

Powerful 601

Chapter 601: Abyssal Fire

"Damn! Is it the two of us making a move, or just you?"

Yang Yan watched the lava flying toward him and quickly dodged to the side.

Beside him, Fenrir was also looking at Yang Yan with an excited expression.

He had transformed into the legendary horror giant wolf.

Just from the name, you could tell what kind of existence this guy was.

Yang Yan looked at this creature in front of him, as big as a small mountain, and instinctively frowned.

Although size doesn't always mean everything.

But if both parties have similar strength, the larger size naturally gives you more advantages.

It's like those fighting matches where they require a certain weight class, or a similar class, to fight.

There are almost no cross-class matches.

As for someone weighing sixty kilos defeating someone over ninety kilos, that's nearly impossible.

A larger size implies greater endurance.

Take Yang Yan and Fenrir as examples, with their strengths not too far apart, Yang Yan's attack might only lightly injure Fenrir.

However, if Fenrir hits Yang Yan, it could be fatal for him.

"Here I come."

Seeing Fenrir already transformed into a horror giant wolf, Yang Yan let out a roar and charged forward holding Star Night.

Fenrir's attack was simple, just instinctively swinging claws and fangs like a beast.

But because of his body's law, he could ignore all superpowers or other laws.

Thus, fighting this guy was like an ordinary person facing a giant wolf, filling you with internal fear, easily losing the courage and falling into a disadvantage.

Boom!

Yang Yan clashed head-on with Fenrir for the first time.

And at the moment of contact, Yang Yan was swatted away by Fenrir as if he were a fly.

"Damn! What a strong guy."

Pushing away the rocks scattered around him, Yang Yan muttered, frowning.

In the collision just now, he was completely at a disadvantage.

After all, Fenrir was simply too big.

In front of him, Yang Yan appeared as insignificant as an ant.

Awoo!

Fenrir let out an excited howl and then with a flash dashed directly towards Yang Yan.

He was extremely fast, reaching Yang Yan in almost an instant.

Then, he raised his paw and smashed down towards Yang Yan.

Thud!

The entire ground trembled violently with the impact.

"Your way of fighting is really disgusting! Just keep swinging your claws like this?"

Under Fenrir's paw, Yang Yan reached out his left hand to forcefully block the attack.

A dim light circle appeared on his left hand, trying hard to repel Fenrir.

"Repel!"

Yang Yan suddenly shouted, and the light circle on his left hand trembled violently, growing brighter.

Just like how Yang Yan was swatted away by Fenrir earlier, this time, Fenrir was knocked back by Yang Yan.

However, the impact seemed much larger than when Yang Yan was knocked away.

Yet, even so, it had no effect on Fenrir.

Shaking his body vigorously, Fenrir tossed the surrounding rubble from his body.

He looked coldly at Yang Yan, as if fire were about to burst from his eyes.

What a troublesome guy!

Yang Yan also looked coldly at Fenrir.

This guy ranked among the top three of everyone Yang Yan had fought.

"All Things in the Universe, everything has spirit, I shall dominate all things in this world."

Yang Yan thrust Star Night into the ground beside him, pressing his palms together, an ancient incantation suddenly echoed.

Rumble!

The previously stone-covered ground suddenly trembled violently, like an earthquake.

In an instant, countless large trees suddenly emerged from the ground, with countless vines growing rapidly, surging toward Fenrir.

Awooo!

Seeing these trees coiling towards him, Fenrir suddenly roared.

He kept swatting at these trees with his paws, which broke easily upon touch, yet the trees grew so fast that he quickly fell into disadvantage.

In less than a minute, these strong vines had wrapped him up tightly.

"Heh! Let's see how you die this time."

Seeing the summoned trees entangle Fenrir, Yang Yan held Star Night and charged towards him.

Upon reaching his front, Yang Yan suddenly stopped:

"Do you surrender? If you surrender obediently, I'll spare you. Otherwise... heh heh!"

Yang Yan sneered insidiously, eyeing Fenrir up and down with a strange look.

At this moment, an expression of a successful plot appeared on Fenrir's face.

Seeing this expression, Yang Yan instinctively hesitated.

The next moment, as if remembering something terrifying, his face changed drastically, and he leapt back abruptly.

Boom!

A great green light suddenly erupted from Fenrir.

The vines wrapping around him vanished as the light appeared.

Then, the situation spread like a plague.

In less than three seconds, the sudden trees disappeared without a trace, leaving only a large uneven ground.

"Abyssal Fire?"

Yang Yan stared in astonishment at Fenrir enveloped in green fire.

Beside him, Fire Dragon King Igukas was also stunned.

He looked at Fenrir, murmuring to himself:

"Is that the legendary Abyssal Fire? A powerful force like the eastern Red Lotus Karmic Fire, capable of burning all tainted fruits!"

After confirming the flame on Fenrir was Abyssal Flame, Yang Yan had to maintain a considerable distance from Fenrir.

"This thing truly is incredible! How on earth did you obtain it?"

Fenrir wouldn't let Yang Yan escape so easily!

Surrounded by flame, he transformed into a green lightning bolt and darted towards Yang Yan.

"You are really an unbreakable, unchewable piece of rubber, aren't you!"

Facing such a guy like Fenrir, Yang Yan found it quite troubling.

No matter who faces someone immune to laws and physically tough, they will feel troubled.

Awoo!

Perhaps it was due to the transformation, Fenrir hadn't spoken a word from the start.

He just kept attacking Yang Yan, attack after attack!

And Yang Yan now had no way of dealing with him.

If he got close, the Abyssal Fire surrounding Fenrir was extremely dangerous.

If he didn't get close, Fenrir ignored law attacks and could only be physically attacked.

Now, Yang Yan felt his head throbbing.

Chapter 602: Calling It Off

"Damn bastard!"

Seeing Fenrir once again wrapped in flames charging at him, Yang Yan couldn't help but angrily curse.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

With the constant barrage, Yang Yan kept dodging relentlessly.

But, being oppressed like this, even a Buddha would have a fire burning.

Not to mention someone like Yang Yan, a peak powerhouse with a naturally volatile temperament?

"When I hide, the stars shine brightly; when I appear, the stars lose their light! Under the starlight, nothing is hidden; under the starry night, nothing escapes the cut!"

"Dubhe, Merak, Phecda, Megrez, Jade Balance, Kaiyang, Yao Guang, descend! Justice! Seven Star Sword."

Yang Yan roared, like rolling thunder exploding overhead.

The sky instantly darkened.

With each utterance of the Seven Stars' names by Yang Yan, a giant sword fell from the sky towards Fenrir.

In an instant, there were seven huge swords embedded in him.

"Oh? This... is this the legendary Seven Star Sword that forced Duke Herbert III to use the Moon Guardian?"

Igukas stared wide-eyed at the seven giant swords and said in astonishment.

Although the seven giant swords successfully pierced Fenrir, the guy remained unaffected.

However, he stopped attacking, standing still like a statue, allowing Yang Yan to strike freely.

"It's useless! This guy is clearly in a state of immunity to Law attacks right now."

