

Powerful 1061

Chapter 1061: Not a Match

"Moonlight Emperor! Quick! Stop that demon!"

An elder rushed up, grabbing Yang Yan's arm and shouted excitedly.

"Shut up, let go!"

Yang Yan impatiently pushed them away, glaring fiercely.

This group of people, intimidated by his gaze, took a step back.

Yang Yan couldn't be bothered with them, roaring:

"If you don't want to end up perishing with the Demon Race, then quickly think of a way! I'm not a god!"

The group fell silent immediately, not daring to speak.

These families had each sent out one or two of their top warriors.

Among them were some top-tier titled powerhouses, second only to the Four Emperors.

However, these once-exceptional warriors couldn't escape being torn apart by the headless demon inside.

That they were still standing here already took immense courage.

Though Yang Yan was frustrated, he realized there was still hope.

At the very least, space was still trembling.

Yang Yan had feared that, when he arrived, everything would be calm.

If that were the case, it'd be truly over!

Entering from the Hidden World to Buzhou Space originally had a checkpoint.

The major families of the Hidden Clan would send experts to guard the entrance of Buzhou Space every few years.

The families had also set up an elaborate formation at the entrance over the years.

But now, all of it was gone.

Cleared away by the magic of that demon god's axe.

However, the opponent left no barrier, and Yang Yan wasn't hindered as he rushed inside.

The first scene in Buzhou Space was a gigantic headless demon.

His body had skin that was a purple-tinged blue, with muscles resembling massive stones.

In his hand, he wielded a huge stone axe, relentlessly hacking at the core of Buzhou Space, seemingly tireless.

Even though there was an energy shield surrounding the core, it was evidently at its limit.

A few more swings and it might completely shatter!

Then the core energy would be exposed to everyone.

And the headless demon god would just need a single more swing to break the Hidden World's space barrier from the inside out!

The external demon race wouldn't even need to exert much effort to invade the Hidden World.

Once they successfully occupy the Hidden World, they could then march into the present world through the channels of the Hidden World, with unimaginable consequences.

"Stop!"

Seeing that his arrival only drew a casual glance from the demon, who continued to hack at the core, Yang Yan was instantly enraged.

Yang Yan appeared at a distance from the demon god, with no time to think and he swung Star Night fiercely, transforming into a silver light that flew forth.

The sword tip pointed straight at the demon god's twin eyes above his navel!

Simultaneously, Yang Yan followed closely, channeling all of his power to the extreme.

Nearly all his strength was concentrated in his right fist.

This battle would end with either his death or the demon's destruction!

No room for luck, he had to give it his all.

Roar!

The demon god saw more and more humans daring to try to stop him; his anger burst forth and he let out a roar, swinging his axe.

The huge stone axe clashed with Star Night in an instant.

Without any support from its master, Star Night, relying only on the initial force from Yang Yan, was knocked flying by the demon god.

Clang!

Star Night spun and fell down, the sword tip embedding into the ground.

Yang Yan was not far behind Star Night.

Seeing Star Night being knocked away, he couldn't afford to feel heartbroken.

Yang Yan flew over, taking advantage of the demon god sending Star Night flying, he punched the demon's belly.

Right between the demon's eyes.

Yang Yan's full-strength punch could shatter a mountain instantly!

However, against the relatively weak belly of the demon god, it merely caved in slightly.

Meanwhile, the demon god responded, his eyes blazing with endless fury.

"Lowly human, how dare you injure the great Celestial God!"

The headless demon god staggered slightly, retreating a few steps.

Yang Yan's punch had barely caused any real damage!

"No wonder so many of the Ancient Three Sovereigns and Five Emperors died to seal you!"

Yang Yan's attack failed, stepping back tens of steps, gritting his teeth as he glared at the demon.

In an instant, he gauged the difference in strength between himself and the demon god.

The demon god's formidable defense was not something he could overcome alone.

Now Yang Yan focused solely on delaying time.

As long as the demon god didn't destroy the core of Buzhou Space, he was prepared to keep stalling.

When Ao Tian and his ten swordsmen arrived, along with many elite warriors from the Hidden Clan outside, he was convinced they could defeat a headless, freshly emerged, not fully recovered half-step demon god!

Yang Yan wasn't wrong; the demon god's power was diminished due to missing a head.

Together with being sealed for countless years, even having escaped, in these short months, although he recovered slightly, his strength was far less than in his prime.

If not, the Hidden World, including the Four Emperors, even paired with those two never-seen Empire Emperors, still might not stand a chance.

"Boom!"

The headless demon god, thoroughly enraged, released the grievance of being suppressed by humans for countless ages.

He suddenly stepped forward, appearing instantly in front of Yang Yan.

His huge stone axe raised high, Yang Yan could even see the remnants of dried blood on its blade.

Blood traces from thousands of people the demon god had slaughtered recently, still gleaming with a bloody aura!

Caught off guard, Yang Yan had no time to dodge.

Star Night was still embedded far away, clearly too late to summon.

To bear the demon god's axe with his body?

Yang Yan wouldn't even entertain that thought.

He could only unleash his speed to the limit at the critical moment.

At this moment, Yang Yan's blood was almost aflame, barely evading the axe's edge.

"Hah!"

Successfully dodging the demon god's axe, not yet steady on his feet, Yang Yan instinctively shouted.

Behind the headless demon god, a silver light flashed, streaking like lightning towards the demon's right shoulder.

"Clang!"

Star Night struck the demon's back, but it made the sound of metal striking metal.

It left only a bloodline on the demon, unable to penetrate any further!

Feeling the blood trickling from his back, the demon god's eyes above his navel flared with furious anger, burning intensely.

He glared at the retreating Yang Yan, roaring each word:

"You dare to hurt me!"

"I dare not only hurt you but kill you! You're a monster without a head, where does your confidence come from?"

Though Yang Yan retreated somewhat awkwardly, he exuded disdain as he mocked the demon.

Chapter 1062: Why Not Fight to the Death!

"Good, very good!"

The Headless Demon God, upon hearing Yang Yan's words, laughed in rage, his hand holding the axe trembling.

"Kid, in the Ancient Times, the number of people who could hurt me could be counted on two hands."

"Besides the Three Emperors, whom I deem worthy, even your Five Emperors, including Yan and Huang who sealed me, I never regarded them!"

"Countless wish to kill me, but those who can hurt me, you count as one!!!"

The fallen Star Night flew back into Yang Yan's hand.

He kept a certain distance from the Demon God, panting with a slightly bent body.

Though his face was a bit pale, the corner of his mouth curled slightly:

"I said, not only can I hurt you, I will kill you!"

"You will be one of the souls under my sword!"

The Demon God roared, wielding the stone axe and charged towards Yang Yan with great strides.

Even Yang Yan found it hard to match such speed.

"Don't you want to know where your head is?"

At the critical moment, Yang Yan suddenly retreated and shouted.

This sentence was obviously very effective.

The Demon God immediately stopped and roared angrily:

"Where is it? Boy! Tell me! Where exactly is it!"

Yang Yan sneered and said:

"Just because you tell me to, I should say? Won't that be embarrassing for me?"

"Courting death!"

After hearing this, the Demon God wasted no more words, closing the distance with Yang Yan and swung the axe at him.

A fierce gale followed, burning Yang Yan's face with its intensity.

Remember, the Demon God's body was dozens of times larger than Yang Yan, and the stone axe in his hand even larger.

Instead of saying he was attacking Yang Yan, it was more like a small mountain was crashing towards him.

In an instant, the world before Yang Yan darkened, with only the axe growing larger in front of him.

The howling storm accompanying the axe hit Yang Yan first.

It was filled with a pungent stench of blood.

Just one breath and it filled Yang Yan's mouth and nose, making him feel suffocated.

Fortunately, he was prepared, his clothes billowing in the storm, yet he stood firm like an ancient tree deeply rooted, unyielding!

"Roar!"

