

Carefree 1011

Chapter 1011: Crisis

“There are no magical powers or spiritual techniques in this world. Only martial arts reigns supreme!

“And in all of martial arts, the strongest are Martial Dao True Intents!”

In theory, this was a strength that only Connate perfection martial artists could master. Once mastered, they would no longer fear lower-level attacks.

After all, after mastering the power of intent, it was equivalent to using magical powers and spiritual techniques against ordinary people. The difference in strength was just too immense.

However, because comprehending intent was difficult, even the spirit could undergo damage if you were not careful. ‘Sheer Cold Dive Formula’ had countless reminders to not even try to comprehend the snowflake pattern without being at peak Connate.

“According to the secret history of the Pugilistic World, there were a few geniuses that successfully comprehended intent when they were still at the intermediate Connate realm. They were peerless afterward.”

Fang Yuan looked at the snowflake pattern, and his eyes grew brighter and brighter. “This snowflake pattern has a portion of the nomological rules of cold! Is this intent?”

The so-called intent was actually a minor Great Dao, an external representation of nomological power.

This world had been difficult to deal with because it was a mix of reality and fantasy, merging a dream world with another world. All the Great Daos had changed correspondingly, and he did not know where to start.

However, Fang Yuan discovered that Martial Dao True Intents were the extension of nomological power!

“Once I comprehend more intents, I will be able to touch the Heavenly Dao of this world... and thus break through the seal!”

His eyes grew even brighter as he found the way to break through the dream world.

While pondering, the snowflake pattern became even clearer in his eyes.

The temperature in the room plummeted, and even a layer of frost appeared on the surrounding vases.

“Sheer Cold Intent!”

Fang Yuan opened his eyes, and a glimmer of white frost seemed to flash in his eyes. He raised his hand. “After comprehending intent, it serves as a complement to martial arts. Although my strength has not increased, the effectiveness in dealing with enemies has more than doubled... Of course, the most important thing is that I’ll have no bottlenecks when cultivating the Sheer Cold Divine Formula to the perfection stage. Once my cultivation power reaches the required amount, I can increase my level!

“Of course, the comprehension of intent has different levels as well. This is the difference between martial artists at the perfection stage.”

Fang Yuan roughly estimated his strength. "With my current strength, Acquired and initial Connate martial artists would be courting death if they fought me. Even those at intermediate Connate would be no match for me. As for those at peak Connate, although they have much more cultivation power than me, I'd be able to protect myself."

This kind of strength was enough to enter the 'Martial Roll'.

However, Fang Yuan did not look the least bit delighted.

This bit of achievement was nothing to a Demon God who had dominated numerous worlds.

"Furthermore, the attack of the world should be coming soon!"

This kind of attack was similar to the backlash of providence. It would not be a direct attack like a bolt of lightning, but it would instead be more like a guidance of everything toward the worst possible outcome.

To ordinary people in this world, this was a terrifying matter. It would be like having death staring at you all the time.

Furthermore, this misfortune would spread!

"Young Master! Young Master!"

Urgent knocking came from outside.

Fang Yuan frowned slightly and ended his training.

If ordinary experts encountered interruptions during training, it would range from having their mind disturbed to cultivation deviation!

He opened the door and saw Zhang Long with a face full of anxiety. "What happened? Didn't I order that no one was to disturb me when I'm training?"

"Reporting to Young Master!" Zhang Long swallowed, feeling that the young master was more majestic than usual. "Something terrible happened. Madam is seriously injured!"

"Oh, take me to her!"

Fang Yuan's expression was calm. He knew that the backlash of the world had come.

Naturally, madam did not refer to his wife but to Fang Tianhan's wife, Fang Xu's mother, Jiang Lanxin.

Speaking of which, this madam had the title of Fire Phoenix Fairy when she was young and had been a famous heroine of the Pugilistic World.

After arriving in a courtyard, Fang Yuan saw the personal maid of Jiang Lanxin. He immediately asked, "What happened?"

"Reporting to Young Master!" A man who looked like an old servant knelt on the floor. "Master and Madam were sightseeing on Mount Sky Pillar and found a thousand-year Cold Heart Vine that was about

to mature. It is very precious, and they wanted to obtain it for Young Master. However, Demon Sect experts attacked them. Master is trapped, while Madam managed to escape. But she was poisoned, and her breath is shallow. I am useless...”

Sure enough... is this the backlash? Fang Yuan sneered in his heart. “Take me to her!”

Inside the bedroom, a beautiful middle-aged woman was lying on the bed. Her forehead was black, obviously poisoned by an extremely formidable poison.

He sat at the bedside and asked, “Which Demon Sect expert is besieging my father?”

“The one in conflict with Master is the Demon Sect’s grand guardian, Poison Fire Demon Lord Sun Yan!”

The most powerful in the Demon Sect was the Unparalleled Demon Emperor, who dominated the Pugilistic World. He seemed to hold the title of the world’s first expert.

Immediately below the Unparalleled Demon Emperor was the vice sect master and the grand guardian. The Poison Fire Demon Lord ranked twenty-seventh on the Martial Roll, above Fang Tianhan.

“Reporting!” Zhao Hu, Zhang Long’s sworn brother, came in running and knelt on one knee. “Young Master... bad news, I heard the elders convened a meeting and relieved Master of his position as sect master!”

Everyone’s expression changed upon hearing the news.

“When it rains, it pours!” Fang Yuan sneered.

Naturally, there were power struggles within the Noble Mountain Sect, as well as different factions.

Of course, Fang Tianhan had used his perfection-stage cultivation to dominate over everyone, and no one dared to rebel against him.

As a result, those in the sect master’s faction behaved arrogantly, causing a lot of resentment. Fang Xu had been the worst offender.

Now that Fang Tianhan was trapped and would likely die, and the Fire Phoenix Fairy was poisoned, they started their attack immediately.

“Grand Elder Zhang Hanzhen! Great, awesome!”

A cold light flashed in Fang Yuan’s eyes.

If it had been the original Fang Xu, there was no question that this was a critical situation, a fatal situation!

The only way to stay alive would have been to escape immediately. And even then, there was no guarantee that he would survive!

With my current cultivation, I could certainly escape. But I can’t do that! Fang Yuan sighed in his heart.

His predecessor, Fang Xu, owed a lot of karma here, so how could he just leave?

Perhaps everything in this dream world was illusory, but at times it was hard to differentiate between reality and fantasy. Who knew if this was not a trap to prevent Fang Yuan from unraveling the dream world by putting kinship and regret in the way?

Therefore, he had to resolve this.

Fang Yuan stepped forward, held Jiang Xinlan's wrist, and slowly channeled a stream of inner force into her.

"Fire poison? So the culprit really is the Poison Fire Demon Lord."

His eyes flashed with a layer of frost, and the power of cold True Primordial Qi started circulating quickly along his meridians.

The power of cold ice was the natural nemesis of poison fire.

"Oh!" Before long, Jiang Xinlan groaned on the bed and woke up.

"Madam!" Everyone, including the maid Xiao Mei, the old servant, and even the Long-Hu brothers, was overjoyed. "You're finally awake?"

"Tianhan?" Jiang Xinlan mumbled. She was well aware that she had been poisoned by the poison palm of the Poison Fire Demon Lord, and in the entire Noble Mountain Sect, only Fang Tianhan had the ability to suppress the poison using the inner force of supreme cold.

"No... the sect master is still trapped. It was Young Master who saved you!"

"Xu'er? Impossible!" Jiang Xinlan's eyes became clear, but she was still extremely weak. "Tianhan... i-is at Eagle End Peak. He should be able to endure for a period of time using the geographical advantage. Hurry up and seek help from the experts on the Martial Roll!"

After saying a few sentences, she immediately lost consciousness.

"No need to be alarmed. Madam has expended much of her vitality and needs to rest..."

The old servant checked her pulse and looked at Fang Yuan full of disbelief. "Young Master... your inner force?"

"Stay here. I will be back soon!" Fang Yuan did not say much and immediately left.

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Noble Mountain Sect, main discussion hall.

"Grand Elder... How could you do this, giving no way out for the sect master?" said a voice filled with grief and anger. "The sect master is only under siege. He might still be alive."

"He's facing the grand guardian of the Demon Sect. The Poison Fire Demon Lord is a perfection-stage expert. Most of us are only at the intermediate stage. How could we fight him? As for asking outsiders for help, is there anyone on the Martial Roll who would be willing to make enemies of the Demon Sect for our sake?"

The aged voice said confidently, “Fang Tianhan is definitely dead. There is no use thinking about it any further. Moreover, when he was the sect master, his behavior was atrocious, and we have suffered for a long time. We should elect a new sect master!”

“So... who do you have in mind?” Fang Yuan arrived outside the hall and sneered when he heard the grand elder’s words. He strode inside.

“Young Master!” An elder in his thirties immediately greeted. “Th-they...”

He was already choking on his words.

Fang Yuan looked at these elders and sighed in his heart. Rats leaving a sinking ship!

When Fang Tianhan was around, they treated him with respect and courtesy, but now there was only enmity and indifference!

Only Xu Yu, who had been raised by Fang Tianhan, had a shred of loyalty.

“Fang Xu, why are you here?” One of the elders frowned when he saw Fang Yuan.

He was the grand elder of the Noble Mountain Sect, ‘Zhang Zhenhan’. He was the most senior in the Noble Mountain Sect and had already reached intermediate Connate, only one step away from reaching the peak stage.

“I’m also at the Connate realm, so why can’t I come here?” Fang Yuan smiled as he took a step forward.

“The sect master isn’t dead yet. Are you trying to revolt?”

Many elders turned pale upon hearing the question.

“Hmph. Revolt? That’s right, we’re revolting!” The grand elder was hostile. “You father and son have done countless ill deeds in the Noble Mountain Sect. Today, this is karma and appropriate retribution!”

“Is that so?” Fang Yuan shook his head. “How forgetful of you, Grand Elder. Just three months ago, your grandson killed the beloved son of the head of the Smooth-Sailing Express on the streets. It was the sect master who shouldered the consequences on your behalf. As for you, Elder Sun, you are responsible for the procurement of goods for the sect. I believe you’ve embezzled no less than fifty thousand tales of silver in total, right?”

“And you... you...”

After he casually mentioned the misdeeds of a few elders, whose faces were all flushed with embarrassment, they shouted angrily, “What a bunch of nonsense!”

Chapter 1012: Suppress

All the Noble Mountain Sect’s elders held high positions and put on a sanctimonious act.

They would go through hell before admitting anything.

Of those that Fang Yuan accused, some flushed red with embarrassment, while others shouted in desperation. “Enough! Fang Xu, you have always acted arrogant and disrespectful. Now, you’ve gone

even further and slandered the elders. I fear... there is no longer a place for you in the Noble Mountain Sect."

"Oh? Are you going to expel me?"

Fang Yuan disregarded the anxious Xu Yu nearby. He said leisurely, "According to the sect regulations, concrete evidence and the approval of over half of the elders are required for the expulsion of someone at the Connate realm, right?"

"You are notorious for your misdeeds. We are all witnesses!" Zhang Hanzhen was the first to stand out. "I propose expelling this treacherous disciple from the sect."

"I agree with the grand elder!" Elder Sun, who had been accused by Fang Yuan of embezzlement, was the second to jump out. "Slandering your seniors. You have another crime to your name. I think we should cripple your martial arts."

"That's right. Cripple his martial arts!"

"Everything he learned was from the Noble Mountain Sect. Since he is being expelled, he should naturally return them!"

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More elders soon joined them, and the headcount exceeded half.

Fang Yuan looked at them carefully and found that Elder Zhang, who had sided with the Fang Tianhan faction before, was the most eager of them. Traitors were truly detestable.

As for Xu Yu and a few other neutral Elders, they remained silent and unable to overturn the situation.

"Very good. That's over half of the elders. What else do you have to say, Fang Xu?" Zhang Hanzhen stepped forward triumphantly. "Hurry up and kneel down. Sincerely accept your punishment."

"Ha!"

Suddenly, a white sword appeared before Fang Yuan.

It was Xu Yu!

He held his sword and stood between Fang Xu and the elders, looking determined. "Fang Xu, hurry and leave. Don't ever return!"

"Xu Yu, how dare you go against the elders' decision and cover for the traitor. Looks like there's no place for you here either!"

Zhang Hanzhen's expression grew pale as he suddenly unleashed a wave of astonishing chill from his hands.

This was the Noble Mountain Sect's most powerful secret technique after the Sheer Cold Divine Formula, Black Ice Palm!

Without Fang Tianhan here, Zhang Hanzhen was the Noble Mountain Sect's strongest with his intermediate Connate cultivation and the Black Ice Palm!

There was absolutely no way for Xu Yu to win with his initial Connate cultivation, not to mention that there were so many other Connate elders ready to help Zhang Hanzhen.

"This is enough, Xu Yu. Step back for now!" Fang Yuan placed his right hand on Xu Yu's shoulder. The terrifying power instantly made Xu Yu step aside, shocking him. "You... your inner force!"

