

Powerful 1221

Chapter 1221: This Puppet's Not Bad, I'll Take It

If Yang Yan's power within wasn't unstable at this moment, detonating several Evil Qi Pearls simultaneously, wiping out these thirty or forty people would have been no problem at all.

However, now that this method has been exposed, the opponent must be more alert.

Even if Yang Yan still holds more than ten pearls, it's ultimately impossible to launch a successful ambush again.

"Kid, I'm going to grind your bones to dust!"

Seeing his subordinates either dead or injured, with none managing to escape, the thin man was filled with hatred toward Yang Yan, his face twisting with rage.

Then, he even released a mid-foundation establishment level puppet to join forces with him against Yang Yan.

"Monk, calm down!"

At this moment, the burly man, who appeared reckless, displayed a rationality that was completely inconsistent with his appearance, shouting at the thin man.

No wonder.

He hadn't even seen when Yang Yan made a move, yet over ten peak foundation establishment experts were wiped out.

Anyone with some brains would realize that this disciple from the Ancient Abyss Sect does not merely have the initial foundation establishment strength as he appears.

Even if one was at the peak foundation establishment level, it would be impossible to defeat over ten peers in a single move!

Therefore, regardless of whether Yang Yan relied on his strength or some technique, it was something they couldn't provoke.

However, the burly man still leaned towards Yang Yan using some means.

Otherwise, merely with initial foundation establishment cultivation, defeating peak foundation establishment... is just too hard to accept.

Therefore, the burly man decisively chose not to intervene but instead focused on the dense Evil Qi in the air, pondering what this strange method was and how to respond to it.

Really unable to understand... that kid is clearly just at the initial foundation establishment stage, how on earth did he accomplish this...

Watching the thin man consumed by rage and his summoned puppet, the burly man couldn't help but contemplate.

Monk can't be pulled back once he's lost it; hope he won't fall into another ambush...

But does this kid have other methods?!

What the burly man couldn't fathom was that with the thin man and the puppet's fists already at Yang Yan's forehead, he still didn't evade, seemingly petrified.

Yet the calmer he appeared, the tighter the burly man's brows furrowed.

Just what is going on?

If he doesn't dodge, he truly won't escape...

While the burly man was puzzled, Yang Yan, who had been still and lost in thought, finally raised his head slowly, unhurriedly uttering, "Not bad, a mid-foundation stage puppet... I want it."

The voice wasn't loud, yet it clearly resounded in the thin man's ear.

This puppet is good; I want it!

Hearing Yang Yan voice this, the thin man revealed a mocking expression.

Do you think this is a marketplace, where you can take what you want just by saying so?

Know this, once a puppet has recognized an owner, it will only obey them unless the owner abandons it or their soul is destroyed, rendering the puppet ownerless and up for grabs.

And Yang Yan saying he wants to take possession of the puppet right in front of him, isn't that like saying he'll defeat them amidst their combined attack?

He truly didn't know whether to ridicule Yang Yan as a young boaster or a naive fool.

"Ha! If you're relying on that exploding hidden weapon, let me tell you right now, you've got nothing!" retorted the thin man, still traumatized by the Evil Qi Pearls' explosion.

"Who said I would repeat the same trick?" Yang Yan smiled demonically, leveraging the thin man's punch to flash behind the puppet.

"Finally coming across a usable puppet, no way would Yang take delight in breaking it!"

As his words fell, Yang Yan swiftly placed a hand atop the puppet's head under the intense gaze of the thin man, channeling spiritual power into the puppet.

"Ha, ridiculous..."

Seeing this foolish act, the thin man's mocking grin intensified.

But in the next moment, his smile froze on his face, inundated with shock.

"You... how is this possible!"

Just as he was about to speak further, he unmistakably sensed the bond with his puppet severed by a formless power.

Glancing again, the puppet standing quietly before Yang Yan was beyond belief!

He recalled what Yang Yan had said earlier.

He said he wanted the puppet, he actually took it!

How was this possible?!

How was this possible?!

How on earth did he do it?

Though proficient in puppetry, the thin man had never considered a scenario where a puppet would change ownership with the master still intact.

What transpired here today had thoroughly overturned his understanding.

"Kid, don't think of trickery! You just temporarily severed the bond between me and the puppet using a Secret Technique; it won't be that easy to take away!" roared the thin man angrily, refusing to believe this outrageous turn of events.

He couldn't believe Yang Yan was this enigmatic?!

Just a sect disciple, was he about to defy the heavens?

Seeing the thin man still resisting, Yang Yan coldly chuckled, "Then why don't you test the truth of Yang's words."

With that said, Yang Yan conjured a thought, sending the puppet shooting toward the thin man, attacking him.

At this sight, the thin man was struck as if by lightning; having lost his support, he now had to defend against the very puppet he once owned.

The key was, he hadn't seen any tricks Yang Yan used.

The only contact was placing his palm atop that puppet for a few seconds.

In those few seconds, he felt the bond between him and the puppet vanish.

Just a few seconds to cause a puppet to change hands?!

At this moment, fear engulfed the thin man's heart.

He couldn't see that during those seconds, Yang Yan simultaneously activated the Devouring Power and Soul Power, injecting them into the puppet.

Devouring Power erased the soul imprint the thin man left while swiftly implanting Yang Yan's soul imprint, completing the transfer in an instant.

"Biao, what are you looking at? Hurry and help!" Losing his backing, the thin man dropped his arrogance and anger, seeking the burly man's group for help.

Despite his peak foundation establishment cultivation, a mid-foundation puppet couldn't harm him.

But this puppet, devoid of pain and ceaseless with spiritual power input, was truly troublesome.

Not to mention, the thin man still harbored a glimmer of hope, reluctant to destroy what once was his puppet, hence the stalemate.

The burly man glanced at the thin man struggling with the puppet, then at Yang Yan, doubt shadowing his face, ultimately choosing not to act.

At this point, Yang Yan no longer cared about these two's shifting dynamics.

He was going through those vanquished by the Evil Qi Pearls, looting in essence.

Yang Yan was now in dire need of pills to restore his strength.

And as of now, Yang Yan had no idea where he found himself.

Seemed he wouldn't locate the Ancient Abyss Sect or the Pill Sect soon, so he might as well profit from these people.

Chapter 1222: Acting as if No One Else Is Present

In mid-air, the gaunt man was locked in a stalemate with the puppet, constantly bickering with the burly man.

On the ground, Yang Yan was leisurely collecting pills.

Occasionally, he encountered someone who had woken up; Yang Yan would unhesitatingly lock their throat with a single strike, then continue his search.

After looting more than a dozen people, Yang Yan had only managed to collect fewer than ten pills.

The highest grade was only of the second tier.

Compared to the pill resources allocated within the sect and those gifted by the Pill Sect in recent days, it seemed much more paltry.

Wonder how many the leader might have...

After pocketing the pills and using some to recover his skills, Yang Yan quickly set his sights on the gaunt man in mid-air.

"Star Night!"

Yang Yan casually uttered two words, raised his gaze upward, and firmly locked onto the gaunt man's aura.

The gaunt man, who was intently studying the puppet's features, suddenly felt a chill down his spine and instinctively retreated backward.

The next moment, he saw a shadowy blue sword light "swish" through his abdomen.

Before he could comprehend the reason for the sudden hole in his belly, the puppet took advantage of the opening and delivered a whip-like kick, sending him straight from mid-air to the ground.

"How... why... cough!"

The gaunt man struggled on the ground, his vitality continuously dissipating from his body.

He opened his mouth to say something but first spat out a mouthful of fresh blood, staining the ground in front of him with a large red patch.

Yang Yan, calm and unperturbed, met his venomous yet desperate gaze, walked to his side, squatted down, and flashed a harmless smile.

"Hang in there for a bit longer, can't let you die just yet!"

Then, he fearfully watched Yang Yan place a hand on his head.

Seeing this familiar motion, the gaunt man suspected Yang Yan might turn him into a puppet.

But then, an excruciating pain akin to tearing his soul made him realize he had underestimated the situation.

Evil!

This guy is undoubtedly an evil being!

Kill me, kill me! Spare me from this agony!

Two seconds passed, and that was his only thought.

Indeed, Yang Yan had performed the Soul Searching Technique on him.

Right now, he desperately needed to understand the conditions inside and outside the Demon Cave, and Soul Searching was undoubtedly the most convenient way.

