

Powerful 1231

Chapter 1231: The Wolf Arrives

"Brothers, charge! Capture them, and we'll divide the Spiritual Treasures."

Ouyang Jinjie led the assault toward the remaining two with fierce determination, knowing well the peril of prolonging delays.

"Si Jian, protect Guoguo."

Faced with the onslaught of attackers, Ye Changqing, despite his fear, charged forward resolutely.

As Guo Guoguo fell into despair, about to take her own life to avoid disgrace, a reprimanding voice wrapped in Primordial Power filled her ears.

"Yizheng Sect and Lingying Sect, how dare you!"

The one who arrived in response was none other than Yang Yan, accompanied by the Void-Devouring Tiger.

The crowd stared in shock at the man and tiger before them; some were delighted, others astonished.

"Yang, I knew you would come! All our fellow disciples have been sacrificed; only we remain. You must avenge them... sob sob!"

Seeing Yang Yan's arrival, Guo Guoguo was wild with joy, and all her grievances erupted at once.

Yang Yan consoled her briefly with a Divine Thought, then turned to Ye Changqing and said, "Ye, you've worked hard. Leave the rest to me."

With that, his whole aura surged, angrily rebuking Ouyang Jinjie and the others, "Today, each of you must die!"

The crowd was taken aback by Yang Yan's arrival, further intimidated by his overwhelming presence. It was some time before Ouyang Jinjie regained his composure.

"Hmph! What bold claims. I hadn't expected any extra bounty today. Since you're here, none of you should think about leaving."

Though Yang Yan's reputation was great, Ouyang Jinjie believed that even two fists couldn't tackle four hands.

Could he possibly take on all of them alone?!

Hmph!

He's here just to meet his doom.

This wasn't just his thought; everyone believed the younger generation of the Ancient Abyss Sect would end here, and the entire sect would likely fall from grace.

"Tch! Just a bunch of monkeys. My Yan will beat you as if you're kids, so much that not even your mothers would recognize you."

The small tiger, who hadn't spoken a word, arrogantly chimed in with a childish voice, truly making an astonishing impact.

Ouyang Jinjie and his men, naturally, were infuriated by Hu's words.

As for Guo Guoguo and Ye Changqing, they looked at Yang Yan with odd expressions, then glanced at the tiger cub beside him.

They had no idea the seemingly harmless cub was the renowned Void-Devouring Tiger Race.

Though they had inexplicable trust in Yang Yan, the opposing numbers were daunting, led by Yu Ling and Ouyang Jinjie; to say they weren't worried would be a lie.

Yang Yan glared sharply at the Void-Devouring Tiger, but without further ado, he took control of Star Night, wielding the four swords, advancing towards the enemy.

"Hmph, courting death!"

Yu Ling and Ouyang Jinjie were truly shocked by Yang Yan's move, thinking he was merely stalling for time, only to realize he dared face many peers alone as if driven insane.

Yet, though surprised, these two were leaders of the younger generation among the Ten Sects; they were not to be underestimated.

Leading their teams, Ouyang Jinjie and Yu Ling began to outflank Yang Yan.

However, no matter what tricks they used to surround Yang Yan, they struggled to contain him.

In fact, they instead became targets, caught off-guard and injured by Yang Yan.

This unexpected outcome left the crowd furious.

At this moment, Yang Yan maneuvered Star Night, protected by the four swords, simultaneously attacking and defending with speed—so much so that neither Ouyang Jinjie nor Yu Ling could handle him.

If he wished to escape, no one could stop him now.

Thankfully, there were still a few burdens, forcing him to stay.

Therefore, they must also capture Yang Yan!

If he escaped and the matter became known, it would definitely spark a sect war, something they couldn't endure.

Once a sect war erupted, the remaining sects among the Ten Sects would certainly intervene.

Regardless of victory or defeat, the strength of the sect would undoubtedly suffer greatly, perhaps even leading to its downfall.

Thus, no matter the cost, Yang Yan must die today!

Though Ouyang Jinjie, Yu Ling, and others were anxious, with only Yang Yan, significant complications seemed unlikely.

With many against few, they could afford to drag out the time.

When Yang Yan exhausts his energy, he will be nothing but a slaughter lamb.

Guo Guoguo and Ye Changqing saw their intentions and couldn't help but worry.

Meanwhile, Hu leisurely reached for food, causing the two to grit their teeth in frustration.

Guo Guoguo grabbed him, ruffling his tiger head, exasperated, "Little tiger cub, do you believe I'll stew you for soup?"

As she spoke, Guo Guoguo licked her lips.

"Roar for what? Call me the Devouring Void Master and take your paw off." Surprisingly, the Void-Devouring Tiger wasn't angry, its body slightly glowing, shaking Guoguo's hand away.

This left Ye Changqing and Guo Guoguo truly amazed.

Who would have thought the seemingly harmless cub could easily escape from Guo Guoguo, who had reached the ninth level of Qi Cultivation?!

Hu glanced lightly at Ye Changqing before saying, "The flames in your body aren't bad."

The statement left Ye Changqing stunned.

He had never used Life Spirit Flame before it, yet it recognized it in an instant?!

This little tiger was extraordinary!

Hu ignored Ye Changqing's shock, knowing Guo Guoguo's concern for Yang Yan, so it set aside its pride, explaining:

"Yan is merely toying with them now, making them think he's harmless. The real show is still to come!"

After speaking, it leapt, shrinking to the size of a kitty, and perched on Guoguo's shoulder to nap.

This behavior left the two speechless, resulting in mutual, bitter smiles.

Now wasn't the time to delve into the cub's origins; they shifted their attention to the battle.

Yang Yan continued to use Star Night's speed to outmaneuver the crowd, occasionally launching sudden attacks with clear effects, yet consuming a significant amount of Primordial Power.

Though angry, Ouyang Jinjie and others didn't give up, employing various means to deplete Yang Yan's strength.

"Watch out for hidden weapons!"

Yang Yan's sudden shout startled Ouyang Jinjie and his men, causing them to stumble, only to find it a bluff, further infuriating everyone.

Nearby, Ye Changqing, Guoguo, and Lin Zimu—who had just been revived by Ye Changqing with elixirs—couldn't help but chuckle.

In the ensuing skirmishes, Yang Yan occasionally called out, frustrating the crowd to no end until they no longer reacted to his cries.

Seeing this, Yang Yan's lips subtly curled, revealing several small spheres that had appeared in his hand at some point.

"Behold my super invincible Celestial Thunder," he suddenly declared forcefully.

"Hmph! I want to see what tricks you have," scoffed Ouyang Jinjie.

No sooner had he spoken than a massive explosion erupted within their numbers.

In an instant, more than half of the forces of Yizheng Sect and Lingying Sect were decimated.

Yu Ling, unable to evade, was also struck by the shockwave, sustaining serious injuries.

The remaining people were pale, watching as living people turned to ash in a heartbeat, their hearts gripped by a tremendous shock.

"This... this is Evil Qi!"

Someone stammered.

Consequently, everyone shivered, looking at Yang Yan in disbelief, as if facing a demon.

Chapter 1223: Hu Disappears

Boom!

The injured Yu Ling had just reacted when he heard another loud bang.

The crowd that was so aggressive just now, now only the severely injured Yu Ling and the death-like-faced Ouyang Jinjie remained.

The rest couldn't bear it. Some had already fainted, while others were left wailing in agony, wishing they were dead.

"Sigh! I warned you, why didn't you listen?"

Yang Yan weighed the small ball in his hand and looked playfully at the few remaining people in the scene, a mocking cold smile tugging at his lips.

This smile, like a cat playing with a mouse, scared several people to their core.

Seeing Yang Yan's posture, if he were to give them another one, there probably wouldn't be a single survivor!

However, Yang Yan was reluctant to waste the treasure in his hand.

If not for the overwhelming number of opponents earlier, he wouldn't have used it so easily.

After all, this thing is hard to come by and can be vital at critical moments.

"You... how can you condense Evil Qi!" Ouyang Jinjie looked at Yang Yan in horror, trembling all over, even stuttering.

"At King Yama's place, perhaps you'll find the answer!" Murderous intent exuded from Yang Yan, each syllable fluttering like flying knives.

But just as he was about to strike, he casually glanced at the napping Void-Devouring Tiger, not helping but slightly lifting the corner of his mouth.

His figure flashed, and he instantly teleported beside Guoguo, grabbing the napping Void-Devouring Tiger and tossing it toward Ouyang Jinjie's group.

"Hu, it's up to you now."

Yang Yan waved his hand, and the murderous intent in his eyes slightly diminished.

"Yan, I'm not done with you... Ah!"

The Void-Devouring Tiger charged at Ouyang Jinjie's group like mad, and the certainty of death suddenly gave them hope again.

They were also once heavenly talents, how could they fear a little tiger cub?!

However, upon contact with Hu, they realized the terror of the little tiger cub before them!

After several rounds, the group died in terror, truly shocking Ye Changqing, Lin Zimu, and Guo Guoguo.

