

Powerful 1021

Chapter 1021: Leaving Behind the Seed

Although sealing the Power of Origin within Lei Ming poses risks, applying a Law Seal can reduce the risks to a manageable range.

He had already made the worst-case plan in his heart for the upcoming war between humans and demons.

The Demon Race's invasion could lead to the full collapse of human defenses, and they might even face the threat of annihilation.

If it really comes to that, preserving a spark of hope is undoubtedly the most important thing.

He even thought that if it truly came to that point, he would cut off the spatial connection between the Hidden World and the current world at the cost of his life.

With the unique trait of the Hidden World Space only leading to the current world, the Demon Race army would also be sealed within it.

In this way, although the Hidden World would be lost, the current world could be preserved.

With his bequeathed Origin, he believed that with Lei Ming's innate talent, he would eventually ascend to the throne of the human emperor.

Additionally, with his many arrangements, even if the Demon Race finds another entry point to the current world in the future, the remnants in the current world would not be so helpless as to lack fighting strength.

"I've explained the reasons, now I will seal this ball of Power of Origin into your body, hoping you will use it wisely in the future."

After explaining the Demon Race invasion, Yang Yan stepped to Lei Ming with a serious expression and said.

"Come on, Master, I will take it with you to fight on the battlefield!"

Lei Ming stood straight, her young chest bulging.

Yang Yan curled his mouth, gently tapping her head with a flick of his finger:

"Did you think my words were air? I leave this thing for you to preserve the spark of hope, not for you to absorb it and recklessly fight the Demon Race."

"But..."

Lei Ming wanted to say something, but Yang Yan glared at her, forcing her to close her mouth tearfully.

Yang Yan sighed, flipping his palm as if to thrust the Origin into Lei Ming, but paused in midair:

"Lei Ming, I said this power is beyond your current control if mishandled, so..."

At this point, Yang Yan suddenly paused.

Truth be told, he didn't know how long the ball of Power of Origin needed to dwell within Lei Ming before she could fully control it.

Though under his Power of Laws, sealing it for several centuries is no problem.

But if Lei Ming wanted to quickly ascend to the throne, she'd have to risk unsealing layers and gradually mastering this Power of Origin.

If she succeeds, her powers would naturally advance rapidly.

But if she fails, the Power of Origin would completely erupt within her.

The violent Power of Lightning could turn Lei Ming to ashes.

"Master, you once said there are no free lunches in this world, strength progress is accompanied by risks, this is a truth all cultivators must understand."

This time, Lei Ming interrupted Yang Yan, her tear-stained face suddenly resolute.

Yang Yan was initially taken aback, but then smiled.

Unexpectedly, the lessons he once taught Lei Ming were now being used by her to educate him.

Of course, he felt no regret, rather a deep comfort.

Lei Ming's attitude showed that he, as a master, was successful.

This is exactly what he hoped to see.

His expectation for Lei Ming is to become an emperor.

If she did not have even this bit of courage, what was there to hope for!

Success without setbacks is like a flower in a greenhouse.

Though it may be beautiful, it cannot withstand the storm.

Lei Ming's firm attitude left Yang Yan without hesitation.

He curled his fingers, mysterious and profound Power of Laws tightly binding the Power of Origin within his palm.

As Yang Yan applied pressure, the silver Thunder Origin, initially the size of a fist, gradually compressed into a bean-sized light ball.

The Blue Sky Knight and Lei Ming watched in deep awe.

The Thunder Origin's contained power was something they could sense, along with the immense difficulty in trying to harness it.

However, that a terrifyingly powerful Origin ball could be so...

Manipulated?

Yes!

Manipulated!

At will, like commanding hand and finger.

"Go!"

Yang Yan's expression remained unchanged as he saw the Power of Origin compressed to its utmost and pinched it between two fingers towards Lei Ming's forehead.

Lei Ming had been focusing intently on Yang Yan's actions, his swift movement left her unprepared.

Before she could react, a pure Power of Lightning surged into her body instantly.

Yet, the power, while pure, also contained vast energy that she couldn't absorb in time.

If this power were allowed to spread, her body would burst in the next moment.

This sudden change froze Lei Ming in place.

She instinctively held her breath.

However, her fears were unfounded.

As the Power of Lightning began to spread, a more mysterious and powerful force invaded her body.

In her mind, she could clearly see the palace where the immense Power of Lightning was preparing to wreak havoc.

Crystalline white threads wove in quickly, almost instantly forming a web like a spider's silk, perfectly confining the Power of Lightning within.

"Hmph! Still unyielding."

Yang Yan's voice echoed in Lei Ming's mind, then the mystical white net began to tighten.

The originally rampant Power of Lightning struggled vehemently, but was no match.

Very soon, the white net contracted into a symbol-like pattern, like a mysterious character, encompassing the Power of Lightning, quietly suspended in Lei Ming's mind.

While marveling at this sight, she suddenly felt someone flick her forehead gently.

Opening her eyes, she saw Yang Yan smiling at her from the front.

"I've placed eighty-one seals on this Power of Origin. Each seal you need to gauge your strength to unseal, then refine and absorb a part of the Origin within."

"Never be hasty to unseal multiple layers at once."

"If the power within is unmanageable and all seals are breached, no need for me to elaborate the consequences!"

Facing Yang Yan's admonition, Lei Ming nodded obediently.

But soon, her eyes reddened again.

Yang Yan naturally understood why.

He mentioned earlier, if the Demon Race's offensive becomes irresistible, he would have no choice but to sacrifice.

"Go find Qiye and Zhou Hanyun; I have matters to discuss with the Blue Sky Academician."

Partings have always been sorrowful, and even with Yang Yan's calmness, Lei Ming's tears tugged at his heartstrings.

But naturally, he wouldn't cry along with the little girl, so he simply waved her away.

Once she left, only Yang Yan and the Blue Sky Knight remained in the office.

Chapter 1022: Compared to Them, I Only Trust You

"What do you think of Silver Moon Academy?"

Yang Yan sat in his exclusive grand chair, hands cradling his head, seemingly stating casually.

Perhaps only someone like him would do such an eccentric thing, placing a shaky grand chair in front of his desk amidst the futuristic office decor.

It seemed extremely abrupt, entirely out of place.

Faced with Yang Yan's random question, the Blue Sky Knight was caught off guard and couldn't react for a moment.

But seeing Yang Yan's expression that didn't seem like joking around, she began to contemplate.

After a while, she seriously replied:

"The college's current development is trending positively, with the Hidden World and the real world perfectly merging here, undoubtedly a huge success for future development."

Interestingly, as the Blue Sky Knight answered, she took the initiative to brew a cup of tea for Yang Yan.

"Don't talk like those politicians!"

Yang Yan's eyes revealed a hint of surprise.

The Blue Sky Knight seemed to have studied carefully, the tea brewing technique was very meticulous.

He remembered clearly that this woman, besides brewing coffee, wouldn't brew any tea.

Of course, Yang Yan wouldn't delve into such matters but picked up the tea, took a light sip, and continued:

"What you mean is you're optimistic about the academy's development and enjoy staying here!"

The Blue Sky Knight picked up her self-made coffee, took a gentle sip, and seriously nodded:

"The students and assistants here come from forces all across the world, filled with vitality and all sorts of quirky ideas."

"Though boisterous, interesting things happen every day."

"Candidly speaking, I truly feel delight here, a joy from the heart."

"Thus, to use a Huaxia idiom, I really feel a bit reluctant to go back home."

Speaking these final words, the Blue Sky Knight's eyes slightly narrowed, like a sweet girl immersed in happiness.

Of course, this was merely an appearance.