However, for those subjected to Soul Searching, even death is a luxury.

Just like the gaunt man, the wound in his abdomen was negligible compared to the agonizing pain of Soul Searching.

His face had twisted beyond recognition, his mouth agape as if to scream, but he could only continuously cough up blood, leaving onlookers stunned.

Were it not for witnessing it firsthand, no one would connect the seemingly harmless Yang Yan with this current Evil God.

"Sword Control Technique, Demon Cultivator's Soul Searching Technique... Has the caliber of Ancient Abyss Sect's disciples become so terrifying now!"

At the doorway, the burly man who had witnessed the entire process, along with his group, all had cold sweat on their backs, faces ashen, daring not to breathe.

"I can't believe I've been trapped in there for a full six days..."

Comparing the memories of the gaunt man, Yang Yan murmured to himself.

Six days isn't long nor short.

But in the current situation, six days is enough to establish or devastate a small sect.

"I wonder how the others who entered the sect with me are doing now..."

After retrieving five or six pills from the gaunt man's body, Yang Yan tossed his corpse aside like garbage, then unreservedly consumed them and began channeling his skills.

This action left the burly man and his dozen or so followers somewhat dumbstruck.

"This kid is so arrogant; isn't he afraid of being ambushed?"

"Totally disregarding us, huh!"

...

The dozen or so people started chattering again.

The burly man, confused, stared at Yang Yan, finding it increasingly hard to decipher this junior's tactics.

Were it not for being intimidated by the sight of Yang Yan instantly annihilating several Foundation Establishment peak cultivators, they might already have been plotting how to snatch the dozen pills from Yang Yan.

Just as they were ready to resign themselves to their misfortune and give up, Yang Yan displayed a vulnerable stance, luring them into risking a gamble.

"Boss, why don't we take advantage of his unguarded moment and..." a burly fighter, a size smaller, whispered in the ear of the leader, miming a throat-slitting gesture.

The burly man furrowed his brow but remained silent, continuing to scrutinize Yang Yan intently.

By now, the latter had withdrawn Star Night, his presence entirely devoid of threat.

But the less threatening he appeared, the more dangerous the burly man felt.

If such an entity, capable of wiping out multiple Foundation Establishment peak cultivators in a single move, posed no threat, then their time out here had been in vain.

There was only one possibility: Yang Yan's methods were concealed thoroughly, not allowing surface clues.

Recollecting the Sword Control Technique, Soul Searching Technique, and that unknown explosive method Yang Yan had displayed, the burly man reinforced his belief.

Perhaps the opponent is just waiting for them to be consumed by greed and fall into his trap!

Just as the burly man was about to issue commands to remain in place, a faint wave of aura suddenly emanated from Yang Yan, who was channeling his skills.

Then, he opened his eyes and softly said, "Strength is finally restored."

Though said inadvertently, it was pondered intently.

The burly man perceived Yang Yan's unintentionally revealed aura was clearly only mid-Foundation Establishment, and that was after recovering strength!

Moreover, most of the pills Yang Yan consumed before channeling his skills were for healing.

Doesn't this imply Yang Yan was injured, yet even while weakened, faced no pressure against Foundation Establishment peaks?!

What's more, now with his strength restored, he should not be underestimated!

Frightened, the burly man lost all remaining confidence, turned, and shouted to those behind him, "Let's go!"

The followers immediately understood and prepared to exit the door.

"Stop."

However, before they could take a step, a gentle voice floated from nearby, causing them to freeze, stopping dead in their tracks.

Each of their faces turned a shade of pale.

They certainly didn't expect an escape attempt to succeed under the presence of someone capable of annihilating Foundation Establishment peak cultivators in seconds.

"Esteemed cultivator... No! What does Your Excellency mean by stopping us?" The burly man stiffly turned his head, racking his brain to formulate a well-crafted phrase.

Seeing how respectful and apprehensive they were, Yang Yan was somewhat amused.

But externally, he remained expressionless, calmly responding, "You can leave, but leave the pills."

What?

This time, it was their turn to be shocked.

They had assumed their fate was sealed, but their opponent only wanted the pills?

Recalling Yang Yan's sole proactive inquiry, which was about whether they had brought pills, they quickly exchanged glances, each revealing a relieved expression.

Chapter 1223: The Top Floor of the Tower

So it was really just about the elixirs?!

Then obediently handing over the elixirs, wouldn't that resolve everything?

Looking at the corpses strewn all over the ground led by a thin, sinister man, these people's eyes took on a mocking look.

Couldn't they speak nicely, had to provoke others!

See, in the end, they screwed themselves over and even lost their lives, right?

Seeing those people with a look of relief after a disaster, Yang Yan was also a bit puzzled.

How could they have that... sense of relief and somewhat schadenfreude expression knowing they were going to be robbed?

Could it be that his demands were too low?

"Sir, these are all the elixirs left on us." The burly man held several jade bottles in his hands, walked up to Yang Yan, and handed them over honestly.

"Alright, you can leave now!" Yang Yan carelessly accepted these elixirs and waved his hand to dismiss the gang, not lacking Foundation Establishment peak cultivators, out the door.

The group felt as if pardoned from a death sentence, fearing Yang Yan might suddenly change his mind, didn't dare to linger, said thanks, and quickly dispersed.

Watching their departing backs, Yang Yan shook his head lightly.

This gang, from the impression, seems to be called the Beast Taming Sect?

Overall, this sect leader is rather sensible.

Forget it, since they gave so many elixirs as a gift, not robbing their beasts!

Yang Yan pondered as he stored away the thirty to forty elixirs obtained from the two robberies and began to carefully observe this place.

Seeing the scattered corpses on the ground, Yang Yan furrowed his brows slightly.

Then, a thought flashed through his mind, and he casually waved out a gust of wind, piling these guys into a heap at the already damaged entrance.

Anyway, it was an unpleasant sight, might as well place it at the entrance as a warning to prevent others from coming in to disturb.

Yang Yan had already roughly browsed through the interior walls of this building before, giving him the first impression of size, secondly emptiness.

This made Yang Yan a bit puzzled about what this place was used for.

No matter what this building is, it's nothing more than for living or storing items.

But here it's both large and empty, unlike a general residence, yet bare with not even a place to put things.

If it's neither for living nor storing items, is it left empty just like that?

"Star Night!"

With a thought, Star Night emerged from the void, silently suspended before Yang Yan.

"Take a look at what's up with this building!" Yang Yan said softly.

Star Night hummed twice, seemingly responding to Yang Yan's command.

Swoosh!

Sword aura flashed, and Star Night immediately turned into a beam of sword light, flying outside the door.

Absorbing residual souls within the space spiritual treasure eroded by evil qi before, Yang Yan discovered that as long as he could still sense Star Night, Star Night could act as his eyes, feeding real-time nearby conditions back to his divine sense.

Such ability is not something one can master by simply learning the Sword Control Technique.

The peak of Sword Control Technique at most realizes the control of weapon movement within divine sense's enveloping range but cannot sense conditions around the weapon.

In contrast, refining a soul artifact truly achieves Man and Sword as One, seamless sensing, and control.

The downside is that a caster can only form such a strong bond with their soul artifact, unable to, like a Sword Master, use a strong divine sense to control all unowned objects within range.

Only an extremely rare genius, known as a prodigy, can master the way of soul artifact refining and achieve extraordinary sword mastery.

Of course, Yang Yan presently focused on the images relayed back from faraway Star Night, stitching them together in his mind.

Eventually, the image in Yang Yan's mind is that of a tower.

Even just the part Star Night explored already exceeded several hundred feet in height.

Yang Yan's prior impression of this level's expansiveness is negligible before the overall height of this structure.

He greatly underestimated the scale of this high tower.

Placed in the present world, this building is a standard skyscraper, grand in scale, magnificent in atmosphere.

Yang Yan couldn't help but be curious, how could such a grand tower be hidden within this Demon Cave?

Of course, this wasn't enough to spark much interest.

What truly intrigued him was something at the very top of this tower, seemingly shielding his perception!

Even Star Night was repelled outside, unable to get within an inch.

"Ha, this is interesting."

Yang Yan recalled Star Night, looking intrigued as he looked towards the top of the tower he was in, as if wanting to see through each ceiling to reach the topmost layer.

He was very clear in his heart that the more unknown and forbidden a place is, the more likely there is a great opportunity.

This unknown tower top, he must pay a visit.

