

Powerful 921

Chapter 921: Moonlight Emperor, How About a Fight?

At this moment, Manhattan also noticed something.

He frowned without saying a word, not knowing what he was calculating.

A few seconds later, he lowered his head and whispered to the Beast King beside him:

"Yang Yan's strength far exceeds our expectations, but we still need someone to test it."

"Don't worry, even if you're no match for him, with us here, he can't do anything to you."

The Beast King was somewhat stunned.

Were they using him as a pawn?

And testing Yang Yan...

One of the Four Emperors, Moonlight Yang Yan's strength is unfathomable.

He could say from the beginning, he never underestimated Yang Yan.

Yet this guy repeatedly subverted their estimations of his strength.

But now, at this moment, the Beast King couldn't refuse even if he wanted to.

Moreover, with the Angel Legion backing him, he surely wouldn't die.

So why not fight Yang Yan once?

At this thought, the Beast King gave a sly grin at Yang Yan, twisted his thick neck, and said in a muffled voice:

"Moonlight Emperor, I know you're amazing. Seeing today, you've overturned my understanding once more. Truly impressive!"

Everyone could hear the provocation in the Beast King's words.

"Beast King, is it? I know your intentions. If you want to challenge our king, you must first get past me!"

The Beast King's intentions were almost instantly exposed.

Zhuge Wushuang spoke and was standing behind Yang Yan as she spoke.

She squinted her eyes slightly at the Beast King, her gaze carrying a hint of excitement.

"You're not worthy! You're just a lowly servant under Moonlight!"

The Beast King roared back.

He knew Zhuge Wushuang was one of Yang Yan's Ten Swords, nicknamed the Unrivaled Slaughter Sword.

Though ranked lower, her strength was not to be underestimated.

But being blatantly disregarded like this, how could the proud Beast King not be angry?

Regardless of his certainty, he retorted back first.

"Talking to a waste like you is a waste of time. Prepare to die!"

Even though Zhuge Wushuang stepped forward first, Gongsun Ruyan bared her silver teeth and rushed ahead.

She transformed into a silver streak, charging at the Beast King like lightning.

All of Yang Yan's Ten Swords were exceptionally talented and outstanding in strength.

Yet at this moment, those who had always been composed couldn't help but want to fight.

Don't ask them why.

Because Yang Yan is their sky, their everything!

Anyone who dared to offend Yang Yan must die!

This was the obsession of all Yang Yan's subordinates.

Or more correctly, it was a creed.

Seeing Gongsun Ruyan rush off, Zhuge Wushuang wasn't to be outdone and followed swiftly.

She too transformed into a long rainbow, rapidly heading toward the Beast King.

Even for the Beast King, facing the strong combined assault of two people would make him feel a shiver run down his spine.

The name of the Ten Swords is not just empty words!

"Can they defeat the Beast King?"

Watching this scene, Red Dust held his sword without turning his head and casually said.

Beside him, a cold smile appeared on Fu Changjian's face, and in a calm tone said:

"Of course. However, we should also join in! Go!"

As soon as the words were spoken, Fu Changjian vanished into thin air, taking action first.

A startled Red Dust cursed and immediately followed.

Like this, the two also stepped onto the battlefield one after the other.

Their opponent was the arrogantly confident Michael!

Fu Changjian's strength was formidable.

Yet even when facing Michael, the aura emanating from him sent chills down Fu Changjian's spine.

Therefore, Red Dust's joining seemed so natural.

In fact, it was only in this way that Fu Changjian had a little confidence.

Michael, as the leader of the Angel Legion, truly was strong!

"What's your purpose?"

Looking at the instantly chaotic sky, Yang Yan sneered at Manhattan.

He only felt that this Manhattan was hard to see through.

"Haha! Honorable Moonlight Emperor, what purpose could I possibly have?"

"Even if I had one, it would definitely be a good purpose!"

Manhattan, without a care, blatantly lied.

His hands were behind his back, looking utterly relaxed.

Despite being surrounded by eight hundred Titled-level puppet soldiers loyal to Yang Yan, the well-informed Manhattan wasn't intimidated at all.

Yes!

Now he understood that although he touched Yang Yan's reverse scale this time, likewise, having Ruyi and others in hand was the man's weak spot.

As long as he had them, Yang Yan would not dare to act rashly.

Of course, he wasn't foolish.

If he thought he could solely rely on this to force Yang Yan into complete submission and agree to all his demands, he would be dreaming.

Moreover, Manhattan absolutely wouldn't take risks.

He could sense the palpable killing intent emanating from Yang Yan.

This guy might erupt anytime, then kill him outright.

He definitely had the capability!

Yang Yan half-closed his cold eyes, staring at Manhattan, suddenly saying:

"Do you disregard me or my subordinates here?"

The threat in Yang Yan's words was obvious.

In the next instant, the surrounding eight hundred Titled-level puppets unleashed an even more formidable aura.

Without truly being in this pressure-infused environment caused by eight hundred Titled-level experts, one could not comprehend this terrifying feeling.

Except for a few powerful Great Angels, other members of the Angel Legion trembled slightly.

However, Dr. Manhattan remained composed.

As if completely detached, unaffected by the surroundings.

He looked at Yang Yan with an indifferent smile and calmly said:

"Moonlight Emperor, how about we have a fight?"

"You lack the qualification."

Yang Yan sneered without hesitation, speaking coldly.

With Manhattan's strength, challenging his Titled-level puppets one-on-one might be possible.

To duel Yang Yan?

Simply dreaming!

"You sure are arrogant!"

Manhattan leisurely shook his head, suddenly revealing a silver diamond necklace.

The moment Yang Yan saw this, his expression changed.

However, he forcibly suppressed it in the next instant.

He just kept a tight gaze on the necklace, not saying a word.

"Moonlight Emperor, now? Don't I have the strength to exchange two moves with you?"

Dr. Manhattan's smile revealed a sense of triumph.

He toyed with the exquisite diamond necklace, extremely confident that he held an undeniable trump card.

Indeed!

The silver necklace in his hand was the one Yang Yan gave to Ruyi.

Yang Yan suppressed his anger and said coldly:

"Release them, and I can have a fight with you."

Manhattan shook his head:

"No, no, no! You fight me, just one fight. In that case, I might return this necklace to you."

"Or perhaps I could give it to you right now. I, Manhattan, am quite agreeable."

Dr. Manhattan said with a smiling face, casually tossing the necklace towards Yang Yan.

Chapter 922: Michael Enraged

Of course he knew that what Yang Yan cared about was people, not this thing.

He deliberately wanted to humiliate Yang Yan this way, clearly confident that Yang Yan had no other options!

The necklace sliced through the air, tracing a perfect arc before it landed directly in front of Yang Yan, who caught it firmly.

With the necklace in his palm, Yang Yan showed signs of agitation.

However, he eventually held it back.

After a long pause, he finally lifted his head and said:

"This item gives you one chance to escape death, but it serves no other purpose!"

Manhattan had yet to speak, while the battle on the other side was already reaching its peak.

"Ha!"

"Hoo!"

Gongsun Ruyan and Zhuge Wushuang attacked jointly without holding back, a situation that would have killed a normal person a thousand times over.

But their opponent was the Beast King, whose defense was abnormally strong and fierce.

Moreover, with the blessings and boosts from the Angel Legion behind him, he was able to stand his ground, fighting evenly for the moment.

Ordinarily, either Zhuge Wushuang or Gongsun Ruyan alone would have the power to take on the Beast King.

