

Powerful 1041

Chapter 1041: You Don't Think I'd Make the Same Mistake Twice, Do You?

"You incredibly ugly bastard, just looking at you makes me sick. I want to see how many lives you really have."

A pillar of ice smashed the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch into the thick ice layer, while Ao Tian stood proudly in mid-air, laughing heartily.

When the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch resurrected, Yang Yan and Ao Tian were initially a bit surprised.

However, they weren't too shocked.

For ordinary people, the death of the body signifies the death of a person.

But for cultivators, the body is merely a vessel of life; the soul is the essence of life.

As long as the soul does not die, a life cannot be considered truly dead.

In Western Satan's Hell and Eastern Yama's Yellow Springs, their main task is to collect souls of ordinary people after death.

Then they seek a suitable opportunity to find new bodies for these souls.

However, compared to cultivators, the souls of ordinary people are extremely weak.

After the body dies and the soul leaves the vessel, memory and thought dissipate at a rapid pace.

So, when these souls enter new bodies, they have no memory of their past lives and must start over from infancy.

In the East, this phenomenon is called reincarnation, and in the West, it's called rebirth.

Of course, there are exceptions to everything.

The intensity of some ordinary people's souls is higher than usual, and after the body dies, the dissipation of soul thoughts and memories is much slower.

When they enter new bodies, such souls retain some of their thoughts and memories.

This explains why some people are much smarter than their peers from birth, even being labeled as geniuses later on.

But this does not imply immortality in a certain sense.

If the soul suffers damage, it can also die and decay over time.

That is when a person faces true death.

The Demon Race, like humans, are primate creatures and naturally have souls.

The reason the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch could revive must be because Manhattan took away the wounded residual soul, allowing him to possess a body again.

At his level of strength, his soul has been thoroughly stabilized.

As long as the soul is preserved, no matter how severe the injury, he can regenerate.

Losing his body only greatly reduces his strength, but poses no real threat to his life.

This is one of the reasons why the Demon Race is so terrifying.

A body can die, but if the soul survives, revival follows, which many cultivators in the Hidden World can achieve.

Particularly among the Eastern Hidden World lineage, their cultivation techniques include methods specifically for training the soul.

For instance, Transforming Soul into Form and Nascent Soul Outing.

But even then, once the body dies and the soul is heavily damaged, it will take a decade or so of recuperation to restore the soul from a weakened state.

It's hardly comparable to the Nine Netherworld, whose body has been completely terminated and the soul reduced to a residual soul state.

Yet in less than two months, it's fully revived, and he's conveniently restored his strength to peak state after passing through the Heavenly Dao Barrier.

Though reluctant to admit it, Ao Tian could not deny that the innate advantages of the Demon Race are indeed stronger than humans in many aspects.

"Cack, cack!"

The Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch crawled out of the ice with difficulty. Though looking utterly wretched, he still let out a repulsive, sinister laugh:

"No matter how much you struggle, you won't be able to stop our army from descending upon this place!"

"You lowly and contemptible races will all become our slaves, and then I'll put a dog collar on you..."

Ao Tian squinted his eyes and coldly replied:

"What a pity, I don't plan on letting you see tomorrow."

As he spoke, his fingers snapped loudly, and he muttered with a wide grin:

"Explode!"

Bang! Bang! Bang...

Subtle sounds that weren't very apparent spread from the massive body of the Nine Netherworld. The solid ice fragments clinging to his wounds exploded one after another.

"Roar!"

When the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch realized something was wrong, it was already too late to stop it.

He never expected these fragments of ice attached to him to suddenly unleash such tremendous power.

No matter how hard he tried to circulate demonic qi to devour the ice fragments, he couldn't keep up with their explosive speed.

The immense pain from his body was unbearable, even for the bloodthirsty Demon Race, eliciting furious and painful roars that were heart-wrenching.

With each anguish-filled howl, the people of Manhattan, who were battling with Ten Swords and Titled Puppet, also looked over.

In their shocked and fearful gaze, the enormous body of the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch suddenly crumbled into a pile of flesh on the ground.

The wounds Ao Tian inflicted on his body were very precise, targeting none other than Nine Netherworld's joints.

After the ice shards, infused with his source power, shattered violently, they completely destroyed the Nine Netherworld's ability to move.

"Die!"

Having toyed enough, Ao Tian coldly uttered a single word.

Impetuous by nature, seeing the Nine Netherworld's body fall, he wasted no words and thrust a solid ice spear straight into the chest.

There lay the Demons' greatest weakness—the heart.

Collapsed on the ground, the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch stared in despair at the ice spear growing larger in his pupils.

Despite desperately wanting to dodge, he couldn't move at all.

Even with their bodies' regenerative capabilities, the Demon Race hadn't reached the point of instant recovery.

He could only let the ice spear impale him completely.

Hatred filled the crimson eyes of the grotesque-headed Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch.

As the life force of his body gradually drained, a black shadow, resembling mist, floated out of the lifeless form of Nine Netherworld.

Ao Tian seemed entirely unaware of its emergence, allowing it to swiftly shoot toward Yuanfang.

Yet, before the shadow could travel far, it collided hard with an invisible barrier and was violently bounced back.

The shadow appeared to be in utter panic, darting aimlessly like a headless fly, unable to breach the invisible barrier no matter what.

"Last time, I accidentally let you escape. Did you think I would make the same mistake twice?"

Yang Yan, hovering in mid-air and borrowing the research of the Abyss Demon Monarch's ability to devour demonic qi, said calmly.

At that moment, his eyes glittered with charming azure light, devoid of emotional fluctuations.

Simultaneously, he lightly pointed a finger in the direction of the shadow.

In an instant, wave-like ripples encased the shadow in a transparent cube, surrounding it in the air.

These water ripple-like barriers prohibited any escape for the shadow.

Watching the still-struggling shadow, Yang Yan's mouth curled into a slight smile as he said gently:

"The mastery of the Soul Technique isn't exclusive to the Demon Race!"

After many futile struggles, the shadow let out a terrified cry from the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch:

"Moonlight, if you dare to kill me, once the Demon Race army arrives, they'll plunge this world into chaos, burying it with me."

Chapter 1042: You'd Better Worry About How to Escape From Me!

At this moment, the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch was utterly terrified.

To him, the destruction of the flesh was of no consequence.

But if the soul were to be destroyed, he would be completely obliterated.

Survival is the instinct of all living beings.

Even the Demon Race is the same.

Faced with the fear of death, he, like ordinary people, showed survival instincts.

However, his threats appeared so pale and feeble.

Yang Yan completely ignored him and continued to focus on the Abyss Demon Monarch he was battling.

Ao Tian walked towards the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch with an ice spear, mocking disdainfully:

"Damn it, Demon Race, did you really think your bunch of neither-human-nor-ghost creatures were invincible?"

"Looking at your current state, even your ugly kind is not indestructible."

"If you come, we'll just have a good fight and see who gets the last laugh."

Seeing Ao Tian gradually approaching, the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch, transformed into a shadow, became even more terrified, his voice sounding panicked:

"You, you, you... don't come, don't come!"

Although the soul is the essence of life, without a physical body, its power is actually very weak.

When both soul and body were present, the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch couldn't defeat Ao Tian.

Much less now, when only the soul remains.

The Demon Race naturally has stronger souls than humans.

The death of the body doesn't affect the soul.

As long as they find a suitable new body, they can resurrect.

However, they don't seem to have any special soul cultivation methods, relying only on innate resilience to a certain extent for regeneration.

Once separated from the body, the soul is pathetically weak.

Now, even a slightly skilled cultivator randomly picked from the Hidden World could easily deal with the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch, who had nearly killed someone as powerful as Antula Dog.