Ouyang Jinjie and Yu Ling were both at the peak strength of the Foundation Establishment Realm. Although they had been greatly exhausted in their previous battle with Yang Yan, and Yu Ling was severely injured, killing them wouldn't be so easy.

But the bloody reality was right before their eyes, leaving Ye Changqing no choice but to believe.

Yet, everyone's hearts couldn't help but lament the deaths of Ouyang Jinjie and Yu Ling.

No one expected that these two stellar figures would become mere targets for the little tiger cub to vent its anger with just a single encounter.

Bright throughout half their lives, yet dying so humiliatingly, it's truly sad and lamentable.

Just as the two were stunned, Hu was furious, letting out several long roars, shocking everyone.

If it were before, Hu would be relentless, but the current situation was not the time to dwell on such trivial matters.

It wisely ground its teeth, fiercely glared at Yang Yan, and lazily jumped onto Guoguo's shoulder to nap.

Yang Yan shrugged, then spoke worriedly, "With Ouyang Jinjie and Yu Ling dead, Yizheng Sect and Lingying Sect surely won't let this go."

"Although no one else knows besides us, they will surely point fingers at us, even if aware it wasn't our doing."

"However, the time isn't ripe yet. It's not time to fall out with them. For now, we should clean up this mess."

Then, Yang Yan turned to look at Ye Changqing, leaving him at a loss and quickly said:

"Don't worry, Yang. Our Pill Sect is involved as well. Moreover, strictly speaking, this matter was caused by us. We lost over a dozen disciples, and we are sworn enemies now! So, regardless of the outcome, we will stand on the same side as Ancient Abyss Sect."

Yang Yan smiled, gently saluting the other party, "With your words, Ye, that's enough. But, I didn't mean that."

"Oh, then what are your insights, Yang?" Ye Changqing was puzzled by Yang Yan's words and asked with doubt.

Yang Yan smiled and explained, "Actually, I just wanted to use your Life Spirit Flame to clean up the battlefield."

Upon hearing this, Ye Changqing snapped out of it.

It turned out Yang Yan wanted to use the Life Spirit Flame within him to deal with these bodies.

"However, we need to collect some interest beforehand, otherwise it's too lenient on them."

Yang Yan finished speaking, then walked toward Ouyang Jinjie and Yu Ling's corpses.

As expected, with just a simple search, he obtained two Space Rings.

After checking them in his palm, Yang Yan's face rarely showed a smile.

Yang Yan wasn't very interested in the Space Artifacts on the other corpses either.

Even though a sparrow is small, it's still meat, naturally, he wouldn't let them go.

After the group collected all the spoils, Ye Changqing mobilized his Life Spirit Flame to completely erase all traces.

Guoguo cried tears again.

After all, losing so many fellow disciples, claiming not to be sad would be false.

Yang Yan looked at the gradually disappearing bodies before him, his eyes gleaming coldly, silently determined in his heart to make Yizheng Sect and Lingying Sect pay a bloody price in the future.

After a wave of sadness, everyone collected their emotions and quietly assisted the severely injured Lin Zimu, quickly leaving this troublesome place.

Along the way, Yang Yan disclosed all his encounters over the past few days to the group.

His experiences truly shocked everyone.

If not from Yang Yan's mouth, no one would dare believe it.

Especially the identity of the Void-Devouring Tiger, it made everyone marvel endlessly.

At the same time, everyone became more interested and filled with longing about what was inside the Demon Cave.

Although the Demon Cave is dangerous, entering it is a risky endeavor. But risks and opportunity coexist.

The group hurried to a canyon, found a cave, organized it slightly, and began meditating to recover quickly.

After all, no one knows what will happen next.

Even with Yang Yan and the Void-Devouring Tiger beside them, no one wants to become a burden.

Among them, Lin Zimu was seriously injured. Although he hadn't worsened under Ye Changqing's medicinal care, it couldn't be delayed further.

Fortunately, Ye Changqing was there, allowing Lin Zimu to receive timely treatment.

Yang Yan felt more at ease and brought Guoguo and Si Jian outside the cave to check the situation.

It wasn't until much later that Yang Yan realized the Void-Devouring Tiger had vanished without a trace.

For a moment, he couldn't help but feel worried.

"Guoguo, didn't you notice when the little tiger cub left?" Yang Yan asked Guoguo beside him.

The Void-Devouring Tiger was most attached to her, logically, she should know some clues.

Unexpectedly, Guoguo shook her head lightly, awkwardly saying, "Since entering the cave, I didn't know when it slipped off my shoulder."

On the surface, she spoke lightly, but deep down, Guoguo was truly shocked.

This guy had been napping on her shoulder, but really didn't know when it left.

Chapter 1233: Expel Wolves and Subdue Tigers

Yang Yan was also aware of the Void-Devouring Tiger's abilities and didn't continue questioning, instead turned his head to instruct the Four Swords to search in four directions while he himself extended his Divine Sense to search the surroundings.

Ten miles, twenty miles, fifty miles, a hundred miles...

Just as he was reaching the limit of his search and about to retract his Divine Sense and give up, he discovered the sneaky Void-Devouring Tiger.

At the same time, his eyes lit up, and his face was full of joy. He turned to Guo Guoguo and said, "Stand guard here for me, and notify me through telepathy if something urgent comes up."

At the same time, he sent a telepathic message to Mu Qingcheng, Gongsun Ruyan, and Xiaocao to return and help Guo Guoguo protect the two who were healing, while he went alone to the location of the Void-Devouring Tiger.

At this moment, the Void-Devouring Tiger was stealthily sneaking into a cliff nest, seemingly preparing to raid the Cyan Scale Eagle's home.

Perhaps only a cub from the Void-Devouring Tiger Race would dare to act so recklessly.

The Cyan Scale Eagle, mutated from a Golden-winged Roc, despite its diluted Divine Beast bloodline, was extraordinarily powerful and also a local tyrant.

The cub tiptoed into the nest, snatched up an egg as big as itself, and began munching away. In a short while, the egg became a meal.

If anyone saw this scene, they would definitely beat their chests and curse at the wastefulness.

Because even one Cyan Scale Eagle egg is a priceless treasure in the outside world.

If it could grow successfully, it would definitely become a guardian beast for ordinary sects, with formidable combat power, sweeping across regions.

After devouring the egg completely, this fellow sneakily slipped away before leaving.

Before leaving, it didn't forget to take two eggshells.

Judging by its experienced demeanor, it had surely done this many times before.

The Cyan Scale Eagle, noticing the situation, flapped its wings towards the sky, letting out an eagle screech that echoed through the air, stirring up gusts of strong wind.

In an instant, towering ancient trees were snapped, and the hundred beasts in the forest trembled in fear.

Soon, it seemed to sense the aura of its eggs and gave chase.

Meanwhile, the Void-Devouring Tiger was already busy, having thoroughly searched the Black Death Tiger's lair, scooping up its cub for a quick getaway.

Eagles soared through the sky, tigers roared in the mountains, and all beasts lowered their heads.

The once quiet forest had suddenly become extraordinarily noisy.

A tiger and an eagle, joined by the Wolf King and the Flying Mantis, were rushing towards the direction of the Void-Devouring Tiger.

Observing the Void-Devouring Tiger's every move, Yang Yan was flabbergasted.

This guy was so troublesome!

In such a short period, it managed to provoke a whole host of challenging characters.

However, a slight smile emerged on his lips as he muttered to himself, "The praying mantis stalks the cicada, unaware of the oriole behind, but they don't know there's a hunter at the back."

Fortunately, the Void-Devouring Tiger was well-versed in the Path of Space, making it incredibly fast, outpacing almost everyone.

Otherwise, it would have already been caught by the speed-revering Cyan Scale Eagle.

Waiting for it, was an attack by four experts equivalent to the peak of the Foundation Establishment Realm in human terms.

The Void-Devouring Tiger led the four Beast Kings on a chase through half the forest before slowing its pace at the center's cold pool, becoming much more cautious.

When the four Great Beast Kings were about to reach, it unleashed a barrage of attacks upon the cold pool, enraging the Golden Core initial stage Cold Flood Dragon, causing it to search around.

After throwing down the eggshells and Black Death Tiger cub, the Void-Devouring Tiger had already slipped away using its Space Technique.

As expected, a fierce battle was imminent, shaking the entire forest.

At this moment, the Void-Devouring Tiger, hiding in the shadows, wore a smug smile as it watched its handiwork unfold.

It then instantly teleported towards the cold pool where the Cold Flood Dragon resided.

The Void-Devouring Tiger eagerly leaped, diving into the cold pool, and dived deeper until it saw an ice lotus shaped like a dragon blooming at the Flood Dragon's cave entrance. It was rooted on the Flood Dragon's bones, shining brilliantly, with its fragrance permeating and cleansing the Divine Soul, rendering it sacred.

This was the target of all the Void-Devouring Tiger's turmoil!

The Dragon Lotus, which strengthens the Divine Soul and solidifies one's cultivation.

Such treasures are exceedingly rare, priceless, usually found only in places inhabited by the Dragon Race, nurtured by Dragon Qi over many years.