In reality, this powerful maiden was already several hundred years old.

"Hmm!"

Yang Yan put down the teacup, laid in a more comfortable pose with his hands cradling his head, and then continued:

"Have you ever thought of using your knightly path to protect this academy of future hope?"

The Blue Sky Knight's light blue pupils suddenly widened, staring at Yang Yan intensely for quite a while before frowning and uncertainly asking:

"You mean to let me stay at the academy?"

Yang Yan didn't deny her guess, gently nodded.

The Blue Sky Knight raised her eyebrows, resolutely refused:

"No way, this great war concerns all human kind; as the Guardian Knight, how could I be absent."

Once confirming Yang Yan's true intent, the Blue Sky Knight suddenly erupted.

She stood up abruptly from the seat, stood tall, hand clasping her sword hilt, showcasing the valiant demeanor of a female knight.

"Not again!"

Yang Yan was somewhat exasperated by this immensely passionate knight, rubbing his temples with a bitter smile:

"Respected knight, your inability to fear death and wish to coexist with humanity is indeed admirable."

"However, can't you use your brain a bit, while the students here are each clever, they are ultimately too young."

"If we all died in battle and only left them without constraints, do you really think it wouldn't fall into chaos?"

"I ask you to stay at the academy for a longer-term plan."

Upon Yang Yan saying this, the Blue Sky Knight hesitated.

Frowning for a moment of thought, she finally dropped her righteous knightly stance, squinting her eyes and saying:

"I agree with your vision, but they might not consent."

Yang Yan naturally understood who she meant by 'they', curling his lips in an assertive manner he said:

"You needn't worry about that, regardless of whether they want to or not, I'll make them agree."

The Blue Sky Knight didn't argue with Yang Yan's reply, knowing given his status and capability, he could totally say this.

"Besides me, anyone else?"

Soon she thought of something, couldn't help asking.

"No."

Yang Yan shook his head lightly.

"Why?"

The Blue Sky Knight frowned.

Yang Yan straightened up, spread his hands without any tact and said:

"No reason, it's just your few companions compared to you hold no trust in my heart."

"..."

After a brief silence, the Blue Sky Knight continued:

"Why do you trust me so much?"

Yang Yan suddenly laughed:

"It's just a feeling."

The Blue Sky Knight raised her eyebrows, irately said:

"Speak human language, I don't understand!"

Yang Yan coughed twice awkwardly, then stared intensely at the Blue Sky Knight:

"You're different from them. In their eyes, they care more about the interests of the forces behind them. You and I are similar, focusing on the future."

His answer clearly didn't completely satisfy the Blue Sky Knight, but she chose not to say anything further, instead fell into brief reflection.

Yang Yan laughed softly, snapped his fingers, a dancing flame rose from his hand.

With the flame appearing, the Blue Sky Knight's brow fiercely twitched together with her breath starting to become urgent.

Like the Thunder Origin sealed into Lei Ming's body, she could sense the flame dancing in Yang Yan's hand, the purity and might were terrifying.

"This is the Fire Origin I refined, originally intended to seal within Amy."

"Her talent in controlling the Fire Element is high, given adequate time to explore."

"Even if unable to ascend the throne, achieving the standard of a top Titled level is more than sufficient."

"However, currently her powers are still far behind Lei Ming, unable to withstand even the weakest trace of Origin."

"Thus, this Fire Origin shall be entrusted to you for safekeeping."

"When Amy's power steps further, you can seal it within her."

Yang Yan paused slightly:

"Of course, this Origin isn't necessarily given to her."

"If someone more excellent appears in controlling the Fire Element Domain, you might seal it in them."

Upon finishing, Yang Yan flicked his fingers, the dancing flame floated before the Blue Sky Knight.

"You trust me so much, not afraid I'll swallow it privately?"

The Blue Sky Knight stared enamored at the Fire of Origin in front, lost in thought for a long time.

Yet, she didn't immediately accept it, instead her eyes carried a mischievous glint, stared firmly at Yang Yan:

"You should know, while such a thing might not be much to someone like you, to us it's a rare treasure."

"Aren't you afraid of me coveting it, ruining your meticulous arrangement?"

Chapter 1023: News of Other Origins

Yang Yan laughed heartily, then gently shook his head and said nonchalantly:

"As the saying goes, planning is with humans, but success is with heaven. No one can control the future; my arrangements are just doing my best."

"If things really turn out as I predict, by that time I won't have the ability to stop you."

Blue Sky Knight rolled her eyes at Yang Yan:

"Tsk tsk! It sounds nice. With your scheming, handing the academy and these things to me, how could you not have some preventive measures?"

Yang Yan said nothing, which was akin to agreeing with her guess.

In fact, that was indeed the case.

Yang Yan naturally had also thought about the situation he mentioned.

At the same time, he also had corresponding preventive measures.

After handing over the Fire Origin to Blue Sky Knight, Yang Yan received a message from Xiaocao.

Jing Hong and the others had already returned to the villa.

Zhou Hanyun and Zhou Hanyu were happily staying at the academy, saying they'd stay here for a few days.

Yang Yan did not object.

The academy had various defense mechanisms he set up.

As long as they were in the academy, things like their previous kidnapping in Manhattan would never happen again.

He himself had a pile of things waiting to be handled, so he returned to the villa to meet Jing Hong and the others.

After returning to the villa, Xiaocao informed him that Jing Hong and the others were waiting in the backyard.

Yang Yan hurriedly followed over.

From a distance, he heard the voice of that rascal Juechen, seemingly horsing around with another fatty, Fuzze.

Just as the saying goes, birds of a feather flock together.

These two, much like him, despite being grown-ups, often acted without propriety.

Jing Hong was, as usual, sitting seriously on the chair with a gloomy face like a sulking gourd.

Behind him, Juechen and Fuzze were juggling several balls in the air like they just came out of a circus.

Judging by the looks, these two were having a competition!

The others were much quieter.

Red Dust and San Qian were playing pool.

San Qian wasn't very skilled; as soon as Yang Yan entered, he noticed him secretly using space manipulation to cheat.

Red Dust didn't bother to argue with him, pretending not to see.

Mu Qingcheng and Frost Heaven were on the side, discussing what shade of nail polish looked better.

The other three swords were sent by Yang Yan to pick up representatives of Hidden World powers and weren't present.

"Moonlight Boss, you're here, quickly help me see how many balls he actually threw; my eyes blurred, couldn't count them."

This Fatty Fuzze seemed to have good eyesight; as soon as Yang Yan entered, he noticed and pointed at Juechen, whose hands were spinning like propellers, tossing a hundred or so balls.

"You say, despite both being fatties, why are others' hands so dexterous?"

"Whereas yours, besides being plump like pig trotters making one feel hungry, they're pretty useless."

Yang Yan didn't answer his idle question but instead joked teasingly.

Hearing this, Fuzze was immediately discontent.

He grumbled:

"His hand speed was trained lacking a girlfriend; as for Master Fatty, I don't know how many women outside threw themselves at me!"

"Ah!"

As soon as he finished, Fatty let out a scream similar to a pig getting slaughtered.

Juechen, playing with balls in hand, launched them all at him.

Yang Yan felt quite fortunate for Fatty.

Bear in mind, Juechen usually played this with darts and daggers.

"Alright, let's discuss serious matters!"

After Juechen and Fatty finished their playful antics, Yang Yan slightly gathered himself.

Everyone also instantly became serious.

They understood Yang Yan's style.

If there weren't urgent matters, Yang Yan wouldn't have called them back from their important investigations.

"San Qian, speak about the information you've gathered about the Space Origin!"

Once everyone was seated, Yang Yan first opened his mouth directing his gaze at San Qian.

