

Powerful 1261

Chapter 1261: Thanks for the Reminder

In contrast, as the power entered his body, every part of Yang Yan's being seemed to come alive. A surging power enveloped him, and an aura of might emanated from him, almost palpable.

At this moment, the Pill Embryo within Yang Yan suddenly roared amidst the dazzling golden light, and a pure Spiritual Power burst forth, rushing through his meridians, blood, and bones...

It was as if withered wood met spring, his body fully awakened, and his aura grew increasingly stronger.

A large amount of impurities were excreted, and a refreshing fragrance spread from Yang Yan's body.

The fragrance permeated the air, and Yang Yan's long hair fluttered without wind, making him appear noticeably different from half a year ago.

As the Spiritual Power spread, his meridians brimmed with strength in an instant, his blood circulation accelerated dramatically, and his heartbeat made the entire space tremble.

His previously tightly closed eyes suddenly opened.

A light akin to a beacon in the darkness burst from Yang Yan's eyes at that moment.

The brilliance was blinding, enough to make any Foundation Establishment cultivator tremble in mind and experience a reversal in cultivation.

As his eyes opened, the Power of Origin in the pool surged back as if boiling.

It seemed like Yang Yan's body became a massive black hole, devouring all the Power of Origin around him.

It continuously merged through the pores of his entire body, coalescing within his Pill Embryo.

The golden light of the Pill Embryo grew brighter, and Yang Yan's aura became even more formidable.

His heartbeat roared, and a powerful feeling rose within his heart.

He suddenly had the sensation that he could collapse the earth around him with a mere lift of his hand.

It was a confidence derived from his body, his spirit, and his cultivation.

With Yang Yan's breathing, the surroundings echoed with a roar, and as the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi surged in, the golden light from the Pill Embryo within him became more intense, piercing through his body, turning him golden.

This state, between Foundation Establishment and Golden Core, is known as the Pseudo Golden Core Realm.

The evident strength of Pseudo Golden Core cultivators over Foundation Establishment ones lies in the density of their Spiritual Qi.

"The Three Minor Realms Before Core Formation..." Yang Yan slowly opened his mouth, and as he spoke, a trace of undisguised excitement appeared on his face.

The Core Formation Minor Realm is the last step of the Three Minor Realms Before Core Formation.

He took a deep breath and sensed the tremendous Spiritual Power from the Pill Embryo within him, astonishingly close to ten times that of the Foundation Establishment pinnacle.

The tenfold difference was not only ten times the peak of other cultivators during Foundation Establishment but ten times the peak of Yang Yan himself!

For Yang Yan, this was an earth-shattering qualitative change.

Likewise, it is the foundation on which a Pseudo Golden Core cultivator can sweep through Foundation Establishment stages.

After hundreds of refinements to form the Foundation Embryo, this was a quantitative change, and also a qualitative leap, bringing with it a stark difference in strength!

Now, the Power of Origin in the small pool had been entirely absorbed by Yang Yan and the Exotic Beasts.

Of which Yang Yan accounted for at least ninety percent, while the Five Exotic Beasts held but a mere ten percent.

By leveraging the Power of Origin from the Snow Demon pool to ascend from mid-stage Foundation Establishment to its peak, Yang Yan transcended the late stage and the Three Minor Realms Before Core Formation, becoming a Half-Step Golden Core expert.

Originally, he could advance further to the Golden Core Realm, but he chose to suppress it, wary of an unstable foundation and forced growth limiting future prospects.

He could choose to advance whenever he wished in the future.

Yang Yan stood up from the ground, stretched languorously, and changed into a fresh set of clothes from his storage bag.

Soon after, he noticed the complex gazes of several surrounding Exotic Beasts directed at him.

Of course, it wasn't just Yang Yan who experienced a breakthrough; the other four Exotic Beasts besides the Cold Flood Dragon all advanced to Golden Core mid-stage.

Even the Cold Flood Dragon hadn't stagnated, further consolidating its originally high strength, evident though not dramatically so.

In the process of advancement, Yang Yan employed some of the Path of Space, hence the space opened around the Pill Embryo was much larger than ordinary.

However, what puzzled Yang Yan was that the Pill Embryos formed in the Core Formation Realm were known to be white, yet his was the exact opposite, a dark-colored Profound Pill!

This phenomenon left Yang Yan bewildered.

Nonetheless, it is said that one should accept what comes; existence is reasonable. Conceivably, this is a favorable development.

For the larger the space around the Pill Embryo, the larger the future Golden Core, offering more potential when forming the Nascent Soul.

This was entirely because Yang Yan intentionally suppressed his realm while absorbing the Power of Origin, and since he took the majority, the other Exotic Beasts merely had a taste.

As a result, the other Exotic Beasts couldn't hide their grievances in their glances toward Yang Yan.

Feeling the stares of the Exotic Beasts, Yang Yan was somewhat unnerved, a tingling discomfort ran down his back and through his entire being.

He awkwardly touched the tip of his nose and tried to change the subject: "Alright, alright, let's move quickly! Let's see if there are any other treasures in this Spirit Realm."

Saying this, he strode away, not giving the Five Exotic Beasts a chance to speak.

Afterwards, the one human and five beasts thoroughly swept through the entire Spirit Realm.

Regrettably, they found nothing but desolate ground.

There being no more valuable items, they returned somewhat disappointedly to the entrance of the Spirit Realm.

As he re-examined the large gate, Yang Yan noticed something unusual again.

This gate appeared ancient and majestic, seemingly cast of bronze, covered in intricate patterns with different designs on each side.

One side depicted the sun, moon, and stars, while the other showed landscapes and vegetation.

A closer look revealed an entire world seemingly revolving inside.

Yang Yan had only gazed at it for a short while before feeling dizzy, his Divine Sense rapidly depleting, as if his Divine Soul was being drawn out.

He hurriedly averted his gaze, daring not to look any further.

This gate was by no means ordinary!

He had to think of a way to take it away...

Yang Yan stroked his chin, his mind starting to churn again.

The five surrounding Exotic Beasts observed Yang Yan, exchanging puzzled looks, not understanding his intentions.

However, the Cold Flood Dragon stepped forward and inquired, "Master, are you planning to pocket this bronze gate? It seems challenging. With such size and weight, unless we find some unique Dharma Gate, it's impossible to store it. Unless there's a special mechanism."

But Yang Yan, initially frowning, suddenly laughed heartily at these words, patting the large back of the Cold Flood Dragon and saying, "Thanks for the reminder."

This left the Cold Flood Dragon bewildered, frowning as it awaited Yang Yan's answer.

Chapter 1262: Phoenix Fire Mountain Range

The Cold Flood Dragon certainly wouldn't know that its attempt to persuade Yang Yan to give up instead served as a reminder.

Everything in the world has its counterforces, and what can open a door if not a key?

Yang Yan happened to have the key to this bronze door in his storage bag, so whether it would work or not, he decided to take it out and see!

With a thought, the key imbued with ancient charm appeared in Yang Yan's hand.

Before Yang Yan could insert it into the hole, the key started to emit a faint light and slowly drifted towards the bronze door.

Simultaneously, the bronze door also began to close slowly.

The moment the two met, the bronze door released a dazzling light, causing Yang Yan and the Five Beasts to close their eyes.

Soon, the strong light subsided, and the bronze door uprooted itself with a rumble, becoming smaller and smaller, until it transformed into a palm-sized piece.

Yang Yan laughed heartily.

Just as he thought, there was no need to look for any mechanism, it directly changed size according to his wish.

Without saying much, amidst the bewildered gazes of the five exotic beasts, he stepped forward to pick it up.

He had thought it would be heavy, but to his surprise, it was no longer as heavy when he held it.

On the contrary, it felt quite light and agile.

Yang Yan was thrilled as he repeatedly toyed with the small door in his hand.

"Oh? There's a line of small characters here?" While playing with it, Yang Yan suddenly noticed a line of old seal script engraved on the base of the bronze door—Yin Yang Baryan Gate.

"Not bad at all! As they say, all things in the world are born from existence, and existence from non-existence; the two energies of Yin and Yang give rise to all things. What a great name!"

There was no doubt that this was a magical treasure; it was just unknown what level it was or what special use it had.

However, judging by how the Cold Flood Dragon and other exotic beasts' attacks did nothing and were rebounded, it was at least at the half-step sacred artifact level.

Yang Yan tried to infuse spiritual power into the bronze door, only to see it detach from his hand again, grow in the wind, and transform back into its giant several meters high form.

