

Powerful 991

Chapter 991: So This Is an Emperor Realm Expert?

Boom!

Bang!

"Ruyan, be careful!"

When Yang Yan realized something was wrong and rushed over, he found that Gongsun Ruyan and Fu Changjian, who had initially sent him the message, were already mired in a bitter battle.

In the air, the situation was evidently three against two.

Below, there were hundreds of black-clad figures watching intently, yet not joining the fight.

It wasn't that they wanted to watch the spectacle; rather, in such a level of battle, they would simply be cannon fodder.

This was clearly Manhattan's major base in the Arctic.

One of Gongsun Ruyan's opponents was the familiar Gabriel.

However, her situation was really dire.

Even dealing with Gabriel alone was enough to give her a headache, and now there was a monster aiding Gabriel.

This monster, though possessing a human physique, had an extremely grotesque face.

Its eye sockets were very large, housing entirely white eyeballs.

Strangely enough, it had no nose or ears.

Its ten fingernails were incredibly long.

From time to time, wisps of black gas emerged from its body, swirling around.

"What is this monster?"

Yang Yan furrowed his brows.

Manhattan's antics are getting bigger!

A terrifying thought flashed through Yang Yan's mind.

He strongly suspected that this maniac, Manhattan, might have stolen some alien genes and conducted some insane experiment, creating such a monster.

Because on its body, Yang Yan detected a familiar yet strange aura.

Vaguely, it was somewhat similar to the death aura emanating from the aurora.

"King!"

Seeing Yang Yan and others suddenly appear, Gongsun Ruyan and Fu Changjian shouted joyfully.

Following Yang Yan's instructions, they hid their forms and auras upon discovering this base through the mutual induction of the Blood Ball.

They immediately sent a message to Yang Yan.

However, they didn't expect that in the end, they would still be discovered.

Moreover, three opponents emerged at once, all equally strong as them.

They had struggled until now, and their situation was extremely dangerous!

"Your king? Haha—ridiculous! Utterly ridiculous."

A contemptuous laugh came from Fu Changjian's opponent.

Fu Changjian was fighting against a slim black-clad man!

Being described as slim since this man's body was indeed much more slender than a woman's!

Especially when combined with that androgynous voice, without seeing the face, one could mistake him for a woman.

"Outrageous!"

How could Fu Changjian bear someone mocking Yang Yan before him? Angrily, he maximized the momentum of his sword.

Not only did his speed increase by thirty percent, but the power surged as each move surpassed the last.

A sinister smile appeared at the corner of the man's mouth, he suddenly retreated dozens of meters.

Then, he casually flicked his slightly long nails and slyly laughed:

"I was playing with you from the beginning, otherwise, do you think you could have lasted long under my hands?"

He turned to look at Yang Yan, provoked:

"Are you the Moonlight of the Four Emperors?"

"Courting death!!!"

Fu Changjian's face turned crimson from being ignored, and with a furious roar, the longsword in his hand transformed into a white streak slicing towards the man.

Fu Changjian's angry strike, rather than a slice, was more of a smash.

At this moment, Sass, behind Yang Yan, spoke up.

He pointed towards Fu Changjian and said solemnly:

"Your subordinate can't beat him; he's an Emperor Realm warrior."

"Emperor Realm?"

Yang Yan sneered cynically.

Being provoked was already infuriating, and what if he was Emperor Realm?

In the next moment, Sass, who didn't know, nodded and was about to speak when he realized Yang Yan had disappeared.

Simultaneously, Zhuge Wushuang acted, unexpectedly wielding his treasure sword to join the battle alongside Gongsun Ruyan.

Watching Yang Yan, who charged down with Star Night, Zhuge Wushuang couldn't help but give a wry smile and murmured to himself:

"Indeed! Although it's Emperor Realm, it can't beat a monster like you..."

The seemingly carefree and sly smiling man in black, having expended substantial effort to completely absorb Fu Changjian's strike, suddenly sensed a tremendous crisis.

"Who?!"

A roar instantly escaped his mouth.

"I'm your grandpa!"

As the words sounded, Yang Yan had appeared beside him and mercilessly slashed down.

Sneak attack?

In anger, the man didn't have time to speak; in this moment, he focused his mind, holding the knife before him defensively.

Boom!

Yang Yan's casual blow was too much for him to fully resist even with full defense.

Blood sprayed extensively across the sky; the man staggering back hundreds of meters before crashing to the ground, leaving a deep crater.

Upon closer observation, he seemed to have lost consciousness!

"Is this the so-called Emperor Realm warrior?"

Yang Yan smiled coldly.

He seemed entirely surprised by the apparent weakness of the Emperor Realm warrior.

Sass, at the far edge of the battle, opened his eyes wide at the scene.

"I underestimated you, too... too violent!"

Yang Yan eliminated one immediately, with Zhuge Wushuang, a purely offensive reinforcement joining, relieving Gongsun Ruyan's pressure drastically.

Her silver teeth grit, angrily glaring at Gabriel:

"Gabriel, you won't escape today!"

Gabriel sneered, disdainfully replying:

"Your behavior is inappropriate, you best wake up soon!"

She had clearly seen Yang Yan knocking the slender man flying, yet showed no concern, her expression flat as water.

After speaking, her mouth opened wide in astonishment.

"Die!"

After dealing with the slender man, Yang Yan targeted Gabriel.

Star Night violently shook in his hand, emitting a radiant glow.

"Moonlight Emperor, you want to kill me?"

As Gabriel spoke, she already withdrew, fleeing backwards.

Yang Yan caught up to Gabriel, his eyes sinisterly smiling:

"Not just you!"

"No way!"

Realizing she was at a disadvantage, knowing it was her time to flee.

However, her escape direction surprised even Yang Yan.

It was...

Running backwards?!

The direction led precisely to where the slender man had fallen!

"Laughable! You don't think just the two of you can stop me, do you?"

Yang Yan laughed, a biting cold gleam flashing through his eyes.

Enduring his strike, the slender man appeared significantly wounded.

Unexpectedly, he was already climbing back up.

Moreover, glaring at Yang Yan with boundless resentment.

Gabriel landed beside the slender man, sternly asking:

"Lord Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch, how come your strength hasn't recovered yet?"

The slender man angrily looked at her, almost roaring:

"How foolish are you? Crossing that barrier's drain isn't easily recoverable."

Chapter 992: Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch

Gabriel, the ace force of the Blazing Angels, was actually shouted down by a man.

"Treating a woman like this, isn't it a bit too insensitive?"

Yang Yan walked in the sky, quickly arriving above the two men's heads.

"What do you think you are? Once my strength is restored, I'll suppress you with a flip of my hand!"

The effeminate man was already enraged, and now he rudely confronted Yang Yan.

"Boom!!!"

"Bang!!!"

The light moved so fast it was impossible to catch with the naked eye.

Everyone only saw Yang Yan's figure lean downwards.

Afterwards, Yang Yan was already on the ground.

In front of him, in the spot where the effeminate man was standing, appeared a bottomless pit!

Yang Yan held Star Night in his hand, squinting slightly, and looked down contemptuously.

"You think you can suppress me with a flip of your hand? I'll flip my hand and destroy you now!"

Yang Yan didn't know how long it had been since he'd been so provoked.

As one of the top-tier existences, Moonlight Yang Yan had his own pride, absolutely intolerant of provocation.

Rumble!

The sound of falling boulders echoed as the ground shook violently.

Following that, a humanoid shadow soared into the sky.

A closer look, wasn't it that effeminate man? Who else could it be?

However, he looked extremely miserable at the moment.

His previously intact right arm had completely vanished, and the fingers of his left hand were filled with split wounds.

Blood had soaked layer upon layer of his black clothing, drenched with blood.

It turned out that while the man was chattering away below, Yang Yan had already charged down with Star Night.

And he had no intention of avoiding it, planning to take Yang Yan head-on.

He gripped the blade with both hands and forcefully took the full brunt of Yang Yan's attack power.

