

Powerful 1071

Chapter 1071: The Great Calamity Approaches

The Demon God Chiyou actually died?!

Yang Yan lowered his head and glanced at the protective shield, then looked at Star Night in his own hand.

Just now, in that moment of desperation, Yang Yan's second sword had stabbed straight into the right side of Chiyou's chest.

What he thought was, since there was no heart on the left, there had to at least be one on the right, right?

Yet in reality, Chiyou didn't have a heart at all!

The Demon God Chiyou, who had already reached the Half-Step Divine Realm, was practically an unsolvable existence.

Unless your strength was far above his, you simply couldn't kill him.

The reason Yang Yan's final sword could make Chiyou die was all thanks to that Devouring Power which had suddenly surged out from within him.

Yang Yan could sense that when his first sword pierced through Chiyou, the Devouring Power in his body had already been stirring restlessly.

When the second sword went in, Yang Yan could no longer suppress it; the Devouring Power followed Star Night and rushed into Chiyou's body together.

Then, like a whale madly sucking in seawater, it began to devour wildly inside Chiyou.

The reason Chiyou died was because more than half of his soul had been sucked away by the Devouring Power.

Otherwise, just by relying on those injuries on his body, Chiyou very likely could have used his monstrous physique to smash through the barrier, then shake off Yang Yan and successfully escape.

Fortunately, none of that happened.

Otherwise, Yang Yan would have gone completely mad.

When the Devouring Power brought Chiyou's soul back, something that delighted Yang Yan happened.

His own soul was no longer like before, where at most it would only increase a tiny bit; instead, it suddenly expanded by several degrees.

Moreover, there were now strands of golden radiance on his soul.

There weren't many, but to Yang Yan, this was incomparably important!

Because once his entire soul transformed into gold, that meant Yang Yan's very Soul Body had stepped into the Divine Realm!

Even if to Yang Yan this might still be something out of reach, taking the first step was still a good thing.

"Moonlight, well done! Really, damn well done!"

Ao Tian flew over, clearly excited, and gave Yang Yan a heavy slap on the shoulder as he said sincerely.

"If I hadn't broken through, wouldn't the Hidden World and the mortal world, including us, all be doomed today?!"

Yang Yan looked at Ao Tian with a half-smile, speaking half-jokingly.

Ao Tian's gaze sharpened; he gave a slight nod, then looked toward the Ten Swords behind him and said seriously:

"If it weren't for this group of subordinates of yours and the people of the Hidden World helping you stall for time, we really would've been finished."

"Didn't you already refine Chiyou's head?"

Yang Yan suddenly cut Ao Tian off, teasing him.

Seeing this, Ao Tian immediately scratched his head and said to Yang Yan a bit awkwardly:

"Ahaha! That, uh, I also refined it... kind of accidentally."

Yang Yan pointed at Chiyou's corpse lying on the ground, still slowly leaking blood, and said:

"Then refine the body too! It'll do you a world of good."

Ao Tian looked at Yang Yan somewhat blankly.

He clearly hadn't expected this guy to suddenly become so easy to talk to.

After all, the one lying on the ground was the Demon God Chiyou!

Frankly speaking, Ao Tian was already an out-and-out Demon Body, and he was still constantly refining Demonic Qi.

Swap in anyone else, and they'd probably already see him as a Demon Race member.

Yet Yang Yan didn't care in the slightest, and even really hoped he'd refine it and get a massive boost in strength?

Seeing Ao Tian staring at him without speaking, Yang Yan immediately guessed what was on his mind.

So he patted Ao Tian on the shoulder in return and said with a smile:

"Just like you said, only a blade that's killed is a butcher's knife. And I believe you'll always stand on my side."

"My King!"

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh..."

Ten streaks of radiance flashed by, and the Ten Swords stood before Yang Yan in unison, bowing.

Yang Yan swept his gaze over them and saw that the badly injured ones like Gongsun Ruyan were still supporting each other; even just standing steady looked like a struggle.

They didn't have the freakish physique of the Demon Race; in such a short time, there was no way they could recover.

Without wasting words, Yang Yan flashed forward and poured a strand of pure energy into each of their bodies.

After the energy entered their bodies, although the Ten Swords didn't rapidly heal, their complexions all became rosier.

"Thank you, my King!"

The Ten Swords, having received this boon, were all overjoyed and thrilled by Yang Yan's advancement.

"Think nothing of it."

Yang Yan waved his hand and said lightly.

He stood tall before the protective shield of Buzhou Space; this was the very center of Buzhou Space, the core of the entire Hidden World.

Right now, the surrounding shield was already covered in dense cracks, as if it could collapse at any moment.

"Sigh!"

Seeing this, Yang Yan couldn't help but let out a soft sigh.

Hands clasped behind his back, he turned decisively and walked toward the entrance.

"The core barrier took too heavy a bombardment. Right now it can barely maintain the outer barrier of the Hidden World. But from the looks of it, it won't last long."

"Maybe the next time the Demon Race launches a probing attack, the Hidden World's barrier will shatter."

"So we'd better prepare early! The great tribulation of the Hidden World is here!"

"Thud!"

The man who had lost both legs was stubbornly standing on the ground, propped on his half-stumps of legs that had scabbed over with blood, making him look less than one meter forty tall.

At this moment, upon hearing Yang Yan's words, he suddenly lost his balance and fell straight to the ground.

After he fell, his mouth and nose pressed against the earth, his eyes staring fixedly at the ground before him.

A man who had actually lived for several hundred years and thought himself long indifferent to life and death now let two lines of tears fall.

He muttered:

"The Hidden World is finished, the Hidden World is finished, this world is completely finished too!"

Swish!

As Yang Yan passed by him, he grabbed the man up in one hand and bellowed like a great bell:

"You weren't afraid to throw your life away in front of Chiyou, you didn't fear losing both legs—now that Chiyou is dead, what are you crying for?"

The man's eye sockets were already brimming with tears; he slowly lifted his head now, his tear-blurred gaze turning to Yang Yan:

"For this battle, even heaven and earth will weep; countless living beings will be plunged into misery—let alone me?"

A sharp light flashed through Yang Yan's eyes. He slowly clenched his left hand into a fist and held it before the man:

"If there are no heroes left in this world, then I'll be that hero!"

"Not to save the world—just for my own Heavenly Dao!"

The man stared fixedly at Yang Yan; for a moment, even his tears seemed to freeze.

"Boom!"

Dust flew up as Yang Yan casually set him back on the ground.

Behind him, Ao Tian and the Ten Swords walked over slowly.

"Jing Hong, take this man and send him back to his clan. Also, notify the leaders of all first-rate and above forces in the Hidden World—they all come to gather before me!"

At this moment, Yang Yan revealed for the first time the domineering aura of a sovereign of the mortal world.

"Yes, my King!"

Jing Hong bowed with his sword and accepted the order.

After leaving Buzhou Space, there was no one waiting outside anymore.

In fact, looking out for several hundred li to either side, it was a desolate, uninhabited scene.

Just a single Demon God Chiyu had already turned the Hidden World into this.

If the extraterritorial Demon Race launched a full-scale invasion of the Hidden World, what would happen?

It was simply unimaginable.

"Ao Tian, hurry and come with me for a trip."

Yang Yan suddenly called out to Ao Tian.

Chapter 1072: Damn, No One Plays It Cooler Than You

On another side, the Ten Swords were being treated by Yang Yan and had somewhat regained mobility.

Following Yang Yan's instructions, they began dragging their heavily injured bodies to relay messages to various forces.

"Where to!"

Ao Tian first shouted in confusion, but as soon as the words left his mouth, he immediately realized and nodded in agreement:

"Alright!"

Yang Yan squinted his eyes and slowly said:

"I don't want the present world to suffer alongside the Hidden World. Time is pressing, and it's beyond our control to make any arrangements now."

"So for now, let's directly sever the spatial link between the Hidden World and the present world, and delay as much time as possible!"

Ao Tian listened and, hesitantly, said:

"Once this link is severed, without strength surpassing the Divine Realm, it's impossible to break through the space barrier of the present world."

"Do you really want to do this? Leave all those women behind..."

Ao Tian didn't finish his sentence, but Yang Yan understood his meaning.

He smiled at Ao Tian with a hint of bitterness and said:

"What other choice do we have? Bringing everyone over to face the Hidden World's great calamity together?"

Ao Tian's eyes dimmed, then he nodded:

"Indeed! You're right; this is our final move. After this, life and death are up to fate."