Moreover, a film of flowing light appeared within a hundred meters radius.

Yang Yan launched a few attacks with his spiritual power to test it and found the film's defense was incredibly strong.

Keep in mind, Yang Yan had significantly progressed in the secret realm, and his attacks were no longer the same as before.

Having secured the Yin Yang Baryan Gate, Yang Yan was delighted but also filled with emotion.

After all, this Spirit Realm was once the supreme sacred land within the star universe of the Wandering Dragon Star, but now it had become such a desolate place, leaving behind this bronze door to guard endless years.

He secretly made up his mind that once he had the capability, he would restore this place to its former glory, to console the spirit of the Time Elder in heaven.

After these past few days' experiences, Yang Yan and the five great exotic beasts had reaped tremendous gains.

Now, they planned to return home.

The group retraced their steps, but to Yang Yan's surprise, the saying goes 'easier to ascend the mountain than descend it,' he had not expected the secret realm to be the same.

The return journey was even more perilous.

Because the familiar terrain had already changed.

The exit of the secret realm was no longer in its original position but had shifted to a new location...

The route silently recorded in their minds on the way in was now completely ineffective.

Yang Yan observed their surroundings; the mountain shapes and topography were similar, and he thankfully noted that the deviation wasn't too far, only requiring them to go through a stretch marked as the Phoenix Fire Mountain Range on the map.

This Phoenix Fire Mountain Range got its name from a legend.

It is said that the phoenix never dies, but every once in a while, it rebirths from the ashes.

During this time, the phoenix sheds all its feathers and regrows them.

It is rumored that a phoenix occasionally passed by this mountain range just as it was molting, thus scattering its feathers everywhere, causing a great fire that scorched the entire Phoenix Fire Mountain Range, rendering it barren and scorching hot to this day.

Yang Yan had only heard the legend, but he had never been to the Phoenix Fire Mountain Range, so he didn't know what the actual situation was like.

However, as they approached the mountain range, they realized the rumors were indeed true.

The Phoenix Fire Mountain Range was indeed blisteringly hot.

Even several miles away from officially stepping onto the mountain, they could distinctly feel the temperature difference.

As they moved closer, the air began to warp, and rolling heat waves assaulted Yang Yan and the group.

Yang Yan considered taking a different route, but that would waste too much time.

Moreover, the surrounding terrain wasn't flat either, presenting various challenges no easier than the mountain range ahead.

Therefore, crossing the mountain range was the best option for them.

Very soon, the Phoenix Fire Mountain Range was right before them.

The mountain indeed was as depicted, barren of greenery, with nothing but jagged rocks strewn about haphazardly.

In some places, small craters had formed from accumulated lava, continuously bubbling upwards.

Yang Yan let out a heavy sigh, no wonder it felt so hot from afar; the mountain's temperature was even more stifling!

Despite being at the half-step Golden Core level, Yang Yan was already sweating profusely, as if he had been fished out of water.

Even the strong and robust exotic beasts were faintly sweating at this point.

Only the Cold Flood Dragon remained composed.

Yang Yan understood why.

First, the Cold Flood Dragon's cultivation was more stable than the others; second, its cultivation technique was inherently cold, allowing it to stay at ease in such a hot environment.

Yang Yan only thought about crossing the Phoenix Fire Mountain Range quickly, so he moved closer to the Cold Flood Dragon, using its body chill to fend off the surrounding heat.

But before they had gone far, a sudden change occurred.

Boom!

With a muffled explosion, a stone monster emerged from a lava bubble they passed by.

The monster bore the appearance of a bear, its entire body composed of red crystal stones, basalt, and obsidian, looking quite imposing.

Yang Yan sensed the aura radiating from it, which seemed to be at the peak of the Foundation Establishment Realm.

Raising an eyebrow, Yang Yan pondered.

Why not take it as a test, to see what effect his recent advancement had?

The Lava Bear crouched, then charged at Yang Yan on all fours.

The exotic beasts poised themselves to attack, but Yang Yan waved his hand: "Wait, let me take it on alone first; I want to see what kind of creature this is."

Saying this, Yang Yan drew a longsword from his storage bag and stabbed at the Lava Bear.

Clang!

Unexpectedly, the bear formed of lava was incredibly hard, and even the half-step Golden Core Yang Yan couldn't penetrate it with a single strike.

However, at this moment, Yang Yan was at the half-step Golden Core, far from ordinary Pseudo Pill Realm levels.

Thus, with the massive force of this strike under Yang Yan's rapidly advancing spiritual power, he managed to drive the Lava Bear back forcibly.

After several bouts, Yang Yan felt somewhat embarrassed.

Because he found that this Lava Bear was rather troublesome.

Though not very strong, its defense was nonetheless formidable.

After so long, neither could gain the upper hand on the other.

Chapter 1263: Shocking Upheaval, Peril on the Brink

As time passed, Yang Yan felt increasingly strained, while the Lava Bear showed no signs of exhaustion, as if it possessed endless power.

So, he summoned several Exotic Beasts to join in the battle.

Under the pretext of saving time and fighting quickly.

As soon as the Exotic Beasts joined the battlefield, the outcome was immediately decided.

After all, no matter how strong the Lava Bear was, it was just at the Foundation Establishment Realm, how could it withstand the attack from the Golden Core Realm?

In no time, it shattered into a pile of rubble, most of it turning to dust, leaving only a few pieces.

Unexpectedly for Yang Yan, these remaining stones had a good quality, perhaps they could be used to forge weapons.

So, Yang Yan unceremoniously collected them, thinking of studying them further when he had the chance.

With the help of the other Exotic Beasts, the journey naturally went much faster.

In just a few hours, Yang Yan and his group crossed the entire mountain range.

During this time, Yang Yan also encountered many Molten Rock Beasts.

Tigers, elks, all kinds of shapes, all linked by lava.

Gradually, however, Yang Yan discovered a clue.

The souls of these mysterious lava creatures were probably the beasts that died in the flames of this mountain range.

Among them were the shadows of many rare and exotic beasts, truly astonishing.

The demise of these creatures also brought Yang Yan considerable wealth.

Luckily, he had a huge storage space; otherwise, taking these ores would have been quite a challenge.

As Yang Yan and the Five Beasts returned, they thought all the troubles had been completely resolved, but they didn't know that the ten sects had already descended into chaos.

As soon as they reached the area of the ten sects, from a distance, Yang Yan's group heard someone shouting a warning!

Looking ahead, they saw a disciple wearing the Ancient Abyss Sect's attire staggering towards them.

He was in such a hurry, as if he wished he had two more legs.

"Saint Son, you're finally back, finally back! You must see this! The ten sects are already in chaos!"

Yang Yan frowned, fearing exactly what he'd hoped wouldn't happen; something indeed occurred while he was away.

He quickly supported the disciple, asking him to explain slowly what had happened.

That person caught his breath, and then quickly said, "Shortly after you left, Sect Leader Wang of the Yizheng Sect, Sect Leader Xu of the Sword Sect, and Sect Leader Dai of the Lenghe Sect somehow seemed bewitched by evil entities!"

"Their behavior became extremely strange, and their strength soared, and they inexplicably started fighting with the other sect leaders."

"What?! Take me to see immediately." Yang Yan's face turned stern, his good mood from his journey instantly vanished, replaced by worry.

He had felt unease when he left, but never imagined so much would happen in his absence.

External invasion is not frightening, but civil strife is.

After mutual slaughter, it was uncertain how much strength the ten sects would have left.

Although he didn't know the full story, he nonetheless deduced parts of it.

It was probably when the Five Great Exotic Beasts—the Cold Flood Dragon, Cyan Scale Eagle, Black Death Tiger, Flying Mantis, and Wolf King—escaped the Demon Cave that part of the hidden evil followed them, controlling the three sect leaders.

Under the control of these entities, their strength increased, and they clashed with the other sect leaders.

Even with Lin An leading the charge, and the support of six other Golden Core experts, it was probably still difficult to resist the three corrupted leaders.

The situation was critical; I must go over and handle it.

Without further ado, Yang Yan quickly employed his Body Technique, rushing over.

"This..."

When Yang Yan and the Five Beasts arrived, they were stunned by the scene before them.

All around, Techniques and weapons and Magical Treasures flew across the sky, occasionally someone would fall, never to rise again.

Each falling body, like a comet, signified the death of a disciple.

Though it was two groups fighting, the disciples from the Sword Sect, Yizheng Sect, and Lenghe Sect appeared listless, merely swinging their weapons idly, making a show of fighting.

