

Powerful 1031

Chapter 1031: Going Back to See the Old Man

Among the twelve major forces, the Holy Hall holds the strongest position and secured the first research opportunity.

The other forces aren't in a rush either.

After all, it was agreed that each party would take their turn coming one week at a time.

If the Holy Hall dares to breach the agreement first, the remaining eleven forces definitely won't accept it.

Although they might not be able to match the Holy Hall individually, together they could overwhelm it, no matter how strong it is.

"Looks like we can relax for a while and see if we can discover more Power of Origin."

After hearing the report from Sanqian, Yang Yan stretched lazily, got up from the chair, and said to the Zhou Hanyu and Zhou Hanyun sisters who were coming downstairs:

"Didn't you both say you haven't seen Mr. Zhou for a long time? How about we all go back together for a visit?"

Zhou Hanyun, having heard much of what Sanqian reported, couldn't help but smile gently:

"Aren't you busy monitoring Manhattan? That's a big task, you focus on that. Hanyu and I will go back ourselves!"

Yang Yan chuckled lightly and said nonchalantly:

"Don't worry. As long as that old guy in Manhattan doesn't act foolishly, nothing will happen for a while. Just leave a puppet there to keep an eye on the situation."

Yang Yan stepped forward, affectionately patted Zhou Hanyun on the arm, and joked:

"If you two go back and Mr. Zhou doesn't see me, he might accuse me of running off with you two sisters."

"He'll say I'm heartless for not even showing my face!"

Zhou Hanyun couldn't help but blush, her eyes revealing a look of satisfied delight as she softly huffed:

"Well, you still have some heart left!"

Zhou Hanyu stayed silent on the side, her gaze filled with envy.

Of course, she knew Yang Yan saying he'd run off with them was just a slip of the tongue.

But she felt sweet inside and didn't want to spoil the mood by saying more.

"I want to go too!"

However, at that moment, Zhuge Wushuang suddenly shouted from the side.

"No way!"

Yang Yan and Zhou Hanyu shouted almost simultaneously.

It wasn't that they didn't like Zhuge Wushuang, but her words often came without much thought.

There was a previous instance where she, in front of Mr. Zhou, claimed Yang Yan was her fiancé, nearly causing Mr. Zhou to flay Yang Yan alive on the spot.

Having learned their lesson, no one dared to take her along now.

"Are you all bullying me?"

Zhuge Wushuang paused, then stood with her hands on her hips, looking like a wronged child not favored by her family.

Feeling soft-hearted, Zhou Hanyun immediately couldn't bear it upon seeing Zhuge Wushuang's appearance, and she stepped forward, grabbing her hand and said:

"Alright, alright, you can go, but you mustn't speak recklessly in front of my grandfather. Otherwise, none of us will have a good time."

One moment she was aggrieved, but as soon as Zhou Hanyun finished speaking, Zhuge Wushuang immediately revived and jumped off the sofa with joy, promising gleefully:

"Don't worry, I'm such an obedient girl, Mr. Zhou will definitely be delighted to welcome me. He might even recognize me as his god-granddaughter."

The instant change in her demeanor perfectly encapsulated the saying that women are born actors.

Yang Yan couldn't help but ponder that if Zhuge Wushuang were to go into acting, no one else would have a shot!

They might as well just move the Oscar awards to her home every year!

After a bit of light-hearted teasing, seeing that Zhou Hanyun agreed, Yang Yan naturally couldn't say much more.

He could only silently pray in his heart, hoping that when they met Mr. Zhou, Zhuge Wushuang would think before speaking.

Lest he ends up being chased away by Mr. Zhou wielding a knife.

When juniors visit their elders, they ought to bring a gift, after all.

Even someone like Yang Yan, one of the Four Emperors, couldn't break this custom.

Before setting off, he carefully selected a few items for Mr. Zhou.

The items weren't many—a piece of Warm Jade, a basket of fruits, and two bottles of Jade Brew.

For ordinary families, these gifts might be considered quite good.

But given that the recipient was Mr. Zhou, they seemed a bit meager.

However, this was only on the surface.

Anyone with knowledge would notice that none of these items were from the current world; they all belonged to the Hidden World.

And each piece was a rare treasure.

The Warm Jade was upper-class Cyan Rice Jade from the Hidden World, nurtured for at least ten years by the Purest Yang Flame.

Holding it in hand immediately felt refreshing and was quite invigorating.

The basket of fruits was picked from the Nine Heavens Celestial Palace in the Hidden World, the place where Sun Wukong plucked peaches in the Journey to the West.

Although these fruits didn't have the legendary effects of extending life or rejuvenating the aged, they were incredibly delicious, leaving a lingering taste for days!

The ones with those miraculous effects were the two bottles of top-quality Jade Brew—Immortal Wine.

The previous two items might not be renowned in the Hidden World, but this Immortal Wine was exceedingly famous.

Known as the number one fine wine in the Hidden World that could cure a thousand woes with a single drop, it was produced by the renowned winemaking Taibai Race.

The first person to brew it was the celebrated Poetic Immortal Sword Emperor Li Taibai a millennium ago.

He even dedicated a poem, "Invitation to Wine," to it.

Even a thousand years later, both in the current world and the Hidden World, it was widely celebrated.

Yet, people in the present only knew of "Invitation to Wine," unaware of Immortal Wine.

Because only the Taibai Race, who never appeared in the current world, knew the brewing method of this wine.

Even with Yang Yan's status, acquiring these two bottles wasn't easy.

After all, the previous owner of these two bottles was Ao Tian.

Swiping two bottles of wine from one of the Four Emperors of the Celestial Dao List wasn't easy.

Not to mention Ao Tian chased him for three days and nights after finding out...

Yang Yan couldn't help but quietly guess in his heart what expression Ao Tian might have if he knew that Yang Yan casually gifted Mr. Zhou such precious wine.

Though he had no idea, he was sure Ao Tian would be icing his face with frost.

Once everything was ready, Yang Yan and his group headed to the airport.

This was Zhuge Wushuang's suggestion.

She said she hadn't experienced traveling in the current world for a long time...

As a result, what could have been easily settled turned into quite the fuss under her suggestion.

Not until the afternoon of the next day did they appear outside the villa where Mr. Zhou resided.

Mr. Zhou's personal caretaker noticed Yang Yan and his group from afar.

He excitedly came up to greet them.

Once inside, he repeatedly shouted upstairs:

"Sir, the two young ladies have brought the young master back."

The caretaker's voice was quite loud. It wasn't long before they saw Mr. Zhou, barefooted, looking down from upstairs.

"Grandpa!"

The Zhou Hanyun and Zhou Hanyu sisters beamed with joy and ran upstairs to help Mr. Zhou down.

Zhou Hanyu thoughtfully found shoes for him to wear.

The grandfather and his granddaughters hadn't seen each other for a long time, so they exchanged warm greetings.

Once the pleasantries were over, Mr. Zhou finally turned his gaze towards Yang Yan, his look unfriendly.

Chapter 1032: Leisurely Moments

"You little punk, you took away my two precious granddaughters and haven't come back to see me for so long. Are you bullying them out there?"

Mr. Zhou stared at Yang Yan, his eyes blazing, questioning him with an unfriendly expression.

Yang Yan was slightly stunned.

He initially wanted to laugh it off as usual, but remembering Zhou Hanyun's kidnapping in Manhattan made him feel guilty, leaving him speechless.

Zhou Hanyun, being sensitive, quickly grabbed the old man's hand and joked:

"Grandpa, what are you saying! Yang Yan treats us sisters so well!"

"Really?"

Mr. Zhou didn't look at Zhou Hanyun but rather cast a suspicious look at Zhuge Wushuang and then at Yang Yan with a meaningful glance.

The implication was clearly, bringing a little seductress into the house, and you still dare say you treat the two of them well?

Even though Yang Yan had quite thick skin, he couldn't think of anything to say at the moment!

After all, our Miss Zhuge Wushuang had once boldly declared right in front of the old man that she was Yang Yan's fiancée!

Yang Yan wanted to explain, but he couldn't say anything and could only remain silent.