Yang Yan responded with a cold laugh, leaving behind an earth-shattering remark:

"My fate is mine to control, not Heaven's!"

The next moment, with the sound of a whooshing wind, he soared into the sky like a silver stream of light, ascending steadily.

In the depths of the Hidden World's sky, closest to the present world, existed the only connection between the Hidden World and the present world.

In other words, if this connection were severed, whether attempting to go from the Hidden World to the present world or vice versa, it would have to be forcefully broken through!

The space barrier of the present world differs from the Hidden World; it's a natural barrier constructed by the omnipresent path of the present world for self-protection.

Just as Ao Tian mentioned, without strength surpassing the Divine Realm, one should forget about breaking through the present world's barrier forcefully!

Yang Yan hadn't even reached the Demigod Realm, let alone the legendary realm surpassing the Divine Realm!

In a section of the Hidden World sky, sunlight continued to layer down here as usual.

Saintly rays seemed to carry some mysterious power, shooting down without limit, brightening this somewhat dim space.

Amidst this, two proud figures stood aloft in the air.

Under the shining light, even their shadows vanished.

Those who could appear here now were naturally supreme beings like Ao Tian and Yang Yan.

"Aren't we waiting for the Hidden World families to arrive?"

Ao Tian sneezed uncouthly, asking doubtfully.

Yang Yan turned his head and glanced at Ao Tian, his black cloak turned white by the strong light.

"We might have needed help before, but not anymore."

"Oh!"

Ao Tian recalled the terrifying prowess Yang Yan displayed in his battle with Chiyou and understood immediately.

Moreover, he had reached the Emperor-level perfection, his strength incomparable to before.

"Enough talk; no one knows when the Demon Race will strike. Let's start right away!"

Just as his words fell, Star Night flashed into Yang Yan's hand, glowing brightly in the strong sunlight.

"Heh heh! Since you've made up your mind, I'll stick with you to the end."

Ao Tian chuckled, then he too produced a weapon.

This time, instead of the Bone Saber, it was the stone axe.

The axe that was in Chiyou's hand!

After killing Chiyou, Yang Yan hadn't dealt with Chiyou's corpse, so Ao Tian naturally took away the axe.

"Though this axe is good, it's tainted with much resentment. Be careful."

Yang Yan advised Ao Tian as he looked at the stone axe with traces of blood.

Ao Tian shook his head disdainfully:

"Just a bit of resentment. Plus, it's all trapped inside the stone axe, won't affect my mindset. Don't worry!"

"That's preferable."

Yang Yan nodded slightly, spoke no more, took a step forward carrying Star Night.

In front, a circular passageway woven from seven-colored lights appeared.

Through the passage, Yang Yan seemed to see the prosperity of the present world, and the beautiful faces of Zhou Hanyun and others.

He seemed to see his unborn child.

Yang Yan couldn't forget the moment when he rushed from the present world to the Hidden World, while Wuyan tearfully held him.

She placed his hand on her belly, saying with a sob:

"My child and I will wait for you to return home."

Back then, Yang Yan's hand could even feel the lifelines connected by his blood.

In his realm, he naturally understood what was happening to Wuyan.

He, Yang Yan, now had his own child!

But with this farewell, he didn't know when he could go back to accompany them and see his child.

"What's the matter? Didn't we say to act quickly? Why are you hesitating now?"

"Are you becoming reluctant?"

Ao Tian emerged from behind Yang Yan, teasing with a grin.

While speaking, Ao Tian didn't wait for Yang Yan's response and swung the stone axe close to the passage.

Then, he turned his head and continued:

"If you're really unwilling, go back now."

"It's just a group of extraterrestrial demons. If I refine Chiyou's body, my strength will definitely leap to another level; safeguarding the Hidden World is no problem."

Yang Yan turned his head to look at Ao Tian in response.

Ao Tian, thinking Yang Yan doubted him, glared with tiger-like eyes:

"What? Moonlight, are you doubting me? Don't forget, I used to be your master!"

Yang Yan couldn't help but laugh.

This laughter couldn't be stopped!

Yang Yan jumped into the air, a mighty aura spreading with his mad laughter.

Buzz—

Star Night trembled violently, emitting a silver glow brighter than sunlight.

The sword's tip pointed directly at the seven-colored passage, then struck down without hesitation!

"Hahaha! I laugh towards Heaven with a blade, leaving worldly flourish to rise and fall!"

"Damn it! You're the best at showing off. Always stealing the spotlight. Here comes Ao Tian too!"

Unwilling to fall behind, Ao Tian cursed fiercely, then laughed heartily as he raised the stone axe, just like a giant splitting heaven and earth, he held the axe with both hands and fiercely struck down towards the passage.

"Let any great disaster come; I shall forcefully break it!"

Ao Tian shouted wildly.

"Break with force!"

Yang Yan corrected above his head.

"Just force! Kid! You can only play the supporting role! Want to help me be the main pillar? Practice more! Haha!!"

Ao Tian argued forcibly, leaving Yang Yan helpless.

Under the series of frantic strikes from the two, the seven-colored passage was on the verge of collapse.

The final strike was performed by Yang Yan, who, after pausing his attacks for a while, suddenly executed a move.

He hung in the air, gripping the Star Night Longsword tightly in his right hand, eyes flashing with brilliance.

As he raised the sword again, a powerful aura suddenly whipped up a black storm around him, making the sunlight bending through the space seem distorted.

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Chapter 1073: Azure Vault Third Technique—Life and Death Floating Sword!

Ao Tian stopped the axe and looked up at Yang Yan with some confusion.

A strange feeling of danger suddenly arose in his heart without any warning.

With no time to think, Ao Tian cursed inwardly and immediately retreated rapidly.

"The Great Dao contains three thousand paths, and life hangs by a thread. This sword, slashes through space, gazes upon life and death. The future grand scenario, all hinges upon this sword."

"I don't have ambitious aspirations, but I also have a man's spirit! This sword shall be called the Azure Vault Third Technique—Life and Death Floating Sword!"

"Life and Death Floating Sword!"

"Life and Death Floating Sword!!"

"Life and Death Floating Sword!!!"

As the enormous echo spread out, a tiny sliver of light initially appeared, then expanded infinitely, as if the entire space was swallowed.

Even in Ao Tian's eyes, distantly avoiding it, there was only the silver light that engulfed him.

The entire space resonated with Yang Yan's last words.

Although seemingly ordinary, Yang Yan didn't even shout it with full force, yet the name of this sword technique still announced its existence to the space with its unique unveiling!

It is him!

This move embodies Yang Yan's beliefs and obsessions.

If someone can break this move, they must first break Yang Yan's convictions and obsessions!

Boom!

Thunderous rumblings echoed as if thousands of thunders in a cave suddenly went chaotic, creating a sky-shaking disturbance.

"Pop..."

When this imposing sword struck the colorful passage, it made only a faint sound.

After a slight noise, the passage that Yang Yan and Ao Tian had partially destroyed instantly collapsed from the outside inward, like a domino effect.

Pieces of colorful fragments fell, and in the blink of an eye, disappeared without a trace.

On this day, everyone in the Hidden World, be they powerful factions, families, or ordinary people, witnessed a scene that would be recorded in history.

After a earth-shattering sound, countless rays of radiant light cascaded down from the endless sky.

As they approached the ground, some tried to reach out and grab them, only to find it was just an empty radiance.

Like the wind, you can sense and feel it, but you can't grasp it in your hands.

These radiant lights fundamentally belong to the category of space, and no one in the Hidden World can manipulate space or touch these things.

In truth, if one could keep pieces of these space origin-like things, they would be invaluable treasures for cultivators in comprehending the Path of Space.

"We can go now."

Seeing the just existing colorful radiance obliterated by his sword, Yang Yan smiled at Ao Tian, who was still standing there in a daze, unable to recover for a long time.

Ao Tian swallowed unconsciously, looking at Yang Yan in disbelief, and said with some difficulty:

"What is this sword technique? Passed down from ancient times?"

Yang Yan shook his head slightly, very composed, or perhaps showing off calmly as he replied:

"I created it myself, just had a sudden insight."

Ao Tian's mouth twitched immediately.

After a long while, he finally looked at Yang Yan and spat out two words:

"Freak!"

Whether he's a freak or not, Yang Yan doesn't know, but the urgent crisis in the Hidden World was an undeniable fact for everyone there.