He managed to block it, but the cost was heavy injury.

Including the right arm that couldn't withstand the pressure and exploded.

Yang Yan slightly raised his head, lifted Star Night, pointed the blade at the man, and chuckled lightly, his eyes full of ridicule.

"You might not know, but everyone who boasts in front of me must pay the price."

The battle happening on Yang Yan's side had long since attracted the attention of Gongsun Ruyan's opponent.

It was a monstrously ugly humanoid creature.

Seeing the effeminate man hurt, it let out a piercing scream, forcibly retreating from the entanglement with Gongsun Ruyan and Zhuge Wushuang, withdrawing from the battlefield.

After successfully breaking free from the entanglement, it took off into the sky, rapidly charging at Yang Yan.

"Demon Monarch, my lord!"

The creature's voice was piercing, but the words were still quite clear.

It looked fiercely at Yang Yan:

"Scoundrel! How dare you harm the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch?!"

This time Yang Yan finally understood; this creature was actually female?

"Ugly creature, you care so much for this guy, you must be female."

Yang Yan swung Star Night behind his shoulder, full of sarcasm.

"You!"

The creature was obviously a lot more sensible than that Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch.

Or perhaps because it saw how heavily the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch was injured, even if angered, it dared not speak disrespectfully, let alone take the initiative to attack.

After reaching the side of the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch, it supported his only left shoulder, asking concernedly:

"Demon Monarch, are you alright?"

"Get lost!"

The Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch evidently felt greatly humiliated, forcefully swung his left hand, pushing it several meters back.

Yang Yan laughed heartily:

"That creature, don't make the Demon Monarch too angry, or if he gets mad, he might transform you again."

"Kid, you're too arrogant."

The Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch, dragging his broken body, floated in mid-air, standing opposite Yang Yan.

In his eyes, two groups of jumping black flames burned intensely, capturing souls.

Following that, strands of black mist began to appear from his body.

Seeing this scene, Yang Yan's gaze sharpened.

These gases gave him an immense sense of threat.

"Demon Race! It's the Demon Race!"

Sass, watching from behind, suddenly shouted out excitedly.

He was afraid Yang Yan didn't know the terror of the Demon Race.

"Demon Race?"

Yang Yan sneered, lightly uttering a few words:

"Even so, you must die!"

He couldn't see what this so-called Demon Race was doing, but he knew he had to strike first!

Yang Yan's figure suddenly flickered, disappearing so fast that even his afterimage lingered.

Reappearing, he was already in front of the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch.

Yang Yan kicked powerfully, but the supposed unsuspecting Demon Monarch's body suddenly shifted sideways, dodging it!

Roar!

The Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch soared into the sky, the black gas around him growing more intense.

The black energy didn't disperse outward, instead tightly surrounding his body.

The broken body swiftly recovered!

"Kid, you think you can kill me? How laughable!"

The Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch stared at Yang Yan from above, speaking dismissively.

If Yang Yan had previously attacked out of anger, now, he felt the intent to kill!

"Do I need to report to you to kill? Ridiculous! Lend me your head!"

Yang Yan laughed twice before rushing forward with renewed speed.

"Inferior human, ant-like being, I'm someone you cannot kill."

The Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch laughed heartily.

As Yang Yan chased again, the Demon Monarch suddenly vanished, appearing ten meters away and continued to retreat swiftly.

Meanwhile, within him, black energy erupted like a volcano, constantly emerging.

Looking at him now, his original appearance was unrecognizable.

His whole body was enveloped in dense black gas.

"Hey! Darting around is one thing, but hiding your head and showing your tail is quite another. As a Demon Monarch, are you planning to play hide and seek with me?"

Seeing the Demon Monarch unwilling to fight him, Yang Yan charged towards the ground holding Star Night.

The target was that undefined, monstrous creature.

"Ah!"

The sharp shriek pierced Yang Yan's eardrums, the creature turned and fled.

This fellow was quite smart, not even contemplating trying to block Yang Yan's strike.

Yet, its strength and speed could never match Yang Yan's!

"Slash——"

Star Night slashed downwards, forcibly carving a huge gash on the creature's body before him.

The green liquid that sprayed out frightened Yang Yan into an immediate retreat.

The stuff might be poisonous, but more importantly, it was repulsive!

"Being ugly is one thing, but knowingly ugly and still scaring people, that's your fault."

Yang Yan disdainfully swung Star Night, quickly flinging away the green liquid stuck on the blade.

Unfortunately, the creature could no longer answer Yang Yan.

Before it hit the ground, it gave the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch a deep look then fell heavily.

This time it was truly silent.

Chapter 993: Kid, You're Too Arrogant!

"You dare kill my servant! Fine, very well!"

The Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch was clearly extremely agitated, yet upon witnessing this scene, he laughed instead of getting angry.

At that moment, the black aura around him gradually dissipated, revealing his unchanged appearance.

Even the right arm that Yang Yan had destroyed appeared once again!

"Are you really of the Demon Race?"

Yang Yan scrutinized the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch from head to toe, asking with some curiosity.

This bizarre scene left Yang Yan somewhat astonished.

Such potent regenerative abilities, no wonder it evoked such a strong reaction from Sass.

"Now you know fear, but it's too late!"

The Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch stretched his right hand toward the direction of the creature's deceased body.

A black vortex began to form in the palm of his right hand.

As the creature's body came into contact with the black mist, it began to wither rapidly.

Strands of black aura emanated from it, rushing towards the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch immediately.

Only when the body ceased emitting the black aura did the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch retract his hand in satisfaction, closing his eyes with a look of enjoyment.

Yang Yan watched the entire process from the side, his gaze growing even more profound.

He knew this was likely a method of absorbing the energy of others to enhance his power or heal himself.

Sure enough, a demon is a demon!

Always fond of such wicked methods.

"I know you are of the Demon Race, and I also know you have deep ties with those foreign individuals from the Exotic Realm."

"However, running into me today is your bad luck. My Star Night is just eager to taste the flavor of your blood!"

Yang Yan sneered at him, once again raising his Star Night, speaking slowly:

"Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch, right? I'm giving you a chance to live!"

"Kill all these people, then kneel and call me master, accept the Soul Contract, and I'll reluctantly consider sparing your life, how about it?"

"Moonlight Emperor, you're dreaming!"

The Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch hadn't even responded when Gabriel, who was hiding aside, changed her expression and shouted sternly.

"Oh oh! You're still alive! Sorry, almost forgot about you."

Yang Yan said casually, as if Gabriel's presence didn't matter at all to him.

Being so ignored by Yang Yan, Gabriel almost spat blood in anger.

Could it be that she, the proud leader of the Blazing Angel Legion, was deemed as insignificant as cannon fodder?

"You too, of course, there's an additional condition, spend the night with me, how about it? I think your figure is quite decent, and your face is, well, just passable."

Seeing Gabriel's face turn livid, Yang Yan couldn't help but continue with his cheeky smile.

As he spoke, his gaze deliberately roamed up and down Gabriel's body.

Hearing this, Gongsun Ruyan and the others behind Yang Yan were slightly taken aback, then exchanged glances and smiled helplessly.

It seemed Yang Yan was naturally blessed with luck in romance, never lacking women around him.

But the most important thing was that this guy acted like an emotional idiot, utterly clueless about wooing women.

Otherwise, Gongsun Ruyan, Mu Qingcheng, and Zhuge Wushuang would not still be single.

Even when the three tried to express their feelings to Yang Yan, he would always dodge with jokes or slither away.

Gabriel understood Yang Yan to some extent, knowing of course that he was deliberately provoking her.

Even so, being teased like this, she, the dignified leader of the Blazing Angels, couldn't help but fume with anger.

"Kid! You're too arrogant!"

The Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch gritted his teeth, speaking from the sidelines.

"What's the matter?"