But now, with the reinforcement of the Angel Legion behind him, even the two together couldn't prevail against him.

Seeing that just relying on one Beast King was enough to temporarily hold back Yang Yan's two generals, Doctor Manhattan nodded secretly at the outcome.

From the start, the side of heaven was forced into battle and fell into a disadvantage.

Yet now, the Beast King held his own against two opponents, restoring some dignity and courage to the heavenly army.

Otherwise, if this continued, with morale increasingly low, they would inevitably face defeat.

This was an outcome Doctor Manhattan could absolutely not tolerate.

Doctor Manhattan laughed heartily, keeping his eyes fixed on Yang Yan.

Even though Yang Yan didn't look his way at all.

"Moonlight Emperor, have you come to a decision?"

Doctor Manhattan sneered as he spoke.

Yang Yan slowly withdrew his gaze from the battlefield, curled his lips into an evil smile.

His eyes burned brightly as he stared at Manhattan, speaking word by word:

"Let's have a fight. If you lose, you release the people."

Upon hearing this, Manhattan was momentarily stunned, then quickly shook his head.

What kind of joke is this!

This was his leverage, his final card.

How could he possibly let go!

Yang Yan actually knew it was impossible.

He even knew that Manhattan must have some other plot.

Perhaps, in face of these schemes, he could only fight fire with fire, using his fists to crush everything and save them.

Previously, he destroyed the spatial node of the Hidden World at all costs to prevent the enemy from daring to harm Ruyi and the others.

He wanted to tell these people that once anything happened to Ruyi and the others, he wouldn't mind burying the entire world along with them.

Yang Yan suddenly chuckled softly:

"Of course, it's truly my honor to battle against Doctor Manhattan."

Just as Yang Yan finished speaking, the battle between Fu Changjian and Red Dust against Michael reached its conclusion.

Fu Changjian's sword was as dazzling as a rainbow, attacking forcefully, every move targeting a critical point, leaving Michael flustered and bungling.

Meanwhile, Red Dust moved unpredictably, delivering deadly blows from the side, making an already struggling Michael unable to defend.

Such dual attacks, one upright and one wicked, even someone as strong as Michael only managed to hold on briefly before retreating step by step.

Only he knew that while his defense appeared strong, under their hands it was merely a desperate struggle.

Yet, long defense leads to defeat, only the strongest offense is the best defense.

Under Fu Changjian's relentless sword pressure, Michael was already losing strength.

At this moment, with his seasoned experience, Red Dust directly seized upon Michael's minor flaw.

Boom!

A mighty blow forcefully magnified this flaw.

Before the startled Michael could react, Fu Changjian let out a light whistle, his sword moved like a dragon, swiftly piercing along this flaw.

The sword, carrying a violent aura, sliced through Michael's defenses, piercing his body.

Whiz!

A shower of golden blood spilled in the air, its bloody scent wafting through the entire space.

Silence—

Suddenly, the atmosphere turned oppressively tense.

Michael clutched the wound on his chest, furiously retreating dozens of steps, roaring:

"You dare to hurt me!"

Red Dust, hearing this, couldn't help but sneer.

This guy is really so immature...

Having landed a successful strike, Fu Changjian coldly smiled, continuing to stand indifferently where he was.

His two fingers came together, lifting his sword to wipe the golden blood from its blade.

This was a silent, yet blatant provocation.

Michael, already burning with rage, exploded on seeing this scene.

"Red Dust, don't bother talking. Kill one first as payback! Otherwise, these people will think we're made of mud!"

Fu Changjian cast a glance at Red Dust, who still wanted to say something, and coldly reminded him.

In this moment, he just wanted to slay Michael under his sword, to pay back some of what was owed!

"You seek your own death!"

Listening to his opponents casually deciding his life and death, Michael could no longer hold back.

Buzz—

With a slight tremor, circles of milky white holy light began to appear on his body.

In the next moment, the injury ten centimeters deep on Michael's chest was swiftly enveloped by these holy lights, healing at a visibly fast pace.

In mere moments, that wound had completely vanished!

This formidable healing ability was Michael's true strength!

With such incredible self-healing capability, unless a fatal blow could be delivered, who could truly kill him?

"Die!"

After the wound was fully healed, Michael's expression became incredibly gloomy.

As he uttered the word 'die,' golden light burst from his body, dazzlingly bright.

In the next moment, the sword in his hand mysteriously disappeared, transforming into a radiant silver longbow!

Immediately, a shining light arrow appeared in his right hand.

"Hmph!"

Red Dust snorted coldly, a hint of disdain flashing in his eyes.

Although he knew the bow and arrow were undoubtedly powerful, he seemed unconcerned, even lowering the sword's tip to the ground, readying himself for battle.

Faced with Michael's rapidly expanding momentum, Red Dust's expression grew solemn.

At the instant Michael released the arrow, he vanished from his spot with extreme speed.

Carrying golden flames of heat, the arrow shot through the void, targeting Red Dust!

A sense of urgent danger surged within Red Dust.

This was the accumulated intuition towards danger from years of battle.

This shot was very powerful!

Strong enough that Red Dust found himself unable to evade!

The golden arrow followed relentlessly, impossible to escape.

"Haha! You cannot dodge! Die obediently under my arrow!"

Michael's manic voice thundered through the air.

Chapter 923: Yang Yan vs. Manhattan

Red Dust flickered constantly in the air, and Michael's arrow followed Red Dust's position, relentlessly pursuing him.

In fact, Michael had already smiled when he saw Red Dust take evasive action.

Because he knew that this strike was one Red Dust was destined to not escape.

The only response was to take the arrow head-on!

But is Michael's all-out arrow so easy to take?

In the end, this arrow did not harm Red Dust.

Because Red Dust never actually took the arrow!

"Clang!"

The sound of steel colliding exploded in the sky, followed by a dazzling burst of sparks.

Only to see in the sky, a powerful long arrow was slashed away by the suddenly appearing Fu Changjian!

Instantly, the long arrow lost its power and flew backward several hundred meters, finally twisting and falling halfway down with the arrowhead first.

Seeing this scene, Michael clenched his teeth, involuntarily tightening his grip on his ornate longbow.

This bow was not an ordinary weapon with immense power.

And the arrow was merely a manifestation created by Michael.

Even so, its power was still formidable.

The greater the power, the more it consumed.

Seeing his strongest tactic unable to harm Red Dust even a bit, how could he not be frustrated?

Who was he?

He was Michael!

Meanwhile, on Yang Yan's side, confirming the battle was in his favor, he turned back around.

He smiled with an upward curve on his lips.

Clearly smiling, yet no smile was visible.

It was a kind of feeling that seemed eerie to look at.

"Doctor, it seems your people can't compete with my subordinates. Do you still want to spar with me?"

Manhattan's face turned gloomy upon hearing, revealing nothing of his thoughts.

Even if he didn't want to admit it, the truth was right in front of him.

No one on Manhattan's side could decide the outcome of the battle as Yang Yan could.

Not even Manhattan could.

The Beast King and his allies couldn't even defeat Yang Yan's subordinates, let alone challenge him.

If it weren't for wanting to personally test Yang Yan's capabilities and prove Duke Herbert III's words, Manhattan wouldn't consider fighting Yang Yan!

But now, it was meaningless to say anything.

Manhattan had already kidnapped Yang Yan's woman, successfully angering Yang Yan, thus starting this world war.

There was no turning back.

What Manhattan could do now was hold on stubbornly.

If Father God could return in time, that would be the best outcome.

"Yang Yan, I think there's no need for us to waste words. Today, this battle between you and me is inevitable."

