

Powerful 1011

Chapter 1011: Since You Want to Play, I'll Play Along

Yang Yan showed no mercy to these black-clad figures, and slaughtered them with great satisfaction.

In a brief moment, he couldn't even tell how many lives he had harvested.

Suddenly, the black-clad figures in front of him seemed to receive some message and retreated in perfect synchrony.

Just at that moment, Yang Yan caught sight of a crescent moon in the sky out of the corner of his eye.

But this moon was filled with a blood red color.

This was a blood moon!

Countless blood stained the land beneath his feet, and the surrounding air suddenly became stagnant.

The sounds of battle had long since disappeared, and the scene before his eyes changed abruptly.

A crescent blood moon hung above Yang Yan's head, with the sky beneath it completely consumed by the color of blood.

Yang Yan realized he had suddenly arrived at a cemetery.

Gravestones stood tall around him, and bare trees rose up beside him.

Yet Yang Yan showed no sign of disturbance, merely standing silently in place, gazing ahead.

"Hoo..."

It seemed as though someone was breathing wind beside Yang Yan's ear.

"Woo..."

"Swish..."

A gust of Yin wind swept in, turning normal in speed when it reached Yang Yan, only brushing past slowly.

Meanwhile, the previously bare trees mysteriously grew leaves, rustling crisply in the wind.

It seemed to be—the symphony of the undead.

It had arrived.

Yang Yan appeared insensitive to everything before him, simply staring quietly ahead, his lips slightly moving.

A shadowy figure, shrouded in the night, appeared roughly several hundred meters directly in front of Yang Yan.

Despite Yang Yan's keen eyesight, he could only see the corner of the cloak fluttering in the wind.

The figure walked towards Yang Yan slowly, neither hurried nor sluggish.

After a short walk, it suddenly halted and slowly opened its mouth.

Being able to see in such darkness was truly because those snow-white fangs were so dazzling beneath the night sky.

"Hahaha! Hahaha..."

A sinister and terrifying laugh suddenly echoed through the cemetery, causing the wind-driven trees to shake more intensely.

Even the crescent moon above completely revealed itself.

The fully exposed blood moon resembled not a moon, but a gigantic blood ball near at hand.

"Even such petty tricks are being used; is this the end of the line?"

Yang Yan, who had remained motionless, suddenly snickered.

The words seemed to anger the distant shadow.

Roar!

Accompanied by a roar akin to a beast's, the leaves on the surrounding trees suddenly vanished without a trace, replaced by numerous human heads.

Among them were many of those Yang Yan had just slain, their eyes wide open in death, filled with endless resentment, fixed firmly on Yang Yan.

With the sound of cracking earth, numerous headless corpses burst forth from the ground.

Three hands suddenly appeared beneath Yang Yan's feet.

However, before they could grasp his legs, Yang Yan struck like lightning, severing them!

"Since you want to play, I shall entertain you, little master!"

A powerful shout thundered like rolling thunder.

In the next moment, Yang Yan moved.

Swish, swish, swish—

Numerous heads were rapidly harvested like leaves blown by the wind, emitting splashes of blood with a rancid odor.

"Bang, bang, bang!"

Many heads rolled silently onto the ground, while more were smashed by Yang Yan's maniacal laughter.

"Woo, woo, woo..."

Those headless bodies could still utter mournful sounds.

Then, before Yang Yan could strike at them, they burrowed back into the ground.

Star Night, stained with untold amounts of decayed blood, not only remained unaffected but instead radiated brilliantly, quivering with excitement.

Yang Yan laughed heartily.

Pointing his Star Night at the bodies hiding underground, he laughed:

"You weren't my match when alive, and you want revenge now that you're dead?!"

"Moonlight! You've celebrated too early!"

A voice slightly hoarse and furious suddenly exploded by Yang Yan's ear.

Yang Yan's gaze turned cold, saying disdainfully:

"Who dares! Come forth and face your death!"

"What if I appear?"

The shadowy figure in front flickered and appeared directly before Yang Yan.

That face, who else could it be but Sand King?

Swish!

Yang Yan coldly sneered, his Star Night shining with light, slashing fiercely towards the opponent.

However, Star Night's edge caught only an afterimage.

Yang Yan moved at extreme speed, ultimately leaving behind only a fragment of fabric!

How... can this be?!

Yang Yan was somewhat speechless.

How could the opponent be so fast?

The first time he saw Sand King, he wasn't even half this fast!

"Your power is restored?"

Yang Yan asked in a deep voice.

"Thanks to you, I've only regained most of it!"

Sand King had already retreated several hundred steps, suddenly showing a fierce expression:

"But that's enough! Do you know where you are now?"

"My Sand King Space, my Absolute Domain! Haha! This is the true power of our Demon Race's Emperor-level experts!"

"Here, everything of mine is greatly enhanced. Whether speed, strength, or even reflexes, everything undergoes tremendous changes."

"So now, I am the deity who can control your fate! And you, do you wish to live, or die?"

Yang Yan raised an eyebrow, cursing fiercely:

"I'm going to take your life!"

His speed erupted suddenly, achieving extreme rapidity, leaving trails of yet-to-fade afterimages in the air.

It proved that infuriating Yang Yan was absolutely unwise.

Bang!

Facing Yang Yan's strike, Sand King neither dodged nor flinched, but his eyes showed fervent excitement.

He intended to crush Yang Yan here!

Crushing a human prodigy, a pivotal figure, was something worth celebrating for Sand King.

"Star Night Slash!"

Yang Yan's speed had transcended sonic speed, with sonic booms constantly bursting in the air.

The shadowy figure had a glimmer of light in front of it, a frigid gleam emanating from Star Night.

Now, it transformed into a long, semicircular arc of blue brilliance.

The blue blade radiance, about three to five centimeters wide, emitted a strange, bloodthirsty glow under the blood moon's shine.

Damn it!

Sand King's heart was filled with shock.

He had expected to trade blows with Yang Yan and envisioned Yang Yan being struck down, gravely injured and spitting blood.

But he never imagined Yang Yan would have another move!

The power of this strike had increased by at least fifty percent.

Was this young man's true strength?

Sand King of course didn't know!

He only knew he was too late to dodge.

Helplessly, he steeled himself to endure the blow.

Buzz!

Black light shone, and the knife in his hand suddenly transformed into a round shield, gripped tightly by Sand King in front of him.

Boom!

Crack!

The shield in his hand shattered inch by inch, and Sand King, terrified, was about to retreat explosively.

Yang Yan smiled slightly in front of him.

The blade in his hand, undiminished in force, struck fiercely onto Sand King's body.

Chapter 1012: Unmatched Strength Overcomes Ten Experts

Swoosh—

A gaping wound appeared, deep enough to see the bone.

Having landed a hit, Yang Yan was ready to press on with a second strike.

According to Yang Yan's expectations, the Sand King should have been cleaved in two; at the very least, he expected to inflict severe damage.

Thus, he was actually unsatisfied with this outcome.

This realization made him aware that the opponent in front of him was far more difficult to deal with than he had imagined.

Although Yang Yan's speed was incredibly fast, each slash following the last, he still failed to land a second blow.

The Sand King barely dodged, using unimaginable speed within his own domain.

"Ah!"

The enraged and startled Sand King backed far away, glaring at Yang Yan with a fierce gaze, clutching his wound in agony.

Yang Yan patted Star Night in his left palm, his expression full of disdain:

"Is this the strength of your Demon Race at the Emperor level? It doesn't seem that impressive!"

"You brat, pushing me too far!"

The Sand King was completely enraged by Yang Yan, gritting his teeth and glaring at him.

With a furious shout, the scene around Yang Yan began to collapse.

Yang Yan initially thought this meant the Sand King couldn't hold on and was planning to flee.

Unexpectedly, after the collapse came a new scene.

Yang Yan's surroundings suddenly turned into a vast desert under a blazing sun!

"This ability of yours is quite interesting! Not bad, not bad."

Yang Yan looked around the empty space, talking to himself.