Of course, the reason for such a result largely stems from the Demon Race's belief that their bodies are their greatest strength.

Because they focus on bodily cultivation while completely neglecting soul refinement.

"Hmph!"

Facing the fearful soul of the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch, Ao Tian snorted coldly, full of mockery:

"So even someone like you can experience fear."

As Ao Tian got closer, under the intense threat of death, the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch completely lost his demon pride.

He shivered on the ground, constantly pleading:

"Don't kill me, don't kill me. Please don't kill me..."

His soul, gripped by extreme fear, gradually shrank into a fist-sized black sphere.

Seeing Ao Tian's steps not pause at all, about to approach, the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch pleaded in panic:

"Ice Emperor, as long as you spare me, I will persuade my army not to attack this world..."

Ao Tian was unmoved, scolding with a sneer:

"Stop with the nonsense; you might be able to fool that old thing in Manhattan."

"With your capability, you probably don't even get to speak in the Demon Race!"

As he spoke, the ice spear in his hand became even more solid, already exuding a terrifying aura.

The Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch's begging voice abruptly stopped.

In an instant, it turned into a desperate scream.

But, Ao Tian didn't give him the chance to make noise.

Swish!

The ice spear left his hand, transforming into a white lightning, tearing through space with a muffled roar, accurately piercing the center of the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch's soul.

A thin layer of ice instantly encased the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch's soul, silencing him completely.

With Ao Tian sealing the Demon Soul of the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch, the blue spots in Yang Yan's eyes gradually faded, returning to their normal state.

He smirked, a hint of mockery on his lips, coldly looking at the distant Abyss Demon Monarch:

"I've played with you for so long; it's time to end this!"

From the unsightly face completely different from humans, Yang Yan couldn't discern his change in expression.

But it was clear that he sensed the total obliteration of the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch, causing his fierce battle intent to suddenly weaken.

Whoosh— —

The Abyss Demon Monarch summoned two fiery magma balls and threw them at Yang Yan, then turned to escape into the Space Passage.

Unfortunately, Yang Yan wouldn't let him leave so easily!

Yang Yan's fingers flexed, and a huge Devouring Power appeared in his hand out of thin air.

In an instant, he absorbed the scorching energy contained in the two massive magma balls.

The burning embers turned into ordinary black ash, drifting silently.

"How is it possible, you... you also possess Devouring Power. Who are you truly!"

Watching the bizarre scene unfold, the Abyss Demon Monarch was aghast, his voice stammering.

Yang Yan chuckled lightly, pointing coldly behind the Abyss Demon Monarch:

"You should worry about how you'll escape from me!"

The Abyss Demon Monarch didn't understand, instinctively turning around.

At the next moment, his two lantern-like eyes nearly popped out.

Ordinarily, space passages were easy to rip apart, but after a fluctuation, there was no sign of cracking.

In battle, preventing opponents from fleeing by disturbing the space matrix to confine it is a common tactic.

Yet now, with Yang Yan standing calmly, the surrounding space matrix remained confined, which was inconceivable.

Only now did the Abyss Demon Monarch truly realize that this frail-looking human, who seemed crushable with a finger, was exhibiting abilities comparable to Demon Emperor Level of the Demon Race!

Such a horrifying existence, even he, as the Demon Monarch, could not muster any desire to fight.

Escape!

The sooner the better!

The further the better!

This Demon Monarch, who just viewed humans as ants and insignificant, finally felt the same fear as the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch.

This thought was all-consuming.

No wonder he was the vanguard of the Demon Race army.

Once realizing Yang Yan's power, without hesitation, he flew away in black ashen lightning filled with Demonic Qi.

If he could escape Yang Yan's spatial control and successfully enter the Space Passage, he could survive.

Space confinement is also achievable by Demon Emperor-level demons.

However, it has range limitations.

The Abyss Demon Monarch believed with reason that once out of this range, entering countless space passages, even this human could not catch him.

But while ideas are beautiful, reality is cruel.

The Abyss Demon Monarch's escape speed was fast, but Yang Yan was faster.

His figure rapidly flashed, accompanied by space waves, and when Yang Yan reappeared, he stood mysteriously beside him.

Chapter 1043: Maybe a Solution

Swish—

Star Night was raised high in his hand, descending with an unstoppable sharpness.

The terrifying aura enveloped the surroundings, making it impossible for the Abyss Demon Monarch to avoid, even though he clearly saw the strike coming.

The Abyss Demon Monarch only felt the terrifying sharpness bearing down on him overwhelmingly, blocking all his escape routes.

With no choice, he steeled his heart and let out a furious roar, his sturdy arm clad in a thick layer of demonic qi, fiercely colliding with the attack.

The collision did not result in the expected earth-shattering explosion; instead, Star Night's edge sliced through the demonic qi on the Abyss Demon Monarch's arm as if it were tofu, its momentum undiminished, silently cutting through his towering body.

"Puff!"

After the strike, a white gleam flashed across the Abyss Demon Monarch's body, followed by a dull thud.

In an instant, his strong body split into two along the line of his arm.

The foul-smelling, blackish-red blood and innards scattered everywhere, as a shadow suddenly shot out from within.

Its appearance was almost identical to the soul of the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch.

Upon its emergence, just like the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch before, it frantically attempted to flee.

Yet Yang Yan, who had already locked onto it, effortlessly caught it with one hand, holding it firmly in his palm, unable to move.

"If I let you escape right under my nose like this, wouldn't it be embarrassing for me?"

Yang Yan looked at the shadow in his hand, which had transformed into a miniature version of the Abyss Demon Monarch, a faint cold smile curling at the corner of his mouth.

"Moonlight Emperor, even if you kill us, our army, led by the Demon God, will eventually descend upon this world!"

"By then, your human race will be forever doomed to become the lowly slaves of the great Demon Race!"

Clearly, the Abyss Demon Monarch before him was much tougher than the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch.

Even as his fragile soul was grasped by Yang Yan, he did not plead desperately for mercy but instead crazily provoked him with words.

"Who said I was going to kill you?"

Yang Yan raised an eyebrow, a mischievous smile appearing on his face.

He turned his head and pointed at the puppet army engaged in a chaotic battle with the Angel Legion led by Manhattan:

"Do you see them? My Absolute Armament."

Upon hearing Yang Yan's words, the Abyss Demon Monarch seemed to realize something instantly.

He stammered slightly:

"Those are... puppets!"

Yang Yan suddenly burst into hearty laughter:

"Not bad, not bad, your strength may not be great, but you have pretty good vision!"

"Yes, they are a group of puppets, mindless, only knowing how to obey. A total of three thousand eight hundred, all created by me!"

The Abyss Demon Monarch gritted his teeth harshly, saying:

"You are ruthless!"

Yang Yan snorted coldly:

"And you call this ruthless? What a bandit's logic! You clearly intend to enslave my people, if I'm not harsh on you, wouldn't I be too cruel to myself?"

"Honestly, although I'm stronger than you, I must admit your inherent talents are remarkable."

"So, I plan to make you like them, amplifying your talents further to serve me."

"I'm sure in the upcoming great battle, fighting against your own kind will be quite interesting."

Within the shadow, the Abyss Demon Monarch's face grew even more grotesque.

He frantically twisted his body, roaring incessantly:

"As noble members of the Demon Race, the rightful rulers of the universe, I will never obey you, a petty human! You can forget about it."

As he spoke, the Demonic Soul of the Abyss Demon Monarch began to swell strangely, like an inflating balloon.

"Humph! Want to explode your Demonic Soul! Sorry, but I'll never let you succeed."

Speaking these words, Yang Yan's cold smile deepened.