Manhattan looked at Yang Yan, squinting.

Yang Yan raised an eyebrow, seeming to smile slightly, yet in the next second, his expression turned cold like ice.

His chiseled face appeared so stern at this moment.

His eyes seemed ready to launch deadly daggers at any moment.

Slender and long fingers were rhythmically tapping on Star Night's blade.

Although there was still loud fighting and sound around, everyone couldn't help but focus their gaze on Yang Yan.

This mysterious man, this madman-like man, this... infinitely close to god-like man!

In their senses, the surrounding suddenly quieted down.

Even the breeze blowing through the air was ignored.

Only the sound of Yang Yan's fingers tapping on the blade seemed to strike everyone's soul.

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

"Bang..."

Thin lips open slightly, Yang Yan raised his eyebrows, confidently looking at Manhattan

"Doctor Manhattan, to be honest, what's waiting for you is only death! Go to hell and repent!"

As Yang Yan's words fell, Manhattan surprisingly blinked twice.

He didn't know why, but he only knew he felt a sense of dread facing Yang Yan.

This guy would definitely do what he said!

"Yang Yan, you'd better not threaten me; they're still in my hands!"

Doctor Manhattan sneered, speaking in a deep voice:

"Call me despicable, say I'm inferior to you, it doesn't matter."

"Isn't there an old saying in Huaxia? History is always written by the victors."

"You will lose! And I will make you lose everything!"

"Everything about you will be witnessed by me, dissipating into this world and ceasing to exist!!!"

Doctor Manhattan seemed to fall into madness, his eyes blood-red, trembling all over.

He even laughed maniacally in front of Yang Yan.

"Too much nonsense!"

Yang Yan disdained more words with Manhattan.

He already sensed this guy was just stalling for time.

He gripped Star Night tighter, transforming into a flickering streak of light in the next moment.

At this time, Manhattan was only a few dozen meters from the streak of light.

In the air, this distance for Yang Yan was merely a tenth of a second.

Manhattan was still maniacally laughing, seeming to be caught in a beautiful fantasy.

Yang Yan attacked again, catching Manhattan off guard!

"Watch out, Doctor!"

Gabriel, who had been paying attention, immediately shouted to warn Manhattan.

She didn't falter, charging ahead with her weapon.

Gabriel was strong, but compared to Yang Yan, she was insignificant!

Not to mention Yang Yan had already taken the initiative; she rushed to fight.

Under such circumstances, Gabriel couldn't stop Yang Yan, nor did she have time to react.

In mid-air, she could only watch as Yang Yan's sword drew toward Manhattan's neck.

As for Manhattan, his eyes displayed a look of terror.

How could he have anticipated Yang Yan's sudden attack?

He clearly held the hostage...

What he couldn't foresee was Yang Yan's incredible speed!

Yang Yan's sword sliced through the air, the edge targeting Manhattan's neck.

With Star Night's sharpness, if Yang Yan struck, Manhattan's fate would be losing his head!

However, Manhattan was ultimately a strong figure on the Sealing Title Stele, not worn a false name.

If he had no skill, he would've died countless times before growing up.

Just as Yang Yan's sword was about to touch Manhattan, his form suddenly became illusory.

"Sizzle..."

The longsword cut through the air, clearly striking Manhattan, yet only a few wisps of white smoke rose.

Manhattan was right there, yet Yang Yan hadn't harmed him!

Or rather, he wasn't completely unharmed.

After Yang Yan's attack, Manhattan retreated tens of meters.

He looked angrily at the sky, bulging veins like dragons on his neck.

On the front of his neck, there was a faint trace of blood.

Chapter 924: This Is Only the Beginning

"Damn it! Moonlight!!!"

"What is this?"

Having failed to kill Manhattan, Yang Yan did not appear surprised but rather looked at him with a hint of curiosity.

Manhattan glanced down at his neck, then at Yang Yan.

His cheeks twitched, and he clenched his right fist tightly in the air, shouting in immense anger:

"I trained another magical clone, spent countless effort and heart power, and now it is only halfway integrated, but you've destroyed it like this, you deserve to die!!!"

Manhattan's words were not complete, but this sentence was enough for Yang Yan to basically understand what he meant.

Manhattan spent a lot of heart power and resources to cultivate something unknown, and it was destroyed by him with a single sword.

It was just like a death substitute clone that died once for Manhattan, which is why Yang Yan saw that spectacle.

Manhattan himself wasn't actually harmed.

This was indeed impressive.

Death substitute clone...

Equivalent to having an extra life.

But looking at Manhattan's demeanor, it seems like it's still quite challenging.

Otherwise, this guy wouldn't be so furious.

"Heh, I see, but you should be thankful that you didn't die."

"Otherwise, your fate just now would be like that."

As he spoke, Yang Yan slightly raised the longsword, its tip pointing precisely at the spot where Manhattan's clone dissipated into white smoke.

"Cut the nonsense! Come, let me see your ability, the clone, huh? Come on!"

Manhattan seemed delirious, as a sudden silver staff appeared in his hand, akin to that of a monk's staff.

His beard and hair flew about, and he held the staff as he charged at Yang Yan like lightning.

In the process, his position changed.

He was roughly half a body higher than Yang Yan.

Roar!

Another thunderous shout.

He raised the weapon with both hands, smashing it down with tremendous force.

Was he planning to compete purely on strength?

However, Yang Yan's focus hadn't shifted to the fight.

He was still pondering what Manhattan had said about a copy ability?

How did Manhattan know?

It seems that in order to confront him, this guy indeed spent a lot of resources!

But, is his Moonlight Emperor's ability really just about copying?

Yang Yan curled his lips in a disdainful smile.

His ability indeed enables him to copy others' cultivation techniques, but it goes beyond that.

He can further elevate it, making it approach perfection!

This isn't simply copying.

Manhattan seems to know somewhat about Yang Yan's ability.

That's why he chose to reinforce directly.

In his view, strength is pure, and if one doesn't possess it, even copying becomes futile, doesn't it?

Watching Manhattan charge at him wildly, Yang Yan sneered, shaking his head and softly uttering two words:

"Ignorant!"

As he spoke, without visible action, Yang Yan's right hand with the sword suddenly lifted.

The motion was so swift that one might think Yang Yan had maintained the same stance!

"Boom!!!"

A powerful blast rippled out from Yang Yan.

The result propelled the charging Manhattan thousands of meters away, unaffected by gravity!

This was still in the sky, and still flying!

"Ugh!!!"

Manhattan went black in the eyes, feeling sweetness in his throat, instinctively spewing a mouthful of fresh blood into the sky.

"Mere clown."

Yang Yan sheathed Star Night, looking calmly at the figure of Manhattan being flung away, his eyes devoid of emotion.

Manhattan flew far.

But his speed was evident, and returning didn't take much time.

Only then did he realize with some astonishment that Beast King and Michael had already been wounded and defeated under Yang Yan's attack.

Their faces reflected despair, completely devoid of the courage to fight again.

Unable to overcome Moonlight Emperor's subordinates, how could they dream of battling an entity like the Moonlight Emperor?

Isn't that wishful thinking?

At this moment, due to Beast King and Michael's crushing defeat, and Manhattan being struck by Yang Yan's sword, the Blazing Angels' Angel Legion were all in turmoil.

Beast King, Michael, Dr. Manhattan, despite their strength, solved with such ease.

It seems apart from their Father God, no one can stop Yang Yan's onslaught!

"I gave you a chance, but you didn't cherish it. Now, I'm giving you one last opportunity, don't miss it."