Even though the Cold Flood Dragon was a descendant of the Dragon Race with thin blood, the Dragon Lotus it grew couldn't match those from a True Dragon Nest.

Nevertheless, if this Dragon Lotus were outside, it would definitely cause a bloody struggle.

After all, strengthening the Divine Soul is akin to reaching the heavens, and such medicines that strengthen the Divine Soul are exceedingly rare.

With the target so close, the Void-Devouring Tiger was already visibly excited, hastening its pace.

But just as it was about to reach the Dragon Lotus, a shadow suddenly lunged from the cave, startling the Void-Devouring Tiger.

Upon closer inspection, it turned out to be Yang Yan!

"Yanzi, what are you doing here?!" the Void-Devouring Tiger said somewhat displeased.

Yang Yan glared at it fiercely, then chuckled and praised, "Hu, the way you used Expel Wolves and Subdue Tigers, Stealthy Passage was really good! Where did you learn it?"

Before the Void-Devouring Tiger could bask in its pride, Yang Yan continued, "I'll gladly accept this gift."

Before the Void-Devouring Tiger could react, Yang Yan had deftly harvested the Dragon Lotus into his Space Ring.

Fuming with rage, the Void-Devouring Tiger roared, preparing to fight Yang Yan for his life, but a sudden dragon roar snapped both the man and the tiger to their senses, prompting a hasty escape.

Yang Yan was somewhat surprised.

The Cold Flood Dragon's strength was at the initial Golden Core stage, while the Cyan Scale Eagle, Black Death Tiger, Flying Mantis, and Wolf King were all at the peak of the Foundation Establishment Realm. It seemed a bit challenging for the Cold Flood Dragon to defeat the four Great Beast Kings in such a short time.

Unless the Cold Flood Dragon realized it was a strategy to draw the tiger away from the mountain and decided to abandon its opponents and return to guard.

Although the Cold Flood Dragon's Dragon bloodline was thin, compared to the other four Great Beast Kings, its intelligence awakened much earlier.

With this thought, Yang Yan was at ease.

Now the most urgent matter was how to escape from the Cold Flood Dragon.

Though he could battle across realms, the gap between Foundation Establishment Realm and Golden Core Realm was unimaginable.

If the Foundation Establishment Realm was a nestling, then the Golden Core Realm was an eagle soaring across the Blue Sky—the two were absolutely incomparable.

The dragon's roar echoed through the nine heavens, relentlessly pursuing a man and a tiger, hastily sprinting through the mountains.

"Hu, think of something! Otherwise, we're both done for today."

Yang Yan drove Star Night, pushing its speed to the limit, yet couldn't shake off the Cold Flood Dragon.

He thought, since the Void-Devouring Tiger had spent so long in the Demon Cave, it must know a lot about it, so he couldn't help but inquire.

"Hmph!"

The Void-Devouring Tiger snorted reluctantly.

Ever since following Yang Yan, it had been at a disadvantage everywhere. The once proud Void-Devouring Tiger Race had never suffered such a loss before!

But thinking of the Soul Contract with Yang Yan, it yielded, shouting, "A gentleman's revenge can wait for ten years! Little newt, I'll deal with you later. Yanzi, follow me."

With its voice falling, the Void-Devouring Tiger's body suddenly swelled, biting onto Yang Yan with an explosive speed boost, significantly widening the gap between them and the Cold Flood Dragon.

Roar!

Seeing its prey escaping afar, the infuriated Cold Flood Dragon let out a roar, also speeding up a few notches.

Thus, a man, a tiger, and a dragon chased and fled, galloping across the dense forest.

Wherever they passed, storms gathered, leaving ruin in their wake.

Chapter 1234: Ancient Altar

Yang Yan and the Void-Devouring Tiger both have some understanding of the Path of Space. Although their speed is fast, the Cold Flood Dragon, after all, is a fierce beast in the early Golden Core stage, so how can its speed be slower than two from the Foundation Establishment Realm?

No matter how much the man and the tiger struggled, they couldn't shake off the Cold Flood Dragon's pursuit.

"I say, do you have any good idea to shake off the Cold Flood Dragon?"

Facing the relentless pursuit of the Cold Flood Dragon, Yang Yan was overwhelmed.

Thus, he couldn't help but think of the native here—the Void-Devouring Tiger, hoping it could handle the current predicament.

"If I knew how to get rid of the Cold Flood Dragon, would I be babbling here with you?" The Void-Devouring Tiger gave Yang Yan a fierce glance, as if unable to quell its anger.

"Void-Devouring Tiger, you're really shaming your family."

In a moment of crisis, Yang Yan didn't forget to chip away at this little fellow's arrogance.

His words infuriated the Void-Devouring Tiger even more.

If it weren't for the Cold Flood Dragon behind them, it might have fought Yang Yan one-on-one.

The man and the tiger continued their escape, seemingly about to be caught by the Cold Flood Dragon.

The usually calm Yang Yan was also anxious.

Because the Cold Flood Dragon behind was formidable, he found it difficult to handle.

He couldn't help but lament, "To think that I, Yang Yan, roamed the world brilliantly for decades, is it possible that today I'll be buried in the mouth of this beast?"

As the Cold Flood Dragon approached increasingly, the Void-Devouring Tiger was also flustered.

The Void Devouring Race is proficient in the Path of Space, unmatched in speed.

Facing the shame of being the first Void-Devouring Tiger to die in the mouth of this mixed-blooded beast, it felt unspeakable humiliation.

Man and beast each had their own thoughts, yet before they could catch their breath, the Cold Flood Dragon had already caught up.

With a Divine Dragon Tail Swing, it sent the man and beast flying.

A massive open mouth followed closely behind.

Yang Yan only felt the world go dark, and the next moment he lost consciousness.

"Ah! I haven't lived enough yet, did I die so quickly?" A bout of excruciating pain woke Yang Yan, and he heard the wailing of the Void-Devouring Tiger in his ears.

Yang Yan was in a daze—could he really be dead...

Had he reached the world after death so quickly?

He pinched his own cheek, finding it still painful, and couldn't help but feel a wave of joy in his heart.

At the same time, a heart-wrenching pain coursed through his entire body.

Yang Yan nearly fainted again.

After struggling for a while, he finally managed to stand up and stagger towards the crying Void-Devouring Tiger, slapping it.

"What are you wailing about? You're still not..." Yang Yan choked back his words.

"Not what? We're dead, why are you still bothering me like this?" The Void-Devouring Tiger was crying rivers of tears.

Even though it was in its Primordial Spirit state, it was crying with vivid depiction.

Yang Yan felt a bit reluctant and poked it, saying, "Aren't you not dead yet with me here? You're not alone; I'll cover you, little brother."

Saying so, he leaned against the Void-Devouring Tiger, arm in arm.

The Void-Devouring Tiger stopped sobbing suddenly and looked at Yang Yan thoughtfully, grinding its teeth silently.

"Since we're both dead, can you show me the Dragon Lotus you picked earlier? I've only heard of it, but never seen the real thing."

The Void-Devouring Tiger looked at Yang Yan with pitiful eyes full of little stars.

This gaze made Yang Yan's scalp tingle, and he casually took the Dragon Lotus out from his Space Ring and handed it to the Void-Devouring Tiger.

The Void-Devouring Tiger snatched the Dragon Lotus with lightning speed, a sly victorious grin spreading over its face.

Only then did Yang Yan realize.

This damned thing tricked him!

"Hu... oh no! Devouring Void Master, shall we negotiate again?"

Yang Yan looked attentively at the Void-Devouring Tiger toying with the Dragon Lotus, wearing a fawning expression.

"Please, don't disgust me." The Void-Devouring Tiger was remarkably calm at that moment.

With the Dragon Lotus in hand, was there any need to fear Yang Yan wouldn't comply?

Seeing its smug look, Yang Yan was inwardly furious!

But on the surface, he had to act unbothered.

Because the Dragon Lotus was far too important to him.

The strength of the Divine Soul is inherently not easy, and the cultivation Dharma Gate is even rarer.

Now with a Sacred Artifact before him capable of enhancing the Power of the Divine Soul, how could he let it go?

For the treasure, he had to set aside his pride.

Unfortunately, the Void-Devouring Tiger also saw this, appearing impervious to his persuasion.

No matter how eloquent Yang Yan spoke, it remained unmoved.

In frustration, Yang Yan suddenly had a spark of inspiration, confidently stating, "What if I said I could help you rebuild your body!"

"Are you serious?!" The Void-Devouring Tiger's eyes widened in disbelief.

Yang Yan suddenly burst into hearty laughter, and when he had laughed enough, he put on a serious face and said:

"Since your Primordial Spirit is intact, if there is a corresponding method and materials, do you think it's fake?"

Just as Yang Yan anticipated, nothing could be more tempting to the Void-Devouring Tiger than rebuilding its body.

Hearing his words, the Void-Devouring Tiger's excitement was hard to contain.

Hearing Yang Yan speak with determination, though at first there was some skepticism, it soon became belief.

Almost immediately, its attitude towards Yang Yan changed dramatically, looking flattering.