"Too bad, you will never figure it out!"

The Sand King appeared above Yang Yan.

At this moment, he was wrapped tightly in a black cloak. As for the wound on his chest, Yang Yan knew without thinking that it must have healed.

This place was, after all, the Sand King's Absolute Domain, where such feats were easily achievable.

"Moonlight, don't get too complacent. Try the Sand Demon Clan's forbidden space! Here, there's nothing!"

With that, the Sand Demon gave Yang Yan a sly smile, then vanished without a trace.

"Nothing at all?"

Yang Yan looked around, slightly frowning.

Just as the Sand King said, there was nothing here but desert.

Even if Yang Yan stretched his Divine Sense into a line, extending infinitely, he couldn't reach the end.

"Trying to trap me here?"

Yang Yan couldn't help but frown, sneering:

"I don't have time to waste with you!"

As soon as he finished speaking, his body suddenly rose sharply, continuing to ascend.

Reaching a certain height, Yang Yan grasped Star Night in his right hand and swung it down fiercely.

He intended to break through this space with one slash!

Yang Yan's idea wasn't wrong.

As the saying goes, one force can break ten skills.

If he was strong enough, the sheer power of one strike would be too much for this space to withstand, and it would naturally collapse.

"Boom!"

A torrential wave of air, accompanied by countless grains of sand, erupted into the sky.

Yang Yan's attack was like a nuclear explosion, incredibly powerful.

However, when the dust settled, there was only a bottomless crack in the ground, and nothing more.

Unconvinced, Yang Yan struck again with over a dozen consecutive slashes, each attack targeting the exact same point.

"Boom boom boom..."

It seemed as though a rain of sand began to fall from the sky.

The sand particles struck directly by Yang Yan's attack, along with those caught in the residual force, shattered from the inside, turning into very fine powder.

Unfortunately, after more than a dozen strikes, apart from making the crack a bit deeper, there was no other effect.

With a glance, Yang Yan gritted his teeth and unleashed dozens more rapid strikes.

Since ancient times, the legend has persisted, within some reclusive Great Powers, there were those who broke through with sheer force.

They shattered the spatial barriers and soared into immortality, inspiring countless with envy and leaving behind legendary stories.

The Great Powers of ancient times shattered the spatial barriers of the entire continent!

What Yang Yan was facing now was nothing but a small space created by the Sand King.

Its sturdiness was incomparable to those ancient barriers.

Even if the Sand King was confidently reinforcing the space from outside, the most he could do was make Yang Yan use one or two more slashes!

The universe is endless, but space has its limits!

When Yang Yan swung his saber for the tenth time,

Ten mighty blasts of Sword Qi descended into the abyss below with unmatched power.

The desert quaked, fierce winds began to ravage, countless grains of sand danced wildly on the earth!

They seemed to pray, they seemed to plead!

"Bang!"

The area around the pit, thousands of meters across, began to collapse weakly.

Even the sand could not escape the pull of gravity.

Chunks of earth crumbled and fell, while the space around Yang Yan began to peel away, one fragment after another.

In a moment, everything vanished...

Yang Yan dismantled the Sand Demon Space the Sand King prided himself on with sheer force!

"Kill!"

The thunderous sounds of battle once again reached Yang Yan's ears.

Hundreds of men in black charged towards him, launching a ruthless assault.

From the moment Yang Yan was drawn into the space by the Sand King and returned, only an instant had passed in the outside world.

"Great, today I'll show you how to fight!"

With his bloodlust ignited, Yang Yan charged forward instead of retreating, like a sharp sword piercing ahead.

Having just broken out of the Sand King's space, he had comprehended a new saber technique, though it was not yet perfected.

Now, he would use these men to perfect and refine it!

Yang Yan exuded a wild aura, lifting Star Night as he soared into the sky.

His immense confidence projected an overwhelming presence, bearing down on those below like an overwhelming force.

The black-clad men, filled with dread, scrambled to retreat.

"This move is called Azure Vault Technique—Shattering Heaven!"

Yang Yan wasn't sure how terrifying a space-shattering saber technique would be when used against a bunch of ordinary fighters.

Most of these men in black were at the Master level, with a few at the General level.

The only Emperor-level opponent was the Sand King.

But this guy had suffered a big loss earlier, and it was unclear where he was hiding now.

Such a world-shattering strike was enough to leave them with an unforgettable memory for a lifetime!

The endless black light instantly covered the sight of the hundreds of men in black.

They didn't even have time to react before their bodies shattered, their souls scattered!

And for Yang Yan, this was merely the work of an instant.

Seeing the bodies turn into blood mist on the battlefield, Yang Yan shook his head regretfully, then sheathed Star Night.

"King!"

"King!"

"King!"

Familiar voices resounded from behind Yang Yan, then two graceful faces appeared beside him, with Fu Changjian slightly behind.

Yang Yan turned to see that Fu Changjian and his companions had already slaughtered the remaining men in black.

The three ninth-level peak experts at the General level working together to kill these people was, in truth, effortless.

"Moonlight, well done!"

Ao Tian smilingly led Sass over, holding a person in his hand.

Or rather...

Half a Demon.

Chapter 1013: Where Is This Place Again?

Approaching closer, Ao Tian unceremoniously tossed the half-remained body of the Sand King onto the ground.

"This guy was already gravely injured when I found him. He tried to run away upon seeing me, but I managed to cut half of him off with one slash."

"Yet this guy's body is as tenacious as a cockroach's; he probably won't die anytime soon."

Ao Tian said with a smile.

It seemed he was quite pleased with himself for capturing the Sand King.

Yang Yan smirked, crouching down to look at the blood-soaked Sand King struggling on the ground, and said:

"Sand King, looks like you couldn't escape your fate after all?"

The Sand King angrily retorted:

"Get lost! I'm the King of the Sand Demons! Moreover, my Demon Race army will soon break through the barrier and rule your world! You probably don't know that, do you?"

As he said this, the Sand King suddenly looked at Yang Yan with malicious intent and sneered:

"The Demons sealed in your world are already awakening, and the seal is about to lose its effect."

"Otherwise, my extraterrestrial Demon Race wouldn't risk breaking through the barrier to prepare for an inside-outside collaboration!"

"By that time, this world will transform into a realm of chaos, to be manipulated at my Demon Race's whim!"

"Pfft!"

A spurt of pure black blood burst out from the Sand King's mouth.

Yang Yan withdrew his foot from the Sand King's chest and looked at the Sand King's lifeless eyes with disdain, chuckling:

"That's not something you need to worry about. Just rest in peace!"

Gradually, the vast estate no longer echoed with its previous noise. The only sound was the "crunch" of leaves under a few people's feet.

Meanwhile, in a remote small town two thousand kilometers away from here.

There was a vast underground palace where Manhattan, in one of the rooms, gazed at the scene displayed before him, angrily slamming his fist onto the table.

"That useless fool! Still fit to be called a king?!"

After venting his anger, Manhattan finally calmed down.

He then slowly turned his head toward a large glass container behind him.

This container resembled a nutrient tank.

Oval in shape and made from some unknown transparent material,

inside, it held a clear liquid filling seven-tenths of the container.

Floating within the liquid was a hand.

An ancient hand covered with strange, dense patterns.

It was a right hand.

Seeing it, Manhattan suddenly laughed, a mad, frenzied laugh that twisted his face.

"Moonlight Yang Yan, just wait, wait! If I succeed, I'll crush your loathsome skull with this hand of his!"

Manhattan's plots and schemes were unknown to Yang Yan.

From the beginning, he enveloped the entire vast estate with his Divine Sense.

He found that besides one hidden area that could block his Divine Sense, there was no trace of the Dusk Race.

Yang Yan also confirmed that there were definitely no Dusk Race members here.

Because the only place that could block Yang Yan's Divine Sense was just a few cubic meters in size.

It was a small room, impossible to hide the entire Dusk Race.

"My people aren't here."

Sass lowered his head in disappointment and said.

After Sass finally saw hope, he fell into disappointment once more.