The Demon God's roar once again echoed in Yang Yan's ears.

With full concentration, as the Demon God's axe approached, he suddenly raised his own sword.

Star Night, signifying the most brilliant king in the night sky.

Much like Yang Yan's current status in the Hidden World, dazzling like a king.

The kingly might, dominating all directions!

The slender sword edge appeared as a thin iron rod in front of the stone axe.

The powerful stone axe seemed to ignore the Star Night, striking straight at Yang Yan.

The wind howled by his ears, the ground beneath shook violently.

Even the sky in Buzhou Space suddenly changed, growing more ominous!

"Moonlight Emperor!"

"Moonlight Emperor!"

"No!"

Clang!!!

It was as if a great bell was struck hard, and just as the axe reached Yang Yan's head, it was blocked by Star Night.

The clan heads of the Hidden Clan, who came in to check the situation, all witnessed an unforgettable scene.

A headless giant demon, several meters tall, clutching a large, sharp axe, fiercely striking at Moonlight Yang Yan's head.

And Yang Yan, his right leg bent back, legs spread apart, raised his longsword with both hands, gritting his teeth, holding on fiercely.

Behind the hand gripping the sword, blood was trickling down!

The man, recognized as emperor of the Hidden World, was forced into such a situation!

The heads of all factions felt a chill in their hearts.

Some even grasped their swords by the waist, trembling, eager to rush forward and lend a hand to Yang Yan.

After the disappearance of their patriarchs who came in earlier, these people realized the potential end of the Hidden World.

And now, standing at the forefront to protect the Hidden World was Yang Yan, who had past grudges with all these factions.

Damn it!

These idiots, still watching like spectators?

Yang Yan, of course, noticed these people rushing in, but he didn't even have the strength to speak, only inwardly expressing his frustration.

At this moment, he was using all his strength to block the Demon God's axe!

Meanwhile, feeling insulted by having his axe blocked, the Demon God's grotesque "face" on his navel twisted violently.

Roar!

With another roar, he clenched his left fist and punched straight at Yang Yan.

The Demon God's fist alone was several times larger than Yang Yan.

This punch created a sonic boom!

The speed was so high that Yang Yan couldn't react.

"Puff!"

It felt like an ordinary person being brutally hit by an oncoming truck.

A mouthful of blood spurted skyward, dropping in droplets on the ground.

Yang Yan's body, like a tattered kite, was sent flying, finally crashing heavily onto the ground.

A gust of residual wind blew, and lying on the ground, Yang Yan looked at the ceiling of Buzhou Space and smiled bitterly.

Even he probably didn't know why he could still manage to smile at this point.

He could feel his internal organs shattered.

If it were anyone else in this situation, they'd likely be dead beyond measure.

"Moonlight Emperor!"

"Yang Yan!!"

...

Among the calls, an elderly voice suddenly rang out.

"As things stand, the Hidden World is at the brink of life and death, no one can escape this disaster!"

"Since we cultivators have trained so hard for so long, it's time for us to stand up!"

The speaker was an elder with long white hair.

Seeing even Yang Yan being sent flying, he drew his sword in grief and rage, his expression determined to face death.

"Gentlemen, as cultivators, why would we shy away from battle? For the Hidden World, kill!"

Before he finished speaking, he shot out like an arrow from a bow, transforming into a radiant brilliance!

"Why shy away from battle?! Old Ghost! If you make it back alive, there's a share of my treasured Hundred Spirits Brew for you! Wait for me!"

Another streak of brilliance shot up.

Watching the two figures who charged out first, the remaining people regained their calm, and a resolute glow shone in their eyes, each holding a determination to die.

Then, led by the two leaders, for a while, radiant lights continued to soar in Buzhou Space, flickering as if to illuminate the whole sky!

Each extremely sharp weapon delivered its strongest strike, countless disordered sword lights and shadows flashed across the Demon God's huge body.

"Kill!"

"Kill!"

"Kill!"

...

These shouts of "kill" used up all their strength.

For nothing else, but the righteousness in their hearts.

Chapter 1063: Moths Flying Into the Flame

Yang Yan's palm was already scarred and covered in blood, but at this moment, his fingers twitched slightly.

Just a few meters away lay the fallen Star Night!

His eyes felt like they were about to burst, and what he could see was only a layer of dim, blood-colored mist.

Further away, the flickering figures in Yang Yan's eyes were all blurry.

Yet Yang Yan still smiled.

He mumbled words that even he couldn't hear:

"These old geezers... aren't all just worthless bastards waiting to die!"

However, at this moment, a sudden change occurred within Yang Yan's body...

A surge of intense pain abruptly arose from the Eight Extraordinary Meridians.

This immense pain nearly took Yang Yan's life!

At this life-and-death juncture, he unexpectedly blacked out and fainted.

"Boom! Boom! Boom..."

Those Patriarchs in the Hidden World were considered among the top experts.

At least when the old ancestors of each family didn't act openly, they were almost the top existence.

However, the outcome of their charge towards the Demon God had long been foreseen.

Two figures, who rushed first, prevented the Demon God from splitting Yang Yan in half with an axe.

Their all-out attack could only leave a few bloodstains on the Demon God!

Now, the Demon God's strength wasn't what it used to be, but what he relied upon after emerging was not his unrecovered strength but his body that had already stepped into the Demigod Realm!

Coupled with the naturally strong physique of the Demon Race and their abnormal healing ability, the damage these people inflicted on the Demon God couldn't even be considered a tickle.

But the Demon God didn't want to let the flies in his eyes attack him wantonly from behind.

So, with a cold snort, the Demon God smashed his giant axe down, instantly blowing apart the two coming figures who couldn't retreat in time.

Boom!

Two masses of flesh exploded mid-air, blood and flesh flying everywhere!

This scene didn't frighten those moths to a flame; instead, it made them more determined.

A group of people swarmed towards the Demon God frantically!

"Boom! Boom!"

The Swinging Stone Axe couldn't keep up, but the Demon God still punched and blew apart two more.

"Ah!"

Then, the unguarded Demon God was simultaneously sliced by dozens of blades on his body.

Among them, two Patriarchs held longswords and aimed directly at the eye on the Demon God's belly!

And surprisingly, one of them succeeded!

"Ah---"

The Headless Demon God finally let out the most furious cry of pain.

"Die! You all must die! You ants all have to die!!"

The enraged Headless Demon God roared, grabbing the one who dared to pierce his eye.

That man, clad in white, looked like a middle-aged man in his fifties at most, yet gripped by the Demon God, he showed no fear.

As if he wasn't the one facing death.

The middle-aged man instead smiled peacefully at the group rushing forward:

"Always teaching the younger generation in the clan to punish the wicked; today, I set an example myself."

This light remark reached the Headless Demon God's ears, and the mouth under his navel opened angrily, revealing a bloody maw.

"Ah!"

"Sizzle..."

The middle-aged man made no further sound as the Headless Demon God stuffed him directly into his gaping mouth and shut it fiercely.

When the man emerged again, he was only a half-body remnant.

"Beast!"

"Monster!"

The live act of cannibalism stirred those rushing forward even more.

One by one, they desperately thrust their blades towards the Demon God's body.

Even if only a sword tip or knife edge penetrated, they gritted their teeth and continued to exert force!

"Slap!"

This slap echoed across the heavens, like an ordinary human slapping a blood-sucking mosquito.

After the Demon God's slap, his hand was covered in bright red blood.

Several bodies hit were utterly incapable of resisting, exploding into fragments mid-air, each one turning into debris!

This wasn't the end.

The remaining group continued to harass the Demon God's body with persistent attacks.

The wounds on the Demon God didn't even count as light injuries.

But he was already beyond furious, unwilling to let these ant-like beings continue striking him repeatedly.

These successive attackers were minuscule compared to his body and clung to it stubbornly, so the enraged Demon God tossed away the stone axe in his right hand.

Two massive palms began slapping his body constantly.