Yang Yan found it amusing internally but showed no outward reaction; he only intended to help the Void-Devouring Tiger rebuild its body if it returned the Dragon Lotus to him.

The man and the tiger reached an agreement, and then turned their attention to their location.

They both were puzzled as to why they ended up there.

After being hit by the Cold Flood Dragon's tail, both man and beast were shaken, and then lost consciousness.

Yang Yan retained only enough awareness to vaguely perceive that he seemed to have accidentally entered a hidden space.

Since all the surrounding information was entirely isolated, it turned out to be a whole new world.

Uncertain of how they had entered, the best option was to figure out their current location and then find an exit.

Without thinking much, Yang Yan calmed his mind, released his Divine Sense, trying to cover the surrounding space as much as possible.

After some exploration, he roughly understood their current situation.

If his deduction was correct, this should be a basement within the Demon Cave.

And at the very center, they found a grand altar.

The decorations were exceptionally luxurious, festooned with various bejeweled ornaments.

Furthermore, all these gems were refined by experts, even engraved with intricate runes.

However, when Yang Yan attempted to decipher these runes, he discovered they were completely different from any he had known.

Even after half a day of effort, he couldn't ascertain the purpose of these runes.

"I say, Hu, do you have any insight?" Yang Yan couldn't help but ask the native Void-Devouring Tiger beside him.

The Void-Devouring Tiger shook its head dazedly: "Can't tell. These things are too ancient, never before seen."

Yang Yan was thoroughly exasperated.

Since even this fellow claimed not to know, he was naturally helpless.

Thus, the man and the tiger had no choice but to give up on the altar research and start searching the surroundings carefully to see if they could find any useful clues.

Chapter 1235: The Key

Even though he had already given up, Yang Yan couldn't help but ponder everything about this altar in his heart.

He really couldn't quite bring himself to just let it go.

Because he always felt that this altar was extraordinary and surely concealed some special secret.

After all, anyone with a functioning mind would not place a sacrificial site in such an area with sparse spiritual power.

A man and a tiger searched around, still found nothing, and eventually returned to the vicinity of the altar to rest.

Could it be that they were just trapped here?

Both Yang Yan and the Void-Devouring Tiger felt very unwilling in their hearts.

After a period of regulation, Yang Yan regained some energy, and upon opening his eyes again, his attention was drawn to the lampstands beside the altar.

"These... Dragon patterns?"

In the instant he saw the material of the lampstands clearly, Yang Yan seemed to think of something, and his eyes suddenly brightened.

What a treasure!

He immediately began plotting to take these lampstands away at all costs.

Even though until that moment, they had not yet found a way to leave.

No matter what, it's better to hold onto them first!

Yang Yan certainly did not understand what purpose these two lampstands served, but they were carved from whole blocks of Kun Wood.

The dragon patterns on them were naturally formed, vivid and lifelike, as if they were bursting forth with life.

Kun Wood, Ancient Divine Wood, connects heaven and earth, originally the staircase leading to the Immortal Realm.

But during the Ancient God War, it was destroyed in a great battle.

Since then, earth and heaven have been isolated, with no path to traverse.

This was merely something Yang Yan had stumbled upon in the Library Pavilion of the sect, with only a few words describing it.

If it were just its appearance, he couldn't assert it.

The key point is, when he tried to touch it with his Spiritual Sense, he found them appearing so ordinary.

Precisely because of this, Yang Yan was convinced they were the legendary Heaven and Earth Spirit Wood.

He originally thought such things only existed in mythical legends, but unexpectedly saw them here!

And they were carved into lampstands; if not careful, they would have been almost overlooked.

Truly extravagant!

Such a sacred item, if it were before, Yang Yan was sure he wouldn't be able to approach.

Luckily, these items were placed here for who knows how long, with the divine nature almost completely dissipated.

When Yang Yan encountered these lampstands embedded there, he began to fiddle with them, vowing to put these treasures into his pockets.

Although the Void-Devouring Tiger held disdain for Yang Yan's actions, it still needed Yang Yan to help rebuild its body in the future, and began to help him fiddle with them.

"Oh my!"

It was fine until the Void-Devouring Tiger approached, then it let out a sharp scream, staring blankly at the wick, Hu's mouth wide open.

Yang Yan of course knew the reason, couldn't help but glance at it disdainfully, and teased: "As a member of the Void Devouring Race, your ancestors were among the Ancient Divine Beasts, wouldn't you recognize this thing!"

"Look at this wick and the lamp oil!"

Void-Devouring Tiger recovered after a moment, speaking in shock.

Yang Yan felt puzzled.

He too could see the extraordinary nature of the lamp oil and wick, faintly emitting divine nature, but couldn't quite explain it.

"This wick is made from Dragon Sinew, not like the mixed-blood beasts like the Cold Flood Dragon we encountered before, but dragons with True Dragon Bloodline!" The Void-Devouring Tiger's eyes widened in shock as it spoke.

Seeing Yang Yan equally baffled, it continued: "And look at this lamp oil, it's Golden Crow Blood!"

Yang Yan was even more stunned at this.

Originally, Kun Wood was already rare, but who would have thought this entire lamp was no ordinary item.

Dragon Sinew as wick, Golden Crow Blood as lamp oil...

This can no longer be described as luxurious.

Previously, the mysterious altar seemed magnificent, but now it appears it was far underestimated.

Yang Yan naturally wouldn't doubt what the Void-Devouring Tiger said.

After all, as fellow Divine Beasts, they inherit memories ordinary people can hardly imagine, recognizing these things with a special ability.

However, this further solidified Yang Yan's determination to take these items altogether.

Thus, he didn't hesitate any further and began to fiddle with the lampstands.

Unintentionally, Yang Yan seemed to activate some mechanism.

Buzz—

Following a slight tremor, the altar suddenly shone brightly.

Soon, accompanied by a rumbling sound, the altar began to open slowly from the center.

After the brightness faded away, Yang Yan rubbed his stinging eyes and cautiously approached the altar.

Within his view appeared a box intricately patterned with an ancient aura.

Yang Yan tested it a few times, found no danger, and carefully retrieved the box.

And at the moment he took out the box, the entire underground hall suddenly dimmed.

In a blink, it seemed a millennium had passed, with all arrangements losing their original color.

Yang Yan glanced around, feeling somewhat surprised.

Then he focused his attention on the box in his hand, eyes full of expectation.

After all, the arrangement here was so extraordinary, the content of the box wouldn't be simple.

When the box was opened, Yang Yan was dumbfounded.

The box held a key, its material indiscernible, yet pure white without blemish, extremely hard, faintly calming one's soul.

A man and a tiger played with it for a moment, but neither could figure it out.

Yang Yan didn't waste time, knowing the key was unusual, carefully storing it.

After securing the key, Yang Yan wasn't about to forget the two lampstands and resumed fiddling with them.

Even Star Night was used, and finally, on the altar as hard as iron, they managed to unearth them.

Yang Yan alone knew that the protective power of the altar had dissipated completely, otherwise, even with Star Night, obtaining these two Kun Wood lampstands wouldn't be possible.

After dismantling the lamps, Yang Yan did not forget to pocket a dust-covered Puduan in front of the altar.

This action made the Void-Devouring Tiger secretly grumble.

Yang Yan's gaze was as if a townsman watching a country bumpkin entering the city, full of disdain.

Yang Yan naturally noticed its gaze but responded with a scornful laugh.

Once confirming there was nothing left to take from the underground hall, a man and a tiger began seeking a way out again.

Because they could both feel, now without the altar's power, finding a way out should be much easier.

However, imagination was beautiful, reality was indeed harsh.

The underground hall was a completely enclosed space, regardless of how they searched, a path couldn't be found.

"Didn't die in the Flood Dragon's mouth, but now it's to be trapped here, what rotten luck!"

The Void-Devouring Tiger was truly desperate at this moment, lying there sighing and lamenting.

No wonder this fellow was so discouraged.

Since following Yang Yan, first dragged out as a fighter, then nearly ended in the Flood Dragon's belly, and now trapped here waiting to die, all previous misfortunes have concentrated in these days.

Thinking about this, the Void-Devouring Tiger stopped struggling, lying belly up on the altar, looking half dead, unwilling to continue struggling.

Chapter 1236: Leaving the Demon Cave

But it had just lain down for a moment when it suddenly shouted loudly, "Xiao... Yang Yan, come and have a look, quickly come and take a look."

As it shouted, the Void-Devouring Tiger leaped up as if fully revived, pointing its front paw toward the altar above.

Responding to the call, Yang Yan hurried over and looked in the direction the Void-Devouring Tiger was pointing, immediately overjoyed.

It wasn't anything else but the Teleportation Array in the Yin Yang Five Elements Array Map!

Fortunately, having followed Elder Gudu for so many years, I've come across several Array Maps, or else I wouldn't stand a chance of understanding even if I saw it.

However, the complexity of the current Array Map is beyond what I've ever seen; the person behind this must be extraordinary, making it even harder to decipher.

After quickly jotting down the Array Map, Yang Yan mustered all his spiritual power to activate the Teleportation Array.