When the Ten Swords went to convey the message to those powerful factions, almost no one hesitated, let alone refused.

In a very short time, several rays of radiant light sped towards where Yang Yan was.

Eventually, Yang Yan and Ao Tian found temporary shelter with a nearby faction in the east.

It was the Ouyang Family, which had been slaughtered almost completely by Chiyou.

The Ouyang Family was now in ruins, with only a few halls still stubbornly standing, speaking of past glories and the ferocity of that battle.

The dozen or so disciples who were luckily outside that day returned to repair these few remaining buildings.

Although the Ouyang Family was all but extinct, they still left a bloodline.

Moreover, no family rises to greatness from the start.

The leftover Ouyang Family disciples were thrilled upon seeing the arrival of the Second Emperor, eagerly taking on the roles of attendants.

They respectfully served tea and water to Yang Yan, Ao Tian, and others arriving one after another, even preparing whatever fruits they could find.

However, Yang Yan soon sent them all out with a single remark.

When Jing Hong was the last to return, he brought along with him people from three Hidden Clan families who also seated themselves in the hall.

This hall was originally the Ouyang Family's reception room, so it was spacious.

It could easily accommodate the hundreds of people present.

"Moonlight Emperor!"

Once everyone was gathered, the Ten Swords stood scattered behind Yang Yan.

Yang Yan sat alone at the head, with Ao Tian seated to his immediate right.

Ao Tian noticed a hint of disdain appear on the corners of his mouth when everyone rose and formally addressed Yang Yan as Moonlight Emperor.

Some of these people had been hostile to Yang Yan before.

Of course, now each one pretended to have forgotten it completely, as if it never happened.

Could it be that in the face of the impending threat from the Demon Race, they chose selective amnesia?

Ao Tian disliked such behavior.

Even though he clearly understood that when faced with a formidable enemy, past grievances should be temporarily set aside; unity against an external foe was crucial.

"Alright, alright! You didn't treat me this respectfully before, so why bother now?"

Yang Yan said, glancing with burning eyes across the crowd of hundreds, a slightly disdainful smile on his face.

Everyone responded with awkward smiles, but no one spoke.

The ancestors of the major family clans, including the patriarchs, had all perished while trying to stop Chiyou.

Currently, most sitting before Yang Yan were the clan elders.

A few were young people with considerable strength.

At least for their age, having such strength was quite impressive.

Yang Yan didn't need to think twice to realize these people were likely the successors to become future patriarchs.

Or more accurately, they were probably about to assume their patriarchal positions now.

No nation can go a day without a king, and similarly, these Hidden World families cannot remain leaderless for too long.

Moreover, with the Demon Race about to arrive from beyond the realm, any clan without a leader would be doomed to fall apart, which is absolutely unacceptable.

Even if lacking ability, the clan elders would still diligently assist.

So, securing the patriarchal positions under such internal and external pressures wasn't something anyone in the clan would oppose or obstruct.

However, among these people below, Yang Yan noticed a familiar face.

It was none other than the man from the Buzhou Space who had miraculously survived despite losing both legs.

He now had something else replacing his legs, with several layers of bandages wrapped around.

No matter how, at least he could walk now.

And with strength approaching the Emperor-level, flying in the sky wasn't difficult, so he wasn't entirely a cripple.

Chapter 1074: What Do You Want to Say?

Under Yang Yan's gaze, everyone more or less guiltily lowered their heads.

Yang Yan himself didn't care, acting as if he hadn't noticed anything at all, his eyes as calm as still water.

"I won't waste words, this is news you all have the right to know."

"Let me just tell you directly—the core barrier of Buzhou Space hasn't shattered."

As soon as Yang Yan said this, joy surfaced on everyone's faces.

As long as Buzhou Space still existed and could continuously supply energy to the barrier outside the Hidden World, they didn't have to fear the Demon Race breaking in anytime soon!

At the very least, large waves of demon troops pouring in was impossible.

And if they just sent a few Demon Monarchs, or even Demon Emperors, with Ice Emperor Ao Tian and Moonlight Emperor Yang Yan here, plus the joint forces of the great clans, they should be able to cope.

Among these people, only that short-legged man didn't show a hint of a smile.

He had been there and witnessed the entire process back then; he knew the real situation.

Ao Tian even had the expression of someone waiting to enjoy a good show.

The core barrier indeed hadn't shattered!

What Yang Yan said wasn't wrong.

It's just, what difference does this "not shattered" make from shattered?

Right now Buzhou Space was already on the verge of collapse; it wouldn't take much—just a few Demon Emperors from the Outer Domain Demon Race striking with full force would be enough to break it.

So then, is the Outer Domain Demon Race short on Demon Emperor-level figures?

The answer was obviously no.

You had to know, even that small squad of demons that hastily fled in the Ancient Times—given the Demon Race's long Life Force and their development till now—would definitely have produced countless talents.

Yang Yan might be a monster among monsters, but in the end, from nothing to Emperor-level perfection, he'd only cultivated for a few years!

Over such a long span, that small group of demons who escaped in the Ancient Times, after being tempered by the long ages, had probably already grown into a towering giant tree!

What's more, they had never stopped thinking about leading troops back to invade; they had surely accumulated a power beyond imagination.

In contrast, the Human Race had been self-imprisoned for too long, only knowing how to fight among themselves, their development coming to a grinding halt.

In fact, because there were only so many resources between the two realms, and now with resources growing scarce, they were gradually entering the End of the Dharma Era.

So as the elder experts slowly fell, the overall strength of the Human Race just kept getting worse.

Thinking of this, a flash of cold light involuntarily burst out from Yang Yan's eyes.

Anyone down below who accidentally met his gaze felt a chill in their heart.

Seeing these people secretly rejoicing, Yang Yan was somewhat angered.

In the end, he still personally spoke the truth:

"Although the core barrier of Buzhou Space hasn't shattered, in reality it's already been smashed by Chiyu until it's as fragile as paper!"

"How can that be?!"

As soon as Yang Yan's voice fell, a young man shot to his feet in disbelief.

His eyes were wide as he stared at Yang Yan, speaking with a slight tremor:

"Lord Moonlight Emperor, wasn't it rumored that Chiyu is dead? May I ask, was it you who killed him with your own hands?"

Although the young man's manner was respectful on the surface, his words carried a faintly aggressive edge.

"Yes."

Yang Yan nodded flatly.

Hearing this confirmation, the young man gritted his teeth, grief and rage twisting his features:

"The three old ancestors of my Wu Family, plus the previous Patriarch—my father—four experts with strength comparable to Emperor-level, all fell in the battle against the Chiyou Demon God!"

"Lord Moonlight Emperor, your martial might is unmatched, yet after you arrived you still allowed the elites of every great family to die to the last man before you finally killed Chiyou!"

"And then—and then you tell everyone that the core barrier of Buzhou Space is practically useless!"

"What are you trying to say?"

Before Yang Yan could speak, Ao Tian was already on his feet, killing intent surging, his eyes filled with murder as he locked onto that young man.

Perhaps it was the fearlessness of a newborn calf that had never seen a tiger, but faced with Ao Tian's killing intent, the young man didn't flinch at all. Instead, his grief and anger only intensified, his chest heaving violently.

"I want to ask, since the Moonlight Emperor clearly has this level of strength, why didn't you act? Why did you allow all of this to happen—what was your true intention?!"

"Shrrrip..."

A sudden flash of light shot out from the main seat.

When it settled, the sword Jing Hong was thrust into the young man's left chest. Jing Hong cast him a frosty glance, then slowly drew the sword out.

"Patriarch!"

The remaining elders of the Wu Family who had come along all stared, their eyes about to split.

Seeing the young man's Life Force already gone as he fell to the ground in unwillingness, how could they possibly hold back?

The few old men drew their swords and charged straight at Jing Hong.

As the foremost of the Ten Swords, Jing Hong already possessed the authority to decide and act on his own; faced with their counterattack, he struck without hesitation.

Just three strokes, and the three Wu Family elders were all cleanly and efficiently cut down beneath his blade!

These elders only had mid to late Sect-level strength, while Jing Hong possessed power on par with Emperor-level.

Killing them was naturally no different from slaughtering chickens.

"Heh. Overestimating yourselves."

Seeing this scene, Ao Tian let out a few cold laughs on the spot.

Under his aura, the hundreds of Hidden Clan members present all fell silent as one; not a single person dared to utter another word.