Yang Yan looked at Dr. Manhattan who flew back and said coldly.

"Opportunity, do I need you to give me a chance?"

Dr. Manhattan bit his silver teeth fiercely, wiped blood from the corner of his mouth, and sneered:

"Moonlight Emperor, I know you are strong! But, what of it?"

"You ignited a war, and this is just the beginning!"

"Your woman is still in my grasp, what can you do to me?"

The ordinarily composed Dr. Manhattan had now lost his rationality, turning manic.

This isn't surprising.

Someone of his high standing, with intense pride.

Suffering such a major setback, he naturally couldn't endure it, pushing him towards collapse!

Yang Yan was silent.

He didn't want to counter, because what Manhattan said was true.

For someone like him, the most effective counterattack is overpowering with strength.

However, when all this loses effect, even a strong person must temporarily bear humiliation.

"Moonlight Emperor, we will meet again! Let's go!"

Manhattan locked his eagle eyes on Yang Yan, and after uttering those words, he turned and left.

Yang Yan said nothing, even gestured to stop his subordinates who wanted to chase.

Until Zhou Hanyun and Ruyi are rescued, Yang Yan knew anything he did was futile.

What needed to be done had already been done by Yang Yan.

His attitude clearly informed Manhattan and his companions: If they dare touch his woman, what awaits them is destruction!

Yang Yan believes that Manhattan wouldn't dare do anything to Ruyi and the others.

Because, she's the only bargaining chip they have to stand before him.

If they don't want to die, they must protect them well.

Therefore, for Zhou Hanyun and others' safety, Yang Yan is temporarily unconcerned.

Yet, he is also acutely aware, as Manhattan said, all this is still just beginning!

Fortunately, from the start, Yang Yan never thought it would be simple to rescue them.

Heaven is, after all, Heaven, the strongest Hidden World organization in the West.

If he were to easily dismantle them, it would seem rather unusual.

Previously, due to the time constraint, he couldn't make any preparations.

Regretfully, even breaking through the node and invoking Absolute Armament, possibly triggering a world war, he had to do it.

Chapter 925: Visit from the Ice Emperor

Manhattan retreated, and Michael quickly left with the Blazing Angels Legion.

The Absolute Armament Eight Hundred Celestial Mist Dao, who possessed the title-level strength, did not stop them due to Yang Yan's instructions.

This confrontation resulted in a complete victory for Yang Yan.

This was the result Yang Yan desired.

However, this was far from enough.

The real battle was just beginning.

"My King."

Fu Changjian walked up to Yang Yan and lowered his head.

At this moment, even a victory seemed insignificant.

The key issue remained unresolved, leaving everyone's mood somewhat heavy.

"It's fine, you all can disperse for now!"

Yang Yan closed his eyes, furrowed his brows, seemingly deep in thought.

Only he knew that a nameless irritation was inexplicably burning within, a fiery rage blazing in his heart.

Despite having near absolute power, such things still happened.

And he was forced into this situation by these detestable people!

When he suddenly opened his eyes again, he found Red Dust and the others watching him anxiously.

Yang Yan could feel the sweat beading on his forehead.

Heh!

Is it the Heart Demon?

Or perhaps it's called an obsession.

An obsession with family and friends.

It could be said that this was the only obstacle hindering his cultivation path.

However, thinking about it, if there is no familial love or friendship, can one still be considered human?

"My King!"

Seeing Yang Yan's face changing colors, Fu Changjian called out worriedly.

Seeing the concern on everyone's face, Yang Yan smiled softly:

"Alright, I'm fine, really..."

After saying that, Yang Yan turned and left.

His back as indifferent as always.

Yet, no one noticed the determination that flashed in his eyes the moment he turned around.

Half a month later, in Bodi Town, California.

It was a silent night, the sky void of a moon.

Even the stars, usually scattered across the night sky, were now absent.

The entire town was eerily quiet.

There was a secret dungeon in this place.

Several guards dressed in black whose faces could not be seen under the dim light.

Yet from their bowed heads, it was clear they had fallen asleep.

The flickering lights flashed on and off continuously.

There was no wind in the dungeon; everything seemed so calm.

After some time, a cool breeze suddenly swept through, and a massive oppressive aura descended upon the place.

"Ugh!"

The two black-clad men sleeping with their heads bowed suddenly jerked their heads up.

Those were extremely hideous faces!

On their faces appeared a hint of terror.

In a mere moment after the aura descended, the two fell on their knees.

"Beast King!"

This strong and familiar presence was something they could never forget.

Above the dungeon, someone was also hurrying out.

Leading them was a gaunt old man dressed in a green robe.

His almost decaying hands were still adjusting his attire.

"Levsky, is this how you handle security here?"

The oppressive feeling of the aura intensified with these words.

This was the aura's owner's deliberate intention.

The gaunt old man in green robes knelt shakily and said:

"Beast King, everything here follows Dr. Manhattan's instructions strictly, without any negligence!"

The four black-clad men behind the old man kept their heads lowered, not daring to look up.

Even suppressing the sound of their breathing, fearful of angering the Beast King in front of them.

With a cold snort, the Beast King appeared before them, looking deeply at each one of them, especially the old man, before saying in a deep voice:

"The woman imprisoned here is the Moonlight Emperor's, and she is our most crucial bargaining chip against the Moonlight Emperor. If anything goes wrong, you know the consequences!"

The old man's bluish lips trembled as he nodded heavily, solemnly saying:

"Yes, I understand."

In the darkness, the Beast King's expression was obscured, but one could see him turning his head to look ahead, saying:

"This place, with several of the Moonlight Emperor's women confined at once, is too risky."

"After discussion, we will disperse these women for separate detention."

"Even if one of them encounters an issue, it won't be significant."

The old man seemed to immediately grasp the meaning, and asked with his head lowered:

"Your command is?"

The Beast King snorted coldly, ordering in a deep voice:

"Leave one, continue to guard here, the others I will take away for dispersion and confinement."

"Understood."

The old man nodded immediately.

The power of Moonlight Emperor Yang Yan, and those under him, were undeniably acknowledged.

After that battle, no one dared to underestimate them anymore.

At the same time, Manhattan and others understood the importance of these women in their hands.

This could even be considered their last Protective Talisman.

That's why this arrangement felt so justified.

"Humph! You haven't forgotten our orders, have you?"

"If anything happens to those women, it's your life on the line!"

"Yes, yes!"

The old man nodded repeatedly.

The black-clad men behind him were drenched in sweat.

A while ago, they were contemplating taking advantage of Moonlight Emperor's women!

One of them had even made a move!

If it weren't for Yang Yan destroying Hidden World's node suddenly and leaving protective treasures for them, the consequences would have been unimaginable.

Even though their fate was sealed once they decided to kidnap Yang Yan's women from the start.

But until the very last moment, who would give up?

Though Yang Yan clearly had an absolute advantage over the heavens in terms of strength, he couldn't act freely with hostages in other's hands.

As a result, he could only secretly inquire about Zhou Hanyun and the others' whereabouts for the time being.

But Dr. Manhattan had already regained clarity and made plans.

So, even Yang Yan could only patiently wait for information.

During the time he waited, the entire world was thrown into chaos because Yang Yan destroyed the Hidden World's node.

Wars broke out everywhere, and the atmosphere was tense.

In this world, it's always been the survival of the fittest, and the strong preying on the weak is nothing unusual.

During this time, countless innocent lives were lost to baseless conflicts every day.

Yang Yan was naturally not without troubles.