Yang Yan finally managed to redirect his gaze from Gabriel's ample chest, turning his head with some bewilderment toward the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch, sneering as he said:

"Could it be... you also have your sights set on this old woman, Gabriel?"

This nearly made Gabriel faint on the spot.

This guy is simply too outrageous!

"No matter who you are, I want you dead!"

The demonic aura surrounding the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch once again intensified, releasing like a tangible force.

Raising his right hand, a black, flickering flame appeared instantly on his palm.

This flame carried a devouring power that burned everything, greedily scorching the air.

In an instant, the eternal ice around them melted swiftly, and the frigid air turned scorching.

Though Yang Yan's face didn't change, he was secretly on guard.

Anyone could see that this flame was no simple thing.

Getting caught in it inadvertently would certainly result in a heavy loss.

"Go!"

With a commanding shout, the flame hovering over the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch's palm shot toward Yang Yan.

This small flame, upon leaving the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch's palm, expanded with the wind.

In an instant, it transformed into a fiery net, rapidly enveloping Yang Yan.

Knowing well its potency, Yang Yan had no intention of confronting this fiery net.

The moment the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch attacked, Yang Yan had already pivoted, retreating swiftly, maintaining a certain distance from the flame.

Only after the flame dissipated did Yang Yan suddenly stop, grinning at the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch:

"Demon Monarch, Demon Monarch, as a man, I am responsibly telling you, you're not up to it!"

"So, don't get any ideas about this old woman."

Missing his strike and being taunted again by Yang Yan, the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch's face turned livid with a surge of teeth-clenching.

He snorted coldly, ignoring Yang Yan's comments, and turned to look at Gongsun Ruyan, Zhuge Wushuang, and Fu Changjian.

Though the aura of these three wasn't weak, they seemed easier to handle than Yang Yan in his eyes!

With that thought, the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch hesitated no more, flashing in shape and charging toward the three.

His speed at that moment increased by another margin over before.

"You sinister creature, who told you to flee in front of me!"

Seeing the direction of his attack, how could Yang Yan not discern his intention?

He was not one to watch his subordinates get slain before him by an enemy, not hesitating even for a moment, he directly intervened.

Gongsun Ruyan and the other two realized this person was hard to provoke, all urgently utilizing their body techniques to leap back several hundred meters.

By then, Yang Yan had also caught up.

The sharp tearing sound of the air came from the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch's rear, as flames appeared out of the air.

The sight resembled Yang Yan's sharp blade slicing through the atmosphere.

In reality, the air couldn't hinder his Star Night even a bit.

The Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch's expression drastically changed, hastily turning his head.

The scene before him left him utterly terrified!

The white blade light seemed to become the only color existing between heaven and earth.

That cold glint, carrying an infinite sense of danger, magnified continuously in his eyes.

Having already experienced Yang Yan's attacks, the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch felt a tremor in his heart and mind, instinctively wanting to dodge.

"Ah!"

By then, it was too late to flee.

Resolved, the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch gritted his teeth, extending his right hand to block Yang Yan's assault.

Swish!

Along with a piercing whistle, his sharp talon-like fingers emitted a mysterious black glow.

Crackle... Crackle...

Strands of black demonic aura covered it, a vast mass of demonic energy abruptly rising, enveloping the whole of the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch's right hand.

Chapter 994: Search

Boom!

"Ah!!!"

Amidst the violent explosion, a tragic scream echoed across the sky.

A myriad of blood flowers, intertwined with strands of black demonic qi, fell from the sky.

The blood that landed on the ground seemed to have a corrosive effect, quickly eroding patches of land into small pits.

The Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch escaped, transforming into a dark light and disappearing into the vast sky.

This guy's escape speed was indeed top-notch.

However, Yang Yan's Star Night once again destroyed the right hand of the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch.

Although this time Yang Yan felt some resistance, the outcome was still the same.

The Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch fled with his tattered body, while Gabriel and the hundreds of men in black stared wide-eyed, incredulous at the scene before them.

Compared to the likes of Yang Yan, Paradise barely had any high-end combat power.

Now that another one has fled, how can they fight?!

"Moonlight, you will regret this very soon!"

Gabriel uttered a harsh threat but knew this place was not where she could linger long, she quickly retreated.

The ever-ready Gongsun Ruyan certainly wouldn't let her get away so easily.

She shouted sweetly, drew her sword charging forward, shouting:

"Who allowed you to leave?!"

Gabriel spat blood in fury.

Was her strength that weak? Even Yang Yan's subordinates dared speak to her this way!

Suddenly, light burst from Gabriel, her white six wings spread wide, and her speed increased more than double.

Gongsun Ruyan chased after her but soon returned angrily, casting a suspicious glance at Yang Yan:

"Why didn't you pursue her and let her get away?"

"It's fine. Let her run! Don't chase a cornered enemy."

Yang Yan smiled indifferently, speaking lightly.

Seeing the change in Gongsun Ruyan's expression and Zhuge Wushuang looking at him strangely, Yang Yan finally realized.

The two women, did they really think he had any interest in Gabriel?

Thus, he straightened his expression and adopted the demeanor of the Moonlight Emperor, saying calmly:

"Hurry and deal with those below. There's still important business to attend to."

As he spoke, he pointed to the battlefield below.

This statement was not only directed at Gongsun Ruyan.

Zhuge Wushuang, who was initially stunned, also snapped out of it, following Fu Changjian's steps, plunging into the black-clad men on the ground.

Though the hundreds of black-clad men's strength was enhanced by special methods, they were no match for Yang Yan's powerful Ten Swords.

Under the combined assault of Gongsun Ruyan and her companions, these men were completely unable to resist, left at their mercy.

In the span of merely one cigarette, hundreds of corpses lay scattered across the ground.

"King."

Until the last person fell straight and stiff, the three of them sheathed their swords, standing before Yang Yan.

"Are all the people here?"

Yang Yan maintained the demeanor of the Moonlight Emperor, calmly asking.

"Yes, we found this on that monster."

Fu Changjian didn't hesitate, flipping his right hand to reveal a scarlet blood ball.

This he had forced himself to search out from that monster's body.

However, this blood ball was only half.

"What the hell is this?"

Yang Yan couldn't help but widen his eyes, saying incredulously.

These were obvious signs of being used...

"The Demon Race is indeed the Demon Race! The energy within the blood ball has been assimilated and absorbed."

"It seems that monster's strength was insufficient to absorb it entirely, leaving half behind!"

Elder Sass suddenly spoke loudly from behind.

Yang Yan turned his gaze, his expression undecided.

Such things were useless for the average person, but once in the hands of the Demon Race, they would immediately convert into pure energy absorbable by them.

"You say half a blood ball could create that monster's entire strength?"

Yang Yan pondered for a moment, unsure, and asked Elder Sass.

Sass gently shook his head:

"No, that monster should only possess ordinary sect-level strength."

"But after absorbing the blood ball, it reached the higher sect levels, at least above seventh level!"

Sass appeared somewhat excited, pointing at the half blood ball in Yang Yan's hand, continuing:

"If it had absorbed it completely and refined it fully, it could perhaps reach the pinnacle of sect-level or even break into the Emperor Realm!"

"This thing is considered Heavenly Materials and Earthly Treasures for the Demon Race! Once possessed, it allows a qualitative leap."

Yang Yan nodded thoughtfully:

"I see, that's indeed a pity."

He said while carefully inspecting the blood ball in his hand.

Unfortunately, only the Demon Race could absorb this, otherwise his Absolute Armament, Eight Hundred Celestial Mist Dao, and three thousand Liuyun Crowd would make a qualitative leap.

"So, that so-called Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch relied on this to reach Emperor Realm strength?"

"Manhattan's arrangements in the Arctic... were for the Demon Race? What exactly is this guy trying to do!"

Yang Yan's thoughts grew clearer.

Sass suddenly interrupted, saying:

"No, that Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch already had Emperor Realm strength."

"Moreover, I could see he had severe injuries within his body, unresolved issues."