Wherever his body sensed or the eye on his navel saw, a sky-covering hand would follow in the next moment!

"Boom! Boom! Boom..."

Explosive sounds resounded one after another.

And every sound almost meant more than one life was extinguished.

Human fragility seemed magnified to the extreme at this moment.

Even these centenarian supernatural beings appeared so small, fragile, and vulnerable before the Demon God!

Having been delayed by the crowd, Yang Yan, the strongest human present, was still unconscious on the ground.

Here, besides Yang Yan, even if all the remaining people were combined, they couldn't pose even the slightest threat to the Demon God.

Even the man who risked his life and ultimately managed to wound one of the Demon God's eyes only made a futile sacrifice.

Because after the Demon God bit off his head, the blinded eye only leaked some blood but was otherwise unaffected.

Actually, the eye on the Headless Demon God's belly served no actual purpose.

In fact, the facial features on his belly were deliberately mimicked and lacked even basic observational abilities.

In other words, thinking his navel facial features were weak spots and desperately attacking them was a grave error.

"Boom!"

Another figure was sent flying by the Headless Demon God.

But unlike others, this person was still alive.

Perhaps due to the Secret Technique Body Refinement, he could still drag his broken body and stare intently in Yang Yan's direction.

Finally, he smiled in relief and slowly said:

"I'm here to protect the world; death... death is without regret!"

Even beasts treasure life, let alone humans?

"Yang Yan, Yang Yan!"

Suddenly, a tremor came from the entrance of Buzhou Space.

In the next moment, a violent voice faintly reached them.

As the various Patriarchs of the Hidden Clan were stalling the Demon God, Yang Yan's ten swordsmen, led by Ao Tian, finally arrived at Buzhou Space.

Even those outside could sense the battle inside Buzhou Space.

Not just Ao Tian but the ten swordsmen looked extremely worried.

Because Yang Yan was already inside!

At the entrance, a light flashed, and then a row followed.

Leading was Ao Tian, behind him, standing neatly in a row, were the ten swords.

Chapter 1064: Seal Unleashed

"Where's Yang Yan?"

Upon entering, Ao Tian only saw a towering Headless Demon God massacring wildly, but he didn't see Yang Yan's figure.

The blade in his hand suddenly erupted with a sharp gleam, slashing at the ground.

"The Moonlight Emperor injured the Demon God, both sides were severely wounded, and he fell unconscious."

The man on the ground managed to lift his head with difficulty, gazing towards the spot where Yang Yan fell unconscious, as if using the last of his strength to call out.

"Damn! Moonlight!"

Following the man's gaze, Ao Tian immediately spotted the unconscious Yang Yan lying on the ground.

Yang Yan was right in front of the Demon God at that moment.

With the Demon God's speed, he could easily crush him in an instant.

However, this moment was forcibly dragged out by the people behind.

"You guys go save Yang Yan, I'll handle him. Damn! Touch him, you're dead!"

Ao Tian's eyes turned red, his figure suddenly darting forward, charging towards the Demon God with no finesse.

He seemed no different from those Hidden World people going to their deaths.

The ten swords didn't need Ao Tian's command, they all anxiously flew towards Yang Yan.

As for Ao Tian, he was clearly mistaken by the Headless Demon God as one of those Hidden World people.

Like a mosquito he could squash with a slap!

Because he had just entered from the outside, the Demon God locked onto him and immediately attacked.

The Demon God opened his hands wide, intending to crush the mosquito, just waiting for Ao Tian to charge over.

It was at this moment, as the Demon God's attention was diverted, that the remaining twenty or so people from the Hidden World launched their desperate attacks like a storm of moths against a flame on him.

"Bang!"

The sound was earth-shattering.

However, the Demon God ultimately failed to achieve his goal.

Ao Tian, rushing towards the Demon God with fierce momentum, seeing the opponent waiting in place for him to die, how could he continue to charge like a fool?

He suddenly exerted force with his feet, leaping into the air and darting towards the sky.

The unsuspecting Demon God's hands clapped together, and ultimately only exploded a mass of air.

"Kill!"

Ao Tian, having leaped successfully to the Demon God's side, grinned wickedly and raised the sword in his hand.

Because his position was precisely at the Demon God's navel.

Without hesitation, Ao Tian fiercely stabbed the blade in.

"Ah!"

The white blade into red blade out, that's roughly the idea.

The long thin blade was entirely plunged into the navel, leaving only a small section of the handle outside.

Ao Tian snorted coldly, slightly twisting the hilt, and then abruptly extracted it.

Swoosh—

A torrent of blood shot forth.

Ao Tian didn't dodge, took it straight to the face.

This wound was finally enough to be considered a minor injury for the formidable Demon God.

Roar!

The Demon God roared in pain, creating a sonic boom.

Instantly, everyone's eardrums suffered a massive impact.

The vast space lightly trembled under this bellow.

Some of the Hidden World people still alive, slightly weaker, were already covering their ears and falling from the Demon God.

Those still holding weapons inserted in the Demon God's flesh, though they persisted, were all showing expressions of shock and dismay.

"King!"

"King!"

"King!"

...

Amidst the calls, there was urgency, concern, sadness, and anger.

But everyone's expression was the same.

They all had hopeful eyes fixed on Yang Yan on the ground, longing for him to suddenly wake up, laugh and chat with them, and then obliterate the great enemy before them with a flick of his finger.

Yet none of the outside events could affect Yang Yan at this moment.

Innumerable inscriptions appeared within his body, emitting a light akin to starlight.

Those outside couldn't see, but Yang Yan, seemingly unconscious yet forcibly inward-looking, could clearly see those ancient inscriptions.

They seemed to be what the old Daoist from Star-Picking Palace struck him with before.

Yang Yan distinctly recalled that the essence meant to transform the Star-Plucking Saint Body for the core disciple had been infused into his body.

At the time, the mysterious old Daoist even exclaimed Yang Yan was a Flawless Divine Body, naturally not needing the lower-level Sacred Body.

But after all, this thing had accumulated energy over several eras, and could still pave the way for Yang Yan's future cultivation.

This time, at the brink of life and death, it inadvertently triggered the automatic release of the seal within Yang Yan's body.

When Yang Yan first saw the situation inside his body, he was somewhat surprised.

The seal revealed countless intricate, obscure inscriptions.

In each inscription, Yang Yan could feel vast energy contained within.

And each inscription was locked by uniform seals, thoroughly enclosing that terrifying energy.

Yang Yan saw densely packed inscriptions inside his body stretching endlessly, utterly astounded by the magical sight before him.

Then, as he examined in amazement, the foremost and clearest inscriptions started to disintegrate.

First, rays of light shed from above, like grains of sand falling.

Then, gradually accelerating.

When the light shed halfway across the inscription, it suddenly exploded with a bang.

Boom!

Once the immense energy within was completely unrestrained, it flowed swiftly in Yang Yan's body, like rivers surging.

Next came the second inscription, then the third, the fourth...

Up to the tenth, when the remaining inscriptions became quiet.

Bewildered by the situation before him, Yang Yan took a moment to react.

Only after the inscriptions ceased cracking did he naturally feel the swelling energy within his body.

Like a small pond, instantly filled by a torrential downpour.

Not just full, but swollen a bit excessively.

This...

Yang Yan hadn't yet grasped what benefit this situation posed for him, when he saw the released energy starting to churn erratically inside.

Even with Yang Yan's robust meridians, the legendary Flawless Divine Body, he felt immense pain, as if he might explode at any moment.

Of course, it was just a sensation for the time being, yet it infuriated Yang Yan.

How dare you rampage through my body?

You must not know how many eyes Lord Ma has!

Without any visible reaction from Yang Yan, just a mental shift, the initially exuberant energy abruptly halted.

Subsequently, it seemed controlled by an invisible force, breaking up into countless tiny energy droplets.

Under this unseen giant hand's suppression, the segmented energy directly surged into Yang Yan's Eight Extraordinary Meridians.