"That means, aside from physical close-combat attacks, other methods won't harm him at all."

"But how easy is it to get close with that Abyssal Fire on him?"

Igukas shook his head, gently analyzing.

Indeed, just as Igukas analyzed, this level of flame doesn't just make approaching difficult but feels like it could burn one's soul even from a considerable distance.

"Heh! You really think I'm helpless against you?"

Seeing Fenrir now fully open to Law attacks from him, Yang Yan let out a cold laugh.

Ha!

With a loud shout, the seven giant swords suddenly exploded with a dazzling brilliance.

Igukas, watching the scene from the side, stumbled instantly:

"Holy crap..."

Accompanying Igukas's exclamation, the seven giant swords abruptly exploded.

The power of the sword explosion was truly beyond imagination.

In an instant, the entire valley collapsed, leveled by the chaotic torrent of power.

Fenrir, who was previously unfazed, was suddenly blasted into the sky.

"Let's see you put on airs again! This time, let's see if you survive!"

Witnessing Fenrir being blown far away by the shockwave, Yang Yan revealed a slightly satisfied cold smile.

Fenrir was indeed shaken by Yang Yan's move.

"Damn! This guy actually detonated the giant sword formed by Power of Laws. How did he accomplish this? I've never heard of such a thing!"

Fenrir got up from the ground, brushed off the dust, and looked at Yang Yan with a surprised expression, as if appraising a stranger.

"Heh! Close combat with Abyssal Fire, immunity to Laws attacks at a distance—you are indeed the Horror Giant Wolf, blessed with exceptional talent!"

"However, I have plenty of ways to deal with someone like you."

Facing Yang Yan's murderous gaze, Fenrir was momentarily stunned.

He's unsure if he went too far earlier, but now Yang Yan seems utterly enraged, determined to regain his footing.

Is this guy's desire for revenge really that strong?

Now it's Fenrir who feels some headache.

"Hehe! Seems that the explosive effect earlier was quite good, wasn't it? Now then... are you ready?"

Yang Yan suddenly smiled and asked.

With the final tone dropping, a stunning aura erupted instantly, sweeping out as if tangible.

Swords of light appeared in his hand, radiating dazzling brilliance.

These light swords were identical in shape to the earlier seven giant swords, only much smaller in size.

As these swords of light appeared, not just Fenrir, even Igukas on the side instinctively tensed in alert.

For he sensed the terrifying power contained within the light swords, knowing caution must be taken lest he inadvertently become collateral damage.

"This guy is truly incredible! His comprehension and use of Laws have reached a shocking level..."

Igukas set up a defensive barrier, tightly focused on Yang Yan, speaking thoughtfully.

Yang Yan glanced at Fenrir, whose eyes were also wary, then laughed maniacally:

"The performance begins, enjoy it to the fullest!"

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

With a wave of his hand, the light swords transformed into arcs of lightning, converging into a dazzling torrent that swept towards Fenrir.

The most terrifying thing was that this wave of attack didn't end just once.

As soon as Yang Yan tossed the light swords in his hand, new ones instantly appeared, seemingly endless.

This time, Fenrir didn't dare to withstand it head-on, relying only on speed and body technique to dodge desperately.

Unfortunately, at this moment, the massive body of the Horror Giant Wolf became his weakness.

No matter how he dodged, the light swords would always strike somewhere on his body.

Soon, his body was covered with light swords like a porcupine.

Ha!

Yang Yan let out another light call, and Fenrir's body exploded suddenly.

"Okay, okay! Let's call it a day here! From what I see, neither of you can defeat the other, so how about a draw?"

"If I let you continue fighting, my small world here will be destroyed by you two."

Igukas glanced at the two still prepared to continue, unable to resist calling out for a stop.

Although it seemed like Yang Yan had gained some advantage earlier, in reality, these attacks, while causing some trouble for Fenrir, couldn't inflict any substantial damage.

Obviously, Igukas also realized that if it came to life and death, Yang Yan wouldn't resort to merely this level of attack.

Likewise, Fenrir hadn't given his all.

"Alright, indeed, we can't keep fighting."

Yang Yan glanced at the slightly warped space around him, pulled a bitter smile, and withdrew his aura altogether.

The surroundings looked completely different from when they first entered.

Upon entering, the area was distinct with ravines; now it had been entirely flattened by the duo's battle.

Fenrir, initially poised to strike again, saw Yang Yan call a stop and instantly reverted to human form.

He also realized they shouldn't continue further.

Otherwise, this small world might truly be destroyed by them.

"Ugh! I'm telling you, if you two want to fight, just fight! But why use such wide-ranging attacks?"

"Now look what you've done to my small world!"

Igukas looked at the two with a face full of grievance, speaking irritably.

Chapter 603: Both Lost

"You can't blame me for this!"

Yang Yan pouted and gave Fenrir a fierce glare:

"Who told this guy he could transform into a giant wolf so shamelessly?"

Fenrir's expression changed, and he retorted angrily:

"Damn it! Sure, I transformed, but I only used physical attacks, right?"

"What kind of attack were you planning to use then? You got so big after transforming, didn't you realize? Look at the way you were just now..."

Yang Yan paused, then suddenly burst out laughing.

"Hey! What's so funny, you clown?"

Fenrir was taken aback by Yang Yan's sudden laughter.

He had no idea what Yang Yan was laughing about.

But he knew for sure that when this guy smirks like that, nothing good comes of it.

"I say, my Horrifying Giant Wolf Lord, can you put on some clothes after fighting?"

"Are you planning to let your little buddy air out? That's a bit too much, isn't it? Don't tell anyone we know each other!"

Yang Yan said with a laugh.

Fenrir quickly realized what was happening.

His clothes had been destroyed when he transformed just now.

Now that he had returned to his human form, naturally, he was buck naked.

"Tch—what's the big deal? Haven't you ever seen a perfect body like this? Are you jealous?"

Since Fenrir wasn't human, you can't judge him by human standards.

Turns out he was overthinking it.

This guy wasn't human at all,

So of course, he'd feel no shame in being naked.

"Forget it, there's no point in talking to someone like you. Let's discuss what to do about our bet next?"

"Although neither of us won outright, during the fight, it was obvious I had the upper hand. So, should we count it as my win?"

Yang Yan coughed and asked Fenrir.

"Bullshit!"

Fenrir raised an eyebrow and said sternly:

"When did you ever have the advantage? The attacks you made felt like tickles to me."

"You call that an advantage? Give me a break! It was me who dominated the early stages. If anyone won, it should be me!"

Fenrir complained unhappily.

"Forget it, there's no point in talking to someone shameless like you. Let's ask this guy to judge, okay?"

Yang Yan asked Fenrir.

"Of course! Igukas, you tell us, who really won?"

Fenrir turned to Igukas and asked.

"Huh? Well..."

Igukas was stunned by the question from both of them.

From what he saw, it seemed like neither of them really won.

But if he said that, neither would agree.

He definitely didn't want to land himself in trouble.

Whether it was Moonlight or Fenrir, they were both difficult guys. He'd get endless hassle no matter who he sided with.

