost block out the sense of time passing.

Like Yang Yan at this moment, it wasn't until he noticed his Divine Sense's perception range quieted down significantly that he awoke from this state.

At this point, Yang Yan had unknowingly condensed nearly a hundred foul energy spheres, and the concentration of foul energy in the space had also decreased considerably.

With a careful search using Divine Sense, he realized he couldn't find a single residual soul around...

No wonder the place suddenly felt more desolate.

It seemed these residual souls were indeed all absorbed by Star Night.

"How long have I been at this?"

Yang Yan chuckled to himself, then with a thought, saw Star Night swiftly dart back from afar, returning to the void where he stored his belongings.

Seeing the task at hand was nearly complete, Yang Yan was about to get up and return to the barrier but found himself utterly clear-minded yet continuously experiencing fatigue throughout his body.

It wasn't until he quickly consumed two Qi Replenishing Pills that this strange sensation somewhat improved.

Logically, if the excessive consumption of spiritual power exceeded the body's load, it should result in weariness and drowsiness.

Yet, after the initial fatigue, he maintained clarity through condensing foul energy.

At this moment, Yang Yan saw a group of Primordial Spirits, equivalent to the Golden Core stage, flying swiftly towards him, congratulating upon meeting:

"This is truly wonderful. As expected from the prophesied one, you didn't disappoint us. Now that you've completed your task, it's time for us to fulfill our promise!"

It seemed the three brothers who set up the barrier noticed the foul energy and residual souls outside the barrier had vanished, realizing Yang Yan succeeded, and it was their turn to help him leave.

Chapter 1213: Preparing to Go Out

"Ha! I've been working myself to the bone clearing the area for you, and not one of you came out to help. Now that it's all done, you all show up!"

Yang Yan exaggeratedly rolled his eyes, teasingly.

Although he said so, Yang Yan could not deny that he indeed had the upper hand.

Not only did he acquire two Secret Techniques, but he also upgraded Star Night.

If we could handle this Evil Qi, we wouldn't need to ask for your help, would we?

The group of Primordial Spirits grumbled internally.

Yet, people really couldn't refute him, so they could only awkwardly smile and bury those thoughts.

"Oh, what is this little fellow doing here?"

Taking a glance among the Primordial Spirits, Yang Yan saw the little kitty he had locked in the Soul Fire cage earlier... Well, the Void-Devouring Tiger's Primordial Spirit.

At that moment, the creature was looking at him pitifully.

Yang Yan was amused by that gaze.

With a thought, the cage dispersed on its own, releasing the Primordial Spirit inside.

As a result, the "kitty," already terrified by Yang Yan, immediately hid behind the other Primordial Spirits, afraid to show itself.

Yang Yan actually felt quite happy at that moment, waved his hand, letting them take him back to the three brothers.

Along the way, Yang Yan noticed all the Primordial Spirits were in high spirits.

Apparently, they also realized the Evil Qi here had mostly been purged by him.

Seeing Yang Yan's return, these Primordial Spirits wanted to come forward to express their gratitude.

However, when they saw Fuxi, Bian, and Pulao personally coming to welcome him, they silently withdrew.

"Though we can't guarantee all Residual Souls are cleansed, my Divine Sense has detected that the Residual Souls in the area have been absorbed by Star Night, which has compressed and condensed most of the Evil Qi into weapons," Yang Yan spoke first.

Fuxi nodded, with joy in his voice: "Yes! Us brothers have sensed it too. Thank you so much, you've really been a great help this time."

Yang Yan smiled and asked, "The Residual Souls here have been mostly cleared, but I think the matter won't be resolved so simply, right?"

Facing Yang Yan's counter-question, Pulao also smiled and said, "We were just going to tell you. Didn't expect you to anticipate it."

"To completely eliminate these Residual Souls, it can't be done here. For the next part, you'll need to head outside and finish the task alone."

"This is the most crucial and final step," Fuxi took over, "The key to resolving the Evil Qi lies in this Spatial Spiritual Treasure, which has been corrupted by the Evil Qi."

"Once it is purified, the issue can be laid to rest. Otherwise, very soon, this place will be filled with Evil Qi again."

"Later, us three brothers can tear open the space temporarily. You'll need to seize the moment it opens and take the opportunity to exit."

"After you leave, we will remain here, relying on the barriers to resist the invasion of Evil Qi. We'll also continue testing anyone who enters this space to prevent them from becoming hosts for the Evil Qi."

Yang Yan nodded: "Mm, I know what to do."

After speaking, Yang Yan suddenly thought of Ten Swords, Lin Zimu of Ancient Abyss Sect, and Ye Changqing of Pill Sect.

With a thought, Yang Yan communicated telepathically to Fuxi, Bian, and Pulao the appearances and relationships of these people, requesting they take care of them.

Bian smiled and said, "Since they are your friends, that's no problem. I'll instruct our people to keep an eye out for them when encountered."

Yang Yan then thought of the earlier incident when crafting the Soul Artifact, where Star Night seemed a bit off, and directly asked:

"Earlier, when crafting the Soul Artifact, Star Night absorbed quite a lot of Residual Souls, but I always felt it never truly awakened real wisdom."

Fuxi pondered for a moment and said: "I noticed that too. However, the fact that your Star Night absorbed so many Residual Souls is a good thing."

At this point, Fuxi paused.

Yang Yan was about to follow up when it continued: "After absorbing these Residual Souls, Star Night is only somewhat spiritually enhanced, allowing a closer bond with you, but it's still short of truly independent wisdom."

"I'm quite surprised that Star Night reached only this level after absorbing so many Primordial Spirits. This item is certainly remarkable, though I wonder about its origin?"

Clearly, Fuxi was not only interested in Star Night but also more intrigued by Yang Yan.

However, Yang Yan did not plan to continue discussing this matter.

He lightly smiled: "The origin of Star Night will be shared slowly once it truly develops wisdom."

"I believe our next meeting won't be far off. Honestly, I'm somewhat looking forward to it!"

Fuxi, hearing Yang Yan, although slightly disappointed, had no intention to probe further:

"Previously, you condensed many Evil Qi Pearls, but with your current cultivation, they are not exceptionally refined. Why not give them to me, and I'll refine them further for you."

Yang Yan certainly wouldn't refuse such an offer.

Without much thought, he directly took out all the Evil Qi Pearls.

Instantly, about a hundred pearls floated into the air, forming quite a spectacular sight.

Fuxi waved its front paw, forming a mark in the air, and the Evil Qi Pearls flew towards it.

Thanks to the space envelope crafted by Yang Yan, these Evil Qi Pearls wouldn't be eroded during processing.