It's him!

Yang Yan thought about the methods of that old man from Star-Picking Palace.

This must be the backup he left behind!

Chapter 1065: Now That's Fair!

If Yang Yan were to handle it, even if his current Flawless Divine Body could accommodate this energy, he would have no way to control it at all.

Thinking it over, there's only one possibility.

His head felt like it was exploding, but Yang Yan, who slowly woke up, didn't care at all.

A haughty voice reached his ears:

"Chiyou? Haha, Chiyou! It's really you! You've lost your head again, huh? Why aren't you looking for it this time?"

Ao Tian was laughing heartily, utilizing his agile Body Technique to dart and weave around the Demon God.

Although the Demon God was infuriated and eager to tear him to pieces, his enormous body prevented him from hitting Ao Tian.

Upon hearing Ao Tian's provoking words, he couldn't help but roar to the heavens, pounding his chest like a gorilla.

"Haha! Guess what, you'll never have your head back again! Because I've refined it!"

Ao Tian, who was laughing joyfully a moment ago, suddenly stopped in his tracks, glaring fiercely at the Demon God with a look of an Evil God.

"Refined? You dare to refine my head?"

Chiyou, who had remained silent, finally spoke.

That first line was filled with overwhelming rage!

The next moment he roared furiously, like thunder rolling across the sky:

"I will make you pay! Refine your head instead!!!"

Ao Tian snorted coldly:

"Want my head? Let's see if you're capable!"

He slightly lowered his head, looked terrifyingly at the Demon God, and suddenly stretched out his right hand, revealing a massive Half Moon Saber.

"What's this?"

The Demon God glared angrily at Ao Tian's saber.

It carried an aura so familiar and intimate to him?

Ao Tian chuckled at his words, waving the saber with his right hand:

"This? Oh! After refining your head, I suddenly found the remaining skull quite useful, and it would be a pity to waste it."

"So I simply crafted it into this saber. Look, isn't it something?"

"Roar!"

A savage beast's roar answered Ao Tian:

"I will tear you apart!"

The eyes on Chiyou's belly turned blood red.

Upon closer inspection, all his veins seemed to be faintly visible on his skin.

The belly was especially crimson.

Chiyou lifted his axe and struck fiercely at Ao Tian before him.

This strike was more vicious, faster than ever before.

But Ao Tian dodged once more.

When he reappeared, he was hundreds of meters away.

Ao Tian smirked wickedly, raising the saber, easily slicing through the Void with a scream.

"Chiyou, stop pretending. That head has nothing to do with your current body."

"I know maintaining that form takes a lot of effort, so hurry up and change back!"

As he spoke, Ao Tian's Hawkeye locked onto Chiyou, and suddenly, a fierce wind blew around him.

An extraordinary aura of power emanated from Ao Tian.

"Come on, let me test the feeling of advancing my power."

"By the way, let's see how strong a real Half-Step Divine Realm can be?"

Most people of Hidden World had fallen from Chiyou to the ground, with only a few still clinging to him.

Nevertheless, everyone looked at Ao Tian with disbelief.

The aura he emitted had at least Emperor-level nine-stage power!

That is, Emperor-level Perfection!

Just half a step more to the legendary Half-Step Divine Realm!

As for the Divine Realm?

There's no record even in historical accounts!

This is just the beginning!

Next, everyone, including the Nine Swords, saw thin black gas emanating from Ao Tian, swirling around him.

"Demon Race!"

Familiar with Demonic Qi, Zhuge Wushuang looked at Ao Tian's current appearance, his face suddenly changed.

The other Nine Swords also looked at Ao Tian in disbelief.

How could Ao Tian, the best friend of Wang, one of the Four Emperors, the Ice Emperor, be from the Demon Race?

But why did Ao Tian have Demonic Qi?

"How come you possess my race's aura? No way, you are a Demon Body!"

Chiyou wasn't frightened by Ao Tian's Emperor-level Perfection power.

On the contrary, what astounded him more was Ao Tian's Demon Body!

"Demon Body? With me, it's an Emperor Body!"

Ao Tian raised his head boldly, pointing his saber at Chiyou, displaying a blatant taunting pose.

"Kid, you are of my Demon Race, I can forgive your past transgressions."

"Though I've been sealed for so many years, you should know who I am."

Chiyou actually began conversing with Ao Tian.

But his words merely aimed to make Ao Tian follow his orders.

What a joke?!

Is Ao Tian a member of the Demon Race?

Though he underwent modification in that Trial Demon Cave, it was merely the physique that was altered.

In Ao Tian's eyes, taking advantage is always right; whether he is part of the Demon Race or not, it's up to him!

"Chiyou, murmuring isn't like you! What if you are a Demon God?"

"Do you think you're still the former Demon God leading the Demon Race?"

Ao Tian sneered coldly, then released bombshell news to Chiyou.

"The Demon Race of this world has long perished, and the ones who fled chose a new Demon God."

"If you reappear, when two gods meet, how do you fight without a head?"

Ao Tian watched Chiyou gleefully, just wanting to see his reaction.

He didn't know any of these things himself, purely fabricated.

"Little scoundrel! Return my head!"

Indeed, Chiyou immediately believed Ao Tian's words.

After all, he had just been released from the seal and knew nothing.

Ao Tian's description was nothing unusual for the power and strength-respecting Demon Race.

On the contrary, it's quite normal.

Additionally, since awakening, he hadn't found any traces of Demon Race activities, which deepened his trust in Ao Tian's words.

The thought of returning to the domain, and encountering the new Demon God replacing him, with less strength, wouldn't he have to bow down?

In Ancient Times, Chiyou was the first leader of the Demon Race!

For him to bow to a junior Demon God, he wouldn't accept even if killed!

Stimulated by Ao Tian's words, Chiyou swung his axe ferociously at him, each strike fiercer than the last.

However, facing the nearly frenzied Chiyou, Ao Tian kept evading.

After chasing and dodging ten rounds, neither could overcome the other.

Chiyou stood firm, his anger burning.

"Shrink!"

With a shout, Chiyou's giant body, dozens of meters tall, suddenly contracted, rapidly shrinking.

Finally, Chiyou returned to normal human size.

The axe also adjusted proportionally, firmly held in his hand.

"Good! Let's fight fairly!"

Seeing Chiyou restored, Ao Tian laughed immediately.

Chapter 1066: A Horde of Ant-like Beings Dares to Think of Killing Me?

Chiyou's eyes turned cold, a glint of frost flashed across his belly.

His sharp fangs were exposed.

The two stood face to face, one holding an axe, the other a knife, equally matched in aura.

Chiyou stared at Ao Tian, suddenly speaking:

"Boy, you're happy too soon. Restored to my original state, the strength of my entire body is enhanced!"

"Enlarged, my strength increases, but my physical defense decreases."

"Back then, you all couldn't break through my defense, let alone now?"

Upon hearing this, Ao Tian's expression changed abruptly.

Looking at Chiyou's coal-black skin, which also glowed faintly, an ominous feeling arose in his heart.

However, he forcibly suppressed it, his face showing a nonchalant expression:

"Stop spouting nonsense, headless corpse, if you've got the guts, come kill your grandfather!"

Here, what Ao Tian was saying is come kill him, not how Ao Tian was going to deal with Chiyou.

Because he was well aware that his strength, though formidable, couldn't do anything to the opponent.

Ao Tian's cheeky demeanor was nothing new in front of Chiyou.

Now restored to his true form, Chiyou was not willing to put up with him anymore.

With a lift of his right foot, the dozens of meters between them closed in an instant.

At the same time, the axe, emitting a chilling aura, was raised high and slashed directly at Ao Tian's head!

"Ugh..."

Yang Yan held his groggy head, struggling to open his eyes.

What he saw first was the sight of being surrounded by ten swords arranged in a circle.

With just a little thought, Yang Yan roughly understood what had happened.

"King! Are you alright?"

