

Powerful 1051

Chapter 1051: Dragon?

After Yang Yan finished speaking, he and Jing Hong didn't linger and quickly headed toward the gap in the Primordial Mountain Range.

A distance of a thousand miles was not far for the two of them.

In no time at all, they appeared above the mouth of the abyss.

Without saying a word, the two of them began to descend straight down into the abyss.

Although Yang Yan had been to the Primordial Mountain Range, he had never entered the Ghostly Abyss, the foremost forbidden area of the Hidden World.

As they descended, looking at the smooth walls on both sides, as if polished, he couldn't help but marvel:

"The Flame Emperor and Yellow Emperor's abilities are truly like the work of gods."

Jing Hong had a similar state, with a look of astonishment in his eyes.

To open a ravine in a mountain range stretching thousands of miles might not require too much strength.

As long as you have enough time and the spirit of moving mountains, you can eventually achieve it.

But if you want to achieve this with just a single blow, looking at the entire Hidden World, he admitted that no one could do it now.

Including Yang Yan.

Moreover, this is without considering the depth of the Ghostly Abyss.

Even though they had never been here, the dangers of the Ghostly Abyss were famous in the Hidden World.

Yang Yan and Jing Hong had heard about it.

Once they descended to a certain height, they carefully drew their weapons, their spiritual senses maximized to the fullest extent.

However, after descending for the time of a stick of incense, there was nothing abnormal except for the howling wind around them.

This couldn't help but make them puzzled.

The two of them couldn't help but wonder in their hearts if all the legends about the Ghostly Abyss were just made up by bored people.

It was indeed possible.

After all, such absolute forbidden areas often give rise to strange and bizarre legends.

Just as they were puzzled and confused, the surrounding air suddenly turned icy cold.

Faintly, it carried a dense evil qi, almost tangible.

Whoosh—

The surrounding wind suddenly grew fiercer.

Great swathes of Yin Evil Qi engulfed them overwhelmingly.

"Your Majesty!"

In the sudden crisis, Jing Hong, regardless of his own safety, flashed directly in front of Yang Yan, just in time to collide head-on with the storm howling toward him.

"No need to panic, it's just a bit of yin wind."

Yang Yan, however, didn't seem too concerned, smiling as he comforted.

To him, the power of these winds surrounding him was too small.

At least at this level, they posed no threat.

"Your Majesty, there's a change below!"

Jing Hong split the evil wind with a single sword, but at this moment, there was another sudden change beneath his feet!

"Roar!"

A white sound wave shot upward through the layers of air at a speed beyond the naked eye.

Even the space trembled slightly under this force.

Yang Yan lightly tapped his foot, his face finally changing.

He intended to avoid this sound wave, but found it was too late.

Yang Yan and Jing Hong were instantly enveloped by the white sound wave.

Their ears went deaf almost immediately, even their brains were violently impacted.

"A dragon?"

Yang Yan, feeling discomfort but still forcing his eyes open to look below.

When he saw a clumsy creature with dragon horns spiraling below him, he called out, unsure.

It was a Western Giant Dragon with two enormous leathery wings.

Entirely black, its four sharp claws reflected cold gleams under the light.

"How dare you!"

While Yang Yan was still hovering mid-air, Jing Hong couldn't restrain himself anymore.

With a swish, he turned into a swift lightning bolt plunging downward.

Clang!

Yang Yan saw clearly from his angle, Jing Hong's full-force sword strike was extremely tricky but was blocked by the scales on the western evil dragon!

"So fast, that really surprises me!"

Startled by his failed strike, Jing Hong retreated backward using the recoil.

At this time, a man's voice followed, filled with mockery in its tone.

"Where is this faceless man from? Lost your head along with your face?"

Yang Yan's gaze locked tightly on the dragon's head, shouting sternly.

There, a man dressed in a black windbreaker with a golden mask suddenly appeared atop the dragon's head.

Yang Yan was sure, this wasn't some instant teleportation trick, but that this man had been sitting on the dragon all along.

Somehow, Yang Yan and Jing Hong hadn't noticed it at first.

An opponent like this absolutely demanded caution!

Both Yang Yan and Jing Hong instinctively became vigilant.

However, Yang Yan's blunt rebuke did not anger his opponent, the golden-masked man instead laughed heartily:

"Moonlight Emperor? I've heard of your methods long before, and today meeting you, it's indeed under a true reputation, quite impressive!"

"Can't deny that your strength is praiseworthy, worthy of being a dragon among men."

"But forgive my bluntness, today you truly have bad luck, this will be your final resting place!"

Before he finished speaking, the gigantic black dragon, as if sensing its master's mind, flapped its huge wings forcefully.

Whoosh!

An even stronger storm instantly formed, rushing toward Yang Yan and the others.

Yang Yan's expression turned cold, his slender fingers seemed to grasp something.

Soon starlight burst forth, the starry night, appearing out of thin air, trembled violently in Yang Yan's hands, emitting a blinding radiance.

"Azure Vault Technique – Shattering Heaven!"

With Yang Yan's furious roar, a gigantic, terrifying blue sword aura descended, exhibiting heaven-defying might, as if tearing the space apart.

"What?"

The golden-masked man who calmly sat on the dragon a moment ago suddenly stood up in shock.

Facing Yang Yan's sword aura, a fear rapidly spread in his heart.

He knew, this was definitely a strike that threatened his life and soul!

Without any hesitation, the giant dragon with its massive body moved away with unexpectedly agile speed.

In a flash, though in an extremely awkward state, he narrowly dodged Yang Yan's strike using absolute speed and quick reflexes.

"Alien, die!"

At this moment, Jing Hong seemed completely infuriated by the opponent.

After all, his full-force strike couldn't even break the dragon's defenses, blatantly humiliating him!

"Jing Hong!"

At the critical moment, Yang Yan forcefully halted his subsequent actions.

"Your Majesty!"

Jing Hong instantly stopped his movement at Yang Yan's command.

Then he sheathed his sword, respectfully appearing behind Yang Yan.

Chapter 1052: Masked Man? Woman?

"This thing isn't something you can handle."

Yang Yan looked at him calmly, offering a brief explanation.

Then he turned back, his gaze fixed straight ahead.

Two hundred meters directly in front of him, a black giant dragon flapped its wings, white dragon breath spewing from its mouth.

The dragon seemed somewhat apprehensive, still catching its breath.

"Tell me, who are you?"

Yang Yan slightly raised his head, a hint of disdain on his face as he looked at the man sitting atop the dragon head.

A black cloak, a golden mask...

He even had a powerful giant dragon as an ally.

Yang Yan had never heard of such a person existing before.

"Who am I? You're not worthy of knowing!"

The man spoke, his right hand clawing slightly in the void, and suddenly a ball of black flame leaped in his palm.

"Demon Flame!"

The knowledgeable Jing Hong almost exclaimed instantly.

Indeed!

That black flame was none other than the Demon Flame Yang Yan was all too familiar with!

Yang Yan's teeth parted slightly.

Upon seeing this Demon Flame, he let out a disdainful cold laugh:

"So it's someone from the Demon Race! But I should have guessed earlier, the ones sealed here are you demons!"

"So what?"

Yang Yan's words seemed to provoke the man.

He suddenly became agitated, his left hand also grasping in the void.

Whoosh...

The next moment, a dazzling fiery red flame appeared from nowhere, blazing fiercely.

"Boom!"

"Boom!"

The man simultaneously flung the Demon Flame from both hands towards Yang Yan.

What was terrifying was that these flames swelled with the wind, quickly forming a ferocious wall of fire!

The left and right Demon Flames almost completely blocked Yang Yan's way out.

It was clear that after unleashing such powerful Demon Flames, the masked man was somewhat weakened.

He swayed slightly, then suddenly raised his head, looking sharply at Yang Yan.

As Yang Yan was about to be engulfed by the two Demon Flames, the man laughed coldly.

"My king!"

