

Powerful 931

Chapter 931: The Eerie Ritual

In Yang Yan's vision, clots of thick blood defied gravity as they slowly floated upwards.

The speed was so slow that it seemed steady.

The scene was like injecting fresh blood into some creature.

The eerie whispers gradually increased, and the white mist finally cleared completely at this moment.

The scene before them was fully exposed to Yang Yan and Ao Tian.

Deep underground about three hundred meters ahead of them, more than a dozen black-clad figures lay prostrate on the ground.

The leader was continuously pouring something into the source of the bronze chute.

Even Yang Yan couldn't see what was in his hands.

The transportation pipe, as tall as a skyscraper, was methodically transporting the filthy blood upwards.

Yang Yan didn't know what this was, but just by looking at it, he knew that at this speed, it would take a long time to reach the top.

Yang Yan looked up above, but could only see the bronze transportation pipe.

As for what was at the very top, from his angle, he really couldn't see anything.

What are they doing?

A ritual...

Ao Tian gestured at Yang Yan, his face full of questions.

For them, such things were truly rare.

Moreover, this scale wasn't large, but definitely quite formal.

Do people still use rituals like this nowadays?

Or does Doctor Manhattan still like to engage in things like this?

Yang Yan shook his head, indicating that he was also unsure.

But he felt that if it wasn't a ritual, then it was some kind of significant ceremony, something far from simple.

As for their purpose?

It's better to wait and see.

The whispers, as if emerging from the depths of hell, continuously swirled around the two with a sense of bloodthirst.

As time ticked by, when the foremost blood stain, at a point Yang Yan couldn't see, had unknowingly advanced for a long time, changes finally occurred.

Rumble!

A strange rumbling sound reverberated through Yang Yan's ears.

The sound was piercing, as if it was going to rip apart the eardrums, at the very limits of human endurance.

But only when you covered your ears would you realize that the sound surprisingly wasn't transmitted through your ears to your senses!

It directly impacted your brain, forming a terrifying impact in your mind!

Yang Yan's tolerance had long surpassed ordinary people's imagination.

This little noise was really just some noise to Yang Yan.

But it was much harsher for Ao Tian.

Watching him biting his teeth hard, his face turning an ashen blue, said it all.

This guy was enduring with gritted teeth, yet still seething with rage.

And when the mysterious sound struck the two's minds, the whispers of the black-robed figures grew louder as well.

Using some unknown method, their voices seemed as if they were directly muttering in the two's ears, with an extreme volume.

At a critical moment, Yang Yan shot a fierce glance at Ao Tian, sending a chill up Ao Tian's spine.

The anger that was about to spill out instantly vanished without a trace.

This situation didn't last too long; two or three minutes later, everything returned to normal.

Silence— —

The scene turned eerily quiet again.

Yang Yan frowned, just about to inspect below, when a sudden voice startled him.

"It's done here as well! Now, we have finally completed three sites."

The voice came from below.

The place was so empty, combined with normal speaking tones, that Yang Yan heard it clearly.

"Yes, but the Beast Blood seems to be a bit insufficient."

This was another black-robed figure's voice, slightly hoarse, seemingly of age.

"No problem, just follow instructions to dig. The hard work now is worth it."

"You should know, we're accomplishing a great feat."

The person's tone was somewhat gloomy, with a trace of cunning and treachery.

But because success seemed within reach, he sounded extremely excited.

"The leader is wise and brave."

Voices of flattery echoed.

"No! This is the credit of Doctor Manhattan."

The person spoke modestly, yet couldn't hide his arrogance.

Should we take action?

Ao Tian looked at Yang Yan, inquiring with his eyes.

Their conversation basically allowed the two to confirm that they had stumbled upon something significant.

If they were to capture and interrogate these black-robed figures, they might uncover astonishing secrets.

In any case, it couldn't be anything good!

Yang Yan pondered for a moment, a frown forming on his face yet again.

Then, he gently shook his head and retreated backwards.

Ao Tian quickly followed up.

Since Yang Yan wanted to wait for a bigger catch, he had no objections.

He just felt that something wasn't quite right inside.

The two's purpose was to trace Zhou Hanyun and her group's whereabouts and find a way to rescue them, so how did it turn into this?

Ao Tian could only sigh inwardly with a bit of helplessness and stop thinking further.

After leaving the glacier, confirming that they had left no traces or mistakes, Yang Yan hid with Ao Tian behind another glacier.

"Wait for them to come out, and then follow them back. From what they said, they called this place a site."

"And from that guy's tone earlier, there are more than one similar places. I need to know more."

Yang Yan, after a while, patiently explained to Ao Tian.

Ao Tian didn't speak but suddenly pointed somewhere with wide eyes.

Yang Yan was puzzled at first, then quickly reacted.

Because he also sensed a premonition, promptly turning to look.

On the path they came from, a group of shadowy figures had appeared without notice.

These figures wore nothing but tattered rags, each hunched over like old men nearing the end of their days, trudging forward with difficulty.

Their emaciated and shriveled skin was exposed, with their faces covered in wrinkles, looking devoid of any moisture.

"What on earth are they?"

Yang Yan frowned even more, mumbling unconsciously.

Their tattered attire was consistent, numbering up to twelve.

The leader's hunchback was quite severe.

He wore a string of stone beads on his right hand, giving Yang Yan an unusual feeling.

Such appearance naturally couldn't provide a good impression.

Yang Yan subconsciously thought it must be an artifact refined from some sort of dark power without needing to sense its aura.

The twelve quickly approached, finally stopping in front of the middle glacier.

They seemed to be waiting silently for someone.

Besides the group of black-robed figures, who else could be inside the glacier, if not Doctor Manhattan's subordinates?

Sure enough, ten minutes later, the two groups met.

At the entrance of the cave, as always, the black-robed figures emerged one after another.

They seemed to know someone was waiting for them outside, as they stood there in an orderly manner, hovering quietly in the air, overlooking everything.

The last one was undoubtedly the leader of the black-robed group.

The one they referred to as the head.

Chapter 932: Waiting in Ambush

"I never expected it! Haha! Truly unexpected! We just started moving, and the legendary clan has appeared."

The leader of the black-robed figures sneered as he looked at the twelve people below.

Their decrepit appearance did not seem to concern the black-robed leader in the slightest.

"No... matter... who... you are... you cannot defy the will of our Ancestor, the Ancestor's legacy."

The man at the forefront of the twelve emaciated figures spoke.

It seemed like he hadn't spoken for a long time, as his speech was somewhat unclear, making it difficult to understand.

However, Yang Yan heard the words clearly.

"With just you? Hmph! Overconfident!"

A cold snort came from the black-robed leader's nose.

"With, our clan, Dusk."

The words were precise and chilling.

They sliced through the biting cold wind like a knife, intimidating the mind.

"Dusk Race should have long been renamed the Undead Race."

The black-robed leader coldly stated, wasting no more words, and directly ordered:

"Kill them all! Leave no one alive!"

Yang Yan gained a huge amount of information from the dialogue between the two factions.

However, even he didn't know what the Dusk Race truly was.

When he looked towards Ao Tian, Ao Tian merely waved his hand, indicating with his posture not to ask him.

By then, the scene had already erupted into action.

As soon as the black-robed leader issued the command, his subordinates charged forward.

The twelve emaciated elders below, with the leader leaning on a wooden staff.

It appeared to be just an ordinary cane, yet as he merely raised it and pointed towards the black-robed men, a powerful gale swept towards them.

You could see a dozen black-robed figures thrown into chaos, clearly not expecting such a method of attack from the other side.

However, in the next second, these black-robed figures immediately scattered.

The range of the gale was broad, and its speed was swift, but ultimately, it wasn't faster than those black-robed figures.