"We have some progress; based on the previously discovered location of the Origin and the information gathered over this period."

"We can basically conclude that the Space Origin is hidden within the space turbulence linking the present world and Hidden World."

San Qian's response allowed Yang Yan to breathe a sigh of relief.

Before this, he was worried San Qian hadn't discovered the whereabouts of Space Origin.

After all, without the Space Origin, his planned arrangements wouldn't have any necessity to proceed.

San Qian speaking so assuredly also meant that the Space Origin was practically located.

As for how to acquire it, that was no longer an issue.

"Then San Qian will accompany me to those areas of space turbulence, what about you all?"

Yang Yan shifted his gaze from San Qian to sweep across the others.

Jing Hong was the first to speak, stating he hadn't found any clues about other Powers of Origin.

Yang Yan didn't take it to heart.

After all, these Origins scattered throughout Hidden World and the present world in remote places aren't easy to find.

Juechen, Frost Heaven, and Mu Qingcheng had good luck; the places they explored already had traces of the Power of Origin.

This meant that among the seven people Yang Yan sent to gather information, four Origins had been found in that period.

They were the Space Origin discovered by San Qian, Water Origin discovered by Frost Heaven, Light Wood Origin found by Juechen and Mu Qingcheng.

Along with the Thunderfire Origin obtained earlier, among the ten ironclad Origins, Yang Yan and his group now mastered six.

"Next, San Qian will accompany me to those Time Turbulence Space Areas, and the others will be tasked to quickly retrieve the remaining three Origins."

Upon understanding the intelligence they brought back, Yang Yan made arrangements.

According to previous plans, his goal was every ironclad Power of Origin.

But given the urgency of the situation, they could only collect as much as they managed to find.

As for the matters of Longevity Sect, amidst the imminent large-scale invasion crisis by external Demon Race, he had no time to pay attention.

"Boss, do these Origin powers relate to the upcoming battle?"

As soon as they returned, Xiaocao informed them about the Demon Race issue.

Upon hearing Yang Yan's arrangements, Juechen chimed in from the side.

Yang Yan nodded, hiding nothing from his inner plans:

"The Demon Race currently cannot breakthrough the Heavenly Dao Barrier, but with their strength and Manhattan as a mole, their invasion is just a matter of time."

"I and Ao Tian plan to have this war take place in Hidden World, requiring the use of Space Origin for this."

"In case we truly struggle to resist, I will completely sever the passage between Hidden World and the present world."

"At that time, even if we all perish in battle, we must at least safeguard the present world."

Speaking in the end, Yang Yan's expression turned especially solemn and serious:

"Apart from Space Origin, other Powers of Origin are our last hope to remain in the present world."

"Even if I sever the spatial connection between the two worlds completely, given enough time Demon Race, even if they can't stitch them together entirely, could set up a Space Passage to the present world."

Later, Yang Yan also shared the news of giving Thunderfire Origin to Lei Ming and Blue Sky Knight.

Once he finished speaking, everyone couldn't help but look at each other, as the atmosphere became particularly heavy.

Chapter 1024: Zhuge Wushuang's Dainty Daughterly Demeanor

Neither Jing Hong nor the others could have imagined that someone as mighty as Yang Yan, one of the Four Emperors with the most mysterious power, would be so pessimistic about the upcoming great battle.

The invading Demon Race from another domain seems to be far stronger than they had anticipated.

"If even a strong warrior like you could sacrifice yourself in this war, can those future emperors in the current world alone truly withstand the demons crawling out from the Hidden World?"

The silent atmosphere didn't last long. Jing Hong was the first to speak, looking at Yang Yan with a worried expression.

"Do our best and leave the rest to fate."

Yang Yan smiled slightly, appearing relaxed, and said:

"We strive to do our best, but at least have a clear conscience and be true to ourselves."

"If failure is inevitable, then it proves that the matter has reached its inevitable outcome, beyond our control."

As he spoke, he stepped forward, patted Jing Hong's shoulder, and said with infinite emotion:

"And Jing Hong, don't have such a bleak outlook towards the future and hope."

"The human race has thrived and continued from time immemorial, and it's not merely due to miracles."

"Who can say for sure that among these successors, there won't be someone who surpasses us?"

"Talented people emerge from generation to generation, and each surpasses the last!"

"What we need to do is to try our utmost, to provide them enough space and time to grow."

This is Yang Yan's heartfelt truth and the entirety of his reflections as a determined youth.

As he mentioned, in the world where strong prey upon the weak, who would have thought that this naive young lad would rise to the throne of the Four Emperors in such a short time?

And in terms of strength, he might have a slight sense of leaving others far behind?

The long history of the human race proves that while the newborn generation may initially be weak, they also represent new hope.

"My king, we swear to follow you unto death!"

Everyone present was moved and stood up, proclaiming loudly.

Each person's eyes were resolutely firm, declaring their choice.

Even the usually cowardly Fatty Fuzze was the same.

Then he rubbed his hands, squeezed to Yang Yan's side, and whispered:

"Boss, I think you made a lot of sense, we new generation will definitely live up to your expectations. I'll report to the academy in a moment."

However, as soon as he finished speaking, Juechen hooked his neck from behind:

"You Fuze, the new generation of the human race doesn't need someone big like you."

"Although your skills aren't great, your tough skin can take a beating. When it's time to fight, you can go in front and shield us."

Fuze's face immediately turned sour, and he stammered:

"But I'm just pure fat; I'm not really tough enough to take hits."

"So, big brother, why not ask someone else for this kind of thing?"

Juechen grinned:

"No worries, if you can't take hits, you can be a guinea pig and serve as bait!"

"Rest assured, we'll make good use of your value."

"To hell with you! Juechen, just because I didn't tell you about the girl last time, you push me into the fire pit like this?"

Feeling hopeless, Fuze, in a fit of anger, cursed.

Juechen nodded, very seriously, and uttered two words:

"Absolutely!"

Their antics considerably lightened the heavy mood just a bit.

Yang Yan didn't mind, and instead found himself amused by their antics.

Though crisis loomed, and they may face life and death, but before the enemy arrives at the door, worrying and fretting would only dampen the spirit before battle even begins.

In a somber atmosphere, people are bound to be affected; they could even end up losing a fight they might have won.

As he had many matters to handle, after finishing business, Yang Yan instantly teleported to the villa's guest meeting room.

Even though he hadn't been in the villa today, Yang Yan knew there were definitely many people who came visiting today for various purposes.

He managed to find a bit of leisure, but left Fu Changjian and the others quite exhausted.

Upon arriving in the meeting room, Yang Yan saw Zhuge Wushuang, lounging with her long legs crossed, loudly complaining:

"These folks are even more meticulous than women. It's just that we're going to be beaten, isn't that a simple matter?"

"They keep asking this and that, as if knowing a little more will prevent the beating."

Gongsun Ruyan and Fu Changjian exchanged a look, showing a helpless and bitter smile.

Perhaps, Zhuge Wushuang might be the epitome of the term female warrior!

Yang Yan arrived and Fu Changjian was the first to notice, respectfully calling him king.

This is his nature; Yang Yan had repeatedly advised him not to be overly formal with him, but he never listened.

Despite his young age, his rigidity matched the eldest of the Ten Swords, Jing Hong.

In comparison, Zhuge Wushuang was far less ceremonious.

Upon seeing Yang Yan, she couldn't help but complain:

"We just sent those people off, and you're back, leaving our ears nearly worn out by those folks who are more talkative than women."

Yang Yan sheepishly scratched his nose, smiled awkwardly, and said:

"Looks like I stumbled back at just the right time. Should I go for a walk and let you vent before I come back?"