However, the source of the awkwardness, Zhuge Wushuang herself, didn't notice a thing. She put on a well-behaved look and smiled at Mr. Zhou:

"Sir Zhou, don't worry. I'm with Yang Yan every day and can vouch for him. He hasn't bullied Hanyun or Hanyu."

Silence—

Suddenly, it's deathly quiet all around.

Yang Yan groaned inwardly, almost coughing up blood.

He shot Zhuge Wushuang a fierce look, yelling with sound transmission technique:

"Auntie, can you just be quiet if you can't talk properly?"

"I'm just trying to help you!"

Immediately, Zhuge Wushuang's aggrieved voice came to Yang Yan's mind.

Alright, Yang Yan was utterly defeated.

He really regretted it now, wondering why he was so foolish to sympathize with her pitiful look.

If this script goes on, Mr. Zhou will end up in the kitchen looking for a knife, wouldn't he?

"Hmph! Since my two granddaughters spoke for you, I won't hold it against you for now."

Seeing the atmosphere about to fall into a completely awkward stalemate, Mr. Zhou shook his head and said:

"It shows some conscience that you still know to visit this old man."

"Whew!"

Yang Yan breathed a sigh of relief and quickly presented the gifts he'd brought to curry favor.

Mr. Zhou didn't see the value in the wine and fruits, but when he received that piece of Warm Jade, his old eyes gleamed with shock.

In disbelief, he exclaimed:

"Boy, where did you get this exquisite jade?"

Without waiting for Yang Yan to answer, he kept stroking the jade with his fingers, mumbling and whispering:

"Smooth and polished, yet substantial, cool to the touch—truly a world-class jade."

Hearing such high praise, Yang Yan couldn't help but chuckle while rubbing his nose.

Over time, Mr. Zhou had received quite a few good items from him, and naturally, his discernment had greatly improved.

Thus, it's no surprise he could see the benefits of this jade.

But that's all.

If Mr. Zhou knew that in the Hidden World, such jade was as common as pebbles by the river, who knows what expression he would make.

"Ahem! You little punk, is this jade meant for me?"

Mr. Zhou finally snapped out of his shock, tightly clutching the jade as if afraid it might disappear.

Yang Yan found it amusing and pretended to be clueless about jade, saying:

"I heard Hanyun and Hanyu mention you like jade, so I just happened to buy a piece earlier."

"I don't really know much about this stuff, so I thought I'd give it to you, Mr. Zhou."

"Hey! This thing in your hands is truly a waste!"

"Since that's the case, I'll reluctantly accept it! Consider it safe-keeping on your behalf."

Yang Yan and the three ladies exchanged a glance, all amused by Mr. Zhou's childish demeanor.

But no one pointed out the true origin of the jade.

Despite being very dissatisfied with Yang Yan for taking his two beloved granddaughters and having entangled relations with other women, Mr. Zhou couldn't resist the sweet talks from Zhou Hanyun and Zhou Hanyu.

And with the jade gifted by Yang Yan, he finally temporarily set aside his prejudice against him.

During dinner, after Mr. Zhou had a small sip of Immortal Wine, he felt as if he were floating on clouds.

Goodness!

If Yang Yan hadn't held him back, Mr. Zhou would have sworn brotherhood with him, slitting a chicken's head and burning yellow paper.

With Mr. Zhou's birthday approaching and the uncertain future after the Demon Race invasion, Yang Yan and his group weren't in a hurry to leave; instead, they planned to stay and keep him company.

Mr. Zhou naturally knew nothing about the Demon Race affairs, but not knowing allowed him to be quite happy in those few days.

The only thing that displeased him was that Yang Yan still played chess against him with no mercy, each time defeating him until his armor scattered and he couldn't rally.

This was despite him retracting moves countless times in every game...

Yang Yan originally wanted to let him win, so he discreetly removed two chess pieces while he wasn't looking.

However, the old man's attentiveness and stubbornness far exceeded his expectations.

Upon discovering Yang Yan had purposely removed two pieces, he accused him of underestimating, rolled up his sleeves, and dared to show him some prowess.

Then, Yang Yan quickly defeated him again with a few moves...

In the end, Zhou Hanyun couldn't stand it anymore and dragged Yang Yan out shopping.

As the saying goes, three women form a lively drama.

Accompanying three women shopping, Yang Yan could only swallow his complaints silently.

Not to mention carrying bags and items along the way, if he glanced twice at a pretty woman on the road, he'd turn back to see three pairs of mournful eyes.

So he dared not let his eyes wander.

As a man, if shopping doesn't allow him to admire beauties, what's the point of shopping?

Unfortunately, women seem oblivious to this pain.

For they believe shopping's purpose is to buy things and enjoy the process of spending.

Luckily, Yang Yan has one advantage over other men; at least he doesn't have to worry about small cash matters.

Time flies, and Mr. Zhou's birthday banquet proceeded as scheduled.

The Zhou Family, being a renowned business family locally, naturally attracted numerous guests to celebrate.

Everyone who came had some stature in the local area; otherwise, they weren't qualified to attend Mr. Zhou's birthday banquet.

Of course, their stature, in Yang Yan's view, made no difference to having or not having it.

In the words of those Western snobs, they're just ignorant mortals...

The birthday banquet started smoothly, and Yang Yan's group deliberately chose a corner seat, feeling warm watching Mr. Zhou cheerily on the stage.

Yet in this world, slow-witted buffoons always seem to pop up suddenly and spoil your good mood.

Like now, standing in front of Zhou Hanyu, there's a bookish guy with glasses.

Chapter 1033: When People Insist on Being Shameless

"Miss Hanyu, I never expected to actually see you here. It's an honor to meet you at your grandfather's birthday celebration."

This guy just appeared out of nowhere.

As soon as he showed up, he exuded a flamboyant air, pretending to be elegant as he bowed in front of Zhou Hanyu.

"Uh..."

Zhou Hanyu was focused on Mr. Zhou on stage, so the bespectacled man's sudden appearance startled her.

However, due to her good upbringing, Zhou Hanyu politely nodded and responded:

"Hello, Mr. Lin Qing, I'm also happy to see you."

"In light of Miss Hanyu's happiness, may I boldly suggest we meet tonight at Honghu Park?"

Getting a response from Zhou Hanyu made the bespectacled man named Lin Qing smile even more happily, feeling more confident in himself, so much so that he abruptly invited Zhou Hanyu.

"No, no, I have plans tonight. You should ask someone else to accompany you!"

Faced with Lin Qing's sudden invitation, Zhou Hanyu naturally waved her hands to refuse.

She only had a vague impression of Lin Qing and had no other connection, so she certainly couldn't agree.

Besides, given her feelings for Yang Yan, unless Lin Qing was a non-annoying woman, there was no chance.

"Oh! Miss Hanyu, you might not realize, but rejecting me like this is the greatest regret of your life. I urge you to reconsider!"

This Lin Qing might look flamboyantly effeminate, but he had a resilience thicker than most men.

Facing Zhou Hanyu's straightforward refusal, he had no intention of giving up.

Instead, he prepared to persist at all costs.

"Where the heck did this flamboyant guy come from?"

Yang Yan, who was fiddling with a bowl of steamed eggs nearby, frowned and asked Zhou Hanyun beside him.

With beauties like the sisters Zhou Hanyun and Zhou Hanyu, who naturally attract the gaze and pursuit of men, Yang Yan had gradually adapted and wouldn't get upset over this.

After all, it's human nature to admire beauty, and it's common for a man to pursue a beautiful woman.

However, once rejected, continuing to pester is something he couldn't condone.

What now?

Refusal still means forced consent?

"What, feeling jealous?"

Seeing Yang Yan frown, Zhou Hanyun teasingly asked, then explained Lin Qing's background:

"He is the eldest son of the Kyoto Lin family, a family with considerable influence in the military, political, and business circles due to its numerous members."

"Years ago, our grandfather partnered with Lin Qing's real estate tycoon father on a development project."

"At that time, Hanyu happened to be there, and it's said he took a liking to my sister."