He snorted coldly, forming a strange hand sign with one hand in the air, slamming it towards the ever-expanding Demonic Soul.

Zzz—Zzz—Zzz!

With a sound reminiscent of a branding iron searing flesh, where Yang Yan's palm landed, a bizarre golden symbol, resembling Eastern oracle bone script, was branded on the forehead of the Abyss Demon Monarch's Demonic Soul.

The moment the golden symbol emitted golden light, the swelling Demonic Soul of the Abyss Demon Monarch seemed to freeze instantly.

Ah—

Then, he let out a heartrending scream, and the Demonic Soul rapidly shrank at a speed visible to the naked eye.

In just a moment, it reverted to its original form.

"The Zhengyi Dao's exorcism method is quite effective. Just a bit rusty!"

"But as the saying goes, practice makes perfect. Training on you, I reckon next time it'll be much smoother!"

Seeing the change in the Abyss Demon Monarch's Demonic Soul, a satisfied smile crept onto Yang Yan's face as he unabashedly murmured to himself.

Partially it was intended for others to hear, and partially he was calculating in his mind, planning to take a trip to the Hidden World and organize the Zhengyi Daoists.

Once the great war against the Demon Race breaks out, they'd be responsible for subduing the bodiless Demonic Souls.

Coupled with his puppetry skill, during the great war, these puppets embedded with Demonic Souls would be a formidable force.

Moreover, this move might just tip the scales, perhaps leading to humanity's ultimate victory in this war, eradicating the Demon Race once and for all.

While Yang Yan was contemplating, a huge space fluctuation appeared above the Antula Clan's residence.

Crack——

With a crisp sound, a Space Passage was forcibly torn open.

Rumble, rumble, rumble!

The next moment, formidable auras surged out from it overwhelmingly.

A stunning woman, garbed in coarse linen, adorned with a thorny flower crown, stepped out of the Space Passage, her bare, immaculate ankles touching the ground.

Even without much embellishment, her extraordinary presence was undeniable.

Pale blue eyes, flawless fair cheeks, and a slender figure that even the coarse linen couldn't conceal, all spoke of her perfection as a woman.

The people from the Andrew Temple have finally arrived!

The first to step out of the Space Passage, the woman glanced around, her long, elegant eyebrows furrowing slightly.

Ultimately, her pale blue eyes settled on Yang Yan and Ao Tian.

Her exquisite face showed a hint of surprise, which quickly turned into awkwardness.

Her pearly white teeth slightly parted, and her voice, akin to a celestial melody, reverberated across the sky:

"Why are the two of you appearing here at the same time?"

As the Thorn Flower Ring Bishop of the Andrew Temple, Alexia, had rushed over immediately upon receiving the Antula Clan's plea for help.

According to the Antula Clan's distress call, someone forcefully infiltrated, intending to seize the Space Origin.

Momentarily confused, she initially assumed these two were the ones here to plunder.

However...

In a way, that assumption wasn't entirely wrong.

After all, Yang Yan did intend to take away the Space Origin.

Chapter 1044: The Tide Has Turned, Retreat!

Although Yang Yan's experience in the Hidden World was not very rich, being one of the Four Emperors, he had met several top figures from leading factions.

He was also acquainted with the nine Flower Ring Bishops of Andrew Temple.

Among them was the super beauty, Thorn Flower Ring Bishop Alexia, who left a deep impression on him.

The first time they met, her high and cold noble demeanor truly made Yang Yan's eyes light up.

Even now, he vividly remembers the scene from back then.

"Haha! We happened to pass by and saw your Nordic forces facing some trouble, and besides, your opponent was from the Demon Race, so of course, we couldn't stand idly by."

"Though we've had a few minor disagreements in the past, I'm magnanimous, and considering we're of the same clan, naturally I had to lend a hand."

Recalling the scene of his first meeting with Alexia, Yang Yan felt somewhat awkward inside and could only force a laugh as he spoke.

Of course, he wouldn't tell her that he had watched the spectacle for quite some time, only stepping out from the Other Space to help when Manhattan and the Demon Race nearly wiped out the Antula Clan.

Alexia, knowing Yang Yan's character well, didn't bother to respond to his words, and her eyes scanned the surroundings again.

When she saw the Atlantean people, led by Manhattan, fighting fiercely with a bunch of Titled Puppets, her perfect face instantly became frosty.

A flame of anger flickered in her light blue pupils, as if ready to burn everything.

The Atlantean people had always been a taboo and a source of pain in the hearts of all Nordic forces.

Now seeing them released and moving again in this world, as one of Andrew Temple's Flower Ring Bishops, it would be strange if she wasn't burning with anger.

While Yang Yan and Alexia were talking, more people from Andrew Temple streamed out of the Space Passage.

The arriving group was large, nearly two hundred in number.

Their outfits were not much different from Alexia's.

Except for the wreaths on their heads changing to grass rings, they too were dressed in simple linen robes.

This attire had a definite connection with the doctrine of Andrew Temple.

In Andrew Temple's doctrine, they believed that people should conform to nature, and everything should be born according to nature.

Though they seemed few in number, their strength was unyielding.

All bishops who wore grass rings in Andrew Temple were exclusively Titled-level powerhouses.

Not to mention Alexia, who held a transcendent position as a Flower Ring Bishop within the Temple.

This also showed the immense gap between major factions and top factions in the Hidden World.

The Antula Clan, putting in their best effort, couldn't even gather a hundred Titled-level powerhouses.

Andrew Temple alone, led by Alexia in one of its nine branches, had nearly three hundred Titled powerhouses.

The other eight branches, though Yang Yan hadn't witnessed their depth firsthand, could hardly be much worse.

This was also why he dared to assert that Manhattan wouldn't snatch the Space Origin earlier.

Without the Demon Race army descending, with the power in his hands, he couldn't even challenge any branch of Andrew Temple.

These Andrew Temple experts all appeared, startled just like Alexia by the space they stood on, which had just undergone a great battle, now left in ruins.

"It's all over, retreat!"

Looking at the people of Andrew Temple pouring out from the Space Passage, Manhattan's face was ashen, ordering with deep reluctance.

This fellow was extremely wary, observing the dynamics on the battlefield from the moment Yang Yan appeared with his group.

Afraid Yang Yan would suddenly turn on him, Manhattan had withdrawn far away early on.

With the Demon Soul of Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch being sealed by Ao Tian, he realized that the plan of unexpectedly seizing the Space Origin had completely failed.

Especially when he witnessed Yang Yan easily subduing the Abyss Demon Monarch's Demon Soul, he was filled with the thought of retreat.

The three Demon Monarchs were his biggest cards for now.

Losing two of them at once, including the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch whose strength was restored to its peak, how could he not feel alarmed?

The remaining weaker Evil Wind Demon Monarch couldn't face Yang Yan or Ao Tian, even if casual.

As for the Blazing Angels and the Fallen Angels Legion, along with the Atlantean people, he dared not speak.

These three forces seemed strong, but had already suffered heavy casualties just dealing with ten swords and three thousand eight hundred Titled Puppets.

If they didn't retreat soon, they risked total annihilation.

After all, the Atlantean people today were not the same batch of people that nearly drove the entire Nordic forces to the brink of ruin.

Even with the Western Influence protecting them, they only preserved the bloodline of the Atlantean people.

Those pillar powerhouses either died in battle or were wiped out by Nordic forces jointly after the fact.

Nordic people weren't fools.

They knew very well that if they didn't kill these people, even sealing them would be like installing a time bomb for themselves.

In this battle, Manhattan's plan was a total failure.

Moreover, it was a failure with heavy loss.