Ultimately, nearly a hundred of these small spheres were compressed into a dozen smaller Evil Qi Pearls, greatly enhancing their power, capable of severely injuring a Foundation Establishment cultivator who hasn't defended.

Even a Golden Core cultivator caught unguarded would suffer. The downside is their need for higher Spiritual Power to drive.

The entire process did not take much time.

From start to finish, it was less than a stick of incense's time.

Fuxi's skill made Yang Yan show a look of envy.

Fuxi arrogantly smiled, then comfortingly said: "I believe, with your talent, surpassing me is only a matter of time."

Yang Yan smiled back, not responding to Fuxi's words.

Afterward, Fuxi, Bian, and Pulao discussed some precautions, though they were not of particular interest to Yang Yan.

He couldn't help but interrupt: "Mm, I'll keep those in mind. Let's move on to more important matters! For instance, what exactly do you plan to do with these pearls?"

Fuxi, Bian, and Pulao exchanged quick glances and began to laugh.

Led by the three brothers, Yang Yan arrived at a spacious area.

With a raise of his hand, an Evil Qi Pearl flew out.

Boom!

A resounding explosion seemed to flip the entire space.

Even with Yang Yan's preparations, he couldn't help but be taken aback.

Such overpowering might!

He felt his whole body shaken heavily by the massive shockwave, and if not timely reached, he might have been directly blasted away.

Soon, the violently trembling space calmed down.

Chapter 1214: Space Passage

A few Primordial Spirits with intelligence rushed over as soon as they heard the loud noise.

Seeing Yang Yan, they naturally didn't say anything.

After all, Yang Yan could be considered their great savior, and they couldn't thank him enough.

Noticing the arrival of these Primordial Spirits, all of them were hesitant to speak. Yang Yan quickly explained: "It's fine here. I was just testing the power of the Evil Qi Pearl. Everyone can disperse."

While marveling at the power of the Evil Qi Pearl, these Primordial Spirits also left one by one.

After dismissing these Primordial Spirits, Yang Yan suddenly chuckled and muttered:

"I didn't expect the power to be so immense. If used properly, it wouldn't be difficult to blow up one or more Foundation Establishment cultivators! Suddenly, I feel regretful for using one so wastefully."

At this moment, Yang Yan received a summons from Fuxi.

He thought they must have been ready, so he immediately returned the way he came.

Sure enough, the three brothers were prepared at this moment and could start at any time.

They requested Yang Yan to take the Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit outside with him and pleaded for Yang Yan to protect it until it matures. If it could be sent back to the Star Sect Devouring Sky Race, that would be ideal.

Yang Yan didn't mind taming a "pet" here.

After all, when he was on Earth, he had numerous similar members in his household.

Moreover, this Primordial Spirit had a high spatial talent and its strength was equivalent to Foundation Establishment.

In Yang Yan's mind, he actually started planning to turn it into a mount.

Thus, he almost didn't hesitate and directly agreed to the request of the three brothers.

Everything was ready, just short of the Eastern wind.

Yang Yan also began preparing to leave.

The upcoming matters required him to confront them in the best possible state.

The Path of Space was mysterious and unpredictable.

After a brief rest and recovery, feeling his spiritual power and mental state back to their peak, Yang Yan spoke:

"It's ready, would the three of you please begin!"

The Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit beside was full of excitement.

It was clear that it was longing for the outside world.

Fuxi stood in the southeast direction, Bian in the southwest, and Pulao in the north, forming a triangle array.

First, Fuxi's spiritual power extended towards Bian and Pulao, slowly stretching threads of spiritual power into the air to form a line visible to the naked eye.

Around the threads, some uncontrolled spiritual power leaked out.

But these were few and didn't affect the entire line.

On the other side, Bian and Pulao also simultaneously output spiritual power.

The ends of the six lines shone with golden light, pushing through obstructions at a turtle's pace.

If someone nearby helped light incense, they'd be amazed to find that just as the incense finished burning, the six lines happened to meet two by two.

At the end, the golden glow dissipated, signifying the six lines had turned into three.

On the surface, it seemed the spiritual power contained in these three lines no longer flowed.

Actually, it wasn't so.

Watching Fuxi, Bian, and Pulao continue to output spiritual power revealed that the spiritual power in the lines hadn't stopped flowing, rather they had cleverly formed a dynamic balance.

Just when Yang Yan thought it was completed, the three brothers each shot a spiritual power line into the center of the triangle array.

When these newly shot lines met at the array's center, a golden spiritual power line rapidly shot towards the sky.

At this moment, all lines shimmered with golden brilliance, dazzling to behold.

At the center, where the brightest spiritual power line ended, space began to violently tremble and tear at a visible speed.

In moments, a space rift approximately three inches wide formed.

Seeing this, Yang Yan knew the space rift through which someone could pass was about to form.

With his heart tense, he focused all his attention on the rift, ready to enter at any moment.

Fuxi reminded, "The space rift is about to form. We three can only keep it open for less than a second. You must seize this critical moment!"

"Otherwise, the rift will close, and we don't know how long it will take to gather enough strength to open it again."

Pulao added, "Also, don't use Small Shifting to charge at the rift. It might affect the newly formed rift's stability, but you can use it within the rift."

As soon as Pulao finished speaking, Fuxi quickly said, "Ready! Remember to seize this second, three... two... one!"

Before the voice faded, Yang Yan dashed towards the space rift.

With the combined effort of the three brothers to manipulate the Power of Space and assist in tearing the space, Yang Yan finally seized the moment and rushed inside.

However, the journey was much more challenging than imagined.

Yang Yan didn't know that although the three brothers were equivalent to the Nascent Soul Realm, being locked up for so long led their spiritual power to be almost exhausted, reducing their strength considerably.

Additionally, they were still exploring the Space Law and were far from mastering it.

To tear open this Spatial Spiritual Treasure from the inside was naturally a significant effort.

Therefore, this time, they had to exert almost all their strength to barely pry open the rift, and it could only be kept open for less than a second.

As Yang Yan's figure disappeared into the rift, the Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit vanished along with him.

Subsequently, Fuxi, Bian, and Pulao were left in a state of exhaustion.

On the other side, Yang Yan already found himself within an extremely unstable space rift.

Yang Yan had sensed beforehand that the space rift was highly unstable, but he didn't want to miss this opportunity.

With almost no hesitation, he took advantage of the moment when the rift could just allow passage and was relatively stable, he dashed inside with the Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit.

After entering, Yang Yan realized he wasn't directly in the outside world but in an intermediary space passage.