Igukas frowned, thought for a moment, and finally said:

"Honestly, from what I saw, it's at most a tie between you two."

As soon as he said it, both of them burst out in unison:

"Bullshit! Him?!"

Igukas had anticipated this reaction and said with exasperation:

"Hey! You two, calm down! Let me finish, okay?"

"Fine! Keep going. But if you mention a tie again, just don't say anything. We can always fight it out again. I refuse to believe I can't handle this dumb dog."

Yang Yan challengingly glanced at Fenrir and boasted.

Fenrir exploded, waving his fists and shouting:

"Bring it on, who's afraid of who? As if I was even trying just now. Come on, let's continue! If anyone's scared, they're the lesser man!"

"Alright, alright, why fight again? If you two keep battling, my little world will fall apart."

"From what I see, with both your strengths, neither of you could best the other in that fight, meaning you both technically lost."

Igukas said seriously, looking at the two.

"What did you say?"

The two stopped arguing when they heard Igukas and turned to him.

What did he mean by saying they both lost!?

Is this guy out of his mind from his wild night last night?

"Isn't that right?"

Igukas coldly stared at them and said seriously:

"What was the result of all your fighting? The only result was you nearly wrecking my little world. You both wasted so much time without defeating each other, am I right?"

Hearing Igukas, the two fell silent.

What he said was indeed true. Their fight mostly just trashed the world without deciding anything.

"Alright, I won't say more. If you have a different opinion, speak up quickly."

"If not, we'll discuss the consequences of your bet next."

Neither of them had much to say after hearing Igukas.

Fenrir asked Igukas:

"So, how do we deal with the bet? Since neither won, we forget it?"

"How's that possible? You two may not have won, but you both lost!"

"Since you both lost, you have to pay up! But both of you have to fulfill it."

Igukas looked at them, grinning mischievously.

"Ah..."

Both looked at Igukas in shock.

Was there really a catch like that?

No wonder this guy was smirking like that earlier. He was waiting for them to fall into the trap!

They had considered a rematch, but hearing Igukas, they fell silent.

This was a great opportunity!

They didn't know what the other would make them do, but figured it couldn't be harder than what they had planned for each other.

Both Fenrir and Yang Yan were scheming as they eyed one another.

Both weighing if this would actually benefit them more.

"Alright, I agree! Let's say we both lost."

Fenrir thought for a moment, still convinced nothing Yang Yan asked of him could be tougher than what he'd demand of Yang Yan.

As long as he could trouble this guy, he didn't care.

"Uh—"

Yang Yan was clearly surprised Fenrir agreed just like that.

This guy was that confident?

Did he really think the task he'd be given would be so easy?

Fenrir saw Yang Yan's uncertain look and felt even more delighted.

It seemed his task for him wouldn't be too difficult!

Therefore, he couldn't help but ask smugly:

"What's wrong? Afraid to agree?"

Chapter 604: Fulfilling the Wager

Yang Yan suddenly laughed and said mockingly:

"A taunt like a fool! But, since you dared to agree, is there anything I wouldn't dare to do?"

"Kid, just work hard for your own happiness!"

"Uh—"

Seeing Yang Yan's expression, Fenrir felt uneasy and instantly had a bad premonition.

However, after taking the stone given to him earlier from Igukas' hand and clearly seeing the content on it, both their eyebrows twitched simultaneously.

The next moment, both Yang Yan and Fenrir had the same thought:

It's all Igukas' fault, this damn guy!

Otherwise, how could it have come to doing something so absurd?

When the group came out of the small world, it was already evening.

As soon as they came out, they headed straight to the garden outside.

At this time, Zhou Hanyun and the others happened to return as well.

"What's happened to you?"

Upon seeing the group come out, Gulina's eyes immediately fell on Igukas' face.

"Nothing!"

Igukas gently shook his head and smiled as he said:

"Just got hit by two idiots for a moment. It's fine, it'll be better tomorrow."

At this moment, his face was a mix of red and blue patches.

Yet, looking at his expression, he seemed inexplicably happy.

"Are you really okay?"

Gulina asked with a worried frown.

"Haha! Don't worry! I'm really okay, there's no way I could be hurt!"

"Actually, I've rarely felt as happy as I do now! Haha... hahaha..."

Igukas said with joy.

"Damn it! Seeing you like this, I can't help but want to hit you again."

Yang Yan said through gritted teeth, his face cold as he looked at Igukas.

"Mmh! Completely agree! Why don't we drag him back and beat him again?"

Fenrir also gave Igukas a cold glare, speaking in a chilling tone.

"Haha! You two can just forget about it. You should focus on completing your bets instead!"

"Once you fulfill your bets, wouldn't I let you beat me again?"

Igukas chuckled radiantly.

"Alright, just looking at you makes me upset. I'm leaving!"

Fenrir said and then strode towards the outside.

At the gate, Fenrir turned around and said to Yang Yan:

"Remember your bet. You must hurry up!"

Hearing Fenrir, Yang Yan's expression grew even colder.

He replied coldly to Fenrir:

"You should worry about your own bet! Compared to me, I think you're the real concern."

"Hmph!"

Being reminded by Yang Yan, Fenrir wasn't feeling well.

He snorted coldly and walked away without looking back.

After watching Fenrir leave, Yang Yan turned to glance at Igukas and then said coldly:

"Even though I dislike that guy, I dislike you even more right now."

"Haha! Thank you for the compliment, thank you for the compliment! Being hated by Moonlight, it's my honor."

Igukas confidently said without a care.

"Damn! We're leaving, remember to visit Huaxia sometime."

Yang Yan said, then he turned and said to Zhou Hanyun and the other girls:

"Let's go, we're leaving too. Just seeing that guy makes me feel uncomfortable."

Igukas quickly replied with a laugh:

"Haha! Don't worry, I will definitely visit Huaxia to find you, and I can't wait to see how you two carry out your wagers!"

Yang Yan gave him a fierce glare and had no choice but to say:

"Let's go, let's hurry up and go! I don't want to stay here for a second longer, I'm afraid if I stay longer, I might end up taking this guy down."

After speaking, Yang Yan got up and walked out.

"Thank you for taking care of us these past few days, we'll be leaving now."

Though Zhou Hanyun didn't know what was troubling Yang Yan, she could tell he was indeed in a bad mood.

"No need for thanks! If you have time, be sure to come and play again."

As the hostess, Gulina was equally clueless as to why Yang Yan and Fenrir were behaving this way.

But regarding Zhou Hanyun and the others from the East, she had a very good impression.

"Darling, what's going on? Why do both of them look so angry?"

"And, was that injury on your face caused by them? You were hit and yet you're smiling so happily? It's really worrying!"

Gulina suspiciously looked at Igukas, her eyes filled with concern.

"Haha! Darling, just don't ask, okay? My facial injury is indeed the work of those two."

"But it's all voluntary. And, sacrificing such a small injury for what's about to unfold next, I really couldn't ask for anything better!"

Igukas said excitedly.

Gulina watched Igukas for a while and finally confirmed that his joyful smile was genuine, only then did she feel slightly relieved.