After safely dodging the attack, the gale, having lost its target, fiercely smashed into the glacier behind them.

A terrifying scene unfolded, as the entire glacier vanished by one third into thin air.

Yes, it just disappeared into thin air!

As if this glacier naturally existed in this shape!

One must understand, this glacier was several hundred meters tall and equally wide and thick!

This strike was extremely terrifying!

Although these black-robed figures had dodged the attack, seeing the glacier's state made them panic.

"Damn, they're trying to destroy this site! Kill them! Immediately!"

The black-robed leader barked in panic, charging forward himself.

His speed and momentum were akin to a cannonball being shot out.

The glacier behind them would likely be destroyed to the ceremonial tower inside with another gust of similar magnitude.

Unfortunately, the so-called Dusk Race seemed to have lost such an opportunity.

The black-robed leader wielded a crescent-shaped scimitar, and in the blink of an eye, he was before the leader of the Dusk Race.

The sharp blade cut towards his shriveled, dried-up neck!

Following immediately were the incredibly swift figures of a dozen black-robed men.

Yang Yan saw the Dusk Race leader's attack, expecting this to turn into a grand battle.

He even favored the Dusk Race's side more.

Yet, unexpectedly, once the black-robed figures got close, they died so cleanly and neatly.

One dry, shriveled head after another soared into the sky, with eyes containing a hint of sorrow, finally crashing heavily to the ground, yet not even making a dent in the ice.

After losing power, their bodies fell silently.

From the start until their death, not a single sound was made.

Were these people wizards?

An inexplicable feeling stirred within Yang Yan's heart.

He couldn't comprehend why.

Those who died were unrelated people.

He needed to continue following the clues for his investigation.

Ao Tian was much calmer.

Such matters wouldn't faze him at all.

"The pitiful and humble Dusk Race."

The black-robed leader disdainfully uttered before ordering his men to clean up the battlefield.

This place was evidently very crucial to them, and they couldn't afford to have even a tiny bit leaked.

Once the black-robed figures finished handling the last traces of blood on the battlefield, they immediately set off again.

With Yang Yan's exceptional memory, this was a retracing of their original route.

It seemed these mysterious black-robed figures were returning to their base.

Where Yang Yan had first encountered them.

"Are we just going to wait here for them, wait for their next move?"

Returning to where they first met the black-robed figures, watching them re-enter the ground, Ao Tian asked Yang Yan, puzzled.

Yang Yan smiled wryly:

"We don't know much. As you heard, we know only the tip of the iceberg."

"What if we catch them and they refuse to talk?"

"Then torture them, leave them no choice but to speak!"

Ao Tian, with a seasoned grin, suggested.

Yang Yan cast him a glance, dismissively curling his lip:

"Do you think Manhattan would entrust such important matters to unreliable subordinates?"

"Torture? Ha! Once caught, they'd probably all be dead already!"

Ao Tian let out a derisive laugh, puffed his chest, and stated arrogantly:

"I have ways to prevent them from even attempting suicide, even their souls can't explode."

Yang Yan shook his head:

"It won't work."

After saying this, he closed his eyes directly.

The two of them combined their efforts to melt an ice cave into the glacier.

They were extremely cautious, fearing any significant disturbance that might alert their targets, ruining everything.

Yang Yan hadn't given up on tracking the whereabouts of Zhou Hanyun and Ruyi, nor could he ever.

However, he was not a god, and under the strict defense from the side of heaven, he had achieved no results.

Right now, Yang Yan could do only one thing:

Wait.

A few days passed as the two waited at the original spot.

On this day, Yang Yan and Ao Tian opened their eyes simultaneously, exchanging a swift glance.

Evidently, both had detected movement.

They saw the same ice crevice splitting scene, and five black-robed men appeared.

This time there were only half as many.

And judging by their silhouettes, the previous black-robed leader wasn't among them.

By their expression, they seemed to be heading out for some business, appearing rather hurried.

"What do you say?"

Ao Tian asked Yang Yan, squinting his eyes.

The long wait of the past few days had begun to test his patience.

"You stay, I'll follow."

Yang Yan lightly dropped the words, transformed into an entrance, and swiftly leaped out, heading directly towards the five black-robed figures ahead.

These five were nowhere near as cautious as the last group they saw leaving.

Each of them utilized body technique to sprint across the ice field, leading Yang Yan directly to their destination.

It seemed like a basin...

Chapter 933: Can't Wait Any Longer, We Strike Tonight

Strictly speaking, this place shouldn't be called a basin.

The terrain here is simply surrounded by ice mountains, with a relatively flat piece of ground in the middle.

On the uneven ice surface, there is actually a large pile of...

Prehistoric garbage.

The reason it's called prehistoric garbage is because it's covered with various bones.

Each piece is particularly huge.

Even amidst the shattered bones, there's a complete beast skeleton.

It's unrecognizable as any species, but it appears exceptionally fierce.

And this pile of bones has long been covered by ice.

Yang Yan saw only the tip of the iceberg on the surface.

Only to see five black-robed figures swiftly moving across the ice surface that resembles a junkyard, appearing familiar, as if they've been here many times.

Finally, under the lead of one person, the group arrived at a massive leg bone.

The leading person gently pushed with their right hand, and the large ice block slowly moved.

Rumble!

After a burst of violent tremor, what appeared before them was a huge passage leading deep into the ice layer.

Interesting.

Yang Yan's lips curled into a cold smile of excitement.

After waiting for a while, Yang Yan moved, slipping into the still uncovered hole.

Only to swiftly retreat and return to his original position in an instant.

Soon, a left hand emerged from the ice, followed by the head of a black-robed figure.

His eyes clearly shone with confusion as he scrutinized the surroundings.

Even his nose twitched noticeably, seemingly trying to catch the scent in the air.

Unfortunately, who is Yang Yan to leave any trace?

Thus the black-robed person searched for a while to no avail, believing it was just his imagination playing tricks.

Suddenly, he exerted force, appearing entirely on the ice surface.

His right hand seemed to hold something.

Soon, another black-robed figure emerged.

What they dragged was indeed a prehistoric beast — a mammoth!

This thing has been gone for billions of years.

How could they possibly find it?

Moreover, the life-like state preserved within the ice — if thawed, wouldn't it appear as if it's a freshly deceased mammoth?

What exactly are they trying to do?

Or rather, what is Dr. Manhattan actually up to?

Yang Yan didn't move; the time to unveil the answers had not come yet.

However, this was just the first, unbelievably, there was a second.

Four people, effortlessly carrying two massive mammoth ice blocks appeared on the ice field.

Leaving one person to quickly erase the traces they left and cover the entrance again.

The group could rush back at an accelerated speed.

What Yang Yan doesn't know is, as he stayed in the Arctic with Ao Tian Ice Emperor, because of Manhattan's involvement, his subordinates — the Ten Blades, Eight Hundred Celestial Mist Dao, and Three Thousand Cloud Dragon Stream — have already clashed several times with the Blazing Angels Legion.

During this time, many forces from the Western World also attacked Yang Yan's forces.

Opposing Heaven means opposing the entire Western World.

There is no doubt about this.

Because not only Dr. Manhattan, many know and confirm that Yang Yan is in seclusion.

Thus their attacks appear reckless and uncontrolled.

Under the joint assault from these forces, even with the Eight Hundred Celestial Mist Dao and Three Thousand Cloud Dragon Stream, dealing with a formidable Puppet Legion numbering three thousand eight hundred with titled-level strength is extremely challenging.

It can be said that various forces across the Western World simultaneously launched an attack, though each of Yang Yan's subordinates is elite, even with strong allies like Hell, in terms of sheer numbers, they are in a disadvantage.

However, at this crucial moment, the core figures Moonlight Yang Yan and Ao Tian Ice Emperor have both vanished.