"But considering Hanyu's oblivious nature, it was surprising she even remembers him now!"

Yang Yan squinted his eyes and nodded:

"So he's a mix of the second generation, sounds impressive, but his behavior is something else entirely."

He said this while pushing aside the finished bowl of steamed eggs and wiped his mouth with a tissue.

His voice wasn't loud, but loud enough for Lin Qing, who was tirelessly trying to win over Zhou Hanyu, to hear it.

Following Yang Yan's words, Lin Qing's eager face immediately turned unpleasant.

He lightly adjusted his glasses, and with his index finger arched towards Yang Yan, he angrily said:

"You scumbag, I'm talking to the noble Miss Hanyu, what gives you the right to butt in?"

Unable to resist his flamboyant tone, Yang Yan shuddered as goosebumps formed all over his body.

A grown man acting this effeminately was truly revolting.

"Lin Qing, please leave immediately. You are not welcome here."

Seeing Lin Qing starting to confront Yang Yan, Zhou Hanyu showed her displeasure, speaking more bluntly than before.

Firstly, she was upset with Lin Qing's attitude towards Yang Yan.

Secondly, it was for Lin Qing's own good.

In the eyes of ordinary people, Lin Qing might be someone notable.

But in Yang Yan's view, he was merely a small fry, unworthy of attention.

If he truly provoked Yang Yan, the fellow might not last a single slap.

Yet, she was evidently too young to understand how important face is for a man in front of the woman he likes.

Zhou Hanyu's advice didn't make Lin Qing leave; instead, he became more arrogant, strutting towards Yang Yan with an air of superiority:

"For Miss Hanyu's sake, I'll overlook this, but if you dare disrupt again, don't blame me for being rude."

Yang Yan raised an eyebrow, finding it amusing that he was actually being threatened by a flamboyant guy?!

Under ordinary circumstances, Yang Yan would reflexively give him a slap, showing what it means to be a man.

But considering this was Mr. Zhou's banquet, causing a scene would disrupt the event's atmosphere, so he refrained.

However, Zhuge Wushuang wouldn't have it, as she slammed the table and stood up, glaring at Lin Qing like an angry shrew:

"Try saying one more word, you damn abomination, believe it or not, I'll tear your mouth apart today."

She had no such qualms; anyone threatening Yang Yan in front of her was hitting a nerve.

"Miss Wushuang, we are here to celebrate the Old Master, don't stoop to such people's level."

Sitting beside Zhuge Wushuang, Yang Yan quickly pulled her back into her seat.

If a fight broke out at this banquet, wouldn't it embarrass Mr. Zhou?

Despite being furious, Zhuge Wushuang sat down obediently when Yang Yan spoke up.

But some people's insensitivity was really unbearable.

Seeing that Yang Yan wasn't holding him to account, Lin Qing became even more arrogant, walking over and snidely remarked:

"At least you have some sense, knowing there are people in this world you bumpkins can't afford to offend."

Heh!

Really disrespectful.

Yang Yan also got infuriated internally, stopped with the nonsense, and with a body flicker, both he and Lin Qing vanished instantly.

The three women didn't find this unusual.

The moment Yang Yan and Lin Qing disappeared, Zhuge Wushuang tactfully cast a Blinding Technique.

As not to alarm anyone who might accidentally witness this scene.

Before long, Yang Yan reappeared at his seat with a resigned look, saying:

"Why do some people just ask for it? It takes a beating for them to realize their mistakes!"

"Brother-in-law, you didn't actually kill him, did you?"

Usually stern, Zhou Hanyu, who hardly ever yields, actually had a kind heart.

Despite Lin Qing being truly annoying, losing his life would be too much, and she felt some pity inside.

Knowing her well, Yang Yan casually reassured her:

"Don't worry, I'm no bloodthirsty demon, just knocked out a few of his teeth as a lesson."

Only then did Zhou Hanyu greatly relieve herself with a sigh of relief.

Chapter 1034: We Have Come for War

Speaking of which, this matter started because of Zhou Hanyu after all.

If Lin Qing were to be strangled to death by Yang Yan like this, she would inevitably feel guilty.

This unpleasant incident did not affect the atmosphere of Mr. Zhou's birthday feast.

After the banquet, Yang Yan and Zhuge Wushuang returned to the villa first.

The upcoming battle might very well be a matter of life and death, so Yang Yan wanted to spend more time with Mr. Zhou.

But Jing Hong sent back news that the various sources of power they had previously found had all been recovered, requiring him to refine them, so he had no choice but to bid farewell to the old man.

Although the energy contained in these sources was incredibly pure, due to its immense power, it couldn't be absorbed by ordinary people without the refining power of laws.

Refining these things is quite time-consuming.

Over the next month, Yang Yan mostly stayed at the academy and didn't come out.

After refining the three sources, Yang Yan handed them all over to the Blue Sky Knight for safekeeping.

Once this was done, he didn't idle around; he personally took charge of monitoring the situation in Manhattan.

Over the past month, the Space Origin had changed hands five times between the two major forces in Western Europe.

Currently, the one holding the Space Origin is the Antula Clan in Northern Europe.

Though the Antula Clan in Northern Europe is not small, compared to top forces like the Holy Hall and Andrew Temple, they are undoubtedly weaker.

This is why over the past month Yang Yan wasn't worried about Manhattan making a move to seize the Space Origin.

As the saying goes, "choose the soft persimmons to squeeze."

The Holy Hall is a super major force in the Hidden World, with unfathomable depths.

Even with the assistance of three Demon Monarchs from the Demon Race, Manhattan wouldn't be foolish enough to cause trouble with them.

The Demon Monarchs may be powerful, but the Holy Hall, known as the origin of Western theology, is no pushover.

If it really came to a fight, Manhattan would likely lose both the lady and the soldiers.

Compared to the Holy Hall, dealing with a first-rate hidden force like the Antula Clan is naturally much easier.

To be safe, Yang Yan also brought Ao Tian, who was monitoring spatial fluctuations at Mount Everest, along.

The Demon Race won't be able to break the Heavenly Dao Barrier for a while, so keeping such a powerful combat force on the sidelines would be a waste.

Yang Yan also brought along ten swords and 3,800 titled puppets of Absolute Armament.

Everything is ready, just waiting for this old fox from Manhattan to take the bait.

"What? Those two bottles of Immortal Wine of mine were taken by you to please your wife's grandfather!"

In the hidden space created by Yang Yan using the power of laws above the Hidden World Antula Clan, Ao Tian, like a cat whose tail has been stepped on, clutched Yang Yan's collar and roared.

The reason? As Ao Tian got bored in this empty space, his wine addiction flared up unwittingly, prompting him to ask Yang Yan for the two bottles of Immortal Wine.

All the wine had been given to Mr. Zhou, so naturally, Yang Yan couldn't produce it.

Under Ao Tian's pressure, he had to truthfully explain.

And so, the current scene unfolded.

"What's the big deal about two bottles of wine? Is it worth all this fuss?"

Yang Yan didn't feel the slightest bit of guilt.

Unperturbed, he instead teased while scratching his nose:

"I heard there's a beauty named Taibai Xiu among the descendants of the Taibai Clan, who not only brews good wine but is also particularly beautiful."

"Once we're done here, I'll get her for you. She can brew wine for you every day, how does that sound?"

"Screw you!"

Ao Tian completely ignored Yang Yan's nonsense, swearing incessantly:

"Do you think it's hard for me to get a bottle of ordinary Immortal Wine? If I asked the Taibai Clan, would they dare refuse?"

"Do you know the origin of those two bottles of Immortal Wine of mine?"

Yang Yan shook his head blankly, raising an eyebrow:

"Aren't they just two bottles of wine? What origin could they possibly have?"

While he also drank, he wasn't as fond of wine as Ao Tian.

To him, wine was just something to enjoy the feeling of drinking.

What's the difference?

"They were brewed personally by Li Taibai back in the day!"

Ao Tian, flustered and exasperated, suddenly exuded an intense aura, causing ice shards to flutter about the space.

Upon seeing this, Yang Yan slipped away faster than a loach.