However, she grew increasingly curious about what had transpired between those two men and Igukas.

"What's going on with you guys? Why does it look like that guy has been roughed up by you?"

On the other side, Zhou Hanyun aired her doubts to Yang Yan as well.

Not just her, the other girls also cast suspicious looks at Yang Yan, waiting for his answer.

"Don't mention it, talking about this just makes me angry! Sigh! Never thought I'd hunt all day only to have my eyes pecked by a little sparrow."

Yang Yan was already somewhat incoherent.

He genuinely didn't expect that guy's request to be such.

Now, it left him feeling rather passive.

"Okay, you all head back first! I've got something to attend to, might be away for a while."

Yang Yan thought for a moment, bit his lip, and decided to get the task done first.

"Mmh, be careful."

Zhou Hanyun, concerned, didn't ask what Yang Yan was going to do.

"Don't worry! I won't be in any danger, you all just stay here in England and wait for me! I've already informed that guy Igukas, he'll take care of you."

Yang Yan glanced at them before speaking.

"Mmh!"

The girls didn't inquire further into what Yang Yan planned to do.

In their eyes, a man's business doesn't need them to meddle with.

They just need to obediently listen.

After Yang Yan escorted Zhou Hanyun and the others to the hotel, he immediately left.

Two days later, on a small island in Northern Europe, a tall Oriental man stood gazing at the surrounding sea.

Chapter 605: No Gain

NW is one of the five Nordic countries, and because it has many coastal islands, it is also known as the Country of Ten Thousand Islands.

"Damn it! That guy asked me to come over without even specifying the exact location. This place is so huge, where am I supposed to look?"

The man with the Eastern face is none other than Yang Yan, who came directly from England after bidding farewell to Zhou Hanyun and the other girls.

NW, due to its unique geographical environment, is called the road to the North.

Right now, Yang Yan is looking for exactly such a road.

Because he needs to find that bastard Fenrir's sister—the Goddess of Death, Hel.

That's the condition that guy set—

He wants Yang Yan to seduce his sister!

That's right!

That damn Fenrir wants him to seduce his sister, the Goddess of Death, Hel.

Just thinking about this makes Yang Yan feel like ranting.

But a deal is a deal. Even if he's unwilling, he has to follow through.

So now, he's searching for Hel's whereabouts.

Moreover, the condition Yang Yan set for Fenrir wasn't any simpler.

Whenever he thinks of this, he feels a bit more balanced.

"Damn, that Fenrir doesn't even know where his sister is, yet he dares to ask me to come over?"

Yang Yan has already extended his Divine Sense to the utmost, covering an area of ten kilometers including the islands, but he still finds nothing.

Since Fenrir's task is to seduce that Goddess of Death, whether it works or not, he must first find her!

However, Hel is classified as an Evil God, so many want her dead.

Naturally, her whereabouts are very secretive, making her hard to find.

No wonder Fenrir uses this task to trouble Yang Yan.

Yang Yan has already been here for two full days.

Besides finding this island, he hasn't uncovered any other clues.

He couldn't very well ask Xiaocao and the others for help; he has to figure it out himself.

After circling the island and finding nothing, Yang Yan squats by the sea, lighting a cigarette, deep in thought.

Yang Yan knows that the real intention behind Fenrir asking him to court Hel is to rescue her.

It's said that Hel is sealed here by someone sent by Odin.

Neither Fenrir nor Jormangand can approach the seal.

As for finding someone else, those two notorious idiots likely have no other candidates.

So, taking this opportunity, that guy let him handle it.

In Fenrir's words, asking him to rescue his wife is no problem, right?

Of course, it's not a problem... yeah, right!

That idiot didn't even consider how many women I already have!

And if any of my women are from this world, some people might not act out.

If he brings this Goddess of Death home as his woman, well, congrats!

Zhuge Wushuang, Mu Qingcheng, Gongsun Ruyan, and including Qi Wutong, it wouldn't be surprising if these women don't tear him apart.

So, Yang Yan is really conflicted!

He can tell that Fenrir truly cares for his sister Hel, which is why he used this opportunity to have him rescue her.

Oh well, thinking too much won't help, right?

The main thing is to rescue this woman first.

As for the rest, he'll deal with it later!

The issue now is that he can't find the seal!

Yang Yan continuously smokes, his senses completely covering the small island.

"Young man, what are you doing here?"

Just as Yang Yan is extending his Divine Sense, inch by inch searching this place, an old man in fishing attire approaches him, asking curiously.

"I'm here on a trip, but I couldn't find a fun place, so I'm hanging out here for a bit."

Coming here, Yang Yan had already adjusted his language to sync with the locals.

So there are no communication issues.

"A trip? What's fun about this Nameless Island? All the tourists go to that big island over there!"

The old man asks curiously.

He's amazed that Yang Yan can speak the local language fluently.

Especially his accent, which is entirely local.

Given Yang Yan's age in his early twenties, this is only possible if he grew up here.

Yet, he has an Asian face.

"I can't help it, I just don't like crowds. Seeing everyone go over there, I didn't want to follow."

"Also, I wanted to see how people live around here, so I came."

Yang Yan says with a smile, handing a cigarette to the old man.

Hearing his explanation, the old man finds it a bit odd but doesn't suspect further.

After all, you occasionally meet one or two people who march to their own beat.

Besides, there's nothing worth coveting on this small island.

"Haha! I wonder if the young man is interested in going fishing? I'll be back by evening!"

The old man takes Yang Yan's cigarette, lights it, takes a puff, and then suggests.

"Sure! Is that okay? Will I disturb your fishing?"

Yang Yan says with interest.

After looking for two days, his mood is getting more irritable, so he's ready to have some fun to adjust.

"No problem, let's go! Anyway, I'm only catching small fish, the process isn't long."

The old man says, walking towards a small boat on the side.

The fishing industry is very developed here.

But equally, aside from a brief one or two months, the rest of the time, fishing isn't allowed.

Right now, it's the off-fishing season.

"Old man, isn't it the off-fishing season now? Why are you still risking going out to fish?"

Yang Yan looks at the old man, puzzled.

He knows the old fishermen understand the importance of the off-fishing season.

"There's no choice, something happened at home, all our food was exchanged for money."

"If I don't come out to get some food, my family won't last."

The old man says calmly.

"Uh—sorry."

Yang Yan says gently.

"No worries! But you're right, it's off-fishing season, so I'm not going to fish openly around here."

The old man pulls out his fishing tools and continues:

"Man shouldn't be greedy. When life was hardest, these fish gave us hope, so we should repay them."

The old man's fishing tools aren't nets but rather strange rods.

He attaches a small net to these rods, gently placing it in the sea, and then sits beside it, smoking the remainder of his cigarette in one drag.

Chapter 606: The Story of the Viking Pirates

"Young man, have a seat!"

The old man gently extinguished his cigarette butt, placed it on the side of the deck, then lightly tapped the deck and said to Yang Yan.

Yang Yan smiled softly, didn't say much, and silently sat down on a small stool beside the old man.

"Young man, don't mind this old man nagging! Life has repeatedly taught us that it's quite good to know how to care for nature."