For instance, people from the United States and the Arbitration Association, how could they let the situation develop freely or let Yang Yan be carefree?

One day, Yang Yan's villa welcomed an unexpected guest.

"Ice Emperor, sir."

Sebas respectfully welcomed the visitor inside.

The visitor was none other than Ice Emperor Ao Tian.

"Where is Yang Yan?"

Ao Tian asked, looking deeply worried.

Today he set aside his usual carefree demeanor, appearing very formal.

His expression was particularly serious.

Chapter 926: News

"The master is in the study."

Sebas answered respectfully with his head down.

"Take me there!"

Ao Tian waved his hand.

"Yes."

Having already received Yang Yan's instructions, Sebas directly led Ao Tian to the study.

When Ao Tian entered, he saw Yang Yan sitting in the chair behind the desk, staring blankly out the large floor-to-ceiling window.

"What's wrong? You look so down!"

Ao Tian lightly frowned.

"Is there something you need?"

Yang Yan still maintained that calm demeanor.

He didn't even turn his head.

Besides rescuing Zhou Hanyun and the others, Yang Yan seemed unconcerned about anything else.

Ao Tian didn't mind, and directly sat down in front of Yang Yan.

"There's something I need to tell you."

"Hmm?"

Yang Yan seemed to be having a formulaic conversation with himself...

Ao Tian finally couldn't help but sigh.

What kind of person is this!

"I don't know what tricks they're playing over in Manhattan, but they've suddenly sent several teams to the Arctic."

Ao Tian said in a deep voice.

"The Arctic?"

Yang Yan suddenly turned his head, staring intently at Ao Tian:

"Where did you get this information? How come I didn't know?"

Yang Yan was most concerned about the activities in Manhattan.

Even some secret activities couldn't escape him.

Ao Tian rolled his eyes at Yang Yan, disdainfully saying:

"If you knew everything, what would you need others for?"

"Speaking of which, I just stumbled upon some traces of this, and it took a lot of digging to get to this conclusion."

"I've been helping you with this for over two weeks. How do you plan to thank me?"

Even though Ao Tian's tone was somewhat resentful and demanding gratitude at this time, Yang Yan didn't care at all.

He suddenly stood up, grabbing Ao Tian's shoulders firmly:

"What did you find out? Did they hide the people in the Arctic?"

No matter how resourceful Yang Yan was, he couldn't know everything Manhattan did when they were on guard.

Some real secrets, it's natural not to know due to their necessary precautions.

Even at Manhattan's level, if he wanted, he could keep even the highest levels of heaven in the dark.

But this is not important.

Now, as long as there's a trace of a clue, even just a glimmer of hope, Yang Yan will investigate it to the end!

"Found nothing, this guy is too cunning!"

"If I pursue it any further, I'll be exposed."

"Considering I'm alone, if it fails, won't we miss the opportunity for nothing?"

Though somewhat unsatisfied with Yang Yan's excitement, Ao Tian still advised kindly:

"But I reckon that whatever Manhattan is doing this covertly must be something very important."

"And they certainly don't know that we've already found out about it."

"We just need to sneak in quietly, and the truth will reveal itself."

Upon hearing this, Yang Yan knitted his brows tightly, murmuring to himself:

"Locking someone in the Arctic, is that possible? Such a distant, cold, and desolate place..."

"Hmph! If anything happens to my woman, even a hundred lives wouldn't be enough for me to kill him!"

After Yang Yan said this, his murderous intent became apparent.

Even Ao Tian instinctively shrank his neck.

He exaggeratedly rolled his eyes:

"Of course. But now let's think about what we should do."

"In my opinion, we both have to make a trip to the Arctic."

"And don't say it, that ghostly place actually suits me quite well."

Saying this, the Ice Emperor proudly flexed his muscles.

As the Ice Emperor, Ao Tian naturally thrives in a place like the Arctic.

"Then what are we waiting for? There's no time to lose, let's go!"

Yang Yan suddenly stood up, startling Ao Tian.

The next moment, he grabbed Yang Yan's hand tightly, advising:

"Hey! No rush, no rush, now is not the time."

Yang Yan raised an eyebrow, coldly asking:

"Not the time now, then when is it?"

"In a few days, of course."

Ao Tian responded as if it was a matter of course.

"Nonsense!"

Yang Yan looked at him angrily, cursing before saying again:

"Why wait a few days? Isn't it better to go sooner?"

Everyone understood Yang Yan's thinking.

Especially seeing his determined eyes, Ao Tian also held back his rebuttal, patting Yang Yan's shoulder, he said:

"Surely, Manhattan is monitoring you here. Do you want to alert the snake?"

Yang Yan sneered, disdainfully saying:

"Impossible! Does he really think he can monitor me? How could he?"

"Uh!! Didn't he know you were here?"

Ao Tian curled his lips, proudly saying:

"Of course, he couldn't track me down. Who am I? I'm the Ice Emperor! What I mean is, what if?"

Ao Tian held onto Yang Yan, lowering his voice:

"Even if they know I came back, it doesn't matter."

"They may not necessarily know that their Arctic affairs have been exposed."

"At most they know I'm with you and will increase their vigilance."

"Think about it, if I suddenly appear, then suddenly disappear with you, wouldn't they be suspicious?"

"Better safe than sorry! In the end, alerting the enemy and losing everything, is that the outcome you want to see?"

After listening to Ao Tian, Yang Yan gradually regained his composure.

No wonder he was so eager.

He had waited for so long without a single clue, and after learning this news, he was already restless.

To him, as long as there's a hint of hope, he would pursue it till the end.

But he certainly wouldn't cut off his own path.

Ao Tian was right, better safe than sorry.

Yang Yan dared not gamble.

If Manhattan became aware, no matter what, it wouldn't be the ending he hoped for.

"So we wait a few days, then create some distractions, deliberately confuse them, make Manhattan think I can no longer affect his plans, and then go?"

Yang Yan spoke methodically, as if asking Ao Tian, but in reality, he had already said everything.

Ao Tian didn't need to add anything, he just nodded in agreement.

He leaned back in his chair, casually picked up the untouched cup of coffee on the table in front of Yang Yan, and rhythmically swirled a spoon in it, appearing relaxed.

It wasn't until Yang Yan stared at him for over ten seconds that he suddenly looked up at Yang Yan and laughed:

"Looks like our Moonlight Emperor hasn't gone dull yet."

"Then it's settled."

Yang Yan declared firmly.

As for Ao Tian's teasing, he didn't even hear it.

This guy, whenever there's time, a little payback is in order.

"Alright, but this matter, you better not tell anyone else, just the two of us going is enough."

Ao Tian suddenly addressed Yang Yan seriously.

"What do you mean?"

Yang Yan asked suspiciously:

"Are you afraid my subordinates will have problems? Hmph!"

Yang Yan couldn't help but slam his palm on the table, glaring at Ao Tian.

Just moments ago, Ao Tian was teasing him, but it didn't matter. Now, this apparent mistrust of his men annoyed Yang Yan inexplicably.

Yang Yan had absolute trust in his subordinates.

Yang Yan believed they were capable of handling any task assigned to them.

Chapter 927: His Arrival Is Enough to Change the World's Order

"Hey! Don't be so stingy, I'm just saying."

"If we want to ensure 100% accuracy and safety, then we must eliminate all possibilities."

"Do you think I'm wrong in saying this?"

Ao Tian set down the coffee cup, leaned back, lifted his head, and rubbed his right hand on his temple.

At this moment, Ao Tian couldn't help but reveal a bitter smile.