In an instant, he was a hundred feet away from Ao Tian.

However, those swirling ice shards seemed to have a homing beacon, relentlessly pursuing him, spreading out to envelop him.

In an instant, the entire Other Space was in chaos, with the scattered ice shards chasing Yang Yan as he dashed about amidst Ao Tian's transformation into a white tiger.

Yet, the others in the space were long accustomed to this. Zhuge Wushuang casually erected a protective shield, blocking the oncoming energy, and urged Fatty:

"Stop dawdling, it's your turn, play your card quickly."

Feeling the unnerving energy fluctuations outside the protective shield, Fatty Fuzze wiped the sweat from his forehead, worriedly saying:

"Unrivaled Big Sister, are you sure the boss and the others won't get into trouble fighting like this?"

"Relax, you won't die. Don't dawdle!"

Zhuge Wushuang was slightly impatient, tapping the mahjong table.

With no choice, Fuzze had to focus on the game, putting aside his concerns over the fight above.

The duel in the space between Yang Yan and Ao Tian was intense until Yang Yan suddenly sensed something, dodging Ao Tian's attack range and shouting:

"Stop fighting, something's happening outside!"

Ao Tian also noticed and quickly suppressed his aura.

Seeing their behavior, the others promptly stopped their activities and directed their attention outside the Other Space.

At this moment, above the Antula Clan's territory, a space rippled like water, then shattered with a crack.

As the spatial fissure opened, a legion of Blazing Angels, each with a golden halo above their head, a pair of white wings, and a longsword engulfed in holy flames, surged forth.

The angel leading the charge was the most striking.

Unlike the others, she had two pairs of wings.

In her right hand was a golden spear, and in her left, a shield adorned with a cross.

The newcomer was none other than Yang Yan's "old acquaintance," Gabriel, the captain of the Blazing Angels!

Gabriel's Angel Legion didn't bother to conceal themselves; as soon as the space passage was torn open, the outer guards of the Antula Clan noticed the commotion.

"Who dares intrude upon the Antula Clan? Don't you know this will be seen as a provocation, sparking a war?"

Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!

A squad of guards in uniforms bearing the Antula Clan's emblem soared into the air with urgency.

Leading them was a somewhat handsome young man.

He shouted rebukes at Gabriel.

"We have come precisely for war!"

Gabriel, ever imposing, flicked her golden lance, pointing it towards the Antula Clan's residence, and ordered in an emotionless voice:

"For the sake of supreme justice, destroy them!"

Without hesitation, the vast Angel Legion launched their attack accompanied by a holy hymn, eschewing any unnecessary words.

Chapter 1035: Surrender the Space Origin or Be Destroyed in the Holy Flames

The squad of guards from the Antula Clan had no time to react before they were enveloped by a sweeping holy light.

Swoosh!

Golden flames fiercely burned, and in the blink of an eye, they were reduced to ashes.

"Sigh! They're all lapdogs for the Demon Race but still have the gall to speak of justice. These idiots really have thick skin."

Hiding in the Other Space, Yang Yan watched the scene outside, feeling extremely annoyed with Gabriel's pretentious demeanor, and couldn't help but mock.

"Hmph!"

Ao Tian snorted coldly beside him, looking disdainfully:

"As if your thick skin is any better, using someone else's wine to show off, aren't you still pretty justified?"

"..."

Yang Yan was speechless for a moment, pretending not to hear as he pointed outside the Other Space:

"Stop it, just watch the show."

While Yang Yan and Ao Tian were bickering briefly, the battle over the Antula Clan's territory had fully begun.

After all, the Antula Clan was a leading force in Northern Europe, and naturally, couldn't be easily crushed by Gabriel and a bunch of Blazing Angels.

As Gabriel and the Angel Legion launched their attack, the guards of the Antula Clan came to their senses and started their counterattack.

With a series of roars, various types of Elemental Giants, about five to six meters tall, emerged from the Space Passage near the Antula Clan's stronghold.

They charged towards the diving Blazing Angels Legion, clashing in a chaotic battle.

This is the distinction of Northern European power.

Born with affinity for various elements, their most common tactic is to summon these Elemental Giants in battle.

Though single Elemental Giants might not match the Blazing Angels in combat power, they have numerical superiority.

Moreover, in such large-scale combat, the coordinated efforts of Elemental Powers amplify their might considerably.

The previously unstoppable Angel Legion was successfully halted.

This outcome was within Yang Yan's expectations.

If Gabriel's Angel Legion alone could force the Antula Clan into retreat, they wouldn't rank among the leading powers in Northern Europe.

In the Hidden World, where the weak are prey, such a force would have been devoured long ago.

Yang Yan knew of this, as did Manhattan.

Snatching the Space Origin from the Antula Clan was no simple feat; other backup plans were inevitable.

As the Elemental Giants and the Angel Legion clashed intensely, a larger space fluctuation appeared above the Antula Clan.

When this space fluctuation ripped open, an aura entirely opposite to holiness surged forth.

Shadows swiftly emerged from the Space Passage, diving into the Elemental Giants ranks from the rear.

These shadows bore black-feathered wings and wielded jagged scythes, resembling Blazing Angels apart from their appearance.

Leading the charge was a strikingly handsome young man.

Clad in gold-trimmed black armor, his movements exuded elegance.

"Damn! Where did Manhattan dig up these fellows?"

Seeing the emergence from the Space Passage, Yang Yan exclaimed in surprise.

"Fallen Angels Legion, Lucifer!"

Ao Tian also recognized their identity and couldn't help but comment:

"Didn't expect this old guy not only resurrected the two Angel Legions abandoned by the Holy Hall but also recruited them?"

"That old bastard sure hides well; despite destroying many of his strongholds, we haven't seen these Fallen Angels."

"But with just this, it's still a stretch to take down the Antula Clan."

Yang Yan silently nodded, acknowledging Ao Tian's words.

The freshly joined Fallen Angels, although they initially broke through the Elemental Giant lines with a surprise side attack.

But once the Elemental Giants' controllers recovered and formed a circular formation, the losing momentum began to stabilize.

"Gabriel, we have no grievances with your master. You don't go trouble Yang Yan but make havoc here in the Antula Clan. Do you really think we're easier to bully than one of the Four Emperors?"

The uproar outside stirred the powerful figures of the Antula Clan out of their calm.

Instantly, several figures appeared in the sky, tearing the Blazing Angels that broke through the Elemental Giants apart, shouting at Gabriel.

Among them, Yang Yan recognized a lean old man.

Seems he's called Beck Antula, the superpower holder of the "Elemental Storm" title.

"Either hand over the Space Origin or be destroyed within the holy flames!"

Gabriel showed no emotion, his golden lance pointing at Beck, his tone devoid of feeling.

"Damn it, those winged jerks sure know how to put on an act!"

Yang Yan couldn't help but curse.

In contrast, Beck was seething from Gabriel's threatening words.

He gasped furiously, cursing:

"Looks like you really think the Antula Clan is a soft target. Kill them!"

As his shout faded, the surrounding Elemental Power became restless, rapidly gathering towards him.

His body became a massive vortex, absorbing Elemental Power crazily.

In the blink of an eye, he formed a gigantic Elemental Power tornado.

"Go!"

Once the storm formed, Beck stomped his Magic Staff in the air, sending the roaring storm toward the Angel Legion.

In moments, innumerable Blazing Angels were swept within, bursting into scattered light.

Behind him, other members of the Antula Clan also unleashed their talents.

One middle-aged man directly summoned a fire-breathing Giant Dragon, charging at Gabriel with a spear.

Gabriel showed no fear.

With a twitch of his wings, he vanished from his original spot.

Reappearing overhead the middle-aged man.

Shu!

The lance released radiant holy light, stabbing downward at the man atop the dragon.

The middle-aged man roared, slamming his spear against Gabriel's lance tip.

Two massive energy storms spread outward from them, shredding unlucky Blazing Angels and Elemental Giants within.

The clash showed the middle-aged man was clearly inferior to Gabriel, causing him and the dragon beneath him to plummet toward the ground.