"But don't worry, the fishing methods I use were handed down from my ancestors, and the amount of fish caught each time isn't too much. Just enough for two or three days' worth of food for the family!"

After saying this, the old man handed Yang Yan a locally unique short cigarette.

Yang Yan thanked him, took it and lit it, taking a puff.

The taste was somewhat spicy, but the aftertaste was long-lasting, sufficiently palatable.

"My ancestors were pirates!" the old man suddenly said with a laugh, "Back then, sometimes we had enough for one meal but not the next, so they developed this fishing method."

"When there were no other sources of livelihood, at least we wouldn't starve to death, and that's how we barely survived in those resource-scarce times."

Yang Yan smiled lightly:

"Pirates, huh? That's really a distant legend!"

"Yes, it truly is a distant legend. So, would you like to hear stories about the Nordic pirates?"

The old man gazed at the horizon of the sea and asked wistfully.

"Hmm! Of course, I'd like to hear."

Since there was nothing else to do, listening to the stories of the Nordic pirates was a good pastime.

"Well, this has to be told from a long, long time ago."

The old man began with the standard opening of a story.

"First of all, I must say, my ancestors were Vikings, which naturally also refers to the Nordic pirates."

"From the eighth century AD until the end of the eleventh century, they continuously harassed Europe and the islands of England."

"Their footprints spanned almost the entire European continent and even the vast territories of the Arctic."

"At that time, it could be said to be the most glorious period for our ancestors, known as the Viking Age."

The old man's eyes were evidently filled with admiration as he reminisced about the illustrious past of his ancestors.

At this moment, Yang Yan sat beside him without interrupting, serving as a good listener, hearing the old man narrate the glory of his ancestors.

"Speaking of which, there's something the old man wants to show you that will surely open your eyes."

The old man suddenly seemed to remember something, stood up, and walked towards the cabin.

After a short while, the old man came out.

In his hand was a somewhat worn-out long metal strip.

When he got closer, Yang Yan could see clearly, this wasn't a metal strip at all!

This was clearly an ancient sword with quite some history!

"How's that? Not bad, right? Do you recognize what this is?"

The old man shook the ancient sword in his hand, seeming somewhat proud as he spoke.

Yang Yan replied with a smile:

"If I'm not mistaken, this should be the weapon with which the Nordic pirates swept the seas, a Viking Sword, right?"

"Wow! Not bad! You actually know this is a Viking Sword. Unfortunately, many people today don't recognize such things anymore."

"Not to mention you out-of-town tourists, even we locals with pirate blood mostly don't recognize this kind of sword."

The old man sighed lightly and said ruefully.

"No way! A famous weapon like the Viking Sword, how could anyone not recognize it?"

There is a saying in Huaxia that everyone loves flattery.

The meaning is that everyone likes to hear good words.

This saying holds true universally.

Just look at how the old man, upon hearing this, immediately put away his lamentations and wore a proud expression.

But his proud smile didn't stay on his face for long, followed by a heavy sigh.

"It's a pity..." the old man said in a deep voice, "Something that even an outsider like you understands, yet we locals don't recognize at all."

"Even many have sold their family's Viking Swords. This is simply desecrating the glory of our ancestors."

Upon hearing this, Yang Yan didn't know how to comfort the old man.

In fact, not only the descendants of these Viking Pirates, even in Huaxia, with its five-thousand-year history, face similar embarrassment.

If it were just selling off ancestral heirlooms, it would be bearable, but some even have ideas about various burial artifacts.

Many long-standing ancient tombs or sites have been frantically excavated, with a lot of ancient artifacts of immense research value being looted and smuggled worldwide.

Yang Yan gave a bitter laugh and had to console him:

"There's really no other way. After all, as the times change, forced by circumstances, they may have had no choice but to give up some of their ancestors' possessions."

The old man, having lived so long and being worldly-wise, knew Yang Yan was trying to comfort him.

He shook his head bitterly:

"Alright, enough of that, let's continue with our previous topic!"

"Speaking of the Viking Pirates, people probably remember their oddly shaped helmets and huge red beards more vividly, right?"

Yang Yan was also eager to end this heavy topic and quickly nodded:

"Yes! After all, that's how it's portrayed in the movies. Red-bearded pirates holding Viking Swords roaring as they charge at England's merchant ships."

The old man, however, shook his head:

"Is it always like that? Those movies are simply nonsense!"

At this point, he even waved his fist angrily.

"Back then, aside from those particularly powerful pirates, other small groups often didn't have enough to eat, let alone such equipment!"

"At that time, more people would just grab an axe, or even simple clubs, and charge at those merchant ships."

"Moreover, by the thirteenth century, King Harold I of NW had resolved to clear the pirates from Scotland and nearby islands completely."

"In fact, he did so. In a short time, some Vikings had no choice but to flee to Iceland."

"However, more were taken by the God of Death on their way to escape."

The speaker had no particular desire in mind, but the listener might.

God of Death?

Yang Yan felt like he had caught onto something.

He suddenly showed a barely perceptible smile, then lit another cigarette for the old man and said:

"What God of Death? Did they encounter a tsunami? Or was it something else?"

The old man took a deep drag on his cigarette and shook his head dismissively:

"A tsunami? Compared with the God of Death, what's a tsunami! That was much more terrifying than a tsunami."

Yang Yan narrowed his eyes slightly and asked seemingly unintentionally:

"Oh? Isn't a tsunami the scariest thing on this ocean?"

Chapter 607: King of Gods, Odin

The old man nodded, speaking with unusual seriousness:

"Indeed, on the sea, tsunamis are certainly terrifying. But throughout all of Northern Europe, the God of Death is even more terrifying than tsunamis."

At this point, the old man seemed to fall into some kind of dreadful memory, remaining silent for a long time.

After a moment of silence, Yang Yan couldn't help but inquire further:

"Sir, tell me about this God of Death! This is even more interesting to me than the stories of the Viking Pirates!"

The old man, pulled back to reality by Yang Yan's question, smiled and said:

"You young people, I'm telling you, you just love these supernatural stories."

"Anyway, there's still time, so I'll tell you the truth! Not long ago, over on the West Coast, there was a kid who also came with a group of people, claiming to be searching for the legendary God of Death."

"I think, they were just a bunch of idiots with nothing better to do, tricked by that unreliable kid. Just a waste of money and time."

"Regardless of whether those guys can find that legendary God of Death, even if they do, what's the difference between that and courting death?"

"Heh heh! Looking for the God of Death, just thinking about it makes me laugh. It's definitely the funniest joke I've heard this year!"

Upon hearing the old man's words, Yang Yan instinctively narrowed his eyes.

So, there's company, huh?

Having company is good!

Searching alone is really tiring.

Now with a group, maybe I can play the role of the mantis stalking the cicada, unaware of the oriole behind, saving myself a lot of trouble.

At the very least, being able to find this place means they're not shooting in the dark; maybe they've got some clues.

Seeing Yang Yan not speaking, and thinking that he was deeply absorbed in the story, trapped in some fantasy, the old man chuckled and said:

"Alright! Since you like this God of Death story so much, shall I tell it to you?"