This isn't driven entirely by curiosity and desire but also carries a commitment.

A commitment to those trapped within a spatial spiritual treasure, resisting the erosion of the evil qi, and to those three great powers.

Originally, Yang Yan had no clue about the content of that commitment.

He didn't even know his current location, where would he have the means to find a spatial spiritual treasure suspected to be out of control due to evil qi erosion?

No way to start.

But just now, Yang Yan suddenly caught a hint.

Since it's a spatial spiritual treasure, it must have a strong power of space.

And the repulsive force Yang Yan sensed from the tower top during Star Night's exploration, upon careful discernment, was precisely a kind of power of space.

Connecting to his recent escape from that spatial spiritual treasure, chances are he's right nearby it.

Yang Yan almost suspecting the tower to be transformed from that spatial spiritual treasure.

But in terms of material, this tower is just an ordinary building, aside from height, there's nothing special about it.

Hence, the truth surely lies at the most mysterious tower top of this entire high tower!

No matter the situation at the top layer, he would definitely go up to explore.

Even if he really gains nothing, he can look far from a high vantage, making it easier to find people.

However, to step into the void over a hundred feet and break free from the repulsive power of space is somewhat difficult for him, with actual cultivation only at the Foundation Establishment mid-stage.

So, Yang Yan decisively cast his gaze on the Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit still lying on the ground, snoring away.

Then, a divine thought was invoked.

"Hu, why aren't you getting up, time to work!"

A great roar boomed in the Primordial Spirit's mind like thunder, making it leap more than ten feet high, and still feeling a lingering fear upon landing.

Seeing Yang Yan standing in front, the Primordial Spirit came to its senses, staring blankly at Yang Yan.

"Hey, I say Hu, haven't you slept enough? You've gained quite a lot from this nap, with strength comparable to Foundation Establishment peak!"

Yang Yan teased the Primordial Spirit jokingly.

"Hmm... about the sleep... Wait, what did you call me? Hu?" the Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit habitually responded.

However, hearing such a casual naming from Yang Yan, it immediately objected, coaxing to change the name.

If this Primordial Spirit remembered its own name, Yang Yan would gladly call it by its real name.

But it had no recollection of anything except generic knowledge about its species, let alone its name.

Listening to the name it gave itself, Yang Yan almost spat out a mouthful of old blood.

Chapter 1224: No Solution

This guy actually named himself "Devouring Void Master."

High-end, domineering, straightforward.

This was its brief commentary on the name.

Yang Yan naturally wouldn't agree to this title.

Obviously having formed a master-servant contract with himself, does he have to call it "Master" every single time from now on?

Moreover, when one's strength is insufficient, revealing one's background and such is undoubtedly courting trouble.

Thus, in the end, the Primordial Spirit reluctantly accepted the name "Hu" after Yang Yan gave it a good thrashing.

At the same time, it also promised Yang Yan not to reveal its racial secrets until it reaches the Nascent Soul stage.

"Alright, let's get to business!"

After the naming dispute, Yang Yan suddenly became serious, solemnly telling Hu his conjectures and proposed using Hu's power of space to send him inside.

Fortunately, Hu's strength had recovered to the equivalent of the peak Foundation Establishment, and its mastery of the power of space could rival that of ordinary Nascent Soul cultivators.

After personally probing a bit, it indicated that the repelling problem wasn't major, allowing Yang Yan to breathe a sigh of relief for now.

However, even though the objective obstacles were solved, the matter was delayed by some subjective factors.

Hu was obstinate in refusing to let Yang Yan ride on its back.

To break through the space repulsion with Yang Yan, they must remain close together, with Hu leading all actions.

And to avoid hindering Hu, Yang Yan naturally thought of riding on Hu's back to let it carry him through.

But he never imagined that this behavior was a great humiliation to Hu and its kind, the Void Devouring Race, so much so that it would rather challenge the constraints of the soul contract than bear such an insult.

Seeing this, Yang Yan couldn't force it anymore.

But having reached this critical juncture, should he abandon halfway?!

The truth was just a step away, and besides, I, Yang Yan, am not at the end of my wits, what reason do I have to retreat?!

With Hu unable to do more, what can I still do myself!

Thinking from a reverse angle, Yang Yan suddenly had a bright idea.

It only required them to be close together, not necessarily riding on its back...

Actually, if Yang Yan was willing to sacrifice his image a bit and let Hu carry him in its mouth, it wasn't impossible.

Then, this man and tiger went ahead and did just that.

And naturally, they succeeded, the process surprisingly smooth.

There were no anomalies accompanying the collapse of the space passage, nor were any mechanisms activated.

They swaggered into the top of the tower, and without suspense, found the spatial spiritual treasure Yang Yan had guessed.

This spatial spiritual treasure, shaped still like a tower, was identical to the tower it was placed in, except for its vastly different size.

It's like a miniature version of the whole tower outside.

"This should be the spatial spiritual treasure that trapped you, right?"

Yang Yan murmured to himself.

He was rather amazed that such a vast space was contained within such a small tower.

Once everything is resolved, if this spatial spiritual treasure can be taken, wouldn't that be...

Yang Yan slightly shook his head, quickly dispelling the thought.

It's hard enough to even approach it, let alone subdue it.

The immediate priority was fulfilling his promise quickly.

If this spatial spiritual treasure is broken, then those trapped inside should be freed, right?

Without further ado, Yang Yan picked up Star Night and slashed towards the small tower.

However, regardless of how much force he used or what spiritual power he infused, he couldn't affect this treasure at all.

Instead, it was the whole outer tower that began to rumble loudly.

After several futile rounds, Yang Yan realized this tower-shaped spatial spiritual treasure might require unconventional means to deal with.

Since it's a spatial spiritual treasure, testing it with the power of space might work.

"Hu, hit it!"

Since the power of space was needed, Yang Yan didn't think much and simply handed the responsibility over to Hu of the Void Devouring Race.

However, Hu remained motionless, staring intently at the tower-shaped treasure, saying nothing.

A while later, Hu gasped in surprise, exclaiming, "This is... a Reinforcement Array!"

After examining the treasure for a while, Hu seemed to have figured it out, explaining to Yang Yan, "No wonder such a tall building is used to house this treasure!"

"I understand now, this whole tower outside is the dwelling of this treasure, used to protect and enhance the tower's spiritual power!"

"To move this treasure, the entire tower must be destroyed!"

"And if my memory serves, since the treasure has a dwelling, there must be arrays and other restrictions."

With each sentence Hu finished, Yang Yan's face grew more somber.

He originally thought returning outside would make things much easier, but this situation turned out more challenging by the minute!

"Building a tower to house a spatial treasure, and applying array restrictions... Tut tut! What grandeur!"

Upon hearing the Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit's lament, Yang Yan couldn't help but say, "Hu, you better investigate thoroughly before speaking!"

Unfortunately, the Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit merely chuckled, not bothering to respond to Yang Yan.

After a brief moment of surprise, Yang Yan calmed down and thought a bit more, seemingly understanding something.

Regardless of the origins of this treasure, needing such a grand arrangement to house it meant its ancient legacy remaining intact in this Demon Cave raised suspicions.

"Why would a spatial treasure need a dwelling for protection and array restrictions?" Yang Yan was truly perplexed, so he asked again.

But the Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit still didn't respond to him.

Yang Yan didn't press further, furrowing his brow in continued contemplation.

Spatial treasure and small secret realm differ; the latter, upon destruction, expels everything inside into the void, followed by annihilation.

Whereas the former, once damaged, spills out all contained items without being impacted.

In other words, typically, spatial treasures require no protection at all.

But this design defying convention can only mean there's more than meets the eye!

This tower should indeed be the spatial treasure that previously trapped him...

The Primordial Spirits said it was meant for storage but was corrupted by evil Qi, not only locking the interior but also uncontrollably transporting individuals entering the Demon Cave into it...

Yet now, he can't break the seal from outside, nor destroy the treasure, or even approach due to repulsion.

Such behavior doesn't resemble being out of control, but rather appears premeditated!

It feels as if a critical element is missing, preventing him from seeing through the situation!

But where exactly does this crucial element lie?

In just a brief instant, Yang Yan deduced several steps until the known clues were exhausted.

Had he known it was so complex, he should've gathered more information beforehand!