He frowned slightly, cautiously traversing while using Divine Sense to investigate.

However, the Divine Sense was repeatedly frustrated, either not strong enough or due to other reasons.

But Yang Yan didn't give up, determined to start exploring the rules within this space passage.

Eventually, through persistent effort, Yang Yan gained some useful information.

To his surprise, he discovered that the other end of the space passage led to the rift that reached the outside world.

In other words, he still needed to traverse this passage to get out.

This was a relief for him.

Earlier, he had worried about potentially getting lost within this entirely unknown space passage.

This space passage was several dimensions higher than the outside world, unless one reached a speed capable of tearing through space, movement within would be impossible.

Fortunately, both Yang Yan and the Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit, resembling a kitty, had a degree of understanding of Space Law, allowing them to navigate inside.

Within the space passage, Yang Yan's repeated use of Small Shifting didn't yield much effect.

Instead, the Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit, with its exceptional spatial talent, found it much easier, making Yang Yan consider riding it to save effort.

After all, he hadn't anticipated that escaping this Spatial Spiritual Treasure would be so challenging.

Chapter 1215: Spatial Storm

Before coming in, he had only recovered less than half of his spiritual power with the help of elixirs, and using the Small Shifting technique continuously clearly seemed beyond his capacity.

Seeing how exhausted Yang Yan was, the Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit boldly and sarcastically mocked him, as if seeking revenge for Yang Yan confining it.

This arrogant behavior finally succeeded in angering Yang Yan.

With a cold laugh, Yang Yan tossed out several chains imbued with Soul Fire from the storage space, using Small Shifting to bind it with these chains.

Under the threat of Yang Yan's Soul Fire scorching it, the Void-Devouring Tiger let out a terrified scream and used all its strength to rush out towards the exit, carrying Yang Yan along.

Now, it was truly on the brink of crying without tears, filled with regret.

Struggling through nearly half of the passage, an unexpected change suddenly occurred.

The entire space passage suddenly became extremely unstable, vibrating violently.

Yang Yan almost couldn't steady himself, while the Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit beside him stumbled and fell to the ground.

Looking back, the space rift they had entered from had already closed and disappeared.

Their way back was now gone.

Immediately, the passage behind them started collapsing like dominoes and rapidly spread towards Yang Yan due to a chain reaction.

Wherever Yang Yan's gaze fell, space rifts were collapsing swiftly.

Moreover, the collapsed parts were covered with spiderweb-like black lines, which then cracked, and these cracks continuously spread outward.

Soon, fierce gravitational winds from the Void blew in.

These winds cut through the space, making a hissing sound.

Upon hearing this, Yang Yan couldn't help but furrow his brows.

However, the sound served as an aid for detecting the wind's direction, helping him anticipate it and dodge in advance.

Yang Yan wasn't quite sure about the power of these fierce winds, but he was certain that they could easily tear him to pieces.

What he feared most now seemed inevitable.

Amidst the roaring winds, Yang Yan was barely able to handle it with his agility.

But soon, the most dangerous and unpredictable space storm appeared in the passage.

Yang Yan had been fortunate enough to witness space storms before.

But the one before him was far more dangerous than any other he had seen.

With Yang Yan's current cultivation, trying to resolve it with a little understanding of the Path of Space was just wishful thinking.

As he watched the space passage shatter instantly wherever the storm touched, a trace of despair flashed through Yang Yan's heart for the first time.

Crack!

In the center of the space storm, several bowl-thick lightning bolts illuminated the entire space with their pale blue light, also reflecting on Yang Yan's face.

His face, which was already pale, appeared even more eerie under the blue glow.

As the space storm drew closer, Yang Yan saw many familiar faces pass before his eyes.

He thought of Ten Swords and people like Zhou Hanyun who were far away on Earth.

In that moment, he thought of so many things, and his body continued to rush forward.

Resigning to fate was never Yang Yan's nature.

Even knowing that under the terrifying space storm, all efforts seemed futile.

Huh?

Just as Yang Yan felt he was about to be torn apart by the space storm, everything suddenly stopped.

It vanished...

Just as it had come without warning, it left silently.

If not for the silently collapsed space passages that told of what had just occurred, it would have seemed as if it had never happened.

No time to think, Yang Yan hurriedly sped forward.

After surviving the disaster, he finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Seeing the catastrophic scene, Yang Yan furrowed his brows and simply took out all the elixirs he had.

They were all for restoring energy.

Apart from the Qi Replenishing Pill, Yang Yan didn't have time to distinguish between them and swallowed them all in one go.

No matter the side effects, right now escaping was the priority.

He had to get out before the space passage completely collapsed.

But even if Yang Yan pushed Small Shifting to the extreme, it couldn't match the collapse speed of the space passage.

Soon, he was battered and bruised by the fierce winds and turbulence in the shattered space.

At this point, Yang Yan's body was covered in wounds, and blood was flowing everywhere.

Whoosh!

Yang Yan narrowly dodged a fierce wind, but couldn't completely avoid another one slashing diagonally towards him.

Splash!

With a surge of burning pain, a mist of blood instantly rose, and a thick scent of blood rapidly spread in the space passage.

Meanwhile, the Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit wasn't faring well either, looking extremely disheveled under the continuous assault of fierce winds, with the light around it noticeably dimmed.

"Hey! Do you have any other way? I don't want to die here! Ah...." The Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit dodged left and right, shouting anxiously.

Yang Yan was speechless upon hearing its words.

If he had a way, would he be in such a predicament?

Avoiding another fierce wind, Yang Yan retorted:

"Aren't you a member of the Void-Devouring Tiger Race? Quickly think of a way, or we're both finished here today."

Even though Yang Yan was charging forward with all his might, the collapse speed of the space passage exceeded his imagination, and it looked about to catch up with him.

Three meters...

Two meters...

One meter!

Suddenly, Yang Yan felt completely exhausted.

It's here!

The space he was in had already collapsed.

Yang Yan and the Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit he tied up were instantly sucked into the Void, about to be torn to shreds, returning to nothingness.

But at the critical moment, the Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit forcibly shifted back to its Flying Divine Tiger form, its entire body burning fiercely.

Yang Yan was stunned.

This is... a space shield constructed by burning its Primordial Spirit, no wonder it can temporarily block the space turbulence and prevent them from being annihilated in the void.

Although Yang Yan knew about the Void-Devouring Tiger Race's powerful spatial talent, witnessing the little creature's display of power in person was still astonishing to him.

Without much hesitation, he immediately asked: "Why didn't you use this ability earlier?"

"Do you think I didn't want to? This power isn't something that can be used at will. Besides, I didn't think of it earlier, it just suddenly came to mind at this moment of life and death."

The Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit then expressed its displeasure: "Even burning all my Primordial Spirit won't allow me to escape; in the end, I'll still die here. You better think of something!"

Yang Yan furrowed his brow: "Then quickly tell me what you need, the most crucial thing is to survive this crisis."

The Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit replied directly: "I'm in a soul state now, and can barely construct a protective shield by burning my Primordial Spirit."

"Unfortunately, with my current Soul Power, it's impossible to sustain it unless..."

At this point, the Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit stopped speaking.

However, Yang Yan understood its implication.

Its intention was clear, it needed Yang Yan to continually supply it with Soul Power.

Yet, the residual souls Yang Yan had devoured were given to Star Night, leaving him with nothing extra.

Unless... he shared some of his own original soul power with it.

Chapter 1216: Soul Contract

At the brink of life and death, Yang Yan naturally would not care about this minor loss.

The problem was that even if Yang Yan was willing to give, this Primordial Spirit would have to form a Soul Contract with him to receive it.

The connection of their souls would then allow the transfer of each other's Soul Power.

How could Yang Yan care about these things?

Survival was naturally the priority!

He urged the Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit, "What are you waiting for? Hurry and finish the binding process with me."

However, at such a crucial moment, the Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit hesitated and did not act immediately.

In fact, the Void Devouring Race was an esteemed existence throughout the Star Realm.

Even in death, their pride did not allow their bloodline to be tainted.

Though Yang Yan was the prophesied Child of Prophecy, the chosen one, under current circumstances, he seemed unworthy of forming a contract with them.

After all, the strongest bond of a Soul Contract meant that from then on, both parties were bound to live and die together.

Therefore, even in this predicament, it was being cautious.

The Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit was still mulling it over, and Yang Yan knew exactly what it was hesitating about.

With a bitter smile, Yang Yan said seriously, "I know you're questioning my abilities, and I can certainly understand that. However, you haven't been with me for long, and your knowledge of me is very limited."

"Do you know, I have only been cultivating for a mere few years, and I have already reached such a level, back then..."

Then, relying on his bold rhetoric, Yang Yan continuously communicated telepathically, revealing his extraordinary past.

However, this fellow kept a cautious mindset, wanting to take the lead in the opportunity.

Yang Yan immediately saw through the small ploys of this Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit.

But he didn't say much.

For these Primordial Spirits, strength was paramount, and power was the hard truth.

In simple terms, his strength wasn't enough, and he lacked the means to win the other's trust.

When he got serious and expressed his remarkable and dominating insights, it left it unable to refute.

To verify this, he directly transmitted parts of his thrilling past to it.

"See, I wasn't lying to you, right? The situation is urgent, stop hesitating! If we delay any longer, we really might die here today."

Upon realizing that these experiences were just the tip of Yang Yan's iceberg, the Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit's view of Yang Yan changed.

It simply cast aside all its shackles and swiftly formed the Soul Contract with Yang Yan.

The Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit faced Yang Yan, while Yang Yan controlled a drop of his essence blood onto the king character on its forehead, then recited a complicated spell.

Suddenly, behind Yang Yan and the Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit, their souls appeared.

Yang Yan's soul looked much like his body, albeit shifty and indistinct.

The Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit's form was that of the Flying Divine Tiger.

"I, Yang Yan, willingly form a Soul Contract with the Void-Devouring Tiger."

"I, Void-Devouring Tiger, willingly form a Soul Contract with Yang Yan."

As the words fell, a blinding light enveloped Yang Yan and the Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit.

A moment later, the Soul Contract was completed.

Even though Yang Yan's cultivation was currently not high, could the potential of someone who could kill from the Forgotten Land to the cultivation world be any less?

This Primordial Spirit was so shocked it was thoughtless, and it wasn't until after the contract was completed did it realize it had signed a master-servant type Soul Contract with Yang Yan.

Specifically, Yang Yan's soul was the main, and itself as the subordinate.

Though it did not affect the exchange of Soul Power between them, Yang Yan now truly controlled its life and death.

Unless Yang Yan, as the master, was willing to sever the contract, if he perished, it also would join him in burial.

It originally wanted to form an equivalent type of contract with relatively lighter restrictions, but under Yang Yan's intimidation, a momentary lapse has led to eternal regret.

Actually, Yang Yan also thought of forming an equivalent contract, not wishing to take advantage of it.

The souls of the contract parties could only perceive each other; regardless of which party died, it wouldn't impact the other, though it could unilaterally break the contract forcefully.

However, comparatively, the restraining relationship is much weaker, failing to fully exert the real power of a Soul Contract.

Ultimately, Yang Yan decided that, during the forging of the Soul Contract, he would take the lead to gain absolute advantage.

Though he briefly felt like he was kidnapping a child, he soon came to terms with it.

He told the somewhat sullen Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit:

"You're merely worried I won't make you do anything against your faith, and if your reasons are strong enough, you can even refuse my requests."

"I'll greatly respect your freedom. Moreover, there's plenty of opportunities staying by my side, you can rest assured."

"Furthermore, I'll try my best to help you enhance your cultivation, and I'll make every effort to ensure your safety."

After receiving Yang Yan's promises, the Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit thought for a moment before speaking: "Let it be so, I'll also do my best to assist you."

"Moreover, regarding my requests, I hope you try your best to fulfill them. I will definitely not be cannon fodder."

"If you insist on making me cannon fodder, I would rather you use the contract's power to kill me than you succeeding."

Yang Yan chuckled lightly, nodded and said, "No problem, I can promise you these, do you have any other requests, speak up quickly."

The Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit tilted its head and pondered for a while, then shook its head:

"I can't think of anything else for now, if I think of something later, you must agree."

"Of course, in the future, I'll make only one more request, and it won't trouble you..."

"Hmm... also, remember to dissolve the contract before you die; I don't want to be buried with you."

Yang Yan readily agreed, "Okay, no problem, I agree to everything, is that alright now?"

After making the promise, Yang Yan continuously transferred his Soul Power to the Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit.

Upon receiving Yang Yan's support, it suddenly accelerated, its aura climbing steadily until it stopped growing upon reaching the late-stage Foundation Establishment strength.

This Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit charged full speed towards the spatial rift at the exit, almost catching up with the collapsing passage's speed.

As the endpoint of the Space Passage drew closer, the Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit burnt its soul to build a space shield that remained unyielding.

Time ticked away, as Yang Yan continued to transfer his Soul Power to the Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit, and the distance to the endpoint steadily decreased.

Thus, within the Space Passage, emerged a soul spirit carrying a person racing against the space collapse in this thrilling spectacle.