"Your people indeed aren't here."

Ao Tian walked up, surprisingly patting his shoulder kindly in comfort:

"However, I did find something interesting."

Ao Tian said this, turning to look at Yang Yan.

Yang Yan also gave an easy smile and nodded lightly:

"Yeah, let's take a look! Perhaps it's something Manhattan left behind in a hurry."

Early on, when Yang Yan realized he had stayed in the Demon Cave for four or five days, he knew there was little chance of catching up with the Dusk Race this time.

In four or five days, Manhattan fully had the ability to reach here and take people away.

The current situation was within Yang Yan's expectations.

Under the lead of Yang Yan and Ao Tian, the group arrived at a towering castle within the estate.

It resembled a western noble's castle with title and rank.

Inside, there was naturally nothing grand or low-key with intrinsic value left.

But just from the castle's architectural scale, one could tell that the castle's original owner was of high status.

The room that blocked Yang Yan's Divine Sense was on the top floor of the castle.

As the castle's space narrowed towards the top, when Yang Yan and his group reached the top floor, there was an ancient door in front of them.

At the very top of the castle, there was only this small room.

"How strange—this door is kind of bizarre."

Ao Tian attempted to open the door, but he quickly pulled his hand back in fright as soon as he touched the doorknob.

"What's so strange about it?"

Yang Yan was puzzled.

Ao Tian awkwardly backed away, lightly shaking his head.

Yang Yan didn't think much of it and put his hand directly on the doorknob.

An energy that reached deep into the soul instantly entered the depths of Yang Yan's soul.

Something named fear began to spread infinitely in Yang Yan's heart.

He could feel his soul constantly trembling.

It was a fear from the depths of the soul!

"Playing tricks!"

How strong was Yang Yan's willpower?

Under such stimulation, his grip on the doorknob didn't loosen at all.

Instead, he steeled his resolve and started to turn the doorknob.

However, when Yang Yan actually tried to turn the doorknob, he realized how incredibly heavy it was!

Yang Yan refused to believe it and applied more force.

But unfortunately, the handle still didn't budge.

After a dozen seconds, a bead of sweat slowly trickled down his forehead.

Gongsun Ruyan, standing to Yang Yan's left, immediately noticed his sweat.

When she looked at the doorknob again, her eyes were filled with disbelief.

"Boom!"

As Yang Yan managed to fully press down the doorknob, his mind abruptly filled with a blinding white.

In his daze, Yang Yan felt as though he had entered a wondrous space.

Where was this place?

Giant celestial bodies slowly moved around Yang Yan's body in a specific trajectory.

Looking up, he could see distant, ellipsoidal, irregular spheres.

Further away, there was a long-flowing galaxy, multicolored, brilliant, and indescribably beautiful.

Holy light cast across the entire galaxy; just one glance, and Yang Yan was deeply immersed.

Yang Yan finally understood, this was the outer starry sky.

And he, drifting alone in the vast, boundless cosmos.

Like a traveler, admiring the cosmic beauty that others may never witness in their lifetimes.

Or a lonely wanderer in the cosmos.

He was far removed from the world's clamor, sunk into thousands of years of solitude.

Time flowed by epochs, constantly slipping away.

Yang Yan witnessed countless celestial bodies disintegrate and be destroyed, and through several epochs, a new celestial body was reborn.

Yet, Yang Yan was always unconscious.

He didn't know what he was doing, always passively accepting everything happening in this dream-like state.

Until one day, Yang Yan suddenly went mad. He realized where he was and began frantically searching.

Searching for life, searching for that blue planet in his memory.

Chapter 1014: Star-Picking Palace? Forgotten Land? Flawless Divine Body?

However, this is a lifeless planet, not the star in my memory.

Despite the resemblance.

Yang Yan landed, seeing only a barren desolation.

"Ah!"

Yang Yan started to destroy wildly, unaware when he gained such strength.

Yet he managed to shatter a massive celestial body in its prime with just a few punches.

He seemed possessed, lost in madness...

In the end, Yang Yan grew tired, stopping and closing his eyes, finding a spot in the desert to sit cross-legged.

Letting the fierce winds ravage around him, letting the sand and dust envelop and bury him.

I am an immortal presence between heaven and earth!

I am the ruler of all things!

In my hands, I control the life and death of countless beings!

How could I possibly die?!

At the final moment, Yang Yan's powerful will suddenly erupted.

His desire to live arose from nothing to something, from something to continuously strengthening!

Yang Yan broke through!

It wasn't a breakthrough in realm or strength.

More accurately, it was a breakthrough on a spiritual level.

He successfully raised his foot and stepped into a new world that had opened its gates for him.

All the illusions vanished, and Yang Yan returned to the ancient castle.

This was the world after opening the door.

"Your spiritual power, martial prowess, and willpower have all reached the passing standard. You qualify to join our Star-Picking Palace."

Upon hearing the voice, Yang Yan suddenly opened his eyes.

He hadn't yet emerged from the long passage of time he'd experienced in the illusion, his reactions and thoughts sluggish.

Not until the gears in his brain ground past the initial stiffness and began to turn smoothly again.

Yang Yan first glanced around to observe his surroundings.

It surprisingly was a grand hall in the ancient Huaxia style.

And he was sitting cross-legged on a puduan.

In front of him was an old Daoist wearing an unfamiliar robe, with a beard as white as snow.

"How did I... come to the Dao Hall? What is this place?"

Yang Yan obviously hadn't paid attention to the first words the old Daoist said. He patted his head, which was throbbing painfully.

The old Daoist did not mind, looking at Yang Yan and speaking to himself:

"After the collapse of three epochs, the fourth epoch has just begun, and I finally await you. Star-Picking Palace has not seen the light for four epochs."

"What are you talking about?"

Yang Yan, having come to his senses, stood up alertly and looked at the old Daoist.

Because he realized he couldn't see through this old Daoist!

This old Daoist was definitely not an ordinary person!

"One flower, one world; one leaf, one bodhi."

The old Daoist seemed to be talking to himself while looking at Yang Yan:

"This is the place of inheritance for Star-Picking Palace's named disciples, transformed into a speck of dust, waiting here for three epochs."

"Star-Picking Palace? Named disciple? I'm not interested!"

Yang Yan shook his head and said.

Without knowing who the other party was or understanding their bottom line, he didn't want to offend recklessly and appeared rather respectful.

If it were another place or another person, he might have gone up and given them a good beating.

"You don't want to?"

The old Daoist's impassive face finally showed some expression:

"Originally, it wasn't forced, but it's been three epochs since I last accepted a disciple; I cannot allow it to be up to you."

"Moreover, this is your fate! As the saying goes, a gift from heaven not taken will bring its own trouble."

"Every three epochs there is a core disciple position available from this trial site. Today, it will simply be yours!"

Yang Yan's expression changed, advising kindly:

"Old Daoist, forcing things produces no sweetness. You don't even know what my character is like, what if it doesn't meet your standards? Taking people indiscriminately isn't right."

"No matter."

The old Daoist waved his hand nonchalantly, glancing at Yang Yan and said:

"You are still in the Mortal Realm, where do you get the capital to refuse?"

"Do you know how many people wish earnestly to become a named disciple of the Star-Picking Palace but fail?"

"Moreover, what you speak of is not my concern. If you have the fortune to encounter a disciple from my Star-Picking Palace, naturally, you will be taken back. At that time, there are ways to judge your character."

Finishing the sentence, the old Daoist raised his right hand, and a starry light burst into Yang Yan's body.

Caught off guard, Yang Yan could only watch the starlight enter him, wide-eyed.

He hurried to circulate the energy within himself to expel the starry light.

"Don't move rashly! That is the energy of an entire galaxy plus a Star King Crystal Core! Do you wish to explode and die?"

Yang Yan instantly stopped.

It wasn't that he was foolish; he truly realized how terrifying that starlight was!

Yet under the control of the old Daoist, it was acting obediently inside him.