Chapter 1225: Holy Artifact Naxu

Just as Yang Yan was at a loss, Hu, who was beside him seemingly checking the status of the Spatial Spiritual Treasure, suddenly stiffened as if he saw something incredible, and then said softly with a look of doubt:

"Strange, seeing it gives me a feeling of familiarity, like I've seen it before... I think I can start recalling some things now..."

Hearing this, Yang Yan felt a surge of joy in his heart.

He quickly calmed down and held his breath to ensure that the Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit wasn't distracted, affecting its judgment.

Right now, Yang Yan was eager to figure out the situation here.

The more Hu could recall, the more helpful it would be to him.

He even wished to get the exact answer directly out of this guy's mouth.

At this moment, the spiritual light surrounding Hu flickered, and the memory he was recalling seemed to have a significant impact on his state of mind.

Yang Yan observed this and couldn't help but frown.

If it weren't for the Soul Contract indicating that everything was normal, he might have impulsively wanted to forcibly awaken Hu to quickly clarify what it had just remembered.

After all, better safe than sorry; in this eerie place, even the battle-hardened Yang Yan found everything unsettling, an invisible repression gnawing at his soul, making him feel like he could hardly breathe.

Ultimately, Yang Yan chose to wait.

It wasn't until Hu calmed down and his eyes regained their shine that Yang Yan finally breathed a sigh of relief.

At the same time, his previously tense body finally relaxed.

"This tower must not be moved!"

Having just recovered part of his memory, Hu abruptly switched to an exceptionally serious manner, telling Yang Yan with utmost seriousness.

"Huh?"

Yang Yan was slightly dazed, yet he became cautious once more.

Why, wasn't the plan to get rid of this tower to free people? Why the sudden mention otherwise?

For a moment, Yang Yan even suspected if Hu was being controlled by the tower or directly possessed.

Although the Soul Contract still recognized Hu's identity, it did not dismiss Yang Yan's concerns.

This tall tower was simply too bizarre to be judged solely by common sense.

Being always cautious, he didn't want to be led around blindly, ending up not knowing how he died.

"Are you really Hu?"

Even after repeatedly verifying his identity through the Soul Contract, Yang Yan couldn't help but ask.

Hu was also stunned by this nonsensical question, then seemingly understood Yang Yan's intention, and affirmed with a stern expression: "Devouring Void Master!"

Hearing this, Yang Yan finally felt at ease.

Exactly!

The fellow still insists on this, confirming he's indeed the Void-Devouring Tiger Spirit.

"Yan, don't panic, once I finish explaining, you'll understand why I asked you to stop."

Hu followed up, disregarding Yang Yan's somewhat irritated glance due to the manner of address, starting to narrate slowly.

It turned out, this Spatial Spiritual Treasure was not left behind from the Ancient Demon Cave.

As for its origin, it indeed had a background that was astonishing.

It turns out it's one of the Sacred Artifacts of the Void Devouring Race!

No wonder Hu started recalling some memories upon seeing it.

Moreover, given the esteemed level of this Sacred Artifact, dedicating an entire third-tier Cultivation Star as its residence wouldn't be excessive!

Yang Yan's previous thoughts of hidden mysteries were also confirmed.

Indeed, a mere Spatial Spiritual Treasure doesn't require such protection.

But this tower-like object was not the Spatial Spiritual Treasure Yang Yan assumed it to be, but rather a Sacred Artifact.

It's several levels above the so-called Spiritual Treasure!

Additionally, this Sacred Artifact wasn't focused on spatial matters but instead used for suppression!

It opened up an entire space specifically for suppression!

This also explains why it required a residence and array formations to enhance its power, and why the space inside is astonishingly huge.

"See, this is the craftsmanship of our Void-Devouring Race!"

Even while speaking, Hu couldn't resist inserting an instance of bragging, making Yang Yan thoroughly relieved.

The guy was still the same, not changed in temperament after recovering his memory.

The only change was a noticeable rise in aura all over him.

If earlier Hu acted like a child around six or seven, now he was equivalent to a fourteen or fifteen-year-old youth.

Simply put, his intellect had grown, and as a result, his aura had also increased significantly.

"Alright, alright, we know about these things, what then?"

Yang Yan remained unchanged with his ancient well demeanor, asking with a blank expression, refusing to indulge Hu's bragging.

Because he knew very well that this guy was the type to start causing trouble with any little encouragement.

If he complied even slightly, who knows what kind of antics he'd pull in the future.

Moreover, the fact that it dared to call him Yan, which sounded like a eunuch, had made Yang Yan long upset.

Returning to the main topic, Hu instantly reverted to his serious and earnest demeanor, continuing to narrate with utmost gravity.

According to what he gleaned from his memory recovery, the tower was placed here specifically to suppress a vicious and evil entity.

However, due to emergency circumstances back then, only a simple residence and array restrictions were hastily constructed, leaving no time for upgraded configurations.

Thus, the suppressed evil entity kept trying to breach from the relatively vulnerable tower.

This was the source of the incessant Evil Qi streaming inside the immense space of the tower.

And the Primordial Spirits within that space, though appearing trapped, were actually being protected by the Sacred Artifact in its own way.

Despite the threat of Evil Qi corrosion, once the evil creature broke free and the Evil Qi exploded completely, inside would instead become the safest place.

Constantly transmitting people entering the Demon Cave into its inner space was merely executing protective measures as per its set program.

This accounted for the mystery of the disciples' disappearance within the Demon Cave, revealing the truth of Yang Yan's journey this time.

Had it been able, the Sacred Artifact might have absorbed everyone inside.

But just like the Primordial Spirits within said, this Sacred Artifact was indeed corroded by Evil Qi and gravely injured.

This rendered it only capable of limited, individual transmissions while having to combat the corrosion of Evil Qi.

"The Sacred Artifact is named Nascent Void. If not for the torn inner space injury, it wouldn't be this feeble." Hu sighed, casting a deep gaze at Yang Yan.

Had he not intervened timely, Yang Yan would still be scheming on how to destroy the Sacred Artifact!

Given Yang Yan's current strength, attempting to destroy a Sacred Artifact is indeed wishful thinking.

But with the Sacred Artifact already fragile, Yang Yan might truly have succeeded in damaging it.

The consequences would be beyond what Yang Yan could bear.

Hu, after finishing his sentence, looked at Yang Yan expectantly, seemingly eager to witness any embarrassment or frustration.

Yet, even in such a pivotally precarious moment, Yang Yan maintained his calm, unaffected appearance.

Then, Yang Yan instead locked eyes with Hu, asking seriously: "What purpose does telling me all this serve, do you expect me to prevent it? Hu... No! Holy Artifact Nascent Void?"

Chapter 1226: Are You Messing With Me?

Almost caused a disaster again...

Could it be that my natural talent is best suited for causing trouble?

Even though he appeared indifferent, Yang Yan couldn't help but feel a slight panic for a few seconds upon hearing he had almost made a grave mistake.

But that was all.

Throughout his time in the Hidden World and the Ancient Abyss Sect, who knows how many rules Yang Yan had broken.

Killing Godslayer Poseidon, dismantling the "Longevity Sect," and elsewhere in the Ancient Abyss Sect, violating sect rules to kill fellow disciples... all such misdeeds.

And yet, every single one was resolved without exception.

Most importantly, he never regretted any of his actions.

Otherwise, after breaking the heavens in the Hidden World, he wouldn't have leisurely gone to Red Dust for vacation, claiming it was for Refining Heart.

However, this doesn't mean he would actively seek death.

Thus, when Hu mentioned the potential consequences, he decisively abandoned the idea of breaking the Sacred Artifact.

But this didn't mean he would tolerate the Sacred Artifact criticizing him through Hu.

"Interesting. How did you discover me?" Yang Yan's words directly pierced through, and "Hu" confessed candidly without hiding.

This time, however, Hu did not speak aloud; the voice directly communicated with Yang Yan through Soul Communication.

Yang Yan found it a bit amusing upon hearing this.

He also breathed a sigh of relief.

It seemed the Sacred Artifact hadn't detected the Soul Contract they had established.

With this Soul Contract at hand, how could he not notice something amiss with Hu?

Moreover, Yang Yan had been paying special attention to Hu's changes from the moment it began recalling events, so he knew inside out when the Nascent Void would use Hu as a Spirit Medium and speak through it.

But in order to extract information, Yang Yan never revealed this and continued listening to its narrative without letting on.