Jing Hong attempted to rush in front of Yang Yan to help block them, but Yang Yan merely waved him off.

At the same time, Yang Yan stood his ground with no intention of dodging.

Demon Flame, Yang Yan was already very familiar with this stuff.

Powerful, and controlled by the mind of the initiator from the Demon Race, the speed wasn't slow either.

Being surrounded by two Demon Flames, dodging might not be the best choice.

Moreover, in this vast world, who had Yang Yan ever feared?

As the two Demon Flames turned into a web of fire, nearing Yang Yan, he suddenly smiled at the man atop the dragon.

The smile made the man shiver.

Yang Yan's lips moved slightly, as if talking to himself.

"Since this move was created because of you, then let it be named after you!"

"This move shall be called — Half Moon Slash!"

In such a critical moment, Yang Yan actually comprehended a new sword technique!

The mysterious energy in the world suddenly mobilized, as winds and clouds surged.

Even the murky air was stirred, strong currents began pressing forward from Yang Yan's location.

Being Yang Yan's target, the man opposite had no idea how much pressure he was under.

His heart began to fill with fear, his body trembling violently!

Boom!

With a loud crash, the two Demon Flames were dispelled before they could touch Yang Yan.

As Yang Yan struck down, the sky and earth underwent huge changes, violent storms began to sweep towards the man.

When Star Night in Yang Yan's hand slashed down, a curved Sword Aura directly cleaved towards the man.

The speed of this slash had already broken the sonic speed!

"No! Damn it!"

The man with the golden mask couldn't help but scream sharply.

His right hand lifted as he suddenly removed the mask from his face, revealing two eyes burning with light.

"Open!"

As the man yelled, the flesh seam on his forehead suddenly opened.

With the curved Sword Aura about to reach him, almost slicing him in half, at this critical juncture, a pure white light surged from the seam on his forehead to meet it.

Bang!

Yang Yan stood where he was, only seeing the space in front of the man take on a swirl of smoke and dust, his Sword Aura forcibly dismantled by an external force.

Rumble!

Like the explosion of dynamic explosive, the huge sound caused the space to shake violently.

However, after all the smoke cleared, Yang Yan looked at the intact man in front of him, finally showing a hint of interest in his eyes.

Star Night was held in Yang Yan's right hand, cutting through the void twice.

His gaze seemed focused on the sword shining with radiant light, a look of appreciation on his face.

"Are you a demon forced in from outside the domain, or a demon unsealed from this realm?"

The milky white light transformed into a thin barrier standing in front of the man.

At this moment, he had removed the mask, revealing a stunningly beautiful face.

This turned out to be a woman, or at least appeared to be a woman.

But Yang Yan was not entirely sure.

Because apart from her face, he couldn't see any other female characteristics.

After she held the golden mask, the woman stared directly at Yang Yan and cursed angrily:

"Moonlight, you won't stop me!"

The voice no longer husky and male, but clear and crisp.

It echoed in the abyss-like Ghostly Abyss, a melodious sound like the laughter of a Hundred Spirits bird.

Hearing the woman speak this way, Yang Yan suddenly laughed.

He raised his eyebrows, glancing at Jing Hong beside him.

Jing Hong still held his sword, ready to charge at Yang Yan's command.

After Yang Yan glanced at him, he immediately sheathed his sword and stepped back, obediently standing behind Yang Yan.

However, as Jing Hong retreated, he muttered reluctantly under his breath:

"Just a demoness."

Yang Yan chuckled softly, turning to the woman:

"You still haven't answered my question, what exactly is your identity?"

It seemed the woman was struggling to keep the third eye on her forehead open.

As Yang Yan made no further moves, she immediately retreated dozens of meters.

The third eye also closed as a result.

The next moment, the white light barrier vanished.

"My name is Jade Demon!"

Standing still, the woman warily watched Yang Yan, finally revealing her name.

"Jade Demon? Are you from the Demon Race from outside the domain? How did they send you in? Too weak!"

Saying this, Yang Yan lightly tapped his foot in the void, slowly approaching the demon beauty called Jade Demon.

This demon indeed seemed weak in Yang Yan's eyes.

If it weren't for that Evil Dragon constantly circling her, constantly locking onto him, Yang Yan would've already struck.

"I'm not from outside the domain!"

Seeing Yang Yan approaching persistently, the demon beauty found herself with no way to retreat and could only grit her teeth and speak.

Chapter 1053: Ink Dragon! Kill Him! For the Demon God!

"Is this serpent yours?"

Yang Yan walked steadily, with a distance of only about twenty meters between them.

For both parties, this was merely the blink of an eye away.

"Roar!"

The Evil Dragon clearly heard Yang Yan's disdain, its dragon eyes widened, rudely issuing a warning roar at Yang Yan.

"Noisy!"

Yang Yan's eyes turned cold, as he flipped his hand and slashed Star Night towards that area!

Whoosh—

The piercing Sword Qi cut through the air, creating a deafening screech.

"Ow!"

The slash struck the Evil Dragon, causing it to lift its head and howl in agony.

A bloody wound appeared directly on the Evil Dragon's massive body.

The fresh flesh rolled to both sides, a sight that was truly shocking.

"This is the Ink Dragon guarding the Ghostly Abyss!"

Seeing the Evil Dragon injured, Jade Demon's eyes looked as if they would burst, glaring fiercely at Yang Yan.

However, aside from glaring at Yang Yan in anger, she dared not make any other move.

"One guards the seal, while the other tries to break it, the Demon Race truly is stubborn!"

Yang Yan snorted coldly, looking disdainfully as he continued:

"The Demon God sealed here will never be released by you. If you don't want to die, you'd better get lost!"

Yang Yan could naturally see that the person and dragon each had their own methods.

At the very least, dealing with them alone would consume more effort.

So he chose to let them off the hook.

To be honest, Yang Yan is decisive in killing and not someone soft-hearted.

Upon hearing Yang Yan's words, Jade Demon's face immediately changed.

Though she said nothing, her face showed an extremely angry expression.

"Demon Eye's Permanence, protect my god! Open!"

After Jade Demon's shout, the third eye on her forehead opened once again.

This time, however, the energy it emitted was stronger than before.

Even Yang Yan was somewhat surprised.

Driven by sixth sense, he instinctively guarded Jing Hong and quickly retreated, unwilling to confront it head-on.

An absolute killer move!

Even Jade Demon struggled to use it.

Her beautiful face twisted in pain, vaguely revealing aspects unique to the Demon Race.

Yet, the third eye continued to open.

"Forbidden Technique—Soul-Draining Technique!"

No strange phenomenon occurred, or rather, Yang Yan and Jing Hong couldn't see any changes.

But they could both feel the terrifying power it contained.

Like an invisible suppression, it quickly enveloped them, and its power was continuously rising.

"Ah!"

While Yang Yan was fending for himself, Jing Hong suddenly let out a piercing scream, clutching his head and howling in pain.

"Jing Hong!"

Yang Yan grew anxious.

Right then, a spiritual level attack hit his soul.

"Damn it..."

Yang Yan's hand reaching for Jing Hong abruptly stopped, painfully squeezing out two words through clenched teeth.

It was the feeling of his soul being bitten by thousands of ants.

Pain to the depths of the soul!

Moreover, there seemed to be countless invisible hands desperately pulling at his soul.

The stance appeared as if it wouldn't rest until Yang Yan's soul was pulled out of his body!

The endless pain, coupled with the soul being violently torn, would have rendered an average Titled Powerhouse utterly defenseless, completely at their mercy.

However, this wasn't the end.

While Yang Yan resisted the outside force through great pain, his vision suddenly blacked out.

A pair of claws blocking sunlight descended, and darkness fell at that moment!

Next, a glowing claw, carrying whistling winds, swept horizontally towards Yang Yan.

"My lord!"

Jing Hong barely opened his eyes, witnessed this scene, and almost roared with rage.