"I'm all ears!"

Yang Yan immediately said.

The old man chuckled and said:

"But first, let me make it clear, these stories have been passed down through the generations. As to whether they're true or false, I really don't know."

"Naturally."

Yang Yan nodded:

"After all, these are legends, myths, how could I take them seriously?"

The old man finally smiled contentedly:

"Hmm! That's right, these are just mythological stories, only fools would take them as real."

"However, speaking of these stories, we have to talk about another myth of Northern Europe."

The old man's interest now seemed quite high, or perhaps due to life's pressures, he urgently needed some sort of release, and he couldn't help but chatter on.

Yang Yan originally hoped to learn more about Hel's information and was equally intrigued by the old man's accounts.

"You surely know we have our own independent mythology in Northern Europe, right?"

The old man smiled and asked.

Yang Yan nodded:

"I know a bit, but not deeply."

"Then you must know the legendary King of Gods, Odin, right?"

The old man asked again.

"Yes! I know. Odin, the supreme god in Norse mythology, regarded as the King of the Gods, also the King of the Dead, War God, God of Power, and God of Magic."

"Furthermore, it's said he's the personification of the sky, ruler of the world, called the Father of the Gods, overseeing war, power, wisdom, magic, and death."

"He's the grandson of the first King of the Aesir Race Buri, son of the second Aesir God King Baal, and the giantess Bestra."

Listening to Yang Yan recite the Norse mythology about Odin like a treasury, the old man couldn't help but widen his eyes, exclaiming repeatedly:

"Wow, you know quite a lot! Yes, that's the Odin. Given so, you should also know Odin's arch-enemy."

"Loki."

Yang Yan softly uttered a name.

The old man nodded with a smile:

"Actually, the Goddess of Death is Loki's daughter, you know!"

Yang Yan also smiled and said:

"Yes! I know all that, but what I'm curious about is how did your ancestors encounter the Goddess of Death?"

"You know, at that time logically the Goddess of Death shouldn't have been in Northern Europe, right?"

The old man shrugged:

"Who knows!"

But just as he was about to continue, a deafening thunderclap rang from afar.

Now, it wasn't even the thunderstorm season!

"I think you can just tell me where the Goddess of Death is. Also, your acting is really lousy, my dear King of Gods, Odin!"

Yang Yan looked at the old man, full of slyness, and said.

"Haha! Finally recognized, not bad, Moonlight! But I'm telling you, you young people don't know how to respect the old and cherish the young?"

"Even if you've recognized me, can't you just keep it low-key?"

The old man's appearance gently changed, revealing the true form of the King of Gods, Odin.

At this time, his stature grew tall, wearing golden armor, a big golden helmet on his head, his entire being radiant and glowing.

He also held a long spear in his hand, exuding an imposing presence, intimidating people.

As the King of Gods, he didn't seem surprised that Yang Yan saw through his identity, merely chuckling lightly.

Yang Yan curled his lip, sneering:

"Let's be honest now! Your purpose in being here is to guide me over to Hel, right?"

"But I'm truly curious, wasn't that woman sealed by you? Why are you guiding me there?"

"I guess you also know I'm here to save her, don't you?"

Odin chuckled and said:

"It's true that I sealed her up, but that doesn't mean I won't release her."

"Besides, she's been confined for long enough to atone for her sins."

Yang Yan looked afar, snorted coldly:

"I'll say this for the last time, stop wasting time, first tell me where that woman is! As for the rest, I'll come find you to clarify later."

Near the northern sea region, Yang Yan was quickly flying toward the farther north.

He felt quite displeased now.

Just now, he'd been played around by that old guy for a long time.

If he hadn't recognized that old guy at the last moment, he wouldn't know how long he'd been tricked.

"Damn! These old-timers who have lived for who knows how many years, are indeed sly foxes!"

"Obviously wanting me to rescue Hel, but still beating around the bush, making it seem like I owe him a great favor."

Yang Yan muttered discontentedly while employing his body technique, rushing through the sky.

If it weren't for the bet with Fenrir, Yang Yan would have considered leaving directly.

At that time, let these old-timers who calculated him cry on their own.

Chapter 608: I Want to Pursue You—Will You Say Yes?

Half an hour ago, on the ice plains, stood several mysterious figures dressed in black cloaks.

One of them, a man with a slightly hunched back and a pitch-black mask, looked at a snow mountain and said:

"This should be where that woman is sealed, right?"

"Yes! This should be the place."

The man next to him, also clad in a black cloak, immediately replied:

"Everyone be careful, after all, that woman is also a Titled Powerhouse!"

"Moreover, she is the Death God of the North. Being trapped for so many years now, she must be in an extremely manic state."

Another black-cloaked figure suddenly appeared out of nowhere, letting out a sinister chuckle:

"The God of Death, huh? Hehehe! That title seems quite impressive. I remember having such a title myself before joining the organization!"

The first black-cloaked man spoke in a deep voice:

"Alright, we've found the place, now it's time to bring that woman out directly."

"Remember, it's best if she's alive. Of course, if not, it doesn't really matter if she's dead."

Everyone nodded, looking eager to give it a try.

"So now, who will handle the seal?"

The lead black-cloaked man looked at the rest, smiling as he spoke.

"I'll do it! I'm really curious to see the handiwork of Odin, King of the Norse Gods!"

Someone immediately stepped forward, saying confidently.

"Then let's do it quickly."

The leading black-cloaked man nodded and then reminded:

"This place belongs to those guys; if we're here for too long, it might attract them, which could cause some trouble."

"Don't worry, a seal of this level won't alarm anyone."

The self-recommended man said casually.

Unfortunately, just as he was about to take action, a silver hammer flew over with a gust of wind.

Thud!

With a loud bang, a shadow screamed in pain and flew off like a kite with a broken string.

The shadow was none other than the self-confident black-cloaked man just now.

"Oh? Isn't this the legendary Thunder God Thor? How come you're here?"

A black-cloaked man looked at the blond giant in front of him, speaking coldly.

"Who are you people? What are you trying to do?"

The blond giant quickly scanned the group of black-cloaked figures, asking seriously.

"Let's make this quick! After all, this is their territory."

The leading black-cloaked man glanced at his companions and spoke coldly.

As his voice fell, the black-cloaked men each used their Body Technique, attacking the blond man with full force.

While a fierce battle broke out among them, Yang Yan also arrived.

He stood at a distance, glanced at the intense fight, was initially stunned, then gently shook his head.

Soon after, he quickly concealed his presence, transforming into a shadow and silently drifted towards the depths of the snow mountain.

The snow mountain here was unlike any other place.

Perhaps due to Odin's seal, not a single living creature was visible as far as the eye could see.

Yang Yan extended his perception but also found nothing.

"That old man sure knows how to pick a place!"

Yang Yan muttered discontentedly to himself as he walked alone in the snow-covered forest.

The Death Goddess Hel, Odin, the black-cloaked figures outside, and the blond giant...

Yang Yan slowly organized his thoughts.

He was now completely in the dark about the intentions of the outsiders.