Taking advantage, Gabriel pursued relentlessly.

The middle-aged man could only make a hasty defense, quickly retreating.

One mistake led to Gabriel's shield smashing his forehead, blood and brain matter splattered everywhere.

The fire-breathing dragon narrowly escaped.

Seeing its master dead, it flapped to flee, but Gabriel's lance pierced it through, sending it crashing down with a thunderous noise.

Chapter 1036: Eliminate Me?

Lucifer, the captain of the Fallen Angels Legion, was also unwilling to show weakness.

After Gabriel disposed of the middle-aged man from the Antula Clan, he also slew a youth proficient in summoning wood elements.

Thus, the battle between the two sides entered a completely heated stage.

At the Antula Clan's residence, clan members flew out continuously, including some Titled Powerhouses.

Gabriel and Lucifer, despite their considerable strength, began to struggle to cope.

The two were forced to retreat repeatedly by several Titled Powerhouses.

The Fallen Angels Legion and Blazing Angels Legion also lost their previous prestige, surrounded by endless Elemental Giants, unable to even rescue them.

Judging by the situation on the field, it won't be long before Gabriel and Lucifer are defeated.

"Those Titled Powerhouses from the Antula Clan are going to be ambushed!"

In Yang Yan's eyes, this battle looked entirely different.

He stared at a certain hidden space above the Antula Clan's location and shook his head as he spoke.

As if to confirm his words, the space Yang Yan was watching suddenly surged with intense fluctuations right after he spoke.

Countless lightning bolts thick as barrels broke forth, catching the Titled Powerhouses of the Antula Clan off guard, causing them to stagger toward the ground.

After the lightning, countless people in bizarre attire emerged from the Space Passage, led by an elderly person holding a Withered Vine Staff.

"Thank my lord for letting us Atlanteans return to this world."

Just after walking out of the Space Passage, the elder holding the staff sighed in admiration.

"Manhattan, the old fellow, I never thought he would release even them."

Upon hearing him introduce himself, Yang Yan's expression turned slightly surprised.

He had certainly heard of the name Atlantis.

These guys are among the current mortal enemies of the Nordic lineage.

It is said that they used to be a major power in Northern Europe, attempting to unite the entire Nordic region with Western Influence.

This led to a decade-long internal conflict in Northern Europe.

Ultimately, Atlantis was defeated by the Northern European Alliance, but the losses were still extremely severe.

In fact, one could say that Northern Europe's current weaker position compared to Eastern and Western Influence is directly related to this conflict.

With Atlantis's failure, they would have certainly been exterminated.

But because they had support from the Western Influence behind them, under pressure from the latter, Atlantis wasn't wiped out but submerged into the deep sea of the mortal world, condemning them to eternal darkness.

No one expected these mortal enemies of Northern Europe would be found by Manhattan and released. There's bound to be a good show to watch now.

Sure enough, with the appearance of the Atlanteans, the Antula clan members battling Gabriel and Lucifer suddenly turned pale.

"Gabriel, your master dared to release them. You're provoking the entire Nordic lineage."

Beck, a Titled powerhouse with Elemental Storm, burst out in anger, his eyes filled with endless hatred.

"How about provoking your entire Nordic lineage! Anyway, after today, the whole world will kneel at the feet of the great Demon Race king!"

A thundercloud materialized out of thin air in the sky, and a familiar voice to Yang Yan echoed from within.

After the voice fell, Manhattan walked out with a complacent smile on his face.

Behind him, three black-robed figures with eerie auras walked side by side.

"Manhattan, so you truly colluded with the Demon Race! You despicable, shameless bastard!"

Upon seeing Manhattan, Beck's rage reached its peak.

With a single gesture, a massive Elemental Hurricane swept toward the direction Manhattan was.

"Hmph!"

Manhattan snorted coldly, unconcerned with the Elemental Hurricane that reached him instantly, releasing a jet-black gas from his body.

This black qi seemed to have a life of its own, immediately clawing and attacking Beck's summoned hurricane.

In the blink of an eye, it devoured the hurricane entirely.

"Demonic Qi!"

Beck's eyes sharpened, his expression changing from anger to horror.

This terrifying devouring energy evidently belonged exclusively to the Demon Race.

"You worthless bunch are not worth seeing. Those hiding within, if you don't come out, are you waiting for me to drag you out?"

Manhattan seemed very satisfied with Beck's reaction.

He stood high above, full of boundless arrogance.

Without sparing another glance at Beck, he shouted towards the direction of the Antula residence.

"Arrogant Manhattan! As a human, you dare to appear after colluding with the Demon Race. Today, my Antula Clan, on behalf of all humanity, will eliminate this scourge."

With Manhattan's shout, dozens of figures burst through the sky from the Antula residence, led by Antura Bagu, the Clan Leader of the Antula Clan.

"Eliminate me?"

Manhattan laughed maniacally.

Faced with dozens of powerful figures from the Antula Clan, he showed no fear:

"Today, if your Antula Clan willfully hands over the Space Origin and submits to the Demon Race king, when the Demon Race army arrives, I will ensure your Antula Clan's bloodline survives."

Bagu's aura shook, unleashing surging energy from his body:

"Then let me see, you who betrays your own kind, what abilities you truly possess."

As his words fell, a giant bear wreathed in black-red flames, wings stretching wide, appeared in the air and charged at Manhattan with a violent energy wave.

The next moment, Bagu flickered, breaking through space directly in front of Manhattan.

Shing!

An oddly shaped dagger appeared out of thin air, stabbing fiercely at Manhattan's chest.

Other members of the Antula Clan also refused to be outdone, all leaping towards the direction of the Atlanteans.

There was no way around it; vengeance stokes a fiery passion!

However, these Atlanteans weren't easy prey either.

Despite being weaker than the Antula's Titled Powerhouses in overall strength, under the lead of the elder, they formed an incredibly bizarre Array and managed to stand against them.

Manhattan, facing Bagu who wasted no words and launched an attack outright, showed no fear.

He easily dodged the dagger aimed at his chest, then turned and spewed a mouthful of Demonic Qi, entangling the giant bear summoned by Bagu.

These two possessed top-tier strength comparable to the Emperor-level on the Celestial Dao List.

Their clash shook the surrounding space, causing constant creaking sounds.

The energy storm swept through the surrounding kilometer of space, leaving weaker individuals unable to approach.

"Looks like the Demon Race gave Manhattan quite a few benefits; his strength can actually compete with a powerhouse like Bagu."

Ao Tian watched the direction of their clash, clicking his tongue in awe.

"Demonic Qi is indeed domineering; its terrifying devouring capability can not only negate the opponent's attacks but also absorb its energy for personal use!"

"Even when matched against opponents of similar strength, lasting through the consumption ensures victory."

Yang Yan also nodded as he spoke.

"Aren't we going to make a move?"

Zhuge Wushuang watched the outside battle, eager and said:

"The three demons brought by Manhattan haven't made a move yet. The Antula Clan has dispatched even its most powerful individuals. If we don't act soon, they'll be wiped out."

Chapter 1037: Refusing a Toast Only to Drink a Forfeit

"No rush!"

Yang Yan shook his head, chuckling lightly:

"If the Antula Clan has only this little power, they can't even be considered a first-rate force in Northern Europe."

"The purpose of this battle is to make them realize the threat of the Demon Race. How could we achieve that without some casualties?"

Ao Tian chimed in from the side:

"Exactly, if these major forces have no foundation, the group of misfits they sent can't hold the fort at all."

One can only wonder how the Antula Clan would react if they heard this.

After all, they do have some Titled Powerhouses among them!

But in Ao Tian's mouth, they've turned into a bunch of misfits.

Though, given his strength, it seems there's some truth to his words.

After all, there can be many Titled Powerhouses, but there are only Four Emperors.

When two Emperors don't show up, who else dares claim supremacy?

While Yang Yan and the others were talking, the battle between Bagu and Manhattan suddenly took a turn.

Among the three black-cloaked figures who had been observing, one mysteriously appeared beside Bagu, an刀闪过 with a blade shimmering with a dark gleam.

Splat!