With that, he turned to walk towards the door.

Zhuge Wushuang hurriedly got up from her chair, tugged at him, and said pursed her lips:

"I'm just complaining about those chatty folks, not mad at you; why are you leaving!"

Saying that, she lowered her head.

The image of the bold, carefree female warrior quickly turned into that of a demure and delicate woman before Yang Yan.

Fu Changjian and Gongsun Ruyan turned their heads away, pretending not to see this scene.

Otherwise, when Zhuge Wushuang came to her senses, given her demeanor, if anyone saw her in this state, they would face relentless pestering.

Routine threats or sparring challenges would certainly occur.

Would anyone speak up about this?

Everyone present, unless they lost their wits, wouldn't provoke her anger.

"Alright, let's talk about the attitudes of those who came today."

Yang Yan playfully joked, then shifted the topic to more pressing matters.

Setting aside her demure demeanor, Zhuge Wushuang grew serious.

After pondering a moment, she said:

"They initially came to verify the authenticity; I showed them the artifact activated by Demonic Qi."

"They don't doubt its authenticity, and most Eastern Hidden World factions have expressed their willingness to follow your lead, going all out to face the impending Demon Race battle."

"Among them, the Kunlun Sect and Hidden Heaven Lineage are the most proactive."

"Representatives from both sides indicated that upon returning, they'd issue orders, allowing disciples and clansmen to await your command."

"As for those who haven't made clear their stance or opposed, they've stated they'll consult their superiors and soon provide a reply."

Yang Yan nodded.

He was quite satisfied with the responses from the various Eastern Hidden World forces.

At least it was far better than he'd expected.

Chapter 1025: Wanting to Be a Bystander

These people, who normally can't wait to bash each other's brains out in private, quickly unified in the face of such a critical issue, which is truly commendable.

Of course, this might also be due to my own identity.

Yang Yan has always shown through his actions that he stands with the Eastern Influence camp.

Given his status as one of the Four Emperors, it's actually not surprising that the Eastern Influence would respond so positively to his call.

"What about the others' attitudes?"

Having understood the stance of the Eastern Influence, Yang Yan began to inquire about others.

The "others" he referred to naturally meant the various forces in the West and Northern Europe.

It also included the various powers in the South American region.

Due to various reasons, Yang Yan had offended quite a few of them.

Even in this situation, their attitude was not necessarily very positive.

Things turned out exactly as he had guessed.

As soon as he uttered the question, Zhuge Wushuang couldn't help but slam the table and curse angrily:

"Don't even mention those bastards, each looking big and strong, but they're either cowards or a bunch of shortsighted fools."

"One of them actually said to wait for the Demon Race to come, then if we can beat them, we fight; if not, we surrender."

"He said it was merely two worlds changing their leaders, and that life would go on as usual, with no need to fight to the death."

"If it weren't for Longsword and Ruyan holding me back, I would have made that bastard crawl out of the villa."

Seeing Zhuge Wushuang's indignant look, Yang Yan couldn't help but frown.

He hadn't expected such shameless spinelessness among those people.

"Sigh!"

Gongsun Ruyan also sighed and said helplessly:

"The most frightening thing is that those people are vaguely in agreement with this person's view, and they even said..."

What followed seemed to touch on some taboo, and Gongsun Ruyan finally didn't continue.

Yang Yan raised an eyebrow and pursued:

"What else did they say?"

Gongsun Ruyan bit her lip and said angrily:

"They also said we provoked Manhattan, forcing him to let the Demon Race in, so we bear most of the responsibility."

"Hmph!"

Even with Yang Yan's good temper, he was so infuriated by Ruyan's later words that he laughed in anger, snorting coldly:

"These guys are thinking about profiting from the fight; they're truly a bunch of rats."

He had thought that even with past grievances, those people would at least weigh the consequences in such a crisis.

Even if not making amends, at least rallying together under one banner, right?

But in the end, Yang Yan overestimated them.

These people were actually plotting to have the Eastern Influence take the lead in the fight, planning to come in afterward to pick up the pieces.

That way, they could not only use the Demon Race to heavily damage various Eastern powers but also conveniently grab the glory of saving the world.

The idea was beautiful, but in Yang Yan's view, it was pathetic and laughable.

Judging by the information he's gathered, once the Demon Race successfully opens a path to launch a full-scale attack, even with humanity's full resistance, victory is uncertain.

These people are still scheming that the Eastern Influence and the Demon Race will be evenly matched.

What wishful thinking!

"If they're looking at the Demon Race invasion with this kind of attitude, humanity indeed has no chance of winning,"

Fu Changjian shook his head, expressing deep helplessness.

The just-furious Yang Yan laughed.

"Playing the onlooker? Heh! Dream on."

"Since that's the case, I'll have to drag them all into the water, too."

His words left everyone blinking at each other, evidently unclear about what Yang Yan meant.

"Those guys haven't truly realized the power of the extraterrestrial Demon Race."

"Or they simply think Manhattan represents the Demon Race and is only against me."

Seeing their puzzled faces, Yang Yan explained:

"So, let's give them a chance to experience the terror of high-level Demon Race up close."

"What was on the battlefield before was just a test from the Demon Race. Or maybe a smokescreen; it's not even comparable!"

Everyone's eyes lit up.

Zhuge Wushuang, impatient by nature, quickly asked:

"Do you have a plan in mind?"

Yang Yan chuckled, nodded but did not elaborate, leaving just a line:

"You'll find out in a while."

Zhuge Wushuang rolled her eyes dramatically, slightly dissatisfied, she said:

"Playing mysterious again! It's really boring!"

Yang Yan's response made Zhuge Wushuang grumble, folding her arms with a sulky look.

If anyone else dared to act like this in front of her, this young lady would surely have grabbed her weapon by now.

But as for the man in front of her, no matter how angry she was, she couldn't muster any hatred.

Not to mention raising her hand against him.

Besides, to be fair, even if it came to a fight, she was not a match for Yang Yan at all.

Although Yang Yan didn't specifically say how he planned to drag those Western factions into the mess, seeing the sly smile on his face...

Alright!

More accurately, it was a confident smile.

With the three of them knowing him well, it was almost certain to succeed.

And, as expected, the ones planning to stay uninvolved would soon find themselves in trouble.

Yang Yan might seem like a good person to most people.

But when he turns bad, he's full of wicked schemes.

Once unleashed, they guarantee chaos and misery.

Despite a lot of things waiting for Yang Yan to handle next, there was no rush for these matters for now.

After finishing these matters, it was already time for dinner.

He held a unique dinner party at the villa.

The dinner party wasn't grand, but it was filled with people Yang Yan was closest with.

Zhou Hanyun and Zhou Hanyu, upon receiving Yang Yan's notification, returned from the academy, bringing not only Lei Ming and Qiye but also the Blue Sky Knight.

However, the dinner, which was supposed to be warm and lively, started off with a rather gloomy atmosphere.

After everyone took their seats, no one spoke, and the air seemed quite still.

Even the straightforward Zhuge Wushuang and usually most carefree Juechen were the same.

The gluttonous Fatty Fuzze, facing a table of delicious food, stayed calm and didn't have any intention of picking up his chopsticks.

It seemed everyone was waiting for something.

In the end, their eyes all gathered on Yang Yan.

Yang Yan naturally knew what this was about.

Everyone present was aware of the imminent invasion of the extraterrestrial Demon Race.

They also understood that when the Heavenly Dao Barrier broke, a battle more brutal than the Ancient Human-Demon War would unfold.

They were not children; everyone knew what war meant.

Once it starts, no one can predict what will happen next.

Chapter 1026: Demon Suppression Alliance

Where there is war, there is destruction.