Fu Changjian was the first to ask.

The others also widened their eyes, waiting for Yang Yan's answer.

"No problem."

Yang Yan shook his groggy head, closed his eyes, and rubbed his temples hard.

Zhuge Wushuang, supporting him from behind, immediately started massaging the other side with a pained expression.

The usually boisterous Zhuge Wushuang didn't say a word.

With his eyes closed, Yang Yan felt himself out and found his body incredibly sore and swollen.

Even his limbs were swollen.

The sensation was like being soaked in water for a long time and just being salvaged.

Besides, Yang Yan could also feel a strong energy in his body, drifting uncontrollably through his meridians.

"It seems I still need to completely refine it!"

Yang Yan sighed and said.

Opening his eyes again, he saw all ten swords looking at him with concern.

So, he waved his hand, catching a glimpse of Ao Tian fiercely battling Chiyou.

By now, the other Hidden World patriarchs had already retreated to the side.

An Ancient Demon God, even if they fought to the death, was an impossible opponent.

"Hmm... not bad! But still not enough!"

Yang Yan also clearly noticed that Ao Tian's aura was sharper than before, indicating another breakthrough.

However, such a small breakthrough was still far from enough in front of the Demon God.

At this point, Ao Tian was no longer as composed as at the start, occasionally teasing the opponent.

He was being chased around by Chiyou, only engaging when absolutely necessary.

Each time, Ao Tian was utterly defeated, nearly spitting up blood three liters.

If not for the strong healing functions of his demon body now, had it been before, a few moves would have crippled him, rendering him unable to fight.

"You all go help Ao Tian, lest this guy gets killed by accident."

Although seeing the usually formidable Ao Tian being beaten so miserably by Chiyu was an amusing and relaxing sight, Yang Yan couldn't just watch him suffer misfortune.

"King."

Jing Hong seemed hesitant, wanting to say something but holding back.

Knowing Jing Hong's concern for him, Yang Yan gently shook his head, saying:

"Go quickly, I'm fine. Help Ao Tian, he can't afford to be in trouble either."

This manner of conduct was Yang Yan's usual style.

He didn't overlook his own life; rather, in his eyes, many were more important than his life.

"Understood!"

The ten swords immediately obeyed.

After drawing their swords, they moved seamlessly into formation, charging at Chiyu.

With the addition of the ten swords, Ao Tian was noticeably less pressured.

But this was only relatively speaking!

While they increased in number, not all were as strong as Ao Tian.

Chiyou naturally had more targets for his attacks.

During the first round of attacks from the ten swords in coordination with Ao Tian, Gongsun Ruyan, unable to retreat in time, was fiercely struck by Chiyou's axe.

Even though Gongsun Ruyan hastily raised her sword to block, the immense force sent her flying hundreds of meters!

Finally, she fell heavily to the ground, creating a massive crater with spreading cracks.

Gongsun Ruyan still tightly gripped her sword, but her green robe was already soaked with blood.

"Cough cough... ugh!"

After coughing twice, a sweetness filled her throat, and she spat out a large amount of blood.

Just like that, Gongsun Ruyan lost her fighting ability!

It's important to note that among the ten swords, any one of them could match an Emperor-level mighty figure.

Yet, after taking just one blow from Chiyou, she was completely crippled!

Moreover, according to Chiyou, in his restored form, his own attack power had decreased significantly!

The ten swords didn't spare one to help Gongsun Ruyan.

In the midst of battle, life and death were not in their control.

Especially when facing the mighty Demon God Chiyou?

"Hey! You headless freak! If you have the guts, come at me! Hitting a woman, what skill is that?"

Seeing Gongsun Ruyan, one of the ten swords, severely injured, Ao Tian was furious.

After shouting, he raised his curved knife and flew at the Demon God Chiyou from behind.

The sharp blade nearly reached Chiyou's back.

Clang!

Chiyou spun around at that moment, using the reversed side of the stone axe to forcibly block Ao Tian's blow.

Ugh!

The massive backlash caused Ao Tian to grunt, his body flying backward like a broken kite.

Chiyou stood there holding the stone axe, unwavering.

"A bunch of insignificant beings dare to think of killing me?"

"Your leaders from the Ancient Times, the Three Sovereigns and Five Emperors, were merely defeated by me!"

Chiyou sneered, glancing around with disdain as he spoke.

After getting knocked back, Ao Tian merely wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, stood up, and walked back step by step.

By now, the ten swords fully recognized Chiyou's terrifying power.

Chiyou hadn't attacked, and they didn't dare to either!

The name of the ten swords was illustrious in the Hidden World, showcasing them as superior warriors.

However, in front of the half-step Divine Realm Chiyou, they seemed insignificant.

Even a beheaded Chiyou, slumbering for thousands of years, had power that no ten swords could oppose.

But now, Yang Yan couldn't act. He was busy trying to refine the immense energy within himself.

Otherwise, even if he forced himself into battle, it would be in vain!

Chapter 1067: The Only Outcome for Angering Me Is Death

What Yang Yan needs now is time.

Chiyou saw the several people surrounding him with vigilant expressions, his face full of arrogance.

He let out another eerie laugh:

"Among the Three Sovereigns and Five Emperors, even the weakest had at least Emperor-level mastery. Among them, the Three Sovereigns had even stepped into the Demigod Realm."

"But they all died! All of them! One by one they perished under my axe!"

As Chiyou spoke, he grew more excited, seemingly lost in memories of that era, laughing maniacally again.

For a moment, Chiyou's laughter reverberated through the entire Buzhou Space.

The one who suffered the most being closest to Chiyou was the Nine Swords.

As for Gongsun Ruyan, she held on with all her might.

Finally, her vision went black, and she fainted directly.

"If this God were restored to his prime, such power is beyond your imagination!"

"It's just a pity, a mysterious race suddenly appeared back then, paying a huge price to restrain the Demonic Qi in my body, preventing my full strength from manifesting even five-tenths!"

"Otherwise, the last two emperors of your human race would have also died under my axe!"

"And now? Where are those two old men? After endless ages, I who was sealed am not dead, but they are probably long gone, right?"

"Does your human race have any Leader-level people left? Do you?"

At this moment, Chiyou's expression on his belly was flamboyant and vicious.

"Yes!!!"

At this moment, a thunderous shout suddenly erupted.

"Who?"

Chiyou looked coldly towards the group of people from the Hidden World.

Immediately, a middle-aged man with a serene gaze stepped out from within.

He was dressed in an ancient stylish attire, long, thin sashes fluttering without wind.

At his waist hung a treasured sword with an ancient-looking sword scabbard, which seemed to sense its master's intent, trembling slightly.

The presence lifted an illusion.

It seemed that just drawing the sword would make the man the Sword God!

Facing the powerful Chiyou, the man showed no fear at all.

Not even a hint of attachment to life could be seen on his face.

That is to say, he had resolved to die, ready to sacrifice everything!

Zheng!

The Longsword was suddenly drawn by him, emitting a resonant sword hum.

"The current Leader of the human race is the Alliance Leader of the Demon Suppression Alliance, Moonlight Emperor Yang Yan!!!"

While Yang Yan was meditating to refine the energy within his body, he vaguely seemed to hear someone passionately shouting his name.

However, at this moment, he couldn't even spare a moment to open his eyes to look.

"Moonlight Emperor? Yang Yan?"

Chiyou's face was furious:

"Bring him out to meet his death!!!"

Of course, the man wouldn't tell Chiyou that Yang Yan was sitting cross-legged behind him.

He smiled calmly, coldly saying:

"Audacious beast, how dare you meet the Alliance Leader?!"

As he shouted this, the group of people behind him echoed.

"How dare you meet the Alliance Leader?!"

"How dare you meet the Alliance Leader?!"

"How dare you meet the Alliance Leader..."

This phrase seemed to successfully infuriate Chiyou.

He did not rage aloud as before, but instead demonstrated with actions the fate of those who dared mock him.