He lifted his sword, wanting to rush forward, only to find his body had lost strength.

"No problem!"

Yang Yan briskly uttered two words.

It seemed his situation wasn't too dire.

However, those familiar with him like Jing Hong knew Yang Yan was just toughing it out.

"A mere serpent wants to hurt me? Today I tell you, no matter what situation I'm in, you won't possibly harm me!"

As Yang Yan finished speaking, he lifted Star Night with his right hand and suddenly soared into the sky.

Star Night seemed to feel its master's burning fury, emanating endless chilling light, illuminating the surrounding space.

"Whimper!"

Seeing Yang Yan able to attack even in this situation, the Evil Dragon shrank back in fright, abandoning its attack and retreating far away.

The power of Yang Yan's sword still made it fearful, daring not to challenge its edge.

"Ink Dragon!"

Seeing the Evil Dragon retreat, Jade Demon couldn't help but shout in anger.

Simultaneously, the third eye's beam intensified, clearly increasing output.

The spiritual level attack strengthened again, making Yang Yan writhe in pain.

While he desperately maintained himself hovering in the air, preventing himself from falling into the abyss, a glow suddenly rippled from his body.

A warmth from his chest expanded rapidly throughout his body under conscious control after Yang Yan noticed it.

"This... Sacred Artifact?"

Seeing Yang Yan's body enveloped by an unknown glow, Jade Demon exclaimed in disbelief.

Her long, narrow eyes filled with incredulity.

The spiritual attack from her third eye was unexpectedly and forcibly blocked by this glow, unable to advance further on Yang Yan!

It's known she's a Jade Demon in the Demon Race!

Jade Demon symbolizes more than just her name within the Demon Race.

"How could you have a Sacred Artifact? How possible! Sacred Artifacts haven't appeared in countless millennia!"

Jade Demon stared at Yang Yan in horror.

At that moment, his chest manifested a seemingly plain yet suffocatingly radiant token.

Even as powerful as Jade Demon's third eye, showed signs of closing at that time!

"Sacred Artifact?"

Yang Yan glanced at Jade Demon, then at the token floating before him.

Yang Yan had recovered, knowing it was thanks to the token.

As for the token, engraved on it were three words—Star-Picking Palace.

It was the token the elder in that mysterious space forced him to recognize earlier?

Yang Yan recalled the elder mentioned it was the core disciple token of Star-Picking Palace.

Initially, he treated it as an ordinary badge and didn't pay much attention.

As for recognizing ownership, it was to appease that elder.

But unexpectedly, this token had such uses!

"Ink Dragon! Kill him! For the Demon God!"

Finally unable to hold her composure, Jade Demon shouted breathlessly.

Chapter 1054: Explode!

All her strongest methods had been used, yet Yang Yan successfully countered them. The Jade Demon felt very reluctant.

Even though she knew Yang Yan was powerful and now had the Sacred Artifact for protection, she had to fight desperately for her belief and mission!

The Evil Dragon heard of the Demon God and finally stopped being timid, roaring loudly and flapping its massive wings as it charged at Yang Yan.

At this moment, Jing Hong had escaped his predicament thanks to the Jade Demon's withdrawal.

Just as he regained his composure, he discovered the Evil Dragon flying towards him, and immediately became incensed.

Already burning with anger and nowhere to vent it, he decisively struck with lethal force.

Jing Hong flew forward to meet it, his longsword aimed directly at the dragon's enormous eyes.

Seeing the Ink Dragon charging forward, the Jade Demon hesitated no longer and suddenly turned, rushing towards the depths of the abyss.

What does she intend to do?

Suicide?

Definitely not!

"Jing Hong, just hold off this little snake until I return!"

Yang Yan instructed, without waiting for Jing Hong's reply, immediately turned into a shadow and leapt into the abyss.

"Yes, my king!"

Jing Hong responded.

The Evil Dragon growled furiously again, trying to shake off Jing Hong and pursue Yang Yan.

A silver Sword Aura barely slashed across its face, causing the dragon to instantly halt.

Jing Hong held his sword and stared at the dragon, saying nothing.

But the message was clear:

If you wish to chase Yang Yan, you'll have to step over his dead body!

Roar!

The Evil Dragon felt a great insult and let out a furious howl, its wings flapping as it launched a storm-like attack on Jing Hong.

For the time being, the battle on the abyssal surface, no matter how fierce, shall not be discussed.

Meanwhile, Yang Yan and the Jade Demon had already descended to a place untouched by the aftermath of the battle.

Below was an endless depth, shrouded in infinite darkness.

After descending about more than two thousand meters, the Jade Demon suddenly halted.

She raised her head to look unhappily at Yang Yan, who refused to let go. Her third eye opened again, shooting out a white beam.

Yang Yan had no doubt about the power of this attack.

He frowned, dodging swiftly.

The Jade Demon didn't expect this attack to hurt Yang Yan.

She merely wanted to delay him for a moment.

As Yang Yan dodged the attack, the Jade Demon flashed and suddenly disappeared right in front of him.

"Boom!"

The dodged white beam struck the mountain wall behind Yang Yan, shattering countless stones to gravel and pulling them downwards with gravity.

"Still running?"

Yang Yan was disbelief, instantly moving to the last location where the Jade Demon disappeared.

The abyss was full of darkness, only when looking upward did he see a faint glimmer at the entrance.

Even with his vision, Yang Yan could only see three to four meters ahead.

Beyond that, everything was blurry.

He relied entirely on spiritual sense to chase the Jade Demon.

Though he couldn't see her destination, Yang Yan could still sense her rapidly distancing herself from him.

It wasn't downward, so that means...

Yang Yan squinted slightly, gripping Star Night as he swung his sword with a backhand!

The terrifying Sword Aura sliced into the mountain wall ahead, creating a bright spark that illuminated the scene.

Finally, Yang Yan could see the view before him.

Six or seven meters below Yang Yan's hovering position, there was a large protruding rock.

Beneath the rock, there was a deep black hole.

The hole gave off a sense of extreme danger.

Yang Yan involuntarily blinked, shivering slightly.

Then, with a self-mocking chuckle, he moved and transformed into a flash of lightning, darting inside.

No one in this world yet born can frighten Yang Yan!

Even if it's a mountain of knives or a sea of flames, he would charge in for sure.

"Bang!"

To Yang Yan's surprise, as soon as he entered, he slammed headfirst into a wall.

Yet when he probed with his Spiritual Sense earlier, he hadn't felt its presence at all!

Looking closely now, he realized.

This wasn't a wall, it was a barrier deliberately left by the Jade Demon!

That the barrier could evade his perception indeed surprised Yang Yan.

Raising an eyebrow, Yang Yan shattered the barrier with a punch and raced into the mountain path.

By now, he roughly knew what this place was.

In the cold environment, thin demonic qi occasionally brushed past Yang Yan.

Though sparse, these demonic qi were incredibly pure.

At least, those Demon Monarchs among the Demon Race couldn't compare.

This suggested there was definitely a demonic entity here.

What demon could make the Jade Demon so anxious?

Other than the Demon Race Demigod sealed by Emperor Yan and Emperor Huang, who else?

Thinking of this, Yang Yan's pace quickened by three times.

The distance between him and the Jade Demon rapidly closed.

During this, barriers often appeared to block the way.

But having learned from previous experience, those barriers casually set by the Jade Demon were no longer a threat to Yang Yan.

He attacked continuously, shattering them with ease.

After a period of pursuit equal to an incense stick's burning time, Yang Yan halted before a cave entrance.

This entrance had no barriers.

Yang Yan could even see the scene inside.

The inside was filled with strange ghostly light.

Flames that resembled ghost fire, yet weren't ghost fire, floated within, numbering over a thousand!

Clustered in the narrow cave entrance before him, even Yang Yan's scalp felt a bit numb.

"Great Father God, please manifest Your body and light anew in this world! I, the Jade Demon, am willing to offer everything for You!"

Deep within the cave, there was a large array.