In the unbroken Heavenly Dao Barrier conditions, the price for summoning Demon Monarch-level demons down was not small.

Moreover, crossing the Heavenly Dao Barrier, the Demon Monarch's strength would be reduced, so restoring it to peak form would require terrifying costs.

After their bases were destroyed by Yang Yan and Ao Tian teamed up, Manhattan had been driven to seek survival within the space node.

Concerning these consumption burdens, his years of accumulation were already strained, and over time he couldn't bear them.

Of course, these were matters he should consider later.

Right now, his biggest worry was how to escape safely under so many watchful eyes.

With Antula Dog's appearance, Andrew Temple finally understood the ins and outs of the situation.

Yang Yan wasn't familiar with them, naturally not wasting words.

He didn't bother with the remaining Demon Race Demon Monarch, but instead set his sights on the culprit Manhattan, preparing to retreat with his remnants.

"Manhattan, this time I want to see how you, this cunning old fox, plan to escape?"

Yang Yan stepped into the air, seemingly moving slowly, but rapidly approaching Manhattan in a way beyond ordinary comprehension.

Gabriel and Lucifer, leading the Angel Legion, along with the remaining Atlanteans, quickly formed a defensive line, hoping to impede Yang Yan's progress.

However, their attacks fell on Yang Yan only to pass through completely, unable to halt his steps.

This was the wonder of the Power of Laws.

Yang Yan appeared still in this space, yet was actually walking within the space barriers.

Chapter 1045: Too Bad, You Have No Chance Anymore!

In more straightforward terms, this world was originally a three-dimensional space, but Yang Yan has entered a higher-level four-dimensional space.

These people want to attack him in a higher-dimensional space, unless their attack can break through the barrier of the current space.

Or they enter the same dimensional space as him.

Otherwise, the attacks that seem to hit are actually just striking at a bunch of air, unable to touch Yang Yan at all.

Now, among the remnants left in Manhattan, not many people can achieve this.

The attacks launched by this group, although they can touch Yang Yan, are not something he takes seriously.

At some point, a Rashomon engraved with statues of ferocious faces and fangs stands before him.

Not only does it intercept all these attacks, but the lifelike ghost heads on Rashomon grow increasingly solid as the attacks continue to fall.

This is the result of his understanding of the Devouring Power of Demonic Qi.

Coupled with Rashomon's formidable defense and the ghost heads' ability to absorb attacks, it not only successfully blocked these attacks but also strengthened its defense through devouring and absorption.

In this ebb and flow, the attacks from the Manhattan side are utterly insignificant.

However, this does not mean that this Rashomon is invincible.

If it encounters an attack far beyond its defense, it will still be instantly destroyed.

But this Rashomon was manifested by Yang Yan.

Throughout the entire Hidden World, only a rare few could achieve this.

Even the Ice Emperor Ao Tian not far away, or Alexia, one of the Nine Flower Ring Bishops, would have to go all out to barely destroy this Rashomon.

At least, for the people in Manhattan right now, Moonlight Yang Yan is already an invincible existence, and they no longer have any desire to resist.

After a series of attacks, they couldn't even break the defense, let alone hurt him.

What reason do they have to persist any longer?

"Moonlight, I admit I am not your match. However, it's impossible for you to kill me either."

Faced with the slowly approaching Yang Yan, Manhattan was not overly alarmed.

His wrinkled old face revealed a sinister smile:

"As long as I hide, when the Demon God leads the army to descend here, I will see you like a lost dog. Hahaha!"

Yang Yan raised an eyebrow and said calmly:

"Too bad, you won't have that chance!"

As he spoke, he had already passed through the defenses of the Angel Legion and Atlantis, standing still in the air not far from Manhattan.

His face maintained a calm smile all along.

At this moment, only Gabriel, Lucifer, and a powerful elder of the Atlantis tribe guarded around Manhattan.

In Yang Yan's eyes, this old fox who had caused him much trouble had his fate already in his hands.

"Moonlight, your pride is exactly why I have escaped from your hands multiple times. You cannot kill me. Come out!"

Manhattan laughed wildly, shouting to a hidden space.

However, his smile soon froze on his face, quickly engulfed by disbelief and astonishment.

Things did not unfold as he expected.

The space he reserved as a last trump card did not respond to his call.

"The Cyclops, as famous as the Twelve Titans, son of Gaia and Uranus, adept at manipulating space!"

"Having such a trump card indeed qualifies you to break through space and escape in front of me."

Yang Yan said with a smile.

It was evident that everything in this space was entirely under his control.

Seeing the incredulous expressions of Manhattan and his followers, Yang Yan couldn't help but provoke them further:

"What's wrong, surprised? Frightened? So sorry, but my subordinates' space manipulation skills aren't inferior to others. Three Thousand, come out now!"

Yang Yan's voice wasn't loud, but under Manhattan's shocked gaze, the space where the Cyclops was supposed to hide rippled slightly, yet did not crack open.

The next moment, a slender figure stepped out from the spatial ripples, holding a large head.

As he walked completely out of the spatial barrier, the spatial ripples behind him vanished without a trace.

There was not a single sign of rupture!

With such advanced space manipulation ability, apart from Three Thousand, who else under Yang Yan could it be?

Three Thousand walked out of the spatial barrier, expressionless, slightly pale, with even a hint of breathlessness.

He seemed to have just undergone a tremendous battle, consuming a lot of energy.

After his appearance, without any pause, he loudly addressed the direction where Yang Yan stood:

"King, I did not fail in my mission! I have brought you his head!"

With that, he casually threw the large head he held.

The head traced a perfect arc in the air, rolling to a stop at the feet of Manhattan,

The forehead of the head was dominated by a single large eye, retaining a gaze of immense fear from before its death, fixedly staring at Manhattan in the air.

The latter's face changed rapidly, like changing faces in Huaxia's Sichuan opera.

Only moments ago confidently proclaiming that Yang Yan could not kill him, Manhattan now seemed to have a stone lodged in his throat.

His dry lips moved a few times but produced no sound.

"Now, do I have the qualification to kill you?"

The smile on Yang Yan's face gradually disappeared, and his calm gaze was now filled with unreserved killing intent.

Simultaneously, his hands also moved.

With a flip of his hand, the Heaven and Earth Energy swirled around, quickly condensing into a massive hand, lunging at Manhattan and his guards.

Gabriel and Lucifer, as bodyguards, didn't hesitate at all, each letting out a shout, charging forward to attempt to block the terrifying strike.

The elder from Atlantis hesitated slightly, then gritting his teeth, joined the fight.

Under his spell, a Rock Giant over ten meters tall burst from the ground, launching skyward like a cannonball.

Whoosh!

Accompanied by a sharp screech as if tearing through the air, the giant stone spear in its hand, imbued with fierce energy, ferociously thrust towards Yang Yan's giant hand.

The combined attack of the three collided together, Gabriel and Lucifer let out a miserable cry, spitting blood as they were thrown backward.

The sky scattered with countless black and white feathers.

The elder from Atlantis did not fare well either.

Crack!

The summoned Rock Giant was crushed by Yang Yan's palm.

The massive backlash force caused him to spit out several mouthfuls of blood.

Staggering back over ten meters, he barely managed to stand steadily.

Of course, the trio's full-force resistance finally had some effect.

The giant hand formed of concentrated power crumbled and dissipated rapidly.

However, when they looked back, they found Manhattan had already escaped thousands of miles away.

Chapter 1046: If This Fiend Is Not Eliminated, Calamity Will Be Endless!

Gabriel and Lucifer, like emotionless machines, showed no change in their expressions.

However, the elder of the Atlantis tribe flew into a rage, cursing fluently though not smoothly in ancient Nordic.