"If he recovers fully, he'll likely possess mid-level Emperor Realm strength."

"If he absorbs another blood ball, directly reaching the pinnacle of Emperor Realm or even stepping into the next level isn't impossible!"

Yang Yan furrowed his brows and asked:

"Can a demon devour only one blood ball in a lifetime?"

Sass nodded:

"Theoretically, yes. But for safety, you'd better take away all the remaining blood balls, otherwise they remain threats."

Yang Yan nodded:

"I'm aware of this. Search!"

Yang Yan left these words, first rushing to the ground.

Zhuge Wushuang and others naturally followed closely.

All the people at this base were already dead.

The arrays within were also completely destroyed, thus, the search initiated by Yang Yan and his companions faced no obstacles.

Within this large base, Yang Yan and his crew turned everything over but did not find any more blood balls.

The blood ball in Yang Yan's hand also did not sense the slightest related aura.

"King."

After completing the search and reaching the surface, both Zhuge Wushuang and Gongsun Ruyan approached Yang Yan.

"What's the matter?"

Yang Yan asked quietly.

But then saw another blood ball in Ruyan's hand.

Yang Yan initially thought the two women had found one, yet suddenly felt this blood ball seemed familiar?

"King, we just sensed through this blood ball that the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch and Gabriel each carries one of these."

Gongsun Ruyan said, handing the blood ball to Yang Yan.

Her meaning was clear, the remaining two blood balls were in the hands of the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch and Gabriel, carried closely by them.

Chapter 995: Ao Tian's Crisis

Yang Yan frowned as he took the blood ball, suspiciously saying:

"I can understand Gabriel, but isn't the Nine Nether Demon Lord foolish not to absorb it to heal and increase his strength?"

Gongsun Ruyan and Zhuge Wushuang exchanged looks, unsure how to answer, and could only instinctively shake their heads to indicate they also did not understand.

"The Nine Nether Demon Lord certainly won't use it!"

Sass sneered as he spoke.

He flapped the wings on his back, approaching Yang Yan, with the Angel Halo still atop his head.

This appearance had an indescribable sense of humor.

"If the blood ball were used by the Nine Nether Demon Lord for healing, it would be completely wasted. How could the Nine Nether Demon Lord be willing?"

"Moreover, the self-healing talent of the Demon Race is well-known throughout the world. His injuries are severe, but it just needs a bit of time to heal."

Although Sass's appearance might be humorous, no one felt like laughing at the moment.

"If you don't want another great enemy, you must find him quickly, as soon as possible!"

"Kill him before he recovers from his injuries! Otherwise, the consequences will be endless."

Yang Yan sneered contemptuously:

"A great enemy? He's not qualified for that! I'm more worried that he'll successfully contact those extraterrestrial allies, forming an inside and outside collusion."

"By then, I'm afraid there will be big trouble."

Yang Yan put the blood ball away, eyes darkening, and coldly said:

"But if he's left alone, he's a scourge too. The next time we meet, just kill him directly!"

While speaking, Yang Yan had already left with the three of them, Zhuge Wushuang included.

Sass chuckled bitterly twice but immediately followed.

He had come to understand this guy's temperament.

He was decisive, acting on his thoughts immediately, like a complete egomaniac.

Yet, one must admit, he indeed had the strength to back it up!

Yang Yan and his group returned to the east to continue their search, now with Gongsun Ruyan and Fu Changjian added to the team.

Not sending anyone else out clearly reflected Yang Yan's thoughts.

He feared the two might encounter another ambush from the experts of the heaven faction.

This time they were lucky, with timely support, avoiding a crisis.

There might not be a next time.

The most crucial thing was learning that the heaven faction was actually in contact with the Demon Race, and possibly those vigilant extraterrestrials too; Yang Yan dared not let them take risks.

There had been no news from Ao Tian's side.

Yet Yang Yan wasn't worried.

With Ao Tian's strength, no matter the situation, there shouldn't be any potential threat to life.

However, this time Yang Yan was mistaken.

At this very moment, the situation with Ao Tian was not looking optimistic.

Unknowingly, he had already fallen into unknown danger!

It wasn't that Ao Tian didn't want to send a message to Yang Yan, but in such a ghastly place, his Divine Thought was completely blocked, preventing him from contacting Yang Yan!

"Damn it! This accursed place!"

Ao Tian swung his knife to slice a rapidly emerging black shadow in half.

A closer look revealed it was a snake.

Except this snake was unusual, with no flesh and blood whatsoever!

After being slain by Ao Tian, its body immediately transformed into wisps of black smoke, disappearing in an instant.

Ao Tian observed closely and discovered the black smoke didn't disappear; it was absorbed by the ground!

"Damn, how could my luck be this great?"

Ao Tian appeared quite helpless.

He looked up at his current environment, and his eyes darkened involuntarily.

Initially, he had only entered a cave, thinking he might find something interesting.

Unexpectedly, this cave was pitch-black, even with his abilities, he could barely make out some vague outlines.

Above him were large cavities.

Between these cavities were thin and long stone strips, connecting them like a giant spider's web.

Further observation showed no visible end, an immense and unfathomable cave.

Occasionally, he would step on bones, not knowing if they belonged to animals or humans.

But he felt they were more likely remnants of some creatures.

The material was incomparably hard, and several times nearly pierced through his foot.

That alone would just add some horror.

But since the first attack, the constant sneaky attacks made even the fearsome Ao Tian increasingly apprehensive.

Strictly speaking, the creatures here weren't strong defensively, a single slash from Ao Tian could dispatch them.

But their attacks could still pose a threat to him.

Therefore, Ao Tian couldn't simply rely on defense to ignore them.

Additionally, these creatures' assaults were always soundless; Ao Tian remained constantly on alert.

Long-term tension in such an entirely dark, absolutely silent environment was truly exhausting.

Ao Tian originally intended to break through the obstructions with his absolute power and reunite with Yang Yan.

But when he decided to return, he was shocked to find that this murky space obscured his vision and concealed distant objects.

He realized he was lost!

Those dead entities attacking him were actually demonic qi incarnations, right?

The space was filled with thin demonic qi, obstructing my sight.

What on earth is this cursed place, and why is it here?

After realizing he couldn't find his way out, Ao Tian did his utmost to focus his vision and simultaneously release his Divine Thought to capture any suspicious traces around him.

Soon, he truly did find some clues.

This place turned out to be a Demon Cave!

The Demon Race had been gone for who knew how many years, and he stumbled upon it just like that.

While contemplating how to deal with the predicament, Ao Tian suddenly heard the trickling sound of spring water.

Upon locating the source, he was horrified to find himself stepping into a Blood Spring.

Numerous spiteful human faces floated above the Blood Spring.

"Damn!"

Ao Tian cursed, a blade of light flashed in his hand, fiercely stabbing into one of the faces.

Just venting his frustration, yet unexpectedly, as the blade went down, he suddenly felt the world spinning around him.

Waking up again, he found himself in a completely unfamiliar environment.

At this time, Yang Yan was utterly unaware of Ao Tian's crisis.

Led by Sass, their group quickly closed in on their destination.

It had to be said that Manhattan truly valued the Dusk Race.

These captives were hidden in an extremely secretive location, with the environment altered using Secret Techniques, making it very difficult to detect their presence.

However, Manhattan had overlooked one thing.

The Dusk elder Sass he thought was dead had actually survived, saved by Yang Yan.

With the special sensing among the Dusk Race people, Yang Yan finally reached this place.

It was a vast expanse of continuous ice mountains, seemingly with nothing unusual about them.

Yet, upon close observation, the arrangement of these ice mountains revealed a highly regular pattern to Yang Yan, who was versed in Feng Shui Array Techniques.

What seemed like nature's masterpiece was actually the result of the builder's ingenious design.

It was simply breathtaking.

Chapter 996: Before Any of This Begins, You Shall Die First!!!