Yet after trying for half a day, he found with some helplessness that he couldn't activate the Teleportation Array no matter what.

Yang Yan couldn't help but secretly sigh.

It seems that although the pills helped, the injuries within his body were severe, and his spiritual power had only recovered six to seven tenths, necessitating the help of the Void-Devouring Tiger!

So at Yang Yan's request, the human and the tiger worked together tirelessly, and the formation finally showed a hint of loosening.

After several attempts, it was finally successful.

With a combined effort, they barely managed to activate the Teleportation Array, and Yang Yan was already drenched in sweat, while the Void-Devouring Tiger's spirit body became somewhat unstable due to the extensive consumption of spiritual power.

However, getting out now was crucial; no matter what the cost, it was worth it.

At the moment the formation was activated, Yang Yan was the first to step into the array.

Boom!

Yang Yan felt a sudden blur in front of his eyes, and what entered his vision was a chaotic forest.

Obviously, after he and the Void-Devouring Tiger escaped from the Cold Flood Dragon, it hadn't ceased its commotion!

After a moment, Yang Yan seemed to remember something and rode on Star Night, rushing towards the direction where Guo Guoguo and Lin Zimu were.

Upon seeing that there was no unusual situation in the direction of the cave, his tense heart slightly calmed down.

Guo Guoguo, who noticed Yang Yan's return, quickly came to greet him, tears welling in her eyes, with a hint of worry in her gaze.

"Wang, you're finally back. A flood dragon went crazy these past days, creating a mess in the entire Celestial Beast Forest. We thought something happened to you," Xiaocao came up one step ahead of Guo Guoguo, looking at Yang Yan with a worried expression and said.

Subsequently, Lin Zimu, Ye Changqing, and others who arrived were finally relieved upon seeing Yang Yan.

After understanding the general situation, everyone was taken aback.

However, Yang Yan didn't mention the key he obtained.

He always felt that the key was unusual, the fewer people who knew, the better.

After so much trouble, it's finally time for gains.

The previously collected loot had not yet been divided!

The purpose of this journey was treasure hunting, and there were indeed many good items this time.

From Ouyang Jinjie and Yu Ling's Space Rings alone, two Human Tier superior-grade spiritual treasures, several Human Tier intermediate-grade spiritual treasures, and countless pills and artifacts were found.

Looking at the pile of treasures in front of them, everyone secretly clicked their tongues.

With Ouyang Jinjie and Yu Ling being the chief disciples of Yizheng Sect and Lingying Sect, such a background was naturally expected.

However, when truly piled together, the visual impact was so direct.

Having mid-tier superior-grade Star Night, Illusory Night, and Asura, Yang Yan wasn't very interested in these items.

Moreover, his three treasures had great potential for enhancement.

If given the chance, it wouldn't be impossible for them to finally evolve into Sacred Artifacts.

Aside from taking some raw stones, rare herbs, and essential pills, Yang Yan left the rest for the few remaining individuals.

Of course, the Dragon Lotus obtained in the Cold Pool was certainly not to be shared with others.

He was counting on using this opportunity to enhance his soul power, hoping to take his strength to the next level!

Having spent several days in the Demon Cave, he wasn't sure how the other sects were doing, but he assumed they had gained substantially.

Yang Yan had thought about intercepting others midway, but it was only an idea.

He couldn't afford to make more enemies for the sect.

Now that Yizheng Sect and Lingying Sect were thoroughly offended, but the situation was not yet unmanageable, everything could still be reconciled.

Although the Ancient Abyss Sect was now like the sun in mid-sky, hinting at becoming the leader of the ten sects, being too conspicuous might invite trouble, and it's hard to tell how many sects were stirring behind the scenes.

If too many enemies are made, ultimately a pair of fists is no match for four hands, and perhaps the glory of the Ancient Abyss Sect would end.

The group, led by the Void-Devouring Tiger, proceeded with pauses, searching through many palaces.

But most had already been visited, and the gains were not significant.

With the Void-Devouring Tiger acting as a living map, exiting the Demon Cave became much easier, and soon they smoothly made their way out and reunited with Lin An and others.

It was only at this moment that Yang Yan realized, apart from those like Ouyang Jinjie and Yu Ling who turned to ashes, they were the last group to come out.

Upon learning that Lin Zimu and others were besieged by a joint force of Yizheng Sect and Lingying Sect, with the exception of those present, all other disciples were sacrificed, Lin An's body overflowed with murderous intent.

He slowly looked toward Yizheng Sect and Lingying Sect, eyes full of killing intent.

This enmity was thus established.

He had secretly made up his mind that once things were settled here, he would resolve matters with the two sects.

After everyone slightly adjusted their emotions, they, along with the Pill Sect, prepared to leave.

At this moment, Sect Leader Wang Bingye of Yizheng Sect stepped forward and greeted, "Sect Leader Lin, Sect Leader of the Pill Sect, why is it that of so many of your disciples that entered the Demon Cave, only these few have returned? Have you seen Yizheng Sect and Lingying Sect's disciples?"

Upon hearing this, the people of the Ancient Abyss Sect and the Pill Sect were filled with indignation.

Suppressing the anger in his heart, Lin An responded with a smile on his face, "They have always been lazy, lacking strength, and met with misfortune in the Demon Cave. As for the whereabouts of your sect's disciples, I'd have to ask my disciples."

The killing intent in Lin An's eyes flashed briefly before he looked at Lin Zimu.

"As for Brother Ouyang, I did see him when we first entered the Demon Cave, but later we each pursued our opportunities and didn't meet," Lin Zimu calmly narrated, secretly thinking that perhaps you'd never see them again in your life!

"We are truly pained by the incident your sect went through, and we hope Sect Leader Lin and Sect Leader of the Pill Sect can mourn and take care of yourselves. I shall not disturb you further, farewell."

Receiving this news, Wang Bingye couldn't have been more delighted; seeing the flourishing Ancient Abyss Sect suffer such a loss was exactly what they wanted.

However, he was unaware that Ouyang Jinjie and others from Yizheng Sect who entered the Demon Cave had been completely annihilated.

After bidding farewell to Yizheng Sect, the Ancient Abyss Sect and the Pill Sect sought a place to settle their camp, made slight adjustments after leaving the Demon Cave, and waited for the arrival of other sects before setting off together.

At night, Yang Yan tossed and turned, unable to fall asleep for a long time, recalling the thrilling experiences of these days!

However, the Demon Cave was a place he would return to sooner or later.

This place was far more than it appeared to be.

Nascent Void had not explicitly told Yang Yan everything inside, but through its words, one could infer a thing or two.

Chapter 1237: Continuing Forward

Without discussing what Nascent Void is suppressing, just the three Dragon Children protected inside—Bixi, Bian, and Pulao—and the Void-Devouring Tiger show how extraordinary this place is.

Otherwise, the True Dragon wouldn't have left the three children behind, and the Void-Devouring Tiger Race wouldn't have neglected Hu, choosing instead to guard their Primordial Spirit with a Sacred Artifact.

Moreover, Yang Yan, who has always stayed true to his word, promised Bixi, Bian, and Pulao to rescue them, and he definitely won't break that promise.

Although now is not the time, he has already kept this task in mind and will do his utmost to help when the right moment arises.

Yang Yan thought about many things, tossing and turning restlessly in bed.

Unable to sleep, he simply got up and started evaluating his harvest from these past days.

Dragon Lotus, Mysterious Key, two lamps, the Yin Yang Five Elements Array Map, and a seemingly unremarkable yet very significant puduan.

Although the effect and purpose of some items are not yet clear, Yang Yan knows that any one of these, if put outside, would cause a bloody storm.

After pondering each item for a long time without results, Yang Yan focused his attention on the puduan.

No one knows what branch this puduan is made from, but holding it gives an unspeakable comfort.

Most importantly, it has remained intact for so many years in the Underground Hall.

One should know that around the altar, there should be many decorations.

But when they arrived, everything had turned to dust due to the passage of time.

The fact that this puduan can remain intact shows that it is extraordinary.

Yang Yan quietly stared at it for a while, then suddenly, with a thought, he sat down on it.

He shifted his body, found a comfortable posture to sit cross-legged, gently closed his eyes, and tried to condense his mind.

Indeed!

He merely had a testing attitude, but now he was pleasantly surprised to find that the effect was several times stronger than his previous practice of Qi Absorption!

Just sitting on it, it's easy to reach a state of emptiness, abandoning all distractions and entering a realm of self-forgetfulness.

What a treasure!

Yang Yan couldn't help but be secretly amazed.

If one cultivates with this puduan, it would certainly achieve twice the result with half the effort, as if assisted by divine power.

Although this journey to the Demon Cave was fraught with danger, it has irrefutably yielded great rewards!

If he ingests the Dragon Lotus, his Spiritual Power and Soul Power can be greatly increased.

The more Yang Yan thought, the more excited he became, and simply gave up the idea of sleeping, sitting on the puduan to practice Qi Absorption and enhance his strength.

Time flashed by, and in the blink of an eye, several days passed.

Lin Zimu's injuries were nearly healed thanks to the Pill Sect's treatment.