These Sacred Artifacts said so much, yet aside from providing a seemingly reasonable "truth" hinting at him to stop, they offered no useful advice for the current situation.

Since Hu called the Nascent Void a Sacred Artifact of the Void Devouring Race, to some extent, what it said could be trusted.

What frustrated Yang Yan was that if this Sacred Artifact's words were true, then his original plan to directly destroy this item and free the Primordial Spirit it held was certainly unfeasible.

If not that, is he simply supposed to sit and wait for doom?!

He couldn't believe these would be the only things the Sacred Artifact conveyed through Hu.

Moreover, hearing the Sacred Artifact inquire about his judgment in this crucial moment, Yang Yan became even more certain the Nascent Void had hidden plans, perhaps already devised.

At this moment, he could only attempt to continue communicating with the Sacred Artifact to extract more information.

Although the Sacred Artifact had sincerely asked the question, Yang Yan naturally couldn't honestly reply that he was overseeing the whole process through the Soul Contract.

If this Sacred Artifact shared the old-fashioned disposition of all the elder races, that would definitely spoil things, making them impossible to discuss.

So, Yang Yan responded quite naturally:

"Could just a glance reveal all the plans of this Sacred Artifact?"

Upon hearing Yang Yan's inference, "Hu" was taken aback and found no flaw in his words, forcing a sheepish smile and uttering awkwardly: "Seems my words were excessive..."

After hastily concocting an excuse to pacify the Sacred Artifact, Yang Yan seized the moment to press further: "Hey! Nascent Void, you still haven't answered my question! You've said a lot; what exactly do you want me to do?"

Unexpectedly, Nascent Void countered with a question: "If I can't suppress this evil force, what can you, a mere Foundation Establishment stage cultivator, do?"

These words left Yang Yan speechless.

Indeed, this Sacred Artifact recounted the origin story to him but never asked for his help.

It merely wished to acquaint him with the involved cause and effect, at most preventing him from recklessly acting.

The Nascent Void still found this curious!

It was a Sacred Artifact after all; despite severe erosion and greatly reduced power, it was more than capable of screening and intercepting a Foundation Establishment stage cultivator.

However, it hadn't anticipated that this tiny Foundation Establishment cultivator could command a Void-Devouring Tiger's Primordial Spirit to pave the way.

Being a Sacred Artifact of the Void Devouring Race, Nascent Void naturally couldn't obstruct anymore.

If it hadn't sensed this Primordial Spirit emerged internally and lost its memory, it almost suspected the Void Devouring Race had degenerated to the point of siding with humans.

If Yang Yan hadn't "harbored ill intentions" almost causing trouble, it wouldn't have emerged to explain this vast amount.

Though it witnessed Yang Yan cleansing Residual Souls and condensed Evil Qi, even miraculously breaking through its blockade, could it really rely on him to solve the urgent crisis with just that?

Not to mention Yang Yan, even if it were to fully regain its strength, it wouldn't dare claim absolute certainty.

"Little fellow, just give up!"

Seeing Yang Yan stand there, Nascent Void intended to persuade him to retreat, notifying the Wandering Dragon Star's cultivators to prepare for escape and call for help, when it sensed Hu, temporarily holding the Primordial Spirit, transmitting a message.

Whatever Hu said, Nascent Void suddenly had a change of heart, reviewing Yang Yan closely again, and unexpectedly asked:

"All three Dragon Children chose you?"

Not knowing Nascent Void's implications, Yang Yan probed back: "Are you referring to the prophecy made jointly by those three seniors? Then I should be the one."

Seeing the peculiar expressions projected on "Hu" by the light, Yang Yan sensed a turning point.

It seemed there was more to discuss.

It suggested that the Sacred Artifact wasn't entirely aware of the actions within its internal space!

"Three seniors? Tsk tsk, just those three little brats trying their hand at divination and these metaphysical things? What prophecies and such..."

Upon hearing Nascent Void's disdainful attitude towards the three Nascent Soul great powers, Yang Yan felt both amazed and inexplicably worried.

An unparalleled sense of powerlessness filled his heart.

Was it the difference in realms affecting his mindset?

Yang Yan was startled and quickly steadied his mind.

Still not strong enough!

Could be so easily influenced by someone else's mentality.

Luckily, there was no malicious intent, otherwise, just now, he might have been controlled and turned into a puppet.

Yet, as Yang Yan was overwhelmed with hindsight fear, he heard Nascent Void musing to himself like a soliloquy:

"However, they have a pretty accurate eye for people. If it's their unanimous choice, then it's almost certainly correct..."

At this moment, even knowing the Nascent Void couldn't be moved, Yang Yan felt the urge to bring up Star Night and cut it down a few more times.

Are you messing with me?

At one moment, it said he could do nothing, and the next, he could give it a try...

The key was that he was indeed led astray.

Not only affecting mood but also being led by the nose.

Thinking of this, a nameless anger flared in Yang Yan's heart.

Then, calling Hu, he headed outward without looking back, saying as he walked: "Let's head back, Hu, don't waste time with this broken junk. I have someone to find."

"After reuniting with them, sneak back here. Let everyone else stay if they want, dying here would conveniently rid some scourge!"

Chapter 1227: Still Too Young

Whether intentionally or unintentionally, Yang Yan blurted out his plans without any filter.

His intention was clear, no matter how bad things were here, in short: Damn it, I don't care anymore!

To hell with promises, prophecies, saviors!

Is this how you communicate, like playing a monkey trick?

If it weren't for the fact that hitting you wouldn't work, Yang Yan would have thrashed this pedantic troll to let off steam!

Hearing Yang Yan's call, Hu's eyes regained some spirit, hesitated for a moment but still lifted his leg, wanting to follow him.

Seeing Yang Yan really want to leave, the Sacred Artifact panicked, hurriedly channeling through Hu to shout at Yang Yan: "Young one, calm down, impulsiveness is the devil! Come back, hurry and come back, don't get angry, I'll tell you what to do, okay?"

However, Yang Yan turned a deaf ear, still resolutely walking out.

As he was about to reach the outer wall of the tower to exit, he finally heard Nascent Void shout: "Aren't you looking for someone? I can help you find them and even grant you the Power of Space of this place, how about that?"

Hearing this, Yang Yan finally stopped, the corners of his mouth curling up in a cunning smile.

Then, Yang Yan slowly turned his head and asked, "How do you find them?"

Nascent Void, seeing Yang Yan's face change faster than flipping a book, was a bit stunned but still answered honestly: "Simply apply the Power of Space I control to the Divine Sense."

Nascent Void can teleport people directly into the inner space of the Demon Cave, naturally relying on its control over the entire space within the Demon Cave.

If Yang Yan could obtain this power, wouldn't he be able to do as he wished within the Demon Cave?

A glint flashed in Yang Yan's eyes, just as he felt his head heat up, he quickly calmed down under the influence of reason, and asked unflinchingly, "What do I need to do?"

He couldn't believe he would stumble upon such a good thing for no reason.

Just as he asked, two beams of light shot from Hu's eyes directly into Yang Yan's brain.

The sudden event made Yang Yan instinctively want to channel Spiritual Power to block it, but then he heard Nascent Void's voice in his ear:

"Don't move! I'm now going to transfer the control hub of this layer's space into your Divine Sense, allowing you to monitor anywhere within this layer you want to see!"

"Although it can't directly find the person you're looking for, it's much faster than blindly searching."

Upon hearing this, Yang Yan let down his guard, allowing the two beams of light to enter his brain, respectively gathering in his left and right eyes.

Subsequently, Yang Yan noticed something new on the Divine Platform where his Divine Sense resided, at first glance it looked like a map.

The control hub Nascent Void transferred to him was actually just such a map, quite intuitive and clear at a glance...

However, since the control hub is a map, then what was that thing that just drilled into his brain?

Yang Yan broke out in a cold sweat on his back.

Had he been tangled up with this Sacred Artifact all along only to fall into its trap?!

As if aware of Yang Yan's emotions, Nascent Void explained through Hu:

"These two marks are my Body Fate Talismans. Take them out and place them in areas rich with Spiritual Power separately."

"Only these two Fate Talismans you must keep very securely, I've entrusted my fate to you!"

As he spoke, Nascent Void's eyes swelled with thick black and white colors respectively.

One eye was deep and dark, seemingly bottomless like a black hole, while the other was bright and white, radiant.

In an instant, the black and white began to gradually disperse, then emerged from Yang Yan's pupils.