In the next moment, the old man turned and ran without a second thought.

Yang Yan completely ignored them.

The space around him distorted, and his body became blurred.

When he reappeared, he was already above Manhattan, who was fleeing.

Swish!

Star Night unleashed an unmatched Sword Aura, pinpointing his target firmly.

Sensing the dangerous aura overhead, even in chaos, Manhattan did not intend to sit and wait for death.

Roar!

With a roar like a beast, his body began to undergo intense changes.

On the surface of his human skin, black veins like ancient script emerged, as if covered with worms.

In the blink of an eye, countless black scales grew rapidly on his skin.

In less than half a minute, Manhattan had transformed into a bizarre half-human, half-demon creature.

His face twisted, spewing Demonic Qi, with eyes exuding a palpable killing intent.

Roar!

With another beast-like roar, the transformed Manhattan raised his turquoise claws, still retaining a hint of human arms, striving to grab the Sword Aura overhead.

The claws moved so swiftly, leaving a turquoise afterimage.

Yang Yan's Sword Aura couldn't be stopped even by the mighty body of the Abyss Demon Monarch.

Manhattan's half-human, half-demon body is no exception.

Ka-cha—

The Sword Aura swept through, slicing the two front claws off instantly, causing them to fall helplessly to the ground.

Yet, Hamantton knew the terror of this young man before him, naturally not expecting to block such a decisive strike.

He merely intended to use this as a cover for his soul's escape.

At his level, the body was already not that important.

Especially when life and death were at stake, he couldn't care less.

With both front claws severed, a faint white shadow escaped from Manhattan's half-human, half-demon transformed body.

Upon closer inspection, the front of the shadow resembled Manhattan.

After the soul shadow detached, Manhattan's body didn't lose its ability to act.

Instead, it launched a reckless counterattack against Yang Yan.

Though having lost the most offensive forelimbs, sharp spikes sprouted rapidly from the demonic body.

The Demon Race is born for war.

All their physiological structures exist for combat.

Relying on their innate physical advantage, no one dared to ignore the retaliatory strike of this body under the same strength.

But before Yang Yan, such a counterattack seemed insufficient.

Yang Yan raised an eyebrow, using his fists and feet, with Star Night in hand radiating brilliant light.

In the blink of an eye, Manhattan's demonic body turned into a pool of mangled flesh.

By this point, Yang Yan detected that this demonic body had become a puppet devoid of a soul.

Yet it's unknown what kind of method Manhattan employed, as even after his soul left the body, it could still act against enemies, with a strength increase of more than double.

Such a turn of events didn't surprise Yang Yan.

With Manhattan's cunning nature, it would only be surprising if he didn't have some life-saving methods at his disposal!

At this moment, Yang Yan's resolve to eliminate Manhattan grew even stronger.

If this fiend isn't eradicated, it will surely bring endless disaster!

With blue light flickering in his eyes, Yang Yan's world reverts to a monotone black and white.

Though Manhattan used Secret Techniques to mask his presence, his soul was crystal clear to Yang Yan's gaze.

"Come to me!"

Yang Yan stared at Manhattan's gradually retreating soul, letting out a deep growl.

Though his voice sounded strange in pitch, others didn't feel much about it.

But in the mind of fleeing Manhattan's soul, it sounded like a thunderclap exploding above, shaking his consciousness.

The previously near-invisible soul began to show shadow.

A tremendous sense of fear engulfed him, and his fleeing actions suddenly froze mid-air.

Yang Yan wasted no words, releasing a pure energy-condensed black chain from his hand.

Whew—

A breaking wind sound rang out as the chain instantly entangled the soul-state Manhattan like it had a mind.

"No!"

Feeling the chain's special oppressive force on the soul, Manhattan let out a defiant roar.

Of course, though desperate, he did not intend to sit and wait for doom, softly chanting a few cryptic Spells.

As he uttered the final syllable, the previously clear sky churned with dark clouds, making the world dim.

Amid the clouds, silver glimmers sparkled, and bursts of thunder resonated across the sky.

Boom!

Following that, several lightning bolts as thick as barrels struck from the sky.

Their target was the black chain released by Yang Yan.

Yet witnessing this spectacle left Yang Yan a bit speechless.

Manhattan had put in efforts on soul cultivation that exceeded Yang Yan's imagination.

The low growl he uttered earlier was a Secret Technique named Soul Suppressing Roar, a Dharma Gate of Zhengyi Dao for ghost subjugation.

Against ordinary enemies, it might not be very effective, but against spirits, it has extraordinary results.

Though it was merely a technique Yang Yan learned out of boredom, with his realm, its power matched that of a top-level Profound Sect Daoist.

Regardless, when he executed the Soul Suppressing Roar, Manhattan's soul not only received no substantial harm but could also mount a counterattack, which was rather baffling.

It must be acknowledged that compared to others of the same strength, Manhattan's soul intensity was far superior.

However, it's merely that.

Manhattan's summoned lightning not only failed to halt the chain's momentum but rather caused black light to surge on its surface when struck.

Boom!

A tremendous Devouring Power emerged, absorbing nearly all this electrical energy.

Though detailed, this complex process transpired within just one or two breaths.

The chain ignored the lightning bolts striking from above, traversed layers of space, wrapping Manhattan's soul tightly.

Despite all his efforts, his Soul Body remained immobile.

With a single-hand shake, Yang Yan drew the chain holding Manhattan's soul in an arc, swiftly gathering it before himself.

When the chain ceased retracting, Manhattan's Soul Body hovered right in front of Yang Yan.

"Impossible, impossible! How could I fail! How could it be possible..."

Staring at this youthful face so near, Manhattan's soul let out hysterical screams as if driven mad.

Sadly, Yang Yan gave him no more time to vent.

With a thought, the chain wrapped around Manhattan's soul flared with intense black light.

Ah—

Accompanied by a piercing, tragic scream, his soul rapidly dimmed visibly.

Yang Yan's eyes lit up, delighted and amazed simultaneously.

Chapter 1047: Objective Achieved

The black light on the chain is naturally the Devouring Power Yang Yan released in imitation of Demonic Qi.

Because the Devouring Power of Demonic Qi can devour various energies, Yang Yan had a sudden idea to try using this Devouring Power to absorb the soul of Manhattan.

Originally, he was just trying it out, never expecting it to succeed so effortlessly!

As Manhattan's soul was completely absorbed by the black light on the chain, Yang Yan felt a sense of exhilaration.

It wasn't just the thrill of having avenged his grievances; it was also closely tied to his absorption of Manhattan's soul.

Under a subtle sensation, the bottleneck that had not advanced for a long time surprisingly showed some slight loosening.

However, this progress had little to do with his own strength and reflected a level that even Yang Yan couldn't comprehend.

Though he couldn't understand the reason, he still had an inexplicable feeling that he had indeed made some progress in certain aspects.

"Devouring souls has such an effect?"

Yang Yan stood in mid-air, reminiscing over the subtle sensations from absorbing Manhattan's soul.

No matter how much he tried to recall, he couldn't grasp the taste of it and had to put it aside for now, planning to study it further after returning.

"Moonlight Emperor, sir!"

While Yang Yan was lost in thought, a crisp, melodious voice pulled him back to reality.

Turning around, he saw Alexia walking gracefully with bare feet.

Beside Yang Yan, Sanqian stood vigilantly in mid-air.

As for Yang Yan himself, he was in a dazed state.

Seeing Alexia approach, Sanqian immediately came to his side, acting as a guard.

By now, the battle above the Antula Clan's residence had completely concluded.

The remaining unknown Demon Monarch, with just Jing Hong alone, could still fight him to a draw.