And Yang Yan's injuries, due to his own physique, coupled with the mysterious puduan, had long since healed.

If not for the forces from the Biluo Sect, Yizheng Sect, and Lingying Sect still not arriving, they would have been ready to leave.

Yang Yan understood why the Yizheng Sect and Lingying Sect hadn't arrived yet.

After all, none of the people who entered the Demon Cave from their sects had come out; how could they just leave?

As for why the Biluo Sect was still lingering in the Demon Cave, Yang Yan did not know.

He was still unaware that Lin Hao had already perished in the Demon Cave.

They weren't in a hurry, taking the opportunity to rest and prepare for what would happen next.

Several days quickly passed.

The Yizheng Sect, Lingying Sect, and Biluo Sect, who were reluctant to leave, sent several waves of people back into the Demon Cave to investigate the whereabouts of Ouyang Jinjie and others.

Unfortunately, they were already dead, with no remains, so of course, there were no results.

After repeated failures, and with none of the people they sent in returning, these sects finally gave up hope.

Leaving a group to guard the place, the leaders of each sect gathered their disciples and prepared to leave, joining with the rest of the sects.

If Yang Yan knew the reason behind this, he would laugh heartily.

Their disappearance is indeed indirectly related to Yang Yan.

Such is fate!

If Yang Yan and the Void-Devouring Tiger hadn't stolen the Cold Flood Dragon's Dragon Lotus, the Flood Dragon wouldn't have become furious, searching the Demon Cave for Yang Yan and others.

These unfortunate teams just happened to enter the Demon Cave and encounter the rampaging Cold Flood Dragon.

The Flood Dragon knew only that its treasure had been taken by humans, so in a fury, it attacked indiscriminately.

In the Secret Realm, the Cold Flood Dragon, being a native, was already incredibly powerful; these people were no match for it.

They couldn't even mount a necessary counterattack before they all ended up in the Cold Flood Dragon's belly.

The Lingying Sect Leader He Luo, Yizheng Sect Leader Wang Bingye, and Biluo Sect Leader Lin Xuanzhi felt as if they had swallowed flies, their faces dark and somber.

This kind of loss would be difficult for anyone to bear.

After all, about thirty people were sent out, all of them top disciples, but those sent out disappeared again without a trace.

They were honestly terrified.

Continuing like this would severely weaken their sects, making it hard to protect themselves in this world of survival of the fittest, let alone compete with the Ancient Abyss Sect.

They dared not send any more disciples to their deaths.

The ruins before them seemed like a bottomless pit, with no return.

Helpless, the three sect leaders finally abandoned the idea of dispatching more people to search.

In truth, their sects were filled with panic.

Everyone knew that entering meant certain death, causing unease and fear of being drafted into the effort.

The three sect leaders ordered each sect to send a few people to form a team to temporarily guard the place, awaiting further instructions.

The main force was to regroup with the remaining seven sects.

Yet no one expected that after the Cold Flood Dragon in the Demon Cave devoured several teams, its hatred was not sated.

The Dragon Lotus was what it planned to use to break through bottlenecks and transform into a dragon.

Upon success in transforming into a dragon, it could even lift the Demon Cave's suppression and escape.

But unexpectedly, a human and a little tiger cub emerged, snatching its treasure and driving it mad.

However, with these sect teams repeatedly entering the Demon Cave, the Cold Flood Dragon had ascertained the exit of the Demon Cave, foreseeing the end to its confinement...

It must reclaim its Dragon Lotus, or else its years of arduous cultivation would be rendered meaningless.

On the surface, the ten sects still appeared allied, but after the experiences in the Demon Cave, subtle changes were afoot.

Based on what was known and inferred, Yizheng Sect and Lingying Sect naturally pointed the finger at Yang Yan's group for the disappearance of Ouyang Jinjie and Yu Ling.

Unfortunately, despite their suspicions, they had no concrete evidence.

Yang Yan, though unafraid of trouble, did not seek it out.

Feigning ignorance, he silently watched the two sects cause a fuss.

But Lin Xuanzhi, leader of the Biluo Sect, was completely in the dark about Lin Hao's disappearance.

Despite his worries, he was at a loss about how to proceed.

It was You'Er, always lurking by Lin Hao's side, who remained particularly calm, as if all that happened had nothing to do with her.

After absorbing Lin Hao's cultivation, her progress was meteoric, suddenly becoming a master of the early Golden Core Realm.

However, she deliberately hid her strength, so who could detect it?

The other sect leaders were also at the Golden Core Realm; though there were differences in power, they had difficulty sensing You'Er's deliberate concealment of her strength.

Though You'Er now had great power, she knew it wasn't the time to step forward and reveal the truth.

After all, she was facing the Biluo Sect, equally one of the ten sects. Even with her Sword Sect, having two Golden Core Realm experts, easily swallowing Biluo Sect was no easy feat.

After a conference among the ten sects, it was decided to advance together to the center of the Land of the North Cold.

They originally expected danger, but surprisingly, it was smooth sailing all the way.

Yet this made everyone more cautious, advancing step by step with great care.

After all, on the outskirts of the Land of the North Cold, they were attacked by numerous creatures from there; logically, the inner circle should have been even more volatile.

When something seems abnormal, there must be some underlying cause!

No matter how cautious, it is always necessary.

Chapter 1238: The Cold Flood Dragon Pursues

Despite the presence of ten Golden Core Realm masters, including the sect leaders from the ten sects, no one let down their guard.

After all, this was one of the pinnacle powers of Wandering Dragon Star during Ancient Times, and the danger level was far beyond what ordinary people could imagine.

Since the great battle of Ancient Times, Wandering Dragon Star was severely damaged, spiritual power became rare, cultivation became difficult, and the quality of cultivators greatly declined, far inferior to the past.

Ruins left behind often turned into sanctuaries for many cultivators, where people flocked to, fighting fiercely for a place to cultivate.

It was said someone once accidentally fell off a cliff and obtained a mysterious inheritance, thus gaining great fortune, rapidly advancing in power and sweeping through enemies, reaching the pinnacle of life.

Others acquired a pill from a ruin, consuming it and transforming their foolish nature into an unparalleled martial talent, rising strongly.

It was rumored that the Soul Shepherd, revered by tens of thousands and ruler of the Land of the Extreme West Ten Thousand Tombs, also rose because of a unique opportunity gained from an Ancient Battlefield.

However, these were merely hearsay, and unverified.

The Soul Shepherd is shrouded in mystery, and everyone who truly knew him is long dead, so much about him has faded in the sands of time.

No one has seen him in the current era, and gossip says he has most likely passed away, but no one goes to the Land of Ten Thousand Tombs to verify it.

Because that cemetery is an eerie relic left from Ancient Times.

Similar rumors abound on Wandering Dragon Star.

One could say this is a planet rich in opportunities, but also fraught with crises.

The ten sects allied together under the guise of demon elimination, yet their real intent was treasure hunting.

Everyone knows that the Land of the North Cold is an Ancient relic, and was once the most prosperous place on Wandering Dragon Star, thus rich in opportunities.

Moreover, this land is full of peril, with threats at every step.

Ordinary cultivators can hardly even enter the outskirts.

Throughout history, those who have truly reached the final location are rare.

This is the main reason why the ten sects allied to come here.

Nonetheless, things have not been smooth.

The journey has seen countless disciples and treasures lost.

And now, they have not even reached the true center.

The long road ahead made everyone's mood heavy.

Conflicts of interest and numerous quarrels often plague the ten sects; if not for mutual fear and restraints, such alliances would not have formed.

Now, under the banner of demon elimination, whether it's to eliminate demons or eliminate people remains unknown.

Despite internal strife, the ten sects maintain an outward appearance of peace.

At least there's a mutual understanding to preserve this balance.

Everyone knows now is not the time to ignite conflicts.

Seeing everyone present, Lin An, the Ancient Abyss Sect Leader and a figure of some prestige among the ten sects, unhesitatingly greeted, "It's a privilege to gather here with everyone; let's discuss the strategies for what's next."

"I believe everyone has gained some understanding of the Land of the North Cold during this period; I need not elaborate on the dangers."

"Although there might be some disputes between sects, I sincerely hope everyone can set aside past grudges to overcome this crisis."

...

"Roar..."

Before Lin An could finish his polite remarks, a dragon's roar shook the skies, diverting everyone's attention.

"Isn't that the Cold Flood Dragon?"

Yang Yan and the Void-Devouring Tiger simultaneously widened their eyes in disbelief, looking towards the direction the sound came from.

Everyone stared, aghast, at the sudden appearance of a Flood Dragon, followed closely by the Flying Mantis, Wolf King, Cyan Scale Eagle, and Black Death Tiger.

This entourage was overwhelmingly powerful.

A peak Golden Core Realm Flood Dragon, accompanied by four initial Golden Core Realm Beast Kings!

Even if the ten sects pooled all their strength, they only had ten Golden Core Realm masters publicly known.

None among them were masters at the peak of Golden Core Realm.

The situation was perilous!