Inwardly, they actually didn't want to fight with the other sects.

Yet who knew what was wrong with their sect leaders, suddenly flaring up over the past few days, and inexplicably fighting the other sects to the death.

Though these three sects' disciples were unmotivated, it still didn't prevent the other sects' disciples from falling.

Because Sect Leader Xu of the Sword Sect, Sect Leader Wang of the Yizheng Sect, and Sect Leader Dai of the Lenghe Sect were pressing Sect Leader Lin An of the Ancient Abyss Sect, Sect Leader He of the Lingying Sect, Sect Leader Dan Xuan of the Pill Sect, and Sect Leader Lin Xuanzhi of the Biluo Sect in battle, and they seemed to have enough energy left to spare.

Occasionally, they even took the opportunity to kill a few disciples.

Among the combatants, Yang Yan did not see Baihua Fairy of Valley of Ten Thousand Flowers.

The Sect Leaders of the Celestial Sound Sect and Hengshan Sect were also absent.

Initially, Yang Yan thought the three sect leaders might have had something preventing their attendance, so he randomly caught a disciple to inquire about their whereabouts.

What he learned shocked Yang Yan.

Turns out, Valley Master Hua of the Valley of Ten Thousand Flowers had already been killed, in both form and spirit.

Sect Leader Lan of the Celestial Sound Sect and Sect Leader Li of the Hengshan Sect were severely wounded, unable to fight.

This news left Yang Yan deeply unsettled.

He only knew the situation was urgent, but he didn't expect it had deteriorated to this extent.

The seven sect leaders joining forces to deal with three leaders didn't have an advantage, and at the cost of two injured and one dead.

Yang Yan surveyed the battlefield and found that the others were also somewhat injured and quite depleted.

In contrast, Xu Caomu, Wang Bingye, and Sect Leader Dai, who were controlled, were still lively, showing no signs of exhaustion, and their strength seemed to be subtly rising.

The three seemed to grow braver with battle, constantly increasing their combat power.

As time went on, the surrounding environment darkened, with Evil Qi and Power of Obscurity permeating the air.

Yang Yan frowned.

He knew well that this aura, once inhaled by ordinary cultivators, was like poison.

It could obstruct the flow of Spiritual Power in the meridians, indirectly affecting the display of Cultivation Technique and strength.

But this Evil Qi and Power of Obscurity boosted the three controlled sect leaders as if aiding the flow of their internal strength smoothly, also providing them with continuous support, enabling them to fight tirelessly.

Unlike them, the Evil Qi penetrated like an eel through tofu, seeping into the cultivators' bodies, causing hesitation in their fighting, fearing the invasion of this ominous power.

With this disadvantage, the other sects gradually fell behind, with disciples continuously getting injured and falling.

The situation was critical, threatening to become a one-sided massacre at any moment.

Chapter 1264: It's You

The three of them, Xu Caomu and his companions, as if with a tacit understanding, suddenly each broke away from their adversaries and joined forces to attack Lin An.

An unprepared Lin An felt the killing intent approaching, and inwardly thought it was not good.

Unfortunately, by the time he realized it had already seemed too late to dodge this fatal attack, his downfall was just a moment away.

Originally, there were only four sect leaders left, perfectly set up for one-on-one combat.

The remaining sect leader of the Pill Sect was not adept at offense, so he kept moving across the battlefield, acting when opportunities arose.

If he saw someone injured, he would immediately use Cyan Wood Qi to heal them, and now and then release various Elixir Poisons to impede the enemy's attack speed.

However, now that the situation had unfolded, the other sect leaders wished to aid but were utterly powerless.

Because those three sect leaders had somehow utilized a method to transform Evil Qi into terrifying apparitions that restricted their mobility, leaving them trapped and immovable.

Just when Lin An let out a bitter smile, thinking his end was near, a figure appeared in front of him.

Lin An's eyes brightened, then dimmed again, thinking it must just be a disciple from his sect.

But how could a normal disciple withstand the combined attack of three sect leaders?

Such an action might block for a moment, but it was undoubtedly like a mantis trying to stop a cart, simply sending oneself to death in vain.

Lin An once again closed his eyes in despair, quietly awaiting the arrival of death.

Moreover, he secretly resolved that when his strength was exhausted, he would detonate his Golden Core and all his Spiritual Power.

No matter what, he intended to deliver a final blow to the three.

However, after several breaths of time, the imagined storm-like attack did not arrive.

Suspicious, Lin An slightly opened his eyes.

The sight before him was truly astonishing.

A giant bronze door emerged in front of Lin An, surrounded by a rainbow of lights.

This radiance formed an enormous barrier that shielded the disciples of the Seven Sects behind it.

While the three sect leaders, including Sect Leader Lin, were viciously attacking this door continuously.

But just like raindrops falling on an umbrella, no matter how fierce the storm, it was dispersed invisibly, only leaving ripples that could not shake it a bit.

"Sect Leader Lin, rest assured, I am back."

Yang Yan turned back with a smile and said in a bright voice.

This smile appeared extremely confident in Lin An's eyes, as if it held endless assurance, enough to handle any tricky situation.

"Yang Yan?! Is that you? Didn't you go to the Demon Cave?" Lin An looked at him with joy.

He certainly didn't expect that the cultivator he thought had been sent to die was actually Yang Yan.

"Let's discuss that later, for now, let's deal with these evil creatures in front of us!"

The situation was urgent, so Yang Yan just gave a brief response before summoning five Exotic Beasts into the battle.

Seeing Yang Yan leading five major Exotic Beasts, Lin An and the other sect leaders were invigorated.

Because after fighting for so long, they had continuously lost members and had not received any reinforcements, gradually falling into despair.

In the end, they all had a similar thought—to drag someone down with them even if they were to die.

This kind of belief had supported them to fight until now.

Now, finally, there were reinforcements, and it was Yang Yan, an exceptionally powerful figure known for creating legends, reigniting some hope in everyone.

Normally, a Foundation Establishment Realm joining the battle wouldn't be considered much of a force, but that wasn't important.

While Lin An understood that Yang Yan was very talented, he was not optimistic.

In situations like now, where life and death hang in the balance, talent is akin to cabbage, worthless compared to solid cultivation.

Because no matter how high the talent, one might still fall before absolute power, never growing to potential.

Throughout history, how many prodigies have died untimely deaths?

And how many who relied on their talent did not meet a good end?

High talent, too, is a future affair, and of little help today.

Everyone's thoughts weren't wrong, in fact, someone whose power has advanced rapidly might not have the ability to exert all of it.

A person's combat effectiveness relates to their realm, but there are many other hidden factors.

Such as the flexible use of power, the versatility of Cultivation Techniques, the accumulation of Magical Treasures, and trump cards.

These factors intertwined indeed determine a cultivator's fighting strength.

This is why warriors of the same realm can have vastly different combat abilities, with newly advanced warriors being weaker than those who stayed long in the realm.

Add to that, when Yang Yan parted from them, he was still at Foundation Establishment Realm, and cultivation is a step-by-step process, with each step a chasm.

So, naturally, everyone thought Yang Yan was still at Foundation Establishment Realm.

In such a short time, even if he advanced, it wouldn't be much.

So, knowing this, Lin An did not expect Yang Yan to join the battle and change anything.

As the saying goes, a mouse pulls a shovel, with all the effort at the back, the real lead was in the five Exotic Beasts following Yang Yan.

From those Exotic Beasts, Lin An vaguely sensed the Golden Core Realm aura.

If he didn't feel wrong, it meant Yang Yan had brought five Golden Core Realm rescuers!

Five Golden Core Realms, to be precise!

Now the battlefield is in three-against-four scenarios, suddenly reinforced by five Golden Core Realms, it would be decisive for the outcome!

However, Yang Yan was destined to break everyone's preconception by his actions.

For not only had Yang Yan unexpectedly found luck, absorbing a lot of the Power of Origin and making an incredible breakthrough, but after advancing to the Pseudo Pill Realm, he constantly fought in the Phoenix Fire Mountain Range, adapting fully to his current realm.

During battles, Yang Yan gradually mastered the strength he had acquired, acting skillfully and confidently.

One could even say, the current Yang Yan had no pressure killing an early Golden Core Realm cultivator.

Sure enough!

Once Yang Yan made a move, it gave everyone's previous thoughts a resounding slap.

With a casual wave of his hand, the previously huge door shrunk smaller until it was palm-sized and was put away by him.