Accompanied by countless sacrifices.

Even Yang Yan openly admitted that he might sacrifice himself in this war, let alone others.

In other words, regardless of the outcome of this war that determines the fate of humankind, those sitting here today may cease to exist.

Everyone implicitly understands this.

Under such circumstances, it's a wonder if the atmosphere at this banquet can be good!

For this, Yang Yan also feels pretty uncomfortable.

However, he is not the kind to dwell on sorrow.

So he adjusted his mood and met everyone's gaze with a smile, saying:

"Why are you all staring at me? It's rare to have such a big table of people gathered together for a meal, everyone should be a bit happier! Just give me some face."

Zhou Hanyun, quick on the uptake, got up first to play the role of the hostess, chiming in:

"Yes, yes, yes! You all know Yang Yan's character, it's his first time hosting a banquet."

"It's rare that he has such a thoughtful moment, everyone, don't let him down!"

With her leading the way and Yang Yan's usual easygoing style, the banquet atmosphere gradually warmed.

Then Fuzze and Juechen, those two lively spirits, rolled up their sleeves to settle the dispute over a pork knuckle on the nearby empty ground, even shouting for everyone to be the judges.

Thus, the two fat ones by the side of the banquet ended up wrestling together.

Although they called it a duel, their bulky figures looked more like a playful brawl, reminiscent of sumo wrestling from a small island country.

Good grief!

Under the passionate performance of these two jokers, the banquet atmosphere became thoroughly lively.

For now, everyone put aside their worries and laughed heartily.

Then, Qiye and Lei Ming, the two young ladies, also volunteered to showcase their recent learnings.

With someone volunteering to perform at the banquet, Yang Yan was all for it.

For this, he even directly used the Power of Laws to create an arena.

With the addition of Power of Laws, there was no worry that they would affect the surrounding flowers and plants with their abilities.

Therefore, the two young ladies let loose inside, showcasing their ultimate skills and fighting heartily.

Lei Ming was quite mischievous.

Halfway through the fight, she suddenly leapt out from the Laws barrier, saying she was hungry, grabbed a chicken leg, then went back in to tussle with Qiye.

Under Yang Yan's intentional guidance, no one mentioned any unhappy topics midway.

It was clear that everyone cherished and enjoyed the warm atmosphere of this banquet.

Because everyone knew that once this banquet ended, the next gathering might be filled with sadness and regret.

There might even be a chance that this was their last gathering together.

Recently, as Yang Yan, one of the Four Emperors, released the news of an impending invasion by the Demon Race from beyond, it was like a deep-sea bomb, causing a great upheaval in both the Hidden World and the present world.

The Eastern Influence sects of the Hidden World called back disciples who were out training.

They even set aside previous grudges among factions and formed a powerful Demon Suppression Alliance.

Many scattered independent warriors, upon hearing the news, were also unwilling to be outdone.

Called together by those with intent, these lone wolves, used to roaming free, gathered into a formidable force and declared their joining of the Demon Suppression Alliance.

Although they were uniting for the common goal of fighting the invaders, it was inevitable that some minor troubles would arise.

For instance, when such a big crowd from all over gathers to form an alliance, there needs to be someone in charge to lead, right?

Initially, several major factions suggested a joint council method to establish an alliance advisory board.

But soon some people became dissatisfied, stepping forward to criticize the advisory board for being monopolized by people from major faction sects, which was unfair to others.

Even though these big sect factions were powerful, they couldn't withstand the opposition from so many voices, hence the advisory board was temporarily canceled.

Yet no country can be without leadership for a day, and against the fierce external Demon Race, a leaderless alliance is no better than a scattered group.

Consequently, for the first time, the Hidden World held a democratic vote.

Among the Four Emperors, Moonlight Yang Yan emerged as the most favored candidate to lead the alliance.

As the issuer of the Demon Race invasion alert, he is currently the person most knowledgeable about the Demons.

Coupled with his status as one of the Four Emperors and his seemingly limitless mysterious power, he was undoubtedly the best choice to lead the alliance against the Demon Race.

Something like this would have been straightforwardly refused by Yang Yan in the past.

After all, such work is effortful and thankless, not something he'd usually be interested in.

But given that it's a matter of human survival, he couldn't act solely on personal whims, so he accepted the role.

However, as the alliance leader, he only oversees the war against the Demon Race, without interfering in any other internal affairs of the alliance.

In the present world, senior officials from Huaxia proactively reached out to Yang Yan, willing to provide whatever help they could muster.

According to statements from the senior ranks, they were even prepared to clear out the country's stockpile of nuclear weapons if needed.

Yang Yan did not refuse them, accepting all these missiles and nuclear weapons without hesitation.

The damage caused by these technological weapons is sufficient to threaten the Demon Race, and their broad blast range is very useful.

However, compared to the eager response from the Eastern Influence, Western and Northern European forces remained much calmer.

Meanwhile, some forces in South America began to stir, gradually making contacts with the Eastern Alliance.

But overall, outside the Eastern Alliance, major forces sent a few delegations but took no further action.

They maintained an attitude of indifference, keeping their distance, and remained in a state of observation.

Yang Yan couldn't be bothered dealing with these dispatched envoys, having arrangements made for their accommodation and meals without even meeting them face-to-face.

Anyway, according to his plan, soon these foreign entities will realize the crisis.

If they continue with their indifferent attitude, there's nothing he can do about it.

The scale of the Demon Suppression Alliance's formation was huge; at the request of major sect factions, a grand inauguration ceremony was organized for Yang Yan.

Human history is essentially a lengthy chronicle of wars.

History teaches us that morale is crucial in warfare.

Yang Yan couldn't avoid the customs and took advantage of this opportunity to issue a pre-war declaration.

The ceremony was held at Ten Thousand Ridges Peak of the Kunlun Sect in the Hidden World.

As Yang Yan ascended to the high platform at the peak, looking down, he saw a crowd so dense it was mere heads below.

Some stood floating in the air, others rode various strange Exotic Beasts, and some crossed the skies on sword control.

However, though they floated in the air, not one surpassed the height of Ten Thousand Ridges Peak.

This was a show of respect for Yang Yan, the soon-to-be alliance leader and a Celestial Dao List Emperor Titled Powerhouse.

For this ceremony, while not guaranteeing everyone from the Eastern Hidden World showed up, those who didn't come were not many.

Even though Yang Yan was experienced and knowledgeable, it was his first time witnessing such a scene, filling his heart with a long-lost sense of excitement.

Chapter 1027: Spreading the Word

Perhaps this is the characteristic of Eastern people.

When there's nothing going on, we poke at each other.

But if an outsider intervenes, sorry, we become unprecedentedly united.

The day after the grand coronation ceremony of the Alliance Leader of the Demon Suppression Alliance concluded, news of the emergence of the Longevity Sect, claiming that crossing it could grant immortality, spread rapidly through the Hidden World.

Major forces actively dispatched people to investigate the destination.

The Eastern Influence, which had already formed an alliance, was the most proactive, sending out top talents under their command.

Many of them were even at the Titled Level.

They had a stance that was determined to win the so-called Longevity Sect.

The Western and Northern European forces, which showed little reaction to the impending demon invasion, also perked up.

Seeing the strong momentum of the Eastern Influence, both sides simply coordinated and joined forces, hoping to gain enough advantage over the Eastern Influence in the ensuing struggle.

However, the Eastern Influence had Moonlight Yang Yan, one of the Four Emperors, along with the veteran Four Emperor Ice Emperor Ao Tian, making it impossible for the other two to suppress them.

But even so, they could not abandon the competition for the Longevity Sect.