However, the black and white in Yang Yan's pupils were more concentrated.

The black pupil was no longer purely black, but all-encompassing, with everything appearing as tiny as fireflies in the night in front of this black pupil, as if one look would trap you inside.

While the white pupil became concentrated with silver light, vast like the Star Realm, ethereal, yet like a dustless bright mirror reflecting everything only to return to nothingness in the end.

"Is this the Body Fate Talisman of the Sacred Artifact?"

Feeling the abundant Spiritual Power imprinted on his pupils, Yang Yan could not help but feel a sense of awe.

It was only now that he truly witnessed the power of a Sacred Artifact.

But this also proved that he was correct in his guess; this Sacred Artifact indeed had its own agenda.

Thus, after a series of negotiations, Yang Yan finally reached an agreement with the Sacred Artifact that had pulled him into this situation.

You take the benefit, you do the work, that's how everyone gets what they need.

The key is that, often, the parties involved find themselves unable to control their own destiny.

Just like how Yang Yan initially promised the Primordial Spirits within the inner space of Nascent Void he'd do his best to rescue them, but after understanding the stakes, had to give up on the plan to break the Holy Artifact Naxu, that was treated as a Spatial Spiritual Treasure, and instead help it solve urgent problems.

And only by first helping Nascent Void through its crisis would there be a chance to rescue the trapped Primordial Spirits within.

Being inexplicably swept into this situation, even though he did gain some significant opportunities, Yang Yan still felt quite displeased, with a persistent anger pent up in his heart that needed to be vented.

Now that the deal was struck, it was finally time to get back at Nascent Void for the way it had previously teased him like a monkey.

"Just handing over these two Body Fate Talismans to me, aren't you afraid I'll run away and keep them to myself?"

After the black and white colors circulated in Yang Yan's pupils for a while, they gradually faded, and Yang Yan looked at it with teasing eyes, smirking.

Although he didn't know exactly what these Body Fate Talismans were, but since Nascent Void valued them so much, capable of determining its fate, they must be quite important.

If he were to play a little prank with them, what would Nascent Void think?

"Just kidding. My Body Fate Talismans are also considered parts of the Sacred Artifact. Besides those Great Power figures stronger than me, no one can take them away without my consent."

"Moreover, with them on you, I can constantly monitor your actions. Of course, we can also ensure we stay in contact."

"It is you who should be careful. Although no one can rob them from you, possessing treasures might bring trouble from some local races."

"While they don't compare to the things I'm suppressing, they could still be trouble for you..."

However, seemingly seeing through Yang Yan's thoughts, Nascent Void responded with much humanity, even turning the tables on Yang Yan.

Yang Yan instantly felt a déjà vu sensation of being tricked by Ao Tian multiple times.

Was he still too young, being left with not even scraps by these old monsters every time he was duped?

And this time, he was arguing with an artifact, not even a human!

In the subsequent banter, Yang Yan learned a more troubling piece of news.

He had thought that he now gained control over the entire space of the Demon Cave, only to be informed by Nascent Void that its own power had been significantly reduced due to corrupting forces.

The control hub transferred to Yang Yan could only monitor the entire space, but couldn't allow him to act as he wished as he assumed.

From a VIP player reverting to an advanced player, all the privileges of manipulating space restrictions and freely using the Power of Space were revoked, leaving only a full-viewing map.

Finally, only after considering Yang Yan's potential predicament did Nascent Void apportion some Power of Space for his use.

And this portion of Power of Space was solely for teleportation purposes.

Chapter 1228: Unease

According to Nascent Void, you can transmit yourself or the other party to anywhere inside it or inside the Demon Cave, but there are only five chances in total.

Knowing that the conversation would become more stifling, it would have been better to finish it early and leave sooner. Instead, I stayed here and invited trouble.

"Before you leave, please help me with one last thing," Nascent Void said casually. "There is more Evil Qi leaking due to my new injuries, and it's all concentrated on the first floor now."

"Please clear it away with your Gathering Technique before it spreads. Do it quickly! Because I can sense that on the lowest floor of this residence, something else seems to have also been infected by the Evil Qi..."

Hearing this, Yang Yan's pupils contracted, and he immediately realized that the things Nascent Void mentioned were likely the corpses he had piled at the door.

Without time to think it over, Yang Yan immediately summoned Star Night and rushed down to the base of the tower.

The newly-added injuries to Nascent Void were likely caused when he and Hu forcibly broke the space blockade of Nascent Void.

So, to some extent, the Evil Qi that took advantage of the situation was also his doing.

Moreover, it was his failure to deal with those corpses that allowed the Evil Qi to dwell there.

Given that, he felt it was his responsibility to go and deal with it.

As Yang Yan left, Hu, originally with a calm face, glared fiercely at Nascent Void and said disdainfully, "I thought you were an ancient being existing for thousands of millennia, yet you secretly play tricks on a Foundation Establishment Realm junior cultivator."

Hu had already seen that Yang Yan fell passive in front of Nascent Void because Nascent Void had secretly released a wisp of Spiritual Suppression. He was surprised and displeased by this move.

"Uh..."

Nascent Void was a bit embarrassed, not knowing how to respond for a moment.

It considered itself wise its whole life, but this little guy saw through its hidden tricks, making it feel slightly embarrassed, its brow furrowed, asking solemnly, "Have you formed a Soul Contract with this human?!"

"Hmm, how did you know!" Hu nodded and asked inquisitively.

Nascent Void sighed gently and spoke softly, "You are the second in the Void Devouring Race's history to form a Soul Contract with a human..."

"Hmm? The second?" Hu's eyes showed a trace of astonishment, incredulously asking, "Then who was the first?"

Nascent Void sighed again, softly uttering four words, "Perished, and Dao vanished!"

Hu visibly paused.

It also heard the slight regret and loss in Nascent Void's tone, wisely choosing not to interrupt.

Nascent Void paused, then came back from his loss and shifted the topic, "Humans are born weak but rise among the Ten Thousand Races, ruling the wilderness, so they should not be underestimated."

"But most humans have impure bloodlines, short of Bloodline Power, making growth difficult. For you, it may not be much of a benefit, you still need to think it through."

Though he said that, Nascent Void did not insist on opposing.

Because it could see that Yang Yan had a determined mind and exceptional talent, indeed a promising material.

It even found Yang Yan's fate impenetrable, which had never happened before.

After pondering for a moment, it continued, "I hope you assist him generously, not to disgrace the Void Devouring Race's reputation. Disasters will arise in the future with not much I can do."

...

In the past, Nascent Void would have surely opposed.

But now, it had witnessed the rise and fall of the world, the decline of mighty races, realizing that nothing in the world is eternal, nothing is immortal.

Surviving nine deaths and reaching this state, it felt everything was illusory. Why not let go of obsessions, watching clouds and tides as they change?

Huh?

How strange!

Unimaginable that even the once noble Nascent Void Divine Artifact would have moments of sentimentality.

Were it not for seeing it firsthand, it would be unimaginable!

Of course, such words Hu could never speak aloud.

It could only sigh silently in its heart.

Two flowers bloom, each representing a branch.

Let's talk about Yang Yan, who rushed anxiously to the base of the tower, brow furrowed so tightly it seemed like water could drip from it.

Gazing in astonishment at the scene before him, his entire body on high alert.

"This Evil Qi is not simple at all."

Yang Yan floated in mid-air, Star Night revolving around him. Observing the increasingly dense Evil Qi ahead and the corpses at the door turning grayish-white, he couldn't help but mutter to himself.

About to meditate and operate the Gathering Technique to draw in the Evil Qi, but a faint sense of danger rose in his heart.

Surveying his surroundings, Yang Yan found no threat, attributing it perhaps to his nerves being overly tense, causing anxiety.

Soon after, he calmed his mind and began meditating for Qi Gathering in a place with a wide view.

Yet unexpectedly, some of the Evil Qi gathered around him, while most of it converged towards the pile of corpses, the speed increasing.

Yang Yan had to stop absorbing the Evil Qi immediately, his entire body cautious again, his Divine Sense extending bit by bit to feel everything around.

However, all seemed normal, ultimately finding nothing.

He hesitated for a moment, holding Star Night as he cautiously approached the pile of corpses.

But this time, he dared not extend his Divine Sense.

Because just now, as he cautiously extended his Divine Sense, he astonishingly discovered that the Evil Qi was subtly eroding his soul!