An arm was severed, spraying a plume of blood on the ground.

Bagu, suddenly ambushed, let out a groan of pain. Before he could react, a chilling aura descended from above.

Without much thought, he endured the pain of his severed arm, instinctively trying to tear open space to escape.

But it was too late.

The surrounding space was as solid as a rock. With his power, he couldn't shake it, and could only watch as the cold aura approached.

Just as he was about to be cut in two by the black-cloaked figure, two beams of energy shot out from the Antula Clan's stronghold.

One struck the blade in the black-cloaked figure's hand, while the other broke the space binding Bagu.

Feeling the surrounding space loosen, Bagu didn't hesitate. He quickly tore open a Space Passage and disappeared into it.

At the same time, in a secret Other Space within the Antula Clan's stronghold, two powerful auras surged up.

"I really don't understand why these two old guys are putting on airs, only showing up after their people can't win."

Yang Yan looked at the Antula Clan's stronghold and remarked with a smile.

There were still two big figures in the Antula Clan who hadn't taken action, something Yang Yan and Ao Tian had long noticed.

So they weren't surprised by the sudden appearance of these two.

"Antula Dog and Antula Hiv, I thought you two old turtles had already died of old age, leaving only this bunch of incompetent juniors in the Antula Clan!"

Facing the two elderly figures who suddenly appeared in midair, Manhattan showed no surprise and even threw in some taunts.

"Manhattan, the Demon Race gave you strength, but also arrogance; you have fallen, lost to the darkness."

Antula Dog was a short, stout old man.

He didn't pay much attention to Manhattan, focusing instead on the black-cloaked person floating in midair:

"Sir, if my senses are correct, your true identity should belong to the Demon Race!"

"I never imagined that today, after ten thousand years, you have returned once more!"

"Heh heh! It seems you old fellow have some insight!"

From beneath the black cloak came a sinister laugh; the black-cloaked figure pulled back his hood, revealing a handsome face—none other than the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch who had previously fought with Yang Yan.

The other two black-cloaked individuals also removed their hoods.

Although Yang Yan, being in an Other Space, did not recognize them, the dense Demonic Qi emanating from their bodies made it clear they were undoubtedly from the Demon Race.

Unexpectedly, during this period, Manhattan had found a special way to summon two more Demon Monarchs from the Demon Race.

"Old man, seeing you are so sensible, this monarch gives you a choice: Hand over the Space Origin, then obediently submit to my Demon Race!"

The strength of Nine Netherworld seemed to have recovered to its peak; demonic qi surged unrestrainedly from his body.

The demonic qi shrouded the sky, overshadowing the brilliance of the battlefield below.

"Demon race bastards, go to hell!"

Compared to Antula Dog, Antula Hiv's temper was much more volatile.

Shouting an expletive, his reddened old face puffing up, he said:

"Big brother, why waste words with such lowlife from the Demon Abyss? Watch me smash them into pulp!"

Not waiting for Antula Dog to speak, he charged at Nine Netherworld, swinging two enormous iron hammers as tall as a person.

However, before he reached Nine Netherworld, two other demon race members had already intercepted him.

Swash swash!

Without hesitation, their Demon Blades chopped fiercely downward, and the three were soon engaged in a chaotic battle.

Nine Netherworld and Antula Dog were in no rush to act; the former beckoned the latter with a disdainful look:

"Your brother is too hot-tempered, not suitable for discussions. I trust you will give me a satisfactory answer."

Antula Dog chuckled, a Magic Staff appeared in his hand out of thin air, and he said with a hint of ridicule:

"I have no interest in talking with filthy races like you."

"Even if it means risking the entire Antula Clan, I'll make sure you crawl back into the abyss."

"Refusing a toast only to drink a forfeit!"

The smile on Nine Netherworld's face gradually faded, and a raging demonic qi burst from his body, like a monstrous beast ready to devour Antula Dog.

Antula Dog felt a shock in his heart but showed no change in expression. He began chanting in a low, unclear voice.

Bzzzz—

As he chanted the ancient, obscure spell, the crystal ball on his staff emitted a dazzling light.

As time passed, his chanting grew louder and more powerful.

Boom, rumble!

The earth trembled violently, and a towering tree with a diameter of hundreds of meters burst from the ground, rising straight into the sky.

The tree's branches were covered with countless vines and scythe-like branches that seemed alive, swinging around endlessly.

Numerous Blazing Angels and Fallen Angels were caught within, either bound by tenacious vines or slashed by the scythe-like branches, being cut in half directly.

The entire process seemed lengthy but was, in fact, over in the blink of an eye.

When Antula Dog ceased his chanting, the giant tree had already towered a thousand meters into the sky.

The so-called Elemental Giants on the ground appeared as insignificant as ants beneath it.

As the giant tree took shape, countless vines and scythe-like branches launched a frenzied offensive towards the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch.

However, these attacks capable of easily slaying a group of Blazing Angels and Fallen Angels posed little threat to Nine Netherworld.

His Demon Blade moved like a whirlwind, stirring up surging demonic qi, shredding the approaching vines and branches into pieces.

In no time, he broke through Antula Dog's attack, with a pair of scarlet eyes revealing a wicked emblem filled with malevolence.

Chapter 1038: It's Our Turn to Enter the Stage

The already incredibly powerful momentum surged even higher with the appearance of the strange patterns in his eyes.

Antula Dog, who was launching a frenzied attack on Nine Netherworld, couldn't help but change his expression drastically.

"Die!"

Nine Netherworld's originally handsome face underwent a drastic transformation.

The sharp, forest-white teeth and a pair of scarlet pupils made him incredibly ferocious.

However, this only made him more fitting of his Demon Race image.

Otherwise, a dignified Demon Monarch looking like a pretty boy of the Human Race would be utterly nonsensical.

With Nine Netherworld's roar, a pitch-black demonic claw burst from his body, clawing at Antula Dog, who was manipulating the towering giant tree.

Antula Dog wanted to resist with all his might, but the strength of Nine Netherworld, which had suddenly increased, was already far beyond his understanding.

When that pitch-black demonic claw descended, he could only watch helplessly as it effortlessly broke the giant tree he summoned in half.

Moreover, the demonic qi on the claw continued to devour the elemental energy of the giant tree.

The towering giant tree, which had just been imposing, was withering at a speed visible to the naked eye.

Antula Dog was unsurprisingly defeated.

Even though several defense techniques were cast on him, before Nine Netherworld's massive demonic claw, they all shattered into a ball of elemental energy.

In the other battlefields, the Antula Clan also declared collapse.

Antula Hiv was up against two Demon Monarchs. Although their power recovery wasn't as great as Nine Netherworld's, they were almost on par with Antula Hiv.

The old man charged up to fight two at once, and the result was predictable; he was beaten to the point of barely having a breath left, threatening to die any moment.

Manhattan, having lost his opponent, went to assist the Atlantis clan.

The Antula Clan's dozens of titled powerhouses suffered heavy casualties, and the remaining Antula members lost their high-end power shelter. Coupled with their collapsing morale, their overall defense was as fragile as paper.

In a matter of moments, the Elemental Giant formation was finally breached by the Blazing Angels and Fallen Angels Legion.

Thus far, the Antula Clan, a top-notch power in Northern Europe, had completely fallen to becoming slaughtered meat on the chopping board.

Just waiting for an order, this once illustrious Hidden World power would be utterly erased.

"Stupidly stubborn old guy!"

Nine Netherworld Monarch walked step by step toward the weak Antula Dog, who had collapsed to the ground, with a mocking smile at the corner of his mouth:

"Now, what do you say we continue our conversation from earlier?"

Antula Dog forced a difficult smile and said coldly:

"I've already sent a message using Secret Technique to the Andrew Temple, and they will quickly come over."

"Even if our Antula Clan is to be buried here today, we will absolutely not let you have your way."

Though the words were tough, having just endured a direct hit from Nine Netherworld, Antula Dog was in a miserable state.

His arms hung weakly, blood flowed down from his forehead, and a large part of his chest was sunken in.

"I never thought this old man was still a tough bone!"