On the outermost side, four towering ice mountains stood to the left, and four to the right.

Further inwards, eighteen ice mountains were arranged in a bizarre formation.

At the center of these ice mountains was an empty, expansive basin, flat and open.

From a high angle, the basin appeared clean and transparent, like a clear mirror without a hint of impurity.

The arrival of Yang Yan and his group seemed to go unnoticed by anyone.

However, just as Yang Yan was about to lead his group into the cluster of ice mountains, there was a booming sound, the ground trembled, and a barrier appeared out of thin air.

Blood-streaked light swiftly flowed within, securely enveloping these ice mountains.

A massive force was abruptly unleashed, nearly injuring Gongsun Ruyan and the others.

It was Yang Yan who constructed a barrier that managed to counteract it.

Nonetheless, Yang Yan and the others were pushed back several dozen steps.

Sass stared blankly at the scene before him, completely unable to believe his eyes.

"Haha! Moonlight, we finally meet again."

Before the figure of Manhattan appeared, his voice suddenly exploded in the air.

As the words faded, several silhouettes suddenly appeared suspended in the air opposite.

Manhattan was in front, and behind him were the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch and Gabriel, who had been recently driven away by Yang Yan.

However, the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch looked exceptionally pale, seemingly not having recovered from his injuries.

Behind the three were a dense crowd of people.

All their bodies were shrouded in black robes, their faces completely obscured.

Around them, layers upon layers of black Demonic Qi emanated, exuding an imposing aura.

"Moonlight, no need to look. Everything is under my control."

"This world is about to completely fall and run according to my will!"

"Hahaha! I am the ultimate winner, the final victor! And you, Moonlight Yang Yan, ultimately cannot reverse the tide and stop any of this!"

Manhattan looked arrogantly at Yang Yan, appearing to be utterly confident of victory.

His strength was inferior to Yang Yan's, but at this moment, he was not afraid of him at all.

"Bastard! Hurry up and hand over my Dusk Race's clan leader and elder!"

Upon seeing Manhattan, Sass could no longer hold back and roared at him in fury.

Yang Yan did not speak; he stood quietly on the side, arms crossed, watching the scene with interest.

Manhattan scanned Sass up and down a few times, unable to recognize who he was.

It was Gabriel, who had personally tortured Sass in the past, who recognized him at once and exclaimed in disbelief:

"It's you! That overconfident elder of the Dusk Race. You... weren't you already dead?"

Sass grinned, clenching his teeth and said:

"That's right, I was dead! But the ancestors of my Dusk Race in the Underworld would not let me die!"

"So, I came back to life to seek revenge on you villains!"

"So, it was you!"

Manhattan finally recognized Sass, the Dusk elder he had once pressured.

Originally planning to force submission through coercion, he hadn't expected this guy to be such tough prey, refusing to yield even unto death.

In anger, Manhattan simply let Gabriel deal with him as an example.

At the time, he was certain the old man was dead beyond dead, and casually had someone bury him somewhere.

Unexpectedly, here Sass stood alive once again before him...

"Well, well! To think your Dusk Race has such a capability, truly a surprise!"

Manhattan seemed to suddenly understand something, excitedly standing in mid-air pointing at Sass:

"If I could uncover your secret, wouldn't I be able to achieve immortality?! Haha! This is wonderful, truly wonderful!"

Being an experimental fanatic, Manhattan had a mad obsession with such research.

Now that he knew the Dusk Race had such a miraculous ability, he wouldn't let it slip by.

"Don't even think about it!"

Sass's old face flushed red as he held his tongue for a long moment, only managing to squeeze out this single sentence.

"Hmph!"

Manhattan merely sneered, his eyes full of disdain.

Their strengths weren't even on the same level. No matter how frenzied Sass became, Manhattan remained unmoved.

Manhattan slowly turned his head to look at Yang Yan, revealing a seemingly benevolent smile:

"Moonlight, you still have time to consider whether to stand by my side."

"I assure you, when the new era arrives, you can still stand atop this land."

Internally, Yang Yan was disdainful, but outwardly he feigned interest and said:

"Alright, Doctor, I suppose you have something to back such a promise?"

For a moment, Manhattan didn't quite catch on.

Thinking Yang Yan was genuinely tempted, he laughed heartily.

"Moonlight, let me not hide from you. The Demon Race's seal is about to be broken by me."

"And fortunately, a branch of the Demon Race that roamed during Ancient Times has returned with new allies from beyond the realm."

"This world is about to be ruled by the Demon Race. The tide of history is inevitable."

"And I, Manhattan, quoting your Eastern saying, 'The wise person adapts to the times', can conveniently become one of the rulers."

"Moonlight, if not now to choose cooperating with me to carve out a new realm, then when?"

"You have seen the power of the Demon Race; with our human strength now, it's impossible to stop any of this!"

Manhattan spoke with heavy concern.

In his view, everything was proceeding as planned.

As long as Yang Yan agreed, things would progress more smoothly.

"So, beside you is a Celestial Demon from beyond the realm?"

Upon hearing about the seal and the external Celestial Demons, Yang Yan felt some disturbance within.

All along, this barrier was sealed by the Heavenly Dao. Unexpectedly, Manhattan and these external demons conspired inwardly, successfully breaching it.

Yet, given Yang Yan's strong Heart Power, outwardly he remained unchanged.

"Yes, this Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch, alongside other Celestial Demon experts, managed to penetrate the barrier set by the Heavenly Dao and arrive here."

"There will be a continuous influx of Demon Race coming. Humanity will be forced to submit and be transformed into members of the Demon Race."

"Haha! As always, the tide of history cannot be resisted, and this world is about to change."

Manhattan hovered in mid-air, laughing madly, and beneath his once radiant body, a faint black mist subtly rose.

"So, you haven't truly opened the barrier set by the Heavenly Dao yet."

Yang Yan's lips curled slightly, his tone slightly teasing:

"In that case, before any of this begins, you can go to your grave!!!"

Before the words completely left his mouth, Yang Yan descended from the sky. With a flash of radiance, Star Night had already appeared in his hand.

The blade, infinitely thin, shone like starlight, gleaming with cold luminescence as it tore through the air towards Manhattan and the others.

Chapter 997: Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch's Lifebound Demon Flame

"Boom!"

The massive halo surrounding them trembled fiercely after forcibly enduring Yang Yan's strike.

Manhattan stared at the scene in shock, his mind blank.

This was the barrier he believed to be invincible!

He had expended countless resources and time, secretly constructing the array in the Arctic, all for this very moment.

How could this happen?!

As the light screen quaked like breaking ice, fragments began to fall from the barrier.

"No! This is impossible! Absolutely impossible!"

Manhattan widened his eyes, shouting hoarsely, unable to believe the sight before him.

"Demon Monarch! Quick! Stop him! Stop him!"

Manhattan pointed at the advancing Yang Yan and shrieked, while he hurriedly retreated in fear.

The Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch appeared reluctant.

He knew the terror of Yang Yan.

Yet, Manhattan was crucial to the Demon Race's plans and couldn't die—at least not yet.

Especially now, the Celestial Demons desperately needed his cooperation.

Otherwise, breaking through the Heavenly Dao Barrier with their power would inevitably take more time and cost.

They could wait no longer.

"Damn!"

Seeing Yang Yan charging forward, the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch gritted his teeth and met him head-on.

Manhattan's face changed drastically as he quickly retreated.

The Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch, shrouded in demonic energy, recklessly charged at Yang Yan, which caught him off guard.

It seemed the Demon Race highly valued Manhattan.

In an instant, Yang Yan's killing intent intensified.

If that was the case, he'd ensure Manhattan was left behind today!

"Hehe! Defeated opponent, haven't I hurt you enough?"

Yang Yan sneered, mocking.

Last time, he had accidentally let the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch escape, vowing next time to kill him outright.

Unexpectedly, they met quickly, and without fear, the Demon Monarch charged in, leaving Yang Yan not holding back.