Even though they had the same doubts as that young man, the reality before them was that the new Patriarch of the Wu Family was dead!

"Jing Hong, come back."

Yang Yan's face remained expressionless at Jing Hong's action.

Clearly, what Jing Hong had done was well within the bounds of what he approved.

Looking at the crowd below, who all looked furious but didn't dare speak, Yang Yan couldn't help but laugh.

Only, that smile looked rather grim, even carrying a hint of terror.

"Didn't you all want to know the answer? I'll tell you myself then!"

Yang Yan suddenly raised his voice, making everyone's hearts lurch.

The cold gleam in his eyes faded back to calm. He placed his right hand on the armrest of his seat, feeling the chill of the material.

His long, slender, fair fingers lightly tapped on the armrest.

Tap, tap, tap...

For a moment, the only sound in the entire hall was Yang Yan's rhythmic tapping on the armrest echoing in the air.

After a few seconds of silence, he lowered his head slightly; beneath that indifferent face, he forcibly pulled out a faint smile.

"Since you want to know, then I'll tell you."

"First—my name is Yang Yan. I am the Moonlight Emperor, one of the Four Emperors. But that is only a title; it doesn't make me the true emperor of all!"

"In other words, on what grounds do I have the obligation and responsibility to save your old ancestors and Patriarchs?"

"You want me to make a move—based on what?!"

Yang Yan's words made the faces of everyone present change drastically.

Moonlight Emperor Yang Yan—he actually wasn't standing on the same side as them!

Indeed, when great calamity loomed and everyone was in danger, they had subconsciously treated Yang Yan—whom they'd once targeted—as someone on the same battle line.

And they took that for granted.

But now, Yang Yan's one "based on what" shattered all of their illusions!

Exactly.

Based on what?!

Seeing the diverse and vivid expressions on the faces of the hundreds below, Yang Yan let out a mocking laugh:

"Just relying on you lot? What heaven-defying benefits can you possibly offer me?"

Chapter 1075: Exerting Authority, Subduing Hearts

Yang Yan asked this question, and everyone exchanged uneasy glances.

Still, no one spoke up.

Everyone was afraid of angering Yang Yan and becoming a victim beneath his sword.

Yang Yan sneered coldly and continued:

"When Chiyou is breaking through the core barrier of Buzhou Space, I strike only then, which clearly means I intend to let the Demon Race in!"

"With my strength, passing this hurdle is not difficult. At the very least, I have severed the link between the Hidden World and the real world, I can leave here with Ao Tian and my followers at any time!"

"As for you? You can't do it! Therefore, you have no retreat and can only perish with the Hidden World."

Yang Yan looked ferocious, showing he was fearless.

However, at this moment, no one dared to refute.

Even if someone couldn't hold back from showing anger on their face, they dared not step forward!

Because they are afraid of death!!!

Yang Yan suddenly stood up, his icy gaze sweeping over everyone's faces.

The Ten Swords gripped their sword hilts and followed closely behind him.

It seemed as though, with a command from Yang Yan, the Ten Swords would immediately charge into the crowd for a slaughter.

In the eyes of the Ten Swords, these people below indeed harbor no good intentions towards Yang Yan.

Just then, Ao Tian flew over and whispered beside Yang Yan:

"Moonlight, are you crazy? The Demon Race is about to attack; the families behind these people can help us resist. Otherwise, do you really intend to abandon the Hidden World and leave on your own?"

Yang Yan didn't turn his head to look at him, but his voice had already reached Ao Tian's ears.

"My actions are just and honorable! To be seen as a hero in the eyes of beasts? What's the point!"

"So you really intend to kill them all?"

At this moment, Ao Tian felt a bit bitter.

Based on his understanding of Yang Yan's temperament, once this guy goes crazy, he might indeed act this way.

After all, Ao Tian had long been acquainted with Yang Yan's willfulness.

"These words are just to intimidate them. Otherwise, if the Demon Race does come, where does my authority as the Alliance Leader of the Demon Suppression Alliance come from?"

"I don't need their gratitude and adoration; these things are useless to them!"

"I only want absolute martial force to intimidate them! Until this catastrophe is over, or... after my death."

Yang Yan said indifferently.

The sword at his waist, Star Night, sensing its master's sorrow at this moment, also trembled slightly.

"You won't die unless I fall."

Ao Tian first laughed after hearing this, then seriously looked at Yang Yan and said word by word.

Sure enough, making Yang Yan abandon the lives of the people from the Hidden World, he wouldn't do it, even if sometimes his means were ruthless.

"If you fall, I still won't die."

Yang Yan suddenly playfully raised his eyebrows at Ao Tian, coldly laughed and said.

Ao Tian laughed heartily, and everyone saw him return to his seat shortly and sit back down.

Yang Yan, who was standing, at this time looked straight at everyone below and said calmly:

"The Hidden World, I won't abandon easily. But you must also obey me!"

"If something like this happens again, no matter who it is, the end will be the same as theirs!"

As he spoke, Yang Yan cast his gaze towards those several corpses lying in the passageway, completely lifeless and stiff.

"Yes... yes!"

Everyone stood up, folded their fists, and agreed bitterly.

These people had mixed emotions, their expressions changed unpredictably.

They were happy that Yang Yan didn't do as he threatened, which was to leave the Hidden World with the Ten Swords but stayed to help fight against the Demon Race.

They had a much greater chance of survival with the existence of the Moonlight Emperor who can slay the Chiyu Demon God.

But they were also worried about Yang Yan's words.

Anyone who dares defy Yang Yan will end up like those from the Wu Family.

It was a death sentence for the defiers!

Doesn't this mean the entire Hidden World will be ruled by Yang Yan as Emperor?

But if they truly do not comply, what can these people do?

You know, even the proud and unmatched Ice Emperor Ao Tian fell silent at this moment; who else could stop all this?

"All families return and immediately sort out a list for me of the people with strength above the sect level."

"The Demon Race could come at any time, you better behave yourselves! Go back!"

Yang Yan waved his hand and turned to walk back with the Ten Swords.

While waiting for the Demon Race to arrive, Yang Yan planned to settle in the remnants of the Ouyang Family.

This is naturally a great benefit for the remaining people of the Ouyang Family.

One by one, without being asked, they took care of everything for Yang Yan, Ao Tian, and the Ten Swords.

Using them was simply more attentive than the most excellent of servants.

After meeting with those families from the Hidden World, Yang Yan and the Ten Swords gathered together again for a small meeting of their own.

It was actually just advice and preparations before the battle.

During this time Ao Tian clamored to give the Bone Saber made from Chiyou's skull to the Ten Swords after switching it out.

The Ten Swords refused, saying it was too ugly.

Of course, no one knew their real thoughts.

Ao Tian foolishly took the sword back, and gazed at the peculiarly shaped Bone Saber in his hand for a while.

Is the saber he forged really that ugly?

Is it his taste that is off, or are these guys deliberately stirring trouble?

Yang Yan at this time raised his hand and sent a beam of white light to the Ten Swords around him.

One by one, additional memories appeared in the minds of the Ten Swords.

"This is a sword array I accidentally comprehended. It can form a Three Talents Sword Array with three people, a Four Dragon Elephant Sword Array with four people, and a Seven-Star Sword Array with seven people."

"King, what about ten people?"

Gongsun Ruyan suddenly blinked at Yang Yan and asked.

Yang Yan smiled and reached out, tapping her head twice with his knuckle.

This affectionate action made Zhuge Wushuang stare angrily.

"When I speak, you can't interrupt."

Gongsun Ruyan immediately blushed and lowered her head, weakly responding:

"Yes, King."

Seeing Gongsun Ruyan's sincere attitude of admitting mistakes, Yang Yan withdrew his hand satisfactorily, and then said slowly in the curious gaze of the Ten Swords:

"The sword array formed by these ten people, naturally possesses the greatest power, just as it is prepared for you Ten Swords."

"The final sword array shall be called the Immortal Slayer Sword Array!"

"Immortal Slayer?"

Not only the Ten Swords were amazed, even Ao Tian looked at him strangely.

He knew Yang Yan's ability to comprehend was strong and he occasionally created some earth-shattering techniques.

Like the sword technique Life and Death Floating Sword which broke the channel between the Hidden World and reality just now; even Ao Tian was envious.

Now hearing Yang Yan say Immortal Slayer Sword Array, even if Ao Tian's heart didn't want to believe it, he actually knew.

Its power might indeed be extraordinary as Yang Yan described.