In the Other Space, Zhuge Wushuang said unexpectedly.

In her impression, this group of foreign devils was all a bunch of hypocritical pushovers.

The old guy in front of her defied her preconceived notions.

"His choice was correct. Otherwise, today, the Antula Clan would be extinguished for sure."

Ao Tian, arms crossed, said calmly with a tug at the corner of his mouth.

"Why?"

Fatty Fuzze interjected somewhat inexplicably.

"A force that can surrender to the Demon Race is not needed by the Demon Suppression Alliance."

"Rather than carrying a ticking time bomb around, eliminating him is without a doubt the best choice."

While saying this, Yang Yan wore a cruel smile.

Immediately afterward, his expression turned serious, and he said solemnly:

"Everyone get ready, it's our turn to appear!"

As he finished speaking, everyone's expressions turned solemn.

The Ten Swords drew their weapons, and Ao Tian couldn't hold back, grinning:

"Damn it, after watching the show for so long, I'm itching to bash those bastards."

Yang Yan, while unraveling the Power of Laws that concealed the Other Space, looked back at everyone:

"Do whatever you want with the others, just leave Manhattan to me. I want to crush that old bastard with my own hands."

No one spoke, but they all showed understanding smiles and silently mourned for Manhattan.

Everyone knew why Yang Yan was so "attentive" to him.

His kidnapping of Zhou Hanyun and the others, as one of the Four Emperors, Moonlight certainly could not forget.

Revenge is a dish best served cold.

But for Yang Yan, he's waited long enough for this day.

Nine Netherworld Monarch and the others knew nothing of the happenings in the Other Space.

Seeing Antula Dog's stance of dying rather than handing over the Space Origin, Nine Netherworld Monarch at the front completely lost interest in toying with his opponent.

Bang!

A demonic blade, surging with demonic qi, appeared in his hand and thrust downward at Antula Dog's head.

Since the Space Origin was confirmed to be with the Antula Clan, he would kill them and then search for it himself.

Antula Dog looked ashen, watching as the demon blade enlarged rapidly in his pupils, struggling to muster the strength within him to resist.

Yet, it was nothing more than a futile struggle.

Earlier, Nine Netherworld's attack not only breached his defenses, the demonic qi also invaded his body.

This demonic qi was recklessly rampaging inside him.

Wherever it went, the energy inside Antula Dog's body was instantly devoured clean.

Helplessly, the strongest of the Antula Clan, bearing the "Heaven-Reaching Ancient Wood" title, an elder ranking among the top Titled Powerhouses, could only close his eyes to welcome death's arrival.

"Roar!"

However, the anticipated death did not come.

A thunderous tiger's roar exploded in the sky.

Antula Dog instinctively opened his eyes to see an unbelievably fast figure appearing above Nine Netherworld Monarch's head.

Next, a massive fist smashed down.

Nine Netherworld Monarch, conducting the execution on Antula Dog, felt the incomparably formidable force descending from above, and his expression changed dramatically.

The first thing this guy thought of was breaking space to slip away, only to find that the person attacking from above had already confined the space in advance...

Left without choice, he gritted his teeth, forcibly raising the downward thrusting demon blade above his head, and collided solidly with the descending fist.

Bang!

The collision induced a roar, stirring up an energy vortex around.

The demon blade, condensed from demonic qi by Nine Netherworld Monarch, disintegrated into scattered demonic qi under this tyrannical force in an instant.

Nonetheless, the fist's momentum did not decrease, landing inevitably on Nine Netherworld Monarch's handsome face.

With a muffled sound, his whole body was launched like a shell, slamming violently into the ground below, creating a massive crater with a radius of several dozen meters.

Chapter 1039: Next, Leave This to Us

"Haha! What kind of rubbish Demon Monarch is this? Didn't I just knock him down with one punch?"

A shadow fell, followed by a burst of wild laughter.

Who else could have such a flamboyant style other than the proud, unparalleled Ice Emperor Ao Tian?

"Better be a bit careful, the devouring power of Demonic Qi is not something to mess with."

Yang Yan's figure flashed beside Ao Tian, seeing his triumphant look, he couldn't help but remind him.

"Don't worry, leave this guy to me!"

Ao Tian was completely unfazed by Yang Yan's reminder, patting his chest loudly.

Having said that, he stirred up a spray of ice shards towards the Nine Nether Demon Monarch at the bottom of the pit.

At this moment, the sky above the Antula Clan, which had just finished a battle, became bustling again.

As Yang Yan undid the Law Barrier of Other Space, with Jing Hong leading the Ten Swords and all the Titled Puppets under Yang Yan, they descended like Celestial Soldiers, charging fiercely.

The sheer number of them, coupled with their formidable strength, was truly astonishing.

Gabriel's Blazing Angel Legion and Lucifer's Fallen Angels Legion reacted immediately.

Seeing such a grand formation, everyone instinctively wanted to resist.

Unfortunately, in the face of such an attack, the defense lines of the two Angel Legions that posed great trouble to the Antula Clan crumbled.

Even with Gabriel and Lucifer joining forces, they could only withstand two rounds before fleeing in disarray.

Among them, Lucifer fared the worst.

One wing was severed at the waist, and the pitch-black blood sprayed everywhere in the air.

Yang Yan did not immediately join the chaotic melee.

He turned to look at Antula Dog behind him and gently asked:

"Old man, are you still alive?"

"Moonlight Emperor Yang Yan and Ice Emperor Ao Tian, you two..."

Antula Dog was dumbfounded by the suddenly reversed situation and took a moment to process it.

His dry lips opened, unable to speak for a long while.

When he finally came to his senses, tears streamed down his eyes.

Then, struggling with his broken body, he climbed up from the ground and knelt before Yang Yan with folded hands, his expression extremely emotional as he said:

"Thank you, two Emperors, for your intervention. Our Antula Clan is saved! Our Antula Clan is finally saved..."

Yang Yan's expression remained unchanged, though there was a slight sense of guilt within him.

After all, this unwarranted disaster upon the Antula Clan was ultimately because of him.

If he hadn't deliberately spread the word that the Space Origin was the key to the Longevity Sect, none of this would have happened.

However, this slight guilt also just flashed across his mind.

Compared to the imminent arrival of the Demon Race that could lead to widespread devastation and the possible destruction of humanity, their sacrifice seemed insignificant.

"From here on, leave this place to us!"

Yang Yan casually cleared the Demonic Qi from Antula Dog's body, then warned:

"Guard what you obtained. After dealing with these demons, I will take it."

Antula Dog's expression instantly stiffened, looking very conflicted.

However, the current situation did not allow him much room to argue.

If it weren't for Yang Yan's intervention, the entire Antula Clan would already be history, leaving him no grounds to bargain.

Without waiting for his reply, Yang Yan's Star Night flicked in his hand, scattering radiant starlight.

The next moment, his body transformed into a flash, charging directly at the two demons entangled with Jing Hong and Zhuge Wushuang.

These two Demon Monarchs, though not restored to their peak states like the Nine Nether, were not weak either.

Alone, Zhuge Wushuang and Jing Hong found themselves at a disadvantage.

Especially Zhuge Wushuang, forced to retreat step by step by her opponent.

Had it not been for Jing Hong's support, she might have already been on the edge of defeat.

But with Yang Yan joining in, as Star Night slashed down, the dazzling starlight pierced the sky, catching the demon attacking Zhuge Wushuang off guard.

The opponent instinctively tried to dodge the attack, but Yang Yan's speed was too quick, leaving no time to react.

Ah!

With a scream, half of the demon's head was instantly sliced off.

Swish—

The foul black blood splattered, accompanied by a stench.

However, the terror of the Demon Race lay not only in their ability to absorb others' energy through Demonic Qi.

Their unbelievably resilient life force was also what made them formidable.

If a human suffered half a head being sliced off, even top-tier figures like Yang Yan and Ao Tian, even if barely alive, would be critically injured.

But a demon's vital weak point is their Demon Heart.

This level of injury was no more serious than a housewife cutting her finger while cooking.

"Go help the others, and watch out for Manhattan stealing the Space Origin."