But one thing was certain, these people were definitely not here for a picnic, but had some extraordinary purpose.

Moreover, ever since Yang Yan had Ten Swords destroy many of these black-cloaked figures' bases two years ago, they hadn't appeared in his sight since.

By calculation, this was the first time in two years.

This was indeed intriguing.

"Oh! Hard work pays off, I've finally found it."

Yang Yan suddenly stopped, a glimmer of excitement in his eyes.

He had discovered something unusual.

This place could even block his perception, and it was very likely where Hel was sealed.

As he got closer to the location, the pressure around him began to intensify.

What piqued his curiosity was that the snow here was entirely different from the outside.

At some point, the snow here had turned black!

"Hey! Is anyone home?"

Yang Yan walked to a cave entrance and shouted loudly inside.

"Who are you?"

Just as Yang Yan thought there was no one inside and wanted to take a look, a woman's voice suddenly echoed.

However, the voice sounded a bit stiff.

"Death Goddess Hel?"

Yang Yan looked at the dark cave entrance without hesitation and walked in directly.

"Who exactly are you?"

From deep within the cave came the woman's voice again, with a hint of caution.

"Good! It seems you are Hel."

After confirming her position, Yang Yan transformed into a shadow and dashed forward quickly.

The cave was deep.

When Yang Yan reached the end of the cave, he saw a woman chained to a stone bed with several seemingly very thin chains.

"Goddess of Death Hel?"

Yang Yan looked at the woman with interest and confirmed once more.

"Who exactly are you?"

Hel asked with a frown.

Now she spoke more fluently than before.

However, she was quite curious about who this Eastern man was.

Given that he knew her, why wasn't he afraid of her?

Moreover, there wasn't a hint of hostility on him.

"You're quite pretty, but it seems like you've been locked up too long and gone stupid."

Yang Yan sighed.

"Are you seeking death?"

Upon hearing Yang Yan's words, Hel said with a gloomy expression.

Now, regardless of whether or not there's hostility, she couldn't tolerate this strange man speaking of her in such a way.

"Alright! Time is tight, so I won't say much to you."

Yang Yan said, then deliberately cleared his throat and seriously said to Hel:

"Ahem, I'd like to pursue you, would you accept?"

"What?"

Hel was also taken aback by Yang Yan's words.

It's worth noting that even when she was sealed here by Odin, she didn't have such an expression.

However, after confirming that Yang Yan wasn't joking, her brow furrowed deeply.

She had considered many ways to escape, but never imagined that a man would come in and ask her if she would accept his pursuit.

After all, she was the God of Death!

And now, someone was pursuing her...

This was too incredible.

Chapter 609: I... I Accept

"Do you have a problem with your brain?"

Hel looked at Yang Yan with confusion.

The expression was just like looking at an idiot.

"I've got no problem!"

Obviously irritated by such a look.

Yang Yan glared at her fiercely and said with annoyance:

"Even if there is a problem, it's not my problem. It's the person who let me come here that has a problem."

Yang Yan complained as he spoke.

"The person who let you come? Who was it that let you come?"

Hel squinted her eyes, sizing up Yang Yan from head to toe.

"Person? No no no! It's not a person who let me come here, but a dog, a very big wolfdog."

Yang Yan spoke with a teasing expression.

Next to him, Hel, upon hearing Yang Yan's words, understood that he was referring to her brother, the Horror Giant Wolf Fenrir.

"My brother let you come?"

Hel looked at Yang Yan with astonishment and asked.

She knew that both her brothers, whether Fenrir or Jormangand, have never given up on the plan to rescue her.

Besides, she also considered that the more powerful Fenrir would find someone to save her, but never imagined he would find such a weirdo.

"Mm!"

Although he could read Hel's gaze, Yang Yan still nodded seriously:

"Who else besides that idiot! Oh! Right, you haven't answered my question. I'm pursuing you, will you accept it?"

Hel looked at Yang Yan angrily and said without irritation:

"You really have a problem, don't you? Asking such questions!"

Yang Yan shrugged indifferently:

"Forget it, given the current situation I don't know how to tell you. I'll get you out first!"

"But let's be clear first, after you gain freedom, you still have to seriously consider my question. After all, this matter is very important to me."

Hel raised her eyebrows, and asked seriously:

"So you're serious? Aren't you aware that it's Odin who trapped me here?"

"Moreover, these chains may look ordinary, but they're far from simple as you imagine."

Yang Yan chuckled disdainfully:

"How can they not be simple?"

Hel also laughed, full of teasing:

"They are made with the sound of a cat's footsteps, the roots of stones, a woman's beard, the breath of fish, the alertness of bears, and the saliva of birds, which formed the Lock of Absurdity! Are you sure you can open it?"

Upon hearing Hel's words, Yang Yan said nothing more, just coldly laughed.

Rather than speaking, he preferred to prove with actions.

"In three thousand worlds, there's nothing that I cannot break; in the vast territory, there's no land that I cannot tread! Hah!"

With a roar, the Lock of Absurdity separated from Hel.

Standing beside, Hel's eyes widened, her mouth agape, in astonishment, clearly stunned by the scene.

Next came the joy of regaining freedom.

"Haha! Hahaha—I'm free, I'm finally free! Boohoo... free, free... boohoo..."

Returning to her senses, Hel first laughed frantically, followed by tears of joy.

After crying for a while, she suddenly lifted her head, the tears on her cheeks igniting into black flames.

In an instant, she was enveloped in black flames, only a voice like it's coming from the depths of hell resonating:

"Just wait! Odin, I will bring the whole world to the realm of death."

Yang Yan looked and couldn't help but mutter:

"Hey hey hey! Not to be rude! Why do you have such a strong desire to kill?"

Whoosh!

The black flames on Hel's body suddenly retracted, coldly staring at Yang Yan, as if wanting to tear him apart.

"I ask you, have you not told me yet, are you going to accept me or not!"

Yang Yan completely ignored Hel's gaze as if wanting to eat him, and continued seriously speaking.

"Hmph!"

A cold snort in response, and a cold longsword pierced his body.

"Foolish guy!"

Hel glanced at Yang Yan, who was pierced by her Night Sky Sword, and said coldly.

After speaking, she walked out directly, not wanting to spare another glance at Yang Yan.

She had things to do.

She needed revenge on the person who sealed her here for so many years—the Master of Gods, Odin.

"Ah! I knew from the start, a woman like you being sealed here for so many years, would definitely turn insane. Now it seems, I was right."

Yang Yan slowly pulled out the longsword embedded in his body and spoke lightly.

"Impossible?"

Hel stopped suddenly upon hearing Yang Yan's voice, turned around to look at him in shock.

To know, she was the God of Death!

What she mastered was the Law of Death.

However, after being pierced by the Night Sky Sword, this man was completely fine?

How could this be...

"Woman, I'll ask you one last time, I'm pursuing you, will you accept it or not! If not, I'm leaving."

Yang Yan still seriously asked with a face full of sincerity.

Listening to Yang Yan's mad words again, Hel's expression finally turned serious.

"You're serious?"