The main issue being, monster beasts have naturally stronger physical bodies than humans, thus their combat power at the same level is inherently greater than most humans.

If a fight broke out, the victor was uncertain.

Yang Yan was wide-eyed, unable to believe that the Cold Flood Dragon and the four Beast Kings could emerge from the Demon Cave.

The Demon Cave suppresses Golden Core Realm masters, evident as none of the sect leaders could enter.

The Cold Flood Dragon encountered back then had merely the initial Golden Core Realm cultivation, assumedly cultivated gradually within the Demon Cave.

Yet the entrance to the Demon Cave is restricted, Golden Core Realm masters should not be able to exit.

Otherwise, if powerful entities inside could freely enter and exit, there'd be no place for humans.

Yang Yan found it hard to believe how the Cold Flood Dragon's strength advanced so rapidly.

Only days ago, the Cold Flood Dragon was merely at the initial stage of Golden Core Realm, now it was at the peak, seemingly on the brink of a breakthrough.

It's well known that each Golden Core Realm phase is vastly different; advancing is far from easy!

Yet the reality was undeniable, and Yang Yan and the Void-Devouring Tiger felt it keenly.

Moreover, the Flood Dragon was accompanied by four Beast Kings, who all surpassed the Three Minor Realms Before Core Formation at Foundation Establishment peak, leaping to Golden Core Realm mastery.

Countless have been stuck at Foundation Establishment peak, unable to advance until death.

Currently, the publicly acknowledged masters of Golden Core Realm on Wandering Dragon Star were definitely less than three figures.

As for those beyond Golden Core Realm, not many were known.

Aside from legendary figures like the Soul Shepherd in the Land of Ten Thousand Tombs, Northern Netherworld King, Marquis of Nanchuan, and Dragon King of the Eastern Continent, there were the Supreme Elders from the ten sects who remain reclusive.

But these figures almost never emerge; whenever someone surpasses Golden Core, they soon disappear.

This has rendered the Golden Core Realm as Wandering Dragon Star's supreme combat strength, none able to surpass this curse.

Alongside, those at Grandmaster Level beyond Golden Core Realm had become a mystery in their whereabouts on Wandering Dragon Star.

Some say they perished because surpassing Golden Core, they were not tolerated by Heaven and Earth Laws, and fell one by one.

Others say the world was no longer suitable for their cultivation, staying here would yield no progress, naturally leading them to leave in search of better cultivation resources elsewhere.

Even more suspect they went to a certain place to safeguard the planet that nurtured them.

The speculation never ends, the truth remains elusive.

"No, no! This... this isn't the Demon Cave's Cold Flood Dragon!"

The Void-Devouring Tiger instinctively shook its head, muttering to itself.

Yet intuition told it this was indeed the Cold Flood Dragon from the Demon Cave.

Yang Yan found it unbelievable, but the present reality was undeniable.

This was indeed the Cold Flood Dragon from the Demon Cave!

Moreover, following it were four Beast Kings.

Chapter 1239: When It Rains, It Pours

Before Yang Yan could think further, the Cold Flood Dragon had already shifted its gaze onto him.

BOOM!

At the moment their eyes met, its body was enveloped in a surge of evil qi.

With a dragon's roar, its massive form shot straight into the Nine Heavens, then with a swift turn, it charged toward Yang Yan at lightning speed.

Apart from Yang Yan, Ye Changqing, Lin Zimu, and the Void-Devouring Tiger, everyone else was bewildered.

What is going on!

How did such a powerful demon beast get provoked out of nowhere?

And there was no warning at all.

"This is a demon beast from the Celestial Beast Forest of the Demon Cave..." someone suddenly shouted in a loud voice.

The Sect Leaders of Yizheng Sect, Lingying Sect, and Biluo Sect heard this and their faces immediately changed.

At this moment, everyone finally understood why the dispatched troops never returned.

It seems they all perished at the hands of these beasts!

With this thought, the Sect Leaders of the three sects quickly exchanged glances, then sprang into action, jointly unleashing their ultimate skills with almost no reservation, charging at the Cold Flood Dragon.

Yang Yan and Lin An, along with the other disciples of the Ancient Abyss Sect, were somewhat surprised.

Yizheng Sect, Lingying Sect, and Biluo Sect, which were not usually on good terms, actually stepped in to help Ancient Abyss Sect resolve the crisis.

This was indeed as unexpected as the sun rising in the west.

"Three Daoist brothers, let me help you!" Lin An wasted no words and drew his sword to join the battle.

This was not surprising.

It was clear to everyone that if the three Sect Leaders did not act to defend against the Cold Flood Dragon's attack, the Ancient Abyss Sect would suffer severe losses.

After all, against a Cold Flood Dragon at the Golden Core Peak, Lin An, despite his full efforts, would find it difficult to hold on for long.

After all, Lin An was only at the late stage of the Golden Core Realm, with a faint sign of breakthrough, barely qualifying as possessing half-step peak strength.

Now, with the Sect Leaders of Yizheng Sect, Lingying Sect, and Biluo Sect proactively assisting, it was naturally something Lin An desperately wished for.

As for everything happening before him, Yang Yan felt somewhat bewildered, but upon thinking, he quickly understood.

The troops of Yizheng Sect and Lingying Sect sent into the Demon Cave were wiped out, and Biluo Sect's Young Sect Leader Lin Hao went missing, with several subsequent teams disappearing without a trace...

Anyone with some sense could understand this.

No wonder the three sects reacted so strongly when someone shouted it was a demon beast from the Demon Cave.

Thinking of this, Yang Yan couldn't help but curl his lips slightly.

It seems this Cold Flood Dragon was meant to be a scapegoat for him?

However, Yang Yan's brows furrowed again.

The situation before him was far from optimistic!

Although Lin An, Wang Bingye, Lin Xuanzhi, and He Luo were all experts at the late stage of the Golden Core Realm, the difference between each minor realm within the Golden Core Realm was like heaven and earth.

Facing a Cold Flood Dragon at the Golden Core Peak, they were still at a disadvantage.

As the Cold Flood Dragon engaged in a chaotic battle with the four, the Cyan Scale Eagle, Black Death Tiger, Wolf King, and Flying Mantis quickly joined the fray, heading for Yang Yan.

"Beasts, taste my sword!"

The Sect Leader of the Sword Sect, Xu Caomu, shouted with a roar and joined the fight.

Soon, the Sect Leaders of the Pill Sect, Celestial Sound Sect, Valley of Ten Thousand Flowers, Hengshan Sect, and Lenghe Sect all joined the battle circle.

Several individuals worked together to temporarily stabilize the Cold Flood Dragon, two beasts, one bird, and one insect.

But any discerning person could see that even with the ten sects joining forces, they could not gain an upper hand in this chaotic battle.

After all, not all ten Sect Leaders were as strong in combat as Lin An and the others.

Though they were all part of the ten great sects, each had its strengths.

While the Sect Leader of the Pill Sect, Dan Xuan, was at the Golden Core Realm, in terms of combat prowess, he could not be compared to Lin An and others.

Meanwhile, demon beasts naturally possessed bloodline power, with physiques superior to humans, making their combat strength formidable.

As for the battle circle, the Cold Flood Dragon's scales and armor were indestructible, and its breath could inflict damage upon touch, showcasing both offensive and defensive capabilities.

Whenever it attacked, the Sect Leaders could only avoid its sharpness, not daring to engage head-on.

The Cyan Scale Eagle had a faint bloodline of the Golden-winged Roc, rendering its speed unmatched.

The Black Death Tiger specialized in attack, possessing strong combat force, and its evil qi was unstoppable.

The Flying Mantis's forelimbs were blades capable of slicing through anything, with few sharp weapons comparable.

The Wolf King could be considered the one with the most combat awareness among them.

While its combat power was not as strong as the other beasts, its balance of offense and defense and its unexpected strikes often left the opponents in distress.

On the side of the ten Sect Leaders, they were overwhelmed, unable to leverage their numerical advantage into actual dominance.

If this dragged on, the ten sects were likely to face inevitable defeat.

"Ten Thousand Swords Return to the Root!"

"Overwhelming!"

"Heaven-Destroying!"

...

Seeing themselves falling behind, the Sect Leaders of the ten sects became truly inflamed, unleashing their ultimate skills without reservation in an effort to break the enemy.

Yet all their techniques were countered.

At best, they could only slow down the advance of the five great demon beasts!

"How can they be this strong?!"

Lin An, panting heavily, watched as his ultimate attack merely pushed back the Cold Flood Dragon without injuring it in the slightest, which left him somewhat overwhelmed.

After all, he was considered one of the peerless individuals on the Wandering Dragon Star.

Otherwise, the Ancient Abyss Sect wouldn't be on the verge of becoming the top sect under his leadership.

The other nine also felt a wave of shock upon seeing this.

They deeply understood Lin An's terrifying combat prowess, and among the ten Sect Leaders, probably only the Sect Leader of the Sword Sect, Xu Caomu, could contend with him.

No one expected that even a full-force strike from him couldn't injure the Cold Flood Dragon!

Besides, this was the result of everyone's efforts to restrain the Cold Flood Dragon while Lin An unleashed his full attack.