Such concealment nearly evaded his detection.

But that is no surprise.

In the Evil Qi-pervaded base of the tower, no matter how strong the Soul Power, it cannot entirely escape the erosion of the Evil Qi.

Especially when actively releasing it, the erosion speed naturally quickens.

Yang Yan sealed his soul, finally clearing the gradual sense of erosion.

As he approached several meters from the pile of corpses, Yang Yan gathered all his strength, wielding Star Night and cleaving downward, the gale swirling.

The anticipated fierce battle did not occur, the corpses turned into grayish-white dust filling the tower base, without any mutation occurring.

But the unease in Yang Yan's heart did not fade, becoming more intense.

Once the dust settled, nothing remained but the pervasive Evil Qi.

Yang Yan steadied his mindset, again collecting his mind to meditate for Qi Gathering.

Yet, the calmer the surroundings, the warier he became.

Strangely, no anomalies appeared for the longest time, and training went exceptionally smoothly.

However, Yang Yan knew very well that calm always precedes the storm.

Sure enough!

Just as he finished Qi Gathering, preparing to stop, an Evil Spirit wrapped in a mass of crimson Evil Qi suddenly attacked from the ground.

Caught off guard, Yang Yan immediately felt his mind dazed, his Primordial Spirit wavering.

Fortunately, Yang Yan had some precautions, and with his strong Soul Power, he quickly stabilized his mind, barely fending off this sneak attack.

Having failed with one strike, the Evil Spirit grew angry, gathering the remaining surrounding Evil Qi for a concentrated attack.

But Yang Yan, having come to his senses, would not fall into the trap again!

He quickly protected his mind while directing Star Night with his Divine Sense to resist the Evil Spirit's invasion.

Star Night, possessing strong soul power naturally, was even more at ease under Yang Yan's Divine Sense coverage, neutralizing the Evil Spirit's attack within dozens of rounds.

Chapter 1229: Out

The breath in his body stabilized, Yang Yan channeled his full Soul Power and merged as one with the Star Night Sword and Man Unity. Under the Evil Spirit's terror, he cleaved down with all his might, annihilating it in an instant.

The Sword Aura of the Star Night Sword flickered, and the Evil Spirit's transformed Soul Power was quickly absorbed clean. Only then did Yang Yan nod slightly, and flew toward the top of the tower with Sword Control.

After Yang Yan returned, he deliberately put on a relaxed face and told them that all the Evil Qi on the lower level had been taken care of.

Hu looked at Yang Yan's somewhat pale face and couldn't help feeling a bit worried, asking:

"Yan, what kind of trouble did you run into?"

Hearing this guy address him like that, Yang Yan couldn't help glaring at him fiercely.

Though speaking in terms of age, it actually wasn't such a big deal for him to call him that.

So he didn't press the matter too much and slowly recounted what he had just encountered.

Hu listened, his heart jumping in fright again and again.

It really didn't want to be that unlucky—just after forming a Soul Contract with a human, the other party would drop dead.

Just thinking about it left him a bit shaken.

Nascent Void, on the other hand, stayed calm the whole time.

Not to mention that its hundreds of millions of years of worldly experience allowed it to remain unfazed even if Mount Tai collapsed before its eyes, besides, this tower's entire region was under the coverage of its Divine Sense.

Everything Yang Yan had just experienced was known to it, and at the same time it approved of Yang Yan even more.

Man and beast chatted for quite a while, yet Nascent Void never spoke. Yang Yan couldn't hold back and used Divine Sense and Telepathy to inquire.

Only then did he learn the Evil Spirit's true nature.

According to Nascent Void, it had originally been a relatively powerful Primordial Spirit that, after being eroded by Evil Qi, evolved into an Evil Spirit, then devoured the Residual Souls of the newly dead, thus becoming so powerful.

If they had been any later and allowed it to grow, Yang Yan's trip this time would likely have been in grave danger.

After Nascent Void finished explaining to man and tiger, it transmitted: "It's time for you two to leave."

It couldn't remain awake all the time; otherwise the consumption would be too great and detrimental to the seal here.

After giving a reminder, Nascent Void didn't wait for Yang Yan and Hu to reply. It opened a Space Passage on the spot.

Then, after issuing another round of instructions, it sent man and tiger into the Space Passage, helping them leave.

When Yang Yan and Hu disappeared, the top of the tower returned to silence.

Yet from the Void came a Divine Thought: "Placing my Lifebound Seal Talisman on you more or less gives you two extra lives. Great chaos is about to begin; it won't be long before we meet again."

What Yang Yan didn't know was that, on the surface, Nascent Void had him take its Lifebound Seal Talisman out to reinforce the seal, but in truth it was for protection.

Since he loved the house, he loved the crow upon it; it truly did not want the clansmen it had once protected to die and vanish because of a Soul Contract.

The Space Passage Nascent Void casually opened was, in terms of quality, undoubtedly far superior to the spatial rift that those three Primordial Spirits, each comparable to the Nascent Soul Realm, had barely torn open with their combined strength.

The Space Passage that those three Dragon Children had exhausted themselves to open was not only unstable, but also required them to expend their own strength to move within it. The difference was obvious at a glance.

The Space Passage opened by the Holy Artifact Naxu was not only consummate in stability, but also greatly reduced the difficulty of traversing space.

It was called a Space Passage, yet the high-dimensional passage region had already been compressed to the extreme, causing the entrance and exit to almost coincide, its thickness thinner than a blade's tip.

In other words, once you stepped in from one end, you didn't need to cross any distance at all—you could directly emerge from the other end.

As a result, by the time Yang Yan and Hu had already emerged from this Space Passage, they hadn't even felt a thing, as if they had simply taken an ordinary step while walking.

If not for the change in scenery before his eyes, he wouldn't have been sure whether he had truly only moved one step, or had taken a step that crossed two spaces.

No sooner had Yang Yan and Hu stepped out of this Space Passage than the exit on this side vanished like a television screen being switched off, disappearing without a trace as though it had never existed.

And the instant this Space Passage disappeared, Yang Yan suddenly felt a sense of release, like seeing the sky again after emerging from darkness.

Yang Yan himself couldn't quite explain what this feeling was.

It was as if the gloom that had been pressing over his head all along suddenly dispersed.

This feeling could be described as seeing clear skies after the clouds parted, or as a sudden epiphany.

More straightforwardly, when Yang Yan had been in the space where Nascent Void resided, it was as if an ordinary person were in a state of oxygen deficiency—his brain just didn't work that well.

Once he left that region, Yang Yan immediately felt his thoughts becoming much clearer.

Yet whenever he recalled his communication with Nascent Void, Yang Yan still couldn't help but feel an indescribable sense of powerlessness.

As if he had been left with psychological shadow, he instinctively didn't want to recall it.

If Yang Yan were to tell Hu about this feeling, Hu would definitely understand that he had previously suffered Spiritual Suppression from that Sacred Artifact.

Unfortunately, after carefully checking his soul and Divine Sense and finding nothing unusual, Yang Yan didn't think too much about it and tossed this strange feeling to the back of his mind.

This Sacred Artifact also possessed intelligence and could talk; who knew what insights it might have about forging a Soul Artifact? Alas, he should have asked before leaving.

Nascent Void, Nascent Void—judging from the name, it should clearly be a Space Artifact, yet it was being used for suppression.

Still, this sort of pinnacle mastery of space really made one nostalgic...

I wonder if the Wu Kong I brought from the Hidden World could receive some guidance?

He could only wait until the next time they met.

Once this Spiritual Suppression was lifted, several ideas surged into Yang Yan's mind at once, making him pause for a moment and subconsciously turn back to look.

Seeing that the place behind him, which should have been Nascent Void's location, was already a different scene entirely, Yang Yan remembered that he had already been teleported to another area.

Perhaps because the layout of this building was relatively similar to Nascent Void's dwelling, he couldn't help but compare the two.

"Yan, what are you zoning out for? Where do we go next? I don't know the way!"

Hu, who had walked ahead on his own for a distance, saw that Yang Yan hadn't caught up and called out.

Then he saw Yang Yan's pensive expression suddenly turn into a wicked grin. Those two eyes fixed on him, making his heart tremble and giving rise to a bad premonition.

"Ah... yelling 'Yan' every other word feels pretty good, huh?"

Yang Yan twisted his neck, his finger joints cracking loudly as he smiled warmly at him.