She asked solemnly.

"No kidding!"

Yang Yan replied irritably:

"Why would I find you in this godforsaken place if I wasn't serious?"

"Hurry up, saying whether you agree or not takes just a word. I've got things to do, and people are waiting for me, I can't waste time here with you."

Hel thought for less than three seconds, blushed and nodded, shyly said:

"I... I agree."

Now it was Yang Yan's turn to be astonished.

What's this situation?

How did she agree?

This is not what was written in the script!

Completely illogical, completely unreasonable!

"What's wrong? I've agreed, what else do you want? Do you want to do that kind of thing?"

Speaking here, Hel raised her eyebrow, said with unusual decisiveness:

"I tell you, anything else is possible, but doing that kind of thing is not. Yet... we can try dating. In general, I hope things fall into place, not like you're doing."

Whoa!

What kind of nonsense is this?

Truly, both siblings are mad, thoroughly mad.

Of course, these words are just thoughts in his heart, absolutely mustn't be spoken out.

Although with Yang Yan's strength, he wasn't afraid of the woman in front of him, he definitely didn't want to further provoke her.

Originally at the beginning, according to his plan, after finding Hel, he was supposed to be rejected in his pursuit.

Once she rejected him, many moves could be made.

He never imagined, this madwoman doesn't play by the rules!

Chapter 610: Hold On, Handsome

"Forget it, since I've agreed, I've agreed. This is fate! What can't be escaped in the end, cannot be escaped."

Yang Yan waved his hand, speaking powerlessly.

Hel frowned but didn't say anything more.

However, her suspicious gaze was clearly waiting for Yang Yan's follow-up.

Yang Yan shook his head:

"Let's go! However, it seems there are a few guys outside who want to make a move on you. Later, you go out first, and I'll hide and see what those guys actually want to do."

"There are people outside?"

Hel's eyes flashed with excitement, and the murderous aura around her instantly released.

Yang Yan couldn't help but sigh inwardly:

As expected of a being who wields the Law of Death, killing almost becomes instinctual.

But Yang Yan never had a good impression of this group of black-robed people, so he nodded lightly:

"Yes! A bunch of sleazy guys, hiding their faces, not daring to show their true selves. Also, there's a handsome blond guy with a hammer."

"A handsome blond guy with a hammer... Are you talking about Thunder God Thor? Hmph! He dares to come here! But just right, I can kill him first, consider it as taking back some interest."

Hel became increasingly excited, her murderous aura blooming as if it were tangible, causing the entire space to tremble slightly.

"Hey! Don't blame me for nagging, since you've already agreed to be my woman, you must change this habit of killing at every turn. Otherwise, I'll have a hard time in the future."

Yang Yan rubbed his temples, speaking somewhat headache-inducing.

Unfortunately, Hel seemed not to have heard him at all, with a flash, she directly rushed out of the cave entrance.

Yang Yan watched the disappearing figure of Hel, smiled bitterly and shook his head, disappearing into thin air.

Outside the snowy mountain, Thunder God Thor was still fighting fiercely against those few black-robed people.

Of course, from the current situation, Thunder God Thor had suffered some small losses.

As the saying goes, "Two fists are hard to beat four hands." After all, he was alone, while the opponents were four.

The four were not weak in strength, and their cooperation was also tacit, occupying the upper hand from the beginning.

And the leading black-robed person, although not participating in the attack, was glaring from the side, somewhat restraining Thor's performance.

It was evident that even the four who participated in the siege seemed to have some concerns, never going all out.

"Move quicker, don't hold back anymore! Otherwise, when those guys from Northern Europe arrive, it'll be tricky to handle."

After the leading black-robed person forcefully pushed Thor back with a hammer, he reminded those beside him in a deep voice.

Following his words, the attacks from the other four became even more fierce.

Originally having some room for maneuver, Thunder God Thor's complexion changed dramatically, in an instant becoming precarious under their attacks.

Boom!

Just as a black-robed person seized the opportunity to successfully sneak attack from behind, knocking Thor flying, the others launched rapid attacks at Thor like lightning.

In an instant, countless attacks rained down on Thor like raindrops, producing deafening thunderous sounds.

"Where is Thunder God Thor?"

Just as the black-robed people were about to deliver the finishing blow to Thor, a woman in a black robe appeared out of nowhere, asking in a deep voice.

"Huh?"

The moment this woman appeared, the black-robed people clearly froze a bit.

But almost the next second, they had already come to their senses.

Boom boom boom!

And so, even more rapid attacks crazily swept towards Hel.

Hel merely scoffed disdainfully, then raised her hand and struck down, a black lightning blooming, taking on the combined attack of several people.

As Hel tangled with these people, Thor, who had been knocked flying, finally felt a little relieved.

Covered in blood, as if he had been fished out of the Blood Pool.

When his slightly dazed eyes clearly recognized the graceful figure in the battlefield, his brows immediately furrowed.

Crackling!

Lightning flashed on his burly body as he prepared to wield the hammer in his hand and charge into the battlefield.

Unfortunately, just before he took his first step, a voice rang out:

"Hey! Hold on there handsome, can you tell me what you're fighting to the death here for?"

The owner of the voice was none other than Yang Yan.

At this moment, he had already blocked Thor's path with his body.

Thor was also startled by Yang Yan's sudden voice.

Seeing him blocking his way, almost instinctively, he swung the hammer fiercely forward.

Yang Yan raised an eyebrow, not dodging, but instead stretched out a hand, blocking the hammer forcefully.

"This... this is impossible!"

Thor looked at Yang Yan in surprise, speaking with difficulty.

"Haha! Nothing is impossible in this world. You still haven't told me, what exactly are you fighting to the death for here?"

Yang Yan said with a smile.

"Who exactly are you?"

Thor looked at Yang Yan with icy eyes, asking instead of answering.

"Who am I? Your old man should know who I am! But that old guy Odin tricked me once just now, and if I beat you up a bit, there shouldn't be any problem, right?"

"Isn't there a saying, 'The father's debts are paid by the son'? Does it sound fair?"

Yang Yan looked Thor up and down, speaking with a smile.

Hearing Yang Yan's words, Thor was very puzzled.

Because he knew very well in his heart that if the man in front of him really had met his father, then he shouldn't be a bad person.

Otherwise, how could he escape from his father's hands?

After thinking over it, Thor finally said:

"I don't know what those guys are, but they should be after Hel."

"And Hel is the Goddess of Death, who was sealed by my father a long time ago."

"If she is released now, there will be great turmoil in the world."

Yang Yan said with a headache:

"You, this guy, didn't even know what they were up to, and you started fighting them? Are you brainless?"

Someone dared to say he was brainless, and Thor was very angry.

But being able to recognize his father and daring to call him the old guy made him somewhat apprehensive.

So he pressed down the anger in his heart and said seriously:

"No matter what their ultimate goal is, as long as Hel is involved, it certainly won't be anything good."

"But now it seems, I was still careless. They should have other accomplices, Hel has already been released."

Yang Yan looked at Hel, still fighting fiercely with those black-robed people, and couldn't help but burst into laughter.