A sense of dread and bitterness washed over everyone.

Could it be that they were all destined to meet their end here today?!

No!

Absolutely not!

They were the rulers of the Wandering Dragon Star, the pinnacle of combat power here, how could they just fall to a few beasts?!

So, as if by tacit understanding, everyone simultaneously ramped up their efforts, once again causing a deadlock and regaining a slight advantage.

Yang Yan, upon seeing this, fell silent.

Indeed!

Could it be that the ten sects were destined to be accounted for here today?!

"Hmm?"

Before Yang Yan could dive deeper into thought, the surrounding wind and snow kicked up, accompanied by faint chirping sounds.

Yang Yan felt a chill run through him.

This truly was trouble heaping upon trouble.

The old saying proved true: when it rains, it pours; when the house leaks, it's followed by a battering wind!

Already cornered, the return of the Snow Demons marked a dead-end situation.

"Everyone, on your guard!"

Yang Yan quickly snapped out of despair, using spiritual power to call out to the disciples of the ten sects.

The battle, which had already been nerve-wracking, was not over, and now the return of the Snow Demons caused waves of panic.

Though the Sect Leaders sensed the change, the chaotic battle made it difficult to extract themselves, making them deeply anxious.

Yang Yan, pushing down his internal agitation, hastily gathered the chief disciples of the ten sects to discuss countermeasures.

In normal times, would the disciples of the ten sects listen to Yang Yan's nonsense here?

After all, they were all prodigies of the Wandering Dragon Star, naturally brimming with pride.

Especially when faced with someone like Yang Yan, who had risen to prominence, they found him disagreeable.

No matter how strong Yang Yan's prowess was, they would never cooperate willingly.

But now, with imminent disaster, everyone's lives hanging by a thread, and lacking a better solution themselves, Yang Yan stepping forward surprisingly gave them a glimmer of hope.

At this moment, everyone shared a similar thought; rather than waiting for a futile end, it was better to join efforts in devising countermeasures.

Chapter 1240: Be Careful

"I, Yang Yan, will not waste words; if you believe that I can resolve this crisis, then follow my lead," Yang Yan stated firmly.

The majority, having lost direction long ago, naturally responded wholeheartedly now that he stood up and spoke decisively.

However, a few who had long been dissatisfied with Yang Yan hesitated, reluctant to commit immediately.

Yang Yan understood that his leadership lacked enough influence, and many still wouldn't want to follow someone else.

He said no more, merely scanned everyone's faces slowly, then quickly gathered those willing to cooperate.

Yang Yan instructed them to attack the Snow Demons from the periphery to ease the pressure in the battle circle.

Once exhausted, he would have them switch with those in the inner circle.

His arrangements gave everyone some comfort.

However, the Snow Demons came incessantly, as if undefeatable and endless.

Yang Yan furrowed his brow, knowing the key to breaking free lay in the snow mist, but removing the pervasive mist was a major issue.

On the outskirts, they could dispel the snow mist and escape the Snow Demons because many Golden Core Realm experts held the line.

They could utilize a trace of the Power of Heaven and Earth to disperse the snow mist with ease.

Previously, Elder Dugu's Devouring Spirit Array easily nullified the Snow Demons' attacks.

But now, with Elder Dugu having left early for sect matters, setting up another spirit array was difficult.

Unless Lin An could free himself to set up a third-level Devouring Spirit Array to aid everyone in escaping the plight.

Yang Yan occasionally looked skyward at the chaotic battle, increasingly worried.

Currently, the ten sect leaders were weakening, with some already injured; how long the remaining could hold off the five major beasts was uncertain, not to mention extracting themselves to help dispel the Snow Demons.

Yang Yan turned his gaze to Lin Zimu, then shook his head.

Though Lin Zimu was the chief disciple of the Ancient Abyss Sect, he had no talent in spirit array studies.

Let alone setting up a third-level Devouring Spirit Array.

It seemed Yang Yan had to find another way.

Yet, no matter the changes, the root remains; removing the snow mist would render the Snow Demons rootless duckweed.

Even with fewer Golden Core Realm experts among them, the younger generation should still resolve the Snow Demon crisis.

Could it be that this situation truly has no solution?

Amidst Yang Yan's indecision, the Void-Devouring Tiger suddenly spoke.

"If only the Evil Qi collected in the Nascent Void Tower could burn!"

Hmm?

Yes!

Yang Yan suddenly realized.

If the Evil Qi could ignite and spread upon explosion, the snow mist would surely disperse, along with the numerous Snow Demons within.

Yang Yan gazed at the troubled Ye Changqing beside him, eyes sparkling, making Ye Changqing feel awkward.

"What insight does Brother Yang have?"

Only then did Yang Yan notice his expression, quickly feigning seriousness to cover his embarrassment.

"Brother Ye, could I borrow your Life Spirit Flame?" As soon as the Void-Devouring Tiger mentioned it, Yang Yan thought of Ye Changqing and asked.

The Life Spirit Flame could promote plant growth, infusing life into all things, or destroy everything.

Life and death, existence and destruction, all at the controller's discretion.

If used to detonate the Evil Qi Pearl, with flames spreading with the qi, the force would surely multiply.

"It's just..." Yang Yan hesitated, a bit embarrassed, managing a slight awkward smile.

"Don't worry, Brother Yang; it would just consume some spiritual power, which will recover soon. However, Brother Yang, you'll have to spend more," Ye Changqing understood Yang Yan's concern.

But to him, eliminating the Snow Demon threat was worth this minor consumption.

Since Yang Yan could offer such rare items, his own sacrifice felt insignificant.

Though unaware of how the Evil Qi Pearl was obtained, Yang Yan's use of two to resolve an earlier conflict with Ouyang Jinjie indicated their value.

Seeing this, Yang Yan wasted no further words, handing almost all his stock to Ye Changqing.

Though his expression remained unchanged, Yang Yan felt a twinge of pain.

It could take on early Golden Core Realm masters, but now it seemed a waste against the Snow Demons.

Yet, this desperate measure was needed, or they'd either be devoured by the major beasts or exhausted by the Snow Demons today.

Ye Changqing acted promptly, carrying the Evil Qi Pearls and flying through the air toward the snow mist.

Boom, boom!

With several loud explosions, the snow mist enveloping everyone dissipated, resolving the Snow Demon crisis.

Yang Yan felt a pang of heartache.

It was as if his heart was exploding.

Ye Changqing wobbled back, and before he reached the crowd, he plummeted from the sky.

Yang Yan rushed to catch him.

Seeing his disheveled state, Yang Yan shook his head somewhat helplessly.

Having rare items yet not enough strength to wield them was painful indeed!

Ye Changqing was now out cold from overexertion.

The crowd barely had time to rejoice over the dispersal of the snow mist when dragon roars, tiger growls, eagle cries, and wolf howls echoed from different directions.

The already injured Dan Xuan, after a tail swipe from the Cold Flood Dragon, spat blood heavily injured and was out.

The Valley Master of the Valley of Ten Thousand Flowers was also badly hurt.

Several others were similarly wounded, their auras unstable.

In contrast, the five major beasts were all bloodthirsty, their Evil Qi intensified.

Having been trapped in the Demon Cave for half their lives, freedom was a new sensation.

Now, unable to restrain themselves, they must vent fully.

Undoubtedly, the people before them became their targets of release.

The Cold Flood Dragon, seeing their energy mostly spent, grew even more murderous.

Roar!

With a skyward howl, it again charged fiercely toward the fighters.

The Black Death Tiger, Wolf King, Cyan Scale Eagle, and Flying Mantis, refusing to be outdone, locked onto their targets and unleashed their best skills, killing along the way.

The remaining fighters, despite their resistance, could not turn the tide.

After a single strike from the Cyan Scale Eagle, Sect Leader Li of the Hengshan Sect was severely injured, losing all combat ability.

Sect Leaders Dai of the Lenghe Sect and Lan of the Celestial Sound Sect were also severely injured, losing their fighting strength.

With five succumbing to severe injuries, the situation shifted from ten against five to five against five.

The remaining Lin An, Xu Caomu, Lin Xuanzhi, Wang Bingye, and Sect Leader He of Lingying Sect struggled to hold, clearly outmatched.

At this point, the five lost the will to fight, choosing to evade rather than confront the five beasts head-on.

The Cold Flood Dragon, seemingly losing interest in the five, shifted its attention to Yang Yan.

Its gaze fixed on him, the Evil Qi intensified, almost palpable.

Swish!

With a piercing sound, the Cold Flood Dragon dove towards Yang Yan.

This unexpected attack left everyone stunned.

The Cold Flood Dragon's speed was too swift for anyone to intercept, reaching Yang Yan in an instant.

"Yang Yan!"

"Brother Yang!"

"Yanzi!"

...

The crowd cried out, but it was too late to stop it.

The Cold Flood Dragon's gaping maw aimed for Yang Yan.

Everyone shut their eyes, unwilling to witness Yang Yan's impending tragic fate.

At that critical moment, an intense flash broke through, and all heard an echoing wail.