Only Immortal Slayer...

Speaking of which, are there immortals in this world?

Chapter 1076: The Demon Race Has Arrived

Yang Yan saw that some people were a bit confused, so he explained:

"The ten of you working together form this sword array, which can advance offensively or retreat defensively; it's a sword array full of lethal moves."

"If each of you can comprehend and cultivate it to great success, even if Half-Step Demon God Chiyou reappears, you can surround and trap him! You might even be able to wear him down to death!"

"Tch!"

Upon hearing this, Ao Tian immediately scoffed on the side.

Yang Yan turned his head to look over, but Ao Tian acted as if nothing had happened, concentrating his eyes on his nose and his mouth on his heart.

"Jing Hong, the Demon Race is coming soon, you must quickly familiarize yourselves with the sword array. Once you reach minor achievement, practice on him!"

"I think he would be very happy to help you improve quickly, wouldn't you, Ice Emperor?"

"Yes!"

The ten swords responded in unison.

Ao Tian, in such a situation, awkwardly chuckled, scratched his head, and helplessly said:

"Uh! Well, of course, I'm just a sparring partner, right? No big deal, no big deal. I'm just curious to see how powerful your sword array really is."

He said this so lightly, but whenever Ao Tian faced the Immortal Slayer Sword Array cultivated to minor achievement by the ten swords, he would recall and wish he could slap himself a few times.

He thought his lifetime of prestige had been ruined just like that!

"Alright, for now, what I need to do is wait."

Yang Yan finished speaking, leaving behind a slightly thin back figure.

Ao Tian also left.

The ten swords urgently began to comprehend and practice the sword techniques.

The war of ancient times had passed by thousands of years, and the inevitable great war between the Human Race and the Demon Race had been ignited once again.

The Demon Race, once driven away, now returned with overwhelming power.

And Yang Yan, was he confident enough to lead the Hidden World's forces to resist them?

Honestly speaking, he wasn't sure.

All he could do was train constantly, in a vain attempt to take another step closer to that mysterious Divine Realm.

He had a premonition that even a small step forward could cause this battle situation to change dramatically!

During this period, all the families of the Hidden World quickly sent over the list that Yang Yan needed.

Currently, there were a total of thirteen thousand four hundred and eighty-one people with sect-level strength and above in the Hidden World!

Over seven thousand at the initial sect level.

Over four thousand at the mid-sect level.

More than a thousand at the late sect level.

And at the sect level complete, just below the Titled Powerhouse, there were over eight hundred people!

This was the entire force that the vast Hidden World was currently able to count on!

This did not include those experts who were reclusive from the Hidden World, nor the secret forces deliberately hidden by these families.

And Yang Yan was certain that every family had such secret forces, which were absolutely the elite among the elite.

Perhaps this was the only thing he could find solace in.

Furthermore, at the Emperor-level, the list from these families of the Hidden World had three hundred and one at the initial level, one hundred and twenty-eight at the mid-level, and forty-five at the late level.

Eighteen were complete at the Emperor-level!

This is after a large number of ancient ancestors in the Hidden World had died!

It could be seen how deep the heritage of these families in the Hidden World really was.

Of course, most of this top-tier power came from those top families in the Hidden World.

Even slightly more ordinary first-class forces couldn't match up.

This list handed over by the Hidden World gave Yang Yan some reassurance.

At the very least, the Hidden World still had the power to fight!

Moreover, there was one piece of good news: Ao Tian had successfully refined the remnants of Chiyou's Demon Body.

To know, that was a Demon God Body tainted with a trace of divinity!

After Ao Tian completed the refining, he immediately ran to Yang Yan to show off.

He claimed that if he could comprehend the refined divinity, he would at least have half a foot into the Divine Realm.

He could be on par with the former Half-Step Demon God Chiyou!

By then, leveraging the refined Demon God Energy, he might even step directly into the Divine Realm.

Once that happened, extinguishing the extraterritorial Demon Race would be easy for him.

However, regarding Ao Tian's claims, Yang Yan simply smiled and said nothing.

He wasn't that optimistic.

After all, that was too far off.

Currently, Ao Tian could only barely manage to store the refined energy within his body.

He couldn't even refine this, let alone that trace of divinity?

It wouldn't be an exaggeration to call it a fool's dream.

This process would inevitably be a long road.

After all, if reaching the Divine Realm were so easy, there would be too many Divine Realm experts in this world.

Of course, legendary Immortal Gods don't count.

In Yang Yan's view, they were entirely fabricated by the masses, not worth believing.

More than a month had passed since Yang Yan taught the ten swords the Immortal Slayer Sword Array.

Currently, all the families in the Hidden World have dutifully bowed their heads in front of Yang Yan's firm attitude and absolute strength.

As Yang Yan said, now people in the Hidden World basically follow his lead, not daring to disobey.

As all forces in the Hidden World took action, making various preparations for war according to Yang Yan's requirements, there was movement in the outer regions as well.

A colossal, brown-colored planet was slowly rotating in the starry sky.

On its highest peak were several magnificent stone structures.

Looking down, one could see an endless stretch of palaces and huge stone dwellings on the slightly lower peaks below.

On this day, a few squads of Demon Race in black armor suddenly emerged from these long-dormant palaces.

After appearing in a wide training field, these squads of armored Demon Race quickly aligned themselves, exemplifying strict orders and prohibitions.

A rough estimate would be about forty or fifty people.

Then, under the lead of a person who seemed to be in charge, they transformed into a dark light shooting into the sky.

The Demon Race was coming!

Yang Yan had long ago released the news in the Hidden World that the extraterritorial Demon Race would arrive, and now, after so much time had passed, the extraterritorial Demon Race had indeed appeared.

In the sky, bodies continued to fall, and the blood blooms in the air appeared both lonely and cold at this moment.

Severed limbs began to slide around Yang Yan, finally dropping heavily to the ground, covered in dust.

Yang Yan had already arranged for people to guard around the space barrier of the Hidden World, naturally using the experts from those families.

Upon receiving an urgent message today, Yang Yan immediately brought the ten swords and Ao Tian.

However, the war had already begun.

Outside the space barrier of the Hidden World, dozens of fierce and warlike humans were already engaged in fierce battle with a small group of Demon Race.

On the Demon Race side, there seemed to be only dozens of them, each wielding a strangely shaped scimitar surrounded by demonic qi.

The leader appeared similar to the Human Race but had four hands.

Two hands wielded a trident, while the other two each held a similarly bizarre-shaped knife.

Chapter 1077: The Barrier Shattered, Guarding the Front Line

The numbers on both sides seemed to be about the same.

However, this ordinary small group of the Demon Race actually made the dozens of sect-level experts arranged by Yang Yan suffer defeat after defeat!

Seeing that the human race was about to be forced back into the barrier, Yang Yan couldn't help but accelerate his ascent, while shouting:

"Intercept all of them outside the barrier!"

"Yes!"

The ten swords, long prepared, responded in unison behind him.

However, the humans outside the barrier couldn't hear Yang Yan's words.

They were reduced to a ragtag force in just a face-off with the Demon Race, instinctively retreating towards the barrier.

Yang Yan, about to leap out of the barrier, watched as the last human evaded into the barrier.

The small group of victorious Demon Race rushed directly to the barrier's front.

The leader thrust a polearm straight at the space barrier.

The humans who had retreated to the Hidden World space barrier suddenly changed their expressions.

They finally reacted.

The current space barrier was no longer the one that could protect the Hidden World.

It was merely a shell.

Boom!

But it was all too late.

As the space barrier shattered, Yang Yan had just burst out of the Hidden World, reaching above the Void.

When the oppressive feeling of bursting through the barrier vanished from Yang Yan's body, he knew something had gone wrong.

This group of Demon Race was merely the scouts of the Demon Race from beyond the domain!

In truth, they were just scouts as usual, here to probe the Hidden World's situation.

If Yang Yan and his team could kill off these scouts outside the space barrier, it was expected that the Demon Race wouldn't be sure of the Hidden World's capability and wouldn't easily attack.

Now that the space barrier was broken, those Demon Race beyond the domain would certainly not let it go!

"Kill!"

At this point, Yang Yan could only grit his teeth, squeezing out a final "Kill!" from between them.

The ten swords were the first to charge forward.

Today's ten swords were not like the ten swords of before.

Under a single confrontation, the previously arrogant Demon Race fell several bodies.

Among them, Ao Tian directly rushed to the leader of the Demon Race, his stone axe turning into lightning and fiercely chopping down.