"Bastard, how dare you pit yourself against me!" Zhang Hanzhen narrowed his eyes slightly before sneering. "Where's your Drizzle Sword?"

"There is no need for the sword to deal with you!"

Fang Yuan stepped forward and shot out his right palm.

"Ha! Black Ice Palm!" Zhang Hanzhen yelled. Ice covered his hands. Clearly, he was using his peak power, wanting to kill Fang Yuan with one attack.

Smack!

The two palms collided, and a figure flew out, knocking into a red pillar and shaking the entire hall.

"Pft... Impossible!" Zhang Hanzhen coughed out a blood mist that turned into ice midair, his face filled with disbelief. "Sheer... Sheer Cold Intent?!"

"What?" The expressions of the elders immediately changed.

"Fang Xu has comprehended the ultimate intent of the Sheer Cold Divine Formula? How is this possible? He is only at initial Connate!"

"Although there have been devilish geniuses in history who mastered intent before the perfection stage, they were at least at the intermediate stage!"

"This brat is horrifying. He's basically already reserved a seat at the perfection stage in the future! There won't be any bottlenecks on his way to Connate perfection!"

...

After comprehending an intent, one's inner force would undergo qualitative change. Although it was still at an initial Connate amount, its power was dramatically superior to the past.

Fang Yuan withdrew his palm and stood proudly. "You treacherous bunch. I suspect that Zhang Hanzhen is the Demon Sect's spy! Otherwise, why would he so urgently want to cut off my father's way out?"

"Fang Xu, you slanderer!"

Of course, they could never admit such accusations. A lapdog of the grand elder faction jumped out.

"Everyone, attack!"

"Haha... Sheer Cold!"

The color of white frost flashed in Fang Yuan's eyes, and the surrounding temperature plummeted. It was as though they had arrived in a world of ice and snow in an instant.

Swoosh!

His body shifted, creating many illusionary images across the entire hall.

Bang!

Bang!

Elders were struck down by palm attacks, collapsing onto the floor with pale faces.

Although the Sheer Cold Divine Formula was already powerful, Fang Yuan's Marital Dao experience offset its weaknesses, pushing the technique to a whole new level.

At least, the execution of the moves had already reached a point where there was nothing to improve.

Coupled with the Sheer Cold Intent pressure, there was no chance of retaliating for anyone below peak Connate.

By the time Fang Yuan stopped, a layer of white mist had shrouded the entire hall. With the exception of Xu Yu and a few other neutral elders, everyone had collapsed.

He had suppressed an entire sect alone!

Fang Tianhan had done the same before, which was why he did not take these elders seriously.

Fang Yuan had the same mentality.

In this world, strength still dominated! Upon reaching Connate, one would be fearless in the face of group attacks to a certain extent.

After comprehending intent, the strength of one person could suppress an entire sect! Just as Fang Yuan had done.

"Genius! As expected of the top genius on the Hidden Dragon Roll... Your strength is enough for the Martial Roll now, right?"

Zhang Hanzhen leaned against a pillar and said aggrievedly, "You hid your strength really deeply!"

"Why would I want to enter the Martial Roll just to place last?" Fang Yuan naturally needed to find an excuse for hiding his strength. "I will only enter the Martial Roll if I can place in the top ten!"

The top ten of the Martial Roll had all surpassed the Connate realm, stepping into another god-like realm.

"All right. Since you've colluded with the Demon Sect, I will carry out the sect regulations and send you to the afterlife!"

Fang Yuan moved in front of Zhang Hanzhen.

Regardless of if he really did collude with the Demon Sect, his fate was already sealed.

The victors wrote history, and they could paint the losers in any shade of black they pleased. At least, as long as the Fang faction was in power, the grand elder faction would forever be nailed on the wall of shame.

"You... so vicious!"

Zhang Hanzhen was clear about this too. His eyes were suddenly bloodshot before they dimmed. "The winner is king. What else can I say? I just can't get over how heaven's will favors you and your father!"

"Heaven's will?"

Fang Yuan's lips curled. He stepped forward and delivered a fatal palm blow.

"Young Sect Master, please spare us!"

"We will sincerely follow you and pledge ourselves to your service!"

...

The other elders all began pleading for their lives, but it was to no avail.

Even Xu Yu could not bear looking at the scene. He tried asking Fang Yuan to stop, but Fang Yuan resolutely refused.

Heaven's will? Haha... Heaven's will is now fully against me, so I can't leave any hidden dangers in the sect...

Fang Yuan had his own comprehension of heaven's will.

There were natural and man-made disasters. Natural disasters were uncontrollable, but according to the rules of this world, it could not use natural disasters against him either.

As for man-made disasters, no matter how strong heaven's will was, a catalyst was required for it to trigger.

What he needed to do was to eradicate all possibilities.

After finishing this, even if there is any unrest in the lower levels of the Noble Mountain Sect, Xu Yu should be able to deal with it. Next, I need to find a place to hide Jiang Xinlan... Then I will head to Mount Sky Pillar's Eagle End Peak to save Fang Tianhan!

...

Two hours later, a few swift horses bolted out of the Noble Mountain Sect's gate.

"Young Sect Master, we did as you ordered. We brought three hundred-year Cold Fruits and a bottle of Primordial Enhancement Pills. We found them in the personal warehouse of the grand elder," reported Zhang Long.

"Very good!"

Horseback was no different from smooth roads to Fang Yuan. After receiving the parcel, he opened it to find a cold jade box and a small black bottle.

"Primordial Enhancement Pills are extremely precious Connate-level pills that can greatly increase cultivation power. The old git was indeed in touch with others. Did he want to rely on these pills to advance to peak Connate?"

“As for the hundred-year Cold Fruits, they are a treasure of the Noble Mountain Sect. They can’t be used without permission from the sect master and over half the elders.”

However, Fang Yuan now called the shots for the entire Noble Mountain Sect. Naturally, he could take anything he wanted.

The cold jade box contained the hundred-year Cold Fruits. They looked like green apples and were equivalent to a hundred years of the Noble Mountain Sect’s accumulations. They were one of the most valuable treasures of the sect.

Fang Yuan ate each one in a single mouthful as he continued riding on horseback.

Even Zhang Long’s eyes were twitching at the scene.

Ordinary Connates had to eat them slowly to absorb the cold essence in the fruits.

However, Fang Yuan’s realm was already comparable to the perfection stage, only lacking in Connate True Force. In addition, he had confidence in regulating all kinds of True Primordial Qi, so he was naturally unafraid.

After finishing the fruits, he opened the black bottle and poured all the pills into his mouth, chewing on them as though they were beans.

“Not bad, not bad... The Primordial Enhancement Pills are very potent for initial Connate martial artists...”

Fang Yuan looked inside his dantian and saw his Connate True Primordial Qi increase explosively under the effects of the pills. They mixed with the Cold Intent of the hundred-year Cold Fruits and refined continuously.

In the blink of an eye, the Connate True Primordial Qi became more concentrated, looking like rays of brilliant radiance.

“I’ve reached intermediate Connate!”

Fang Yuan calculated in his mind. “If I can devour the thousand-year Cold Heart Vine on Mount Sky Pillar as well, I could probably advance to peak Connate or even Connate perfection! After all, the difference between peak and perfection is only the comprehension of Intent...”

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Eagle End Peak.

An eagle landed with a bamboo container in its talons.

“Grand Guardian!”

A Demon Sect disciple retrieved the news and immediately presented it to Poison Fire Demon Lord Sun Yan. “The Noble Mountain Sect’s situation has changed. Zhang Hanzhen failed!”

“Useless piece of trash!”

Sun Yan was tall, with a high nose bridge and sunken eyes. His eyes were blue, and his flame-like curly hair looked as though it was ready to burst into flames at any moment.

He was furious. "Hasten the surround. I must get my hands on the thousand-year Cold Heart Vine!"

Chapter 1013: Rescue

Sun Yan cultivated a Demon Sect technique called the Poison Fire Demon Art.

The technique was extremely powerful and imbued with a potent fire poison that was astonishingly lethal.

However, it suffered from a hidden danger, the fire poison backlash, which would cause psychological damage.

With Sun Yan's perfection-stage cultivation, it was already evident that the higher one cultivated the Poison Fire Demon Art, the higher the chance of the backlash.

With his mental cultivation, he could vaguely sense that he absolutely should not break through to the next level. But even if his cultivation remained stagnant, he would still gradually suffer the demon art's backlash!

The only ways to help him were either finding a rare treasure or having someone at his cultivation level fill him with cold attribute cultivation power to suppress the demon art.

The thousand-year Cold Heart Vine was one such treasure.

"However, this Fang Tianhan is also within my consideration. The thousand-year Cold Heart Vine can only suppress the backlash. But if I capture him and use the Primordial Devouring Secret Art to devour his cold attribute True Primordial Qi, my Poison Fire Demon Art will surely advance to the next level. I might even reach the sect master's realm!"

This was also why he had repeatedly held back, allowing Fang Tianhan to survive until now.

The difficulty of capturing someone alive was much greater than simply killing them.

...

"Poison Fire Demon Lord Sun Yan is ranked number twenty-seven on the Martial Roll. Fang Tianhan isn't a match for him in a fair fight!"

Fang Yuan was not reckless. While he raced on horseback, he was also making plans in his mind.

His opponent was someone at Connate perfection who had also comprehended intent and definitely had inner force far above his own as well.

"To deal with him, I should first increase my inner force as much as possible. Second, I should strengthen my intent."

Martial Dao True Intents were not something that remained static.

Looking at the snowflake pattern of the Sheer Cold Divine Formula and comprehending the Sheer Cold Intent were only the first steps to mastering intent.

“Although I can bully intermediate Connate martial artists and below after comprehending the Sheer Cold Intent, it is only the most shallow utilization of intent. There are still three more levels—micro integration, physical integration, and psychological integration!”

Micro integration involved mastering the finest details of intent, thereby achieving smooth control over intent.

Generally speaking, after comprehending intent, ordinary perfection-stage martial artists required only time to achieve this level.

As for the next level, physical integration, it was more difficult. It was using True Intent to protect one’s body at all times to achieve a flawless defense.

Those at this level could potentially place in the top twenty on the Martial Roll.

As for the final psychological integration, it involved manifesting True Intent as tangible and unlocking all kinds of superhuman abilities.

The martial artists who attained True Intent psychological integration were God-tier, and the top ten on the Martial Roll were at this strength.

“True Intent psychological integration is the most basic requirement for the realm after Connate... The top ten on the Martial Roll must have surpassed Connate...”

Fang Yuan took a deep breath. “I already achieved micro integration when I attained True Intent, but physical and psychological integration require more than just comprehension.”

In Fang Yuan’s opinion, physical integration was a state where intent covered the entire body automatically while consuming very little energy.

These kinds of martial artists were naturally more terrifying.

As for psychological integration, there were some requirements for psyche strength.

“Physical integration! Done!”

Coldness flashed in Fang Yuan’s eyes. The Sheer Cold Intent appeared, but he did not release it and instead stored it in various parts of his body. “Unfortunately... I lack enough inner force to reach psychological integration. I’ll have to wait until my inner force is at least at peak Connate before automatically breaking through.”

Comprehension and realm were closely related to strength, inner qualities, and so on.

Otherwise, everything would merely be an illusion.

For example, even if a mortal were to suddenly possess the mental realm of a Demon Master, they would still die if they ran into a Demon General.

Although intent was good, corresponding strength was needed to unleash its power!

With Fang Yuan’s potential and comprehension, psychological integration was easily attainable, but without sufficient psyche strength, he would still be unable to fully materialize intent.

“The humans of this world have limitations on their Connate psyche strength. Unless their cultivation power reaches the peak, they are absolutely unable to meet the requirements for psychological integration!”

Fang Yuan’s eyes flashed coldly. “Realm and strength should not differ too much. Is this a hidden rule of this world?”

“Young Master, we’re here!”

They arrived at a mountain range.

Zhang Long and the others abandoned their horses and entered the thick woods using their lightness skill. “Mount Sky Pillar covers a wide area, and Demon Sect disciples are unable to seal it off completely. We can enter from another direction, but there’s only one path to Eagle End Peak. The Poison Fire Demon Lord will inevitably be there in person, and we won’t be able to bluff our way in!

“Let’s head to Eagle End Peak first!”

Fang Yuan did not tell them his plan and only issued his order.

Eagle End Peak!

It was Mount Sky Pillar’s highest peak. Three sides were extremely steep and smooth like walls. There was even something called the Thousand Strands Hanging Rock Snake, which was very venomous and aggressive. Even Connate perfection martial artists would find it arduous to fend off large amounts of snakes when climbing.

The only way to reach the summit was a single narrow passageway on the east side.

Fang Tianhan, the Noble Mountain Sect Master, was currently trapped on this peak. He was relying on this dangerous narrow passageway to strenuously support himself.

Fang Yuan looked at the steep peak and exclaimed, “Is this Eagle End Peak? It’s indeed perilous!”

“Young Master, please give us your instructions!”

Zhang Long and the others were already loyal, but after the Noble Mountain Sect incident, they now had a fantastic trust in Fang Yuan.