"I am going to transform your physique. Only core disciples of my Star-Picking Palace can possess the Star-Plucking Saint Body! This is your opportunity, cherish it well!"

After speaking, the old Daoist didn't appear to take any particular action, while Yang Yan, seated cross-legged on the ground, suddenly showed a painful expression.

The powerful energy began to rampage within Yang Yan, wreaking havoc on his blood vessels, meridians, and bones.

And all Yang Yan could do was endure, with no other options!

For the old Daoist, however, this was just the beginning.

He continued to comprehend Yang Yan's body's composition.

After the energy completed a cycle within Yang Yan's body, the old Daoist's face showed extreme astonishment.

"This is... a Flawless Divine Body!"

In the world, there are the ten great Sacred Bodies, the three thousand Dao Bodies, and countless Mortal Bodies.

And their Star-Plucking Saint Body stands among the top three fearsome existences of the ten great Sacred Bodies!

People know that possessing a Dao Body in the current Great World means an unmatched talent, a genius among geniuses.

But what a Sacred Body represents needs no more explanation.

However, many know that above the Sacred Body, there is a Divine Body that only legend speaks of!

This kind of Divine Body exists only in legends, never witnessed by anyone!

Only some records document the Divine Body!

"I... hahaha! Hahaha..."

The old Daoist, initially too excited to speak while looking at Yang Yan, finally burst into hearty laughter.

As the pain stimulus receded, Yang Yan came back to his senses and saw the old Daoist still laughing in front of him, angrily saying:

"Old fellow, are you happy watching me suffer?"

"No, no! Calm, calm, listen carefully and let me explain!"

The more the old Daoist looked at Yang Yan, the more he liked him. The affection in his eyes reminded Yang Yan of something sinister.

"How old are you to have such a perversion?"

Yang Yan said disgustedly.

"Haha, hahahaha..."

The old Daoist held his beard while looking at Yang Yan and couldn't stop laughing.

After quite a while, he recomposed himself and said seriously:

"Do you know this is already the Forgotten Land? Being devoid of Spiritual Qi, it was occupied by some low-level dark races."

"The only reason I've been staying here is because of the sect's teachings."

"But so much time has passed, it's feared that this Forgotten Land has been completely forsaken, so I have not received any messages from the sect."

"So what? Let me go!"

Yang Yan said angrily.

Although he knew clearly, this wasn't something possible.

Chapter 1015: Worries! Headache!

This is just a powerful and neurotic old lunatic. Yang Yan didn't want to stay any longer.

"I can't bind your freedom."

The old Daoist suddenly said with a serious expression.

Then with a wave of his right hand, a small object suddenly shot towards Yang Yan, finally stopping precisely in front of him.

"This is the Identity Token of a core disciple of the Star-Picking Palace. Just drip a drop of blood on it, and you can leave!"

Why does everyone want to give me a token?

Yang Yan complained in his heart.

Even Zi Xu Old Demon at least gave a badass-looking Demon Emperor Token, and you, this crazy Daoist, give a disciple's token. What's that about?

Isn't this an insult!

Though unwilling, Yang Yan could only think about it internally.

Isn't it just a token? I'll take it; it's no big deal!

Leaving quickly is what matters.

Therefore, Yang Yan went along with it, letting a drop of blood seep from his middle finger and casually dropping it onto the token.

Without reaching out to take it, he shouted at the old Daoist:

"Is that enough now?"

The old Daoist nodded gently, smiling as he said:

"Yes, yes, you can go now!"

"But where do I go?"

Yang Yan looked around and didn't see an exit at all.

"Just think of leaving this place, and you will."

The old Daoist stroked his beard, smiling as he said.

"So it's that easy!"

Yang Yan felt his intelligence was being insulted.

"Hey! I've sealed all the Body Refinement energy throughout your body. In time, you'll awaken this energy as you cultivate. Remember that!"

Just as Yang Yan was leaving, the old Daoist suddenly shouted.

Yang Yan ignored him because he was already back outside that ancient-looking door.

"King!"

A familiar shout suddenly rang in his ears, startling Yang Yan, who had suddenly reappeared.

Seeing Fu Changjian and the other three looking at him with concern, Yang Yan patted his chest and said with a smile:

"It's fine, it's fine."

At this point, Ao Tian strangely glanced at Yang Yan.

Not convinced, he placed his hand on the doorknob again.

Pushing hard, it actually went down.

The door was opened.

What appeared before them was just an ordinary room.

Its size was only about a dozen square meters, with apparently nothing wrong.

Only then did Ao Tian turn back to look at Yang Yan with curiosity, asking suspiciously:

"Honestly, where did you really go?"

Yang Yan looked at the empty room and thought of that saying.

One flower, one world; one leaf, one bodhi.

That speck of dust has probably floated away with the wind?

"Just now there was an independent space inside, with nothing in it. Then I broke through and came out."

Yang Yan casually made up a reason to brush it off.

"Independent space?"

Ao Tian pondered over it for a while before uncertainly saying:

"Could it be that old fellow, Manhattan's doing? If so, it makes sense."

"Whatever it was, that damned guy must have cleared it up. This old fox must have been up to something here."

Yang Yan didn't need to explain further; Ao Tian had already solved everyone's doubts.

"Let's go, there's nothing here."

Yang Yan said, turning to leave, with Fu Changjian and the other three immediately following behind.

Ao Tian seemed to have discovered something, suddenly rushing towards Yang Yan.

Yang Yan instinctively turned back, just in time to lock eyes with Ao Tian.

"What?"

Yang Yan found that Ao Tian had been behaving more and more unusually lately.

"Nothing!"

Ao Tian shook his head, and the fierce aura about him completely dissipated.

Yang Yan frowned slightly.

Ao Tian's peculiar behavior had been more than just once or twice.

This couldn't be explained away by saying he was absent-minded or prone to eccentricities.

But specifically saying what was odd about him, Yang Yan couldn't really pinpoint.

Due to the unresolved issue of encountering that mysterious old man earlier, Yang Yan temporarily set aside Ao Tian's matters.

He originally thought finding this place would clarify the whereabouts of the Dusk Race and Hamantton's plot.

Unexpectedly, aside from killing a Sand King, it ended up being a wild goose chase.

Even someone with Yang Yan's temperament couldn't help but feel a wave of irritation.

Hamantton's issue hasn't been resolved, and now there's news of the dormant Demon Race rising again after thousands of years.

Based on the information obtained, the Demon Race doesn't belong to Earth but is an extraterrestrial species.

Simply put, these Demons are aliens, each possessing immense strength, not to be underestimated.

However, these alien "friends" have no intention of friendly exchanges with humans whatsoever.

They only think of destruction.

Fortunately, these extraterrestrial visitors find it seemingly difficult to enter Earth.

Otherwise, the second Ancient Human-Demon War might have already begun.

But even so, the situation is not optimistic.

With Hamantton playing the role of an accomplice, who knows when the Demon Race might officially arrive?

The appearance of the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch and the Sand King, he played a significant role behind it.

God knows what madness he'll perpetrate next.

The urgent priority now is to find this lunatic of a guy first.

No matter his schemes, smash them all to pieces first.

Otherwise, should he succeed in letting the Demon Race invade Earth en masse, the war for destruction will commence in full.

The most critical point is that, as of now, only Yang Yan and his group know about it.

The major powers of the Hidden World still think this is just Hamantton provoking the Four Emperors, Yang Yan, in an internal war.

Moreover, it's likely they're watching from a distance, calculating if there's anything to gain from this chaos.

The Three Swords approached, fresh from battle, carrying a strong, bloody scent.

"King, next..."

Zhuge Wushuang was just about to ask, but Yang Yan interrupted by waving his hand:

"Given the current situation, it's no longer just a personal feud between us and Hamantton."

"It's very likely the second Ancient Human-Demon War could begin, and we need to notify those in the Hidden World."

If Manhattan unknowingly allows the extraterrestrial Demon Race to descend on Earth, there'd be no need for a second Human-Demon War.

The Human Race might barely survive the Demon Race's sudden assault, let alone resist and triumph.