The Demon Race could only show one terrified expression before being cleaved in two by Ao Tian's axe!

This was a Demon Monarch with power comparable to Emperor-level!

This small group of Demon Race, called scouts of the Demon Race from beyond the domain, was in fact composed of elites.

The weakest of them was at least at the Demon General level.

Faced with opponents of the same tier, the sect-level human strength was clearly at a disadvantage.

Yet, in the face of the ten swords and Ao Tian, they were completely outmatched.

Instantly, outside the Hidden World, among the stars, several dozen Demon Race bodies fell.

"Trying to escape?!"

The last Demon Race, about to escape everyone's sight, was struck savagely by Ao Tian's thrown axe on his spine.

Without even a scream, it transformed into a spray of blood and fell.

"King, in this battle eight died, eleven were severely injured, others lightly injured."

Jing Hong led the ten swords to stop in front of Yang Yan, reporting the results of the battle.

Yang Yan turned his gaze to the human experts.

Upon seeing Yang Yan's gaze, everyone instinctively avoided it.

"Deserting in the face of battle, they deserve to die!!!"

Ao Tian, returning with his axe, saw those people and his eyes turned red, swinging his stone axe towards the crowd.

"Ao Tian!"

Finally, it was Yang Yan who frowned and called out to stop him:

"What has happened has happened, believe they weren't intentional."

"Now that the Hidden World is already weak, let them atone for their crimes."

Yang Yan said, shaking his head somewhat helplessly.

At this moment, his face was full of weariness.

Clearly, facing the powerful Demon Race, even Yang Yan was somewhat exhausted in heart!

"Bah! Get out! All of you, damn it, get the hell out!"

Although finally stopped by Yang Yan, Ao Tian still held a deep prejudice against these people, spat viciously towards the crowd.

The surviving human experts all bore bitter expressions.

Those lightly injured saluted Yang Yan and Ao Tian before silently leading the severely injured away.

"Forget it, they were just figureheads. Now without them, it cuts off the delusion of those people. If you want to live, you must fight desperately!"

Yang Yan sneered, leading the ten swords to charge downward.

Below was the highest mountain of the Hidden World—Xu Mountain.

It was also closest to the Heavenly Dao Barrier.

Yang Yan planned to guard here until the Demon Race army arrived, and to use this place as the first battlefield.

By then, this place would be the frontline against the Demon Race.

And he and his people would be the first barrier defending their homeland!

"Pass down the order, have those clans gather all their experts at the foot of Xu Mountain."

"Remember, all experts, those beyond sect-level strength must be present."

Upon returning to the summit of Xu Mountain, Yang Yan coldly instructed Jing Hong.

"Yes, King!"

Jing Hong took the order and rushed down the mountain.

By this time, the breaking of the Hidden World space barrier had caused such a commotion that those Hidden Clans had already sent people up Xu Mountain to see.

But all these were dismissed by a single word from Yang Yan.

"Moonlight, if worse comes to worst, abandoning the Hidden World is also fine. As the saying goes, as long as the green hills remain, you won't be afraid of running out of firewood. Once we regain strength, we can fight back."

"Then, it would be a good time to break the current world's barrier, and you can also spend time with the beauties at home."

"Speaking of which, Zhou Hanyun and her two sisters, you still haven't won them over. I'm getting anxious for you."

Ao Tian walked behind Yang Yan, speaking seriously.

If Ao Tian had not mentioned it, Yang Yan would have already buried the thoughts of those beloved women deep in his heart.

No one knew how Zhou Hanyun and the others were doing right now.

Though fortunately, at least Yang Yan didn't have to worry about their safety.

Because the Eight Hundred Celestial Mist Dao were currently in the present world, ensuring the safety of the women shouldn't be a problem.

However, waiting until he has the strength to break the current world's barrier and return, who knows how many years would have passed.

"Moonlight, what's wrong? As soon as women are mentioned, you get distracted? Why, still have the ten swords beside you, don't you?"

"Whether Zhuge Wushuang or Gongsun Ruyan, or Mu Qingcheng, each one is a beauty among thousands. One shouldn't be too greedy!"

Ao Tian joked, raising his eyebrows at Yang Yan.

Yang Yan sighed, giving Ao Tian a look, then patted his shoulder and said:

"You should consider yourself instead!"

Yang Yan's words left Ao Tian stunned in place.

Why did this guy suddenly turn the subject onto him?

Once Yang Yan's orders were passed down, the Hidden Clans acted faster than usual.

In less than half a day, all experts listed, those above sect-level, gathered at the foot of Xu Mountain.

Among them, eighteen Emperor-level experts were directly kept by Yang Yan, together guarding the summit of Xu Mountain.

Time flies like an arrow, and in the blink of an eye, half a month had passed.

Outside the Hidden World, among the stars, a great ship started to reveal the tip of its bow.

The giant sails hoisted on the ship were particularly conspicuous in the starry sky.

Large blurry characters were imprinted on them.

Chapter 1078: Demon Race Invades

This is just the first ship, followed closely by the second, third, fourth...

Each one is several times larger than the so-called aircraft carriers in the present world.

When the densely packed ships silently stopped outside the Hidden World in the starry sky, everyone felt a suffocating sensation.

At the peak of Xu Mountain, Yang Yan led ten swords, and eighteen Emperor-level perfection existences rushed out first.

Following them were powerful figures of Emperor-level and sect-level strength.

Brilliant beams shot up into the sky, eventually all gathering above the Hidden World, forming a presence like a star cluster.

However, such a dazzling star cluster seemed so pale and powerless in front of thousands of giant ships.

Yang Yan stood at the forefront, with Star Night like a flying sword beneath his feet.

Although he did not utter any words or make any movements, the aura he emanated continued to ascend slowly and steadily.

As a result, everyone in the Hidden World was watching that top figure ahead.

Actually, Yang Yan's heart was bitter, with not even a tenth of certainty.

But he knew very well that he was now the core of everyone in the Hidden World.

He could not show even a hint of fear!

Because if this flag falls, the Hidden World will have no power to resist the demon race from beyond.

The thousands of giant ships remained silently there, and everyone could only vaguely see figures standing on them.

An invisible pressure seemed to be spreading towards Yang Yan.

Both sides held their ground for about the time it takes to burn an incense stick, then a sudden change occurred!

Originally, there was a huge space left between the two sides, but now an invisible force appeared in that empty space.

Suddenly, that space started continuously twisting.

Upon closer inspection, a small vortex began to slowly appear in the center before everyone's eyes.

Eventually, it turned like a tornado, gradually expanding until it reached its limit.

As everyone focused their attention, a thick bolt of lightning suddenly streaked across the starry sky!

Boom!

It seemed like a simple flash of lightning, but at this moment, Yang Yan quickly called Star Night to his hand, narrowing his eyes and staring ahead.

In the spatial vortex, a large mass of dark fog had already appeared.

The vortex reversed and disappeared, yet the dark fog spread and dispersed.

The fog soon thinned, revealing the scene within to everyone.

Hundreds of towering demon races stood on the opposite side, each enormous demon almost ten meters tall!

Among them was a demon resembling a spider, with eight legs.

She wore a crown and held a small scepter, smiling as she stood among many of the demon race.

After these demons appeared, the rows of giant ships behind them began to move slowly, eventually stopping behind the monstrous demon race.

The feeling was as heavy as Mount Tai weighing down.

"Hundreds of Demon Emperors, the one in the center, at worst, is Half-Step Divine Realm!"

Ao Tian stared closely at the demon race on the opposite side, speaking through gritted teeth.

"The strength difference is hundreds of times, not to mention the endless stream of lower-level demon races behind. Moonlight, retreat now, there's still time!"

Ao Tian looked seriously at Yang Yan, speaking earnestly.

This was no joke; it truly concerned the life and death of all of them!

On the demon race side, there were already hundreds of Demon Emperors equivalent to Emperor-level perfection revealed.

Whereas on the Hidden World side, even including Yang Yan and Ao Tian, there were barely thirty who could truly fight!

Yang Yan turned back to look at Ao Tian and suddenly laughed:

"If we run now, where would we run to? Can we escape?"

"Run..."

The eighteen Hidden World Emperor-level perfection experts stood behind Yang Yan, one of them revealing a bitter smile after hearing the dialogue between the two.

Yang Yan possessed strength comparable to Half-Step Divine Realm, perhaps he could run.

But what about them?