“You won’t do anything. With your martial arts, you’ll only be burdens!” Fang Yuan said bluntly. “So... you just have to leave the way out open for me. I’ll go alone!”

“Young Master...” Zhang Long said anxiously, “you’re our hope for the future. Please don’t do anything rash!”

Evidently, in his opinion, Fang Yuan’s breakthrough and mastery of a Martial Dao True Intent still left a significant gap between Fang Yuan and someone on the Martial Roll like Poison Fire Demon Lord Sun Yan.

“Rest assured!”

Fang Yuan waved his hand, disappeared into the shadows of the woods, and approached Eagle End Peak at blinding speed.

As he neared the peak, the Demon Sect disciples' patrols quickly became more frequent and strict.

However, it was basically impossible for the disciples to discover Fang Yuan hidden in the thick woods with their Acquired cultivation.

He climbed Eagle End Peak agilely and arrived near the summit.

After getting a clear look, Fang Yuan immediately groaned. "Is that the narrow passageway? It's clearly a narrow bridge!"

He saw a large group of Demon Sect disciples huddled at a spot, blocking the way to the summit of the peak.

In other words, the only way to reach the summit was a narrow ridge that was just wide enough to fit a single foot. There were only cliffs on the sides of the ridge. It was truly a dangerous path.

At the end of the path, there was a vaguely visible middle-aged man. He was wearing Noble Mountain Sect clothes that were rich and magnificent. He stood there proudly with an imposing demeanor.

He was Fang Xu's father, the Noble Mountain Sect Master, Fang Tianhan.

Under these circumstances, even Sun Yan is unlikely to dare to fight Fang Tianhan. No wonder he managed to hold on until now.

Fang Yuan understood everything with a single glance.

Regretfully, while it was easy to defend at that spot, he had pushed himself into a corner as well.

His only path out was blocked.

The Poison Fire Demon Lord tried to persuade Fang Tianhan to surrender in a loud and clear voice. "Fang Tianhan, are you still unwilling to surrender? Your wife and son have already fallen into my hands!"

"I won't believe anything unless I see it for myself!" Fang Tianhan struck an imposing pose with a resolute expression. "Not to mention... I'm afraid my family's disaster would truly start the moment I surrender, right?"

"Stubborn!" Poison Fire Demon Lord Sun Yan shouted angrily, feeling rather helpless.

At Connate perfection, a martial artist had also thoroughly trained their willpower, and they would not waver once they made a decision.

The only solution was to erode his will slowly.

Compared to Fang Tianhan, he had food and water. Even Connate perfection martial artists would eventually lose their energy. After all, this was a Martial Dao world, and there were no cultivators that could live on just wind and dew.

The only thing he was afraid of was the possibility of Fang Tianhan jumping off the cliff to commit suicide when he was exhausted. In that case, there would really be nothing left for him to gain.

“That Zhang Hanzhen was so useless. Getting him to seize Fang Tianhan’s wife and son was a big mistake!”

Only the surviving elders knew of Fang Yuan’s mastery of Intent and his massacre of the elders in the discussion hall.

After the massacre, the surviving elders did not breathe a word of it to anyone. Although ordinary disciples knew that there had been a coup, they were not aware that Fang Yuan had dealt with it all by himself.

According to Zhang Hanzhen’s plan, he would have first justifiably expelled Fang Xu and Jiang Xinlan out of the sect and then secretly send kidnappers after them.

Unfortunately, he had hesitated for the sake of a righteous image and was finally defeated by Fang Yuan in a single blow.

All schemes and plots became jokes in the face of absolute power.

“The situation now is a game of endurance. Fang Tianhan can’t come out, but the Demon Sect disciples can’t get in either!”

Fang Yuan looked on coldly. “Sun Yan must be the one with Caucasian features. He is the only one at Connate perfection. But to maintain his physical and mental strength while wearing Fang Tianhan down, he must take a rest to eat and drink from time to time. That will be my chance.”

Of course, there was plenty of manpower in Demon Sect. Even if Sun Yan took a rest, there were the peak Connate left and right guardians guarding the narrow path.

Although they were slightly weaker than perfection-stage martial artists, it would not be easy for Fang Tianhan to break through them.

It would only take a small delay before Sun Yan could hurry back. As such, it was absolutely safe.

“However, this arrangement targets Fang Tianhan alone!”

Fang Yuan approached quietly, knocked a disciple unconscious, changed into the disciple’s clothes, and sneaked into the inner layer.

Sun Yan frowned. “Damn it. His endurance is really high. Left and Right Guardians! Keep watch over the path, and don’t let Fang Tianhan break through here! I’m going to take a rest.”

“Rest assured, Grand Guardian!”

The two peak Connate experts nodded and kept watch over the path, while Sun Yan started resting in a temporary pergola.

“Chance!”

Fang Yuan’s eyes gleamed.

Chapter 1014: Peak

"Be careful. The opponent is a perfection-stage Martial Roll member!"

The left and right guardians of the Demon Sect watched Fang Tianhan's every moment with an eagle eye.

"Don't worry. Even if our combined strength isn't a match for a perfection-stage opponent, we can use the terrain to our advantage and hold him back for a while. This'll be enough time for the grand guardian to come over!"

The left guardian said confidently, "I can guarantee that there is no way out for Fang Tianhan by himself! Moreover, we are the Demon Sect! Which perfection-stage martial artist would dare court death against the Demon Emperor? Wait for the Divine Monk and the Heavenly Sword Sect Master? Hehe... they are too far away and possibly even training in seclusion. Who knows what year it'll be by the time they make it here..."

The Unparalleled Demon Emperor was at the top of the Martial Roll, and his might was known throughout the world.

The Divine Monk and the Heavenly Sword Sect Master were second and third respectively. Although they were slightly weaker than the Demon Emperor in a one-on-one fight, they could match or even defeat the Demon Emperor if they joined forces. The fate of the righteous side of the Pugilistic World resided with them.

However, the left and right guardians were clear about the circumstances.

Fang Tianhan's connections with the top experts were only average, and ordinary perfection-stage martial artists would not dare come since most of them would only be courting death.

Those God-tier experts who could save him were either indifferent or too far away.

In other words, the chance of him surviving was nonexistent.

"As for the Noble Mountain Sect, excluding Fang Tianhan, there are only a few that can hold their own. I heard that the grand guardian had even gifted the grand elder a bottle of Primordial Enhancement Pills, but he still failed to control the situation. He's also a useless piece of trash. After finishing this matter at Eagle End Peak, we should rush over there and destroy the sect!"

The left guardian grinned nastily. "I haven't destroyed a top sect before."

Swoosh!

While they were exchanging voice transmissions, they suddenly heard the sound of cloth flapping in the wind.

"Hmm? Who is it?"

They were battle-hardened and experienced and immediately put their backs against each other. One faced the pathway, and the other the rear.

"Guardians?" A group of Demon Sect disciples gathered around them.

“Die!” A figure hiding among the disciples burst out and attacked with his palms.

Whoosh whoosh!

A cold wind began blowing, as though the surroundings had transformed into a world of ice and snow.

“Sheer Cold Divine Formula! Intent of Cold? A hidden perfection-stage expert from the Noble Mountain Sect?” The right guardian thought quickly before shouting angrily, “Go all out!”

They did not have the slightest leeway to think of other things when facing a perfection-stage opponent.

“Okay!” the left guardian answered, and they connected their cultivation power through their backs.

The left and right guardians achieved their high position in the Demon Sect not only through reaching peak Connate but also with a combination battle technique called Brothers Together. Using this technique, they were able to connect their inner force and hold up even against someone at the perfection stage for a while.

Bang!

Four palms connected. The right guardian felt a chilling intent penetrating his body, but the inner force was not too strong. He was ecstatic. “We have a chance!”

Unfortunately, taking advantage of the moment when his body froze from receiving the Cold Intent, the figure sent out another four palm attacks in a split second.

“Hold on! The grand guardian is on his way!”

The right guardian repeatedly fell back while taking on continuous strikes.

But the next moment, his back felt empty, and a scream came. He trembled. “Not good. Behind me is...”

Smack!

While distracted, he received a palm attack on his chest, sending him flying backward into the gorge behind.

Even for perfection-stage martial artists, falling from this height was fatal.

“They had greater cultivation power than me, but my intent was more powerful. The fight was indeed time-consuming, but behind them was a cliff, which was advantageous for me!”

After succeeding in his attack, Fang Yuan blitzed past the path in a few steps without stopping.

Behind him, an aura full of rage and flames seemed to be close at hand.

“Who?”

The commotion had naturally alerted Fang Tianhan.

He stood guard at the end of the bridge and sensed Fang Yuan rushing over. He was about to attack, but after clearly seeing the face, he was incomparably astonished. He sent a palm attack behind Fang Yuan.

“Poison Fire Demon Lord!”

“Hmph!” A cold snort came, and the clash of fire and ice True Qi exploded in midair. A black figure quickly retreated, taking a few steps to return to the Demon Sect disciples. “Fang Tianhan! Good! Let’s see how long you can last!”

After all, Sun Yan did not want to die. If he were to fight Fang Tianhan on the narrow path with a sheer cliff on either side, the other party could possibly end the fight in mutual destruction.

“The left and right guardians were really useless... Being forced off the cliff after just a few rounds! Who is it exactly? Is it the Great River Alliance Leader, Xuan Tianzi?”

He stared at the other side and was suddenly shocked.

Because there was a young man not even in his thirties.

“Xu’er... how come it’s you and your martial arts?” Fang Tianhan was surprised and happy.

“I comprehended intent and luckily broke through. Where’s the thousand-year Cold Heart Vine?” Fang Yuan asked directly.

“Here!” Fang Tianhan took out a green vine from his sleeve. There was a naturally-formed pattern on its surface. “A thousand-year spiritual treasure indeed. Its Cold Intent is restrained and instead gives people a feeling of warmth!”

Even hundred-year-old spiritual treasures were extremely rare in this world. For example, the hundred-year Cold Fruits that Fang Yuan had consumed earlier was the sect treasure of the Noble Mountain Sect.

As for thousand-year ones, they were even more valuable.

Due to the nomological rules of this world, even ginseng, tuber fleeceflower, and so on would gradually petrify and lose their medicinal properties if they reached a thousand years.

It was only under chance coincidences that treasures could obtain a bit of heaven and earth energy to grow into thousand-year spiritual medicines. They were tempting to even God-tier experts.

This was because consuming thousand-year medicines had a thirty to forty percent chance of increasing the comprehension of intent!

Although the descriptions of its effects were vague, they were tempting enough to drive ordinary Connate martial artists crazy.

Of course, consuming the thousand-year Cold Heart Vine also protected the soul from the influence of mental demons, prevented backlashes, and greatly increased inner force. These effects had all been proven.

“Your mother and I accidentally found this on our travels. We were overjoyed and harvested it immediately, intending to give it to you. Unfortunately...” Fang Tianhan shook his head and sighed.

Although his son had become extremely strong, he did not suspect his identity in the slightest.

This was because perfection-stage martial artists were able to extend their intent to the external world and sense many things, including souls and auras. Even the best disguise could not change the soul.

“Great. Let me eat it, and then we’ll fight our way together!”

Fang Yuan received the Cold Heart Vine and immediately chomped it as though he were chewing a sugar cane.

“Ah... you little bastard, how dare you?” Poison Fire Demon Lord Sun Yan’s eyes turned red. “Get the archers!”

“Grand Guardian, do you want to kill them?” a Demon Sect disciple asked.

“Idiot!!” Sun Yan smacked him down to the ground. “At this distance, even ordinary Connates can dodge arrows. Only those shot by archers specially trained in the Archery Dao in our sect would have any effect. Bring a bunch of fire-repeating crossbows as well!”

Of course, to muster such a large force would not only be time-consuming, but the righteous side would certainly respond as well.

“Block the path. If they try to come over, fire! Aim at the path. At close range, they won’t be able to dodge the arrows no matter how nimble they are!”

Sun Yan stared at Fang Yuan, who began meditating cross-legged. His eyes flashed fiercely. “So that’s the dandy son of Fang Tianhan, Fang Xu? Something seems off. He should be at the perfection stage if he was able to overpower the left and right guardians in a head-on fight... Well, since you swallowed my Cold Heart Vine, I will swallow your inner force. The Cold Ice True Primordial Qi of both father and son will be able to suppress my backlash and increase my strength as well.”

“A thousand-year spiritual treasure is indeed miraculous!”

Fang Yuan felt the change of the True Primordial Qi in his body while meditating cross-legged.

If the essence of the hundred-year Cold Fruit was like a gently flowing stream, then the boost of this thousand-year spiritual treasure was like a raging river.

However, with his mental control, he could digest even ten-thousand-year spiritual treasures without a problem.

Suddenly, his True Primordial Qi surged and condensed under the Cold Intent, eventually taking a solid pill-shaped form with dark-blue frost patterns on top.

“Connate inner core? The formation of the core signifies peak Connate!”

Fang Yuan nodded. “Comprehending a Martial Dao True Intent after reaching peak Connate is Connate perfection... But since I have already taken this step, I am a Connate perfection martial artist now.”