The victory in the Ancient Human-Demon War was won by the Human Race uniting with massive losses.

Given the current state of the Hidden World people operating independently and covertly battling each other, it's unimaginable.

Yang Yan's first headache is how to make them put aside their differences and unify their forces, even temporarily.

"Although your identity is special, those in the Hidden World may not necessarily believe you."

For once, Ao Tian set aside his brazen demeanor, speaking seriously.

Even though he's arrogant, having encountered Zi Xu Old Demon, he realized there are always people stronger, and Demons outside one's understanding.

The return of the Demon Race is something even with his strength he couldn't turn the tide alone.

Chapter 1016: Division of Labor

"I'm only responsible for passing on messages. Whether they believe it or want to join forces is their own business."

Yang Yan shrugged, looking indifferent as he continued:

"I'm too busy taking care of my own people to have the time to worry about those guys."

"If they end up fighting amongst themselves before the Demon Race arrives, I wouldn't mind watching the show."

Ao Tian shook his head, rolled his eyes, and said:

"Oh please, you're all talk now, but I bet you'll be worrying yourself sick soon."

Given the mentor-friend relationship they've had for so many years, he knew Yang Yan very well.

Clearly a good-hearted person, but he'd never admit it.

"So, what's your plan moving forward?"

Ao Tian casually waved his hand, causing a mostly intact stone stump to fly over and land in front of him. He sat down, looking at Yang Yan and asked.

"First, let's get the word out and see what attitude the Hidden World people have!"

The invasion of the Demon Race concerns the entire race, not personal grudges.

Even though Yang Yan is quite anxious, he can't just go tie everyone together now, can he?

These things depend on awareness and self-awareness.

As Yang Yan just said, if they hear the news and still want to fight among themselves for their own interests, there's nothing he can do.

"But we can't just sit around, we need to be fully prepared."

"Although the connection between the Hidden World and the current world is now stable, the current world is much more fragile compared to the Hidden World."

"If the Demon Race wants to invade, they need to find a way to drag the battlefield into the Hidden World Space first."

"Otherwise, after such a massive war, regardless of which side wins, the current world will collapse due to the spatial disintegration from the battle."

"That's not a small task!"

Ao Tian rubbed his chin with a big hand, frowning, he said:

"We don't know when the Demon Race will show up, so we can only constantly monitor the current world for large-scale abnormal spatial fluctuations."

"The moment they descend into the current world, we need to completely cut off the link between the Hidden World and the current world."

"The internal spaces of the current world and Hidden World are almost perfectly consistent, but due to spatial stability, the current world is anchored to the Hidden World Space."

Zhuge Wushuang wanted to show off, and as soon as Ao Tian finished speaking, she jumped out and said:

"To enter the current world, they must pass through the space layer of the Hidden World."

"So as long as we can figure out how to detect the spatial fluctuations of the current world and seize the moment, we can make it so that the Demon Race can only descend into the Hidden World."

Neither Yang Yan nor Ao Tian objected.

But saying it is easy, doing it is very difficult.

Currently, only a few people have the ability to monitor the entire current world space fluctuations in real-time.

But that's just the monitoring.

To sever the connection between the two spaces during the Demon Race's invasion is impossible even for those people working together.

This level of altering spatial structure is essentially transforming the world's Space Origin, which is entirely beyond the realm of the Heavenly Dao.

Therefore, just having the Demon Race descend into the Hidden World is already a headache-inducing task.

Unless Yang Yan and Ao Tian are willing to sacrifice their own Origin and lives to forcibly cut the connection between the two spaces.

But only fools would do that.

Even if they were willing, their combat power on the battlefield is far more valuable than severing the space link.

If they die just to prevent the Demon Race from descending into the current world, wouldn't that be putting the cart before the horse?

"We'll think slowly about how to cut the space between the two worlds, but monitoring the current world space fluctuations..."

As Yang Yan spoke, his gaze shifted to Ao Tian.

The implication was clear.

There's no one else they can count on, so they must rely on themselves.

Hence, Yang Yan naturally turned his gaze to Ao Tian.

"Can we refuse such a great task?"

Ao Tian frowned even deeper.

Yang Yan sneered and said dismissively:

"Then you think about how to cut the space of the two worlds!"

"I won't take advantage of you for this glorious task of saving the world. I won't argue with you. When the time comes, I'll personally build a monument for you in the Hidden World."

Though the former is challenging, it can be done with some effort.

As for the latter, the only way Ao Tian can think of accomplishing it is by sacrificing himself.

Between the two choices, the decision is clear as day.

Although Yang Yan didn't mention if there's another way, Ao Tian believed that since he said it this way, he must have a plan.

Admitting this guy is kind-hearted, Ao Tian doesn't deny.

But sacrificing himself, Yang Yan isn't that foolish.

"My task isn't easy, either. As for that old Hamantton, we're counting on you to take down his lair later."

Ao Tian was always straightforward; he slapped his thigh and stood up, casually dropping a sentence before disappearing into thin air.

Monitoring the entire current world isn't easy.

Before the Demon Race appeared, Ao Tian, one of the Four Emperors, the Ice Emperor, couldn't spare any effort for other tasks.

"King, cutting off the space between the current world and the Hidden World is no simple task. You're not really planning to..."

After Ao Tian left, Zhuge Wushuang looked at Yang Yan with some concern.

She initially wanted to ask if Yang Yan planned to sacrifice himself, but on second thoughts, that's not something he would foolishly do.

"Stop guessing, I'm not that noble!"

Yang Yan didn't need to think to guess what she wanted to say. He rolled his eyes and said:

"It's time to call Jing Hong and the rest back to see if they found anything."

Upon hearing Yang Yan's words, the three of them couldn't help but brighten their eyes, looking puzzled and uncertain.

Since Jing Hong's injury recovery last time, Yang Yan sent the rest of the swords on a confidential investigation.

Even with the series of events regarding Hamantton, they didn't partake, and no news has come back yet.

Zhuge Wushuang had tried to probe Yang Yan for information but couldn't get a word out of him.

She was a little upset about it for a while.

Now that Yang Yan has called them back, could it be that he is preparing for a full-scale sweep on Hamantton?

With this in mind, smiles broke out on the three faces.

Since their last separation, it had been quite a while since they, the ten swords, had gathered together.

After returning to the villa, Yang Yan didn't rest and spread the news about the approaching invasion of the Domain Demon Race.

The method of spreading the news was quite simple, just having Xiaocao post it on a special website.

This site can't be accessed by ordinary people, and even if computer experts get in, they wouldn't understand.

This is because the content on the website is written in a secret language used among the upper echelons of the Hidden World.

Moreover, this secret language is graded.

Sometimes top-secret messages are only understandable by a few Titled Powerhouses.

And even the medium-level secret language may not be understood by those in the Hidden World if their identity isn't high enough, even if they are quite powerful.

Chapter 1017: Sending a Warning, the Hidden World Is in Uproar

This time, Yang Yan published the most basic secret message.

Anyone from the Hidden World understands it.

It was like a static chat group.

The messages posted on it are actually people from the Hidden World using modern technology to convey some simple messages.

Moreover, usually only those with a certain level of strength have the privilege to make a sound on it.

Although the integration between the Hidden World and the modern world has lasted for some time, the use of modern technology by the Hidden World remains in a very elementary state.

In the Hidden World, where the strong prey on the weak, the relationships between forces are complex and contradictory, often resulting in conflicts at the slightest disagreement.

To hope for the Hidden World to enter the internet age is, at least for now, unrealistic.

Thus, this modern internet website was born, but it is merely used for message transmission.

Those old relics still maintain the method of secret sound transmission for conveying messages.

And it's generally only targeted at their own people.

To speak with people from another Hidden World force, one still needs to go and visit in person.

For a reformist like Yang Yan, he initially couldn't understand, thinking that these old folks were stuck in their ways.

But after careful consideration, having those ancient, mysterious figures suddenly pull out a modern gadget indeed feels a bit quirky.