With no information left behind, Yang Yan's side, missing its backbone, appears even more strained.

From the very start, Yang Yan actually foresaw such an outcome.

Yet to truly deceive everyone, it must be flawless.

Moreover, he has absolute confidence in the Ten Blades under his command.

Coupled with support including Hell, even amid the frenzied siege from the entire Western Influence, he has unyielding confidence in them.

Currently, he is with Ao Tian, using Divine Thought to discuss in the Ice Cave.

"It's been half a month, we can't wait any longer. I don't know how the situation is outside now."

"Although I trust them greatly, leaving in a rush and not informing them of my situation, inevitably makes me a bit worried."

"Especially those few women, who knows what terrible things they might do once they go berserk."

"So, we must quickly handle things here and rush back to clean up that mess."

Yang Yan said seriously.

"To know the entire plan of the other side so easily is indeed very difficult."

Ao Tian said with some helplessness.

Honestly, putting himself in Yang Yan's shoes, he could well understand Yang Yan's current feelings.

On one hand, anxious for the kidnapped Zhou Hanyun and others by Heaven, while on the other, concerned about his subordinates and friends.

But all he can do is wait aimlessly here.

No matter who it is, they might find it unbearable.

"Act tonight."

Yang Yan pondered for a moment, finally coming to a decisive conclusion.

Once decided, naturally, it won't change.

That night, two blurry figures appeared on the ice field.

Both were extremely cautious, not a sound betrayed their presence.

Based on days of observation, Yang Yan and Ao Tian directly found a passage leading downward.

Restraining their breath, hiding their traces, they arrived below almost undetected.

Below is like the existence of a palace.

The area is large, approximately equivalent to a standard football field.

When the two descended, they made no sound, fully integrating with their surroundings, drawing no one's attention.

Following a strong scent of blood deeper, the two finally found a dungeon-like place.

Here, a black-robed person was on duty.

However, the person probably never expected someone could find and sneak in silently, actually dozing off.

Ao Tian didn't say much, directly knocked him out.

Inside the dungeon was a huge, somewhat filthy space.

Lying on the ground, indeed was the mammoth corpse Yang Yan saw that day.

Not just two, but a full seven or eight!

But these corpses were nothing like Yang Yan had seen initially, thawing the ice like freshly expired mammoths.

But rather each a desiccated corpse, lacking moisture.

Ao Tian crouched, touched them, and said with a frown:

"No idea what method they used to drain the blood."

At this point, Yang Yan already turned his gaze towards a large urn in the corner.

He briskly walked over, lightly lifted the cover of the urn.

Upon opening, the overwhelming stench directly hit his face.

"They extracted mammoth blood preserved for billions of years — what are they doing with it?"

Ao Tian pinched his nose, walked behind Yang Yan, looked at the pool of black blood, frowned, and said.

Chapter 934: Then Die

"I don't know."

Yang Yan gently shook his head and closed the large jar again.

At this moment, he looked up and saw something on the stone wall.

It was a small dragon statue resembling a Western dragon, embedded in the stone wall.

It seemed to be used for decoration.

Ao Tian saw it and said indifferently:

"They even placed an ornament here. I really don't understand these guys' thought process."

Who would put such useless and unattractive things here?

Yang Yan didn't say anything, raised his right hand, and gripped the small dragon.

With a slight exertion of force, he immediately turned it to the right.

In Ao Tian's amazed gaze, the stone wall before them slowly opened.

"Impressive. It didn't even fool your perception!"

Ao Tian couldn't help but exclaim.

Actually, just now, he also felt that something was off about this thing.

But after probing with his Divine Thought, he found nothing, yet Yang Yan managed to do this.

Yang Yan looked at him, the meaning in his eyes clear, telling him to learn.

Ao Tian was speechless.

He had always been proud and didn't expect to meet someone even more arrogant.

He gently shook his head and followed in Yang Yan's footsteps inside.

The hidden space was not large, only about three square meters.

There was only one table here, and on the table was a delicate solid wood box.

"What is this?"

Ao Tian's gaze landed on the wooden box, and his hand had already reached out.

Yang Yan didn't stop him, Ao Tian slightly paused, then opened it directly.

Inside the wooden box, two fist-sized blood-red spheres appeared before them.

"Strange... what the heck is this?"

Ao Tian said as he casually extended his hand to grab one.

With his level of power, of course, he had that confidence.

Yang Yan didn't answer, but took the other one up.

Soft, he didn't dare to use too much force, feeling like it might burst with a pinch.

However, he could feel a continuous warmth in his hand.

Then he picked it up to his nose and smelled it, sensing an indescribable odor.

"Have you seen it before?"

Seeing Yang Yan like this, Ao Tian also smelled it.

Now he was just short of taking a bite.

"No."

Yang Yan shook his head.

At this moment, his eyes suddenly turned sharp, and he said in a deep voice:

"I want to see what's really inside."

As he spoke, his right hand clenched tightly, exerting force.

In Yang Yan's perception, these blood-red spheres could likely burst with a pinch.

Unexpectedly, right before his eyes, Ao Tian pinched a few times, and the spheres remained intact.

"What?"

Ao Tian was truly stunned.

He thought, like Yang Yan did, shouldn't these spheres burst with a slight squeeze considering their material?

He's one of the Four Emperors!

Not an ordinary person!

Watching Ao Tian wanting to try again, Yang Yan suddenly stopped him, furrowing his brow and shouting:

"Wait!"

He then took the blood ball from Ao Tian's hand, staring intently at it for a long while.

He remembered the group of black-robed men saying, this was their second completed site.

No matter their purpose, they were always after something.

The strange blood balls before him, thinking of their talk of two sites, rituals, mammoths, blood...

Yang Yan's mind worked quickly, soon arriving at a fuzzy conclusion.

"This is Blood Essence, mammoth Blood Essence!"

Yang Yan suddenly said with certainty.

"Blood Essence?"

Ao Tian looked at him doubtfully.

As the Ice Emperor among the Four Emperors, he was not unfamiliar with Blood Essence.

Simply put, it is the essence of blood.

Of course, that's just regular Blood Essence.

Usually, Blood Essence is extracted from the blood of entire organisms and refined into a small amount of essence.

However, even if it's mammoth Blood Essence, with his power, should it be impossible to crush it?

Obviously seeing the doubt in Ao Tian's eyes, Yang Yan coldly smiled at the blood sphere in his hand and then continued:

"This is probably their goal, or one of them! Haven't you forgotten their kind of ritual?"

"I dare say, this Blood Essence probably holds extraordinary significance to them."

"Moreover, this is no ordinary Blood Essence. Its exact use is still unclear for now."

Ao Tian raised an eyebrow and said dismissively:

"If that's the case, then let's just destroy it! After wiping out this place, we'll go back and destroy their icy mountain."

"With that, whatever plan they have should be almost finished, right?"

Yang Yan gently shook his head:

"No, no, no, this place needs to be destroyed, but the icy mountain doesn't."

"If I'm right, it should have lost its effect, no need to waste time. Otherwise, they wouldn't have changed locations."

"As for these two Blood Essences, let's take them along. They might still be useful."

Yang Yan said, tossing the two blood spheres into the wooden box and handed the whole box to Ao Tian.

Ao Tian hadn't even reacted, just standing there holding the box, dumbfoundedly looking at it, then looking up at Yang Yan.

Yang Yan ignored him, turned around, and went out, directly grabbing an unconscious black-robed man, and walked up, like throwing trash, throwing him at the palace door.

Since there was no extra concealment along the way, the noise Yang Yan and Ao Tian made directly woke up the other nearby black-robed men.

"Who?!"

"Courting death!"

"Kill!"

The black-robed men responded quickly, swarming forward.