The door that had just appeared in front of everyone was, of course, the Yin Yang Hundred Inference Sect Gate that Yang Yan unexpectedly obtained in the Spirit Realm.

On the way back, it had been thoroughly refined by Yang Yan and could now be summoned and adjusted in size at will.

But to drive this Yin Yang Hundred Inference Sect Gate to defend against enemies, it required allocating equivalent Spiritual Power, with considerable consumption, not sustainable over time.

In the urgent situation, to resist the simultaneous attacks of the three sect leaders controlled by evil creatures, Yang Yan had no choice but to enlarge the Yin Yang Hundred Inference Sect Gate to its maximum.

The cost was evident, though.

This door only appeared for several breaths, yet it consumed a considerable amount of Yang Yan's Spiritual Power.

Chapter 1265: It's Time for You to See

Yang Yan, having removed his defenses, immediately summoned five exotic beasts to charge forward together.

Meanwhile, the other sect leaders broke free from the entanglements of those phantoms and rushed to the center of the battlefield.

The three sect leaders possessed by the evil spirits saw Yang Yan's youthful appearance and instinctively assumed he was just someone with a high-level defensive magical treasure, so they didn't take him seriously.

They ignored Yang Yan and instead engaged in combat with the five exotic beasts and the other sect leaders who had come over.

Yang Yan's eyes lit up as he spotted this flaw in the enemy's contempt, brewing for a long time, spiritual power surged and roiled in his meridians, sending a direct thrust with his sword towards the heart of the Yizheng Sect Leader's chest.

This strike, in terms of timing and force, was executed to perfection by Yang Yan.

It could even be said that this was the best sword strike he had ever delivered.

Of course, the results of this strike were remarkable.

The sword was right in front, and the Yizheng Sect Leader only reacted now, feeling the energy and force contained within this strike, and the Yizheng Sect Leader was a bit surprised.

However, at this moment, he was grappling with the Cold Flood Dragon, completely without the extra strength to defend, and watched as Yang Yan's sword struck while only slightly shifting his body.

Seeing this, Yang Yan raised an eyebrow, his face filled with joy.

Unexpectedly, even now, this evil spirit was still underestimating the enemy!

With a squelch, Yang Yan's sword pierced into the Yizheng Sect Leader's chest, and a bloom of blood appeared on the Yizheng Sect Leader's chest.

Yang Yan took advantage and twisted the hilt, enlarging the consequences, leaving a substantial wound on the enemy's body.

Although this wound did not reach the enemy's heart, it was still considered effective damage.

This strike shocked everyone around, first surprised at the power of the strike, and secondly surprised at the aura emitted by Yang Yan.

That was the aura of the Pseudo Pill Realm!

Moreover, this aura was thick and long-lasting, far from what a recently promoted person could possess.

However, this strike indeed hurt the enemy, which delighted the sect leaders including the Ancient Abyss Sect.

After fighting for so long, they finally managed to deliver a relatively significant blow to the enemy.

Unfortunately, before everyone could get excited, the Yizheng Sect Leader broke free from Yang Yan's sword, flashed to a point over ten meters away, and looked at Yang Yan with a gloomy expression.

He genuinely did not expect that this youngster, who appeared to only be at the Foundation Establishment Realm, had actually injured him.

This obviously included his underestimation, but it also did genuinely anger this evil spirit.

The Yizheng Sect Leader's eyes flashed coldly, raised a finger with his left arm, and immediately, a jet-black longsword appeared next to him, emitting a sharp, piercing sound of breaking through the air, flying towards Yang Yan.

Like a thunderous explosion, it appeared right in front of Yang Yan.

If Yang Yan was still in the Foundation Establishment Realm, this sword could easily have claimed his life.

But now Yang Yan had changed; he wasn't going to be hurt that easily.

With a simple sidestep, the incoming sword flew past him.

Wang Bingye's strike missing, he hooked his finger, causing the flying sword to turn and quickly fly back.

It sped through like a bamboo spear, faster than before.

In an instant, it was less than seven feet away from Yang Yan.

In the urgent situation, Yang Yan's eyes instantly contracted, his body swiftly dodged, a sword qi sliced past his ear.

Even a strand of hair was cut off and fluttered down.

This made a faint trace of sweat break out on Yang Yan's forehead.

He instantly realized the gap between him and the sect leader of Yizheng Sect.

No matter what, he was now just a Pseudo Pill Realm.

While the opponent was truly an established Golden Core.

Also made even stronger under the manipulation of the evil spirit.

The reason Yang Yan was able to critically wound his opponent just now was entirely due to the evil spirit's underestimation that created a flaw, allowing him to seize the opportunity with a sneak attack.

Once the opponent got serious, the gap in cultivation realms meant Yang Yan couldn't resist at all.

Stepping back several steps, out of the opponent's range of attack, Yang Yan issued combat orders.

"Listen up, five exotic beasts: Cold Flood Dragon forms a separate group, the other four split into two pairs, each chooses an opponent to attack."

Yang Yan directed the exotic beasts to attack the three sect leaders shrouded in black qi, freeing up the other sect leaders.

They had fought too long and were already exhausted; it was time for a break.

Yang Yan himself then distanced himself from the central battle zone, turning to attack the loyal disciples surrounding the three sects.

This wasn't suggesting Yang Yan bullied the weak and feared the strong, it's just that war should be like this.

Wars between sects are challenging to overturn by the power of one person; they test strategic deployment and the overall capability between two sides.

As the saying goes, soldiers fight soldiers, generals fight generals, it's impractical and useless for Yang Yan with his Pseudo Pill Realm cultivation to attack those three sect leaders.

In contrast, if he maneuvered around joining the battles between disciples, he could make a significant impact.

Not to mention, he could reduce the casualties of the Ancient Abyss Sect's disciples by over fifty percent.

As expected!

With Yang Yan and the five exotic beasts joining the battle, everyone felt relieved considerably.

Simultaneously, Lin An and several other sect leaders were astonished by the increase in strength of the one person and five beasts.

Many people struggle for a lifetime to make progress in the Golden Core Realm, yet the five beasts in front of them had upgraded again in such a short time.

The most surprising was Yang Yan, who leaped from mid Foundation Establishment Realm across late Foundation Establishment Realm.

The pinnacle of Foundation Establishment and the three minor realms before Core Formation, already forming a pill shape, whether he advances to the Golden Core Realm seems merely a matter of choice.

Lin An originally thought the addition of a few exotic beasts could turn the tide, but in fact, the conditions weren't as optimistic as he expected.

Although everyone did feel slightly relieved with Yang Yan and the five exotic beasts joining, facing the boost from evil qi and power of obscurity, continuously absorbing the surrounding power of filth, with Xu Caomu's three's ever-increasing strength left them quite helpless.

After another confrontation, the two groups faced each other.

Xu Caomu stepped forward, laughed loudly towards the sky, his voice raspy: "Take a look at who this is."

He said, as he clapped his hands, a figure stood beside him.

When Yang Yan saw the person's face clearly, he was taken aback.

It was none other than You'Er, who was secretly infiltrating as an undercover agent by the Sword Sect's Young Sect Leader Lin Hao's side.

Moreover, for some unknown reason, at this moment, You'Er's strength had unexpectedly reached the early Golden Core.

Without waiting for Yang Yan to act, Xu Caomu continued with his raspy voice: "We've played along for so long, it's about time you witness real power!"

"Just earlier when we were locked in a stalemate, I had already controlled her to go to the Demon Cave to break its barrier, releasing more hidden comrades within the cave. Now, let's have a good time!"

Chapter 1266: Heartless Sword Dao

Right after that, no one knew what Evil Technique these three Sect Leaders under the control of the abomination had used, but they actually summoned a great formation out of thin air.

Yang Yan guessed that this great formation was the Teleportation Array connecting to the Demon Cave.

Because soon, several abominations wreathed in black Qi walked out of the great formation.

These few abominations had human shapes, yet their aura was completely different from that of ordinary cultivators.

As a large number of abominations were released, the sky around them grew even darker and gloomier.

Within hundreds of miles, the world had already turned into something like a Ghostly Land.

Moreover, wherever the abominations passed, not a blade of grass grew, all vitality annihilated.

Yang Yan hurriedly communicated with the Holy Artifact Naxu, asking if it could suppress the abominations before his eyes.

Unfortunately, the Holy Artifact Naxu replied that although it could restrain abominations, it could not move at this time.

Because if it was even the slightest bit careless, it would allow the Celestial Demon King it was suppressing to break free.