But just as they were about to reach the fissure at the end of the passage, large masses of dark Demonic Qi suddenly surged out from the shattered space, rapidly enveloping the entire passage.

Though Yang Yan sensed something amiss, he couldn't react in time and was swallowed by the Demonic Qi along with his pet.

Chapter 1217: Escape

At this moment, Yang Yan felt that the endpoint was so unattainable, the spiritual power within him was rapidly draining away.

What Yang Yan could confirm was that what had appeared at the end was indeed demonic aura, not evil aura.

Evil aura exists in everyone, but demonic aura can be identified as a distinguishable exclusive aura.

Therefore, it is very easy to determine whether it is evil aura or demonic aura.

Although Yang Yan recognized this demonic aura as identical to the one sensed during the previous Hidden World battle and from the puppets, he had no defense against these demonic auras.

He felt a lot of demonic aura piercing into his body, unable to resist, quickly succumbing.

At this moment, Yang Yan seemed utterly lifeless, his face ashen, his seven orifices were corroded into a dark black color, looking quite eerie.

The Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit beside him fared no better.

The light on its body nearly completely dissipated, leaving no trace of its aura.

Yang Yan abruptly heard the Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit's voice explode in his mind: "What now? I truly have no solution, it's all up to you now."

Yang Yan, with a bitter smile, replied: "If you hadn't spoken, I would have thought you were already unconscious. I couldn't sense your aura earlier."

The Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit urgently urged: "Hurry up and think of something! Now is not the time to worry about these."

Yang Yan shook his head, helplessly saying: "If I had a solution, wouldn't I use it? I don't want to die here either."

Afterward, he heard no further voice from the Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit, probably truly unconscious.

These demonic auras not only invaded Yang Yan's body, but even his Divine Sense was not spared.

At this time, Yang Yan was completely unable to observe the surrounding situation, his consciousness gradually fading.

Just as his last Divine Sense was about to be engulfed, sudden star energy blossomed within Yang Yan, instantly dispersing the demonic auras inside and enhancing his strength significantly.

Simultaneously, the star energy transformed into ribbons, continuously circulating within Yang Yan's meridians.

Not only did it repair all the corrosive leftover injuries, rejuvenating his entire body, but it also faintly illuminated a pathway.

Next, the star energy overflowed from his body, enveloping both man and tiger, quickly restoring their consciousness.

Just regaining awareness, Yang Yan heard the frightened shout of the Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit: "No way, did I already reach the afterlife this quickly? I really don't want to die!"

Yang Yan smiled as he said: "Rest assured, we are still alive. Although I'm not clear what happened."

Initially intending to jest with the Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit, but he knew now was not the time.

"Really? I knew my fortune is great, won't die that easily." The Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit exclaimed joyfully.

Yang Yan replied: "Yes! It seems to be something within my body. I feel the spiritual power inside is very abundant, almost overflowing."

The Void-Devouring Tiger even laughed excitedly: "I knew it, my eye for people is infallible. It seems following you from now on, there will be plenty of benefits."

Yang Yan said nothing more to the Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit, instead quickly calming his mind, silently sensing the changes within.

Confused, he only felt an immensely powerful spiritual power within surging, its momentum rising to a height he couldn't even perceive.

In this brief time, he was utterly unafraid of the demonic aura.

"I seem to know what's going on now."

Suddenly, Yang Yan thoughtfully muttered.

The star energy containing massive power was the Star King Crystal Core!

And this Star King Crystal Core would erupt, saving Yang Yan's life when he was on the brink of death.

Star System Energy provided limitless support for Yang Yan's cultivation, though it required him to actively extract and refine.

This counted as surviving the calamity, his life spared.

Elated, Yang Yan immediately asked the Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit: "Can you still maintain the previous burst speed?"

The Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit immediately asserted: "That's certainly not an issue. As long as there's enough energy, maintaining it is no problem."

Without hesitation, Yang Yan said: "Now, I'll continue to send energy to you. Next is up to you."

Then, he supplied energy to the Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit, both using great teamwork to charge outward.

With full burst, both man and beast ripped open the soon-to-disappear spatial fissure once more, successfully escaping.

In the next moment, the spatial passage, already riddled with holes, completely vanished, leaving only dense demonic aura in the void.

The rupture of the spatial passage greatly retaliated against the three Great Powers maintaining the barrier.

Originally, they intended to leave, but upon sensing the anomaly within the spatial passage, they had no choice but to stay and maintain the barrier.

At this moment, they were very worried whether Yang Yan and the Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit managed to escape alive.

Fu Xi spoke first: "It shouldn't be! What exactly went wrong? Can't figure it out! Can't figure it out..."

Pulao took over, ponderously saying: "According to reason, with our cultivation and understanding of the Path of Space, this time shouldn't have had any issues."

As soon as Pulao finished speaking, Fu Xi suddenly said: "Everything was normal at first, it's only when we intended to leave, something went wrong inside."

"Moreover, I felt interference during our efforts to maintain the spatial passage, causing the maintenance to fail and ultimately resulting in retaliatory damage."

Fu Xi contemplated for a moment, straightforwardly sharing his guess: "Could they have encountered a spatial storm? I think only such rare anomalies could cause the spatial passage to collapse so thoroughly."

"Seems we have a long way to go on the Path of Space. Alas! Now we can only hope Yang Yan and the others have good luck."

"Though that's hard to say, given they've encountered even such an extremely rare anomaly as a spatial storm."

"As for interference against us, it's uncertain if it's the spatial spiritual treasure's resistance or if a sinister presence here is obstructing us. Either way, it only shows the opponent's strength is formidable, likely beyond our capability."

Pulao speculated suspiciously: "Is it possible the anomalies within the spatial passage were also caused by them? That would be terrifying."

Fu Xi shook his head: "I see that possibility as low, practically nonexistent. To cause such anomalies, how deep must their understanding of the Path of Space be!"

"The three of us have barely stepped into the threshold over these years; I believe there could be someone farther on this path than us here, but not this powerful."

"After all, this spatial spiritual treasure is space element. It's fair to say someone here might have surpassed our understanding of the Path of Space."

"Honestly, the more I think, the more I believe this possibility really exists!"

"As for the suppressed evil aura, truthfully, we don't understand it much either, it's hard to say."

After Fu Xi finished, the three brothers fell silent for a while.

They were exhausted, only able to hope Yang Yan successfully escaped, unable to do anything about the rest.

Chapter 1218: Divine Thoughts from Nowhere

In the end, Pulao couldn't help but break the silence: "Brothers, don't worry. If that guy can't even handle this, how could he possibly fulfill the prophecy?!"