Although the Longevity Sect had always been a legend in the Hidden World, there is never smoke without fire in the world.

Legends aren't necessarily not real existences.

The allure of immortality is something that few can resist, regardless of their strength.

No matter how strong one is, isn't the ultimate goal to pursue true eternal legends?

However, reaching a step unprecedented by predecessors is exceedingly difficult!

Currently, the only known closest to eternal is the Heavenly Dao.

The Longevity Sect claims to allow one to stand shoulder to shoulder with the Heavenly Dao upon crossing, how can such temptation not attract swarms of people?

Thus, the two forces quickly dispatched their men to the location where the Longevity Sect appeared.

The present world.

Inside Yang Yan's villa.

Listening to Fu Changjian's report, Yang Yan, the instigator lying in a swaying rocking chair, cheerfully tossed a grape into his mouth and said:

"These bastards, when it comes to risky things, think of hiding."

"Now when there's an advantage to be had, they run faster than anyone else, like rabbits."

Yang Yan had now officially become the Alliance Leader of the Demon Suppression Alliance, responsible mainly for orchestrating response strategies against the demon invasion.

For now, the demons are unable to invade immediately, so his role as Alliance Leader is effectively just a title.

The various Eastern forces, same as before apart from not engaging in civil wars, continue with their usual activities.

Yang Yan didn't stay in the Hidden World; he just left Fu Changjian there to relay messages.

The newly formed advisory board in the alliance, out of boredom, even assigned him a title called Spirit Binder.

Yang Yan wasn't sure how others reacted to this title, but he, Juechen, and You Fuze laughed foolishly all day about it.

Zhuge Wushuang previously clamored about going to the Hidden World to be a special envoy for a few days, but considering her temperament, Yang Yan refrained from letting her go.

She sulked for a day because of that.

Upon learning of Fu Changjian's title the next day, the trio turned into a quartet of fools.

Despite the awkwardness of the title, the advisory board took their job quite seriously.

Fu Changjian was well taken care of with regard to daily needs, and he even had someone to report internal alliance news to him every day.

However, since the demon invasion hadn't started yet, and Yang Yan wasn't involved with their internal affairs, what exactly was there to report each day?

Initially, only reports regarding which force joined the alliance were given; later, probably due to a lack of newsworthy items, they even started recording daily financial expenditures within their groups.

Fu Changjian assumed this was pre-discussed by Yang Yan with them, and brought all these reports back in bamboo slips.

Seeing them, Yang Yan found it amusingly frustrating, and simply set up a grill outside the villa, using the slips as firewood for barbecuing skewers.

This was called waste disposal, turning waste into treasure.

He couldn't figure out what the advisory board's members had in mind.

Did they really expect to have these finances presented and reimbursed?

"Lord, with this news released, those guys mobilized so many people, evidently taking it seriously,"

"With so many people around, acquiring the Space Origin won't be easy for us."

Unlike the cheerful Yang Yan, Fu Changjian appeared somewhat concerned.

"No, no, no, Longsword!"

Yang Yan paid little heed to Fu Changjian's remarks.

Finding eating grapes one by one unsatisfying, he suddenly grabbed a handful, crammed them into his mouth, and mumbled:

"Regardless of their arrival, acquiring the Space Origin won't be easy for us. Their presence actually simplifies things for us."

"Besides, if those Westerners aren't completely foolish, they will stand on the same side with us after this matter."

Yang Yan's out-of-the-blue statement puzzled the four women playing mahjong, making them look over and ask:

"Why?"

Especially Zhuge Wushuang, whose eyes nearly sparkled green.

She was eagerly awaiting Yang Yan's elaboration.

How to make those Westerners realize the severity of the demon race, convincing them to join the defense had intrigued her for days.

With an impatient personality, she likes to get to the bottom of things.

Being unclear about something for days made her anxious indeed!

"If I'm not mistaken, whether gathering all ten Origins would open the Longevity Sect, I don't know, but for Manhattan wanting the demons to pass through the Heavenly Dao Barrier quickly, the Space Origin is undoubtedly the best choice."

Yang Yan, not disappointing Zhuge Wushuang, began explaining the rationale slowly.

"From my research on Origins, this kind of force is essentially the Origin of the Heavenly Dao."

"Put simply, these Origins combined are the tangible Power of the Heavenly Dao."

"In other words, the Heavenly Dao Barrier is formed by these Powers of Origin."

"The demons and Manhattan might break the perpetual Heavenly Dao Barrier, but it would be slow and costly for sure."

"Obtaining the Space Origin would undoubtedly be the most cost-effective and fastest way."

Despite Yang Yan's detailed explanation, the people in the room remained confused.

Fu Changjian couldn't help but ask:

"Lord, is the Space Origin's power immense enough to shatter the Heavenly Dao Barrier?!"

"But relying solely on one Power of the Heavenly Dao seems quite unrealistic!"

Yang Yan rolled his eyes and continued explaining:

"I never said Manhattan would use this to break through like a hammer!"

"Expecting a single Space Origin to break open the Heavenly Dao Barrier is indeed unrealistic."

"Compared to the Heavenly Dao Barrier, a single Power of Origin is inadequate."

"In my view, even if all Origins were assembled, it's not guaranteed they could budge it.

"However, if combined with special techniques to create a breach in the Heavenly Dao, it may be possible."

Chapter 1028: Lure

Upon hearing Yang Yan's words, everyone widened their eyes.

Obviously, although the strength of those present was notable, when it came to the concept of the Heavenly Dao, they were far from understanding even half of it.

Thus, Yang Yan's analysis for them was like opening a brand new door.

Seeing everyone's reaction, Yang Yan continued to explain,

"The composition of the Heavenly Dao Barrier includes Space Origin, so theoretically, it contains inner space."

"Therefore, I believe that while Space Origin cannot shatter the iron gate of the Heavenly Dao Barrier, it is the key to opening it."

At this point, Yang Yan's expression suddenly became serious.

With burning eyes, he swept over the crowd and said solemnly,

"This means that if Manhattan gets this key to open the gate, the Demon Race can invade our world unchecked."

"This way, it's far more practical than them breaking the Heavenly Dao Barrier."

Zhuge Wushuang immediately asked,

"Then why don't we find the Space Origin and take it out sooner, and instead fabricate the news about the Longevity Sect appearing?"

"Now, Sanqian says those few places with space turbulence are already surrounded."

Zhuge Wushuang found that Yang Yan's explanation, rather than clearing things up, brought even more questions to his mind.

"It's because guessing the importance of the Space Origin, the people of Manhattan will definitely give it their all to obtain it, so for the sake of safety, we've invited more allies."

This seriousness lasted for barely three seconds.

Yang Yan, serious a moment ago, then plopped down onto a rocking chair, lazily crossing his legs.

"I trust that the Eastern Influence is the ally you invited, but why spread the news and let those people get involved too?"

Zhuge Wushuang, with a head full of questions, said bluntly,

"Those visionless bastards! If they come, and we get into a fight with Manhattan, forget helping us; they'd be doing good not to stab us in the back."

Since receiving the Western Hidden World's delegation last time, Zhuge Wushuang's impression of them plummeted.

"Hehe! Now what if I deliberately let those Westerners find and take Space Origin, and tell them it's the key to the Longevity Sect, what do you think Manhattan would do?"

Yang Yan squinted his eyes into slits, smiling deviously.

With this statement, everyone who had been in a fog suddenly lit up with understanding.

Instantly, all lingering doubts in their minds vanished, as if enlightened.

"Haha!"

Zhuge Wushuang clapped and laughed,

"With that old guy Manhattan's personality, he'd definitely fight them to the end, trying every possible way to get back the Space Origin."