However, usually, the content posted on this site is mostly insignificant news.

This time, Yang Yan was an exception.

When Xiaocao released this message, it immediately created an uproar.

If it were someone else who sent this message, things might not have escalated like this.

Instead, they might likely suspect a hidden agenda behind the chaos.

But when Yang Yan had Xiaocao add the Moonlight Emperor suffix to the message.

The weight of these few words is something no one in the Hidden World dares to underestimate.

Even if Yang Yan were just joking, they would take it extremely seriously.

No one dares to question lightly any message sent by a titled emperor.

After releasing the message, Yang Yan knew that soon representatives from various forces would come knocking at his door.

This was deliberate.

To make it convenient for representatives of various Hidden World forces to come and consult.

However, he had no intention of meeting them personally, leaving it to Fu Changjian and the other two to handle the upcoming matters.

The main purpose of releasing the message was to sound alarm bells for all forces and also gauge their responses.

At this point, it's not yet time to sit down and discuss countermeasures.

Referring to the states of the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch and Sand King, one can easily judge that even with Hamantton as an insider, the Demon Race's desire to break through the Heavenly Dao Barrier is wishful thinking for now.

Before that, if one doesn't understand the various stances of the Hidden World forces, things could be problematic if betrayed during a fight.

With Hamantton as a precedent, who can guarantee others won't betray for personal gain?

After delegating tasks to Fu Changjian and the others, Yang Yan didn't linger with Zhou Hanyun and the others but went to Silver Moon Academy.

For some reason, he felt deep down that the invasion by the Demon Race wasn't as simple as it seemed, so he prepared for the worst.

After Zhou Hanyun and the sisters heard this, they insisted on joining him.

Yang Yan, of course, did not refuse.

Being with the Zhou Sisters gave him a temporary relief from the tense nerves he had been holding onto for a while.

"It's been so long since I've seen those little guys; I have gifts for them."

Zhou Hanyu, with her natural ability to connect, quickly became friends with Lei Ming, Qiye, and other students at the academy.

Before departure, Zhou Hanyun personally made a cake.

"Why bother making it yourself when you could easily buy one from a store?"

Yang Yan said, looking at the cake on the table, with a smile.

Yet his hand quietly reached out to try and stealthily take a piece to taste.

"A bought one doesn't have the sincerity of homemade! The value of a gift is not in its price, but in the thought!"

Just as his hand reached halfway, Zhou Hanyu slapped it away, arms akimbo and pouting:

"This is Qiye's birthday cake; you can't sneak a piece!"

Yang Yan was dumbfounded, then awkwardly scratched his head and said laughingly:

"So, am I just too mundane then?"

Simultaneously, he felt a bit ashamed.

Qiye was his personal disciple, and yet he had no memory of this matter. Truly, he felt somewhat negligent as a teacher.

However, upon thinking again, Zhou Hanyun's gift represented his own.

Thinking this way, suddenly made everything seem right!

The Silver Moon Academy was unchanged despite his long absence.

Before arriving, Yang Yan notified the Blue Sky Knight in advance.

As soon as they reached the academy gates, he saw her waiting there.

Upon drawing closer, Yang Yan noticed her usually gentle demeanor had turned stern and serious.

Seeing this, Yang Yan paused, suddenly feeling an impulsive urge to tease her.

Yet, seeing Zhou Hanyun and Zhou Hanyu beside him, he quickly discarded that thought.

He didn't wish to face the consequences of teasing her publicly.

"Blue Sky, you seem bothered; is it those students giving you trouble?"

The Zhou Sisters, though not often interacting, shared a good rapport with the Blue Sky Knight.

Especially Miss Zhou Er, who naturally linked arms with Blue Sky Knight, displaying great closeness.

Blue Sky Knight was surprised to see the two sisters.

Yang Yan hadn't mentioned it beforehand.

Knowing of the sisters' kidnapping by Hamantton, seeing them now brought unexpected joy.

"Are you the sole watcher of the academy?"

Yang Yan, not showing much warmth due to the sisters' presence, asked while casually glancing at the academy.

"Yes!"

Blue Sky Knight nodded:

"Your message has disrupted the entire world."

"The Hidden World Arbitration Council was gathering everyone for a meeting, had you arrived earlier, you'd have been pulled along."

She explained, and he understood her stern demeanor.

Big matters indeed don't inspire cheerfulness!

Yet, Yang Yan held no interest in the Hidden World Arbitration Council's meetings.

Though many hoped for unity against external threats.

The Hidden World remains intricately complex, not at a point where the council dictates everything.

Otherwise, instead of convening various forces, simply issuing mandates would suffice.

Chapter 1018: Lei Ming, Deep Meditation

Don't be fooled by the heated discussions of the Hidden World Arbitration Council; in the end, it all depends on the attitudes of the higher-ups within the various powers of the Hidden World.

Although each member of the Arbitration Committee is a giant in their own right, and their original intent was to strive for world stability and peace,

they haven't entirely reached the point where their word is absolute.

"Today is Qiye's birthday, let's go celebrate together!"

After chatting for a few moments, Zhou Hanyun pulled the Blue Sky Knight to find Qiye.

Although the latter had some worries, she couldn't resist the enthusiasm of the Zhou Sisters, and accepted with pursed lips.

Qiye was with Amy, and when she saw the Zhou Sisters, Zhou Hanyun and Zhou Hanyu, her pretty face showed an excited expression.

She and Lei Ming were among those who knew about the kidnapping of Zhou Hanyun.

During the rescue, they even pleaded earnestly with Yang Yan to include them.

Of course, Yang Yan directly ignored this request.

He preferred them to stay at the academy and cultivate, preparing for the future.

Hamantton is not a simple character.

While his subordinates may not pose a great threat to him and Ao Tian, for seedlings like Qiye and Lei Ming who haven't matured, it's simply a disaster.

Even if Yang Yan has the heart to train them, he wouldn't place them in such situations.

It's important to know that in terms of talent, even in the talent-rich Hidden World, they are rare finds.

Yang Yan would never be foolish enough to let them take such risks.

"Mum!"

Qiye and Zhou Hanyun have a deep bond, and after receiving the cake, she nestled into the latter's embrace, sobbing.

Ultimately, the little girl is still a tender-hearted child inside.

Even if she can withstand the fear of life-and-death combat, she cannot withstand fragile emotions.

But isn't this precisely the most intriguing aspect of human nature?

Looking around, Yang Yan couldn't spot Lei Ming, so he casually asked the Blue Sky Knight beside him.

"She seems to have gained some insight into the control of Power of Lightning recently, and has been staying in the test room for quite some time."

The Blue Sky Knight said with a smile.

"Really!"

Her answer surprised Yang Yan a bit, followed by a trace of joy emerging.

Although Lei Ming's extraordinary talent had been recognized, the rapid progress surprised him despite his experience.

After the small birthday blessing was over, Yang Yan instantly teleported to the underground space of the academy.

The main body of Silver Moon Academy is not as simple as it appears externally.

All important building facilities are hidden deep within an Other Space a thousand meters beneath the earth's crust.

The outer layer is also reinforced with Laws set by Yang Yan himself, far more reliable than ordinary arrays.

Without special permission from those within the academy, trying to enter is futile.

If one attempts to force their way into this space without adequate power, they will be destroyed by chaotic Laws instantly, leaving no trace.

Unless someone has power far exceeding Yang Yan's, allowing for higher-level adjustments to the Laws.

Otherwise, no one can instantly shatter the defensive layer of Laws within this Other Space.

Additionally, there are numerous buildings and facilities within the academy reinforced with the Power of Laws.

First are the scientific research lab and the test room.

The lab is understandable as a place where teachers and students conduct various experiments.

Those who come here are not ordinary people; anything they casually research can be as powerful as a missile.

If one explodes, it'd be troublesome.

If not for the Power of Laws reinforcement, the academy would have long been devastated by their experimental explosions.

As for the test room, its primary function is to test the power of the academy students' various peculiar and complex techniques.