"Insignificant human, if my power weren't compromised, you wouldn't dare be so arrogant!"

The Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch jumped in rage, his right fist carrying tremendous force.

Boom!

A mass of demonic energy tore through the air, crashing towards Yang Yan with violent momentum.

Yang Yan remained unmoved, standing his ground.

Only when the Demon Monarch's fist was close did Yang Yan swiftly strike back.

Incredibly fast, outpacing the opponent!

Boom!

Two mighty forces collided, and a sound like a nuclear explosion echoed in the air.

"Kill!!!"

At this moment, Manhattan's densely packed troops began an all-out charge.

Gongsun Ruyan and others glanced at the sky battle and rushed forward to join the fray.

Only Sass stood at the rear, anxiously watching the clash between Yang Yan and the Demon Monarch.

After the strike, Yang Yan stood his ground, not taking a step back.

Meanwhile, Nine Netherworld had flown back hundreds of meters, stopping now.

Demonic energy surged around him, healing the damaged body.

Yang Yan pointed at the Demon Monarch, raised his eyebrows, and said disdainfully:

"Your Demon Race really is like an unkillable cockroach, your self-healing ability is strong."

The Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch didn't understand what cockroach meant, but he sensed the ridicule in Yang Yan's words.

Gritting his teeth, he suddenly smiled at Yang Yan:

"You're not feeling well now, are you? Insignificant human, succumb to the Demon Race's assimilation! I'll torment you later!"

"Hmm?"

Yang Yan's eyes flickered with confusion.

Suddenly, Sass's voice echoed loudly from the rear:

"Yang Yan! The demonic energy has entered your body. If you don't find a way to expel it quickly, you might be slowly assimilated!"

What the heck?

Though Yang Yan didn't quite understand, he quickly checked his body's condition.

When he punched earlier, the demonic energy on the Demon Monarch's fist seemed to halve upon contact.

Did it enter his body?

"I'll help you!"

Sass gestured, sending a sacred white light into Yang Yan's body.

The white light illuminated Yang Yan internally, faintly radiating outward.

"What's this?"

The Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch's face darkened intensely.

He stared at Sass, his gaze sharp with hatred, wishing to tear him apart.

Sass remained unfazed.

He had absolute faith in Yang Yan.

Though the Demon Race was formidable, the Demon Monarch was badly injured now, unable to exert his full power, hardly a threat.

Indeed, under the sacred light's illumination, the black demonic energy had nowhere to hide.

Yang Yan noticed the two energies battling within his body, fiercely consuming one another.

However, the dark demonic energy was evidently at a disadvantage, slowly dissipating.

With a target, Yang Yan wasn't idle.

Concentrating his mind, he wrapped the demonic energy within his own power, forcibly expelling it.

After completing this, Yang Yan smiled back at Sass:

"Elder Sass, just for this gesture, I'll definitely save the Dusk Race."

Upon hearing Yang Yan's words, Sass was visibly moved, promptly shouting:

"Moonlight Emperor, even ordinary members of the Dusk Race can perform this!"

Yang Yan was delighted by Sass's response.

Squinting, he again fixed his gaze on the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch with amusement.

In an instant, a cat-and-mouse atmosphere started to spread across the scene.

"Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch, should I kill you, or capture you to interrogate for information on the Demon Race?"

Yang Yan said with a smile.

"Boy, you dream!"

The Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch trembled and roared.

Simultaneously, he swung his right hand, a massive black fireball emitting scorching brilliance appeared out of thin air.

"Yang Yan, be careful! It's the Demon Race's Lifebound Demon Flame! He's gone mad!"

Sass reacted in shock, urgently warning.

Fearing Yang Yan might confront it head-on.

"Lifebound Demon Flame?"

Before Yang Yan could grasp its meaning, the flame rapidly closed in.

Standing still, the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch's face turned pale.

His demeanor weakened, no longer resembling a mighty figure.

Yet, the Demon Monarch laughed brazenly.

Especially as the flame neared Yang Yan, his laughter grew more wild.

Yang Yan was ready to slice the so-called Demon Flame apart.

"Bang!!!"

The flame seemed to have a mind of its own, exploding suddenly before Yang Yan.

Chapter 998: Kill

Sass stood in place, dumbfounded, muttering to himself:

"It's over, it's all over, it's all over now..."

The Lifebound Demon Flame is the concentrated energy and half the potential abilities of the Demon Race, with unimaginable lethality.

However, using it will cause the Demon Race to drop several realms in power, making it a mutually destructive ability.

The enormous noise attracted everyone's attention.

Whether it was Gongsun Ruyan and the others or the hundreds of subordinates on Manhattan's side, all eyes were fixed on the explosion.

Gongsun Ruyan and the others clearly saw the danger, the hand holding the sword trembling incessantly.

Zhuge Wushuang was the fastest to react, charging forward instantly, with his Longsword aimed directly at the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch.

"Seeking death!!"

The Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch shouted fiercely, and demonic qi surged from his body.

"Wushuang!"

Yang Yan's voice suddenly rang out, though it seemed ethereal:

"This head is mine to take!"

Zhuge Wushuang abruptly halted, casting a somewhat suspicious glance in Yang Yan's direction.

Yang Yan appeared all in black, his clothes no longer in sight.

He looked a bit disheveled, but seemed unharmed.

"You're doomed."

Yang Yan looked at the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch, who was in shock, and pronounced each word clearly.

In a brief moment, the Demon Monarch's shock turned to fear.

He no longer hesitated, transforming into a cloud of black mist, hastily fleeing!

Manhattan was important, but his life was even more so!

As the advance troop of the Demon Race, he was the first to break through the Heavenly Dao Barrier and reach Earth, indicating the extraordinary status of the Demon Monarch.

However, crossing the Heavenly Dao Barrier had cost him dearly.

Now, even if he fled with all his might, his speed was just average to Yang Yan.

Yang Yan raised his right hand, and Star Night slashed down fiercely.

Whoosh!

A blade that was visible to the naked eye whizzed out, chasing after the fleeing Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch at incomparable speed.

Slash!

The cloak on the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch immediately split in two.

Then, a massive wound appeared from top to bottom.

White, ghastly bones and his abdomen were exposed to the air.

A torrential rain of blood began to fall, drenching dozens of Manhattan's subordinates below.

The Demon Monarch stayed momentarily in the air for a few seconds, mouth agape as if to speak.

Finally, he just slightly opened his mouth, unwillingly glancing at the sky before his body heavily crashed down.

"Star Night——"

Yang Yan looked at the knife in his hand and smiled wanly.

Only then did Zhuge Wushuang notice that Yang Yan's face was somewhat pale, his complexion changing as he immediately rushed forward.

"It's nothing."

Yang Yan lifted his head to glance at the nearby Zhuge Wushuang, forcing a difficult smile.

"Sigh——"

Sass sighed heavily, sitting cross-legged in mid-air, uttering strangely pronounced words as if chanting something.

Meanwhile, he slowly raised his right hand, and a white light whistled out, striking Yang Yan accurately and enveloping him swiftly.

The injuries in Yang Yan's body began to heal rapidly at a visible pace, his aura becoming increasingly stable.

A moment later, Sass withdrew his hand, falling powerlessly from the sky.

"You!"

Zhuge Wushuang saw Yang Yan's injuries improving, but Sass had stopped, turning in mild anger.

She happened to see Sass falling and was about to rush to help.

But Yang Yan's speed was much faster than hers.

In an instant, he disappeared from his original spot, appearing beside Sass and catching him firmly.

He then floated gently to the ground, carefully placing the nearly unconscious Sass.

"The Dusk Race truly lives up to its reputation; I'm already more than halfway recovered."

Yang Yan said with a smile.

Elder Sass, now drenched in sweat, sat weakly on the ground with a bitter smile:

"Moonlight Emperor, I've done my best. With injuries like yours, without heavenly materials and earthly treasures or long-term recuperation, it's hard to recover fully."