With Ao Tian freeing up his hands and Alexia, the Flower Ring Bishop, joining in, the three of them together subdued him in only a few moves.

The Demon Soul was immediately sealed by Ao Tian in the same manner as the Nine Netherworld Abyss Demon Monarch.

The defeated Blazing Angels and Fallen Angels Legion, along with the descendants of Atlantis, without most of their main force, also didn't last long before being subdued.

This included Gabriel and Lucifer.

Of course, the descendants from Atlantis weren't so lucky.

The Nordic tribes harbored deep hatred against them.

More than two hundred Titled Powerhouses from the Andrew Temple showed no mercy, completely annihilating them without leaving a single one alive.

"If you're going to thank me, there's no need. I'm always happy to help."

Yang Yan came back to his senses, not paying much attention to the outcome of the battle below, and casually joked with Alexia.

"It's been a while, yet the Moonlight Emperor still speaks with such wit."

Alexia showed a hint of a smile, which, paired with her flawless face, looked exceptionally stunning.

"However," she suddenly changed her tone, "I'm not as optimistic as you, sir."

As her words fell, her smile gradually disappeared, returning to her usual frosty demeanor.

However, her eyes no longer held their former coldness but were filled with deep concern.

Yang Yan felt slightly disappointed.

In his eyes, Alexia was the epitome of a perfect Nordic woman.

With her personality, seeing her with such a smile was a rare occasion.

Nevertheless, his expression remained unchanged. Raising an eyebrow, he knowingly asked:

"Oh? Respected Flower Ring Bishop, what makes you say that?"

Alexia's worried eyes instantly turned serious as she slowly asked:

"Moonlight Emperor, sir, I hope you can honestly tell me the scale of the Demon Race's invasion this time..."

Before she could finish, Yang Yan directly replied:

"I don't know the specific scale either, but from what I understand, I'm prepared to die in battle."

Hearing this, Alexia was visibly taken aback and gave Yang Yan a deep look.

Evidently, she hadn't expected Yang Yan to have such plans.

Yang Yan chuckled lightly, speaking in a nonchalant tone:

"You heard what the Abyss Demon Monarch said earlier; they are merely a pathfinder for the Demon Race."

With that, he closed his mouth, not saying anything further.

His purpose had been achieved, and there was no need to say more.

The tragic experience of the Antula Clan was witnessed firsthand by Alexia.

Three Demon Monarchs, two of whom hadn't even fully restored their peak strength along with Manhattan, without Yang Yan's intervention, the hidden world powerhouse of Antula would have been wiped out.

Such an outcome left Alexia deeply shocked.

"I understand now!"

Alexia nodded slightly:

"Moonlight Emperor, sir, the Andrew Temple's final decision regarding the Demon Race will be communicated to you promptly once I return."

Yang Yan said no more, having done and said all that was needed. He believed the incident with the Antula Clan would soon spread across the Nordic and Western regions.

If even such an event couldn't make them feel the immense threat of the Demon Race invasion, Yang Yan could only let them face their own demise.

Of course, if possible, he wouldn't mind eliminating them entirely at an opportune moment.

War is brutal.

Who could guarantee that when the Demon Race descends, they wouldn't turn traitor like countless Manchattans?

Prevention is better than cure.

Yang Yan saw no reason to leave behind a potential disaster for the imminent human-demon war.

For the greater good, he wouldn't hesitate to play the role of an executioner or a supreme villain.

However, Alexia's attitude indicated things weren't as bleak as he imagined.

At the very least, there would soon be a response from the Nordic forces.

What remained was to see how the Western forces would respond.

As Yang Yan descended to the Antula Clan's residence, Jing Hong and others stood with three thousand eight hundred Titled Puppets before him.

Antula Dog and the current Clan Leader, Antura Bagu, respectfully approached with a long stream of gratitude.

Both had a deep sorrow in their eyes.

The Antula Clan suffered significant losses in this battle.

The top Titled Powerhouse, Antula Hiv, perished, along with the majority of the dozens of Titled Powerhouses in the clan, leaving the remaining ones injured.

The only consolation was that with Yang Yan and others joining the battle, the Antula Clan's residence escaped widespread attack and destruction.

The new generation left behind within had minimal casualties.

Though the Antula Clan might drop out of the top-tier powers in the future, the hopeful seeds they had would ensure they wouldn't decline to the point of having no successors.

One day, they still held the potential to rise again.

Having achieved his goal, Yang Yan wasn't planning to stay much longer.

The aftermath of the Antula Clan had to be dealt with by them.

He glanced in the direction of Ao Tian, who nodded back at him.

Without further ado, Yang Yan gestured to leave with the Ten Blades and three thousand eight hundred Titled Puppets.

Chapter 1048: United Front

"Moonlight Emperor, please stay!"

Just as Yang Yan was about to leave with his subordinates, Alexia's voice suddenly rang out, halting him in his tracks.

"What, is the Flower Ring Bishop planning to invite me to the Andrew Temple for a visit?"

Yang Yan asked with a smile.

Yang Yan naturally guessed her intentions, but he pretended to know nothing, continuing to play along with a laugh.

"If the Moon Emperor wishes to visit the temple, just let us know, we always welcome you. However, about that Space Origin..."

At this point, Alexia intentionally paused, her beautiful eyes fixed on Yang Yan.

"What thing??"

Yang Yan asked knowingly, feigning ignorance, spreading his hands and solemnly declaring:

"We came here entirely to emulate Lei Feng and help others without expecting anything in return."

"Do you know Lei Feng? He is a model for all Huaxia people to learn from!"

"As for that Space Origin you mentioned, we don't need it. You can keep it for yourselves!"

Antula Dog and Antula Bagu, standing nearby, were left dumbfounded, staring at Yang Yan in disbelief.

Antula Bagu opened his mouth to say something but was quickly stopped by Antula Dog's sharp intervention.

He even continuously gave signals for him to shut up.

Helpless, Antula Bagu had to swallow back the words that were about to escape his mouth.

At this moment, Ao Tian withdrew his fierce gaze that seemed capable of swallowing people from the two of them.

"But..."

Alexia wanted to say more.

"There's no but, Flower Ring Bishop, we're just this enthusiastic. If you truly want to thank me, come find me more often in your free time..."

Saying this, Yang Yan glanced guiltily at Zhuge Wushuang who was closest to him.

Noticing the latter's eyes narrowing like flying daggers, he hurriedly corrected himself guiltily:

"Forget it, you'd better not come looking for me!"

With that, he ignored Alexia's reaction, casually summoned a prepared Teleportation Array, and was the first to step into it.

The remaining people did not hesitate in the least and followed suit.

"Bishop Alexia, we already handed the Space Origin to the Ice Emperor earlier, they..."

After Yang Yan and the others left, Antula Bagu couldn't help but step forward.

"Let's just leave it, since both of those gentlemen are determined to have it, we can't stop them anyway."

"So let's just go along with it quietly, at least we can save some face."

Alexia sighed softly, offering comfort before he could finish.

In the villa, Yang Yan sat with one leg crossed over the other, his eyes narrowed, staring intently at the nearly transparent glowing orb floating mid-air, as if lost in thought.

This glowing orb was none other than the Space Origin.

Two days ago, after the battle with the Antula Clan, Ao Tian sealed the Demon Soul of the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch and immediately found Antula Bagu.

This fellow used the excuse of protecting the Space Origin to make them hand over the treasure to him.

At the time, the entire Antula Clan had just survived a close encounter with death and, fearful of more Demons appearing, handed it over to Ao Tian without much suspicion.

So the Space Origin naturally ended up in his hands.

"My king!"

Deep in thought, the Teleportation Array inside Yang Yan's study room flickered with a burst of light.