After he finished speaking, not only were his two elder brothers, but all the Primordial Spirits waiting around fell silent.

They were already beyond help, struggling to protect themselves, let alone worrying about others.

Pulao casually waved a hand: "Disperse, let's all disperse! We've suffered quite a backlash this time. Let's all go back and recover!"

Bian, who had remained silent, finally nodded: "Yes! You're right. We do need to rest. This is indeed a turbulent time, and the path ahead depends on us."

After that, the three brothers, exhausted and needing to recover quickly from the backlash, fell back into a slumber.

Deep in the Demon Cave, in a mysterious space seemingly dormant for millennia, a Divine Thought suddenly echoed.

"Hmm? This Spiritual Power is... the Star King Crystal Core! How could it appear on this low-level planet! Could it be... could it be that the people from the Star-Picking Palace have arrived?"

This Divine Thought was shrill and hoarse, tinged with a strong sense of panic.

What it sensed was undoubtedly the burst of Starlight Energy that Yang Yan unleashed at the brink of death.

"Ha! This is truly divine assistance for me; your days of evil are numbered!"

Another Divine Thought rang out, with an undeniable majesty in its tone.

"Ah! We have burned our cultivation to suppress your filth for so long; these hard days are finally coming to an end!"

Following that, a third Divine Thought, gentle and lazy, arose.

It wasn't difficult to detect a hint of delight from this tone.

Soon after, a fourth Divine Thought appeared.

"To sense the spiritual fluctuations of the Star King Crystal Core, it seems our reinforcements have finally arrived."

"Hehe, we've exhausted our cultivation just to suppress you, and now any capable person could easily obliterate you. You should come to your senses!"

This Divine Thought was steady and sonorous, directly targeting the source of the initial Divine Thought.

Faced with this cascading assault, the initial party was also unwilling to yield, shrieking sharply and hoarsely:

"Hmph! Don't be so smug. You self-righteous fools, do you really think I'll just sit and wait for death?"

"The pieces I've set up are not far from here. Once I break free and absorb a few of you ancient relics to regain my strength, what can the experts of the Star-Picking Palace do to me then?!"

"Kekeke... Rest assured, I'll leave a sliver of your consciousness, so you can watch as this star you're guarding is entirely sacrificed!"

Saying this, the Divine Thought began to cackle without restraint, like a madman.

"Dream on!" A righteously indignant Divine Thought shouted in retort.

Someone immediately agreed: "Ha! You said the same hundreds of years ago. Even if your puppets reach here, we will do everything we can to stop them, even if it means total annihilation!"

Another Divine Thought bellowed: "If you evil spirit escape, the entire galaxy will not be spared from a bloody storm. Let's see whose reinforcement arrives first!"

A third Divine Thought resonated: "The Dao brother is not wrong. Even if we can't kill you now, if we hold on for another hundred years, you wretched things will vanish and never rise again!"

...

After a while, the Divine Thoughts in this space gradually dissipated, and the area returned to deathly silence, as if nothing had happened.

However, as the origin of this discussion, Yang Yan was completely unaware of this communication deep within the Demon Cave.

Having just escaped a life-threatening situation with all his might, he collapsed exhausted, sinking into unconsciousness, and the starlight surrounding him gradually vanished after a few breaths, leaving no trace.

Meanwhile, the Primordial Spirit of the Void-Devouring Tiger Race near him was also severely depleted and fell into a slumber around Yang Yan, its form reverting to that of a cat.

What Yang Yan didn't know was that this post-exhaustion unconsciousness would bring a considerable fortuitous opportunity to his body.

Earlier, when the starlight was at its peak, one of Yang Yan's meridians was faintly illuminated.

Now, with the starlight gone, this meridian did not dissipate but gradually revealed its form, emitting a faint spiritual light, showcasing its extraordinary nature.

As this newly formed meridian took shape, it began to actively absorb the surrounding Spiritual Qi, much like a newborn seeking its mother's milk!

Once this newly formed meridian was filled, it didn't stop absorbing; instead, it continued to supply Spiritual Qi to other nearly depleted meridians.

Thus, even as Yang Yan was unconscious, the Spiritual Power within him kept rising, and his aura began to grow slowly.

Qi Cultivation Level Eight...

Qi Cultivation Level Nine...

Return to Foundation Establishment...

Apart from this, changes were also occurring within Yang Yan's Divine Platform.

Compared to before, Yang Yan's Divine Sense was becoming more resilient and refined, indicating an improvement in his Spiritual Power!

As it's known, Divine Sense differs from the soul.

While there are few methods to cultivate the soul in the world, they do exist.

However, for Spiritual Power, unless one encounters a great opportunity, it's genuinely hard to improve.

Earlier, Yang Yan's multitasking caused significant strain on his body but also honed his Spiritual Power.

As a result, Yang Yan himself didn't expect that all this hustle would lead to such an unexpected gain...

Not only Yang Yan but the Primordial Spirit of the Void-Devouring Tiger Race lying beside him also benefited greatly.

Earlier, when it and Yang Yan escaped from death, Yang Yan had injected a significant amount of Soul Power along with Spiritual Power into its body.

At this moment, although Yang Yan's Spiritual Power was nearly depleted, the remaining power within the Primordial Spirit had not vanished.

As a result, this creature continued recovering its strength in slumber.

"Mmm..."

When the last trace of Spiritual Power circulating within merged completely, the aura of this Primordial Spirit noticeably spiked.

Its strength was now comparable to the peak cultivation of Foundation Establishment!

And this all occurred while both were in an unconscious state.

If they had been awake and consciously circulating their Spiritual Power, seizing the opportunity for a breakthrough might not have been impossible.

While the man and the tiger unconsciously recovered and enhanced their strength, the situation among various sects was also undergoing turmoil during this period.

For instance, within a certain building far from Yang Yan, members from four sects were currently facing off two by two.

These four sects were the Ancient Abyss Sect where Yang Yan belonged, as well as the Pill Sect, Yizheng Sect, and Lingying Sect.

It's widely known that the Ancient Abyss Sect, the Pill Sect, and Yizheng Sect are mortal enemies.

Therefore, it was natural for the Ancient Abyss Sect and the Pill Sect to stand on the same side.

Opposing them were the Yizheng Sect and Lingying Sect.

As the saying goes, when enemies meet, their eyes redden with anger.

Now, the faces of both sides were not looking good, and the atmosphere was tense and strained as if even the air had solidified.

Though Lingying Sect had no enmity against Ancient Abyss Sect, they didn't want to see Ancient Abyss Sect rise, and now seemed to have allied with Yizheng Sect.