Standing outside the array was the Jade Demon whom Yang Yan had pursued for long.

Though Yang Yan didn't understand what she was doing, he knew stopping her was definitely the right choice.

Thus, ignoring the mass of ghostly flames, he flashed directly into the cave.

Indeed, these ghostly flames were no mere appearance; as Yang Yan charged in, his several sword strikes proved futile.

Instead, Yang Yan found himself amidst the flames, skin seared with sharp pain.

"Damn!"

Even with Yang Yan's steady composure, he couldn't help but curse.

Without further thought, he stomped fiercely on the ground, launching himself like an arrow from a bow.

"For the Father God, explode!"

The Jade Demon was clearly at her final moment.

As Yang Yan rushed over, he caught sight of the Jade Demon's sinister expression.

When the Jade Demon uttered the word "explode," Yang Yan's face suddenly changed, and his momentum reduced.

Meanwhile, he erected a protective shield as thick as possible in front of himself.

"Bang!"

At this moment, the Jade Demon's third eye widened to the utmost, then violently exploded!

Chapter 1055: The Box

"Boom!"

Inside the cave, the ground shook and the mountains quivered.

In an instant, countless stones fell like raindrops.

Some of them even hit Yang Yan on the head and bounced off.

Yang Yan didn't even have time to observe what happened before suddenly feeling darkness before his eyes, unable to see anything.

The explosion was just a momentary event.

However, the violent shaking lasted for a long time.

When the last large stone inside the cave struck violently in front of Yang Yan, everything finally returned to peace.

Crunch—crunch—boom!

Lying on the ground, Yang Yan looked disheveled, the dust he accidentally inhaled causing him to cough non-stop.

When he got up, his bones creaked.

After pushing aside several stones from his back, he suddenly stood up and saw the scene in front of him clearly.

All around were rolling rubble and fragments.

Looking forward, he found that the original formation had disappeared, and the Jade Demon was nowhere to be seen.

After the formation vanished, the scene inside naturally came into view.

On the ground, there were blood markings, splitting and running parallel, eventually all converging at a central point.

At the center, there was only a box.

A seemingly ordinary wooden box.

Seeing no sign of the so-called demigod of the Demon Race, Yang Yan felt somewhat secretly pleased.

But driven by curiosity, Yang Yan took a bold stride forward.

"Clatter..."

At this moment, a piece of rubble fell, catching Yang Yan's attention.

Turning his head, he saw on the left, the one buried under the stones was none other than the Jade Demon!

"Ha!"

Yang Yan's eyes lit up, changing direction and walking straight toward the Jade Demon.

"Bang!"

With just a light kick, all the stones on the Jade Demon's body were shattered.

Then, Yang Yan bent down, grabbed the clothes on the back of the Jade Demon, and lifted her with his right hand.

The petite body of the Jade Demon was held in his hand.

"You... let go of me! Father God!"

The Jade Demon struggled desperately in Yang Yan's hand, her eyes darting around searching for something.

When she looked up, Yang Yan could just see the place on her forehead where a third eye used to be.

Although still open, now there was nothing but a dark hole instead of an eye.

This made the Jade Demon look even more peculiar.

"Boom!"

The moment demonic qi began to emerge from the Jade Demon, Yang Yan immediately threw her to the ground.

"Behave yourself! You still want to resist?"

Yang Yan had no habit of showing mercy.

At least, he had no such thoughts when facing such a female monster.

He mercilessly kicked the Jade Demon, sending her flying.

"Puff!"

The Jade Demon collided with countless protruding stones before finally crashing into the mountain wall, stuck there.

This mountain wall and these stones were actually quite ordinary.

However, the mountain wall appeared to have an added power of rules compared to the fallen stones.

This was understandable.

If this were an ordinary cave, the Jade Demon's earlier mad self-destruction would have been enough to completely erase it from existence.

"Father God!"

At this moment, the Jade Demon remained unwilling, staring fiercely at the wooden box in the center of the former formation, uttering an unwilling shout.

"Father God? You think breaking the seal will release the Demon God? Haha! Please don't be so naive."

Yang Yan scrutinized the Jade Demon wantonly before sneering disdainfully.

Unfortunately, the Jade Demon ignored him completely, continuing to call for her Father God.

Yang Yan chuckled, then continued:

"Scream all you want; even if you shout until your voice breaks, he won't hear you."

"In reality, even if the seal were opened, the Demon God is from ancient times; he's not truly a god."

"So many years have passed, even if he could live that long, without a trace of energy to sustain him in this endless time, I reckon he would perish?"

"Impossible!"

The Jade Demon finally stopped shouting, incredulously refuting Yang Yan, her eyes red, almost exploding.

But now she was almost like a cripple, her third eye, the only thing capable of contending with Yang Yan, had self-destructed.

As of now, it wouldn't be an exaggeration to say even an ordinary person with a gun could shoot her!

"The facts are here; whether you believe it or not is none of my concern."

"What I want to say is, you are already a dead person."

Yang Yan smirked evilly, hands in his pockets, stepping through the rubble effortlessly, soon standing beside the Jade Demon.

He reached into the mountain wall, directly pulling the Jade Demon out.

"Even if you kill me, you won't stop Father God's emergence! Ah——"

As the Jade Demon spoke, Yang Yan grabbed her neck.

She only had time to let out a wail before Yang Yan gently crushed her throat with his right hand.

However, this injury was clearly insufficient to kill a high-ranking demon race member just like that.

Yang Yan tossed her aside like trash, delivering a blow to her heart.

Blood trickled from the Jade Demon's mouth as she opened her defiant eyes at Yang Yan.

The hole on her forehead, where the third eye was missing, seemed especially eerie.

Yang Yan's eyes were cold, revealing no emotion, as an unknown power suddenly appeared in his right hand, directly pulling a phantom soul from the Jade Demon's body.

The Jade Demon's soul struggled in mid-air, but Yang Yan bent his fingers slightly, forcing her soul to be absorbed and disappear into his palm the next moment.

Just then, Yang Yan couldn't help but exhibit a faint smile.

This was the devouring power he had recently comprehended, which allowed him to devour souls for his own use.

Initially used on Manhattan.

At that time, Yang Yan felt greatly benefited.

Now, using the devouring power to swallow the demon soul of the Jade Demon, the benefits were even more apparent.

Yang Yan clearly felt his soul seemingly expand substantially out of thin air!

Standing in place for a moment to digest, Yang Yan turned his gaze toward the wooden box.

While the formation existed, it was impossible for the wooden box to be so openly exposed.

But once the formation disappeared, many pieces of rubble covered the area around the box.

For whatever reason, or perhaps by pure coincidence, the central area where the box was located remained perfectly intact.

What is this?

Wasn't this supposed to be the place sealing the Demon God?

Yang Yan's heart couldn't help but harbor some doubts.

Being an action-oriented person, with a thought, he stepped on the pile of rubble and flew over.

Star Night swept around the wooden box, clearing an area instantly around its center.

Yang Yan landed, looking down at the box before him.

From a distance, it looked like an ordinary box.

As he approached, Yang Yan realized the box wasn't as simple as he had imagined.

Chapter 1056: What Are You Looking At? You're Looking at Your Granddaddy!

First of all, this box is a bit large.

It's almost two-thirds the size of a wardrobe.

Moreover, despite so many years passing, this wooden box shows no signs of decay; instead, it remains in its original state.

The box is covered with various intricate patterns, and lines of light lie dormant within them.

It looks just like a mysterious puzzle box.

"Whatever you are, let's open you up first!"

Yang Yan stared at it for a while but couldn't make any sense of it and, narrowing his eyes, tried to open the box along the seam with his right hand.

On the surface, the box didn't have any locks or anything, so Yang Yan thought he could just open it directly.

At most, he had made some preparations to prevent any anomalies.

However, when Yang Yan lifted his right hand, the lid didn't budge at all!

This time, Yang Yan was surprised.