Not to mention their families, their loved ones, all were in the Hidden World!

How could they abandon them?!

"Are you one of the Three Sovereigns or the Five Emperors?"

In the vast starry sky, a grand star cluster confronted with a thousand giant ships.

Between them, there was another mass of swirling black fog.

The spider demon took the scepter and stepped forward, looking at Yang Yan, asking slowly.

At this moment, she seemed to regard the Hidden World as prey ready to be captured, intending to toy with the enemy.

"And who might you be?"

Yang Yan replied coldly.

The Long Sword Star Night was already waiting in readiness, flickering with sharpness in his hand.

The spider demon suddenly extended a long tongue and licked her delicate red lips, laughing uproariously.

She waved the scepter left and right, smiling as she spoke:

"He asks who I am, what do you think, who should I be?"

"Hahaha! So ignorant!"

"Mother Goddess, why waste words with them, just annihilate them!"

"Humans who don't even recognize the Mother Goddess must be mere cannon fodder!"

...

The hundreds of towering demon races beside the spider demon burst into laughter.

"Moonlight Emperor, Yang Yan!"

Yang Yan shouted, taking a step forward in mid-air.

Boom!

The powerful aura overshadowed the aura of hundreds of Demon Emperors on the opposite side, abruptly halting their unrestrained laughter.

"Ice Emperor, Ao Tian!"

Ao Tian stepped forward with grand pride, simultaneously releasing his own unique aura.

A stone axe in his hand trembled slightly, emitting a terrifying aura.

Strangely, although Ao Tian's aura was clearly inferior to Yang Yan's, the reaction of the opposite demon race was greater facing Ao Tian.

"Chiyou... Demon God?"

"Demon God!"

"King Chiyou!"

The hundreds of enormous demon races stared at Ao Tian, showing expressions of astonishment.

Even the seductive eyes of the spider queen revealed a color of surprise.

The symbolic stone axe, like a scepter once belonging to Chiyou, was something they could never forget!

In addition to the Demonic Qi surging on Ao Tian, it was only natural for them to subconsciously associate Ao Tian with Chiyou.

The demon race that fled beyond the realm during ancient times had already died out, but all demon races still remembered Chiyou, their first Demon King.

Chiyou had been beheaded during the era of the Three Sovereigns and Five Emperors, and later his head was sealed along with it.

Consequently, the demon race beyond the realm now only knew the headless Chiyou and his symbolic stone axe!

Coincidentally, Ao Tian obtained inheritance from the Trial Demon Cave in the present world and refined Chiyou's body. At this moment, the demon body before the demon race was equal to the highest-level Demon God!

"Chiyou? Ha!"

Ao Tian snorted coldly, about to speak further when Yang Yan's glance interrupted him.

Though unsure of Yang Yan's intent, Ao Tian obediently swallowed back his words.

"Demon God, why do you stand on the side of the humans?"

Spider Queen held the scepter, looking at Ao Tian with disbelief, and asked.

"He is not the Demon God."

Yang Yan answered coldly.

Chapter 1079: Outbreak of the Great Battle

"Shut up! Kid, how dare you insult our Demon God?!"

A giant Demon Race member swung a pair of large axes and looked at Yang Yan with anger, the thunderous voice exploding in the air.

"Did the Demon God have some tricks played on him by these humans, causing him not to know his own identity?"

Another Demon Race member looked at Yang Yan with hateful eyes, his body exuding a violent aura.

"That's right! The Demon God must have been blinded. After all, the Chiyu Demon God has been sealed by those despicable humans for endless ages!"

In an instant, all the Demon Emperors let out angry roars, each looking at Yang Yan with eyes as if they couldn't wait to tear Yang Yan into pieces.

The Spider Queen, seemingly thinking she understood the truth, spoke viciously:

"Children, rescue the Demon God and slaughter all the humans across, leaving none alive!"

"Kill!"

"Kill!!"

"Kill!!!"

Hundreds of massive Demon Race members charged first, leaving only the Spider Queen and a dozen huge guards protecting her.

Behind them, gigantic ships began to slowly move forward, with the heavens and earth rumbling.

"Kill!"

Facing the overwhelming demonic energy, no one from the Hidden World retreated.

At least, after Yang Yan gave the order, nearly twenty thousand experts from the Hidden World began their frenzied assault.

"Boom!"

Yang Yan, charging at the forefront, sent a Demon Emperor flying with a single clash, with ten swords closely guarding him.

The great battle was about to erupt!!!

Yang Yan, with one man and one sword, began a mad slaughter at this moment.

As the thousands of giant ships behind the Demon Race drew near, vast clouds of demonic energy began to appear in the battle scene.

Endless clouds of demonic energy continued to emerge, and countless Demon Race members poured into the battlefield in the starry sky.

Even though the Demon Race consisted mainly of lower-level demons, their numbers compared to the humans—just several tens of thousands—were like drops in the ocean!

At least hundreds of thousands of Demon Race members surrounded the tens of thousands of Hidden World combatants.

The mere thousands left in the Hidden World all had eyes filled with anger.

In such a catastrophe, how could the Hidden World humans still exist?

Since the humans here are all experts at the Sect-level at minimum, they initially found it easy to slaughter some lower-level demons.

But as time passed, the situation grew increasingly clear.

Hundreds of Demon Emperor-level Demon Race experts seemed dissatisfied with the present slaughter, rushing into the most concentrated human areas and beginning a one-sided massacre.

In the blink of an eye, nearly twenty thousand humans had been divided into groups and the bloody slaughter mode had been initiated.

The most central and dangerous areas were none other than Yang Yan's battle group.

Yang Yan now had only ten swords and Ao Tian by his side.

The other eighteen Emperor-level perfected experts from the Hidden World had been separated.

After blocking a Demon Emperor's scale-covered giant palm with one sword, Yang Yan gritted his teeth and kicked away the near-invincible defense Demon Emperor in front of him.

"King! Watch out!"

Jing Hong suddenly flashed to Yang Yan's left rear, calling out urgently.

"Bang!"

A Demon Emperor with a single horn on his head swung a blade toward Yang Yan's right side.

The unsuspecting Yang Yan only had time to turn his head and saw Jing Hong rushing in with a sword.

The strike intended for Yang Yan was forcibly blocked by Jing Hong.

But the vast difference in power between the two caused Jing Hong, who took the sword head-on, to spew a large mouthful of blood and be knocked flying!

"Jing Hong!"

Angry, Yang Yan turned and stabbed a sword toward the Demon Emperor's eyes.

In panic, the Demon Emperor raised his hand to block but had his palm pierced by Star Night.

The sword tip did not slow, directly stabbing into the eye socket and bursting the Demon Emperor's massive eyeball!

"Ah!"

The Demon Emperor let out just one mournful cry, his entire head already penetrated by Star Night.

A huge figure immediately fell heavily from the starry sky.

The first high-level Demon Emperor of the Demon Race was killed!

"Sass!"

Another Demon Emperor, seeing his fallen comrade, shouted in fury and suddenly charged, directly flying towards the humans blocking him.

The enormous body, like an out-of-control truck, roared toward Yang Yan with a whistling sound.

"Are you trying to slam me away?"

Yang Yan's face was grim, gritting his teeth as he spoke.

He saw with his own eyes Jing Hong, who had been blasted away, fall into the many Demon Race members behind without trace, unable to spare a thought for rescue, already filled with rage.

After all, Yang Yan was still surrounded by dozens of terrifying Demon Race Demon Emperors!

"Azure Vault First Technique—Shattering Heaven!!!"

Facing the oncoming Demon Emperor intent on crashing into him, Yang Yan suddenly elevated his body, Star Night flashing dazzlingly bright and scorching in the starry sky, instantly expanding, swallowing endless starlight.

The Demon Emperor charging at Yang Yan only saw a line of silver light flash before it rapidly expanded, filling his vision.

And then there was no more.

A huge gush of blood spurted out, a head with intense doubt flying high, falling together with the headless body.

"Capture him for me!"

The Spider Queen, who had somehow passed through layers of Demon Race, arrived less than a hundred meters from Yang Yan.

Seeing Yang Yan behead two Demon Emperors in succession, the Spider Queen, enraged, waved her scepter.

With just one command, dozens more Demon Emperors swarmed towards Yang Yan!

Yang Yan, fundamentally at the Emperor-level, had not even reached the edge of the Divine Realm, let alone Half-Step Divine Realm!