The Pill Sect was not skilled in combat.

If they were only dealing with Yizheng Sect, there would be great confidence of success with the addition of the Ancient Abyss Sect.

Yet, Lingying Sect had meddled...

Chapter 1219: Trouble Comes Knocking

"Brother Lin..."

Ye Changqing looked at Lin Zimu with a bitter expression, but the latter also had a face full of misery.

"Do you truly want to press this hard?" Lin Zimu said word by word, his face so dark it seemed ready to drip water.

Even with the addition of four swords, the Ancient Abyss Sect had five Foundation Establishment cultivators on their side, yet they might still struggle against the combined forces of Lingying Sect and the Yizheng Sect.

"Hmph! If you want to blame someone, blame your rapid rise. The taller the tree, the more it attracts wind!" said the senior brother of the Yizheng Sect aggressively.

He still remembered how the former senior disciple Ouyang Feng was defeated by Yang Yan and carried back to the sect for Soul Searching.

Therefore, even though they had attacked the Ancient Abyss Sect multiple times, he would not cease until Yang Yan was dead.

At this point, it was clear that both sides could only battle, fight to the death, with no possibility of reconciliation.

"Brother Yu, please hold off the Pill Sect for now. After all, it's not the right time to fall out with the Pill Sect," Ouyang Jinjie said to Yu Ling, the leading disciple of Lingying Sect.

Then, he turned his head, looking playfully at the members of the Ancient Abyss Sect: "If we can keep you all here, it would surely be a major blow to the Ancient Abyss Sect."

With that, he glared fiercely at the four swords.

In his eyes, apart from Yang Yan, these were the most critical talents of the Ancient Abyss Sect.

The Ancient Abyss Sect was indeed considered unlucky.

Ever since Yang Yan disappeared, they hadn't stopped searching, venturing through countless areas, yet had not found any trace of Yang Yan.

Occasionally encountering other sects' people, they adhered to the principle of each going their own way, not provoking each other.

After all, without Sect Leader-level figures to hold the fort, their actions were significantly restricted.

Firstly, none of them could guarantee that they could retreat unharmed after provoking the other side, and secondly, they knew that their every move not only represented themselves but also implicated their sect behind them.

Thus, they had to weigh the pros and cons.

Moreover, the situation of missing disciples was not exclusive to Yang Yan.

As the members of the Ancient Abyss Sect traveled, they overheard from several other sects that they also faced cases of member disappearance.

Under such a bizarre atmosphere, almost all sects were several layers more vigilant than usual, and avoided conflict unless absolutely necessary.

Only those sects with malicious intent hoped for trouble, scheming to conduct some unspeakable deeds in the shadows.

For instance, the Yizheng Sect, which finally clashed with the Ancient Abyss Sect.

They had trailed all the way, only emerging suddenly to threaten and rob when the Ancient Abyss Sect seemed to have discovered something!

"Is this guy... out of his mind?"

Gongsun Ruyan was exasperated.

This guy dared to rely on Yizheng Sect's disciples with the audacity to rob elite disciples from a top ten sect like the Ancient Abyss Sect?!

"Enough nonsense! Hand over what you've just found immediately... or don't blame us for being ruthless!" Seeing no response from the crowd, the newly appointed senior disciple of the Yizheng Sect, Ouyang Jinjie taunted.

"Hey! Is this guy brain-damaged? Why should we give you what we found!" Guo Guoguo couldn't help but shout towards the Yizheng Sect's side.

"Outrageous!"

Seeing that the person shouting at him was a little girl not even at Foundation Establishment, the new senior disciple was not like Ouyang Feng who knew how to cherish the fairer sex; he roared loudly, with a murderous look as if he wanted to eat Guo Guoguo alive.

"Tch! Who'd have thought he'd be so pathetic, just a scumbag intimidating young girls!" Guo Guoguo rolled her eyes, full of disdain.

But in the eyes of the senior disciple opposite, it became a blatant provocation.

He had been the new senior disciple of the Yizheng Sect for years, with everyone in the sect treating him with utmost respect.

Yet, this young girl dared to defy him, how could he swallow this insult!

The members of the Ancient Abyss Sect also felt bewildered.

The hatred between two sects passed down through their disciples was not surprising.

The Yizheng Sect disciples coming to make trouble was expected.

However, they were genuinely baffled by the petty manner in which the dispute was instigated...

What normal person would think of robbing anyone from the top ten sects!

It was obvious this was an excuse to cause trouble!

"Eh? Brother Jinjie, are you planning to... and these are Ancient Abyss Sect people?"

Yu Ling, the leading disciple of Lingying Sect, came over with his sect members, seeing the confrontation asked.

"Brother Yu, just in time, would you like to join hands with us Yizheng Sect for a big score?"

Yu Ling was immediately pulled into a scheme by Ouyang Jinjie upon arrival.

"Not good!"

Seeing Yu Ling eyeing his group, nodding as if reaching an agreement, Lin Zimu's expression changed.

"Alright, as Brother Jinjie says..."

As Lin Zimu feared, Yu Ling listened, then stood alongside the Yizheng Sect with his Lingying Sect disciples.

"Eh? Brother Zimu, it's been a while, truly fate!"

Just when Lin Zimu was troubled by this change, Ye Changqing arrived with the Pill Sect disciples, giving him a breath of relief.

"Brother Ye, here's the situation..."

Hence, the issue initially between two sects escalated into a standoff involving disciples from four sects.

The initial scene transformed, as the Yizheng Sect's senior disciple Ouyang Jinjie made no pretense and revealed his true purpose of killing and pillaging.

Currently, the Pill Sect was determined to assist the Ancient Abyss Sect, just uncertain how tight the ties between Lingying Sect and the Yizheng Sect were.

Thus, the Pill Sect was still negotiating with the Lingying Sect, trying to convince them to withdraw.

"Yu Ling, think it through, targeting the Ancient Abyss Sect means opposing our Pill Sect. If you don't want your pill market to collapse, don't jump into this chaos!" Ye Changqing, the senior disciple of the Pill Sect, aggressively stated.

He was curious how much benefit Ouyang Jinjie of the Yizheng Sect had offered for them to refuse the Pill Sect's pill purchase discounts, forcing him to use his final bargaining chip.

Seeing Yu Ling hesitating, Ye Changqing sighed in relief.

If monopolizing the pill market wouldn't work, he truly hadn't thought of any other way.

"Hmph! Your Pill Sect isn't the only one good at business!" Ouyang Jinjie stepped forward, sinisterly saying:

"I've heard that in Alchemy the most needed are materials... heh, if we can mess with the raw materials..."