He had used two to three times his usual strength, fearing the box might have some strange properties.

Unexpectedly, it didn't open!

Moreover, Yang Yan could vaguely sense that he might struggle to open this box even if he used all his strength.

Unwilling to accept defeat, he gritted his teeth, directly using both hands and exerted maximum strength to pull.

"Boom!"

The box did open at this point, and a powerful recoil force directly sent Yang Yan flying.

"Damn it!"

Yang Yan couldn't help but swear, swiftly returning to his previous position.

A box managed to send me flying?

Doesn't Moonlight, one of the Four Emperors, deserve some respect?!

Now, he was even more eager to find out what was inside this box.

However, when he stood firm and looked towards the box, his eyes suddenly widened, filled with astonishment.

"This is..."

What first appeared inside the box was a mass of disheveled, long red hair.

It looked like hair only the Giant Race could grow.

Bloodstains matted the hair, wrapping around it.

Delving further, Yang Yan first noticed the high-bridged nose, followed by a pair of eyes that refused to die peacefully.

Suppressing his disgust, Yang Yan reached out, grabbed the hair, and lifted this head detached from its body.

Holy moly!

This head was nearly half the size of Yang Yan's entire body.

As he lifted it, those resentful eyes stared right at him.

If Yang Yan hadn't determined that it was a lifeless object, he might have suspected it would come alive and attack him at any moment.

"What are you looking at, huh?"

Being stared at by a gigantic head made even the thick-skinned Yang Yan feel a bit apprehensive, so he couldn't help but shout a few words.

Unexpectedly, just as his voice fell, a bizarre scene occurred suddenly.

The head in his hand, which he perceived as a dead object, suddenly grinned at Yang Yan!

The corners of its mouth curled upwards, revealing a stiff smile.

"Damn it!"

Bang!

Yang Yan cursed, swinging the head to the ground, nearly stomping it until it exploded.

However, after tossing it, Yang Yan realized.

This was indeed the location of the seal for the Ancient Times' Demigod Demon Race, no doubt about that.

Yet, even after Jade Demon risked everything to break the seal, no Demon God was found.

So...

Could this head right in front of him be the sealed Demon God?!

Thinking this way, Yang Yan realized it could only be this.

Legend has it that Emperor Yan and Emperor Huang tried every possible method but couldn't kill Demon God, so they had no choice but to seal him together.

It seems likely that the head and body were sealed separately.

Can this thing really be left behind?

Yang Yan suspiciously looked at the head on the ground, pondering deeply.

The two deeply sunken eye sockets, a high-bridged nose, thick and large lips, and one ear missing a chunk, as if someone had sliced off half with a knife.

Below the head, apart from a small section of neck remains, the flesh was all gone.

Yang Yan wasn't unsure about how to handle this thing; rather, he knew that even if he took action, he couldn't necessarily destroy this head.

Having reached the Demigod Realm, the Demon God's body inherently contained an immortal divine nature.

As Yang Yan stared at the head on the ground, the head continued smiling at him.

Yang Yan, out of anger, couldn't resist stepping on it.

But even then, he wasn't satisfied, snorting twice through his nose, and pointing his finger at the head beneath his foot harshly scolded:

"You're just a head, an incomplete entity! Even if you're a Demon God, do you think you can overturn the heavens?"

The head seemed provoked, stopped smiling, and returned to its initial gloomy expression.

"Hehe! Be sensible and behave yourself, or I'll beat you until even your own mother won't recognize you."

Yang Yan didn't mind getting dirty, cursing for a while, then lifted the head again, tossed it back into the wooden box like throwing trash.

With a clang, the wooden box trembled slightly and sealed itself shut.

Yang Yan held the box in one hand, turned around, and prepared to leave.

His thoughts were simple.

Since the great formation was already damaged, he didn't have the ability to repair the seal; the head couldn't be destroyed for now, so he'd take it away.

He refused to believe that Moonlight Yang Yan, one of the Four Emperors, couldn't suppress a dead head.

As Yang Yan left the cave holding the box, he looked up to see a fierce battle ongoing above the Ghostly Abyss.

Jing Hong's situation wasn't too good at the moment.

To Yang Yan, the jet-black Evil Dragon wasn't much trouble.

But for Jing Hong, it was extremely difficult to handle.

At the very least, even Jing Hong's full effort struggled to penetrate the Evil Dragon's scales.

Helpless, he could only keep searching for the dragon's vulnerable spots.

For instance, the wound Yang Yan had previously slashed, still faintly oozing blood.

Yet, Jing Hong had to be wary of the Evil Dragon's attacks.

Neither the dragon's fiery Dragon Breath nor its claws could be easily withstood by Jing Hong.

So, when Yang Yan exited, he saw the dragon forcing Jing Hong into a corner, unleashing its storm-like assault.

"Did you ask for my permission to bully my people?!"

After this voice sounded, Jing Hong's face lit up with an inexplicable joy.

Before Yang Yan even arrived, the Sword Aura launched by Star Night already slashed fiercely towards the Evil Dragon.

"Roar!"

The Evil Dragon, injured by Yang Yan's sudden attack, not only didn't retreat but furiously roared as it flew up towards Yang Yan below.

Its massive dragon eyes, upon seeing the wooden box in Yang Yan's hand, went completely berserk.

Roar!

With a long howl, ignoring whether it could win or not, it abandoned Jing Hong and lunged furiously at Yang Yan.

"Hey! Little worm, are you this head's pet? An ugly creature paired with a clownish serpent, quite a fitting match."

Facing the dragon's attack, Yang Yan surprisingly didn't dodge or retreat; he didn't even maintain the necessary seriousness for the battle, and instead continued taunting it.

Bear in mind, the immensely powerful Jing Hong was nearly pushed into peril several times by this dragon.

Chapter 1057: Moonlight, Do You Want to Fight?

"When you're dead, I'll cut a few pounds of meat off you and have a taste. Speaking of which, I've never eaten such a large mudfish before!"

A hint of killing intent flashed through eyes dark as ink, and Yang Yan's words once again sent the Evil Dragon into a frenzy.

Its rushing speed suddenly doubled at this moment.

"Roar!"

When the Evil Dragon was barely a hundred meters away from Yang Yan, it slightly lifted its head, lowered it again, and exhaled a fiery Dragon Breath toward Yang Yan.

At this moment, the abyss enveloped in darkness seemed to be lit up, as if it were bright as day.

The high temperature of the Dragon Breath reached an extreme, and even the air burned into white smoke.

The distant mountain walls were burned red, with scorching magma dripping from their surfaces.

Under such high temperatures, even Yang Yan had to avoid its edge.

He performed his Body Technique, flashing several times to the right, barely escaping the wide range of the Dragon Breath.

"Roar!"

Seeing this move fail, the Evil Dragon in the air let out another angry roar at Yang Yan.

However, upon seeing this, Yang Yan only smiled contemptuously.

"The Dragon Race's inherent Dragon Breath, you doubly ugly mudfish that barely counts as a dragon can barely manage it, right?"

"Otherwise, why don't you spit another one so I can see? Consider it a steam bath."

Unexpectedly, as soon as Yang Yan finished speaking, the Evil Dragon seemed to understand him all along, flapping its huge wings and roaring down at him again.

A long flame with a temperature capable of burning diamonds erupted forth instantly.

Yang Yan immediately jumped in fright.

This completely off the script and an absolute slap in the face!

Yang Yan at this point wasn't thinking about dodging, and suddenly he lifted himself upward, rising rapidly.

In just an instant, Yang Yan was already above the Evil Dragon's head.

From this position, the descending Dragon Breath was naturally unable to threaten Yang Yan.

"Hey! Fool! I'm over here!"

The Evil Dragon, still searching for Yang Yan in confusion, suddenly raised its head upon hearing the sound above.

However, what reflected in its enormous dragon eyes was an eternal scene.

A sharp sword blade was infinitely magnified in its view.