"Hehe! Finally, a chance to stretch the muscles."

Ao Tian twisted his neck, laughing with excitement.

Following Yang Yan for half a month, he was really suppressed for too long, even feeling like his bones were rusting.

However, the strength of these black-robed men was not as weak as imagined.

Ao Tian didn't care much, directly rushing up before Yang Yan could make a move.

He wielded a long knife with wide swings, taking on a dozen people directly.

These black-robed men were quite powerful, and with their coordinated teamwork, their combined attacks seemed quite practiced, temporarily leaving Ao Tian unable to overcome them.

"Moonlight Emperor, I'm quite curious, how come you're here?"

Yang Yan had yet to make a move, when the black-robed leader unexpectedly appeared.

At this point, he was also dressed in a black robe.

However, this time he pulled down the black cloth covering his face, revealing his entire face.

Yet this face bore no features!

His eyes were merely two black slits, his nose slightly protruding but still vague.

His mouth was very small.

Small enough that it could almost be ignored on his face!

Yang Yan looked at him but didn't find anything strange.

He put his hands in his pockets, speaking disinterestedly:

"I want to ask you, Manhattan turned you into this ghostly state, why are you still loyally serving him?"

The black-robed leader's face visibly changed, his voice turning increasingly cold.

"Moonlight Emperor, that's none of your concern!"

"Then just die!"

Chapter 935: Heads Roll at the Slightest Offense

Yang Yan didn't have the habit of wasting words on the dead, with Star Night revolving in his hand, his body turned into a shadow.

The next moment, when he appeared again, he was already in front of the leader of the black-robed people.

Of course, alongside Yang Yan was the force of thunderous Star Night slicing down.

The leader of the black-robed people didn't even change his expression, instead, he stood there fearlessly.

Swoosh!

A flash of white light, a fierce attack clashed against Yang Yan's Star Night.

Bang!

Accompanied by a thunderous explosion, the leader of the black-robed people was blown away.

Yang Yan let out a cold snort, charging forward, waving Star Night and attacking again.

"You can't kill me."

The smile on the black-robed leader's face was terrifying.

He hastily received Yang Yan's violent strike, although he was pushed back, he was not injured!

Bang!

Yang Yan pursued and swiftly swung two more strikes.

He thought it would be enough to kill him, or at the very least, seriously injure him, but unexpectedly, they were all blocked by the opponent.

Yang Yan halted in mid-air, a glint of coldness flashed through his eyes.

Something's strange!

Yang Yan stared intently at the white bone saber in the black-robed leader's hand several meters away.

"I said, you can't kill me."

The black-robed leader said slightly proudly, as he held the white bone saber horizontally in front of his chest.

As if surviving the attack of the most powerful Moonlight Emperor of the Four Emperors was something worth boasting about.

"Moonlight Emperor, although I'm not sure why you've suddenly appeared here, clearly everyone was wrong."

"The outside world rumored you were in seclusion, but it seems everything was just a facade!"

"But don't worry, your glory won't last long. I'll report everything that happened today to Dr. Manhattan. Farewell."

After speaking, the black-robed leader turned and ran.

He was confident Yang Yan wouldn't kill him in a few moves, but if the fight continued, he didn't have the courage for that!

"Did I give you permission to leave?"

Before Yang Yan could make a move, a loud shout suddenly rang out.

Bang!

A figure appeared directly in front of the black-robed leader, chopping down with a saber.

The one who stepped in was none other than Ao Tian.

In this short time, he had already successfully dealt with all the black-robed people who had formed a formation to attack him.

Yang Yan looked back and found three or four were still alive.

It seemed Ao Tian had been watching the confrontation here the whole time and couldn't hold back anymore.

But that was good. Yang Yan did hope to obtain some useful information from these people.

"Ice Emperor Ao Tian!"

The black-robed leader shouted in horror.

He had only seen Yang Yan before, thinking his men were dealing with one of Yang Yan's Ten Swords, never expecting Ice Emperor Ao Tian to be here!

Two of the Four Emperors, and the two most formidable ones at that, made his heart sink.

As he watched his body quickly become intangible, Ao Tian grinned, and the slashing blade lights ignited with a ghostly white flame.

Wherever it passed, the air instantly froze.

Ah!

A cry rang out, the black-robed leader's body, which was about to disappear, was suddenly frozen in ice, and the next moment, he was turned into an ice sculpture.

Crack!

The sound of shattering ice exploded, and the fragments crashed down to the ground.

The black-robed leader's body and soul were shattered by the blade, and the white bone saber in his hand was grabbed out of the air by Ao Tian.

Ao Tian looked at Yang Yan triumphantly, raising the trophy in his hand.

Yang Yan sneered, stretching out his hand to snatch the strange bone saber.

This time, it was Ao Tian's turn to widen his eyes and incredulously ask:

"You... how did you do that? Pure speed or the power of space?"

Yang Yan grinned, lightly uttering two words:

"Time!"

This made Ao Tian's eyes widen even further.

After a full ten seconds, he spoke in a hesitant and shocked manner:

"You... you... damn it, such talent is really demoralizing!"

After saying this, his ungentle gaze fell on the three or four trembling black-robed men not far away.

Even when Ao Tian was methodically ending their lives just now, these black-robed men weren't as utterly broken.

But now, Ao Tian had slain their leader with a single blow, and their last bit of courage was completely crushed.

Yang Yan ignored Ao Tian, focusing intently on the strange bone saber in his hand.

Strange...

Aside from being particularly hard, it didn't seem special.

Yet in the leader's hands, it had emanated a strange aura.

"Will you speak, or do I need to make you?"

In the hall, Yang Yan sat to the side continuing to study the carvings on the bone saber, while Ao Tian stood before the four black-robed men and began interrogating them.

"S-sir, what do you want to know?"

Ao Tian didn't expect one of them to respond so readily, it seemed hopeful.

"Why are you here? What's your purpose? How many like you and your bases are there? What is Manhattan preparing?"

Ao Tian asked several questions in one breath.

These four were the only survivors here, the first to speak was the one on the far right.

"I... I don't know."

The first speaker surprised Ao Tian again.

Slash!

The blade swept across, and the head flew up, eyes filled with unwillingness gradually lost focus.

Blood spurted all over the ground, adding a metallic scent to the air.

Even though Ao Tian appeared casual normally, once serious, he was swift and efficient.

After killing the man with one slash, he sneered coldly, wiping the blade's blood with his finger slowly.

Yang Yan remained seated, his expression unchanged, revealing nothing.

Of course, Ao Tian had his reasons for this.

The effect was clearly shown as the remaining three were trembling heavily, almost prostrate.

Without a word, heads could roll.

The most terrifying part was the blade not only took lives but also extinguished souls!

And with Ao Tian's grim look, they realized their fate could easily be the same.

Death wasn't the scariest part, but having one's soul erased was.

Especially this way, enduring the trial of judgment was excruciating.

Ao Tian leveraged this mentality.

"Will you speak or not? Do none of you know anything? Well, it seems keeping you is pointless."

Ao Tian idly twirled the blade, casting a cold gaze on the three, and flatly asked.

"I... I don't know!"

Slash!

Another head soared into the air, tumbling several times before coming to a stop.

This one was stubborn, making interrogation unnecessary.

Better eliminate him to avoid influencing others!

"My patience is limited. Whether you speak or not, I will find out anyway."

"I'll tell you this, one of you can still live. Whoever speaks, I'll spare their life!"

"You're not to worry. As Ice Emperor Ao Tian, I keep my word without a doubt!"

Saying this, Ao Tian's face turned ferocious.

Chapter 936: A Twist of Fate, Finally News Arrives

Looking at the last two remaining people, even he himself knew that there was little hope.