"His ugly old demon tribe ancestors are waiting for him to open the door!"

"With you keeping watch on that old guy, his demon tribe ancestors can't come down in a day, he's in danger another day, and if he can't get Space Origin, who'd be surprised if he acts desperately?"

Zhuge Wushuang finally resolved questions that had been hanging in his mind for days, as excited as a child finding a new toy.

Then, she lavished praises on Yang Yan,

"Boss, you're so clever, with so many cunning ideas in your head."

"..."

Yang Yan, speechless, said, pulling at his mouth,

"Should I take that as a compliment or an insult?"

"Compliment, compliment, definitely a compliment! I'm praising you here!"

Zhuge Wushuang, not realizing anything was amiss, said confidently with her hands on her hips.

The other women giggled uncontrollably.

Even Fu Changjian, usually calm, was stifling his laughter, almost bursting out laughing.

Well, Yang Yan couldn't handle this thoughtless speaker; he had to redirect the topic back to business,

"I've notified the upper echelons of the Demon Suppression Alliance that they'll be responsible for the diversion this time, attracting those Westerners."

"Relying on Sanqian's natural talent, he and I have already entered the space turbulence and found its hidden location."

"When the time comes, if those Westerners can't find it, I'll give them some guidance."

"I must admit, the Westerners, having survived under the Hidden World's survival-of-the-fittest rules, must be strong."

"No matter who among them gains the Space Origin, it won't be easy for Manhattan to retrieve it."

"At that point, other demons will certainly need to step in to assist."

Although Manhattan cannot currently bring the demon army through the Heavenly Dao Barrier, he surely has ways to summon individually strong demons.

The Nine Nether Demon Monarch and the Sand King Yang Yan encountered last time are the best proof.

However, this method is far from perfect.

Their arrival seems to greatly reduce their strength.

But according to accidentally leaked information, the longer they stay in this world, the more their strength gradually recovers.

When their power returns, Manhattan will definitely take them to trouble those Westerners to get the crucial Space Origin.

Though uncertain of a demon monarch's exact power, judging from his arrogant attitude and Gabriel's respect towards him, he must be formidable.

Enough anyway for whichever Western force gets the Space Origin to suffer.

Not to mention whether Manhattan might use similar methods to bring other demons down.

If so, it would be quite entertaining.

Yang Yan mused gleefully to himself.

He even wanted to applaud his own plan.

What Yang Yan needed to do first was put on a full act, letting those Westerners find and take away the Space Origin.

After that, they just needed to watch whichever force obtained it.

First, let them and Manhattan fight, taste the frightful power of demons and suffer losses, then at the opportune moment, suddenly strike and eliminate the old Manhattan.

The account of him kidnapping Zhou Hanyun and the other three women remained well noted by Yang Yan.

Once he catches the old guy, he'll definitely make sure to settle it thoroughly.

Dragons have reverse scales; touch them and they die!

To Yang Yan, his companions were his reversed scales.

While Yang Yan was plotting around Space Origin, a group of people were also gathered in a huge building within a space junction node between the present world and the Hidden World, having intense discussions.

If Yang Yan were there, he'd realize that among the group were some familiar faces.

First, there was Manhattan, the old man.

Sitting in the center was the Nine Nether Demon Monarch, who fought once with Yang Yan, seemingly dead and alive again. This was a secret talent of the Nine Nether, but let's leave that aside!

Next to him sat two figures completely shrouded in black robes, their features concealed.

Besides Gabriel whom Yang Yan recognized, another in black and gold armor with delicate yet stunningly handsome features.

Beside him sat a tall muscular man, whose swollen muscles seemed about to explode, with a face almost resembling a gruesome crash site.

Additionally, there was an emaciated old man in bizarre attire, holding a weapon akin to a trident.

Chapter 1029: According to the Script

"Manhattan, is it true that you have a way for our demon army to pass through the Heavenly Dao Barrier?"

Sitting at the head, the Nine Nether Demon Monarch broke the silence first.

He stared at Manhattan sitting below and asked in a deep voice.

Manhattan, who was usually fearless even against the Four Emperors, acted very submissively at this moment.

Without a hint of disrespect, he stood up and bowed in response:

"Yes, Demon Monarch! Recently, I've received secret information from special channels."

"The so-called place where Longevity Sect appears is actually where the world's Space Origin is located."

"Is this true?!"

Upon hearing Manhattan's response, Nine Nether's pupils instantly widened, almost standing up in excitement.

Even the two black-robed figures beside him, who seemed like lifeless monks, raised their heads.

Their expressions were exactly like Nine Nether's.

"Seize it, at all costs!"

After a moment, Nine Nether exhaled lightly, calming his excitement, and said resolutely through clenched teeth:

"As long as we obtain it, our demon army will be unstoppable."

"By then, the entire world will be under our rule, and there will naturally be benefits for you."

"Alright, Lord Nine Nether Demon Monarch."

Hamantton lowered his head respectfully, like the most loyal servant.

But immediately after, he showed a hint of difficulty:

"However, Demon Monarch, in the battle with Yang Yan and Ao Tian, two of the Four Emperors, my subordinates suffered countless losses and are severely weakened."

"This time, no matter which faction obtains the Space Origin, their power won't be weak. If we try to seize it..."

"Don't worry, my power has already recovered to its peak, and once you find the Space Origin, the other two Demon Monarchs' strength will have almost fully recovered as well."

"The three of us joining forces, even that dog Four Emperor Moonlight who injured me that day, will have no chance of returning."

"Boldly proceed, once the Heavenly Dao Barrier is opened, these minor losses will be compensated."

Nine Nether's face twisted with a trace of menace, the past defeat by Yang Yan still fresh in his memory.

As a noble Demon Monarch, losing to a humble human was undoubtedly a deep humiliation for him.

At the mention of Yang Yan, his noble self-esteem throbbed with pain.

Now recovered, he eagerly wished to find Yang Yan and avenge the past disgrace.

"With the three noble Demon Monarchs taking action, the Space Origin is ours for the taking."

Hamantton's previously troubled face turned joyful:

"My people have already entered those space turbulences, no matter who gets the Space Origin, I'll know first."

...

While Hamantton and his group coveted the Space Origin, in Yang Yan's villa, Three Thousand tore open a space passage and appeared directly before Yang Yan.

"Three Thousand, have you released the information?"

Yang Yan showed no surprise at Three Thousand's appearance.

He raised his head and asked casually.

"Yes!"

Three Thousand nodded, replying:

"I've deliberately released the secret information as expected. Hamantton, that old fox, has received it."

"Now we'll see who's unlucky enough to get the Space Origin."

After the news of Longevity Sect's appearance, the Hidden World's rumors of the Space Origin were all orchestrated by Yang Yan secretly.

Hamantton is an old fox; if the act isn't done thoroughly, he'll surely sense the trap.

Thus, Yang Yan devised this complicated plot, even though Hamantton is cunning and cautious, he'll inadvertently fall into the carefully designed trap.

Though Yang Yan is the Alliance Leader of the Demon Suppression Alliance, he didn't appear in the Eastern Influence's camp to fight over the "Longevity Sect."

The Eastern and Western forces blocked each other at several space turbulence entrances, causing a stalemate.

Both sides realized this wasn't a solution, so high-level figures from both sides sat down to agree on entering the space turbulence together, whoever finds the items first gets them.

Simply put, there's no need for petty fighting; whoever gets the items relies on luck.

On the Eastern side, Yang Yan had already greeted them in advance.

They agreed almost instantly.

Anyway, they're only going in as a formality.

Western forces entered the space turbulence with great enthusiasm.

Several powerhouses went without rest for days.