At that time, the situation would be far worse than it was now.

So even though the Holy Artifact Naxu had the ability, it was utterly helpless at this moment.

Just like that, the battle that they had barely managed to cope with was instantly shattered.

Even with the support of Yang Yan and the One Man Five Beasts, they gradually fell into disadvantage.

And as more and more abominations gathered, Yang Yan could only have Lin An lead the others to withdraw first, while he himself led the Five Beasts to cover the rear.

After a brief stillness, a roar of noise burst into the sky, the shouts shaking the heavens!

The disciples of the Ancient Abyss Sect clashed with those abominations shrouded in black Qi.

However, the situation was anything but optimistic.

Because shortly after they started fighting, Yang Yan discovered a problem.

Some cultivators, after dying in battle, actually staggered to their feet again, their entire bodies now exuding Demonic Qi, and then, as if having lost all reason, they charged at their former comrades-in-arms!

All these phenomena pointed to one problem!

This Demonic Qi was contagious.

Just imagine, after you finally manage to kill an abomination, several more might appear because of it—how could this be tolerated?!

This discovery gave everyone quite a shock; even the disciples of the three great sects such as Yizheng Sect were dumbfounded.

Because those abominations did not distinguish between friend and foe; they attacked any living person they saw.

The chief disciple of Yizheng Sect, Ouyang Jinjie, therefore moved closer to the central battlefield, wanting to ask Sect Leader Wang what on earth was going on.

Yet after calling Sect Leader Wang's name "Wang Bingye" several times in a row, he received no response.

Unconvinced, Ouyang Jinjie shouted a few more times, but unexpectedly, the Sect Leader seemed annoyed and struck out with a single palm, sending Ouyang Jinjie flying several meters away.

Blasted away, Ouyang Jinjie sat there dumbly, not knowing what had happened to his Sect Leader.

This scene, falling into the eyes of the disciples of the three great sects, was like a bomb going off.

Now a horde of Magical Beasts had appeared, and their Sect Leaders were no longer managing them; if they wanted to live, they had no choice but to protect themselves.

Thus, a bizarre situation appeared—

Some disciples of the three great sects began turning their weapons around and, together with disciples of several other sects, started slaughtering the abominations.

Slowly, more and more people joined in the resistance against the abominations.

In the end, it actually split into two great camps: disciples of the ten sects versus the abominations.

Whoosh!

The Cold Flood Dragon opened its maw, and a freezing breath sprayed out from its mouth.

Crack—

Wherever it passed, abominations were frozen into blocks of ice.

Rumble!

Immediately after, its massive tail swept out, and countless abominations were slain or maimed.

Swish!

The Cyan Scale Eagle spread a pair of gigantic black wings behind it, a gale howled, and it shot into the sky, diving down to slaughter into the midst of the abominations.

The Wolf King raised its head and let out a long howl; wherever its sharp claws swept, flesh and blood flew.

The other great Magical Beasts were unwilling to be outdone, each displaying their own Divine Techniques as they reaped the abominations.

However, even with the Cold Flood Dragon and the others circling in the sky, slaughtering abominations every moment.

These abominations still seemed endless, inexhaustible; fresh troops poured out from that great formation without cease.

This great battle raged from dawn till dusk, lasting a full day.

When the battle on the field approached sunset, the hundreds of thousands of disciples from the various sects finally began to quiet down.

Yang Yan turned his head to look around and found that everyone was seething with killing intent, as if they had just walked out of a Blood Sea, their bodies drenched in blood.

Some of it belonged to the enemy, some to their own.

Within a battlefield spanning dozens of miles, the ground was a muddy mess; looking out as far as his eyes could see, corpses lay everywhere and blood flowed like a river.

No one knew how many had fallen in this war.

During the fighting, everyone felt no fatigue and forgot about life and death.

But when everything quieted down, they finally became aware of how horrific this war had been.

Some cultivators' Dao companions had been reduced to ashes in the war; some cultivators' best friends had turned into abominations...

"Hu, you and the Sect Leader leave first."

Yang Yan knew full well that the situation was grim and did not dare let the Void-Devouring Tiger linger in danger.

Although the Void-Devouring Tiger wanted to fight shoulder to shoulder with Yang Yan, its strength was what it was; it actually couldn't be of much help.

Moreover, it itself was still in Primordial Spirit form, its battle power greatly reduced and its innate talents unable to be brought out to much effect.

The forces of the seven sects, under Lin An's lead, fought as they retreated, and under the protection of Yang Yan and the One Man Five Beasts, they gradually drew away from the battlefield.

Seeing everyone safely withdraw, Yang Yan finally let go of his worry.

He turned to look at the battlefield; the three sects' Sect Leaders led a large number of disciples and abominations in a charge toward him, pursuing relentlessly.

Yang Yan's brows furrowed again.

The principle of "capture the king first to capture the bandits" was in fact not very applicable in this situation.

However, only the three sects' Sect Leaders were chasing so closely; it seemed that only by holding them back could the other sects' forces hope to retreat successfully.

Yang Yan gripped the sword in his hand tightly and shouted, "Cold Flood Dragon, Wolf King, Black Death, face the three Sect Leaders with me; Qing Lin and Flying Heaven engage the rest of their forces."

There was a reason behind Yang Yan's arrangement.

At present, those infected by Evil Qi had rather muddled consciousness; no matter how they were struck, they seemed to feel no pain at all.

If on this side they ignored the blows and went to launch a sneak attack on the other side, both Qing Lin and Flying Heaven were fast enough to react in time.

"Yes!"

The Beasts obeyed Yang Yan's command, replying in unison.

Yang Yan turned to face Sect Leader Xu, Xu Caomu, who was charging toward him.

He saw Xu Caomu's sword tip trembling violently, pitch-black Evil Qi spreading over the entire Longsword, condensing into a mysterious and unfathomable aura.

Yang Yan's expression suddenly changed.

Although these people's consciousness was already muddled, their combat skills had sunk into their bones.

Xu Caomu's Sword Skill had even sunk deeper into the Sword Dao because of his utter heartlessness.

Yang Yan seemed to have heard of this sword before.

Rumor had it that this was a Nameless Sword Technique created by the former Sect Leader of the Sword Sect while traveling the world, inspired by myriad experiences.

He had not expected it to be used by this abomination, and with such terrifying power.

"Hmph! It was originally a Sword Dao of feeling, yet you abominations use it as a Heartless Sword Dao."
Yang Yan shouted.

"The sentimental are always troubled by the heartless—how laughable! Besides, I am heartless by nature, so what 'feeling' is there to speak of?" Xu Caomu laughed coldly, the tip of his sword tracing a bizarre angle.

One flower, one world; one tree, one Bodhi.

It was also said that in a flick of a finger there are sixty instants, and in one instant nine hundred births and extinctions.

Xu Caomu's sword seemed to exist and not exist, as though in another world, elusive and unpredictable, impossible to defend against.

Chapter 1267: Epiphany

The Cold Flood Dragon saw such a sword strike from afar and felt its scalp go cold.

The sword strike seemed incredibly dangerous even to it.

Not good, the master is in danger!

The Cold Flood Dragon cried out in its heart, wanting to rush to help.

However, Sect Leader Wang of Yizheng Sect tightly entangled it, making it impossible to break free for a while.

While it was distracted, Wang Bingye's fist landed squarely on the unprepared Cold Flood Dragon, causing it great pain.

The Cold Flood Dragon let out a surprised cry, and cold sweat instantly broke out on its forehead.

The sect leaders have become increasingly difficult to deal with under the influence of Evil Qi; they've grown stronger in such a short time?!

If I'm distracted further, I might be killed here in the next moment.

Besides, there's no way to get over there now. The master has great fortune and fate; hopefully, he will be safe.

As Xu Caomu swung his sword, Yang Yan immediately felt a chill engulf his entire body.

He was instantly paralyzed, almost as if he couldn't move under pressure!

Yang Yan's heart sank, thinking this is not good.

No, this sword strike is too dangerous, and I'm being immobilized; what should I do!

Yang Yan's thoughts flashed in an instant, and he stared intently at the trembling sword tip, mentally extremely tense.

Just as Xu Caomu's longsword was about to touch Yang Yan's body, an indescribable ripple vibrated between the longsword and Yang Yan's body!

"The Power of Space!"

Xu Caomu cried out in surprise, a look of astonishment appearing on his face.

That's right!