To be honest, Sass was filled with immense astonishment towards Yang Yan.

Living for so many years, it was his first time knowing someone could survive the Lifebound Demon Flame of the Demon Race.

Moreover, the gap between them wasn't vast, both being in the Emperor Realm.

Even knowing the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch was grievously injured, the Lifebound Demon Flame was still formidable, and Yang Yan enduring it indicated his strength.

"How long until you fully recover?"

Yang Yan could see that Sass had exhausted much effort in aiding him, and couldn't help but ask out of concern.

Though Sass had his reasons, hoping Yang Yan might help save the Dusk Race with full strength, a favor is a favor, and Yang Yan remembered it.

"About a few days for full recovery."

Sass weakly waved a hand, indicating he was fine.

"That's good."

Yang Yan nodded and turned back to the battlefield.

Gongsun Ruyan and Fu Changjian seemed stimulated, completely ignoring defense and engaging in frenzied slaughter.

After confirming Yang Yan was alright, Zhuge Wushuang hesitated a bit but then re-entered the battlefield.

These hundreds were definitely Manhattan's elite troops.

Each individual's prowess was formidable even outside, at least SSS-level battle strength.

The black aura emanating from them showed they had undergone special augmentation.

Precisely for this reason, Yang Yan and his side felt no qualms.

Sass had already warned that once tainted by demonic qi, these people's demon nature would only grow worse.

Eventually, they'd fully demonize, turning into machines of slaughter.

However, the Ten Swords under Yang Yan, having fully liberated their strength, were all top-notch existences.

Especially now, with three swords combined, the so-called elite seemed utterly vulnerable.

"Kill!"

"Kill!"

"Kill!!!"

The final shout came from Yang Yan, his energy the greatest.

With Yang Yan's participation, the battlefield became a one-sided massacre.

Once the dust settled, Yang Yan sheathed his blade, standing silently.

By then, he was dressed in new clothes, his complexion returning to normal.

Fu Changjian and his two companions, swords in hand, silently followed behind Yang Yan.

Judging by their aura, they were like unsheathed swords, chilling and glimmering!

"Manhattan, will you come out yourself or do I have to destroy everything here?"

Yang Yan stood there quietly, then gave a slight smile.

In his perception, he couldn't detect any presence.

No wonder Manhattan had appeared so confident before; he had to admit there was something eerie about this place.

Nonetheless, he continuously observed the situation, secretly releasing his Divine Sense to seal the area.

If anyone attempted to leave, he would definitely know.

After a full minute of silence, Yang Yan's powerful Divine Sense had nearly turned the place upside down, yet he found nothing.

From start to finish, Manhattan showed no reaction.

"If that's how it is, then I'll just destroy the place and be done with it."

Chapter 999: The Demon King Descends

As Yang Yan's words fell, the Star Night began to tremble slightly in his hand.

Immediately, a murderous intent filled the air, and the brilliance of the Star Night burst forth.

"Moonlight!"

A sudden shout rang out, and a barely perceptible smile appeared at the corner of Yang Yan's mouth.

In the next moment, the innermost iceberg suddenly trembled violently and cracked open with a crunch.

As the crack widened, dozens of figures emerged from it.

They were not humans but creatures with fierce and terrifying appearances.

At the back were several grim-looking figures dressed in black.

These individuals were cloaked in black capes, with masks covering their mouths and noses.

Each one carried a long sword box on their back.

These sword boxes were carved from Sea Bone, etched with intricate patterns.

Finally, there was Manhattan himself, serious and stern.

He was enveloped further in demonic Qi, his right hand clenched into a fist with rage.

At this moment, he didn't even have the inclination to say another word to Yang Yan.

Moonlight Yang Yan had destroyed his plan that could be considered great!

"Manhattan, you've finally come out. I thought you planned to go down with it all!"

Yang Yan said with a cheerful smile.

"Moonlight, what do you want?"

Manhattan asked through gritted teeth.

Unexpectedly, Yang Yan grinned, raised two fingers, and said nonchalantly:

"You now have two choices: one, hand over the Dusk Race, and I'll give you a chance to escape!"

"Or two, I'll kill you and find them myself. Make up your mind fast, I'm short on time!"

Facing such arrogance from Yang Yan, Manhattan clenched his teeth tightly, his eyes turning red.

But after less than ten seconds of eye contact with Yang Yan, he suddenly seemed deflated, speaking with a negotiating tone:

"Moonlight, you should know that everyone has their trump cards."

"You've already killed the Demon Race's messenger Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch, how about we make a concession?"

When it came to trump cards, Yang Yan indeed felt a slight twinge of apprehension.

Just now, Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch's essentially suicidal strike had indeed caused him significant trauma.

If it weren't for Sass helping to heal him slightly, his strength might have dropped to half of its peak level right now.

Even now, he could only exert up to seventy percent of his combat power.

Yang Yan remained expressionless, coldly said:

"Make a concession? Fine! Hand over the Dusk Race, and I'll take my people and leave."

This was Yang Yan's compromise.

Originally, he only intended to offer Manhattan a chance to flee for his life.

But now, it had changed to rescuing people and then leaving with them.

This wasn't because Yang Yan lacked principles, but it was initially just a negotiation strategy.

Moreover, deep down in Yang Yan's heart, he genuinely wanted to spare Manhattan for now.

If he were to finish him off here directly, clues regarding the Demon Race's invasion would most likely be severed.

The invasion of Earth by the Demon Race was evidently aimed at being inevitable, with no possibility of stopping.

If one Manhattan died, there would be a second and third.

Rather than this, it was better to keep his life temporarily.

After all, there would be plenty of opportunities to kill him in the future, and one day, all debts, old and new, could be settled together.

"Moonlight, you're being too much!"

As a figure of high authority on the heavenly side, Manhattan naturally had his pride.

He looked at Yang Yan with anger, yet he could do nothing.

The disparity in strength between the two sides was obvious.

"Then what do you want?"

Yang Yan said with a radiant smile:

"I'm giving you two minutes to think. If you don't have an answer in two minutes, I'll take action."

With that, Yang Yan fell silent, holding the Star Night while standing there, closing his eyes.

Manhattan stopped saying anything, looking down as if pondering something.

The two minutes quickly passed.

Yang Yan opened his eyes again, then slowly raised the Star Night, pointing the tip of the blade at Manhattan and asked:

"So, what's it going to be?"

Before Manhattan could respond, anomalies suddenly erupted in the sky.

A patch of black cloud suddenly covered everyone's head.

Then, the sky began to surge like the ocean.

Whoosh!

A massive vortex began to spin into view for all the spectators.

The overwhelming aura pressed down suddenly, causing even Yang Yan to feel a moment of suffocation.

Though it was just a brief moment, Yang Yan's expression had already changed dramatically.

What on earth is this?

"Haha... Hahaha!"

Manhattan started to laugh heartily at this moment, his laughter filled with madness.

"It's here, it really came again!"

Manhattan exclaimed hysterically:

"Moonlight, I succeeded once again, I succeeded!"

"How about this time? It's not a Demon Monarch! It's a super powerhouse at the Demon King level!"

"Demon King?"

Yang Yan scoffed outwardly, but in his mind, a thousand thoughts raced:

"So you were stalling for time? Fine, then I'll shatter your hope with my own hands, and see what face you'll put on next!"

As soon as Yang Yan's words fell, Celestial Thunder immediately rumbled in the sky with lightning flashing.

Rumble!

The gigantic vortex emitted a dull roar.

Bang!!!

Subsequently, an explosive sound rang out, and a yellow figure suddenly emerged from the vortex, then darted out like a lightning bolt.

The moment the figure fully appeared in the sky, the black clouds that filled the sky retreated rapidly as if the tide ebbed away.

And that vortex had already vanished without a trace in the earlier moments, as if it had never appeared.

All returned to tranquility.

Upon closer inspection, it was found that the figure was surrounded by flames; it wasn't some fiery red clothing!