And then... nothing followed.

After slashing through the Evil Dragon's head with one strike, Yang Yan coldly watched as the Evil Dragon's body fell like a tattered kite towards the bottom of the abyss.

Aside from the sound of the cascading fall, the Evil Dragon could no longer utter a single sound.

"King!"

Jing Hong flew to Yang Yan's side, clutching her blood-stained arm.

Yang Yan shook his head at the Black Dragon, which had disappeared from view, and said with some regret:

"What a pity, I'd said I'd cut off a few pounds of meat to try the taste."

Jing Hong couldn't help but show a bitter smile.

For such a strong terrifying being as the Black Dragon, only Yang Yan would not take it seriously!

"What happened?"

Just then, Yang Yan caught a faint scent of blood, and he turned his head to look at Jing Hong.

Jing Hong held her right arm with a pained smile, stubbornly saying:

"King, I am fine."

"Remove your hand."

Though Jing Hong said she was fine, Yang Yan forcibly removed her hand from the wound anyway.

He saw three bloody wounds on her right arm.

The flesh on both sides of the wounds was turned outwards, and black Demonic Qi was trapped within.

It looked ghastly, clearly very severe.

"Are you going to wait until you're dying to tell me you're hurt, unable to accompany me anymore as my top sword bearer?"

Yang Yan was instantly outraged upon seeing the injuries and rolled his eyes at Jing Hong.

Jing Hong, instead of being anxious, lowered her head and stayed silent.

"Why, are you ignoring my words now?"

Yang Yan pretended to be angry, but his actions revealed his true thoughts.

He transferred his energy into Jing Hong's body, directly expelling the Demonic Qi from her wounds.

Then he tore a piece of cloth from his own coat and carefully wrapped it around Jing Hong's arm.

"Thank you, King."

Jing Hong, touched, yet somewhat melancholy said.

"Thank me for what? Aren't your wings strong now?"

Yang Yan replied grumpily.

Jing Hong remained silent, just keeping her head down.

Seeing this, Yang Yan lost his temper and helplessly patted her shoulder.

"No matter what, remember, you are all my people. Your lives are mine!"

"Yes, King!"

Jing Hong replied simply, but emotions surged within her.

Yang Yan, of course, sensed this.

"The mission is done, come back with me!"

With that, Yang Yan, carrying a wooden box, led the way upward.

Jing Hong, curious, glanced at the box in Yang Yan's hand and followed him using Body Technique.

Although they hadn't been out for long, neither was it short.

Including the time spent lingering in the Ghostly Abyss, it turned out to have been three days.

Upon returning to the present world, Yang Yan immediately summoned Ice Emperor Ao Tian to his home, and placed the wooden box containing the Demon God's head in front of him.

"What is this?"

Ao Tian, upon seeing the wooden box, inexplicably felt a stir in his heart and asked instinctively.

"What it is, why don't you open it yourself to find out."

Yang Yan lounged carelessly on the sofa, glancing at Ao Tian indifferently.

"Fine, I'll see."

Ao Tian, being impatient, reached out and was about to open the wooden box.

But when his hand was placed on it, he realized it was different from what he imagined!

The wooden box didn't budge at all.

"Hmm?"

Ao Tian looked at Yang Yan with some confusion.

He didn't think the box was the issue; he thought Yang Yan was playing tricks.

Yang Yan, having been glanced at, sat up abruptly with a jingle.

He pointed at the box and said confidently:

"The box has become a spirit; it's not something you can open just like that."

Ao Tian naturally wouldn't believe Yang Yan's nonsense.

He gritted his teeth and increased the force in his hands.

"Creak——"

The box trembled slightly, and indeed was slowly opened.

At the crucial moment, Yang Yan held the box tightly, preventing another situation where the box would knock someone over.

"What's this?"

Ao Tian, full of curiosity, saw the head inside the box and couldn't help but exclaim in shock.

"A head! A human head. What else could it be?"

Yang Yan slightly pursed his lips, speaking as if it were obvious.

"Whose head?"

Ao Tian gently poked the head inside with his index finger.

Seeing him about to pick it up out of curiosity, Yang Yan immediately stopped him:

"Be careful, this thing isn't completely dead yet."

"Ah?"

Ao Tian was startled, quickly withdrawing his hand.

However, he soon realized that Yang Yan was smiling while holding the head, and angrily said:

"Moonlight, you want to fight!"

Seeing Ao Tian indeed showing signs of action, Yang Yan quickly waved his hand:

"Hey, don't fight, don't fight! This thing really isn't dead. It's still alive."

Chapter 1058: The World Has Changed, There's No More Time

"Still alive!"

Ao Tian furrowed his brows and snorted coldly:

"Just a head, and you're telling me it's not dead?"

Honestly, Ao Tian wouldn't actually make a move against Yang Yan.

The key was, he couldn't beat him!

So, this guy vented all his anger on that head.

He raised an eyebrow, grabbed the hair on the head, not caring about the dirt, and lifted it to shout a few curses to vent his frustration.

Unexpectedly, as soon as he raised the head, it turned on its own, face towards Ao Tian, sinister and terrifying, eyes glaring at him intensely.

"What the hell!"

Ao Tian shivered, almost threw the head he was holding hard away.

"What is this thing?"

Ao Tian fixed his gaze on Yang Yan, waiting for an answer.

Yang Yan shrugged helplessly, smiling as he explained:

"It's the Demon God's head. I'm telling the truth; it's not dead. Now you've seen it, I wasn't lying to you."

"Is that so? The Demon God's head?"

After hearing Yang Yan, Ao Tian couldn't help but suspiciously ask again.

Without waiting for Yang Yan to reply, he looked down at the head, almost the size of half a person, marveling as he said:

"I'm holding the Demon God's head in my hand? Haha, haha! Interesting, absolutely interesting!"

Seeing Ao Tian laughing so much, Yang Yan disdainfully pouted:

"What's so funny? You weren't the one who chopped off the head."

Ao Tian twisted his neck, lifted his head arrogantly and said:

"So what if I wasn't! Holding the Demon God's head, that's badass!"

Yang Yan couldn't help but roll his eyes, somewhat helplessly saying:

"Come on, I didn't give you this thing to brag about. Besides, who would you brag to anyway?"

After saying this, Yang Yan quickly waved his hand, blocking Ao Tian's words.

He didn't want to engage in any kind of philosophical discussion with this guy.

He had experienced Ao Tian's chatterbox tendencies, and definitely didn't want to try again.

"This thing can no longer be destroyed humanely, but the seal of the Ghostly Abyss is broken. Leaving it there is foolish."

Ao Tian obviously understood what Yang Yan meant, but still asked somewhat uncertainly:

"You mean to leave it with me?"

Yang Yan chuckled lightly:

"Of course! I want to leave it with you."

With Yang Yan's confirmation, Ao Tian's expression instantly became a bit strange.

He looked deeply at Yang Yan, and then at the Demon God's head in his hand, saying somewhat troubled:

"You trust me enough to dump such a big head on me?"

"Mm!"

Yang Yan nodded earnestly:

"Otherwise, why else would I be looking for you? I've been really busy lately."

Ao Tian immediately became disgruntled.

"Your place is so big, can't fit one head? I don't want it!"

While speaking, with a clang, Ao Tian had already disdainfully thrown the large Demon God's head into a wooden box.

Yang Yan seemed to have anticipated this outcome.

So, he smiled and carefully closed the box, then said to Ao Tian:

"You can refuse the head if you want. But, the Demon God's body is missing, I need to find it. Will you preserve the body then?"

Ao Tian seemed to understand something at this point, glaring fiercely at Yang Yan, and shook his head like a rattle:

"No way! Absolutely not! Are you kidding me? My house isn't a graveyard!"

"However, if you want me to find a place to bury it, that might be possible!"

Yang Yan exaggeratedly rolled his eyes and without saying a word, placed the box in front of Ao Tian, seriously saying:

"Whether it's the head or the body, one of us needs to preserve one."