Compared to the lab, the Law strength here is consistent with that of the outer space wall.

After all, whatever is created in the lab must be brought here for testing.

Furthermore, the students who come here are no easy targets, regular reinforcement methods cannot withstand their antics.

Silver Moon Academy has many test rooms, with numerous students below currently engaged in various tests under the guidance of their tutors.

After a period of development, here you can witness the perfect intertwining of technology and mysticism.

For example, computer-driven Magic-guided Emitters, Gravity-Inverse Compression Elemental Cannons...

Since the Laws reinforcing these spaces were set by Yang Yan, to someone like him, akin to a ruler, it's essentially unguarded.

Yang Yan can clearly hear the movements from each test room.

The deafening explosions inside elicited a cold sweat from him as he listened.

At the same time, he felt proud of himself for keeping these prodigies under effective regulation.

Otherwise, if these peculiar things fell into the hands of ordinary people, it would result in massive casualties.

Finding the test room where Lei Ming was located wasn't difficult.

Yang Yan released his Spiritual Power, scanning all the test rooms, and soon found her location.

The entire main space of Silver Moon Academy is enveloped under his Power of Laws.

What is dangerous for others seems like a backyard to Yang Yan.

With a thought, he vanished into thin air, reappearing outside the test room where Lei Ming was staying.

Lei Ming's tutor was guarding the entrance of the test room, and his alertness was quite remarkable.

Yang Yan's sudden appearance elicited an immediate response.

Electric light crackled on his hands, accompanied by the continuous sound of thunder.

But upon recognizing Yang Yan, he hastily dispersed the Power of Lightning in his hands, turning pale.

He said anxiously:

"Dean Moonlight, why... why are you here!"

Yang Yan nodded with satisfaction:

"Not bad! Your alertness and response are commendable!"

Yang Yan completely understood the tutor's reaction.

Rather than reprimanding, he smiled and patted his shoulder with great approval.

Being able to maintain combat instincts at all times is the primary condition for survival in a crisis.

"How long has she been inside specifically?"

After reassuring the tutor with a word, Yang Yan turned his gaze to Lei Ming meditating at the center of the test room.

Unlike the roaring explosions of other test rooms, Lei Ming's test room was incredibly silent.

Through the observation window, one could only see her sitting quietly without moving, resembling a meditating monk.

"Dean Moonlight, she has been inside for a week, sitting there motionless the whole time."

Lei Ming's tutor, seeing Yang Yan not blaming him, first breathed a sigh of relief, then grew worried again.

"I was afraid something would happen and didn't dare leave."

Out of concern for Lei Ming, firstly, because she's Yang Yan's personal disciple with a distinguished identity.

Secondly, because he is also sort of Lei Ming's half teacher.

Given her talent, she will certainly achieve great things in the future, allowing him to share in her glory.

Thus, naturally, he is quite concerned for Lei Ming.

"This is a good sign, indicating that what she realized this time is exceptional."

Yang Yan's gaze remained on Lei Ming, his eyes reflecting a moment of mystique before returning to normal.

With special tricks, he had already seen that Lei Ming's body and consciousness were intact.

Currently, she is just plunged into deep meditation.

The prolonged duration signifies that what Lei Ming has comprehended is extraordinary.

Once she awakens, her strength will definitely reach a new stage.

Chapter 1019: A Single Flaw in a Hundred Plans

Under normal circumstances, Yang Yan naturally hoped she could break through the shackles on her own.

But the situation was urgent; he had important matters to instruct Lei Ming on and couldn't wait for her to understand by herself.

After dismissing the assistant, he waved a single hand, and a small Lightning Ball, glowing silver and accompanied by the sound of gusting wind and thunder, appeared in his palm.

This little ball didn't seem large, but its power was enough to cause shock and awe.

With its appearance, even the sturdy space began to warp.

If the assistant were still here, they'd surely be ecstatic beyond madness.

Because the destructive energy emitted by the ball was the purest Power of Lightning.

Even a glimpse of it would greatly benefit a Superpower User with a Thunder Attribute, a stroke of incredible fortune.

Not to mention the lucky chance of absorbing a trace of this power.

That would be enough to benefit for a lifetime.

Of course, the premise is that the person absorbing it needs to have the strength.

The Lightning Ball Yang Yan produced contained Thunder Power so pure it could be described as extreme.

If it weren't restrained with special methods, just placing it there would tear apart space with its power, reducing it to ashes.

Exactly!

This is the Thunder Origin, the purest lightning power in the world!

"Just this once, I'll break the rule and hasten it along!"

Yang Yan glanced at the Lightning Ball in his hand, then looked at the meditating Lei Ming, and spoke as if talking to himself.

Meanwhile, his ten fingers moved nimbly, peeling off a subtle yet potent strand of Thunder Power.

This strand of Origin Thunder Power seemed to come alive, twisting and turning once it left the ball, striving to escape.

"Hmph! I've already refined you; how dare you be unruly!"

Yang Yan snorted coldly, a harsh expression crossing his face, as he flexed his fingers forward to capture it.

Immediately, a domineering force full of restraint tightly enveloped the wandering Thunder Power.

Even though it had significant might, under this force it could only be subdued and yield.

"Go now!"

Suppressing the Thunder Power, Yang Yan flicked his fingers towards Lei Ming in the testing room.

The Thunder Power instantly rushed down from Lei Ming's head, accompanied by the sound of wind and thunder.

As it entered her body, Lei Ming, who had been meditating for a week, finally showed some movement after days of stillness.

Moreover, it was quite a big movement.

She stood up suddenly, like being drenched from head to toe with boiling water.

Her clothes fluttered despite no wind, her long hair streaming loose, accelerating its motion with snapping sounds.

From a head of black hair, it transformed in the blink of an eye to silver-white, with flickering blue arcs skimming over it.

"Ah..."

Seemingly greatly stimulated, Lei Ming stomped forcefully, roaring deeply from her throat like the thunder breaking in the sky.

Her roar didn't end quickly, instead growing louder and louder.

And with it, Lei Ming's body began to rise unconsciously.

Within a three-zhang radius, countless ions gathered from all directions into a vast ocean.

Soon, they began to collide and merge, transforming into huge serpents of silver thickness like bowl mouths, crazily striking the testing room's floor.

The thunderous roar and strikes instantly filled the entire testing room.

Lei Ming's roar subsided, but the lightning strikes hadn't ended yet.

Countless ions kept converging into the testing room, where the electric serpents wreaked havoc, constantly bombarding the testing area.

Lei Ming slowly lifted off the ground, her body floating mid-air, wrapped entirely in the purest Thunder Power, as if the Thunder God had descended.

Surrounding serpents danced, but not a single streak dared approach within three zhangs of her body.

In this moment, she was the supreme ruler mastering lightning.

Yang Yan looked up at the immature body still in its growth phase, the curves slightly flawed but yet exceedingly tender and white, prompting an involuntary gulp.

A momentary lapse.

He had never thought that, although the unbound Thunder Power wouldn't harm Lei Ming, it would affect her clothes!

Thus, leading to the embarrassing scene before him.

After her clothes turned to ashes, Lei Ming's bare body was fully exposed in the empty testing room.

Anyway, with one sweeping glance, Yang Yan thoroughly examined the little lass from top to bottom.

"Amitabha Buddha, sinful indeed!"

Yang Yan muttered self-critically, yet his eyes involuntarily glanced upwards.

Realizing the situation, he intended to seal the testing room space pathway instantly, but a blue figure appeared first.

The arrival was none other than the Blue Sky Knight stationed at the academy.

Only now, she had a towel wrapped around her head, with dripping wet shoulders.

Clearly, she had been bathing when she sensed this power and rushed over immediately.

Over time, Yang Yan got accustomed to this legendary Blue Sky Knight's various eye-opening appearances in daily life.

Moreover, given the unexpected nature, it was understandable.

"What happened? Why is there such terrifying power fluctuation? Is someone planning something against the academy?"

As soon as she appeared, she fired off a series of questions.