The Power of Space that Yang Yan comprehended was barely wielded at this critical moment, allowing him to narrowly escape disaster!

After the danger, Yang Yan swiftly moved several meters away, cold sweat streaming down the side of his face.

The Cold Flood Dragon saw Yang Yan free himself and exhaled lightly, relaxing its tightly wound nerves.

Turning back, it looked at Sect Leader Wang, and launched a Dragon Breath full of cold energy right at him.

Yang Yan saw the Wolf King come urgently to fight with Xu Caomu, and managed a bitter smile.

It seems I'm still too weak!

Battles in the Golden Core Realm are indeed not something I can participate in at this stage.

Turning around, he looked at the pursuing evil beings, and the experience of Nine Reincarnations quickly swept away all unnecessary thoughts.

"I'm still young, what is there to regret!"

Yang Yan squinted his eyes, charging toward the myriad evil beings, keeping a careful mindset honed from past trials when Xu Caomu's sword swung over.

In that sword strike, he felt not only crisis but also something else.

Mastery, Heaven-Born Sword Intent?

Why are most young martial artists in the same realm far weaker than the older generation?

It's not the depth of cultivation but a lack of experience!

Through years of training, the older generation's sword skills and fists have become like second nature.

Why can Xu Caomu and others, even under the control of evil, still use their former sword skills?

Because they have long been ingrained in their hearts.

Their bodies are already familiar with their known sword techniques.

When attacked, they practically don't need to think; their bodies already know what sword technique to use at what time to respond.

If that's the case, why can't I do the same?

Yang Yan's eyes were clear, recalling every move and technique he learned from swordsmanship, mentally deeply entrenched in it.

"Lift!"

Yang Yan's sword tip slightly slanted down, swiftly tracing an arc in the air without touching smoke and fire.

The disciple in front, tainted by Evil Qi, was momentarily dazed, blood appearing between his brows, then collapsing to the ground sliding down.

Yang Yan ignored the blood splashed on his face by the sword tip, his expression showing no hint of emotion.

"Thrust!"

He held the longsword level in front of him, plunging forward.

The evil being ahead was impaled on the longsword, but, lacking pain, continued attacking Yang Yan with its weapon.

"Flip!"

With the sword standing upright, power reached the front of the blade, the sword tip went upward.

Yang Yan flicked away the limbs reduced to fragments, charging ahead like a machine.

Draw, carry, lift, block, strike, thrust, point, snap, stir, press, chop, intercept, wash, cloud, hang, scoop, slice, lift, smear, shave, stab, circle!

Yang Yan unleashed his basic sword techniques, and wherever his sword tip pointed, things turned into fragments flying into the air!

Qing Lin and Flying Heaven saw their master so brave, and the ancient beast instincts hidden within awoke even more.

Their eyes slightly reddened, their moves became increasingly open and expansive.

The Cold Flood Dragon broke through Wang Bingye's defense with its powerful claws, leaving a large hole in his right shoulder, forcing Wang Bingye back, and glanced toward Yang Yan.

"Is this..." the Cold Flood Dragon was somewhat astonished, "an awakening?"

It's said that only those with minds surpassing the ordinary, who can always remain clear, may encounter it, known as "seeing one's true nature."

In such a state, regardless of how long it lasts, one's cultivation will greatly advance.

The Cold Flood Dragon suddenly smiled, seemed to understand something, composed its thoughts, and looked back at Wang Bingye, cold energy brimming, an energy surge like a sea flooding forward.

The Wolf King and Black Death were also stirred by the scene.

Even though Xu Caomu and others' strength slowly increased with Evil Qi's replenishment, the beasts were not inferior.

Suddenly, this area seemed like a volcanic eruption, the ground cracked, rising and falling like waves.

The evil beings affected just felt heavenly thunder rumbling, blasted into the air, then torn apart and scattered.

Those in the outer circles instantly bled from their mouth and nose, nearly dying on the spot.

On the other side, Yang Yan was gradually entering a good state, each move and technique faintly glowing, as if slowly breaking free from shackles, leaping to higher levels.

Just as Yang Yan was excitedly fighting, feeling the sword techniques gradually permeating his subconscious, he suddenly sensed something wrong.

"Hmm?!"

In battle, Yang Yan suddenly felt a sharp pain in his heart, furrowed his brows, and turned to shout to the Five Exotic Beasts fighting fiercely: "Follow me!"

Since Yang Yan formed a Soul Contract with the Void-Devouring Tiger, they've had slight telepathic connection.

Now sensing this response, it must mean the Ten Sect forces are in trouble!

Hearing these words from Yang Yan, though not knowing why, the Five Beasts shouted, "Yes!"

Yang Yan lifted his sword tip, slashed through surrounding evil beings, then flicked them away, sent fragments of limbs flying, and immediately leapt into the air.

Qing Lin knew what to do, with a swoop of its wings, curved around, avoiding other evil beings, and steadily caught Yang Yan on its back.

"Master, where to?" Qing Lin asked with some respect.

Yang Yan rubbed his brows, answering, "Go back to find the retreating seven sect disciples. Just now I felt a pang in my heart; with my telepathic bond with Hu, they might be in trouble."

Chapter 1268: Self-Destruction

"Alright," the Cold Flood Dragon and others arrived beside Yang Yan at this moment; the Five Beasts were originally beast-shaped, naturally faster than others.

"Let's go!" Yang Yan shouted.

The group of one person and five beasts instantly increased their speed; although the sect leaders and others closely followed, they gradually fell behind.

...

"You!" Sect Leader Lan of the Celestial Sound Sect shouted loudly, then his eyes rolled back, blood dripped from the corner of his mouth, and he collapsed.

"What do you mean by 'you'? Huh!" You'Er smirked menacingly.

Evil Qi immediately enveloped Sect Leader Lan's entire body.

Seconds later, the Evil Qi dissipated, and Sect Leader Lan stood up straight, charging towards Lin An and others.

Sect Leader Li of the Hengshan Sect coughed deeply twice and said with a bitter smile, "I didn't expect such wicked creatures to be so terrifying; even someone like Sect Leader Lan was instantly controlled and turned into a puppet!"

Dan Xuan frowned deeply: "This Yin Evil Qi is terribly venomous, so entangled. Even when disciples swallow the Clear Spirit Pill, they can barely defend themselves, fighting awkwardly. After death, they become puppets of them. This diminishes our strength, which is greatly disadvantageous!"

"It's more than disadvantageous!" Lin Xuan swung his longsword, slicing an attacking evil creature into two pieces, "Unless this evil creature is cut into halves or thirds, it will be difficult to deal with, as if it has no senses."

Lin An squinted, looking at the evil creatures gradually surrounding them, and shouted, "Everyone retreat backward, fight as you walk, otherwise today we'll all meet our end here."

Lin An waved his right hand, and a faintly glowing talisman fell to the ground; the runes seemed alive, writhing slowly, making one dizzy upon close inspection.

"Rise!" Lin An said softly.

A semi-transparent shield encompassed everyone inside.

Taking advantage of the shield blocking the evil creatures, Lin An said to everyone, "Listen to me, currently we cannot protect the disciples under these circumstances!"

Many disciples felt a bit uneasy but soon quieted down, listening to him attentively.

Lin An bit his lip in bitterness, "Given the current situation, if no one helps us, we're only waiting for death. However, before dying, we must adhere to one principle: knowing you are about to die, please choose to self-destruct."

"After all, in the end, your death remains in your own hands. Otherwise, becoming a killing machine is something none of us desires."

Upon saying this, Lin An suddenly thought of Yang Yan, silently saying in his mind: If we all perish, you are the last hope!

The crowd remained silent.

Some showed resentment, some bitter smiles, some sighed, but no one raised objections.

No one wished to become a walking corpse controlled by evil creatures after death.

"Pop!"

A soft sound rang out as the incoming Sect Leader Lan shattered the shield with a strike, yet the group felt somewhat inspired.

"Kill!"

With a spirited shout, everyone rushed forward to battle fiercely against the evil spirits.

Soon after, sounds of explosions echoed continuously, with several surrounded disciples from the Seven Sects choosing to die by self-destruction.

"Cough, cough!"

Sect Leader Li of the Hengshan Sect recalled his comforting smile when new disciples joined the sect, thought of several familiar faces he had just seen, wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, and suddenly became invigorated.

"I've lived so long, yet I can't face it like my juniors do!"

Sect Leader Li suddenly laughed heartily: "I've been severely injured and lingering for so long; it's time for a conclusion!"