Even under the seal, his insight and comprehension were unparalleled.

It had taken mere days after awakening his true self to achieve strength near the pinnacle of this world! This was the terror of Demon Gods.

By now, Fang Yuan had absolute confidence in himself. Even if he were to lose everything, including the stats window cheat, he would be able to rise quickly in any mortal world.

After breaking through, he walked toward the narrow path. "Poison Fire Demon Lord, I want to fight you one-on-one. Do you dare take me on?"

"Hold your fire and let him come." Sun Yan's expression was cold. "You want to fight me one-on-one? How brave!"

He was secretly ecstatic. He doesn't know what true power is, so he believes that the perfection stage is impressive? Even his father is no match for me. Very well. I'll take him down first and then use him as a hostage.

"Xu'er!" Fang Tianhan shouted anxiously. However, Fang Yuan gestured with his eye to make him drawback.

"Tsk Tsk... Sun Yan, what a sorry sight. You were unable to take down a mere Fang Tianhan after so much time." A creepy voice emerged, but there was no trace, making Sun Yan's expression change.

"Vice Sect Master?"

"Hurry up and take down that brat. I'll make sure that Fang Tianhan can't come over!" the creepy voice transmitted.

"Okay!" Sun Yan was immediately overjoyed. He had been a little worried that the brat would risk his life to pin him down while Fang Tianhan charged across.

However, reinforcements from the Demon Sect had finally arrived.

While this vice sect master ranked even lower than him on the Martial Roll, his assassination abilities were the best in the world. Even the top ten feared him.

As things stood, there was no chance for failure.

Chapter 1015: Ranking

"It will be a joy to kill a young peerless genius like you!" Sun Yan licked his lips, a hint of madness in his eyes. "Brat, blame your own bitter fate!"

A brand-new, perfection-stage martial artist, and one so young, was about to be defeated, even killed by him. How was his fate not bitter?

"You speak too much nonsense!"

Fang Yuan glanced at the surroundings before he suddenly advanced and lightly sent out a palm attack.

Once the palm reached midair, it suddenly changed into two, then into four, then into eight... Hands eclipsed the sky, each carrying incredible cold force, causing the surroundings to turn into a world of ice and snow in an instant.

"The Floating Flower Flying Catkin Palm of the Noble Mountain Sect? It has such incredible power?"

Sun Yan was shocked and kept falling back. "Poison Fire Demon Art!"

Whoosh!

His hands turned red, and heat waves emanated continuously from them. The insides of his palms were pitch-black, clearly extremely poisonous.

The two figures turned illusory and exchanged hundreds of blows in an instant.

The vice sect master observing in the dark grew more and more astonished as the fight went on. "Fang Xu of the Noble Mountain Sect? He's just broken through to perfection and hasn't had time to consolidate, yet he's an even match with Sun Yan? Incredible... No! Taking his age into account, he must be one of the top three most talented martial artists in the last thousand years. Truly amazing. Even the young Demon Emperor wasn't at this level!

"Such a talented young man of the righteous path must be eradicated early!"

Swoosh!

Fang Yuan reached out to his belt. A silver light jumped out and flew around like a dragon before sinking into the ground like a meteor.

Drizzle Sword!

This was Fang Xu's hidden weapon, forged from hundred-times-refined soft steel and normally wrapped around his waist. Suddenly unleashing it at this time, it was truly unexpected, like a poison dragon out of water. Even Sun Yan retreated swiftly.

He was somewhat baffled when the Sword Qi vanished into the ground.

But the next moment, a volley of blood burst out!

"Boy... you dare injure me!" a creepy voice resounded, seemingly distancing itself a few kilometers away in an instant.

"He... even found the vice sect master. Even I didn't know where he was!"

Sun Yan was incredibly shocked.

The vice sect master, the Blood-Snake Sword Master, was the renowned top assassin in the world.

Although he was at the bottom of the Martial Roll, when it came to stealth, even Sun Yan could not have detected him if he had not sent a voice transmission! How did Fang Xu find him?

"As expected, there was a rat..."

Fang Yuan gently blew the blood on his sword off, and the sword blade shone. "I was just playing with you earlier. How could I defeat you in peace before finding that guy?"

In fact, even he had not discovered where the Blood-Snake Sword Master was at the start.

However, with his incredible amount of experience, he had keenly sensed danger.

Therefore, he pretended to fight with Sun Yan while secretly checking the surroundings. Eventually, he found the Blood-Snake Sword Master and severely injured him with a surprise attack.

“However... that rat’s vitality is rather strong! He managed to escape, but he’s suffered internal injuries from my Cold Frost Sword Qi and won’t be able to return to the battlefield for a while!”

Fang Yuan looked at the Poison Fire Demon Lord. “So, how do you want to die?”

“Attack!” Sun Yan’s expression changed, and he retreated in a flash. “Archers, fire!”

Immediately, all of the Demon Sect disciples rushed over.

Fang Yuan was not the least bit afraid. The soft sword turned into silver light and protected him. No hidden weapon, arrow, or any other attacks were able to reach within even one meter of him. It was like an absolute territory.

“Sun Yan, are you going to run?” Fang Yuan quickly caught up to Sun Yan. “Unfortunately... you’re not as skilled as the Blood-Snake Sword Master and won’t be able to escape!”

“Damn... you really think that I can’t deal with you?” Veins popped up on Sun Yan’s forehead, and he waved his hands. “Poison Flame, Incinerate All!”

Rumble!

A layer of red True Primordial Qi appeared, its surface burning with poison fire, and covered everything.

“World of Snow!”

Fang Yuan split the True Primordial Qi in two with his sword, and a thin line of blood appeared on Sun Yan’s forehead.

“Second level of intent, physical integration?” The amazing vitality of a perfection-stage martial artist allowed him to keep talking. “You can already be among the top twenty on the Martial Roll. I didn’t lose unjustly!”

There were three levels to intent. Ordinary perfection-stages experts were at the first level, micro integration. After mastering physical integration, they could more or less rank in the top twenty of the Martial Roll.

In some generations, the weaker ones in the top ten were at this level as well.

As for the third level, psychological integration, one could break through the Connate realm and compete for first place on the Martial Roll!

“... Cough cough... I’m so bitter. I almost succeeded. Ah, my Poison Fire Demon Art...” Sun Yan groaned, breathed his last, and slowly collapsed.

“Grand Guardian... the grand guardian is dead!”

After seeing what happened, the Demon Sect disciples immediately dispersed.

“This grand guardian should have something good on him, right?”

Fang Yuan grabbed Sun Yan, searched him, and found a bundle of banknotes, as well as various sundries like tinder, a Demon Sect jade pendant, etc. He could not help shaking his head.

“Eh?” After sensing with his intent, he grabbed Sun Yan’s robe again. “Something’s strange!”

Whoosh!

After tearing the robe open, a piece of golden silk flew out. “Hmm, something hidden so carefully in the robes must be valuable. Perhaps it’s his cultivation technique?”

Fang Yuan did not give it much thought and put the golden silk in his clothes.

“Xu’er, I didn’t expect you to have reached such a level already!”

Fang Tianhan walked over, his face full of surprise. He had watched Fang Yuan break through to the perfection stage before his very eyes, but Fang Yuan was unexpectedly so powerful that he defeated and killed Sun Yan.

“It’s nothing. Let’s return!”

Fang Yuan shook his head, not thinking that he had done anything remarkable.

...

A month later, the Noble Mountain Sect.

“The latest issue of the Martial Roll is out!” Zhang Long handed a report to Fang Yuan respectfully.

“Young Master, you’re now ranked thirteenth!”

“Oh?” Fang Yuan took the report.

“Martial Roll thirteenth: The Noble Mountain Sect’s Young Sect Master Fang Xu. Defeated and killed Poison Fire Demon Lord Sun Yan while simultaneously forcing the Demon Sect’s Blood-Snake Sword Master to retreat. Skilled in palm and sword techniques. His Cold Intent is even stronger than his father’s. Alias ‘Drizzle Sword’!”

“It’s just a small matter. I have already told you, don’t bother me unless something earthshaking happens!”

Fang Yuan sent Zhang Long away and took out the piece of golden silk. “I wanted to obtain the Poison Fire Demon Lord’s cultivation technique, but unfortunately, it’s this secret technique, Primordial Devouring Secret Art. Haha... what use do I have for swallowing so much heterogeneous inner force?”

He had hoped to obtain Sun Yan’s secret manual, not for cultivating but for learning the intent within.

In this peculiar world, the more intents he learned, the higher the chance he had of comprehending its nomological rules and finding its flaws.

Other than that, everything else was merely an illusion.

“Although I can try comprehending them by myself, it’d definitely be much slower than studying secret manuals... Too bad the secret manuals that come with Martial Dao True Intents are all sect treasures of the top sects and extremely difficult to obtain!”

Fang Yuan sighed. Suddenly, his eyes became absent-minded.

In his sea of consciousness, a hexagonal snowflake fell. Its points extended and suddenly turned real.

...

Great River Alliance.

“What? That Fang Xu is at Connate perfection, and he even killed Sun Yan?”

Ling Xian’er’s mouth opened into a circle, her face full of disbelief.

“What’s the matter? Daughter, are you regretting now?”

Xuan Tianzi looked at this situation with great interest.

“No... his character is bad. No matter how skilled he is, he is nothing but trouble!” Ling Xian’er gazed into the distance.

Below, Wang Tianming was training hard.

This person was gifted as well. After being taken in by Xuan Tianzi, he had broken through to the Connate realm in a matter of days and had unlimited potential.

However, compared to Fang Xu, he paled in comparison.

“What should we do? Big Brother Tianming arranged to fight that bad guy in three years.” Ling Xian’er’s eyes were full of anxiety. “Daddy, hurry up and think of something...”

“I-I can’t even defeat Sun Yan, so what could I possibly come up with...” Xuan Tianzi stroked his beard, and his expression turned somewhat mysterious. “However, this reckless disciple of mine has a chance. Although his previous martial arts were rather basic, they had strong fundamentals and secrets hidden within. It’s obvious that an expert had taught him... I’ve investigated many sources and confirmed that the traveling Daoist that taught him is the Drunken Daoist!”

“The Drunken Daoist, the one with the motto, carefree journey without looking back, everything is in meat and wine?”

Ling Xian’er’s eyes brightened. “This senior is ranked fourth on the Martial Roll. Moreover, unlike the top three, he’s the only one who’s an itinerant martial artist. If he had had a better background, he could have possibly competed with the Heavenly Sword Sect Master, the Demon Emperor, and the Divine Monk.”

The Drunken Daoist was the idol of all itinerant martial artists.

“That’s right!” Xuan Tianzi obviously understood more than Ling Xian’er. “It’s a pity that Tianming’s luck wasn’t quite enough and didn’t establish a master-disciple relationship with the Drunken Daoist. Otherwise, with his backing, what could a mere Noble Mountain Sect do?”

Although all of them were Martial Roll experts, the God-tier top ten were on a totally different level compared to those below them.

“But... Daddy, you’ve already taken him as an in-name disciple...”

Ling Xian'er's eyes gleamed, then she suddenly clapped her hands while smiling. "It seems like there isn't any rule that says you can't have more than one master!"

"My daughter, you're helping an outsider at my expense..."

Xuan Tianzi wanted to continue joking, but his expression suddenly changed. He looked at the ceiling. "Since you've come here, don't hide. Show yourself!"

Almost as soon as he finished speaking, a giant hole opened in the ceiling. A man in black clothes slowly floated down like a catkin.

"Xuan Tianzi? Hand over the 'Xuan Tian Secret Manual', and I'll spare you!"

The voice was strange, sounding old yet young. Ling Xian'er felt her chest tighten, wanting to vomit blood upon merely hearing it.

"You want the Great River Alliance's treasured manual?" Xuan Tianzi was shocked and furious. "Dream on! Eighteen Cloud Pushing Hand!"

As he shouted angrily, his hands extended, churning winds and stirring clouds, elegant and unrestrained.

At the same time, a gentle force enveloped Ling Xian'er and retreated from the battlefield.

"Too bad... it's useless!"

The black-clothed man simply raised his right hand, clenched it into a fist, and punched downward.

Rumble!

The loft exploded, and Xuan Tianzi's expression turned pale. "God..."

Chapter 1016: Demon Lord

"Escape!"

A violent thunderstorm rumbled.

Wang Tianming held Ling Xian'er as he used his lightness skill and quickly escaped.

"What... How could this happen?"

Ling Xian'er looked dazed, her tears mixing with the rain, indistinguishable from each other.

Things had unfolded too suddenly.

A black-clothed man had surprise attacked the Great River Alliance Leader! Furthermore, Xuan Tianzi had said that he was absolutely not in the Connate realm but had God-tier combat power!

After a great battle, the elders of the Great River Alliance had suffered heavy casualties, and even Xuan Tianzi had been captured.

With Xuan Tianzi and the elders' desperate struggle, the two of them escaped by a hair's breadth.

"Phew... nobody is coming after us!"

Wang Tianming looked up at the sky. "If we continue to stay in the rain, we'll fall sick!"