Originally, Yang Yan could have used soul search, but these individuals' souls seemed different, possibly sealed by some mysterious power, so he could only attack their minds.

Indeed, human nature is always fragile.

The two black-robed men kneeling on the ground glanced at each other and immediately started kowtowing at the same time:

"I'll speak, I'll speak!"

Ao Tian grinned and pointed at the man on the right with the scimitar in his hand:

"Oh! You're the one who spoke first. Go ahead! If I'm satisfied, you won't die."

In reality, the two of them acted almost simultaneously; he couldn't truly tell who spoke first.

He just randomly picked one.

His casual choice scared the black-robed man on the left badly.

Fearing that speaking rashly might anger Ao Tian and result in his destruction, he could only watch his companion nervously.

At this moment, he could only hope his companion didn't share too much useful information.

"I'll speak, I'll speak!"

The black-robed man on the right started spilling everything he knew in a rush.

However, this black-robed man wasn't high in rank and knew quite limited information.

Still, for the two of them, it was rewarding.

Apparently, as early as a month ago, Dr. Manhattan had already gathered them together.

These people were considered elite under Manhattan's command, and through the secret technique, at the cost of sacrificing part of their souls, their abilities were greatly enhanced.

If not for this, they couldn't have resisted the sharpness of Ice Emperor Ao Tian at the beginning.

Reportedly, their number was around two to three hundred, all secretly sent to the Arctic by Dr. Manhattan.

The exact purpose was never mentioned by Manhattan.

He merely told them to collect mammoth blood.

Additionally, he gave each of them a map.

The map clearly marked the location of the sacrificial site and where the mammoth was ice-sealed.

No one knows why Manhattan has such a clear understanding of everything in the Arctic.

And, of course, his subordinates didn't dare ask; they just diligently did their work.

The black-robed man's account wasn't long; he finished in less than five minutes.

After hearing it, Ao Tian turned to look at Yang Yan, curious about his reaction.

By then, Yang Yan had already closed his eyes.

His intention was clear: handle it as you see fit.

Ao Tian turned back and looked at the black-robed man on the left, his cold gaze continuously assessing him.

"Your companion has spoken. Do you have anything to add? If not, then..."

As soon as Ao Tian spoke, the black-robed man on the left fell into despair.

He opened his mouth, but found that his voice seemed sealed, unable to utter a word.

"If you have nothing to add, then die!"

Ao Tian had no intention of sparing either of them.

Just as his scimitar was about to fall, the black-robed man on the left shouted abruptly:

"Don't kill me! Don't kill me! I know another location of our base! They have the same mission as us! And..."

Although the previous information was important, Yang Yan remained seated, eyes closed at first.

But when he heard the latter part, he instantly appeared before the black-robed man on the left, coldly asking:

"And what else!"

The black-robed man on the left shivered and quickly said:

"And I know the location where Lord Moonlight's woman is being held!"

Yang Yan squinted, his eyes burning intensely as he said, word by word:

"You should know the consequence of deceiving me."

"I know, I know, I can take you there right now to that cursed place!"

Of course, the black-robed man knew what Yang Yan cared about. At this moment, he kept kowtowing to the ground, his voice tearful.

"Moonlight."

At this time, Ao Tian withdrew his scimitar, looking at him with a questioning gaze.

It's not that Ao Tian was too cautious.

Facing Dr. Manhattan, he had no choice but to be more careful.

Yang Yan looked at him and seriously said:

"Even if it's a trap, I will willingly jump in. If you can, keep me there."

Proudly leaving those words, Yang Yan turned and walked toward the black-robed man on the right.

Ao Tian stared blankly at his back, shaking his head helplessly.

Moonlight, being one of the Four Emperors, certainly had the qualification to say such words.

"Let's go! I hope you're not lying to me."

Yang Yan directly grabbed the black-robed man on the left, walked toward the surface without looking back.

Ao Tian shouted from behind:

"What about this one?"

"Kill him."

Yang Yan softly uttered two words.

"Then kill him."

Ao Tian shrugged, raised his blade, and took the unfortunate soul's life and soul.

"Location."

Bringing the man to the surface, Yang Yan still held the black-robed man like a chick.

He trembled all over, shrinking in mid-air, cautiously responding:

"United States... United States, Budarang village, in an underground palace not far from the church!"

"How do you know?"

This was Yang Yan testing the authenticity.

When dealing with these black-robed men earlier, Yang Yan had actually tried to use soul search to get the clues he wanted.

But it was blocked by a mysterious power, forcing him to give up.

Though he had the capability to forcibly invade the soul, it would startle the enemy, rendering any clues meaningless.

"Reporting to Lord Moonlight, I was stationed there to guard your woman before being transferred by Lord Manhattan."

"We had no intention of offending your woman at all!"

With Manhattan's strict orders, how could they dare!

"Are they all there?"

Yang Yan's eyes began to light up, asking excitedly.

Suddenly, he had a sense of silver lining after seeing only dark clouds.

He initially thought the trip to the Arctic was just to uncover one of Manhattan's plots, but unexpectedly, without much effort, he stumbled upon the clue about Zhou Hanyun and the others.

"Only one, only one."

The black-robed man quickly replied.

He was afraid that upon arrival, Yang Yan might think he was deceived and cut him down.

"Because Lord Manhattan ordered them to be held separately, I...I only know this one place."

The black-robed man hurriedly explained.

Yang Yan looked up in silence, neither sad nor happy, observing the sky, pondering something.

By now, Ao Tian had caught up.

He stayed silent, now standing behind Yang Yan.

After a short pause, the two exchanged a quick glance, then both figures began to flicker, including the black-robed man in Yang Yan's hand, who also started to become ethereal.

A mere two or three seconds later, they vanished completely, as if they had never appeared.

Chapter 937: Found Ruyi

Intent on rescuing his loved ones, Yang Yan hurriedly traveled under the cover of night with the cloaked man, racing all the way.

The next evening, the three appeared in the small town known as Budarang.

This was a very ordinary town.

At least from the appearance, it seemed nothing out of the ordinary.

Much like the numerous small churches in the United States countryside, no one knew that this inconspicuous place was actually a secret base of paradise.

Led by the cloaked man, Yang Yan and Ao Tian found the entrance to the Underground Palace directly.

"This is it. Lords, there... there are two Great Angels here!"

The cloaked man stood still at the entrance to the Underground Palace suddenly.

He turned his head and respectfully spoke to the two.

This was the outskirts of the town, behind the three was a large stone.

The small chapel, almost enveloped by climbing ivy and various lush plants, was situated less than a hundred meters from here.

With the nod from the two, the cloaked man turned around and cautiously touched the mechanism hidden on the surface of the giant stone.

With a slight vibration, the stone cracked a gap, and a dark entrance appeared at their feet.

"So, what do we say, go right in?"

Since it was to save Yang Yan's woman, Ao Tian curbed his usual tendency to make decisions on his own, preferring to consult Yang Yan.

He didn't want a wrong decision of his to cost the life of one of Yang Yan's women.

Should such a situation occur, not only would Yang Yan be unable to forgive him, but he might also have trouble forgiving himself.

"Mm!"

Yang Yan nodded in response, then looked at the cloaked man, speaking in a deep voice:

"Lead the way. Don't even think about tricking us!"

These people must die.

All must die!

It's only because they still have some utility for Yang Yan that he has kept him around until now.

The cloaked man raised his head, and in Yang Yan's eyes, he only saw indifference.

At this moment, he suddenly laughed.

"I knew it, I knew it! How could you possibly let me go? How could you!"

"I have always been deceiving myself. However, even if I die, you will not have it easy!"

The cloaked man spoke loudly.

Strangely, neither Yang Yan nor Ao Tian stopped him.

The two seemed quite patient, listening to him continue.