As he spoke, he locked eyes playfully with Ye Changqing.

Indeed, upon hearing such tactics, Ye Changqing begrudgingly fell silent.

"Curse it, if Yang Yan were here, they wouldn't dare be so arrogant!" Seeing this, Guo Guoguo clenched her small fists, angrily said.

An intense battle seemed inevitable.

Without Yang Yan, the members of the Ancient Abyss Sect were all highly alert, ready for battle.

They all knew that if Yang Yan were here, the Yizheng Sect would definitely not dare to provoke at this time.

Chapter 1220: Narrow Paths Meet

"Indeed, if the king were here, they wouldn't stand a chance, but unfortunately..."

Unfortunately, at this moment, they have no choice but to go all out, ever ready to fight for their lives.

"Yang Yan, where are you, come back quickly..." Guo Guoguo prayed nonstop in her heart for Yang Yan to save the day like a Divine Soldier descending from the heavens, her eyes already red.

"Hoo—"

Yang Yan, who was in a coma, suddenly opened his eyes and woke up with a start, then quickly got up and surveyed his surroundings.

It wasn't Guo Guoguo's prayers that worked, but Yang Yan's instinctual response to approaching danger even when unconscious, prompting him to immediately enter a state of alert, ready to respond to any unexpected events.

"Two groups of auras, totaling thirty to forty people, all above Foundation Establishment level..."

With a sweep of his Divine Sense, everything around him was clearly portrayed in Yang Yan's mind.

"They're coming!" Yang Yan stood upright, staring at the direction he was sensing.

There lay a closed door, of unknown material, looking rather unremarkable.

Seeing the door, Yang Yan scanned his eyes up, down, left, and right, discovering that he was in a spacious hall, with the walls embedded with several glowing stones, which served as the only source of light.

"Bang!"

Before Yang Yan could probe further, a loud noise came from the giant door.

Turning his gaze, the whole door had been blasted to bits.

As the dust settled, the thirty to forty people Yang Yan sensed were rushing in noisily.

"Follow up quickly! Hurry up! Don't get bumped by those little brats of the Ten Sects again. Damn it, if it weren't for fearing their sects' backing, would I be avoiding them all the way?"

The burly man at the front cursed while calling out to his following crew.

"Don't be impatient, Biaozi. We've come this far; what other people could there be?" said the slender man walking beside him languidly. "You know, we ran all the way ahead of everyone to find this secret place. Apart from us, there won't be anyone else here..."

However, moments later, he looked ahead in shock, mouth agape and his jaw almost touching the ground, unable to utter a word.

Standing right in front of them was Yang Yan, who had just woken up.

"You... you!" The slender man spat out two words in disbelief.

"Monkey, didn't you say there was nobody here but us? What's going on with him..." The burly man pointed at Yang Yan to question the slim man.

"Damn it, you're asking me, who am I supposed to ask?" the slender man retorted irritably.

Logically, they deliberately avoided crowds, didn't bother entering already explored ruins, and finally found this untouched building by exploring deep into darkness, they should be the first arrivals.

But now, the person standing before them was clearly suggesting that the cake they thought was within reach had already been snatched by someone else.

"Stop wasting time, deal with this first!"

The slender man was too lazy to think, he signaled to his people with a wink.

Immediately, about half the group rose into the air, then descended around Yang Yan in an array-like fashion, ready to brawl at the slightest disagreement.

"Wait!"

Just as the slender man wanted to attack Yang Yan, the burly man halted him from behind.

"What is it now?" The slender man asked impatiently after being interrupted.

The burly man stared gravely at Yang Yan's attire and said solemnly, "He's from the Ancient Abyss Sect."

Hearing this, the slender man's movements stopped abruptly, turning to stare at the surrounded Yang Yan.

From the moment the group flooded into the hall to being inexplicably surrounded, Yang Yan stood motionless.

Not that he was unwilling to fight, but from waking up until now, his strength only recovered to the early Foundation Establishment stage.

In other words, he was still injured and unfit for exertion; he needed to buy more time for recovery.

And over half of these thirty to forty people had reached the peak of Foundation Establishment!

This situation, even at his full strength, wouldn't be easy to handle.

Seeing the two men's pause, Yang Yan guessed that what made these people wary was undoubtedly his identity with Ancient Abyss Sect.

The slender man looked conflicted, as though torn within.

Finally, he raised his head to look at Yang Yan, a hint of malice flashing in his eyes, and asked coldly, "What, are you all alone?"

"That's right." Yang Yan replied truthfully without much thought.

"Heh! That makes things easier. I suppose no sect would mind losing one or two disciples, right?"

Hearing the slender man's words, Yang Yan narrowed his eyes slightly but remained silent.

Meanwhile, the burly man's face changed, asking solemnly, "Are you not afraid of being traced by the Ancient Abyss Sect?"

The slender man glanced at him, sneering, "Only heaven and earth know this, if you don't speak and we don't tell, can the Ancient Abyss Sect find out no matter how powerful they are?"

After that, he looked at Yang Yan with killing intent in his eyes as if staring at a dead man.

"Hey..."

Finally, Yang Yan, who had only spoken one word since waking up, initiated, "Do you have medicine on you?"

What?

For a moment, the team led by the slender man were all perplexed.

With words spoken to such an extent, even a fool should understand the current situation, right?

Yet this guy asked if they had medicine in the face of a group of murderous peak Foundation Establishment cultivators?

Could he be so used to a carefree life in the sect, thinking he could get whatever he wanted anywhere?

The slender man, speechless, looked at Yang Yan with mockery in his eyes.

"Kill him."

The slender man casually waved his hand, intending to remove the eyesore before him, but suddenly his pupils contracted, and he retreated violently.

"Boom!"

The next moment, where he originally stood, was filled with thick grayish-white Evil Qi.

And the dozen or so people he led all fell to the ground, half dead.

The power of the Evil Qi Pearl is truly extraordinary!

Yang Yan's face was pale, suppressing the chaotic Spiritual Power within, sighing inwardly.

Though he had seen the power of a detonated Evil Qi Pearl before, without a reference, its true potency couldn't be fully grasped.

But now, with the dozen living targets just standing there for Yang Yan, how could he miss such a good opportunity?

No matter how high their cultivation level is, being careless in battle means paying with their lives.

Yang Yan exploited their confidence in victory, stealthily throwing the Evil Qi Pearl into the crowd, successfully detonating it and swiftly dealing with the formidable enemies.

Ah, what a waste...

Using one like this was indeed a waste, causing him a pang of distress.