"Crap, I'm done for!"

Seeing Yang Yan's posture, Hu's heart tightened. He immediately understood that after putting up with it for so long, Yang Yan was about to start his revenge. His legs oiled themselves and he bolted.

"Come back!"

Soul Fire coiled around Yang Yan's fingertips, and chains shot out in all directions, swiftly sealing off Hu's escape route.

Catching Hu while he was at his wit's end, Yang Yan suddenly sprang forward, pinned Hu down, and gave him a thorough beating.

"Yan your sister, Yan your grandpa, who are you calling Yan! Remember this, I'm called Yang Yan—Mu Yi's Yang, the Yan of Words Become Law. Call me Yang Yan!"

With every phrase, Yang Yan landed a heavy punch on Hu, and only stopped after he was done speaking.

Back on Earth, Ruyi and Yang Bo—a Cyan Dragon and a Flood Dragon—both had to call him dad.

Other than an elderly contemporary Chinese medicine doctor he'd met while running a clinic, who ignorantly called him Yan, anyone who knew his identity and strength wouldn't dare act like Hu and keep calling him Yan.

He might not have forced everyone to address him as Moonlight, but that didn't mean he was tolerant enough to accept the nickname "Yan."

Seeing the light on Hu's body flicker weakly, Yang Yan believed he should have learned his lesson.

Chapter 1230: Enduring Hardship

"Aren't you also calling me Hu..."

Huzi held his head helplessly, muttering softly.

Yang Yan was taken aback, he really couldn't find a retort.

Was he really going to use the master-servant contract to suppress it?

If he really did that, it would not be far from a fallout between them, which was not what Yang Yan wanted to see.

"I just got used to it."

Yang Yan casually made up an excuse to gloss it over.

After correcting the name, Yang Yan simply took a rest where he was.

Counting the unpleasant time spent with the Nascent Void, on the whole, Yang Yan had been separated from the Ancient Abyss Sect for more than a week.

With the four swordsmen and Lin Zimu around, unless they encountered troubles similar to his own, nothing major should happen.

And during this week, he had garnered no small harvest.

First of all, what he felt most satisfied with was upgrading the Star Night.

Add to that the consolidation of the Evil Qi Pearl, a great weapon, and uncovering some secrets of this place.

Furthermore, he had tamed a seemingly extraordinary pet, seized a mid-Foundation Establishment puppet, and obtained a map of the entire Demon Cave, along with five space teleportation opportunities...

But with these came no small responsibilities.

Although the Nascent Void only required it to take out two Body Fate Talismans, from what he had said, this task was not easy to complete.

Forget it!

As the saying goes, soldiers will come to block, water will come to cover.

If he hesitated because of the hidden risks before him, then what treasure was he still seeking?!

Therefore, he was now just worried whether there were others with the same great opportunities as him, such people were what Yang Yan needed to deal with seriously.

After all, the longer the delay, the greater the variables.

Just like when he earlier encountered two groups of cultivators, not lacking peak Foundation Establishment.

These two groups didn't belong to the ten major sects, but should be some smaller forces, or eighth or ninth level sects.

The strongest among them were only at peak Foundation Establishment, not much compared to the ten sects, but still not to be ignored.

The reason being, the Demon Cave's ban doesn't allow Golden Core cultivators to enter, thus the ten sects could only send numerous disciples to seek opportunities.

But these small forces, however, could freely enter and exit without restriction.

No matter how they reached the inner circle, once they rushed in, the balance of power within the Demon Cave could be shattered instantly.

At this rate, even the disciples of the ten sects wouldn't be able to stand against these seasoned veterans in the end.

The burly man earlier would still take the sects behind them into account, but what about the Sect Leaders, Hall Masters, or Gang Leaders of these small forces?

In the face of interests, these forces, which have long been adept at seeking fortune, would have little scruples?!

Especially when more people come in, a situation of too many monks and too little gruel is inevitable.

At that time, all forces would determine wins and losses by strength, and a major reshuffle is inevitable.

Headache!

Thinking of this, Yang Yan furrowed his brows, sighed, then opened his eyes.

Having been missing for so long, it was time to "come out of seclusion"!

Elsewhere, Ouyang Jinjie decisively took action, wanting to seize this opportunity to wipe out the Ancient Abyss Sect crowd.

As for the several from the Pill Sect, they would do it conveniently!

Since they had already offended, why bother making things difficult for himself?

He immediately teamed up with the Lingying Sect people to launch a thunderous attack on the Pill Sect and Ancient Abyss Sect's entourage.

Although the four swords were present, along with Lin Zimu and Ye Changqing, experts in the Foundation Establishment Realm, the lineup seemed strong, but facing the joint forces of the Lingying Sect and Yizheng Sect, it still appeared somewhat lacking.

As expected, under the assault led by Ouyang Jinjie and Yu Ling, Lin Zimu, Ye Changqing, and others' formation quickly collapsed, their disciples suffered heavy casualties.

Without the intense resistance of the four swordsmen and Lin Zimu, a few would have already become corpses.

"Haha! Ye, oh Ye, why did you have to get involved in this mess? Such a pity for the Life Spirit Flame." Ouyang Jinjie looked at the bedraggled group with a mocking smile and said.

Ye Changqing directly ignored him and focused on feeding pills to his seriously injured disciples.

"You're courting death!" Ouyang Jinjie immediately restrained his smile, eyes glimmering darkly, and became the first to charge at several people.

"Hmph! My fate is my own, not heaven's, if you want to kill me, you'll have to pay the price." Lin Zimu stood up to him unyieldingly.

Everyone then followed up.

However, the four swords were struggling, finding it hard to fight without restraint.

They still had to protect Guoguo and several heavily injured people.

Despite their best resistance, after several rounds, except for the four swordsmen, Lin Zimu, Ye Changqing, and Guoguo, all other disciples perished.

The few were also on the brink of exhaustion, had it not been for the plentiful pills the Pill Sect group carried, they might not have been able to hold on until now.

"Ouyang Jinjie, my father won't let you get away with this!"

"Kill us, and you'll face the endless wrath of the Ancient Abyss Sect and the Pill Sect!" Guoguo was on the edge of collapse, hysterically shrieking.

"Yo! Are you using your sect to pressure me, or asking me to spare you?" Ouyang Jinjie sneered, eyes lingering over Guoguo, "If you can serve this master well, I might consider it..."

"You're courting death!"

How could Lin Zimu let his junior sister be humiliated, he held the Chixiao Sword, and struck down at Ouyang Jinjie, meeting the combined counterattack of Yu Ling and Ouyang Jinjie.

As the three passed by, Lin Zimu spat a mouthful of blood, then fell down at the sound.

"Senior brother!"

"Zimu!"

...

Seeing this, Guoguo was already in tears, struggling to run towards Lin Zimu, but was held back tightly by Ye Changqing.

"Haha! The Ancient Abyss Sect's senior disciple, haha! But a false reputation. But Miss Lin, just obediently give in to me! I will make you live lavishly and happily."

Ouyang Jinjie looked at the tear-streaked Guoguo, his arrogance even more pronounced, picked up the Chixiao Sword which fell to the ground, and walked step by step towards Lin Zimu.

"The sword is a good sword, it's just a pity it followed the wrong person, Lin Zimu, remember in your next life, a wise man knows his times, but blame your Ancient Abyss Sect for shining too brightly."

Then raised his hand, the sword fell, stabbing towards the feeble Lin Zimu.

"No..."

Guoguo desperately lunged forward, Ye Changqing and the four swords were also helpless, closing their eyes one after another.

Clang!

A crisp sound like thunder rang in everyone's ears, causing them to look over.

The scene originally expected didn't happen, but what came into view was Yu Ling grabbing the sword in Ouyang Jinjie's hand with one hand, leaving everyone a bit confused.

"Yu, what are you doing?!"

"Ouyang, this Lin Zimu is already a waste, to kill him is but a snap of the fingers, there's no rush, it's better to let him watch his team die in front of him, isn't that more interesting?" Yu Ling smiled broadly, but to the others it was chilling.

"Haha, indeed you have thought it through, Yu." Ouyang Jinjie hesitated for a moment, then said with a smile.

He was definitely not an indecisive person, otherwise he wouldn't have emerged from among the disciples to become the new senior disciple after the previous one's death.

But now Yu Ling spoke, he couldn't very well refuse him, after all, he still needed his help, as for later that would be for another time.