"In this world, nothing is impossible!"

"Even I, someday, might become your enemy."

Ao Tian seemed to recall some old matter, spoke somewhat with emotion.

Upon hearing this, Yang Yan's gaze inevitably darkened.

He braced his right hand on the table, stared earnestly into Ao Tian's eyes, and said:

"Don't worry, I always trust my people 100%, even if you hold a knife to my throat."

Ao Tian slowly opened his eyes, showing a smile of composure, and nodded lightly:

"That's the difference between us, and it's what attracts me to you. Moonlight, you're a real man!"

Three days later, a small piece of news suddenly spread, rapidly accelerating the speed of its dissemination.

Moonlight Emperor seems to have encountered a bottleneck in his cultivation, possibly facing significant risks, and is shutting himself off.

For safety, he even called on Ice Emperor Ao Tian to guard him.

The Eight Hundred Celestial Mist Dao and the Three Thousand Cloud Dragon Stream from the Absolute Armament appeared simultaneously, totaling 3,800 Titled Puppets awaiting diligently.

This action of Yang Yan caused everyone to discuss continuously.

Many believed that something must be wrong on Yang Yan's side.

Considering Moonlight Yang Yan's methods, even if something did happen, how could the outside world possibly know?

Unless the matter was so big that Yang Yan himself couldn't contain it!

Such as the current situation, with Yang Yan shutting himself off from the outside world.

This kind of situation cannot have the slightest communication with the outside.

In the Western World, in a sprawling villa.

Dr. Manhattan reclined on a leather sofa, squinting slightly, holding a file in his hand that contained intelligence about Yang Yan.

Beside him was Beast King with a serious expression.

In the vast villa, apart from the two, there was no one else.

The exceptionally wide living room seemed even more empty due to the silence.

The huge pendulum clock hanging on the wall moved slowly, as if time were frozen.

"Can this intelligence be confirmed?"

Manhattan thought a lot.

In the end, he found himself still clueless.

"It must be correct. That Ice Emperor went to protect Yang Yan."

Beast King couldn't help but let out a cold laugh at the mention:

"Isn't this a godsend opportunity? Our actions can proceed smoothly, and we can even..."

Beast King didn't finish the sentence, but with the tacit understanding between him and Dr. Manhattan, the latter could guess his old partner's intentions without difficulty.

Yes!

If they could kill this terrifying guy while Yang Yan is shutting himself off, it would be excellent.

At least causing some trouble, preventing Yang Yan from successfully breaking through, would be a great outcome.

"He's about to emerge in just a few days. I hope nothing goes wrong."

Dr. Manhattan said sternly.

Beast King laughed:

"This is also our chance. Manhattan, I've never seen you this timid before!"

"Are you really scared of him? Although that freak is indeed very strong."

Dr. Manhattan raised an eyebrow and snorted coldly:

"What do you know?"

Beast King sneered:

"What do I know? I know nothing! You never reveal anything to me!"

Beast King said, looking at Dr. Manhattan with grievance.

Dr. Manhattan opened his mouth, momentarily unsure of how to respond.

After a long silence, the fingers he had resting on the sofa armrest finally moved slightly.

"This matter, just knowing is enough. It's very important to us, concerning our future."

"Knowing more wouldn't be useful to you."

"Considering the risks, I hope you understand. I'm really helpless."

Beast King responded with an ambiguous hum, his eyes still filled with resentment.

Beast King was careless in action, but not unreasonable.

Dr. Manhattan only revealed it to Beast King, showing its importance.

"I just can't understand the point of your actions?"

Beast King asked the question he most wanted to ask.

Manhattan looked at him, his tone stiff:

"His appearance is enough to change the world's structure!"

A fleeting shock appeared on Beast King's face.

"Who exactly is it? Father God?"

Beast King couldn't help but ask.

The information Manhattan spoke was overwhelmingly explosive.

"No!"

Dr. Manhattan shook his head gently, spoke solemnly:

"You don't need to know now."

It was obvious Dr. Manhattan revealed all he could to Beast King, any more would be impossible.

No one knew he was engaged in a mad endeavor.

"Is that guy at the Arctic?"

Beast King knew Dr. Manhattan's style well, seeing his expression naturally didn't press further.

"Why else would I send so many elite forces there?"

Manhattan retorted, a hint of disdain in his eyes.

His lips curved slightly, he spoke serenely:

"Wait and see! Everything's just beginning!"

This is a world of penetrating cold ice and snow.

The temperature here is so low that a normal person's spit would instantly freeze into a sparkling ice block.

Every step here is extremely challenging.

It's a forbidden place for ordinary people!

The place is desolate, yet possesses a silent beauty.

The aurora happened to beam down at this moment.

On the vast icy plain, two thinly dressed people were walking forward.

The two were silent, gazing ahead.

Leading the way was someone with hands in pockets, giving off a stern aura that repelled strangers.

Lagging slightly behind was someone with a defiant look in his eyes.

He occasionally turned to look around, but discovered nothing.

They've been walking here for no less than three days and nights.

These two are none other than Moonlight Yang Yan and Ice Emperor Ao Tian.

The one in front was Yang Yan, who remained silent.

The one trailing behind was Ice Emperor Ao Tian.

As they walked, Ao Tian suddenly stopped.

Staring at Yang Yan's back, he shouted:

"This won't do! Yang Yan, in such a vast Arctic, when will we find what we're looking for?"

Yang Yan still didn't respond, only continued moving forward with a cold expression.

Since arriving in the Arctic, no matter what Ao Tian said, Yang Yan never replied.

Not even a simple acknowledgment.

Chapter 928: The Black-Robed Men Beneath the Ice

"Hey!"

Ao Tian was just venting a bit.

At this moment, he also knew that besides this, there wasn't a better way for the two of them.

Just as he intended to follow Yang Yan again, Ao Tian noticed Yang Yan had abruptly stopped in his tracks.

In front, Yang Yan stared at the icy plain ahead, furrowed his brows, and spoke his first words since arriving at the ice field.

"Something's not right!"

"Hmm?"

Upon hearing Yang Yan's words, Ao Tian almost instantly reacted with caution.

However, he looked around carefully, even releasing his Divine Thought, but Ao Tian found nothing.

So, he asked in confusion:

"Yang Yan, what's wrong?"

Yang Yan shook his head and kept walking forward, silent again.

After walking about ten meters, he stopped once more, staring blankly at the ground for a full ten seconds.

Then, he lifted his head to look around on both sides.

By this time, Ao Tian had silently followed behind him.

Yet, in Ao Tian's eyes, there was nothing but a vast white expanse.

Could it be underground?

With this thought, Ao Tian disregarded everything, bent down, and struck the ice surface with his palm.

He controlled the strength of the blow, and the ground seemed to have no significant reaction.

But after a while, a small crack slowly appeared on the ground.

Ao Tian looked down, then turned to Yang Yan with confusion and asked:

"There's nothing here?"

"Are you sure?"

Yang Yan stared at him and gently retorted.

This look made Ao Tian even more perplexed.

He frowned slightly, looked down carefully, and affirmed:

"There's indeed nothing."

Yang Yan did not answer him but spoke to himself:

"There's a living presence here. Although it's very faint and in an ice field, coupled with the other party's deliberate concealment, it's naturally hard to detect. But it can't escape me."

Yang Yan said, looking from right to left, then pointed to the ground and continued:

"Here, all along. We just have to follow this scent."

"Really?"

Upon hearing Yang Yan's words, Ao Tian nervously stood up.