"Because these two things can't be destroyed, and can't be put together. What if they revive?"

Yang Yan's words made sense.

Ao Tian could understand it too.

Outwardly saying no but eventually quietly accepting the box.

What Yang Yan didn't expect was, the Demon God didn't need the head and body together to revive.

As soon as the seal was opened, the body had already used a Secret Technique to escape from the abode without pause.

Even with Yang Yan's power, amidst the explosion of the broken array and the surrounding chaotic and violent energy, no trace was found.

Until a month and a half later...

On this day, Yang Yan was still at home with Zhou Hanyun, enjoying a tender moment, almost about to take things a step further, while another scene unfolded in the Hidden World.

The Eastern part of the Hidden World, where several first-class influences had long entrenched, deeply rooted.

Along with them, many second and third-class influences were subordinate to them.

Usually, while the Hidden World was full of disputes, it barely affected these first-class influences.

However, now Yang Yan had spread the news that the external Demon Race was close.

The seriousness of the situation kept the Hidden World's current high-end influences in check, no one intentionally causing war without incident.

The Yuwen Family in the Hidden World belonged to the Eastern Influence, their power ranking among the top-tier influences.

The other first-class influences in the East essentially looked up to the Yuwen Family.

Yet, the peaceful Yuwen Family surprisingly seemed unusually unremarkable today.

First, one of the Yuwen Family's ancestors suddenly awakened from seclusion, after charging out of the forbidden area heading directly for the towering city walls.

Occupied as a city, the Yuwen Family's walls were ancient and majestic.

Of course, these walls weren't merely for show.

The faintly flowing brilliance atop the walls indicated everything.

The ancestor's sudden appearance, that was a huge event.

The Yuwen Family's high-level members were naturally all alarmed.

They rushed to the city wall immediately.

Except for the Patriarch, who dared to salute the ancestor, others were intimidated by the powerful aura released by the ancestor, rendered silent.

"The skies have changed, the heavens have changed!"

Staring at the distant starry sky, the ancestor suddenly uttered a nonsensical statement.

The Yuwen Family Patriarch asked with a puzzled expression:

"Ancestor, what do you mean?"

He didn't understand how this immensely powerful ancestor, who had been in retreat, suddenly charged out and stood on the city wall, talking about changing heavens?

"Why are you all standing around? There's no time left! Hurry up and open the family protection array! Open it!"

The ancestor suddenly turned to scold everyone angrily, his eyes filled with urgency.

Behind him, the Yuwen Family's elders were clueless, standing awkwardly, no one initiating the array.

Finally, the Patriarch asked with reluctance:

"Ancestor, every time we activate the array, the consumption is extraordinarily immense, even briefly would exhaust Yuwen Family's reserves. Currently, we..."

The Patriarch hadn't finished, but the intention was clear.

The Yuwen Family had no surplus, if it's just activating the array for showing off, then... reconsider at least!

Chapter 1059: The Demon God's Emergence

"Nonsense! Go activate the array. Quick! Hurry!"

The ancestor of the Yuwen Family yelled these words at the Patriarch, his face flushed with anger, before immediately looking up at the sky.

The next scene rendered the Patriarch speechless, and the group behind him couldn't open their mouths either.

Everyone stared at the sky in stunned silence, too afraid to breathe.

It wasn't until the ancestor of the Yuwen Family charged out that the Patriarch snapped back to his senses and desperately shouted:

"Quickly, activate the array! Hurry!"

"Yes!"

The Yuwen Family moved rapidly, but too much time had been wasted; it was already too late.

At the critical moment, the ancestor with the long, wispy white beard stepped out courageously.

The crisis the Yuwen Family faced this time was greater than any in their history.

Because what arrived outside the Yuwen Family was an immense Demon God!

This Demon God was as tall as the Yuwen Family's city walls, standing dozens of meters high.

His skin was a bronzed color, with thick muscles bulging as if they were directly pressed onto him.

Black demonic qi swirled around his body, making him look like a devil emerged straight from Purgatory.

Most terrifying of all, this Demon God had no head, but two eyes grew around his belly button.

The eyes opened wide, exuding a heavy, commanding presence without anger.

Below them was a thick mouth, with two terrifying long fangs protruding.

In his right hand, he held a massive stone axe, storming swiftly towards the territory of the Yuwen Family.

What kind of monster was this?

The ancestor held a Seven-foot Cyan Blade Long Sword in his hand, the blade continuously emitting a cold light.

Facing such a massive demon, there wasn't a trace of fear on his face.

Before the Yuwen Family had the chance to activate the array, the ancestor charged forward alone, shouting sternly:

"Where does this demon come from, daring to plot against the Yuwen Family?"

A violent shout suddenly rang through the air, as the elder came from the sky with his long sword, the blue robe fluttering loudly in the air.

"Die!"

The eyes on the belly of the headless demon glared at the elder in the sky with overwhelming hatred, and spat out a word:

"Die!!!"

He couldn't forget the year when he invaded this space, he encountered a frenzied counterattack, causing the Demon Race's promising situation to slowly turn into the current state.

Even he, who had one foot into the Divine Realm as a Demigod back then, had his head sliced off by two human masters and was sealed.

After countless years, the seal washed by the Power of Time had diminished most of its power, allowing him to be released by his subordinates outside.

After being imprisoned for endless years, as a headless Demon God, his first act upon release was to restore his strength and then madly slaughter!

"I, Chiyu Celestial God, today use your blood and flesh to mourn my endless years of imprisonment by the Human King! Tremble before me! Ants!"

The headless Demon God roared angrily at the elder in the sky, whipping up terrifying storms.

The Yuwen Family managed to activate the protective array at this moment.

The elder's face was somber, suspended in the air.

No one noticed that his hand holding the Seven-foot Cyan Blade Long Sword was actually trembling slightly.

"Demon God Chiyu? Indeed..."

The elder thought of something, forcefully looked back at the Yuwen Family behind him, and let out a long sigh.

There, all the young members of the Yuwen Family capable of fighting had stood on the city wall, all watching him with excitement.

Once, he was also a hero of the Yuwen Family!

The fierce wind blew stronger, the elder's blue robe fluttering loudly in the wind.

In an instant, heaven and earth raged!

Boom!

Thunder suddenly rang in his ears, the elder's body emitted a powerful momentum, unstoppable.

"Since Ancient Times, the Heavenly Dao was obscured, justice did not fail its existence, yet the fortunate human race never united as one, such is human nature."

"Today, I, Yuwen Hua, wield this Seven-foot Cyan Blade to reclaim a clear and bright world in my heart! Kill!"

In the expectant eyes of everyone in the Yuwen Family, their ancestor stood with righteous awe, his momentum soaring to the extreme at that moment.

The next moment, the entire person turned into a stream of light, fiercely charging at the headless Demon God on the opposite side.

Screech—

Chiyu stood fearlessly, raising an axe and slashing down hard.

A spray of blood mist flew, and a large amount of fresh blood suddenly gushed out!

The ancestor of the Yuwen Family groaned, flying back faster than he came.

And split into two!

Countless scalding blood flowers spilled in the sky, leaving the people behind from the Yuwen Family stunned.

Boom!

Whoosh!

The thunder roared, and a torrential downpour instantly ensued.

This clap of thunder completely brought everyone from the Yuwen Family back to their senses.

"Where is the ancestor?"

"Fl...flew!"

"The ancestor is dead! The ancestor is dead!"

...

Everyone shouted heart-wrenchingly, unable to believe the scene before them.

Who would have thought that the ancestor of the Yuwen Family, the deepest foundation for standing among top forces, would be split dead by the axe of the headless Demon God?

"Array, another array! You all must die!"

The headless Demon God, who had been sealed for endless years by the power of the array of the Emperors Yan and Huang, suddenly recalled the past upon seeing the Yuwen Family's array, angrily roaring.