He turned and spotted a mountain god temple by the road. He dashed in immediately.

This temple had had no incense for a long time. With a 'bang', the door fell. The temple was leaking, but there were still a few dry spots inside.

Wang Tianming put Ling Xian'er down and then started a fire using some thatched wood chips.

The temperature continued to rise, finally removing the chill from the air.

"What... How could this happen? A God-tier martial artist suddenly attacked the Great River Alliance?" Ling Xian'er's was soaked, revealing her beautiful figure, but she paid no attention to it. "Revenge! I must take revenge. Who was that black-clothed man? Was it the Unparalleled Demon Emperor?"

"Demon Sect?" Wang Tianming shivered and clenched his fists. "Xian'er, don't worry. Your enemies are my enemies. We'll take revenge for Master!"

He was a meticulous person. He roasted dried meat, steamed buns, and so on over the fire. Soon, the fragrance of food spread.

"Xian'er, it's done. You eat first!"

However, when Wang Tianming handed the roast meat to her, a large dirty hand came out from nowhere. It snatched the branches away and stuffed the buns and meat into his bearded mouth.

"Ooh... so fragrant! It's delicious!"

"Ahh!" Ling Xian'er screamed when she saw a sloppy Daoist priest appear out of nowhere. A red wine gourd hung by his waist, and he reeked of alcohol.

"You are... Teacher?!" When Wang Tianming saw this sloppy Daoist priest, his eyes glowed, recognizing him as the expert who had guided him on to the path of the Martial Dao at the beginning, and knelt immediately.

"Drunken Daoist?!" Ling Xian'er's eyes brightened as she knelt and was about to cry. "Senior, please save my father..."

"I remember you. You're that kid I taught before. I only taught you the Hundred Flowers Fist, so don't call me your teacher..." The drunken man gobbled the food up in three bites before removing the cork on his gourd and taking a satisfying swig. "Anyway, you've already entered the Great River Alliance. Is this girl the daughter of the Great River Alliance Leader? What happened?"

"This is what happened..." Wang Tianming began explaining at once.

"What? Someone defeated Xuan Tianzi in three strikes? He must be a God-tier martial artist!"

The drunken man's expression turned serious as he released an imposing aura. "Wait here. I'll be back soon!"

Swoosh!

As soon as the words fell, he immediately disappeared.

“Xian’er, don’t worry. Even the Unparalleled Demon Emperor can’t easily defeat the Drunken Daoist!” Wang Tianming quickly comforted Ling Xian’er.

“Okay!” Ling Xian’er nodded and wiped her tears away, her gaze looking hopeful. Martial Roll fourth, the Drunken Daoist! He can certainly save Daddy! Definitely!

...

But the next instant, a voice they would remember for the rest of their lives rang out not far away.

“Haha. Truly traveling far and wide to look for someone only to find them easily. Drunken Daoist, hand over your martial arts intent, and I’ll spare your life!”

“Your Excellency, you aren’t the Unparalleled Demon Emperor or one of the God-tier martial artists I know. Daring to move so boldly, aren’t you afraid of being attacked by the Pugilistic World?” Drunken Daoist’s voice resounded without the leisure and satisfaction from earlier.

“I only seek happiness in my life!” The black-clothed man’s voice was loud and clear. The next instant, muffled thunder resounded, suppressing everything in its path.

Boom!

A terrifying Qi explosion resounded from all directions and instantly spread to the mountain god temple.

Rumble!

The entire mountain god temple collapsed as a waterfall of rain rushed down.

However, Wang Tianming and Ling Xian’er ignored this and instead stared at the two fighting in the sky.

The black-clothed man and the Drunken Daoist’s afterimages remained midair, looking as though countless versions of them were battling.

Furthermore, all the techniques they used were exquisite killing techniques, enough for common martial artists to comprehend all their life.

“That black-clothed man can unexpectedly stand up to the Drunken Daoist. His strength is at least within the top five on the Martial Roll! Who is he?”

Wang Tianming and Ling Xian’er exchanged glances, seeing the shock in each other’s eyes.

“Drunken Daoist? Not bad. Unfortunately... you’re not good enough!”

The next moment.

The black-clothed man grunted coldly, and the torrential rain crystallized into icicles.

Chichi!

Above the icicles, small flames lit up. They looked just like fiery trees and silver flowers, as beautiful as a dream. “Ice-Fire Killing Technique!”

“Ice and fire intents? And they work harmoniously? How is this possible?” the Drunken Daoist exclaimed.

But the next moment, numerous fiery trees and silver flowers pierced through the Primordial Qi protecting his body, opening countless blood holes in him.

He landed on the ground and tossed something over. "This is what you wanted!"

Several burning scrolls flew all around.

At the same time, the Drunken Daoist's figure flashed before Wang Tianming and Ling Xian'er and grabbed them. "It's the Burning Blood Evil Arts. Let's go!"

Swoosh!

In an instant, he seemed to recover his peak condition as he accelerated and disappeared into the forest.

"Tsk... as expected of fourth on the Martial Roll. He reacts quickly and is willing to make minor sacrifices to protect what's important. Not bad!"

The black-clothed man returned to his original position. The scattered scrolls were already in his hands, with the flames on them also extinguished.

He slowly took off his mask. It was Fang Yuan!

"After my martial arts broke through to God-tier, I began snatching various secret manuals to comprehend more intents... Unfortunately, strong fighters who had secret manuals with something like the snowflake pattern were few and far between. Even Xuan Tianzi only had a flame pattern in his martial arts manual, which let me comprehend the Intent of Fire!

"To escape, this Drunken Daoist threw out something good. A catalog with two intent patterns?"

Fang Yuan opened the catalog and looked at the two unscorched patterns. He smiled. "So what if he escaped? With those injuries, he's dead. This isn't an extraordinary world where you can resurrect. But he took Wang Tianming away. He is indeed a Son of the World. The heavens sent someone to deal with me, and perhaps this is another fortuitous encounter for him."

In fact, he had looked for the Great River Alliance because of Wang Tianming.

However, he did not expect that the Son of the World would be able to turn misfortune into fortune. Not only did he have the Great River Alliance's elders and leader desperately protect him with their lives, even when he was running away, he could run into someone as strong as the Drunken Daoist.

In the end, he even used his secret manual as a distraction to create an opening to escape.

"He's nothing more than a small salted fish. I'll let him run for now. Even if he's destined to turn things around, in front of absolute power, it'll mean nothing."

Fang Yuan turned around and disappeared into the rain. "Time to go... to the Three Mountains Sect!"

Robbing the Pugilistic World and comprehending intents was the path he chose.

By treading this path, his strength would grow continuously.

As for finally becoming the Pugilistic World's public enemy?

Haha, with his current condition, even if he did not move, there would still be a lot of trouble coming to find him. As such, it was better to make the first move!

...

"Cough cough..."

Within a cave, the Drunken Daoist leaned against the rock face and spat out a mouthful of blood.

"Teacher..." Wang Tianming's eyes blurred with tears.

He never imagined that his master, Xuan Tianzi, and the Drunken Daoist that he highly respected were going to die.

"That black-clothed man isn't the Unparalleled Demon Emperor. He's even stronger. The Pugilistic World will face a new tribulation soon!"

Drunken Daoist muttered, "I was already heavily injured, and after using my secret technique, even gods and immortals won't be able to save me!"

"No! Teacher, I will save you!" Wang Tianming clenched his fists, his voice hoarse.

"Forget it! You'll fail. I'd rather have some warm wine!"

Drunken Daoist's eyes became brighter. "Child... come here!"

"Okay!" Wang Tianming walked forward, and the Drunken Daoist grabbed his wrist. Soon after, an enormous amount of True Primordial Qi flowed his meridians like a river. "Teacher, what are you doing?"

"I've already reached the end of my road. It's useless to keep my True Primordial Qi, so I'll give it to you!"

The Drunken Daoist's energy seemed drained. "With my remaining cultivation power, you should be able to advance to peak Connate. Afterward, head to Po Lao Mountain and find Abbess Elimination and beg her to teach you my intent. Cough... the future of the Pugilistic World depends on you young people!"

Even if he was a God-tier expert, there was no way he could make someone reach Connate perfection. He lacked the intent!

However, the Drunken Daoist was on the verge of death. Since he had a good impression of Wang Tianming, he decided to give him a chance.

"Teacher... Master!" Wang Tianming howled as two trails of tears ran down his cheeks.

Outside the cave, the thunderstorm showed its first signs of stopping. The sky was clearing up, and a rainbow emerged.

"Master, don't worry. I will definitely learn so that I can avenge you!"

Wang Tianming and Ling Xian'er buried the Drunken Daoist and erected a small tombstone. "Let's immediately go and find Abbess Elimination... Also, we'll spread the news about the black-clothed man!"

“Okay!”

The two young people descended the mountain hand-in-hand. However, they did not know that a bloody storm had already set off in the Pugilistic World.

...

March 3rd, the Great River Alliance perished.

March 19th, the black-clothed man went to the Three Mountains Sect and demanded all the secret manuals. The sect master refused and was killed with a single palm. On that day, the Three Mountains Sect ceased to exist.

April 1st, the itinerant martial artist ‘Ling Tian’ met the black-clothed man. He surrendered his secret manual in exchange for his life.

...

Soon, rumors of a God-tier black-clothed martial artist began circulating in the Pugilistic World. It was said that he was hunting for secret manuals.

Many top sects began panicking at his slightest move.

Since this black-clothed man’s methods had countless changes and his intents were endless, he obtained the nickname ‘Everchanging Demon Lord’.

The Pugilistic World plunged into darkness, a demonic color tainting it.

Chapter 1017: Defeating the Demon

The Demon Sect.

Fang Yuan was fully clothed in black, in the Everchanging Demon Lord’s attire, and stood before the sect’s gate. “Unparalleled Demon Emperor, come out!”

“Is he... the Everchanging Demon Lord?”

“Report to the sect master immediately!”

“Inform all the elders and guardians!”

A person’s reputation cast a large shadow! The Everchanging Demon Lord was the fastest rising and most ruthless devil currently. Furthermore, he did not belong to the Demon Sect either, frightening most of the disciples.

Soon after, a row of Demon Sect executives walked out. The person leading the way was wearing a black robe. He looked handsome, and his complexion was pale. He was the Unparalleled Demon Emperor, Nie Wuji.

Behind Nie Wuji was a row of Connate realm elders. Most of them were at peak Connate.

Of course, the Blood-Snake Sword Master was not among them. Instead, he hid underground nearby, concealing his aura. Unfortunately, he could not escape from Fang Yuan’s discerning eye.

“Everchanging Demon Lord, why are you here today?” Unparalleled Demon Emperor Nie Wuji spoke first. “I hear you enjoy collecting secret manuals. As long as you join my Demon Sect, everything is up for discussion!”

They had obtained information about the Everchanging Demon Lord’s hobby of collecting secret manuals. Even so, they were confused. How could he not have an inheritance if he had cultivated to God-tier? At this point, what was the use of collecting all these intents?

“Haha... it’s great that you know. Quickly hand over the ‘Thirteen Breeze Swords’ and the ‘Unparalleled Demon Body’. However, I have no interest in joining the Demon Sect!” Fang Yuan’s gloomy voice sounded.

“Good, very good... Everchanging Demon Lord, are you planning on robbing my Demon Sect? You’re truly bold. You’re asking to become the enemy of the entire world!”

Nie Wuji and the other Elders were surprised.

If he joined their Demon Sect, he could obtain what he wanted, but he unexpectedly chose to take the hard route!

Furthermore, the Everchanging Demon Lord no longer belonged to the righteous path. At this moment, he was about to cut himself off from the demon path as well. He was truly a reckless maniac.

“What a shame... I was planning to treat you well!”

The Unparalleled Demon Emperor took off his robes and walked to the center of the venue. “Perfect. I’ve completed my cultivation of the ‘Unparalleled Demon Body’. After I deal with you, I’ll kill the Divine Monk and the Heavenly Sword Sect Master! My Demon Sect will unify the Pugilistic World!”

Rumble!

How terrifying was the Demon Emperor when he made his move?

The Demon Sect disciples nearby were unable to breathe as they shuffled backward continuously.

Nie Wuji rubbed his hands together and released a thick metallic scent. All of a sudden, he flew forward at a shocking speed that was hard to see with the naked eye.

“Waterfall Essence!”

Fang Yuan spread out both hands as a bubbling water screen rose, creating an impenetrable defense.

Frost-type intents are too extreme. With my evolution, the Sheer Cold Intent has evolved into the Intent of Water! The resilience has increased many folds!

At this point, even if he used the Sheer Cold Divine Formula, Fang Tianhan might not recognize it.

Bang! Bang!

Just as the water screen rose, two fist prints appeared on it, sinking deeply into it before it soon recovered its original form.

Swoosh!

The shadow flickered, and the Unparalleled Demon Emperor appeared behind Fang Yuan. With a vicious kick, he created ripples on the water screen.

Regardless of how the Demon Emperor attacked, even if this water screen sunk to its limits, it remained the same, unbreakable.