He took a deep sniff in the air harshly.

After a while, Ao Tian suddenly raised his voice and said:

"Hey! You know, maybe you're right."

"There's a special scent, mixed with various auras."

Yang Yan glanced at him, hands still in his pockets, turned around, and lightly said:

"Follow this path."

Ao Tian obediently followed along.

Though reluctant to admit, he genuinely acknowledged Yang Yan's special ability.

The two concealed their auras and followed the scent relentlessly.

The scent's trail was very long, so long that they followed it for days without finding its end.

It wasn't until the seventh day that they found the scent suddenly disappeared in front of them.

Yes, disappeared!

Without a trace.

It was as if it had never existed in the world.

The scenery here was almost the same as in all the previous areas they had passed through, with nothing special.

Everything in front seemed familiar.

But they knew they were no longer in the same place.

Ao Tian wasn't surprised but happy, and said with a smile:

"Hard work pays off; have we successfully found our destination?"

"Probably."

Yang Yan nodded, but his expression remained unchanged.

After so many days, they were almost there.

Just not sure what kind of place this scent had led them to.

"What do you think? Should we search, or just charge ahead?"

Ao Tian looked at the ice layer below with slight excitement.

The only place nearby that could hide people was below.

As for the ice mountain, the nearest one was hundreds of meters away.

If the suddenly vanished scent would travel so far, it seemed unlikely.

"Are you becoming more reckless?"

Yang Yan looked at him sullenly.

Nothing was determined yet!

If they charged ahead and it turned out to be nothing—or worse, a trap—what then?

If they ended up empty-handed, wasting so much time and effort laying plans, only to be exposed at the end?

Ao Tian chuckled:

"I'm just joking, just a joke. Mainly because I've been holding back... Mu mu..."

Before Ao Tian finished speaking, Yang Yan suddenly widened his eyes and covered Ao Tian's mouth.

In the next moment, both had vanished from their original spot.

Almost at the same time, as if naturally, a Cold Wind blew past the spot they had just left, along their previous footprints.

After the wind passed, it seemed as though all traces had been wiped clean.

Crack!

A few seconds passed, and with a crisp sound, the ice layer beneath began to slowly crack open.

It was like watching glass shatter.

Except this "glass" was exceptionally large.

The crack followed a pattern and maintained a consistent pace.

In the end, all the fractures linked together like a spider web.

Then suddenly, the ice layer turned very thin and transparent.

But from the outside, you still couldn't see what was inside.

"Crack, crack, crack..."

Sections of the ice layer shattered one after another.

"Boom."

"Boom, boom..."

What followed was wave after wave of ice-breaking sounds.

If the volume of the ice layer shattering equaled a regular conversation, then the ice-breaking sound was only one-tenth of that.

One by one, black-cloaked figures broke through the ice surface and stood in unison.

About ten seconds later, all the black-robed figures seemed to have gathered.

By rough count, there were about ten or twenty of them.

Yet you couldn't discern anything from their appearance.

Because there were no fluctuations coming from their bodies.

You couldn't gauge their power, and their faces were entirely covered, disguising their identities.

The only certainty was that these weren't ordinary people.

A leader-like black-robed figure habitually surveyed the ice field, then looked towards his subordinates.

Without saying anything, he took the lead and walked, moving very quickly.

The other black-robed figures immediately followed.

This was an eerie team.

Back to where the gaze shifted, the ice layer astonishingly had returned to its original state without any signs of anomaly.

"Follow them."

From beyond the distant ice mountain, Yang Yan and Ao Tian emerged together.

Yang Yan looked at the disappearing back of the last black-robed figure and then vanished from the spot.

"Why not go directly down now?"

Ao Tian was a bit puzzled but still obediently followed, keeping pace with Yang Yan.

The speed of this group of black-robed figures was fast, but Yang Yan and Ao Tian were not slow either.

The two trailed far behind the black-clad group. They wouldn't be detected, and they could observe their movements.

In fact, even if they followed from farther back, it wouldn't matter to them.

Though these guys deliberately hid themselves, the trail they left along the way could never escape Yang Yan's tracking.

Chapter 929: The Mysterious Cave

The group of black-robed figures seemed aimless, twisting and turning with no apparent pattern.

It's important to remember that on this vast ice plain, everything looks almost the same.

Finding even a slightly unique landmark is extremely difficult.

Yang Yan's doubts were gradually deepening.

Now, he could only wait until the end, when the mystery would be revealed.

Even though the black-robed figures were moving around, the distance they covered was terrifyingly vast.

At this point, it was impossible to tell how far they were from the original location.

After an hour and a half, the black-robed figures suddenly stopped in front of an ice mountain.

Yang Yan and Ao Tian naturally halted their pursuit from behind.

This place was filled with layers of sprawling ice mountains!

On this plain, such a view was indeed quite common.

If there was anything different, it was that the innermost, central ice mountain was unique.

The other ice mountains appeared somewhat chaotic, yet they seemed to encircle and protect the central ice mountain.

In essence, it was as if a dozen or so ice mountains were surrounding the central one, like stars embracing a moon.

At first glance, nothing seemed different.

However, in Yang Yan's eyes, this was very special.

"It looks like they are going in."

Ao Tian whispered beside Yang Yan.

Given their abilities, concealing their scent and sound, and even their presence, was remarkably easy.

Yang Yan remained silent.

He had eyes, so he could naturally see it for himself.

The leading black-robed figure led the group to a spot, then gently struck with his palm.

Rumble!

With a slight tremor, a cave big enough for three to five people to enter simultaneously appeared in the central ice mountain.

What the black-robed figure shattered looked more like a fragile mirror, crashing down into ice shards onto the ground, finally rolling to the mountain's base.

The group of black-robed figures entered in an orderly fashion, the leading figure staying at the entrance.

He raised his head and scanned the surroundings.

Although their appearances were hidden, their eyes were exposed.

The eyes carried a scrutinizing gaze that made one feel like he'd seen them.

However, Yang Yan and Ao Tian stayed perfectly still.

If they were discovered, they wouldn't be worthy of being called the Four Emperors.

At the cave entrance, the cave disappeared again.

The previously dark entrance was now covered with a layer of ice.

It was as if everything that had just happened was merely an illusion of Yang Yan and Ao Tian.

After about three to five minutes, Yang Yan and Ao Tian hadn't moved from their spot.

At this moment, Ao Tian glanced at where the cave used to be and sneered:

"Such a childish trick, and they dare to show it off in front of me!"

"In the past, I would have crushed these ant-like people directly."

Yang Yan chuckled.

In the face of absolute power, everything is like bubbles.

As the Ice Emperor, Ao Tian indeed had such capabilities.

The duo realized that after the black-robed figures entered, they hadn't moved but were guarding the entrance.

It seemed they were waiting for someone to walk into their trap.

If they truly discovered the two, they would obviously charge forward, rather than wait opportunistically.

This hesitation was likely due to concerns.

This was probably a tactic they employed each time they came here.

It piqued Yang Yan's curiosity even more.

This place didn't seem like where Zhou Hanyun and the others were held.

His presence alone shouldn't have scared the arrogant Dr. Manhattan into such paranoia.

So, what was this place? Could it hold something important to Manhattan?

Forty minutes later, two silhouettes shot into the sky.

Though appearing reckless, they did it without alarming anything.

The duo not only concealed their presence but even controlled the airflow during their rapid movement.

To the lay observer, everything seemed utterly natural.

"I can't wait any longer. Honestly, it's been a while since I felt like this!"