Slash——

Boom!

With a flash, Chiyou swung an axe, slicing the previously carefree, fearless man in half.

The torn body parts flew apart.

The Ten Swords were helpless, and Ao Tian couldn't stop it in time.

As for the others from the Hidden World, though each fearlessly approached death, none could block Chiyou's furious axe blow.

However, this did not curb their desire to kill!

"When I was young, I killed many beasts, but a headless beast like this is a first!"

"Today, I will be the first to taste this crab, and open the fresh!"

A black-robed elder leaped from the crowd.

The long sword in his hand shined with a black light, looking extraordinary.

He spoke seemingly boastful words as his body reached above Chiyou's head.

"Kill!"

"Kill this beast!"

"Kill him!"

With the movement of the black-robed elder, the remaining twenty or so of Hidden World all rushed forward with weapons.

"Let's join too!"

This chance was something Ao Tian definitely wouldn't pass on.

The people from the Hidden World, to some extent, had some strength.

Among them were those who had touched the Emperor-level.

At worst, they were at the late stages of the Sect-level, seventh or eighth stage.

With the addition of the Ten Swords and Ao Tian, their collective power clearly ascended a tier.

At least, the group successfully held Chiyou steady.

Among them, Ao Tian managed to occasionally leave a few scars on Chiyou.

This made Chiyou increasingly furious, yet he could do nothing to Ao Tian.

Because all the attacks came in waves, from multiple directions at once, leaving Chiyou overwhelmed.

When Chiyou caught one person and tore them to pieces, the assault only paused momentarily.

The next instant, attacks rained down on Chiyou like a storm again.

However, the glory was short-lived.

At that moment, Chiyou's body expanded once more.

This sudden change left everyone unable to react.

This time he did not grow excessively large.

Standing ten meters high, three to four meters wide at most.

Yet such transformation was instantaneous.

Four or five from the Hidden World were directly turned to blood mist, meeting a gruesome end under Chiyou's axe, bodies utterly obliterated.

Meanwhile, Jing Hong and Zhuge Wushuang couldn't evade Chiyou's attack, being punched away, sent flying back.

Blood scattered in the air.

Both crashed hard into the ground.

Fortunately, their strength was indeed present, the punch causing only severe injuries. Struggling, they managed to sit up with difficulty.

"Ignorant!"

Chiyou disdainfully grabbed someone by the waist, sending them into his mouth alive.

In just that brief moment, Ao Tian's side saw its fighting strength reduced by half or more.

The remaining people posed no threat to Chiyou; even Ao Tian had to dodge left and right, avoiding his edge.

The Hidden World people, needless to say.

Just as they escaped Chiyou's attack range, he chased after them.

With just one horizontal axe sweep, he claimed another four or five lives.

The fifty to sixty who initially entered the Hidden World had become now only three...

Less than one in ten survived!

"The outcome of angering me is always death!"

Chiyou sneered, grabbing another Hidden World member with his hand.

Instead of crushing him, he roared as he joyfully shoved the person into his mouth.

Despite the fierce cries and struggles, it was futile!

On the contrary, Chiyou enjoyed watching the enemy display fear before him, growing more excited.

Crunch!

Blood sprayed all over Chiyou's mouth.

Since losing his head, Chiyou seemed to have gained a strange penchant for eating others' heads.

The strength of the Nine Swords was not weak, maintaining an offensive and defensive balance, making it somewhat challenging for Chiyou to kill them.

Yet, unexpected situations still occurred.

Chapter 1068: My Sword Has Yet to Slay a God—You Will Be the First!

Shua—

Zhuge Wushuang plunged a longsword into Chiyou's back.

Chiyou was still chewing a human head at the time, and through the intense pain, he swung a palm backward without turning his head.

Zhuge Wushuang, realizing what happened, immediately abandoned the sword, kicked Chiyou fiercely, and leveraged the force to swiftly dodge away, trying to avoid heavy injuries.

However, despite her quick reaction, her speed was ultimately a bit slower compared to Chiyou.

Ao Tian, who had been watching from the side, couldn't think much.

With the strength of the ten swords, individually against Chiyou head-on, it would lead to serious injury, if not death.

But Ao Tian was different.

The powerful regenerative ability of his Demon Body and his Emperor-level perfect strength gave him considerable leverage.

With a sudden burst of speed, Ao Tian rushed in front of Zhuge Wushuang, using a knife to fiercely slash at Chiyou's incoming giant palm.

He knew that Zhuge Wushuang was not just one of Yang Yan's ten swords, but also his woman.

She absolutely could not be allowed to perish.

So, even if it meant taking a risk, he had to forge ahead.

Ao Tian's strike stopped Chiyou's palm, even just for a moment, but it still gave Zhuge Wushuang enough time to escape.

However, Ao Tian, who hurriedly substituted Zhuge Wushuang by facing Chiyou's palm directly, was not so fortunate.

Boom!!!

Ao Tian's sharp blade directly cut through Chiyou's giant palm, with the wound deep enough to expose the bone, causing blood to pour.

It was precisely that bone that stopped Ao Tian's blade.

Afterward, Ao Tian was viciously slammed onto the ground.

Boom!

Dust rose, and the earth shook violently.

Though Ao Tian's slash was domineering, to Chiyou's now enormous body, it was merely a small crack.

Only because it was deep enough to expose bone did it cause Chiyou to go wild.

"Die!"

Being slammed to the ground, Ao Tian momentarily lost the ability to resist.

His body was covered with a large amount of Demonic Qi rolling out, seemingly trying to repair his injured body.

Seeing someone fall at his feet, Chiyou naturally lifted his leg, intending to stomp down hard.

Now Ao Tian was at most seriously injured.

But it was predictable, if Chiyou added another stomp, Ao Tian would be nearly dead.

"No!"

Zhuge Wushuang, retreating back, shouted in surprise and rushed back forcefully.

Around her, were the remaining Six Swords still capable of attacking.

The Six Swords had already rushed over at the first sign of Zhuge Wushuang being in danger.

Now, the seven swords line up and charge at Chiyou.

Seeing the seven fierce sword lights were already close at hand.

Because he didn't want to experience that bone-deep pain again, Chiyou had to retract the foot that was ready to stomp on Ao Tian.

Roar!

With a furious howl, he swung an axe and sent two people flying.

Then, with a slap of his left hand, he sent three more people flying.

The remaining two were Zhuge Wushuang and Red Dust.

Alone, the two stood facing the giant-like Chiyou, resolutely raising the swords in their hands.

Even though they knew the strength gap between them was too wide, neither had the slightest intention of retreating.

Because they knew if they retreated, it might be Ao Tian who died.

Among the Eight Swords of the ten, either unconscious or supporting their injured bodies on the ground.

Don't even mention counterattacking.

They didn't even have the ability to stand up.

The last remaining member of the Hidden Clan, upon seeing the ten swords defeated in an instant, let out a bitter laugh.

He turned his head towards the entrance of Buzhou Space, and flew towards it.

Calling out:

"Sorry everyone, Buzhou Space can't be defended anymore! I can only preserve my useful body!"

In essence, he planned to flee.

Zhuge Wushuang and Red Dust, standing in the void, looked displeased but did not stop him.

Because they knew even if he stayed, he would be nothing but a pawn.

"Come in whenever you want, leave whenever you want? I said, everyone here today will die!"

Chiyou shifted his gaze to the little ants in his sight, raising a giant palm, transforming a pure black Demonic Qi into a regular-sized longsword, striking directly.

"Ah!"

The man who had just reached the entrance was caught off guard and had his legs sliced off.

Losing his legs, he fell to the ground with a thud, no longer able to move.

Had it not been for a cultivator's life force being far stronger than an ordinary person's, this man would have died after one sword!

However, the Demon Sword disappeared after slicing his legs off, but the Demonic Qi left in his wound continued to torment him.

Strands of Demonic Qi fervently drilled into his wound, constantly gnawing at his flesh and soul.

