

Powerful 181

Chapter 181: Asura of the Blood Saber

"Long time no see, old friend. Are you excited?"

Yang Yan spoke softly to the long sword he had drawn, gently caressing the blade with his fingers.

Then, he slowly raised his head and said aloud to the air opposite him:

"This sword is called Asura. I don't know if you've heard of its fame. However, you're lucky to see its splendor at least once before you die."

As the last syllable dropped, Yang Yan suddenly swung the sword forward.

A heart-wrenching scream pierced through the rainstorm. The man, who had vanished, appeared before Yang Yan once again.

There was a long wound slashing downward across his left chest, with the flesh still turning outward.

"You... are Moonlight?"

Ignoring the wound on his body, the man stared at Yang Yan in shock, and spoke with difficulty.

"Yes! Unfortunately, you've realized it too late."

Yang Yan nodded lightly, responding indifferently.

"No injustice in dying, daring to strike against Moonlight, we die without grievance!"

Despair flashed in the man's eyes.

But almost immediately, he burst into laughter, then said hysterically:

"It's not just us; many others are after you too. But they'll all die, right? I'm not alone on this journey!"

With a twisted expression and mocking words, the man slumped to the side and lost his breath completely.

The blood flowing from his body was madly washed away by the rain, then converging into a strange stream of blood, rushing toward the Asura in Yang Yan's hand, and eventually vanished without a trace.

Yang Yan stood in the rain with his head lowered the entire time without moving.

If anyone approached, they would find that his expression carried a manic smile, seeming as if he had become a different person.

"Let's begin! In the Southern Border, you probably haven't drank enough blood, have you?"

After half a minute, Yang Yan once again extended his hand to gently caress the blood-red Asura, his voice deep as if coming from hell.

Responding to him was a resounding sword hum, the entire bloody blade trembling madly.

Rumble!

As if sensing this endless killing intent, the thunder rolled in the sky, and the atmosphere became oppressively tense.

It's been ten minutes since those two were killed.

During this period, two more lives died at Yang Yan's hands, drained of their blood by Asura.

They too were people from the Hidden World, also here to covet the Longevity Fruit.

In the end, they died without knowing how, all turned into dried corpses.

They still bore smiles on their faces, as if thinking about dividing those fruits after killing Yang Yan, and thus kept their eternal sleep here.

"Quickly, let's move faster! That guy is from Huaxia; he'll definitely come this way. As long as we take him down, the Longevity Fruit will be ours. And that woman will be ours too."

A man with a vicious knife scar on his cheek urged his companions, eyes filled with crazed greed.

The wind at the edge of the rainforest howled, the rain lightened compared to earlier.

The group threaded through the rainforest, running continuously along Yang Yan's inevitable path.

Swish, a gust of wind swept past, followed by a heart-wrenching scream; a rapidly sprinting figure suddenly fell to the ground.

Everyone saw his foot had been cut off completely, half of his body was lying in the mud, emitting pitiful wails.

"Watch out for the ambush! Second on command, how are you doing?"

The others quickly stood back to back, while the leading man ran toward the bisected second in command.

Swish!

Another piercing scream tore through the eardrums, immediately followed by a third, fourth...

The leading man's consciousness froze at the sight of a headless body still running forward, and then the entire world plunged into endless darkness.

This group of six became the third batch to die at Yang Yan's hands.

The sound of the wind stopped, and Yang Yan's figure slowly appeared among this group.

"Very well, there are now ten. Old buddy, isn't that satisfying?"

Yang Yan lightly caressed the blood-drenched red sword, speaking softly.

Then, his figure gradually faded away until it disappeared completely.

"It's getting foggy."

Zheng Feng looked at the foggy scene outside the car, unable to resist breaking the silence.

Cai'Er had fallen asleep as soon as she got in the car and hadn't woken up since.

Zhou Hanyun stared blankly in the direction Yang Yan had walked to.

Earlier, many people had clearly passed by the car, but for some reason, none of them seemed to have noticed the vehicle.

What amazed her even more was that some people even passed right through the middle of the car.

It felt as though their car and those people were in different dimensions.

However, the hurried people all headed in the same direction, precisely where Yang Yan had disappeared.

"Tiger King, I'm not sure what's happening over at Myanmar, but many Hidden World people are all converging toward us."

A soldier in camouflage uniform spoke coldly to another extremely burly soldier.

"Closely monitor them! If these guys dare step onto Huaxia's soil, even just half a step, execute them on the spot."

The burly soldier known as Tiger King spoke resolutely.

"Yes, sir!"

The soldier replied, snapped to attention, saluted, and turned to leave.

The rain had stopped, the rainforest was engulfed in thick fog.

"The twentieth! Asura, I can feel your excitement. But don't worry; I promised you'd drink your fill of blood this time, and I won't break my word."

Yang Yan stood before three corpses, still lightly caressing the blood-drenched Asura, speaking softly as if he was whispering.

"Seems everyone underestimated you! Although they know you're from the Hidden World, these methods sure are terrifying; you're Class A, perhaps even Class S, right?"

A man crouched on the tree behind Yang Yan, speaking in a deep voice.

"Oh! Finally, someone worth looking at. What, just you alone?"

Yang Yan slowly turned around, looked up at the man, and asked with a cold smile.

He seemed utterly unsurprised by the man's appearance, without any trace of fear.

"I don't like crowds, always been a loner."

The man replied with a smile.

He appeared equally calm and composed.

"You're very confident! What, you think you have me all figured out?"

Yang Yan also smiled as he spoke.

Seeing Yang Yan's smile, the man's heart skipped a beat.

Danger!

Beyond imagination, danger.

He will die...

The man's initially calm smile froze on his face, as a voice continuously warned him about how dangerous this man was.

He trusted his instincts.

This strong sixth sense had saved him countless times from crises, allowing him to survive in this dog-eat-dog world by sheer luck.

"Could you give me some Longevity Fruit? I'll trade for it?"

The man's gaze shifted uncertainly, before he finally gathered the courage and spoke with some difficulty.