Whoosh...

The dark shadow opened its mouth and began to devour violently.

The flames covering its body were completely swallowed up without a trace.

Only at this moment could everyone see its appearance clearly.

It wore no clothes, but had scales that shone with strange luster all over its body.

Its facial features were somewhat human-like, but it had a pair of dark pointed horns on top of its head.

Demon Race!

Yang Yan's eyes narrowed, his power coursing around him, ready to strike at any moment.

This demon exuded a dangerous aura, with a face full of exhaustion, but the cruelty on its face was undiminished.

It looked around at everyone, then slowly asked:

"Who is Manhattan?"

Its voice was hoarse, like a sharp weapon scraping glass, especially piercing.

"Master, it's me!"

Manhattan's joy was almost overflowing.

As soon as the demon spoke, Manhattan opened his right hand, and a Blood Ball appeared, said with utmost respect:

"Honorable Demon King, please consume this Blood Pill, it can significantly heal your injuries."

Seeing this, Yang Yan suddenly understood something.

So those sacrifices Manhattan prepared yielded Blood Balls for this purpose.

"Give it here."

The demon referred to as the Demon King opened its hand without hesitation, and the Blood Pill immediately floated away from Manhattan's control, slowly drifting toward the demon.

"Although I was escorted by experts of my clan, breaking through the barrier caused considerable injury, this Blood Pill can indeed lend me great aid."

The demon looked quite satisfied, its expression full of excitement.

Chapter 1000: Damn! They Ran?

"Did you take my things without my permission?"

At this moment, Yang Yan suddenly rushed out, moving so fast that the Demon Race was unable to respond.

The Blood Pill that should have belonged to him was immediately snatched by Yang Hu, tightly held in his hand.

"Pathetic human, are you looking for death?"

The Demon Race did not attack immediately, but stared fiercely at Yang Yan.

However, the violent aura surged on its body, seemingly ready to strike at any moment.

Manhattan had long harbored a deep-seated hatred for Yang Yan, and now having a powerful ally, he shouted immediately:

"Sir, this person is the peak existence of this small world. Today, he somehow found this place and killed the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch!"

"Nine Netherworld is dead?"

The Demon Race paused, then looked at Yang Yan with a sinister smile:

"Good, good! You've actually killed that Nine Netherworld guy, excellent, truly excellent!"

"However, I'm not like that worthless Nine Netherworld! Dying at the hands of a human is truly laughable!"

"Don't get too happy too soon. The first transmission was just a test, you know? That's why Nine Netherworld was sent over, understand?"

Yang Yan waved the Blood Pill in his hand dismissively, sneering as he said:

"You old monster, being ugly is one thing, but bragging in front of me is your mistake!"

"You're only a little stronger than that Nine Netherworld guy, why act all mighty?"

Yang Yan's somewhat crude remarks immediately elicited a burst of laughter.

Especially from Zhuge Wushuang and Gongsun Ruyan, two women behind him.

They laughed until their bodies shook with mirth.

However, Yang Yan was indeed correct; the Demon Lord's current condition was similar to that of the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch.

The Heavenly Dao Barrier is the ultimate barrier of this earth-bound world.

Crossing it naturally demands a heavy price.

Previously, the Nine Netherworld Demon Monarch had some time to recuperate; this current Demon King had just appeared.

But after he consumes the Blood Pill, things would be different.

"Kid, how dare you compare me to that useless Nine Netherworld!"

The Demon Race's sandbag-sized fists clenched tightly, roaring:

"Remember my name, I am the Sand King!"

"Fool King?"

Yang Yan froze for a moment, then said with a smile:

"Indeed quite foolish. It fits perfectly!"

The Sand King almost coughed out blood in rage.

In his fury, he no longer wasted words, a flash of cold light appeared, and a long weapon emerged in his hand.

It was a black long whip filled with a murderous aura, and lightning crackled along it incessantly.

Especially, this whip, whatever material it was made from, had spikes like steel needles densely embedded across it.

How much flesh would this weapon tear off once it strikes a person?

"Fool King, won't you recover your injuries before fighting me?"

Yang Yan asked with a smirk, fiddling with the Blood Ball in his hand.

"Ignorant kid, do you wish to die at my hands so badly?!"

The Sand King was completely enraged, and swung the long whip with a piercing sound, smashing it towards Yang Yan fiercely.

Clang!

The sudden sound of weapons clashing rang out, a fierce flame suddenly appeared in front of Yang Yan.

The Sand King's furious attack was effortlessly blocked by him.

Instantly, a chill surged into the Sand King's heart.

The Sand King's expression flickered uncertainly, and he quietly retracted his weapon.

If someone familiar with him were here, they would know at a glance that the Sand King was planning to flee!

The Sand King was never truly a qualified member of the Demon Race.

All Demon Race members who have interacted with him are well aware that this guy is utterly deceptive, never to be fooled by his appearance.

In fact, his character is completely opposite to the viciousness he portrays.

After retracting the horrifying long whip, the Sand King glanced at Manhattan with a subtle look.

Manhattan was also dumbfounded.

"Is there anything left unhandled here?" The Sand King appeared calm and collected.

Manhattan clearly did not see him as being like Nine Netherworld; Nine Netherworld beside Manhattan appeared as a subordinate, while the Sand King now played more of a commanding role.

Manhattan didn't understand why the Sand King asked this question, but still replied:

"I've handled everything."

The Sand King nodded satisfactorily:

"That's good."

Yang Yan was still perplexed by this random conversation when the Sand King suddenly waved his hand.

In an instant, all of Manhattan's black-clad men and those dozens of monsters were collected into a long sleeve.

The Sand King smiled at the somewhat astonished Yang Yan, then turned and rushed towards Manhattan, grabbing him.

Then...

He fled?!

Yang Yan's shocked face immediately transformed into disbelief.

What the hell?!

For a moment, he truly found it hard to describe his feelings.

"Wang, why did they... run?"

Zhuge Wushuang asked with perplexity as she stood behind Yang Yan.

That so-called Sand King was acting so arrogant just moments ago!

And in terms of strength, he hadn't even fallen behind.

Yet he fled so suddenly? It was truly baffling.

"Let them run, I didn't plan on keeping him anyway."

Yang Yan finally came to his senses at this moment, shrugging indifferently.

Actually, only Yang Yan and Sass knew that his current strength was not enough to keep the Sand King and Manhattan.

If these two decided to escape together, Yang Yan would just be wasting effort trying to stop them.

Perhaps even forcing them into a desperate situation would lead to his own peril.

Now that the Sand King had fled with his group, it was actually a good thing for Yang Yan.

"This time, rescuing the Dusk Race is enough to achieve our goal, anything else is nonessential, no need to force it."

Yang Yan waved his hand, moving beside Sass.

This guy was still sitting on the ground at this moment, frowning with a puzzled expression.

"Sass, we're preparing to rescue your Clan Leader, why do you still have that look?"

Yang Yan asked with some confusion.

"Moonlight, something seems wrong."

Sass raised his head, eyes full of bitterness as he spoke:

"I can no longer sense the presence of the Clan Leader and the others."

"Previously, I could still feel it here, but it suddenly began to weaken until it vanished without a trace."

"At first, I thought it was my own problem. Until just now, all the presence disappeared as if it never existed!"

"I can't sense it at all! Not a bit!"

Yang Yan's eyes widened in disbelief as he asked:

"What?!"

Immediately, he gathered his senses and released his full Divine Sense.

In an instant, a terrifying Divine Sense enveloped several icebergs, searching inch by inch like a carpet.

Yet, it was the same as before.

Yang Yan's Divine Sense was blocked, unable to detect anything.

"Turn the mountains!"

Yang Yan roared with rage, charging at the mountains first, directly using Star Night to slice several icebergs.

Whether it was within or beneath the icebergs, or into the hidden Underground Palace.

No, no, and still no!

Finally, it was Gongsun Ruyan who found a clue.