"All along, I've been stalling for time, leading you astray, all in anticipation of tonight."

"Yes, that's right! Tonight! Haha! The Beast King returns periodically for inspections."

"And today, if I'm not mistaken, the Beast King is bound to return! He's bound to return!"

"Do you know? The mechanism just opened the entrance not only opens the cave but also automatically alerts those inside."

"How's that? Haha! You didn't expect this, did you? Ice Emperor Ao Tian and Moonlight Emperor Yang Yan, you didn't expect this at all! Hahaha!"

Ao Tian finally couldn't hold back, coldly asking:

"Finished yet?"

Since Yang Yan had not taken action, Ao Tian had held back as well.

He felt unruly stepping forward in this situation.

However, at this stage, what reason did he have to let this guy live a moment longer?

The crescent-shaped saber appeared, adding another soul to Ao Tian's hand.

Just then, the activity inside the entrance indeed grew louder.

Yang Yan looked down silently at the opening below, seemingly waiting for something.

In truth, without the cloaked man's long-winded speech, Yang Yan and Ao Tian already felt it.

Shortly after the mechanism was triggered, someone was already rushing toward the entrance.

Among them was an unusually familiar aura.

Beast King!

As he appeared at the entrance, his face immediately changed.

He was even more familiar with the aura of Yang Yan!

Damn it!

After the Beast King emerged, two Great Angels indeed followed him.

Those two Great Angels were naturally ignored.

Even for the Beast King, standing before the Hidden World's top two, he didn't measure up.

Unfortunately, confronted head-on, Yang Yan had already come directly to him, giving him no escape.

The Beast King stood at the entrance, his expression gloomy as he met Yang Yan's piercing gaze.

One Yang Yan was manageable, but Ice Emperor Ao Tian was also here!

It seemed there would be no peaceful resolution today.

Yang Yan merely paused for a moment in silence, then with a cold demeanor, walked past him.

He actually...

Just walked past by himself?

What did he take the Beast King for!

The Beast King felt frustrated, but indeed dared not move.

Neither did the two Great Angels dare to move.

Because Ao Tian, holding a chilling Bone Saber, was smiling at them.

The terrifying aura radiated from his body, pressing them down tightly.

"Beast King, long time no see."

Ao Tian grinned, casually greeting.

The Beast King gnashing his teeth, snorted coldly:

"Bullshit! You're seeking death!"

Having said that, the Beast King moved immediately.

He chose thunderous momentum to charge fiercely at Ao Tian, the two Great Angels flanking him closely, each offering support.

It's still necessary to pick the soft one to crush.

Now, the Beast King would rather confront Ao Tian than face Moonlight Emperor Yang Yan!

While the battle raged above, Yang Yan had already navigated through the passage into the Underground Palace.

All those who dared obstruct him along the way had become cold corpses.

It's Ruyi!

Yang Yan, intimately familiar with his family's scent, confirmed immediately that Ruyi was the one held here.

The remaining guards in the Underground Palace dared no longer intercept the unstoppable Yang Yan.

Or rather, sensing the murderous aura from him, they had already hidden away.

The Underground Palace was vast, but tracing the scent was no problem for Yang Yan.

This was an almost sealed room.

The door had a lock.

There was even an ancient seal.

However, in Yang Yan's eyes, this house was but fragile.

"Boom!"

The door collapsed directly, the seal vanishing in an instant.

Dust filled the air.

Yang Yan stepped inside, seeing the startled young girl turn around in shock, staring at the familiar silhouette for several seconds.

She wanted to cry out loudly but found her throat choked.

She dashed towards Yang Yan, throwing herself into his warm embrace, pressing her face tightly against his sturdy chest, sobbing.

Feeling the warmth from the young girl, Yang Yan's gaze turned dark, a flicker of killing intent quickly disappeared.

Immediately, his eyes softened again, filled with tenderness.

He comfortingly rubbed Ruyi's head, speaking gently:

"It's alright, I'm here, everything is over."

"Daddy!"

Ruyi's tear-filled eyes widened, gazing up at Yang Yan.

Almost as if, having not seen him in so long, she needed to take in every detail.

After a full minute, she finally choked out:

"Hanyun Mom and Wan'Er have already been sent away by those villains, I don't know where they are, I can't feel their presence at all."

Saying this, Ruyi buried her head back into Yang Yan's chest, holding him tightly.

As if letting go would mean losing Yang Yan once more.

Chapter 938: Going to Hell to Find Satan

"It's okay, they won't come to any harm. I promise you!"

Yang Yan said with determination on his face, then he continued:

"Let me take you home first, alright?"

"Okay."

Ruyi nodded obediently, holding onto Yang Yan's hand, staying close by his side as they left together.

When they appeared outside, the Beast King was gone, and the bodies of two Great Angels lay on the ground.

Seeing Yang Yan and Ruyi by his side, Ao Tian gave a slight smile as a greeting to Ruyi.

"Where's the Beast King?"

Yang Yan asked with a frown.

"Dead."

Ao Tian said casually.

"Dead?"

Yang Yan frowned, clearly skeptical.

Ao Tian suddenly laughed:

"Heh! How could that be possible... That guy ran away."

"He was afraid that once you showed up, he'd be finished, so he paid a price and fled with injuries."

Yang Yan shook his head helplessly.

He knew, although the Beast King was no match for Ice Emperor Ao Tian, he could escape by paying a price if he truly wanted to.

"Lucky for him he ran fast! Otherwise, I would have had him dismembered completely."

When Yang Yan said this, a cold murderous intent flashed in his eyes.

There was no doubt that the Beast King was now on Yang Yan's must-kill list.

"Alright, alright, I know you're powerful. Happy now?"

Ao Tian turned to Ruyi, nodded, and smiled:

"Little girl still crying? It's good you're back, just good you're back."

"You have no idea, this guy's been losing sleep and appetite for you, he's become mad."

Hearing this, Yang Yan couldn't help but frown.

Although it was true, Ao Tian's teasing tone somewhat upset him.

"Let's go back first, we can discuss the matters later."

Yang Yan said calmly.

"Okay!"

Ao Tian knew exactly what Yang Yan was referring to, he immediately nodded in agreement.

"What about them?"

Ruyi suddenly turned her head, looking towards the entrance.

There were still remnants left inside uneliminated; both she and Yang Yan were unwilling to let them go.

His gaze was chillingly cold as he asked:

"They didn't do anything to you, did they?"

"No."

Ruyi shook her head gently:

"Dad, I just don't want you to have more enemies in the future."

"Although these clowns are inconsequential to you, they are ultimately a nuisance."

"So, it's best to deal with them now."

Yang Yan rubbed Ruyi's head, and couldn't help but show a tender smile:

"You're overthinking, little girl. Those kind of people can't cause any trouble."

Ruyi nodded lightly but whispered:

"Still, since they're enemies, let's kill them!"

Seeing the determined look in the little girl's eyes, Yang Yan helplessly turned to Ao Tian.

Ao Tian was taken aback, pointing to himself with a bitter face, and said helplessly:

"Why me again. Hey! Moonlight, you brat, I'm not your subordinate!"

Yang Yan shrugged indifferently and just grinned.

At least, rescuing Ruyi made him satisfied for now.

However, figuring out where the other women were being held was still a headache for him.

He didn't believe Manhattan would dare do anything to his women.

However, holding them separately only increased the difficulty of rescuing Zhou Hanyun and the others.

Watching as Yang Yan and Ruyi gradually walked away, the Ice Emperor Ao Tian standing in place couldn't help but grit his teeth.

In the end, he let out a helpless sigh, picked up the curved blade in his hand, and obediently walked towards the entrance.

"You damned guys, you're really a buzzkill!"