He leaped dozens of meters high, rushing towards the Yuwen Family's city wall like a missile.

Boom!!!

The family array, the last hope of the Yuwen Family, was as fragile as paper in front of Chiyou.

After enduring just two or three axe strikes, it declared collapse.

"Die!"

The enormous Demon God angrily announced the death moment of all present, and in the blink of an eye, the once peaceful Yuwen Family settlement turned into an Asura's Purgatory, a mess everywhere.

These events occurring in the Hidden World were unknown to Yang Yan, who was enjoying a moment of peace at home in the real world.

After bringing the head back and handing it to Ao Tian, he stayed at home cozily with several women for a month and a half.

After all, recently every time he went out, it took a long time and was very frequent, leaving him little time to spend with them.

Especially after being kidnapped by people from Manhattan, everyone cherished the time with Yang Yan even more, their feelings rapidly escalating, just short of breaking through the last barrier.

With the Demon Race's arrival imminent, Yang Yan also secretly pondered that if he didn't find the time to cherish them and even break through that last step, there might not be leisurely time like this in the future.

However, good times are always short.

That day, Yang Yan was dragged out of bed by Zhou Hanyun, yawning as he came to the living room.

In the living room, Fu Changjian stood there respectfully.

Upon seeing Yang Yan, he immediately bowed and said:

"My Lord!"

"Hmm! What's the matter? What's so urgent?"

Yang Yan sat on the sofa, rubbing his drowsy eyes, and asked with some suspicion.

Chapter 1060: Oh No

Zhou Hanyun certainly knew why Yang Yan was so tired.

These days, he had been indulging in nightly revelry with several women, expending a great deal of energy.

It's no wonder he's exhausted!

Despite this, Zhou Hanyun still greeted Fu Changjian and obediently got up to make soup for Yang Yan.

Fu Changjian stood in front of Yang Yan and respectfully said:

"My King, there's been a major disturbance in the Hidden World!"

Yang Yan frowned slightly:

"Go on."

Fu Changjian hurriedly continued:

"A member of the Demon Race wiped out several top Eastern Influences in the Hidden World in one go, incredibly powerful."

"Now all the major families of the Hidden Clan are in a panic, fearing they could be next at any moment."

Yang Yan raised an eyebrow, suddenly stood up, and stared intently at Fu Changjian, asking:

"Has the Demon Race invaded?"

Seeing Yang Yan's strong reaction, Fu Changjian awkwardly shook his head:

"My King, the Demon Race hasn't invaded, but a very powerful demon suddenly appeared in the Hidden World."

Upon hearing this, Yang Yan asked in confusion:

"A single demon wiped out several top Eastern Influences without any resistance?"

"Yes!"

Fu Changjian dared not joke about such a matter with Yang Yan and nodded seriously.

"They must be useless, right?"

Yang Yan couldn't help but retort, and then he solemnly ordered:

"Hurry and find Ao Tian, gather all Ten Swords, I'll go myself!"

Yang Yan's grand preparations weren't without reason.

At this critical moment, a powerful demon suddenly appeared in the Hidden World, wiping out top influences without them even realizing, indicating a serious problem.

Yang Yan thought deeply and considered there could only be two possibilities.

One was that an Emperor-level Demon Emperor was suddenly released from outside the realm.

Of course, it could also be the Demon God released last month when the seal was broken!

Remember, half of its body was still unaccounted for back then.

However, he leaned more towards the second possibility.

So, Yang Yan immediately called out to Fu Changjian again and asked:

"What characteristics does this demon have?"

Fu Changjian was stunned, then nodded and said:

"My King, this demon has a gigantic body, several tens of meters tall, and it has no head, with its mouth and eyes located on its stomach."

"Damn! This is bad!"

Upon hearing Fu Changjian's description, Yang Yan immediately confirmed his suspicions and couldn't help but curse.

Without a moment's hesitation, he grabbed the coat from the sofa and put it on.

He then strode out, calling over his shoulder to Fu Changjian:

"Quick, notify Ao Tian! Bring him directly to the Hidden World to find me. Tell him to remember to bring that demon!"

Although Fu Changjian didn't understand why Yang Yan reacted so strongly, he knew the urgency of the situation, quickly responding:

"Yes!"

Then he followed closely behind Yang Yan out the door.

Yang Yan didn't take anyone with him, not even informing Zhou Hanyun, and went alone to the entrance from the real world to the Hidden World, leaping in.

The East of the Hidden World had several top influences wiped out, and it only happened in the past couple of days.

Initially, other powers in the Hidden World didn't notice.

When they did, they thought it was internal conflicts among Eastern Influences.

It wasn't until they witnessed the gigantic Headless Demon God wielding an axe, effortlessly obliterating a massive top influence, did they realize the truth.

Of course, that Demon God wouldn't spare them either.

If it weren't for a few lucky survivors who scattered and escaped, Yang Yan might not have received the news.

Upon reaching the Hidden World, Yang Yan found the enormous Headless Demon God with hardly any effort.

This is because the commotion it was causing was so massive that it was impossible for anyone in the Hidden World not to notice.

Because it was wielding an axe, frantically striking the space barrier of the Hidden World!

The space barrier of the Hidden World was a relic left by Ancient Great Powers.

Its initial purpose was to protect that world.

Over time, the barrier was eroded by the ages, leaving only a part of it.

With repairs from generations of Great Powers, it gradually became the unique space barrier of the Hidden World.

Its purpose was to prevent the Demon Race from returning from the outside realm.

However, the core of the space barrier is located at the center of the Hidden World.

There, lies a hidden space —

Buzhou Space!

"That Demon God is destroying Buzhou Space! The ancestors of our families tried to stop it, but they were all axed to death!"

A Patriarch of a top Eastern family, grabbed by the collar by Yang Yan, wailed.

"Damn it!"

Yang Yan was furious upon hearing this and cursed vehemently.

Buzhou Space is the core of the space barrier defending the foreign interface of the Hidden World.

It basically exists to provide endless energy to the barrier.

If Buzhou Space is destroyed, it would directly expose the Hidden World to the outside Demon Race!

By then, even if Yang Yan gave his all, he couldn't stop the invasion of the Demon Race.

"O Moonlight Emperor, please, save the Hidden World! Please, Your Majesty!"

The Patriarch's face streamed with tears, and as soon as Yang Yan let go, the Patriarch fell to his knees in front of him.

"Alright, I'll handle this!"

Yang Yan frowned, leaving the man behind, and rushed madly toward Buzhou Space.

At this moment, he feared that delaying even a second would lead to the destruction of Buzhou Space.

Once that happens, it would all be his fault!

"I beg you, O Moonlight Emperor!"

The elderly man, several centuries old, kneeled, tears streaming down his face, muttering towards Yang Yan's direction.

Behind him stood a group of Hidden Clan members.

They all watched silently as Yang Yan departed.

The destruction of the space barrier of the Hidden World is an event no one wants to witness.

On the surface, Yang Yan may appear somewhat aloof, but in reality, as someone with a compassionate heart, he would never wish to see this happen.

Under Yang Yan's full-speed journey, what originally was a long distance took only about half an hour to traverse.

Only he knew this was due to burning part of the vital blood within his body.

Otherwise, even at his fastest speed, it would have taken three to four hours to arrive.

Vital blood is different from ordinary blood; it's the essence of the body's energy.

Using some of it requires a gradual recovery.

As Yang Yan approached Buzhou Space, he could hear the earth-shattering sounds from within.

At the same time, he could feel the instability of the surrounding space.

Indeed, this space was undergoing violent attacks and was on the verge of collapse.

A group of people hovered outside Buzhou Space.

Each of them appeared to be strong presence figures.

Yang Yan didn't need to guess to realize they were surely the leaders of various forces within the Hidden World.

However, at this moment, these individuals appeared dejected, their demeanors somber with sorrow.

Yet the moment they saw Yang Yan, their eyes lit up, their previous dejection vanishing completely.