The Unparalleled Demon Emperor Nie Wuji appeared in front of Fang Yuan and complimented, "Good! Of all the God-tier martial artists, you have the best defense! You managed to withstand fifty percent of my power. It's comparable to the Autumn Leaf Divine Monk's Impenetrable Vajra Arhat Technique!"

"Demon Emperor, fight at your full power!" Fang Yuan replied with a smile, wanting to test his defense.

In reality, he felt somewhat dissatisfied. This world's martial artists are blindly obsessed with powerful skills and exquisite moves. Regarding the nomological rules of heaven and earth, their understanding is far too simple and crude. In eight secret manuals I obtained, most of them were minor intents like poison, snow, alcohol, and so on. The ones that deserved my attention were the Intent of Water and the Intent of Fire!

For Fang Yuan, each intent he learned was a key to comprehending the nomological rules of heaven and earth.

Even though he did not have to rely on secret manuals to comprehend them, it was bound to require more time and effort otherwise.

"To break through this world, I have to comprehend the nomological rules of earth, fire, wind, and water..."

The nomological rules of earth, fire, wind, and water were known as the cornerstones of some worlds, and they could upgrade and merge to form chaos.

Fang Yuan was prepared to gather these four intents and upgrade them to the 'Chaos True Intent', thereby breaking this world's cage in one go. Since his true body was here, he had deep mastery in this aspect.

"I obtained the Intent of Fire from the Great River Alliance and derived the Intent of Water from the Sheer Cold Divine Formula, Flying Blizzard Divine Gun, and other snow-type intents. Now, only earth and wind are left!"

The Intent of Earth and the Intent of Wind rarely appeared among Connate martial artists.

Fang Yuan thought hard about it and realized that the secret manuals for these two intents could be hidden within the Demon Sect.

"Even if this isn't the case, as long as there are manuals that touch on them a bit, it'll be convenient for me to derive the intents. Otherwise, I can only comprehend them myself. Even though I can do that, I don't know how long it'll take..."

Fang Yuan was a little anxious.

After all, he was still trying to break through the Abominable Lord's dream world restriction.

He could return at anytime, and it was extremely dangerous.

...

“Full power? Sure!”

Nie Wuji’s eyes glowed red. “You’re the first one who’ll experience my Unparalleled Demon Body at full force! Ha!”

With a roar, his clothes ripped apart, unexpectedly increasing his height by two heads, and his veins bulged. He faintly gave off a black Qi, as though a killing god had arrived, exuding ominousness.

Be it this world or reality, his strength was extraordinary. The Unparalleled Demon Emperor was the representation of a mortal’s pinnacle.

Bang!

He did not use weapons. Instead, he only moved forward and punched!

One after another, a force pounded Fang Yuan’s chest, shoulders, elbows, and fists, exploding and smashing onto the Waterfall Essence.

Fang Yuan was like a ball as he was ferociously smashed into the air before landing next to a rock face and making a large pit in the ground.

“Good!” Instead of panicking, he was excited. “Merge fire and water. Come again!”

Whoosh!

All of a sudden, bundles of flame appeared inside his water shield.

“Flames... burning inside the water?”

This scene left many Demon Sect elders staring so hard that their eyeballs nearly fell out.

“Demagogy!” The Unparalleled Demon Emperor snorted before he stepped forward. “Demon Extinction Fist!”

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Terrifying blow after blow landed on the water shield. The flames continued to burn brightly.

After nine blows, Fang Yuan stepped back nine steps and released his fire and water shield.

“He won?”

The Demon Sect elders began to cheer, but they abruptly stopped in the next instant.

Because they saw the Unparalleled Demon Emperor’s hands had turned bright red, as if a furnace had burned them.

“My defense method merges Fire and Water Intent to work as both offense and defense. Every time you attacked, you actually received the full counter-impact of your blows, as well as burn damage!”

Fang Yuan stood straight and said without hesitation, “You should use a thousand-year Snow Lotus to remove the poison as soon as possible. You can still save your hands!”

As a fellow God-tier expert, how could his understanding and application of intent be any weaker than a regular person?

“Amazing, Everchanging Demon Lord!” The Unparalleled Demon Emperor waved his hands. “I’ll deliver the ‘Unparalleled Demon Body’ and the ‘Thirteen Breeze Swords’ to you soon!”

Hearing this, the Demon Sect elders protested. However, the Demon Emperor suppressed them instantly, and they did not dare to speak another word.

The Unparalleled Demon Emperor thought bitterly, I’m not the Demon Lord’s opponent. If you force him into a rampage, the Demon Sect will cease to exist. Compared to that, giving up two secret manuals means nothing.

“Thank you!”

Fang Yuan cupped his hands. After a while, he took the ancient books and directly flipped to the intent patterns at the back without looking at the techniques at all.

Great, the Thirteen Breeze Swords is truly the Breeze Intent. Using it as the foundation, it won’t be a problem to comprehend the complete Intent of Wind.

As for the Unparalleled Demon Body, it tends toward destruction. However, it seems like the defensive technique has a bit of the Intent of Earth mixed into it. Maybe I can comprehend something from it...

Of the four Intents of Earth, Fire, Wind, and Water, it was hardest to find the Intent of Earth.

Only those extreme defensive martial arts were relevant.

For instance, the Unparalleled Demon Body was the fusion of mostly Destruction Intent and some Intent of Earth.

As for the Autumn Leaf Temple’s Impenetrable Vajra Arhat Technique, according to Fang Yuan’s estimation, it was more likely to have the Vajra Intent. For the Intent of Earth, even if it was there, it would not be much. Since he had the Unparalleled Demon Body ancient book, it would be of little use.

It seems like the Intent of Earth will be my bottleneck! Also, after I comprehend the Intents of Earth, Fire, Wind, and Water, I’ll have to deduce how to move to the next level and evolve them into chaos.

By merging the Fire and Water Intents, Fang Yuan defeated the Unparalleled Demon Emperor and became the strongest in the world. However, if God-tier martial artists gathered to besiege him, he would have to avoid them.

If a day came when he could merge the four great intents, sublimating them into the Chaos True intent, he would be absolutely unbeatable. Even if the top ten from the Martial Roll joined forces, they would not be a match for him.

If I comprehend the Chaos True Intent, my martial arts would rise to an unfathomable level, right? For instance, the realm above God-tier?

Fang Yuan decided he would begin training in seclusion after returning to cultivate the Intent of Earth.

Even though this world's particularity made many of his methods useless, with his aptitude and comprehension, it would take no longer than ten years for him to comprehend the chaos nomological rules and break through the world.

With the help of numerous ancient books, he expected to shorten this time to about three years.

Great... I've gotten a lot of ancient books. It's enough for now. When I'm finished digesting them, I'll go snatch more!

Fang Yuan cupped his hands at the Unparalleled Demon Emperor. "So, thank you for this gift, Demon Emperor. I'll be leaving now!"

His movement technique was fast. After finishing his words, there was only an afterimage left.

"This Everchanging Demon Lord..."

Seeing this, the Demon Sect disciples were dumbfounded. "Where did he come from? His techniques are top-tier, but his movement technique is even more terrifying!"

Lightness skill was fundamental in the Pugilistic World. If someone could not defeat an opponent, they could at least flee.

When they saw Fang Yuan's dream-like movement technique, they had the same thought. "I must not make an enemy out of him!"

Chapter 1018: Face-off

Three years passed by in a flash.

Heavenly Mountain City, Taibai Restaurant.

A pair of well-dressed young martial artists sat down inside the restaurant.

Most of the diners carried weapons by their side. Obviously, they were members of the Pugilistic World as well.

"The Heavenly Sword Sect Master's birthday is a grand event. He's third on the Martial Roll. Nearly everyone in the Pugilistic World, including sect masters, will be there! It's like a Pugilistic World Meet."

"I've heard that the Heavenly Sword Sect Master will take out three thousand-year Heavenly Mountain Snow Lotuses as rewards. He's planning to organize a Hidden Dragon Meeting. It's a perfect opportunity for young martial artists to make their names known!"

"With you? Forget it... Three years ago, Young Sect Master Fang Xu emerged from the Noble Mountain Sect. He is outstanding and has already reached Connate perfection. At this time, he is already at the upper ranks of the Martial Roll."

"Speaking of which, I can't believe a young man under the age of twenty-five can have such strength."

“The Martial Roll is evidence. He is rank thirteen because he did everything he could to save his father. He killed the Poison Fire Demon Lord and forced the Blood-Snake Sword Master to retreat. What’s there not to believe?”

...

Several voices traveled over. The hottest topic was the Heavenly Sword Sect Master’s birthday celebration.

With all the Pugilistic World sects gathering, even if it was not a real Pugilistic World Meet, it was not far behind.

However, a young man’s hand halted once he heard Fang Xu’s name, and a slight cracking sound ensued.

“Tianming?!” Seeing this, the female martial artist clasped his hands. “You still can’t forget...”

“How can I forget the three-year agreement?”

The young man lifted his head and revealed a handsome and resolute face. It was Wang Tianming!

However, his aura was as deep as the sea, profound and immeasurable. Clearly, his martial arts had made great progress, and he could enter the peak of the Pugilistic World.

Ling Xian’er’s eyes lit up. “Tianming, you’ve obtained both the Drunken Daoist’s power and Abbess Elimination’s teachings. You’ll have absolutely no problem. How could a young talent, the number one Hidden Dragon, compare to you?”

She understood how much this young man had struggled over the past three years.

With everything that had happened, not only had he attained Connate perfection two years ago, but he seemed to be still improving all the time.

“Drizzle Sword Fang Xu is nothing more than a small goal of mine. My true wish is to avenge Teacher and your father!”

Wang Tianming unclenched his fist, and his wine glass had turned into a pile of powder.

“The Everchanging Demon Lord is pretty smart. Three years ago, he appeared in the Pugilistic World and stirred up a bloody storm within a month. However, after the battle at the Demon Sect, he disappeared without a trace...

“I heard that the Autumn Leaf Temple’s Divine Monk and the Heavenly Sword Sect have been tracking him down the entire time, but it was to no avail... There are rumors that he’s an expert of the demon path. After his battle with the Unparalleled Demon Emperor, the Demon Emperor subdued him, and then he joined the Demon Sect!” Ling Xian’er said in a low voice.

Nobody in the Pugilistic World believed that the Everchanging Demon Lord had suddenly stopped.

All the clues pointed to the Demon Sect.

Unfortunately, the Unparalleled Demon Emperor's defeat was the Demon Sect's shame, and they naturally blocked the news at all costs.

In the end, them trying to hide it made it turn into evidence. Everyone thought that after the battle, the Demon Emperor had forced the Everchanging Demon Lord to submit. From then on, he entered the Demon Sect, finding a refuge that allowed him to cultivate his demon arts. The Unparalleled Demon Emperor and the elders did not know whether to laugh or cry.

"I won't let Fang Xu or the Everchanging Demon Lord go. Xian'er, don't worry!"

Wang Tianming patted his chest and comforted her with a strange confidence.

"Look, it's the people of the Noble Mountain Sect!"

At this moment, a clamor outside caused Wang Tianming's body to shake. He looked outside the window.

He saw a white-clothed young man who looked confident and handsome, and appeared to carry a profound chill. He was riding a beautiful horse with a large crowd following him.

"Tsk... the Noble Mountain Sect has two Connate perfection martial artists. It's already the epitome of a top sect. Both father and son being at Connate perfection is also rare in the Pugilistic World!"

"Particularly Young Master Fang Xu, who is also known as the most beautiful man in the Pugilistic World. He's even come to celebrate Heavenly Sword Sect Master's birthday. It's a huge honor!"

"At his age, there's a fifty percent chance for him to break through to God-tier. The Noble Mountain Sect can be considered a Pugilistic World's holy ground as well!"

...

Various words of praise and envy came.

Wang Tianming stared at Fang Yuan angrily. "It really is him! Fang Xu!"

...

"After training in seclusion for three years, I have comprehended the complete Intent of Wind and Intent of Earth. The four intents have started to merge, and there's only one last bit left before I perfect the Chaos Intent!"

On horseback, Fang Yuan was lost in thought, leisurely and carefree. "It seems... it's necessary to bring out the Everchanging Demon Lord again and look for more martial arts manuals. They'll have an effect in helping my comprehension."

After three years of bitter cultivation, he was one step away from breaking through this world!

Since he had already made appropriate plans for everything that would happen next, the following would be going all out to seek a breakthrough.

"Hmm? Killing intent!"

As a God-tier martial artist, he sensed that he drew attention from the crowd.

Fang Yuan looked up and spotted a window shutting hurriedly. Furthermore, he had sensed a resentful gaze on him.

“What a familiar gaze. No matter how a person changes, their temperament and spirit are difficult to change!”

He shook his head. “Is it Wang Tianming? That’s right... As the Son of the World, three years could take him a step further than Connate perfection. Otherwise, knowing that I am at Connate perfection and have been cultivating for longer, there’s no way he’d keep the three-year agreement.”

He sneered in his heart. “Too bad...”

...

Heavenly Sword Sect, within a secret room.