Sect Leader Li summoned all the spiritual power within him, making every inch of his skin translucent, his fists swung out, displaying a fist technique that amazed all, blending all his lifetime skills in fist combat.

In these final moments of life, he achieved an Extreme Realm enlightenment.

Sect Leader Li resembled a War God, his hair glittering, each move causing havoc like sky and earth collapsing!

"Bring me your life!"

Sect Leader Li charged towards Sect Leader Lan, who had been controlled by evil spirits, struck with a fist, the divine glow of his fist surging, spiritual Qi flooding, overwhelmingly epic.

Sect Leader Lan screamed, long having lost his former graceful poise, his long hair scattered, his voice generating shock waves!

Within moments, everyone noticed Sect Leader Lan's abilities greatly surging, truly terrifying!

"Hahaha! Hahaha... I was a free spirit, why should I make a grave in chaotic times!"

Sect Leader Li stamped the ground forcefully, resisting the shock waves from the screams, his step like a War God walking, causing the ground to shake and crack tremendously.

Instantly, Sect Leader Li integrated his essence, fist technique, and spiritual power into one, continuously revolving and elevating endlessly!

Sect Leader Lan felt immense pressure, shouted frantically, his voice making the air waves shatter!

Sect Leader Li appeared unaffected; he fused his lifetime essence, Qi, spirit, and experiences within this punch!

It was Li's rise and fall through years.

A punch expressing life's honor and disgrace, a punch revealing the world's vicissitudes!

This punch embodied invincible confidence, Sect Leader Li sensed more closely the exhaustion of the truth he saw under Lan's pressure!

Sect Leader Lan felt incredibly insignificant and powerless, quickly crossing his elbows before his chest under the fist's gust, defending tightly.

"What's the use of guarding!" Sect Leader Li laughed heartily.

This punch rushed out fiercely, leaving a visible air channel in the air!

"Boom!"

The sound of air detonating seemed like the sky and earth collapsing, this punch's sound almost extracting one's soul!

Suddenly, a crunching sound rang out abruptly, Sect Leader Lan's arms shattered completely, his chest collapsed like a black hole.

Sect Leader Lan's body paused, then flew backward like a broken sack!

Numerous pores on his body sprayed blood mist outward, rendering the area a red haze.

Ignoring his shattered fists, Sect Leader Li dashed forward instantly, heading straight towards Sect Leader Lan.

Then, he immediately locked Lan's head, his legs pinning his body: "I thought this punch would shatter you entirely, but didn't expect your body to become so resilient under the transformation of Evil Qi. That's fine, it's my proper demise, haha!"

Sect Leader Li knew his body was half-ruined, only the Golden Core explosion could have any effect!

Sect Leader Li's abdomen slightly bulged, the withered Golden Core radiated light from within. Remembering the disciples' recent images, he closed his eyes, muttering: "I'm coming too."

"Sect Leader Li, beware!" Suddenly, he heard Lin An's shouting, opening his eyes instinctively.

Suddenly, he felt severe pain from his abdomen; the surging spiritual Qi calmed instantly, Sect Leader Li dumbfoundedly stared at You'Er's figure.

And the sword in her hand that pierced through both Sect Leader Lan and his Dantian.

Then, his head drooped, breathless.

Whisper, whisper—

Evil Qi encased Sect Leader Li's corpse for a while before he straightened up.

Twisting his neck, then lowering his head to glance at his shattered right hand, seemingly somewhat dissatisfied.

Chapter 1629: Breakthrough

The masses from the seven sects fell silent, not a single man continued shouting "Kill!"

It was as though everyone's hot blood had been extinguished by icy water, leaving them speechless.

Every heart inevitably stirred with a feeling of desolate sadness.

To die? Or not to die? How to die?

When a person is trapped in a desperate situation, they might find a chance at survival from the brink of death.

But when even the last shred of resistance seems utterly meaningless, the spirit is completely shattered!

Hu, who had transformed back into its true form, shouted, "Don't panic!"

Though it was bloodied by the swarm tactics, its mind was clear and awoke instantly.

But only those with higher cultivation levels were startled awake; the air was thick with despair.

"Bang!" "Bang!" "Bang!"

Finally, batches of disciples succumbed to the melancholy atmosphere, rushing headlong into the evil spirits' midst, self-destructing to death.

Some disciples abandoned resistance, allowing Evil Qi to pass through their bodies, becoming puppets.

Lin An also felt somewhat disheartened, watching Sect Leader Li, now an evil spirit, he recalled the punch just moments ago. His heart ached, yet his hand showed no mercy.

A spell struck Sect Leader Li's shattered right hand, causing him deep agony, retreating several steps.

Dan Xuan gritted his teeth, charged ahead, flinging You'Er away in an instant, his eyes reddened, striking You'Er repeatedly with palmfuls of fire attribute Qi.

Meanwhile, Dan Xuan hadn't noticed Sect Leader Lan's battered body had partially recovered, now standing upright, charging directly toward him.

"Sect Leader Dan, be cautious!" Sect Leader He of Lingying Sect exclaimed urgently.

Lin An and others' pupils contracted sharply.

Dan Xuan quickly turned, only to see Sect Leader Lan's attack closing in rapidly, leaving no space to dodge.

Dan Xuan faltered for a moment: "Am I destined to perish here as well?"

At that moment, a flying sword descended from the heavens, piercing Sect Leader Lan. Dan Xuan narrowly avoided disaster.

"Yang Yan!" Hu sensed the aura of Five Beasts, shouting.

Lin An and others, hearing this, felt a sudden brightness before their eyes.

Has Yang Yan arrived?

Does this mean he has already defeated Xu Caomu and others?!

A gust of strong wind swept over, tearing several evil creatures apart, Yang Yan descended from Qing Lin, standing beside Lin An and others.

The Five Beasts charged directly at the multitude of evil creatures, clearing a sliver of space for the group.

Sect Leader He noticed Yang Yan's furrowed brows and couldn't help but ask, "What's the matter, has something else happened?"

"Initially I thought holding Xu Caomu's side would enable your safe retreat. Now it seems..."

Yang Yan looked at the surrounding relentless, fearless evil creatures, distress further etched on his face.

It's akin to scenes from Earth's science fiction work Resident Evil!

No, it's far more terrifying than Resident Evil!

"Now it seems we can only retreat to a protected place and completely isolate them. Otherwise, no matter how many of us there are, it won't suffice; it might even swell their ranks!" Yang Yan sighed.

"Then what should we do now?" Dan Xuan asked.

"We will hold them back, you should quickly return to your sects, gather all other sects to discuss solutions or jointly fend them off!" Yang Yan frowned, speaking gravely.

"This is the only way now." Lin An pondered upon hearing this.

His sect leader was in closed-door life-and-death seclusion, and the whereabouts of other sect leaders were unknown, hence joint defense was the only option.

"Qing Lin, Cold Flood Dragon, escort them out first; we'll delay them here a bit longer." Yang Yan ordered coolly.

Qing Lin and Cold Flood Dragon responded in unison, "Yes!"

Yang Yan turned his gaze to You'Er, Sect Leader Lan, and Sect Leader Li.

You'Er's realm was not high, while Sect Leader Lan and Sect Leader Li were half-maimed, their threat minimized under the protection of the other three beasts.

Recalling his insights from the other battlefield earlier, Yang Yan's eyes became lucid once again.

How is this possible?!

The Wolf King was genuinely astonished this time.

Is sudden enlightenment attained just like that?!

Yang Yan licked his lips, severing evil spirits, he charged straight at Sect Leader Lan.

In the recent battle, Sect Leader Lan's body had been thoroughly ravaged by Sect Leader Li's final blow, even pierced by Yang Yan's sword.

Yet in such a short lapse of time, it had recuperated significantly.

"Ha! Without reaching the Golden Core, how dare you contend on the same stage with me!" Sect Leader Lan coldly snorted, eyes filled with disdain.

Yang Yan paid her words no heed, the sword in his hand trembled slightly, tracing an uncanny arc in the air.

"Sizzle!"

Another sword mark appeared on Sect Leader Lan's body.

"This is... Sword Dao fusion?" Sect Leader Lan exclaimed in shock, her eyes wide, expressing disbelief.

Many people failed to grasp this realm even upon death, yet it manifested with this young lad today.

It's truly incredible.

Yang Yan's sword tip pivoted and closed, the sword horizontally pursued the Blood Pearl ejected from Sect Leader Lan.