In contrast, the Eastern side seemed much more relaxed.

Everyone ate, drank, and slept as they wished.

If it weren't for the unsuitable setting of the space turbulence, those Westerners might have thought they were on a sightseeing tour.

Despite the Westerners' diligent search, they still couldn't find the Space Origin.

A whole week passed, and even Yang Yan couldn't sit still anymore.

He instructed Three Thousand to create a small accident, allowing a vampire from the Feilamid Clan to "accidentally" discover the Space Origin.

And so, the Westerners finally found the Space Origin.

These fools, gradually falling into Yang Yan's trap, blissfully carried the Space Origin out of the space turbulence.

A number of Eastern forces, seeing this, shook their heads and lamented their bad luck.

Afterwards, without any disputes, they sighed and withdrew from the space turbulence area, making room for the Westerners.

As for why they made room, it's simple.

The Westerners weren't just one faction, consisting of Western forces and mixed with Northern European forces.

As for the weaker South American forces, they were less enthusiastic and could be ignored.

They believed there was only one key to opening the Longevity Sect, not enough to share.

Their alliance was formed simply to deter the Eastern forces.

Now that the item was in hand, naturally, everyone calculated their own gain.

Under the influence of the Hidden World's survival of the fittest rule, their method of distribution was simple.

It depends on who has the biggest fist.

First in line was the Feilamid vampire clan.

Guided by Three Thousand, they discovered the Space Origin and obtained it successfully.

But to prevent the Eastern forces from seizing it halfway, they had to take the Space Origin and meet up with the Western European forces.

They might have emerged safely from the space turbulence, but now faced a group of wolf-like allies.

The old Clan Leader of Feilamid regretted it.

If he knew this outcome, why didn't he attempt to escape with the Space Origin?

What if he succeeded?

However, this old Clan Leader is also a Titled Powerhouse on the Celestial Dao List, known as the Blood Slaughter Night Demon.

With pride and the temptation of the legendary Longevity Sect, even under the pressure of various forces, he stubbornly refused.

Then, with the Space Origin in hand, he casually set up a Teleportation Array, ready to make a getaway...

Chapter 1030: Reaching a Consensus

Unfortunately, Feilamid ultimately couldn't escape.

Because the Longevity Sect was indispensable, top forces like the western Holy Hall, Shadow Brotherhood, Nordic Kalu De Temple, and Yugulas Sect had long laid a Celestial Net around.

In fact, these strongest western forces sent their elites, and attendees far outnumbered Feilamid in strength.

This little-known vampire clan leader hadn't even set foot in the Teleportation Array before Tony, one of the Holy Hall's Twelve Knights, sent him flying with a Holy Light Baptism.

As he let out a miserable cry and was blasted out from the Teleportation Array, a Shadow Dagger silently aimed at his neck.

However, Feilamid was a Titled Powerhouse, not famous for nothing, and certainly had some skills.

When the sharp Shadow Dagger was about to cut off the vitality of his body, he explosively transformed into a scattered swarm of bats.

The next instant he reappeared, already a kilometer away.

But before he could catch his breath after escaping death, a violent sting spread across his body.

Under his skin, sharp wooden vines burst out, piercing his flesh fiercely.

In the blink of an eye, Feilamid, a vampire, turned into a humanoid tree.

"Hand over the Longevity Sect's key, and I can spare your life."

An elder with a grass ring hat stepped out from the crowd, holding a staff formed by intertwined vines, pointing at the agonized Feilamid:

"You should know very well, this item isn't something you can touch."

This was Anrabell, the Flower Ring Bishop from Kalu De Temple.

Feilamid was immobilized by the thorns emerging under his skin, suffering intense pain all over, but his consciousness remained clear.

He finally understood that escaping in front of so many major powers' experts was impossible with his strength.

He could only desperately release the Space Origin from within.

Even though this thing was potentially related to the legendary Longevity Sect, tempting Feilamid greatly, compared to facing imminent demise, he still chose survival.

Anrabell raised his head, his gaze falling on the transparent orb flying out from Feilamid's body.

Upon confirmation, he nodded contentedly, then smiled lightly:

"You're sensible, at least you haven't disappointed me. I'll keep my promise to spare you death... even if it's painful."

Following his words, Feilamid, wrapped in dense thorns, let out an extraordinarily shrill scream again.

The thorns that grew from his body frantically sucked his blood, continuously expanding.

Previously just able to wrap Feilamid, the thorns abruptly shot up to over ten meters tall.

The scream lasted for over ten seconds before subsiding.

Anrabbell waved his hand, and the blood-red thorns covering Feilamid contracted, eventually disappearing into the skin.

Once the thorns vanished, everyone's gaze on Feilamid made them involuntarily gasp.

At this time, Feilamid's entire body was only a shriveled skin wrapped around bones, as if something had drained his body, appearing terrifyingly abnormal.

However, this unlucky vampire clan leader didn't garner much attention.

Soon, everyone's gaze simultaneously converged on the transparent orb floating in mid-air.

Compared to the legendary Longevity Sect, Feilamid's life or death seemed meaningless.

...

"Feilamid really lacked vision, trying to flee with the Origin despite the presence of Western Europe's major powerhouses!"

Yang Yan sighed while listening to Sanqian's report from the scene:

"If he were smarter, handing that thing to any major power present would surely give him a better outcome."

Sanqian had a different opinion, shaking his head:

"King, you underestimate the allure of the legendary Longevity Sect to them!"

"Compared to ordinary people in the Hidden World, its various Cultivators undoubtedly have longer and more enduring lives."

"Yet precisely because they lived longer, they enjoyed the happiness of living, making them more fearful of the inevitable death than ordinary people."

Saying this, Sanqian put on a mocking expression.

He sneered, disdainfully saying:

"Those foreign devils' religions always tell believers not to fear death, not to fear terror."

"In the end, they're more afraid of dying than ordinary people; it's genuinely laughable."

Before Yang Yan could speak, Zhuge Wushuang quickly chimed in:

"Sanqian, I didn't expect you to have such insightful thoughts!"

Despite being more powerful, Sanqian always demonstrated respect for Zhuge Wushuang.

He chuckled flatteringly:

"Mostly because I've spent so much time with Wushuang, it's hard not to improve my thinking."

Upon hearing this, Zhuge Wushuang perked up, looking smug.

If a tail grew out of her, it'd likely wag to the sky.

Yang Yan couldn't understand when this girl's skin became as thick as his.

Could it truly be like that saying, marrying a chicken...?

Oops! Oops!

Birds of a feather flock together.

Since there were serious matters at hand, Yang Yan didn't dwell on the issue and had Sanqian continue with the story.

And what followed was roughly as he expected.

After seeing Feilamid as a cautionary precedent, the small forces on the Western sides gave up on the Space Origin, wisely retreating.

Yet there were always those bold for profit, not fearing death.

They didn't go far, observing from a distance.

Greedy and daring, they were also clever speculators.

Many major powers present were on equal footing.

Now that the Space Origin once more became ownerless, obtaining it naturally meant a battle.

They watched from afar, hoping to see if they could gain advantage.

That some major forces might exhaust each other was certainly what they hoped to see.

Unexpectedly, the major powers didn't fight.

Regarding the ownership of the Space Origin, they selected twelve forces, deciding each would hold and study it for a week.

Moreover, whatever is discovered must be shared with everyone.

In this way, those hoping to take advantage had no chance.

The selected twelve forces were renowned in the Hidden World, dominating a region, undeniably formidable.

Any one of them could not be trifled with, especially now they've united.

No one dared to test the bad luck at this juncture.

People didn't even have the mind for spectating and all left quietly at once.