The rest of those in the Underground Palace naturally became Ao Tian's punching bags.

Yang Yan left with Ruyi.

His return was like an adrenaline shot for his subordinates.

In the following days, Yang Yan stayed at home with Ruyi.

Because Han Ruyu and the others knew Ruyi had been traumatized, they all left their matters aside to accompany the little girl every day.

Their simple goal was to help Ruyi move out of the shadows soon.

But only Yang Yan knew, aside from worrying about Zhou Hanyun and the others, Ruyi wasn't really traumatized.

In fact, once the heavenly faction realized the gravity of the situation, they dared not trouble Zhou Hanyun and the others.

"Moonlight Emperor, we've been here for many days, time for us to leave, isn't it?"

Ao Tian lazily leaned on the sofa; he had enjoyed himself very much at Yang Yan's place these days.

"We will leave when it's time."

Yang Yan was sitting at his desk, looking down at something, without raising his eyes.

"Speaking of which, that Manhattan guy is really a coward!"

"Knowing that we destroyed one of his bases, took out a lot of his men, and rescued Ruyi, he didn't make any move at all."

Ao Tian complained, feeling slightly bored.

"What do you want him to do then?"

Yang Yan suddenly looked up at him and asked with a slight amusement.

"Of course not... Hmm! Whatever he does is better than doing nothing now, right?"

Ao Tian immediately laughed off his own statement.

"He has indeed taken action. Moreover, I feel it's definitely not simple. As the saying goes, 'a storm is brewing'."

Yang Yan remained calm in expression, but anyone could hear the heavy undertones in his voice.

Ao Tian sneered:

"That would be better. Rather than idling around, it's better to find something to do."

Yang Yan nodded slightly before continuing:

"But before that, we need to go somewhere."

"Where? Do you mean that base?"

Ao Tian asked immediately.

Earlier, the man in the black robe had drawn out a location of one of Manhattan's Arctic bases.

In their view, it wasn't difficult to find.

It was about eight kilometers east from the base Yang Yan and they destroyed.

Relatively speaking, it was quite a large stronghold.

"No, we're going to visit our allies."

Yang Yan said seriously, looking at the invitation card in his hand.

"Who?"

Ao Tian looked curious and walked from the sofa to Yang Yan's side.

With just one glance, he saw the two words on the surface of the invitation —

Hell.

"Satan?"

Ao Tian asked in disbelief:

"Why's he contacting you?"

"Well, more like an ally."

Yang Yan said in a grave tone:

"In the current situation, having one more powerful ally can't hurt, right?"

Ao Tian opened his mouth, then smiled wryly and nodded.

Yang Yan also smiled, sprang to his feet, and walked out.

This time, Yang Yan didn't bring any subordinates, but simply gave a heads up and departed with Ao Tian.

The next day, the sky was clear and blue.

In front of a towering castle, two nearly invisible figures stood upright like statues.

The two emitted no aura whatsoever, as if they were part of the surroundings.

Chapter 939: Satan Wounded, News Exchanged, Yang Yan Acts Once

"Haha! Both Moonlight Emperor and Ice Emperor have graced us with their presence. We apologize for not welcoming you sooner!"

Satan had somehow become so...

Hmm! Down-to-earth.

A black robe covered his entire body, revealing only a resolute face.

"Let's talk inside!"

Yang Yan glanced at him and entered the ancient castle first.

Satan seemed unbothered.

But Ao Tian showed a look of disbelief.

"The main reason for inviting you today is to inform you of something."

Walking through a lengthy corridor, Satan said seriously beside Yang Yan.

Yang Yan stopped, turned his head slightly, and asked blandly:

"How important is this! To receive three invitations in one day?"

Yang Yan was clearly joking, but unexpectedly Satan shook his head, squinting as he said:

"Pressure from Heaven has shifted towards me, I'm somewhat anxious, hence my actions."

Yang Yan furrowed his brow slightly, questioning suspiciously:

"With your strength, that shouldn't be the case?"

Satan smiled bitterly and shook his head without answering, making a gesture to proceed.

Yang Yan glanced at him and continued forward.

Before long, they reached a large living room within the castle.

This was likely where Satan usually met his subordinates.

Truth be told, alliances under Satan's rule in Hell are indeed rare.

Or rather, nonexistent.

"Moonlight Emperor, I know your time is precious, so I'll get to the point."

"According to the intelligence I've received, Manhattan has a secret significant operation recently."

"Judging by his actions and measures, I suspect this action is capable of changing the current world order!"

"Otherwise, Manhattan wouldn't be so meticulous and give it such importance."

"I've inferred this from several unusual details I've discovered by chance."

With that, Satan looked towards Yang Yan.

His narrow eyes were slightly squinted, seemingly expecting Yang Yan to say something.

"Worthy of Satan, worthy of Hell."

Yang Yan initially said nothing, instead uttering a seemingly random sentence.

Satan was somewhat surprised.

Was Yang Yan implying that something he knew was already known to others?

Otherwise, why say it that way?

Thinking it over, Satan felt relieved.

Given Yang Yan's extraordinary talents and increasingly immense power, it wasn't surprising.

"Indeed, there is movement on Manhattan's end. But this matter, you needn't worry for now, I can handle it, so don't trouble yourself."

Yang Yan's indifferent attitude left Satan internally unsettled.

However, Satan could only keep his thoughts to himself.

"Satan, if there's nothing else, we should be going; our time remains quite valuable."

Ao Tian said while lounging with his legs crossed.

If Satan was correct, Manhattan's operation was in the Arctic.

Ao Tian was the one who first discovered this matter, naturally brimming with confidence.

Satan's face was somewhat heavy.

He was the legendary ruler of Hell.

Yet, facing the two men, neither in status nor strength did he surpass them, making any rebuttal impossible.

Satan sighed lightly before saying:

"My apologies for overthinking. Since you both know of this matter, I'm relieved. I won't delay your precious time any further."

"Hmm!"

Ao Tian nodded gracefully, then stood as if to leave.

Yang Yan and Satan exchanged glances for a full three seconds before Yang Yan suddenly said in a deep voice:

"You still have something else to say. I don't have much time, so speak quickly."

"What is it?"

Stopped by Yang Yan's words, Ao Tian turned back and asked suspiciously.

"Ah... Moonlight Emperor, indeed deserving of the title."

Satan sighed heavily, speaking in a tone of admiration:

"To be frank, this was initially my secret; I haven't even told my closest subordinates."

Speaking, Satan cautiously glanced around.

Indeed, the expansive living room held none of Satan's subordinates.

Moreover, within at least a hundred meters radius, there was not a single person.

Today's conversation was destined for only three people to know.

At this point, having nothing to hide, Satan directly revealed his secret:

"To be honest, I was severely injured recently, my power greatly diminished; I can exert only about two-thirds of my previous strength."

Saying this, Satan gave Yang Yan and Ao Tian a meaningful look.

Yang Yan and Ao Tian instantly exchanged quick glances, then shared a knowing smile.

In reality, even now, more remains concealed.

Satan's current strength, unless in extremis, wouldn't even reach one-third!

This has unspoken implications for Satan and Hell.

No wonder he's so anxious.

"I had already noticed your severe injury."

"I was pondering who could have done such, but found no answer."

"Now, directly tell us, what exactly happened?"

Yang Yan asked sternly.

"Indeed, speak up. I too am curious who could achieve this!"

Ao Tian settled back into the sofa, asking with keen interest.

Next, he, not waiting for Satan to speak, mischievously smiled and teased:

"Tell me, Satan, wasn't it because you were injured and your power diminished that you sought an alliance with Yang Yan?"

"In that case, Heaven wouldn't target you so overtly, right?"

Satan's expression remained unchanged, unaffected by Ao Tian's words.