As the light dispersed, Fu Changjian stepped out, bowing respectfully to Yang Yan.

Returning from his thoughts, Yang Yan couldn't help but look at Fu Changjian helplessly, smiling wryly:

"Longsword, how many times have I told you, if there's nothing important, you don't need to be so formal. It makes me feel like a cold boss from a TV drama."

"Understood, my king!"

Fu Changjian bowed again.

"..."

Okay, Yang Yan completely had no way around him.

He helplessly rubbed his temples and changed the subject:

"So, what's the news from the Hidden World?"

Fu Changjian answered respectfully:

"Just now, representatives from various Northern European and Western forces have come over and formally announced their joining of the Demon Suppression Alliance."

"They have evidently reached a consensus to agree unanimously to follow our lead in the fight against the Demon Race."

Yang Yan nodded in satisfaction, indicating he understood.

This outcome wasn't too surprising to him; in fact, it was entirely within his expectations.

In the past two days, news of the Antula Clan being attacked by the Demon Race had already spread across the Hidden World, causing significant tremors.

After all, just three Demon Monarchs, not even at their peak, almost annihilated the Antula Clan, which was considered one of the top-tier forces - this piece of news was undeniably shocking.

From the information remaining from the Ancient Human-Demon War, Demon Monarchs were not even considered truly high-ranking in the Demon Race.

Above them were the Demon Emperor and the legendary Demon God and Demon Mother.

They were truly the elite combat power amongst the Demons.

Yet, such three seemingly not very strong Demon Monarchs almost wiped out the Antula Clan.

Now, even if they had been hit on the head, they would now feel the unprecedented tremendous threat from the Demon Race.

Thus, with Northern Europe's call from the Andrew Temple and the West's call from the Holy Hall, choosing to unify stand with the Demon Suppression Alliance was completely logical.

At this point, no one believed that either side had the strength to single-handedly take on the incoming Demon Race.

"Is there still no news from those four?"

After understanding the progress of alliances among various Hidden World forces, Yang Yan turned to Fu Changjian for further information.

The latter shook his head and responded earnestly:

"Since the news of the Demon Race's emergence, we have not received any information about them."

"The most recent news predates the Demon Race's appearance two months ago, where one of them seemed to have been sighted once in the Ghostly Abyss."

"Hmm?"

Yang Yan furrowed his brow once more upon hearing this, murmuring to himself or querying Fu Changjian:

"Isn't that the place sealed with that thing? Why go there for no reason?"

Fu Changjian, being mindful, quickly grasped Yang Yan's hidden meaning, knitting his brows with doubt:

"My king, are you suspecting there's a connection between him and the Demon Race?"

Yang Yan exhaled, gently shaking his head:

"For now, I'm just speculating randomly; the real situation still requires a personal visit to confirm."

"I hope I'm overthinking it! Otherwise, with the current situation, we're too passive dealing with both internal and external troubles."

Beyond the domain, within a certain spatial area.

Looking around, the silent yet tumultuous red-brown ground stretches on with undulating, barren, black mountain ranges.

"Boom boom boom!"

Several violent roars shattered the space's stillness.

In a split second, at the peaks of several black mountains, scorching pillars of fiery magma shot into the sky.

Chapter 1049: Demon God?

Soon, the columns of lava that had soared into the air lost their momentum and began to plummet swiftly.

And, in the process of rapid descent, they started to rapidly disperse.

From a distance, it looked just like bright fireworks.

While beautiful, it was filled with a destructive, scorching aura.

Finally, the lava crashed onto the reddish-brown earth, beginning to spread in all directions.

In an instant, it was as if the reddish-brown earth had been draped with a coat of brilliant colors.

"Roar, roar!"

Before the sound of the volcanic eruption faded, a great roar arose in this space.

At the edge of the earth, countless enormous, oddly-shaped black creatures unleashed furious roars, surging forth like a tide.

They were like mindless beasts, frenziedly engaged in chaotic battle.

Sharp claws, bone spikes, mouths filled with sharp, white teeth...

With these innate weapons, the scene of the melee was particularly blood-soaked.

For a moment, in this once silent space, smoke filled the air and everything was in turmoil.

The volcano still glowing red, flowing lava everywhere, as severed limbs and splashes of black-red blood from the creatures' fierce combat painted a bizarre picture.

In this vast space, such scenes were ubiquitous.

The entire space was filled with an aura of destruction and death.

The only exception was at the very center of this space.

Here, upon several gigantic mountain ranges, stood a colossal, rough structure that was staggering in size.

From a distance, it looked like several giants knelt, arduously lifting the structure.

However, in this space filled with primitive slaughter and barbarism, to witness a structure that symbolized civilization was truly surprising.

Even though it looked exceedingly rough.

Built purely from whole blocks of obsidian, its grandeur couldn't even compete with the most rudimentary medieval European castles.

Outside this rough, gigantic fortress, although there were strange creatures scattered all over the land, they did not descend into chaotic slaughter.

They appeared more like sentries of the fortress, patrolling in a well-ordered manner along the inside and outside of the fortress.

Inside the fortress, within the core grand hall, a gigantic figure shrouded entirely in black armor sat atop the obsidian throne at the highest point of the hall.

And below the hall stood a line of strange creatures covered with black scales and white bone spikes all over their bodies.

If Yang Yan were here, he would find that they were all members of the Demon Race, with the lowest being Demon Monarch level!

"Did Nine Netherworld fail?"

The gigantic figure on the highest throne suddenly spoke with a voice akin to a roar, causing the entire grand hall to violently tremble.

His tone didn't reveal any anger, but the sheer volume of his voice gave the impression of rolling thunder exploding.

"How could it be! Just a few days ago, he sent word that his lost power was restored to peak condition."

"That guy's strength is barely sufficient, yet how could he fail against a group of inept humans?"

Below the hall, a considerably shorter Demon compared to other Demon Monarchs couldn't help but speak out.

Judging by the timbre, this Demon surprisingly spoke with a slightly hoarse female voice.

"My child, our nobility is beyond question, but never underestimate those small-sized humans."

"Although most of them are weak and cowardly beings, there are some among them who are extraordinarily talented and gifted."

"Otherwise, Bahoridton would not still be sealed within their realm to this day."

Previously speaking, the female Demon quickly lowered her head to the figure on the throne, her voice filled with utmost respect, saying:

"Father's teachings are very true, I shall remember them firmly."

"However, with Nine Netherworld's plan failing, our arrival time has to be significantly delayed."

"Should we inform Manhattan to find a way for a Demon Emperor to descend, after all that thing..."

"No! Absolutely not!"

The figure on the high seat raised a thick arm, interrupting:

"Before the Heavenly Dao Barrier of that world is broken, using Manhattan's method to pass through it will result in more than half of the power being weakened."

"The stronger one's power, the greater the weakening force suffered."

"Even if I descend, my power will be severely diminished, and the commotion will be considerable."

"If it draws the humans' attention, it will fall into peril and might repeat Bahoridton's fate."

"Though the Demon Race has lost thousands of Demon Monarchs, it cannot afford to risk a Demon Emperor for this. It's a foolish act with no benefit."

After a brief silence, a slightly hoarse voice rose again:

"Great Demon God, what should we do now?"

The Demon God snorted coldly, saying faintly:

"Rest assured, rapidly passing through the Heavenly Dao Barrier is not solely dependent on obtaining the Space Origin."

"Among the humans, I have placed a piece, his strength is not bad, and should not disappoint me."

Upon hearing this, the eyes of all the Demons present brightened.

Even the Demon God himself praised the strength as not bad, so it must certainly be significant.

With inside and outside cooperation, this matter is essentially a surefire success.

"Wise is the Demon God!"