"Ah!!!"

A miserable wail came from afar.

Ao Tian, beneath Zhuge Wushuang and Red Dust, finally had some movement.

The white robe Ao Tian originally wore was now dyed red.

He struggled to support himself with his hands, laboriously standing up, his right hand still trembling slightly.

But as Ao Tian extended a hand, the distant black curved knife immediately flew into his hand.

Chiyou ignored Zhuge Wushuang and Red Dust in front of him, instead looking with interest at the severely wounded Ao Tian on the ground.

"If you didn't have this Demon Body, how would you be able to stand now?"

Ao Tian looked at Chiyou, suddenly smiling, his pale lips oozing blood, speaking hoarsely:

"Because I am your dad, so I stood up."

Chiyou did not get angry at this, instead chuckled coldly:

"The weak always love to show off with words."

This made Ao Tian choke.

This ancient old monster could still say such intelligent words, what could he say?

Inferior skill was the truth!

"Really? What you said seems to make some sense?"

At this moment, a cold, ruthless voice suddenly came from behind them.

Chiyou was initially puzzled, then raised his head and his expression darkened.

From afar, the man who had lost his legs and was unable to avoid the torment of Demonic Qi, suddenly sensed something.

Beads of sweat seeped from his head, and clenching his teeth, he forcefully raised his head to look.

A black windbreaker stained with blood hung on Yang Yan's body, several torn holes very conspicuous.

An ordinary sword, its blade without even a reflection.

In appearance, it was even worse than the swords held by ordinary people.

Shaggy shoulder-length hair, disheveled, yet paired with that sharp, handsome face, creating a unique beauty.

"My sword has yet to slay a god. You will be the first."

The man with the black windbreaker and disheveled hair was Yang Yan!

"Haha! Kid, you finally woke up."

Ao Tian's knife tip embedded in the ground, barely supporting his body, he turned to Yang Yan with a wry smile and spoke with difficulty.

Yang Yan frowned tightly, commanding with a deep voice:

"Wushuang, Red Dust, take care of the others."

Chapter 1069:

The sword was held in Yang Yan's hand, as if he was holding not a sword, but merely a cluster of air.

The heavy footsteps echoed in the Buzhou Space.

"Tap tap tap..."

The sound came rhythmically.

Moreover, the sound amplified in the direction of Chiyou.

Zhuge Wushuang and Red Dust, receiving the order, flashed before Yang Yan without looking back.

Both kneeled on one knee, cupped their fists, and responded in unison:

"Yes! King!"

They showed no hesitation towards Yang Yan's command.

Yang Yan's slightly paused footsteps lifted once again.

Tap... tap...

"Ao Tian, you are heavily injured, leave the rest to me!"

Ao Tian stared at Yang Yan for a long while.

The current Yang Yan, even he couldn't discern his level.

However, he could sense that Yang Yan had undergone an earth-shaking transformation, distinctly different from the previous Moonlight.

At least in terms of strength, it had definitely increased significantly.

He couldn't help but give a bitter smile.

Even though he had his fair share of fortuitous encounters, he still couldn't keep up with Yang Yan, the favored of the heavens!

Ao Tian dragged the blade in his hand, pacing towards Yang Yan slowly.

At this moment, Chiyou did not strike Zhuge Wushuang or Ao Tian who were preparing to leave the battlefield.

He gazed at Yang Yan, pondering over unknown thoughts, with dark glints flickering within his eyes.

"You've broken through? Truly miraculous!"

When Yang Yan approached him step by step, Chiyou finally expressed a hint of surprise.

However, he quickly put on a smile.

"I, am not gifted with anything else, just accustomed to breaking through amidst combat. So, how about it, are you scared?"

Yang Yan slightly raised his head, arrogantly staring at the ten-meter-tall giant before him, and sneered.

"Ha! If you think your breakthrough can change the big picture, then you are mistaken!"

Chiyou first let out a dismissive cold snort, then slightly bent over, earnestly speaking to Yang Yan in a deliberate tone.

"When I say something, I do it. Say I'll slay a god, and I shall slay a god!"

Yang Yan raised his head, full of grandeur, showing no signs of retreat, instead brimming with the spirit of battle.

"Good! Then you shall die by me!"

The inherently hot-tempered Chiyou heard Yang Yan saying he would kill him once again; how could he remain calm and negotiate?

In his impulsiveness, he abandoned the axe, instead delivering a swift kick.

At such close distance, Chiyou's kick covered a wide area.

If it were Ao Tian, he probably couldn't dodge.

Yet, Yang Yan had no intention to dodge.

The energy ever-ready within his body was drawn by Yang Yan, surging wildly, roaring like a tide!

"Azure Vault Technique, Shattering Heaven!"

With one move, Yang Yan was unequivocal, unleashing the newest killer move he recently created.

Compared to the initial flaws and lack of proficiency, Yang Yan's current certain strike had evidently reached a masterful level.

Whether it was Star Night or Yang Yan, in Chiyou's eyes they were both insignificant.

But this sword, Star Night drew out a silver-white sword aura from the Void.

Initially just a white line, the sword aura gradually expanded into a crescent-shaped silver glow.

Then, when Chiyou's kick came, the sword aura had already widened to over ten meters!

When they intersected, there was no imagined earth-shattering noise, nor the expected clash of metal.

There was only a shout following the sword's resonance and a muffled crash.

"Ah!!"

Boom!

The unbalanced Chiyou tilted backwards, falling to the ground with a muffled thud.

Under the terrified gaze of a man with severed legs not far away, the sharp sword aura sliced off the foot that Chiyou kicked forward!

Just as Chiyou cut off his legs!

The severed foot by Yang Yan flew rapidly into the air, along with a massive stone axe crashing down not far from Chiyou.

From the wound, a massive spray of blood jetted out, fortunately, Yang Yan dodged quickly, thus avoiding being drenched all over.

As for the ten swords behind, along with Ao Tian, they were all shocked beyond measure.

Ao Tian, together with the ten swords and those Hidden World's masters, could only inflict minor injuries on Chiyou.

Yet, Yang Yan, upon waking up, cut off Chiyou's foot with one stroke!

Bear in mind, this was Demon God Chiyou, Half-Step Divine Realm, nearly crushed Ao Tian underfoot!

The fallen Chiyou visibly shrunk in size.

Immediately afterwards, a clump of demonic qi appeared at the wound where the foot was severed.

Yang Yan already knew without needing to watch that what would happen next.

Indeed, in just a moment, the severed foot reappeared on Chiyou's leg, as if it had never been severed!

This wasn't simply the strong self-healing ability of the Demon Race.

No matter how strong the body of the Demon Race was, it couldn't restore a foot in such a short time.

Just like how Chiyou's decapitated head didn't regenerate!

Yang Yan actually knew very well, that Chiyou's foot was merely a manifestation of pure demonic qi.

"You are the Moonlight Emperor? Alliance Leader of the Demon Suppression Alliance?!"

In mere moments, Chiyou figured out Yang Yan's identity.

Although Yang Yan was previously beaten by him with no power to fight back, facts proved that this human before him was indeed the strongest being he encountered since breaking the seal.

"Yes, I am Yang Yan. If you go to the Underworld, remember to tell King Yama that the person who killed you was me."

For once, Chiyou wasn't angered by Yang Yan's arrogant words, but rather stood properly, not displaying an angry expression.

"You've broken through to Half-Step Divine Realm?"

Chiyou suddenly asked.

Yang Yan looked at him, coldly snickering:

"Previously, I was Emperor-level six, I merely broke through three levels in succession, reaching Emperor-level nine perfection, as for Half-Step Divine Realm?"

Yang Yan shrugged, saying with a smile:

"Do you think if I were Half-Step Divine Realm, you could still stand here talking to me? But actually, now it's practically close."

Chiyou roared once more:

"Boy, just being Emperor-level perfection, you are extremely arrogant. If I regain my strength, you'll be surely doomed!"