A sudden boom transmitted through the sword's tremor to the Blood Pearl, which burst into tiny blood threads, racing toward Sect Leader Lan's eyes.

As Sect Leader Lan swung her sleeve to block, Yang Yan startled her with a thrust, disemboweling Sect Leader Lan!

Just then, Yang Yan abruptly shut his eyes, his aura flickering erratically.

Soon, his aura stabilized, Yang Yan charged fiercely toward Sect Leader Lan.

But by now, Sect Leader Lan was prepared, delivering a palm strike, sending Yang Yan flying.

Yang Yan ignored his injuries, a faint smile gracing his lips, a tinge of joy welled in his heart, and he began massacring among evil creatures.

The Five Beasts did similarly, helping the Qi Sect troops buy time.

Since the last large battle, two days had passed, during which the sect leaders conversed about countering the evil creatures.

Yet, at this moment, Yang Yan quietly sat upon the Pudian.

Already during the battle two days prior, the enlightenment bestowed many benefits upon Yang Yan.

Sword Techniques fused, mental state elevated...

Even the recently attained realm thrummed restlessly.

Signs already appeared back then, subdued by Yang Yan.

Not until returning to his sect did he calmly seek a breakthrough.

During the original absorption of the Power of Origin, Yang Yan was on the verge of breaking through to the Golden Core Realm!

At that time, he held himself back from breaking through, aspiring for a more perfect advance to the Golden Core.

And now, his enhanced mental state, sharpened sword skills, increased Spiritual Power!

If not breaking through now, when?!

Whoosh—

The Pill Embryo within his body began spinning rapidly, Yang Yan's eyes opened suddenly, a beam infused with Spiritual Power shot straight out.

Vaguely, an obscure ripple emanated from Yang Yan's body.

That is...

The aroma of space!

Chapter 1270: Destructive Thunder Tribulation

The pill embryo suddenly paused, and an invisible suction force burst out from the pill embryo, breaking through the room's constraints and shooting straight into the sky!

Instantly, a canopy composed of spiritual power, ten kilometers in radius, shrouded the skies above the Ancient Abyss Sect.

Immediately, all were shaken, and the world was astounded!

"This is..."

In the hall of the Ancient Abyss Sect, the sect leaders of each sect were all watching the dragon-like rolling thunderclouds in the sky, speechless with shock.

"That's right, it's Yang Yan's breakthrough!" Lin An said with a gratifying smile.

"How is this possible!" Everyone was astonished, looking at each other in disbelief.

Since records began, no one has ever had such a large tribulation cloud during their breakthrough to the Golden Core Realm!

Lin An smiled without saying a word.

Yet, in his heart, there was a trace of worry.

The larger the tribulation cloud, the stronger the thunder tribulation it represents.

And this mass of tribulation cloud even made him feel frightened.

Yang Yan opened his eyes and instantly broke through the room's barrier, looking up at the tribulation cloud in the sky, frowning tightly.

As a Flawless Divine Body born once in ten thousand eras, Yang Yan's foundation was too weak.

He realized this when facing the three sect leaders polluted by evil spirits in the past.

Approaching a breakthrough to the Golden Core Realm, yet those three sect leaders looked down on him as if standing high in the clouds, far removed from his previous cross-realm counter-attacks at lower levels.

There is always a sky beyond the sky, and people beyond people.

Beyond the Wandering Dragon Star, there were countless Nascent Soul Realm and higher-level martial artists, and how were their offspring?

They possess abundant cultivation techniques and inexhaustible resources.

And Yang Yan, comparatively, his accumulation was the weakest.

To put it bluntly, this Flawless Divine Body on him seemed almost wasted!

And this time, during this breakthrough, brought Yang Yan endless pressure and opportunity.

Yang Yan watched the ever-turbulent tribulation cloud in the sky, the black light around the pill embryo in his dantian flickering, its hidden spatial essence resonating with the thundercloud in the sky.

Suddenly, the tribulation cloud in the sky seemed to feel something, shrinking slightly.

Then, it suddenly expanded, enveloping the sky for hundreds of miles!

Yang Yan's pupils suddenly contracted.

This is...

He felt the breath of destruction.

Heaven and earth do not recognize him as a divine body!

If it is a divine body, it must shatter everything!

And Yang Yan was far from enough.

After Foundation Establishment, Yang Yan had once cultivated the Celestial Spirit Tyrant Body Technique, using celestial thunder for himself.

Yet now, this celestial thunder bore myriad differences from the simple lightning back then!

At this moment, the pill embryo within Yang Yan began to spin rapidly!

In an instant, amidst the tribulation cloud, a purple lightning bolt, carrying the might of heaven, struck Yang Yan's left shoulder before anyone could react!

"Snap!"

Yang Yan's left shoulder unexpectedly exploded, the sinister white bones appearing exceedingly terrifying under the flash of lightning.

Then, the seemingly brewing tribulation cloud suddenly erupted, the thunderous light pouring down like a sea, painting the area above Yang Yan a striking purple.

The many sect leaders observing from afar were greatly shocked.

Does it intend to destroy Yang Yan?!

Lin An tightly clenched his fists, sweat drops rolling down his forehead.

He couldn't understand why the thunder tribulation was so enormous.

He knew the Golden Core Realm's breakthrough to Nascent Soul thunder tribulation scene, yet in his memory, it never possessed such oppressive force.

This oppression was something none of them had ever seen or even heard of.

Yang Yan calmly watched the sky, sending a message to Lin An: "Sect Leader, regardless of what happens, don't come near me."

Lin An was shocked.

He could discern that Yang Yan had no confidence in surviving this tribulation.

Otherwise, given his usual character, how could he utter such words!

Suddenly, the firmament seemed to collapse, the atmosphere becoming unbearably oppressive.

Yang Yan looked at the wound on his left shoulder, his gaze calm.

He knew that was just a trace of residual strength from the leaked thunderbolt.

And now, the real thunder tribulation was about to descend!

Rumble!

The purple lightning instantly engulfed Yang Yan!

Lin An and the others fell silent.

At this moment, apart from the eardrum-shattering thunder, there was no sound.

The electric light did not touch the distant cliff, yet its aftershock destroyed countless cliffs.

Suddenly, Lin An and others saw Yang Yan's figure appearing in the thunderstorm.

He stood proudly, in the center of the sea of lightning, letting ten thousand bolts of lightning rage around him.

Though his body was in tatters, there was not a hint of fear!

At this moment, the sea of thunder expanded, and everything else ceased to exist.

The sun, moon, and stars vanished; all worldly things disappeared...

There was only the boundless sea of thunder.

Like a galaxy, spanning the heavens and the earth!

"Sect Leader Lin, your Ancient Abyss Sect is truly blessed!" A sect leader from a small sect sincerely praised.

"His crisis is not yet over!" Suddenly said Sect Leader Dan Xuan beside him.

Lin An smiled bitterly: "Not only is it unresolved, but it hasn't even begun yet!"

"What!"

Everyone was greatly shaken, reacting only after coming to their senses.

Yes, the Golden Core Realm's tribulation breaks the Four-Nine Celestial Tribulation, and today's sea of thunder is merely the opening act.

The tribulation cloud in the sky showed no sign of shrinking; instead, amidst its flickering, it seemed to be brewing something.

At this time, Yang Yan held a determination to die.

He clearly knew that facing this catastrophe with his current ability, he would not survive!

In the sea of electricity, silver snakes danced, purple light surged, as if it were an apocalypse, the earth shattered like dominoes.

This is heaven's punishment!

"Boom!"

A purple thunderbolt with a diameter of several meters struck Yang Yan in the air.

Puff!

Blood sprayed across the sky, and the shattered bone fragments shone gloamingly.

Yang Yan swallowed the blood in his mouth, closed his eyes, raised the sword in his hand, and looked up at the sky disdainfully.

He just wished to survive under this heavenly tribulation!

Yes, just to survive!

What is life?

Everyone has their view.

The Golden Core Realm has a perspective, the Nascent Soul has a perspective, and mortals also have a perspective.

What is death?

This question perhaps no one can answer.

However, everyone knows that once true death occurs, then everything will vanish like smoke.

Yang Yan, from being a mortal on Earth to now nearing a breakthrough to the Golden Core, has had his understanding of life change time and again, but his understanding of death remains unchanged.

He yearns for eternity, he wants to live on!

In fact, what obstructs everyone from living eternally is not their realm, nor their willpower.

Anyone capable of cultivating to the Golden Core Realm possesses great determination.

What restricts them is the supreme body, the indestructible body across time and space.