When the figure on the throne finished speaking, all the Demons simultaneously bowed, proclaiming in unison.

Hidden World, Ghostly Abyss, ranked as the premier forbidden land.

Located at the easternmost frontier, lodged between Hidden World's largest mountain ranges, Hong Mountain and Desolate Mountain.

Originally, there was only one mountain range, known as the Primordial Mountain Range.

Various magical herbs and ancient trees grew wantonly upon this mountain range.

From all over the world, countless people came attracted by its fame, and at the time, the Primordial Mountain Range could be said to be the sacred ground for the entire human race.

But that was before the Great War between humans and demons; after that earth-shattering battle concluded, the Primordial Mountain Range became as it is now.

The final act of the Great War was concluded here, with countless Demons and humans perishing in this place.

All flora and fauna on the mountain range were reduced to ashes in the massive battle.

Subsequently, this once verdant mountain range of lush herbs and ancient trees, aside from the visible countless white bones, was a barren field of shattered cliffs and scattered rocks, barren for years.

Moreover, this enormous mountain range was split into two during the confrontation of Emperor Yan and Emperor Huang against the Demon God of the Demon Race.

And the Ghostly Abyss is the cleft that was split open.

Back then, it is unclear what kind of power Flame Emperor and Yellow Emperor wielded, but with a joint strike, they opened this chasm.

Thousands of meters wide, not to mention, with a depth that seemingly has no bottom.

Looking down from above, you can faintly see the flow of lava, yet it remains bottomless.

Chapter 1050: Ghostly Abyss, the Golden-robed Figure, and the Mysterious Cube

No one has ever reported just how deep this chasm abyss truly is over the years.

Among them are also curious individuals who have attempted to venture down and uncover its mysteries.

Unfortunately, these explorers either never surfaced again or emerged severely injured and in disarray.

According to the accounts of those who managed to escape, they hadn't even reached the deepest layer before encountering endless ghosts and grievances, along with whistling Yin Wind that could slice through flesh and bone.

Hence, this bottomless chasm is known as Ghostly Abyss by those in the Hidden World.

The meaning is that even ghosts entering this abyss would be so terrified they'd weep.

It's believed the peculiar phenomena of this chasm arose from the final battle of the Human Demon war having taken place here.

The two races suffered countless casualties, naturally generating overwhelming resentment and numerous grievances.

To avoid sunlight, they all gathered in the abyss.

However, most people don't know that Ghostly Abyss harbors an ancient secret.

The Demon God who once led Demon Race invasions wasn't slain by Flame Emperor and Yellow Emperor, but merely sealed within this abyss.

Those privy to this secret are none but the high ranks of the major powers in Hidden World.

They do hold the capability to ascend to the depth of the abyss.

Yet they would never be so idle as to venture into such a place for a thrill.

As time passed, Ghostly Abyss was gradually declared the most dangerous forbidden land by the Hidden World populace.

Thus, throughout the sprawling Primordial Mountain Range, not a soul was seen for years.

At this moment, at the bottom of the abyss, a figure clad in golden robes, face covered by a golden mask, slowly ascended the stairs made of unknown materials.

At the top of the stairs, a massive golden cubic box quietly floated in midair.

In the pitch-black space, it emitted faint glimmers of light.

The golden-robed figure finally completed the ascent, standing at the edge of the platform.

He raised his head to gaze at the cubic box suspended in midair through the twin holes in his mask.

Focus unwavering, staring at the box's surface covered in a myriad of strange script.

The golden-robed figure's bizarre behavior continued for an entire day.

Eventually, his body gradually floated up, aligning with the cube.

Yet the box was so massive, his body compared to it was merely a speck of rice, insignificant.

"Huff!"

After a long silence, it's as if he resolved something, raising his hand to point a finger intending to touch the surface of the cubic box.

However, before he could approach, a golden light screen suddenly flashed from the box, blocking the golden-robed figure's hand.

The golden-robed figure's eyes flickered, promptly narrowing, and a red light like blood emerged at his fingertips, seemingly wanting to forcibly penetrate the light screen on the box.

But before he exerted force, the golden light on the screen surged, a power unmatched in its might instantly transmitted from his finger.

The expression on the golden-robed man's face under the mask abruptly changed, wanting to withdraw his finger swiftly, yet already too late.

That force, in the blink of an eye, broke his finger.

The sight of the clotted blood and exposed bone fragments at the broken finger was gut-wrenching.

However, the matter didn't end there.

The force flung by the light screen's power continued unabated, ultimately colliding with the golden-robed man's body.

"Ah!"

The golden-robed man let out a muffled grunt, his body instantly knocked backward, crashing hard onto the stairs with several rolls.

Rising once again, beneath the mask, blood-bathed pearls flowed, evidently severely injured.

"So, indeed it doesn't work?"

The golden-robed man was unfazed, muttering to himself, then shook his robes, wavering to stand on his feet once more.

The originally broken bone at the finger surprisingly sprouted anew as if rejuvenated from Sinking Sand.

Blood vessels wrapped around the growing bone quickly.

In no time at all, his broken finger restored to its perfect state.

Apparently having learned nothing from earlier, he took a deep breath, approaching the gigantic cubic box again.

This time, he wasn't as reckless, instead he lifted his hand and took off the golden mask from his face.

With the mask removed, his appearance came into view.

What astonished was the face beneath the mask, seemingly just around twenty years old.

Skin fair enough to evoke envy in women.

A high nose bridge, red lips, white teeth...

With looks such as this, if placed in the present world, he could effortlessly overshadow every handsome young star, eliciting shrill cheers from countless young maiden fans.

The only blemish was on the center of his forehead, a crevice resembling a scar, with slight protrusion along the mark.

Giving an impression akin to that cursing phrase often uttered—

Head has a lump...

"Open!"

The golden-robed youth's face tensed, his throat emitting a deep raspy voice incompatible with his youthful appearance.

As his voice fell, the bulging spot on his forehead stirred.

The crack gradually widened before the eyes.

Once fully parted, what lay within was revealed—a pure black eyeball.

The eye was interwoven with seemingly chaotic lines.

Upon closer inspection, these lines formed a peculiar pattern.

"My ancestor, you've suffered in this place!"

The golden-robed youth's face grew pallid as his third eye opened.

Seemingly spending considerable force opening this eye.

Yet, nonetheless, a faint smile graced his lips...

"Lord, we are approaching the Primordial Mountain Range!"

A thousand miles away from the Primordial Mountain Range, Yang Yan and Jing Hong floated in midair, gazing ahead.

Before their gaze, the sprawling Primordial Mountain Range extended fully into view.

On closer examination, a small notch lay at the mountain's center.

That was precisely Ghostly Abyss.

Yang Yan nodded solemnly.

This wasn't his first glance at Hidden World's vastest mountain range.

Upon viewing again, his heart felt equal awe for its enormity.

Regrettably, as conveyed through legends, prior to the Human Demon war occurring during Ancient Times, it was a sanctuary for all humankind.

Rare herbs and precious trees were once abundant everywhere, now only bare bones and stones remain, barren, desolate indeed.

After a quick wistful reflection, a brilliant blue light surged in Yang Yan's eyes, transforming his view from the visually perceived world vastly.

Jing Hong at his side stood silently, abstaining from disturbance.

After several seconds, the blue light in Yang Yan's gaze faded.

His eyes reverted to normal, frowning deeply.

"Lord, did you discover something?"

Seeing as such, Jing Hong couldn't help but inquire.

Yang Yan shook his head, a touch of disappointment in his demeanor:

"No, a formidable force at the mountain range's center blocks insight, without entering I can discern nothing."

"Let's proceed inside and investigate further. Risks abound here, utmost caution is imperative!"