Yang Yan did not expect to kill the demon with one slash, but aimed to remove Zhuge Wushuang from harm's way.

Though Wushuang was usually carefree, she was quite straightforward in critical moments.

Without unnecessary words, she dashed towards the Antula Clan's residence with her sword.

Manhattan, seeing both Yang Yan and Ao Tian, was horrified.

He immediately realized that forcefully seizing the Space Origin was unrealistic.

Mind racing, he quickly rallied the Blazing Angel Legion, Fallen Angels Legion, and the Atlantean clan to try and charge into the Antula Clan's territory.

Clearly, this guy intended to find and take the Space Origin from the Antula Clan before Yang Yan and Ao Tian could.

Unfortunately, the Ten Swords Yang Yan brought and a large number of Titled Puppets were not to be trifled with.

They immediately locked onto him, and together with the remaining combat-ready members of the Antula Clan, they held him and his group outside the Antula grounds.

"Are you the troublesome human the Nine Nether mentioned, Moonlight Yang Yan?"

As Yang Yan anticipated, the Demon Monarch he had just cleaved quickly returned.

Pulling down his hood, revealing his rugged, dark, and ugly head, he spoke in a low, hoarse voice.

"Tsk ts! Truly an enviable regeneration ability."

Yang Yan didn't answer his question but instead grinned, eyes fixed on the half of the demon's head, watching fresh black-red flesh continuously sprout from the wound, speaking with slight admiration.

"Pathetic and weak humans, we of the Demon Race are the perfect evolutionary life form."

Gaining confidence from Yang Yan's words, the ugly demon grew more arrogant, pointing his Demon Blade at Yang Yan:

"Submit to our race, and I will, in the name of my God, grant you a powerful life."

Chapter 1040: The Cat Toying with the Mouse

Yang Yan found the arrogant words of the ugly demon race before him quite amusing.

He smirked disdainfully and teased:

"How many juvenile novels have you read to be so self-absorbed? Clearly, you have an ugly face, and yet you want handsome people like me to become like you?"

As he spoke, Yang Yan tapped his own head, joking:

"I say, is it normal for you demons to have a screw loose?"

"Ignorant and foolish humans."

The demon monarch of the demon race clearly understood Yang Yan's words, and his already hideously distorted face became even more twisted with anger.

Roar!

He suddenly let out a roar, demonic qi surged all over his body, producing continuous crackling sounds as his body began to stretch upward.

The demon race which was similar in height to ordinary humans moments ago suddenly grew to seven or eight meters tall.

On his back and arms, white bone spikes protruded, making him appear mighty and terrifying.

Without a doubt, this was the demon race's true form, vastly different from humans.

Yang Yan did not stop its transformation; he merely held Star Night and silently observed the scene before him.

Rather than killing it, Yang Yan had a better plan in mind.

The demon race's ability to devour demonic qi was something that even he was envious of.

If he could utilize it, it would undoubtedly be a great boost in the upcoming battles.

This kind of idea might seem like a fantasy to others, but his innate abilities could make it happen.

"Humans, embrace the fear brought by the Abyss Demon Monarch!"

Having completed his transformation, the Abyss Demon Monarch ceased his idle talk, appearing before Yang Yan at an incredible speed with his enormous body.

Boom!

With a piercing sonic boom, a huge arm full of bone spikes crashed down towards Yang Yan's head.

In front of the Abyss Demon Monarch, who revealed his true form and stood seven or eight meters tall, Yang Yan appeared extremely small.

However, facing this terrifying Heaven-Breaking fist, Yang Yan was utterly fearless.

With Star Night in hand, he swept sideways, and endless brilliance flashed, colliding fiercely.

In an instant, with their collision as the center, a wave carrying a destructive aura swiftly spread out.

Rumble——

The surrounding space couldn't help but show cracks, as if it might collapse at any moment.

After the strike, Yang Yan did not stop.

Star Night spun and danced, and boundless sword aura transformed into torrents, enveloping the Abyss Demon Monarch.

Yang Yan's aura was terrifying, but the Abyss Demon Monarch was not to be outdone.

Boom!

Demonic qi surged from his body, forming an unseen bizarre creature, continuously destroying and then devouring these sword auras.

Of course, this was the result of Yang Yan not giving his all.

Otherwise, with the Abyss Demon Monarch not yet fully back to his peak strength, he would be incapable of devouring the sword aura Yang Yan unleashed.

Even though the devouring power of demonic qi is terrifying, it has its limits.

Facing opponents much stronger than himself, its exhibited power appears insignificant.

Not to mention if Yang Yan uses the Power of Laws.

If that happens, the Abyss Demon Monarch would hardly last a few rounds before Yang Yan.

While the Abyss Demon Monarch frantically blocked the sword aura, Yang Yan made no other moves.

Within his pupils, blue spots started gradually appearing, looking extremely mystical.

As the blue spots emerged, the world in Yang Yan's eyes began to change dramatically.

All visible items swiftly transformed into clusters of minute, imperceptible light points.

In the real world, scientists term these as energy, while in the Hidden World, they are called Original Force.

However, in Yang Yan's understanding, they are known as fundamental laws, or the essence of the world, the manifestation of Heavenly Dao Rules.

Heavenly Dao Rules are not invisible; instead, they exist in every corner and space of the world.

In fact, they are everywhere, merely regular people lack the eyes to discover them.

Yang Yan focused his gaze on the demonic qi the Abyss Demon Monarch released and carefully sensed the momentary change when his sword aura was devoured by the demonic qi, searching for rules.

As all the sword auras were devoured by the Abyss Demon Monarch, a peculiar feeling began to grow in his heart.

"Is this the level of the Four Emperors of your human race? Truly disappointing!"

The Abyss Demon Monarch sensed Yang Yan's strange state but didn't know what he was doing.

But after devouring those powerful sword auras, he felt his strength somewhat recovered, becoming even more arrogant.

Yang Yan did not respond to him, casually swung Star Night, pouring out endless sword aura towards the Abyss Demon Monarch.

Previously extremely arrogant, the Abyss Demon Monarch's expression instantly became very unsightly.

Although he was arrogant and wild, it didn't mean he was truly foolish.

On the contrary, this guy was cunning smart.

Otherwise, in the jungle world where the weak are preyed upon by the strong, he wouldn't have grown this far.

With Yang Yan's attacks so easily launched, he had to resist with all his might, showing the difference in their power.

Of course, the demon monarch who considers himself superior, even realizing Yang Yan is stronger, still wouldn't shrink from battle.

With a roar, he drove his internal demonic qi to the limit, madly devouring the sword aura rushing towards him.

The battle between this one man and one demon may sound simple, but in others' eyes, it's astonishing.

Especially with Yang Yan's weapon just casually swung, the sword aura that's enough to cleave mountains and break cliffs covers half the visible sky, leaving many members of the Antula Clan stunned.

Previously, they had only heard of the Four Emperors but never witnessed such terrifying power up close.

Seeing it in person now, it gives rise to a suffocating feeling.

Moreover, Yang Yan's casual demeanor further astonishes everyone.

It's as if, in his eyes, these demon races pushing the entire Antula Clan into a life or death scenario pose no threat at all.

At this moment, he is merely a cat toying with a mouse.

In the present battle scene, the only visual spectacle comparable to Yang Yan's side is Ao Tian.

In fact, in terms of imagery, the Ice Emperor Ao Tian is even more exaggerated.

With a self-created move, Ice Age, forcibly extending from the center of the Antula Clan's stronghold.

In an instant, vast mountain ranges are enveloped in ice seals.

Even if the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch is resurrected, having his power restored to peak state, facing the mighty and matchless Ao Tian would still be tough.

Not only was he forced to reveal his true form, but he was also retreating step by step, in a sorry state.

Currently, his body was covered in scarlet wounds, with half of it encased in ice layers.

Despite the rapid healing speed of the demon race's body, it loses its effect here against Ao Tian.

Each attack Ao Tian lands leaves wounds on the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch's body, causing numerous tiny ice shards to rapidly form, preventing quick healing.