Honestly, it was already strenuous for Yang Yan to hold on.

Everything relied on deep foundations, swift speed, and formidable attack power.

In front of the powerful Demon Race, Yang Yan was no different from other humans; if hit by a Demon Emperor, he would also be injured!

The only difference was the extent of the injury!

"King! Break out! We'll cover you from the rear!"

Gongsun Ruyan, with tears, wielded her sword to fend off attacks while constantly moving closer to Yang Yan.

Looking at the other eight swords, they were all converging towards Yang Yan.

Their intention was clear, to protect Yang Yan and break him out!

"Breaking out, nicely said but otherwise called running away..."

Yang Yan mumbled under his breath, yet his actions showed no intent to break out.

He looked indifferent, scanning the starry sky.

Seeing the humans, divided into hundreds of small battlefields, now only with a few dozen fighting to hold on.

With just a sweep of his gaze, Yang Yan witnessed hundreds of humans being torn apart by the powerfully skilled Demon Emperors amid screams.

Some were even grabbed and alive, swallowed!

The Hidden World, facing the mighty Demon Race army, ultimately had no power to fight!

Until this moment, Yang Yan finally soberly recognized this harsh reality.

Or rather, this fact had always been there, one he suspected but refused to accept!

Chapter 1080: Your Majesty, Please Go First!

Looking at the Demon Emperors charging at him from all directions, Yang Yan's expression suddenly turned solemn, and he said coldly:

"Ten Swords, heed my command!!"

"Present!"

"Present!"

"Present!"

"..."

The responses to Yang Yan eventually amounted to only nine voices.

"Go rescue Jing Hong! Form the Immortal Slayer Sword Array! You, fight your way out!!"

"No... My King!"

Zhuge Wushuang choked up as he looked at Yang Yan, his hand holding the longsword seemingly trembling.

"Let me go!!"

From afar, Ao Tian's anguished voice suddenly came.

Ao Tian was already caught by over a dozen gigantic Demon Emperors, struggling fiercely.

Unfortunately, his power seemed so insignificant in front of these Demon Emperors, completely ineffective.

Though the Demon Race didn't dare harm Ao Tian, controlling one who was almost at the complete Emperor Realm wasn't difficult for over a dozen Demon Emperors.

Seeing Ao Tian's current situation, Yang Yan felt slightly relieved in his heart.

Ao Tian being able to still lively yell and shout at this moment was already a good thing.

This showed that the aura of Chiyu on him allowed him to survive.

"Do you intend to defy orders?"

Yang Yan saw the Nine Swords still guarding around him, and couldn't help but say coldly with a stern face.

"My King! We have fought by your side our entire lives! Even if we die in battle, we must perish beside you!!!"

Suddenly, from the rear, the Demon Race appeared with layers of rippling water, and within them, a figure shot out towards Yang Yan with soaring speed.

Yang Yan narrowed his eyes and saw that it was Jing Hong, whose mouth was still stained with blood.

Jing Hong was quite fortunate. The place he landed just happened to be free of Demon Emperors.

After carving a bloody path through a bunch of lower-level Demon Race, he immediately dashed toward Yang Yan.

It was time to return to position.

"Good, good! Then form the sword array! Do not hold back."

Yang Yan first paused, then smiled calmly as he gave the command again.

Since they would die regardless, why not fight with abandon?!

"Ten Swords, receive your orders. Immortal Slayer Sword Array, form!"

Suddenly, the Ten Swords united, transforming into a vast stream of light, desperately tearing around Yang Yan.

Thus, the steps of each Demon Emperor were hindered, and indeed, some had their legs severed or heads cleaved by a single sword!

Seeing this, Yang Yan's smile grew even brighter.

Truly worthy of the Moonlight Emperor's people!

Even in such a short time, the immortal slayer sword array, the hardest to master, had actually achieved great success.

"Then... Azure Vault Second Technique—Half Moon Slash!"

With a wave of the right hand, Star Night caused vast starry lights to flow, blooming into shimmering blood flowers!

"Third Technique—Life and Death Floating Sword!"

Following the second sword's starlight flash, Yang Yan's third sword was quick to follow.

A magnificent profound yellow sword qi formed a ring around Yang Yan, sweeping toward the immense Demon Emperors.\p>

This profound yellow sword qi carried an intimidating aura that left Yang Yan's face noticeably pale once he swung it.

This time, Yang Yan wielded all the devouring power within him!

The mystic of the devouring power was so profound that even Yang Yan couldn't fathom how formidable it actually was.

Now, he was merely using the devouring power superficially.

"Ah! What is this?!"

"No! My body! My body!"

"Mother Goddess, save me! Save me... "

The profound yellow devouring power displayed terrifying means that even made Yang Yan feel grim.

The Demon Emperors who hadn't evaded, upon being tainted by the profound yellow sword qi, initially showed no reaction.

The profound yellow sword qi passed over their bodies like air.

However, just as those Demon Emperors thought to mock Yang Yan, the tainted devouring power suddenly exploded!

All of a sudden, the Demon Emperors were bewildered to find their bodies slowly being corroded by some mysterious force, starting externally and moving inward.

First the abdomen, then spreading to the chest, further upward to the neck, lastly with both legs and the head being corroded.

A living Demon Emperor vanished into thin air before everyone's eyes!

"Immortal Slayer Sword Array, kill!!!"

Yang Yan sliced open a breach with that profound yellow sword qi, just as the Immortal Slayer Sword Array formed by the Ten Swords conveniently collided with the opening.

Yang Yan didn't think twice, holding Star Night and plunging into the Demon Emperor horde alone.

"My King!"

A sudden call came from within the Ten Swords.

Yang Yan was startled and turned his head directly to see.

The Ten Swords had somehow plunged into another group of Demon Emperors, and the Immortal Slayer Sword Array seemed inexplicably dismantled.

The current situation had become exceedingly perilous.

"Endure!"

Yang Yan couldn't stand idly by and let the Ten Swords perish before him, charging back without hesitation.

Under Yang Yan's vigorous onslaught, the Demon Emperors blocking his path retreated in fright, afraid of Yang Yan's previous sword's might.

"Half Moon Slash!!"

After forcing back a group of Demon Emperors, Yang Yan paused near the Ten Swords.

Initially, feeling the urgency of the situation, Yang Yan acted without much thought, but upon arriving next to the Ten Swords, he realized something was amiss.

Although the Ten Swords hadn't formed the Immortal Slayer Sword Array, they had formed small sword arrays in groups of three or two.

No matter the power, they were more than adequate to protect themselves for a while.

So what was with that alarm?!

Yang Yan turned sharply to Zhuge Wushuang, his cold eyes pausing.

He saw Zhuge Wushuang pressing his lips tightly, gripping his sword with his right hand, then suddenly rushing over to embrace Yang Yan.

From afar, Gongsun Ruyan and several others wore complicated expressions, mingling sorrow, envy, bewilderment, and determination.

"My King, henceforth, take care of yourself well. The Ten Swords will forever be at your side."

Zhuge Wushuang seemed to cry out in Yang Yan's embrace.

Just as a Demon Emperor was striding over, about to deliver a horizontal slash, Zhuge Wushuang suddenly released Yang Yan and forcefully shoved!

He turned to meet the Demon Emperor's slash with his sword.

The Ten Swords swiftly formed the Immortal Slayer Sword Array again.

Only after Zhuge Wushuang's push did Yang Yan realize his own situation.

This was the breach he created with his third technique, where dozens of Demon Emperors vanished from the human realm.

Now, behind him were only some lower-level Demon Race members, none capable of halting his departure!

In other words, Yang Yan could leave whenever he wished.

Moreover, the Ten Swords were fearlessly blocking him ahead, resisting the furious rampaging Demon Emperors.

In the face of the Immortal Slayer Sword Array, even if a dozen Demon Emperors attacked simultaneously, they couldn't threaten the Ten Swords in the brief time.

"My King, the Ten Swords will stall them for you, leave!"

"My King, we beg of you!"

"My King, the current world still needs you, the Ten Swords' lives align just perfectly! Do not worry!"

"My King, forgive the Ten Swords for defying your command for the first time; please, my King, leave!"

...

The tearful faces of the Ten Swords stared back at Yang Yan, calling out to him.

Yang Yan floated in the starry night.

Behind him was a vast army of the Demon Race, dense and seemingly endless.

He lowered his head in desolation and smirked bitterly.

For the first time, Yang Yan felt how insignificant his power truly was!