The Heavenly Sword Sect Master concealed himself and secretly met with an old monk. He looked excited. “Is this true?”

“Amitabha. After investigating for three years, I’ve finally found traces of him!”

“If so, we’ll do as you say!”

...

The day of the celebration.

Within the Heavenly Sword Sect, guests gathered in a hall as gongs and drums resounded. The noise shook the sky.

“The family head of the Blue Mountain royal family arrives. He presents a gift of two thousand gold and a pair of jade scepters!”

“The Mystical Lady Sect Master arrives. She presents nine multi-colored brocades and a set of boundless longevity robes!”

“The Thousand Leaf Sect Master arrives. He presents six night luminescent pearls, Agate Red Coral Tree...”

“The Mad Scholar has arrived. He presents a congratulatory landscape painting...”

...

Numerous guests arrived one after another. They presented birthday gifts and were led to seats according to their status.

“The Noble Mountain Sect’s young sect master arrives. He presents three pairs of congratulatory jade artifacts!”

Fang Yuan walked in with Zhang Long and Zhao Hu, and the entire venue fell silent.

To outsiders, he was thirteenth on the Martial Roll after all. The Connate perfection expert was led into the center of the hall, and the Heavenly Sword Sect Master stood up to greet him.

“So, it’s Young Master Fang. You’ve come a long way. It was rude of me not to have greeted you earlier. Pardon me...”

“My father had other matters to attend to, so he was unable to come. Congratulations, Sect Master. May you live a long and happy life!”

Fang Yuan was wearing a crown with an ivory fan in his hand. He looked like an exceptional young master. The eyes of numerous beautiful women were shining as they stared at him.

“Thank you. Please have a seat!”

The Heavenly Sword Sect Master led Fang Yuan to the most core table. None of the martial artists present complained.

“So, the Divine Monk is also here!”

Fang Yuan saw an old monk with white brows and a benevolent look.

Soon after, he scanned his surroundings, and his eye twitched.

“Seventh on the Martial Roll, Demon Blade Wu Shuangzi. Eighth on the Martial Roll, Tyrant Saber Xiang Wang. Tenth on the Martial Roll, the Inferno Slayer! Fourteenth and fifteenth, the Xue family brothers?”

There was not anyone ranked above twentieth on the Martial Roll at this table.

Even if the Heavenly Sword Sect Master is celebrating his birthday, why are there so many big shots? Fang Yuan sneered. It’s grand enough to start a Pugilistic World Meet!

He did not say much either. Instead, he raised his wine glass and saluted everyone.

After half an hour, the guests had all gathered, and the venue was completely full.

The Heavenly Sword Sect Master was full of joy. He stood up, and his gentle voice spread. “Thank you all for coming to celebrate my birthday today. I am truly grateful!”

“Today, all the famous martial artists have gathered. It is my joy to present three thousand-year Snow Lotuses as prizes today. Why don’t we have a small competition? As long as you are under thirty, feel free to join. In the meantime, we will enjoy ourselves and take pleasure in commenting on various talents and martial abilities.”

The Heavenly Sword Sect had already released the news. Furthermore, the prize was indeed of sufficient value.

Of course, there were more young martial artists thinking about making a name for themselves. There was no way they would miss such a rare opportunity. Among the guests today, countless young ones had come.

However, being invited to the Heavenly Sword Sect’s celebration was also a difficult hurdle.

“Great!”

“As Sect Master says!”

The people of the Pugilistic World bustled excitedly and cheered when they heard this.

The Heavenly Sword Sect Master clapped. They immediately constructed a huge arena on the square outside the Heavenly Sword Sect's main hall.

"All of you, as long as you are confident, you can get on the arena and challenge others! If you obtain ten consecutive wins, you may rest for half an hour. Finally, those with ten wins may compete for the top prize."

This was not a grand competition, but rather a stage for displaying their abilities. Therefore, the rules were not too complicated or fair. The Heavenly Sword Sect Master explained this clearly.

"All right!"

All members of the Pugilistic World nodded.

The next instant, a blue figure stood at the center of the arena. "I am Zhu Geqing. I would like to ask for advice from the world's heroes!"

"Zhu Geqing, the Lightning Sword? Eighth on the Hidden Dragon Roll?"

"He's already entered the Connate realm? He might be able to increase his rank slightly, but there's no way he can defeat the Hidden Dragon Roll's First!"

...

The crowd erupted into discussion.

After listening to a few words, Zhu Geqing raised his head stubbornly, staring at Fang Yuan with fighting intent in his eyes.

Even though he understood the gap between him and Fang Yuan, Zhu Geqing wanted to be evaluated by all his seniors. However, Fang Yuan remained seated, choosing to evaluate others.

This difference was like heaven and earth.

"Zhu Geqing, I, Han Yiye, will challenge you!"

Soon, a spear-wielding young man jumped onto the arena. A spectacular fight began. Unfortunately, all Fang Yuan saw were flaws, and he nearly fell asleep.

...

After a while, amid loud cheers, Wang Tianming kicked someone who was on a five-win streak down from the arena. He shouted at Fang Yuan, "Noble Mountain Sect's Fang Xu. You have a three-year agreement with me. Shall we fight?"

Chapter 1019: Exposed

"Who is this?"

The surroundings went quiet for a moment before erupting into noise again.

Numerous martial artists looked at Wang Tianming as though he was an idiot.

After all, Fang Xu was well-known for being a Connate perfection expert and thirteenth on the Martial Roll! He was definitely first on the Hidden Dragon Roll!

How ignorant would one have to be to issue a challenge like that?

Even though his kick that shoved his opponent off the arena was quite stunning, he was still quite a distance away from the heaven's chosen.

The Heavenly Sword Sect Master and the Autumn Leaf Divine Monk exchanged anxious glances and slowly shook their heads.

After a moment, many gazes landed on Fang Yuan.

Would he, thirteenth on the Martial Roll, accept the challenge?

A white shadow flashed, and Fang Yuan arrived on the arena, his expression indifferent. "If that's what you want, come die!"

"A life-and-death battle?"

The Divine Monk's expression turned compassionate as he pressed his palms together. "Two benefactors, please do not injure life!"

"Good! A life-and-death battle!"

Wang Tianming clasped both hands behind his back, feeling the sparks of battle light up within him.

"Amitabha. If one thinks of taking revenge, it'll cause backlash!" The Divine Monk shook his head and sighed. Helpless, he looked at the Heavenly Sword Sect Master, seeming to have other thoughts in mind.

On the arena.

"I, Wang Tianming, have waited for this day for three entire years!"

Even though Wang Tianming sounded agitated, his martial arts stance was impressive and as immovable as a mountain. This was his instinct after years of constant hard training.

"Is that so..."

This three-year agreement with the Son of the World is also amusing, Fang Yuan thought. "Let's see how you'll surprise me! Infinity Ice Palm!"

He swung his palm out, and icicles formed. The temperature around him abruptly dropped.

"Ha, Seven Slaughter Tiger Fist!"

Wang Tianming swung his fist, and the wind howled, sounding like a tiger was truly roaring.

Bang!

Fist and palm intersected, and both their bodies swayed a little.

Fang Yuan stood still and slowly said, "Oh? Seven Slaughter Fist Intent? The Drunken Daoist?"

“This is...”

Above the arena, the Heavenly Sword Sect Master’s eyes brightened. “Is that the Drunken Daoist’s Seven Slaughter Tiger Fist?”

“Being able to fight against Young Master Fang Xu’s Infinity Ice Palm means that he must have comprehended the Fist Intent. Is this boy called Wang Tianming? Actually comprehending the intent and being equally matched with Fang Xu, he’s also at the Connate perfection realm!” The Inferno Slayer stroked his beard thoughtfully. “I owed Drunken Daoist a favor once. I can’t see his successor die here.”

“Perfection stage!”

“He’s so young, but he’s not any weaker than Fang Xu!”

...

After the first exchange, the martial artists began cheering.

If someone trained in seclusion, nobody would care. But once they made a move, the entire world would know!

Regardless of the outcome of this battle, Wang Tianming’s name would surely spread!

Even so, his face did not reveal the slightest joy. Instead, he focused on his enemy. “So? Fang Xu, are you regretting giving me three years? In a mere three years, I’ve caught up to you, and soon, I will leave you far behind!”

He currently was full of the thrill of revenge.

After his thoughts aligned, even his martial arts seemed to go a step further!

“You’re overconfident!”

Fang Yuan restrained his strength, maintaining it at the perfection stage and reducing his intent to micro integration, and attacked. “Sheer Cold Divine Palm!”

“Ha! Seven Slaughter Fist Intent, Drunken Fist Intent, Seven Slaughter Drunken Fist!”

Wang Tianming instantly hypnotized himself. His face flushed, and he seemed drunk yet not drunk. When he punched, his power increased by more than two times.

“Drunken Fist?”

This world also had martial arts like the Drunken Fist. Not only did it completely lack set moves, but the key lay in its ability to increase strength through drugs or hypnosis, comparable to people with innate divine strength.

With his foundations and exquisite martial arts, his attack power increased exponentially.

“This is...”

Above the arena, the Heavenly Sword Sect Master's and the others' eyes sparkled. "He's so young, but he has comprehended two intents. Furthermore, he's managed to combine them into a single attack. Genius! He's an unparalleled genius!"

Bang!

Fist and palm intersected again, but this time, Wang Tianming remained motionless while Fang Yuan moved back a single step.

"Haha!" Wang Tianming raised his head and laughed at the sky. "Fang Xu, today, I will return all the shame that you have given me, ten times, a hundred times more!"

He seemed like a drunk tiger as he dashed about fiercely. Each and every move carried boundless force, forcing Fang Yuan to dodge continuously.

The onlookers remained silent watching this.

"Drizzle Sword Fang Xu is going to lose? To an unknown newcomer?"

"This newcomer is quite fierce. Didn't you hear the Heavenly Sword Sect Master? He's at Connate perfection and has combined two intents. He's a genius!"

"Oh no. Fang Xu is going to lose!"

...

On the arena, Fang Yuan continued to dodge. No matter how Wang Tianming attacked, after fifteen minutes, Fang Yuan was still standing tall as before. In fact, he did not even touch a corner of his clothes.

"Eh?" Above the arena, the Divine Monk held the prayer beads on his wrist. "Something seems wrong!"

"Huff..." Wang Tianming abruptly halted, recovering from his drunken state.

"What? He's over-consumed his strength?"

Fang Yuan's figure turned into a breeze, drifting constantly and gliding with the wind.

Wang Tianming was gasping for air as he asked, "W-what movement technique is this?"

"An item that is highly sought after but not easily found. This is my Illusionary Movement!" Fang Yuan randomly made up a name. "Did you think you were the only one making progress?"

With that said, his figure was like an illusion or a dream as he dashed forward.

"Seven Slaughter Drunken Tiger!"

Wang Tianming punched out, but Fang Yuan's figure drifted like a piece of paper, not suffering a scratch. Instead, he slammed straight into him, pushing his palm against his chest.

Poof!

Wang Tianming immediately stumbled backward and knelt at the edge of the arena. His face was blue, and his lips were purple. A layer of ice was covering his face, causing him to shiver continuously, and he could not say another word.

“Tianming!!!”

Below the arena, Ling Xian'er's eyes were about to pop out, her voice hoarse from crying.

Fang Yuan's expression was indifferent. He stepped forward and lifted his palm.

“Wait!”

“Amitabha!”

The Heavenly Sword Sect Master and the Divine Monk spoke simultaneously. “Have mercy!”

“Haha...” Fang Yuan stood with his hands behind his back and glanced coldly. “Where were you when I was in the same situation? You are being far too biased!”

Swoosh!

COMMENT

With a flash, the Heavenly Sword Sect Master and the Divine Monk appeared on the arena. They both had solemn looks and appeared faintly vigilant.

“Oh? It seems like you are very prejudiced against me. Did you prepare this arena for me? If this foolish boy hadn't come up, would you have sent someone else to probe me?” Fang Yuan asked with a sneer.

“Amitabha. This humble monk has a matter he wishes to ask!” The Divine Monk pressed his palms together, his eyes glaring like a Varja. “Three years ago, on March 3rd, 19th, and April 1st, where were you? And are there witnesses?”

“What?” When they heard this, Wang Tianming and Ling Xian'er cried out in alarm, their expressions changing.

Because their memories of those days remained fresh. “Master, do you mean... the Everchanging Demon Lord?!”

“That's right. After rigorous investigation, the Everchanging Demon Lord's true identity is most likely this Noble Mountain Sect's Young Master, Drizzle Sword Fang Xu!” The Divine Monk pressed his palms together. “And when you revealed your movement technique just now, someone recognized it!”

“Someone recognized it? The Unparalleled Demon Emperor?” Fang Yuan smiled. “I can't believe I'm so lucky. In order to deal with me, the righteous and demon paths actually joined hands!”

Saying this was tantamount to acknowledging it. The Pugilistic World's crowd broke into discussion.

“What? Fang Xu is the Everchanging Demon Lord?”

“This man is vicious and dangerous!”

“I want revenge for my father!”

“It turns out my enemy is here!”

Thousands of people pointed at him incriminatingly.