Meanwhile, gripping the hilt of a Knight Sword emitting dazzling blue light.

Her body faintly shimmered, clearly in a battle-ready mode.

Originally, Yang Yan had given her authority over almost all monitoring defenses of the academy except the central hub.

Thus, she naturally perceived Lei Ming's movement in the testing room.

Yang Yan was so overwhelmed by her barrage of questions that he didn't know which one to answer first.

Finally, he had to clear his throat twice and, with a deep expression, instructed:

"Find her clothes, and once she is conscious, have her come to my office."

Then put on an enigmatic demeanor, nonchalantly teleporting away.

He feared lingering longer might reveal his embarrassing situation to the Blue Sky Knight.

A mentor having such wicked thoughts about a student, if that were to spread, how would he continue at the academy?

Where would he place such an old face!

Luckily, the Blue Sky Knight's attention wasn't focused on Yang Yan.

Right now, all her attention was drawn to Lei Ming.

Of course, unlike Yang Yan, what attracted her was not Lei Ming's bare and tender body, but rather the stunning Thunder Power radiating from her.

Though in terms of strength, the Blue Sky Knight could overpower Lei Ming without effort.

But at this moment, she felt a deep sense of dread towards the Thunder Power on Lei Ming.

It was simply unheard of, like fearing a harmless ant.

However, her curiosity didn't get the better of her.

Even holding such immense confusion inwardly, she didn't plan to probe Yang Yan excessively.

Chapter 1020: Had No Choice but to Do This

You should know, Yang Yan is not only the dean of Silver Moon Academy but also one of the Four Emperors respected in the Hidden World.

The Blue Sky Knight didn't think that, given the relationship between her and Yang Yan, the latter had to tell her everything.

Don't ask what's not to be asked, don't speak what shouldn't be spoken.

This has always been her guiding principle.

However, she didn't know that the reason Yang Yan didn't explain was simply because he was afraid she would see his less civilized side.

Lei Ming didn't remain unconscious for long, and soon, under the guidance of the Blue Sky Knight, they arrived at the dean's office.

"Teacher!"

Upon seeing Yang Yan, a burst of joyful delight first appeared on Lei Ming's charming face, but soon her face flushed red.

There was no need to guess; Yang Yan could tell that the girl was certainly conscious.

About her body being completely seen, she naturally knew it all too clearly.

"How are you feeling?"

Yang Yan was actually quite uneasy about this matter, so of course, he wouldn't bring it up.

He simply pretended to know nothing and asked.

Lei Ming quickly regained her composure, looked earnestly at Yang Yan and replied:

"Thank you, Master, not only for helping me break through the bottleneck at a critical moment, but also for refining the Power of Lightning within me to a terrifying degree."

Upon hearing Lei Ming's words, Yang Yan smiled and earnestly advised:

"You should also be aware that your recent improvement in strength is due to some external thing."

"Although this external power perfectly matches your body's Power of Lightning without any conflict."

"However, they are ultimately not acquired through your own diligent cultivation, so never try to strive for quick success, or else it will backfire in the end."

After hearing this, Lei Ming nodded, indicating she understood Yang Yan's words.

Then, Yang Yan's expression tightened, and his face became serious:

"Due to certain developments, I have something important to entrust to you for safekeeping..."

Before he could finish, the Blue Sky Knight interrupted and was about to leave the dean's office.

"Moonlight Dean, you two may continue your discussion, I'll step out first!"

Since Yang Yan, as one of the Four Emperors, intended to entrust something significant to his disciple, it was definitely extraordinary.

She was well aware that it was time for her to withdraw.

She should have known earlier and should have left immediately after bringing Lei Ming here.

Possessing something valuable can be a crime, but so can knowing about the possession.

Yang Yan was slightly stunned, but quickly discerned her thoughts.

He lightly chuckled:

"Even though you're from the Western Hidden World, I still trust you. Moreover, I hope you'll act as a supervisor for this item."

As he spoke, Yang Yan opened his palm, and the Lightning Ball representing the world's Origin quietly floated above his hand.

"This is..."

Both women, one older and one younger, widened their eyes and exclaimed in unison.

The Blue Sky Knight's reaction was even more exaggerated than Lei Ming's, as her entire body trembled violently.

"This is the Power of Origin of this world."

Facing the surprised and puzzled looks of the two, Yang Yan briefly explained the Power of Origin.

Finally, he stood up from his chair and solemnly handed the Lightning Ball to Lei Ming:

"From today onward, the world's Thunder Origin will be entrusted to you!"

As Yang Yan finished speaking, Lei Ming's eyes widened again, and her mouth gaped wide enough to fit an egg.

Gazing at the Thunder Origin in Yang Yan's hand, she stuttered:

"Master, are you... sure you want to give this to me?"

Even after being refined and restrained by Yang Yan, the power within the Origin ball had been subdued to a relatively gentler level.

But Lei Ming could still clearly sense that the energy it held was utterly cataclysmic.

She had no doubt that if this power were to be unleashed recklessly, it could obliterate an entire modern city at once, wiping it off the face of the Earth.

Yang Yan, however, was about to place it in her hands, causing Lei Ming to feel incredibly anxious.

Even the Blue Sky Knight beside her couldn't help but show a drastic change in expression, parting her lips as if to speak, but suppressing her words.

"Indeed, it isn't particularly wise to entrust this to her."

Understanding the thoughts weighing on the Blue Sky Knight's mind, Yang Yan chose not to hide it from her and explained:

"However, based on what I've gathered, the current invasion of the Demon Race from beyond is no ordinary threat."

"This battle could very well be the final stand for humanity. I have no choice but to make some risky decisions."

After Yang Yan spoke, the Blue Sky Knight was appalled, her face drastically changing color.

She hadn't expected Yang Yan, the most enigmatic of the Four Emperors, to utter such words.

If Yang Yan was speaking like this, it could only mean one thing: even someone like him held a grim outlook on the upcoming war.

"Demon Race?"

Lei Ming was perplexed by the news, having been unaware of recent events outside:

"Teacher, weren't the Demon Race eradicated many years ago?"

"And weren't their strongest, the Demon Emperor, slain by the Flame Emperor and the Yellow Emperor?"

In response to such assumptions, Yang Yan could only offer a bitter smile.

If he hadn't discovered the ancient secrets from the Dusk Race about the final chapter of the Ancient Human-Demon War, he would have thought similarly to Lei Ming.

But the reality wasn't so simple.

The Demon Race had not been completely eradicated, nor was the Demon Emperor slain.

Even now, their armies hovered around the Heavenly Dao Barrier of this realm, ready to launch a frenzied assault at any moment.

These things need not be concealed.

Yang Yan decided to speak bluntly, detailing the imminent invasion by the Demon Race and his contingency plans.

However, he refrained from mentioning Zi Xu Old Demon and the elder from Star-Picking Palace.

Even he, himself, couldn't fully grasp the identities and powers of these two, and dared not make premature judgments.

"Teacher, shouldn't such matters concern all of humanity? Why does it feel like you bear it alone?"

After a brief period of shock, Lei Ming questioned, puzzled.

Before Yang Yan could reply, Blue Sky sighed softly and said:

"Lei Ming, you witnessed the situation during the last competition. The Hidden World is no longer like ancient times, where everyone stood united against external threats."

"As time has passed, various factions have entrenched deep grievances, both openly and secretly, due to their own interests."

"Moreover, given how suddenly things escalated, bringing them together to resist the enemy in such a short period is impossible, even with your master's status as Moonlight Emperor."

Yang Yan nodded, acknowledging her words.

If he could truly unite them, he wouldn't resort to entrusting the Power of Lightning Origin to Lei Ming so recklessly.

Though its potent energy harmonizes with Lei Ming's talent, the force it harbors is staggeringly vast.

Given Lei Ming's current abilities, it's improbable she could completely control it.

If misused, it's highly likely the Power of Origin could backfire, with disastrous consequences.

However, despite this, Yang Yan found himself with no alternative choice.