Ao Tian, eager and excited, charged toward the place where the cave used to be.

He mimicked the black-robed leader's action, lightly striking forward.

Yang Yan followed closely at his back.

When the palm landed, the ground was again littered with ice shards.

However, this time, it produced no sound.

It had naturally been handled perfectly by Ao Tian.

By now, Ao Tian didn't dare to be careless.

He quickly gestured for Yang Yan to follow him inside.

With a cold expression, Yang Yan followed silently.

Behind them, a thin layer of ice appeared automatically.

The passageway was dark without any light.

Fortunately, this wasn't a problem for the duo.

The passage was only about three people wide, and as they moved further in, it became narrower.

Initially, both could advance side by side, but soon Yang Yan had to take the front, while Ao Tian followed.

Until... they were met with light up ahead.

It was less a light and more of a light curtain.

Because it blocked their path like a drapery.

You could part a curtain with a gentle touch.

Naturally, this light curtain could be walked through directly.

But just as moving a curtain would create noise, this light curtain was definitely not simple.

What to do?

Although Ao Tian didn't speak, his eyes expressed the question.

Yang Yan turned, seeking advice from Ao Tian, hoping for a better idea.

The light curtain didn't seem intimidating; crossing it would likely do no harm.

But it had one function: to alert those inside that someone had intruded.

This was a tricky issue.

Destroy it directly?

Ao Tian motioned an attack with his right fist toward the light curtain but didn't strike.

He looked at Yang Yan.

Yang Yan shook his head with a wry smile, implicitly denying the thought.

Now wasn't the time to expose themselves.

He feared knowing too little in the end, and their cover being blown would stir up the enemy, which would be counterproductive.

After pondering briefly, Yang Yan suddenly used his fingernail to chip off a small piece of ice and slowly brought it toward the light curtain.

As the two touched, the light curtain made no response, not even a ripple.

Yang Yan pushed it further; the ice passed through the thin light curtain unchanged.

Seeing this, Ao Tian secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

Yang Yan exchanged a glance with him, and then the ice in his hand melted rapidly.

The melting water didn't spill.

Yang Yan set his hand over the original spot where he picked the ice, and soon, the water refroze, returning to its place as if nothing had happened.

The next moment, like flashes of lightning, the duo swiftly retreated from the cave.

Chapter 930: The Mystery Is About to Be Unveiled

When they entered slowly, it was because the passage wasn't straight.

The two were cautious, fearing they might accidentally trigger some mechanism and expose their location, so they slowed down their exploration.

Now, retreating without scruples, they emerged in half a minute.

Yang Yan had tested it; the light curtain had no reaction to inanimate objects.

Yang Yan and Ao Tian suppressed their vitality; blood, bodily functions—all of it wasn't a problem.

However, the surface skin still had traces of vitality or life force.

It could likely trigger the light curtain's alarm system.

At this time, simply covering themselves with ice blocks was enough.

When they appeared before the light curtain again, a layer of water veil now enveloped their bodies.

Without much hesitation, they calmly passed through the light curtain one after another.

Inside, the two exchanged smiles, the water veil fell off instantly, evaporating into vapor.

Despite their high combat abilities, Yang Yan and Ao Tian still left no room for error in their actions.

Because they knew that even minor flaws could lead to their exposure.

With their confidence, they certainly wouldn't allow such a situation to occur.

This passage was quite peculiar.

First, it became narrow from wide, and then widened again.

Gradually, the view ahead became spacious.

The two concealed themselves and observed inside.

This was the internal space of a larger ice mountain.

Clearly, it was artificially excavated.

Inside was quite expansive, almost hollowing out half the mountain's interior.

Though it was vast, torches had been lit for illumination.

Strangely, traces of ice appeared besides the passageway.

Inside, it resembled a regular cave, stone walls surrounding every side.

This ensured the torches wouldn't melt the ice layer.

Even underfoot were stones.

Yet Yang Yan could sense that inside wasn't truly a cavern.

Deep within these stones, ice blocks still encased the exterior.

This place must have been dug out and then built with stones transported inside.

Otherwise, it wouldn't explain why it is like this.

Finding no traces or presence of anyone, they naturally proceeded forward.

The place was silent, and eerie too.

After observing for a moment, not a sound was made.

Now, behind a large protruding wall, Yang Yan blended perfectly into darkness.

In sight was a vast space.

Many bronze artifacts meant for rituals were arranged, visibly unused or untouched.

Because everything appeared so clean.

Under torchlight, it looked dim here, but Yang Yan could see the carvings on those giant bronze items.

They densely depicted angels, heaven illustrating a nine-wing angel above.

Gazing indifferently at everything below.

Another giant bronze vessel depicted a sacrificial scene.

No matter the scene displayed, they shared a commonality.

That all were bird-like figures, those angels of heaven.

Angels popularize sacrifice?

Strange!

Though perplexed, Yang Yan didn't dwell on the issue; he scanned around and found no living things.

Within his perception, deeper inside lay those familiar black-robed figures.

Moreover, a faint scent of blood lingered at his nose.

Let's go.

Giving Ao Tian a glance, Yang Yan dashed forward, with Ao Tian closely following.

Like shadows, the two moved stealthily and made no sound—this was their terrifying aspect.

It's unimaginable if these two were assassins, how many would perish, and how they'd forge their formidable reputation.

After advancing a while longer, they collectively halted.

What's this?

This place was expanded so high!

Looking down, it was bottomless.

Reverting to darkness without a ray of light.

Yet Yang Yan could see the view ahead, and perceive those dozen black-robed people below, engaged in something.

Approaching, the scent of blood at his nose grew intense, practically overwhelming.

Despite no ventilation, gusts swirled here—chillingly—occasionally passing Yang Yan, a profound coldness.

Remember, even outside in extreme ice fields, Yang Yan walked as in a normal setting; this was peculiarly strange?

No top nor bottom in sight, looking closely, Yang Yan finally discerned what this was!

A massive structure, oh no, not a building, perhaps an object!

Entirely constructed of bronze—a layered spiral slide.

Resembling those kindergarten slides.

But bronze-made here, and narrow—barely wide enough for Yang Yan's fist.

The spiral slide was perfectly round and tidy, seemingly a vast and meticulous artwork.

Even modern top-tier technology couldn't imagine the enormous effort to craft it.

At least dedicated time must be extensive.

Below.

At that moment, beside Yang Yan, Ao Tian pointed downward.

Signaling Yang Yan that those black-robed figures were beneath; should they descend to check?

Unable to see below, Yang Yan hesitated to move.

Given their prowess, it's as if peering into the endless, with no light visibility over dozens of meters was considered decent.

Wait a bit longer.

After expressing this idea, Yang Yan hid in shadows, still as a statue.

Had Ao Tian not kept watch, he'd have assumed Yang Yan vanished.

Ao Tian followed suit, hiding to Yang Yan's right.

Time slowly passed.

Honestly, in a silent space like this, perceiving time's passage is tough.

Controlling their breath, they merged with the surroundings completely.

Patiently waiting for an unknown duration.

The temperature suddenly plummeted, and blood felt Ice Sealed in their veins.

Now Yang Yan clearly saw a large mass of white mist ahead.

Or rather, everything around was enshrouded with white mist.

Followed by faint firelight emerging.

Temperature swiftly rebounded, inducing a hellish sensation.

Yang Yan remained composed.

Calmly watching everything unfold before him.

Guessing, all mysteries were about to unravel.

Suddenly, a gentle whisper entered Yang Yan's ears.

Accompanied by a wafting smell of blood.