He calmly placed his hands on the table before him, saying composedly:

"My injury occurred after forming an alliance with Yang Yan. Hence, your reasoning is incorrect."

Seeing Satan's serious demeanor, Ao Tian awkwardly pinched his nose, chuckling wryly without contesting.

Next, Satan looked at Yang Yan.

"My injury wasn't due to external factors, this issue... hmm! It's inconvenient for me to explain in detail, forgive me."

"I only hope you could assist me. My subordinates likely can't accomplish this task."

"And once we fail, if Manhattan becomes aware, I will lose a crucial opportunity, thus..."

Yang Yan cut in directly, articulating coolly:

"So you initially called us here to trade that information for me to act on your behalf, right?"

Having Yang Yan bluntly reveal his intention, Satan smiled wryly, nodding:

"Correct, that's precisely it."

Yang Yan said coldly:

"Were it not for the sake of alliance, I wouldn't inquire so much."

Asking so much naturally implied Yang Yan would intervene.

"Now then..."

The matter being critical, Satan hesitated slightly.

He could perceive Yang Yan's intent but required a definitive response.

"Speak up, what do you need! From your tone, it's still regarding Heaven."

Yang Yan said bluntly.

Chapter 940: Seven-Star Grass, Promise, Moonlight

For him, unless it was particularly difficult, he was absolutely quite willing to lend Satan a hand and strike Heaven down in passing.

"I need a kind of Holy Medicine from Heaven."

Satan said with firm determination:

"In return, we in Hell will unconditionally support all your upcoming actions, regardless of any cost."

True to his nature, Satan was very straightforward.

According to his meaning, it was equivalent to Yang Yan making a move once, in exchange for Hell becoming his vassal for a short period of time.

This indeed sounded like quite a good deal.

Even Yang Yan was very tempted.

"Holy Medicine from Heaven? How come I didn't know about it?"

Yang Yan raised his eyebrows and asked seriously.

Regarding matters of Heaven, he might not claim to understand them one hundred percent, but at the very least, he knew most of the important intel.

"Seven-Star Grass, actually, is something from your Huaxia."

"Initially taken by Heaven, it's unknown how long they have kept it, constantly unused."

"Few people know this news, and it's an event from long ago, almost forgotten by everyone."

"When I first got this information, I jotted it down, not expecting that someday it'd come in handy."

Seven-Star Grass, a healing Holy Medicine, when mature sprouts its seventh leaf, it's said that each leaf possesses miraculous properties to revive the dead and mend bones!

"Seven-Star Grass? I know a little about it. Didn't expect it to be Heaven's doing!"

Ao Tian beside them thought of something and let out a cold snort.

Yang Yan nodded, agreeing to Satan's request:

"Give me the precise location and, if possible, I want the most detailed intel."

"Of course, I can't guarantee one hundred percent success, so you must be mentally prepared."

"After all, it's been so long for the Seven-Star Grass, not sure if it still exists."

Saying this, Yang Yan's fingers methodically tapped the table, waiting for Satan's response.

Without much hesitation, Satan said directly:

"Don't worry, even if the Seven-Star Grass is gone, the promise I made will still hold."

Yang Yan gave Satan a deep look, nodding with satisfaction.

That's exactly what Yang Yan wanted from Satan.

To deal with Heaven, he indeed needed a strong ally.

Undoubtedly, Hell, having fought Heaven for millennia, was absolutely an excellent choice.

"I'll give you all the intel."

Saying this, Satan stood up and was about to fetch it personally.

Regarding his current powers, not even the closest subordinates were aware of a single detail.

Yang Yan and Ao Tian exchanged glances again, and began sipping coffee in their seats, waiting patiently.

During this, Yang Yan couldn't help but observe the surroundings.

This castle was vast, large enough to comfortably house several thousand people.

Such buildings were uncommon even in the west.

The entire castle exuded a stable, ancient aura, with famous paintings and antique swords scattered throughout.

For instance, Yang Yan was now looking at a sword hanging on the wall.

The sword lacked a sheath and was even without a blade.

The sword's surface was grayish and appeared dull, lacking any radiance.

This sword seemed not only quite ordinary, but also showed signs of rust, like an inferior item.

"What is this?"

Ao Tian also clearly noticed this sword.

Standing behind Yang Yan, he found himself somewhat entranced.

"This sword is not simple."

Yang Yan only looked for a while before coming to the conclusion of six words.

"What makes it not simple?"

Even though Ao Tian felt a mysterious power, in his eyes it seemed ordinary.

Certainly not worthy of Yang Yan's solemn attention.

Yang Yan chuckled lightly, raised his palm and spread it out, speaking to Ao Tian:

"Where's the Bone Saber?"

"Uh... What for?"

Ao Tian asked with some caution.

Regarding the newly acquired Bone Saber, Ao Tian was quite fond of it.

This Bone Saber, whose bone material was unknown, was exceptionally durable.

He even tested it with Yang Yan's Star Night, and Star Night could not sever the Bone Saber, only leaving faint traces.

Of course, Yang Yan felt it was because Star Night didn't unleash its full power in Ao Tian's hands.

If Yang Yan took action, that Bone Saber would also be insufficient.

"You don't believe it, do you?"

Yang Yan teased with a smile.

"I just don't believe. Why?"

Ao Tian lifted his head, looking at Yang Yan with a defiant gaze.

Yet he obediently took out the Bone Saber and tossed it to Yang Yan.

"You're the one who wanted to test it, don't regret it!"

Once Yang Yan finished speaking, he gave Ao Tian no chance to regret, and picked up the wall-mounted sword to strike it down hard.

"Poof!"

When the two blades met, instead of a sound of metal, it was more of a sound like cutting tofu.

"Clang!"

The Bone Saber broke, falling powerlessly to the floor with a thud.

Even Yang Yan raised his eyebrows in slight surprise, as this result exceeded his expectations.

As for Ao Tian, he was utterly stunned.

He stared wide-eyed and jaw-dropped at the half Bone Saber on the ground, taking quite a while to regain composure.

"My Cold Bone! Ah!"

This sword was named Cold Bone by Ao Tian, meaning the bone of the deceased.

Yang Yan glanced at the remaining half of the Bone Saber in his hand, gently uttering a few words:

"What a pity indeed!"

Even Yang Yan had to admit, this Bone Saber was actually quite good.

However, the long sword in his left hand, despite seeming rusty and dim, was much more insane.

"Cough, cough..."

At this moment, a cough suddenly echoed.

Satan unknowingly appeared behind the two.

Ao Tian turned around to look, discovering Satan holding a sealed document, standing slightly behind Yang Yan and him.

However, Satan looked at the long sword in Yang Yan's hand, his eyes distinctly showing a trace of desolation.

"This sword cannot leave the castle."

Yang Yan put down the Bone Saber, his gaze landing on the long sword in his hand, said thoughtfully.

"No wonder you're Moonlight, nothing escapes your keen eye."

Satan nodded, speaking with some emotion.

"What's this sword called?"

Yang Yan asked curiously.

"Moonlight."

Satan softly spoke two words.

Yang Yan nodded:

"Moonlight? Although it matches its appearance, it's still a pity, a pity."

Yang Yan said "What a pity" twice, leaving Satan speechless.

"Satan, your sword broke mine; you have to compensate me with this one."

Ao Tian beside them, having witnessed Moonlight's sharpness, suddenly blurted out.

No joke, such a sharp Divine Soldier for Ao Tian, even if by forceful means, he would stop at nothing to acquire it.

Now was the perfect time to make a move!

Satan remained silent, instead showing a helpless smile at Yang Yan.

Yang Yan also smiled, silently hanging Moonlight back on the wall.

He turned to receive the document from Satan, and sat down on the couch, ignoring Ao Tian entirely.