"I live, you die, that's my word!"

Yang Yan raised Star Night, squinting at Chiyou, his face full of conceit:

"Spare the nonsense, today hundreds have died by your hand, and all were top tier experts from the Hidden World. What's owed must be repaid!"

Having spoken, Yang Yan no longer gave Chiyou time to respond, once again unleashing Shattering Heaven.

Boom!

Accompanied by the sound of space tearing, the silver sword aura became terrifying in Chiyou's eyes.

"Yah!"

The stone axe flew back into Chiyou's hands, its sharp blade clashed directly with Star Night's sword aura.

Bang!

The result of the collision was beyond Chiyou's belief.

This sword aura was not only incredibly sharp but also tremendously powerful!

Its unstoppable momentum felt like lashes upon the stone axe.

Chiyou almost couldn't hold his weapon, stumbling to barely remain standing.

Chapter 1070: Do You Dare?

"Azure Vault Second Technique — Annihilation Slash!!"

Yang Yan refused to give Chiyou a moment to catch his breath.

The Half Moon Slash, quite similar to the Shattering Heaven, was an improvement Yang Yan made on the first technique.

This second technique naturally held greater power.

Not only did it draw upon about eighty to ninety percent of Yang Yan's energy, but it also possessed an unfathomable might!

The blade of Star Night was enveloped in a gray, hazy aura that appeared murky, yet upon closer inspection, was remarkably clear.

Yes, that's right!

This is the Devouring Power!

The Devouring Power, in theory, can consume everything.

However, even Yang Yan hadn't used it many times.

It could be said that every use was akin to a trump card.

"What is this?!"

Chiyu's expression changed; the might of Yang Yan's strike invoked an inexplicable fear in his heart!

Yet, he had no other options, as the pressing Yang Yan left him with no possibility of escape.

Boom!

Screech!!

In haste, Chiyou placed his stone axe in front, only for it to be abruptly knocked aside.

The stone axe slipped from his grip, hurtling fiercely towards Chiyou's back.

Immediately following, the sound of flesh being sliced echoed.

A spurt of blood shot through the air!

Since Chiyou was already headless, and his body arched slightly backward in a critical moment.

Yang Yan's sword merely grazed his neck.

Just like that, the already minimal segment of Chiyou's neck was entirely severed by Yang Yan!

"Ah! I, the god, will kill you! Kill you!"

Enraged by pain, Chiyou clenched his right fist tightly, launching it ferociously at Yang Yan with the force of a violent gale.

Yang Yan did not reply, nor was he in the mood to do so.

He couldn't be bothered to waste words with Chiyou.

At such close range, there was no time to wield a sword.

Thus, Yang Yan clenched his left fist, preparing to meet Chiyou head-on with a punch!

At the outset, Chiyou's punch had slain countless experts from the Hidden World.

Later, a single punch from Chiyou sent Yang Yan flying, gravely injuring him into unconsciousness.

Each sword master who barely endured one punch from Chiyou was instantly knocked back, losing any ability to counter.

Even Ao Tian had bowed before Chiyou's fists.

Yet now, Yang Yan actually dared to confront Chiyou face-to-face in a direct clash!

Boom!

A radiant light centered on the two of them suddenly spread outward.

The blinding brilliance forced everyone to shut their eyes instinctively.

Whether Ao Tian or the ten sword masters.

And the man whose legs had been severed by Chiyou, already at the entrance, was the farthest from Yang Yan and Chiyou, thus the last to close his eyes.

Of course, it was only a momentary delay.

In that instant, the man witnessed an unforgettable scene!

Bang!

A headless body soared into the air at that moment.

Yang Yan remained in his punching stance.

As for Chiyou, who had exchanged a punch with him, he was being launched into the sky.

Then, pulled by gravity, Chiyou crashed back onto the ground.

Once again, the entire Buzhou Space trembled, as if it were about to collapse the next moment.

The force of this punch was terrifying beyond compare!

"Ugh!"

Chiyou, lying on the ground, could no longer hold back; the blood that he had been suppressing uncontrollably spewed out from his throat.

Billowing Demonic Qi promptly flooded out of his body, beginning to repair Chiyou's damaged form.

When Ao Tian and the others reopened their eyes, they saw only Chiyou sitting a distance away from Yang Yan on the ground, with a shocking pool of blood in front, and demonic Qi surging all over him.

Yang Yan was in no rush.

He just stood there, motionless, observing Chiyou's self-healing.

The physique of the Demon Race was indeed extraordinary.

At the very least, this self-healing capability was beyond imagination.

Despite Chiyou being beaten so miserably by Yang Yan, the actual harm wasn't massive.

Even though Chiyou was only at the Half-Step Divine Realm, the divine attribute of a touch of the Divine Realm's indestructible physique was not to be underestimated.

Coupled with the innate regenerative abilities of the Demon Race, Chiyou was practically a stubborn survivor.

"Moonlight, I admit, you're strong! But you can't kill me! Moreover, you all can't stop me!"

After a brief recovery, Chiyou already stood up.

When Yang Yan heard the phrase 'you all can't stop me', he realized something was wrong.

As expected, the fallen stone axe flew back into Chiyou's hand.

This time, Chiyou didn't charge at Yang Yan but instead, dashed towards the core of the Buzhou Space.

He moved so fast that even the space he passed left behind a series of afterimages, bursting with the sound of space tearing apart.

"No!!"

The man, legless at the entrance, perceived Chiyou's intention and couldn't help but exclaim.

If Chiyou succeeded, then everything would be over.

The deaths of those earlier would be in vain!

"No? What right do you have to say no?"

Chiyou approached the core of the Buzhou Space, raising his axe to swing at the core barrier.

Simultaneously, he disdainfully turned to glance at the man.

Ants will always be ants, without any right of refusal!

Yang Yan was some distance away from Chiyou; even though he realized what the opponent intended to do, he rushed over with all his might, yet Chiyou's axe had already fallen.

Boom!

The barrier, already covered with cracks, was now even more fractured after this strike.

"Chiyou, you dare!"

Yang Yan, reaching Chiyou's side, roared fiercely, charging with a determined sword slash.

This sword was aimed to take Chiyou's life, aimed straight for his heart.

Unexpectedly, Yang Yan's seemingly lethal strike wasn't even taken seriously by Chiyou.

Instead, Chiyou's grin grew even more maniacal.

The speed between the two was actually comparable.

When Yang Yan's sword tip reached Chiyou's chest, Chiyou's axe was also just descending.

"Screech!"

Star Night pierced through Chiyou's left ventricle, giving Chiyou a bone-chilling sensation.

Chiyou's axe also landed on the barrier just in time.

"Creak..."

The barrier shuddered violently, showing signs of imminent shattering!

With just two more strikes, or even just a blow from an Emperor-level expert, this barrier would inevitably collapse!

At that time, minus the operational shield maintained by Buzhou Space for the Hidden World's outer defense, the extraterrestrial Demon Race wouldn't need to risk substantial losses in strength to directly invade the Hidden World.

Should that occur, not only would the Hidden World rapidly fall, the current world would also be doomed!

However, after being pierced through the heart by Yang Yan, Chiyou merely hesitated in lifting his axe.

Yang Yan didn't have time to ponder why Chiyou was still alive; he immediately abandoned the attack on Chiyou's back, turning to slash diagonally instead.

Screech!

Before Chiyou could lower his axe, the quicker Yang Yan forcibly severed Chiyou's right arm.

At this moment, under everyone's gaze, Chiyou turned to Yang Yan with a wry smile.

Boom!

Chiyou's left punch, in the next instant, slammed brutally onto the barrier.

The barrier, having withstood this blow, shattered to the extreme.

With just one last strike needed, perhaps even one from an Emperor-level expert, this barrier would inevitably break!

"You won, I... also... didn't lose."

After those words to Yang Yan with a smile, Chiyou's entire body lost support, collapsing heavily onto the ground.