An immense amount of pressure landed on Fang Yuan. But to him, this was nothing more than a tiny breeze.

"Amitabha. I was only thirty percent sure, so I had asked the Heavenly Sword Sect Master to test you. I never thought that you would admit it yourself!" The Divine Monk was surprised.

"Haha... because I have nothing to worry about!"

Before his departure, Fang Yuan had arranged for Fang Tianhan and Jiang Xinlan to head far away. Furthermore, with his help, Fang Tianhan had cultivated his intent to psychological integration within these three years. He was already a God-tier martial artist and could go anywhere in the world.

In this way, he was worry-free and could go all out.

"Unparalleled Demon Emperor, aren't you going to appear?" Fang Yuan looked in a direction.

Rumble!

A hidden door exploded opened, and the Unparalleled Demon Emperor led an entourage of Demon Sect experts forward. His charm was the same as before. "Everchanging Demon Lord... when you defeated me, it has always been a shame in my heart. Today, we will fight again!"

"Great. With you here, all the God-tier martial artists in the Pugilistic World are here!" Fang Yuan nodded. "Nice plan!"

Wang Tianming looked at this scene in shock, not knowing what to feel.

Fang Xu, your talent exceeds mine...

A sense of unwillingness and resentment devoured his heart like a poisonous snake. But at the same time, he felt a sense of pleasure. *But it's over for you! You're the Everchanging Demon Lord, an existence that neither the righteous nor the demon path can tolerate! You will die today!*

With this thought, his lips curled into a smile.

"Heavenly Sword Sect Master, Divine Monk, guard the surroundings!"

The Unparalleled Demon Emperor strode forward boldly. With every step, his aura soared. His voice thundered, "Everchanging Demon Lord Fang Xu, let me ask for advice from you again!"

"Hmph!" Fang Yuan snorted coldly. He stepped forward unyieldingly, and the fire and water shield appeared again.

The Unparalleled Demon Emperor unleashed a punch onto the shield but was still unable to break the defense.

"Ha! There's no need to talk about justice and morals with an evil demon. Everyone, attack!"

In an instant, two more figures appeared by his side. One held a saber while the other held a sword. Their weapons gave off a terrifying aura, both at the same level as divine armaments!

Seventh on the Martial Roll, Demon Sword Wu Shuangzi! Eighth on the Martial Roll, Tyrant Saber Xiang Wang!

“Die!”

In this world, even Fang Yuan did not dare to use his body to fight with divine armaments. With a swipe at his waist, the Drizzle Sword appeared in his hand. “Breeze Sword!”

Swoosh!

A flash of light plunged into the sword light and the saber light.

Two grunts sounded as the light disappeared.

Wu Shuangzi and Xiang Wang were covering their throat, showing expressions of disbelief. “No... Impossible!”

Chapter 1020: Breakthrough

“Unexpectedly, you’ve combined the Thirteen Breeze Swords into one move, and the power has increased so much!”

The Unparalleled Demon Emperor’s eyes twitched.

He originally thought that joining with the righteous path and launching a surprise attack on the Everchanging Demon Lord was a flawless plan.

However, he did not expect the Everchanging Demon Lord to be so fierce. With a sword move, he had killed two God-tier martial artists!

At this level, he was almost not even in the same realm. An ominous feeling overcame him.

“Good swordplay!”

When the Heavenly Sword Sect Master saw this, he immediately grasped his sword and attacked.

His sword was like an otherworldly immortal. It could be sought but not seen, just like a new moon. When his sword collided with the demon’s sword, it immediately caused a shower of sparks.

“Amitabha!”

A figure shouted and entered the battle, looking like a golden arhat.

The Autumn Leaf Divine Monk! The Impenetrable Vajra Arhat Technique!

Today, the top three on the Martial Roll were besieging the Everchanging Demon Lord!

This scene left numerous people from the Pugilistic World shocked, but soon after, their expressions turned to excitement as they stared without blinking.

“Being able to withstand the siege of the top three on the Martial Roll, the Everchanging Demon Lord is the true number one in this world!”

“He’s cultivated for less than twenty years, but he’s already the top martial artist in the world!”

“He’s not merely talented, he’s a demon! A Demon!!!”

...

"Fang Xu..." Wang Tianming's fingernails dug into his skin. "I may not be as strong as you, but you will definitely die here today!"

"A little troublesome!"

Fang Yuan's fire and water shield turned into an illusionary lotus, protecting his vital points.

Even though he had comprehended the four intents and was only a step away from fusing them, he was still only a God-tier martial artist. The Divine Monk and the others had greater experience and deeper cultivation power.

The top three on the Martial Roll were attacking him while the others closed off his escape path, immediately giving him a little pressure.

"Demon Extinction Fist!" Unparalleled Demon Emperor Nie Wuji roared. His fists were covered with black Qi as he unleashed his flexible sword.

"Great Compassionate Hand!" The Autumn Leaf Divine Monk looked benevolent. His hand had a golden glow, and he slowly pushed out. Fang Yuan's expression changed as he blocked with his left hand.

There was a rumor in the Pugilistic World that in terms of cultivation power and martial arts, the Autumn Leaf Divine Monk was the true number one. Only, the monk did not have the heart to compete, so the Demon Emperor took the position.

The Divine Monk and the Demon Emperor, these two former opponents, worked together with impeccable coordination, suppressing Fang Yuan from both sides.

"Good! Heavenly Sword!"

The Heavenly Sword Sect Master united with his sword into a streak of light, seizing this golden opportunity to immediately attack.

Poof!

The rotating fire and water lotus withered under the sword light.

Poof!

Blood splattered.

Even though the Qi shield broke, it bought Fang Yuan some time. He managed to slant his head and only suffered a wound on his shoulder.

"I poured all my power into that attack. Even the Unparalleled Demon Body couldn't take it head-on, but unexpectedly, I merely injured your shoulder!"

The sword light transformed into the Heavenly Sword Sect Master. "What an amazing body-refining technique!"

Fang Yuan looked at his wound and said nonchalantly, "Damn old man, you're also the first in the world to truly injure my spirit!"

If the Heavenly Sword Sword Intent had invaded the body of an ordinary Connate or even a God-tier martial artist, even if they did not receive a fatal injury, their meridians would break, causing their death.

However, his body-refining technique was directly obtained from the Intent of Earth, most likely the best in this world. Any Sword Qi that entered his body would immediately whittle away. His wound was merely superficial.

“However, if a single sword pierces a vital point, it’ll be a little troublesome... There’s truly a bit of pressure!”

Fang Yuan licked his lips and started running his cultivation technique at full force.

He continued to merge the four intents and began to peep into the highest level of Martial Intent.

“Again. As long as we hit his vitals, he’ll die!”

The Unparalleled Demon Emperor roared, clearly identifying the key to victory.

In a one-on-one fight, none of them were Fang Yuan’s opponent. But if they worked together, there was a chance of killing him!

“Everchanging Demon Lord... forgive us. We can’t do this according to the Pugilistic World’s rules. But if we let you run loose, you will certainly be a calamity to the Pugilistic World!” The Autumn Leaf Divine Monk sighed.

On the other hand, Ling Xian’er’s and Wang Tianming’s eyes glowed. “Will this demon fall?”

“Come!” Fang Yuan’s robes were soaked in blood, but his eyes grew brighter. “Do you know why I let the three of you live even though you are the biggest threats to me? I want to rely on you to give me life-and-death pressure so that I can make a breakthrough!”

The Unparalleled Demon Emperor was keen. With eagerness in his eyes, he asked, “Breakthrough? Is there a realm beyond God-tier?”

“That’s right. Although this world cultivates the Martial Dao, starting from the Acquired realm, then the Connate realm, and finally the God-tier realm, above it...”

Fang Yuan stood with his hands behind his back and yearning in his eyes. “Using my own strength, I will break through the world’s limits. I’ve named it ‘Shattering Vortex’!”

“Above God-tier, Shattering Vortex?”

These God-tier martial artists suddenly became aware. “I see... you collected so many secret manuals to break through... What a shame!”

“To be able to battle today, I will have no regrets no matter how it ends!” The Heavenly Sword Sect Master grasped his long sword and laughed heartily.

“Good! Come!” Fang Yuan’s eyes glowed brighter. “After hearing about the Shattering Vortex realm, do you feel enlightenment and excitement in your martial heart? This was my intention, to make you reach your optimal state!”

He was undoubtedly walking on a tightrope.

He intentionally left the strongest martial artists and allowed them to join hands to threaten his life.

At the same time, he constantly stimulated them with his words, pushing their mental state to higher realms.

“Great!”

The auras of the Unparalleled Demon Emperor, the Autumn Leaf Divine Monk, and the Heavenly Sword Sect Master rose dramatically. Clearly, they had gained a lot. They exchanged glances and immediately shot forward together.

Three earth-shattering True Primordial Qi surrounded Fang Yuan in an instant.

“Good!” Fang Yuan’s eyes were bright. Under the immense pressure, he began combining the four intents and broke through his final bottleneck.

“It’s done!”

“Although I’ve long comprehended the Intent of Earth, Fire, Wind, Water, I needed a bit more to merge them into the Intent of Chaos... Even if I could have done it in a few years, who knows how much time would pass in the outside world and what would happen. Therefore, the sooner, the better. These three were the whetstones I selected!”

At this moment, under the pressure of life and death, he finally managed to break through.

Fang Yuan made his move and punched.

This punch was simple, but it had the four Intents of Earth, Fire, Wind, and Water merging into one.

Rumble!

The sky trembled, cutting open a huge hole, and the surrounding space shattered.

“Shattering Vortex?”

The Unparalleled Demon Emperor and the others were in shock as they watched the black hole expand and devour all their attacks.

“That’s right. Shattering Vortex is the pinnacle of the Martial Dao!”

Fang Yuan took a step, teleported to in front of the three, and extended both palms. Under the chaos, the Autumn Leaf Divine Monk and the Heavenly Sword Sect Master turned into dust.

“What an amazing Shattering Vortex. I’ve witnessed the epitome of martial arts today and can die without regrets!”

When he saw this, the Unparalleled Demon Emperor sat cross-legged with a touch of release and a trace of longing on his face. “If there is a next life, I will definitely practice martial arts again!”

Trails of blood poured out from his seven apertures. He had decided to end his life with his own hands.

“What happened?”

Outside the arena, Wang Tianming, Ling Xian'er, the Inferno Slayer, the Xue Family Brothers, and the Demon Sect experts saw this scene, and their eyes immediately widened.

At first, the Divine Monk and the other two had the advantage.

However, the Everchanging Demon Lord had summoned a black hole and reversed the situation in an instant.

"There are also the other God-tier martial artists. They're all trouble, so I can't leave a single one alive!"

Fang Yuan turned his head, spotted the Inferno Slayer, and sent a palm from afar.

Rumble!

The air trembled, and the shockwaves reached the man ranked tenth on the Martial Roll.

He did not even let out a cry as he dissolved into dust.

"In this world, after you've attained the Shattering Vortex realm, you are basically invincible. Everyone else is an ant!"

Fang Yuan sighed. The Shattering Vortex realm was something that should not have existed in this world, but he had forcibly made it happen.

However, after he completed it, he sensed the world's repulsion.

"It's repelling, not shattering! It seems like this isn't a dream world, but a fusion of world fragments! In that case..."

He teleported before the Xue family brothers and extended two fingers.

Poof!

Their heads exploded instantly.

Soon after, Fang Yuan spotted the group of Demon Sect elders. There were some God-tier martial artists hidden among them. They seemed to want to beg for mercy, but without waiting for them to say a word, his sleeve flapped and reduced them to dust.

"I've already killed the top ten on the Martial Roll and numerous Connate perfection martial artists along the way. The entire Pugilistic World can be considered a weak generation now. With Fang Tianhan's God-tier strength, if he's ambitious enough, he might be able to unify the Pugilistic World and become the overlord!"

Fang Yuan took a look at himself. Void ripples gathered around him, making his figure look like a dream.

"It's time to go, but..."

He stepped into the void and appeared before two people, Wang Tianming and Ling Xian'er.

"This Son of the World has already reached Connate perfection, and he'll likely break through to the God-tier realm. I can't let him live!"

Fang Yuan understood the principle of cutting the grass and eliminating the roots.

If he remained in this world, he naturally did mind leaving him around for fun. But if Fang Tianhan met Wang Tianming, it really would not be fun.

After all, he had providence on his side. Maybe after being hunted down a few times, he would break through to God-tier and begin fighting back.

Therefore, it was better to eliminate the problem before it sprouted.

“If you want to kill Big Brother Wang, you’ll have to kill me first!”

On the verge of life and death, Ling Xian’er stepped forward bravely.

“No! I’ll put my life on the line!”

Wang Tianming’s eyes were red as he yelled, “No! I’ll put my life on the line!”

“A dying struggle!”

Fang Yuan punched, and a terrifying power opened a hole in the air. This black hole devoured the two, turning them into powder. Not even their souls remained.

After completing all this, he smiled. His figure was finally devoured by the numerous void ripples. He turned into a beam of light and broke through the void.