

Y Master 1091

Chapter 1091: The Competition Begins

Amidst the anticipation of the crowd, an old man whose age was indiscernible flew over, wearing a coarse brown cloth garment, with a face full of wrinkles and a pair of small eyes that flashed with brilliance as they opened and closed.

This old man landed directly in the purple area, his hands behind his back, and his eyes, sharp as lightning, swept over everyone present.

Under his gaze, everyone fell silent, no one dared to speak, all eyes were on him alone, and except for the Sect Leader Tong Tianhao and Great Elder Wu Xinhai, everyone else had a look of awe.

The old man nodded with satisfaction, and said, "Very good, many outstanding inner sect disciples have emerged this year, I'm very pleased."

Ye Fan frowned, unsure of the old man's background, but from everyone's respectful demeanor towards him, it was clear that this old man had a significant status.

"This Inner Sect Disciple Competition is for three elite disciple positions, something you all likely know. What I have to say is that I will be the referee for this competition! Also, there are many new faces here who don't know me; I'm Shen Ximen, a Supreme Elder of the Xuanwu Sect. With me as the referee, you don't have to worry about fairness in the competition!"

Upon hearing Supreme Elder Shen Ximen reveal his identity, Ye Fan suddenly understood and was at ease, realizing that probably only he would have the qualification to sit in the purple area within the entire Xuanwu Sect.

According to casual conversations with Tong Qianchen, the entire Xuanwu Sect had only three remaining Supreme Elders, each with a transcendent identity, akin to clouds and cranes, and not even the Sect Leader could easily summon them unless the sect was facing life and death matters.

This Shen Ximen was different from other Supreme Elders; he was an old child at heart, enjoying being with younger cultivators, feeling the vibrant vitality within them.

Therefore, Tong Tianhao invited him as the referee for this competition; having a strong figure like him as the referee ensures fairness and reduces casualties.

In the Inner Sect Disciple Competition, all participating disciples inevitably go all out for those rare three elite disciple spots, and in such circumstances, no one can guarantee restraint.

A powerful referee becomes extremely important; if Ye Fan weren't participating, Tong Tianhao would have let the Great Elder be the referee.

In the past, the Great Elder always served as the referee for the Inner Sect Disciple Competition due to never accepting disciples, ensuring the most fairness and impartiality without bias towards anyone.

But this time it's different, as the Great Elder accepted Ye Fan as a disciple, and since Ye Fan is participating in this competition, to avoid suspicion, the Great Elder cannot be the referee this time.

With a Supreme Elder as the referee, no one dares to disagree, except Chu Feng among the elite disciples frowned, worried that Hao Jian wouldn't have the opportunity to underhandedly disable Ye Fan.

After all, with a Supreme Elder's keen insight and high strength, it's challenging to play tricks under his watchful eye.

Hao Jian seemed to realize this as well, uneasily looking at Chu Feng, who gave him a look suggesting to act according to circumstances.

Despite Supreme Elder Shen Ximen being the referee, Chu Feng was still determined to disable Ye Fan!

"All participating Inner Sect disciples, come forward to draw lots to determine your opponents and the order of appearance!"

Following Shen Ximen's voice, two elite disciples of the Xuanwu Sect placed a large closed wooden box at the center of the stage.

Ye Fan, along with other participating disciples, stepped forward, finding that the top of the large wooden box had a round hole sealed with red paper, and all participants were to break the red paper with their hands to randomly take out a small ball inside which had a number engraved on it.

Du Hai glanced at Ye Fan, smirking, "Hope you're lucky enough not to face me in the first match, or you're screwed!"

Ye Fan remained fearless, retorting, "I'd say the same to you."

The drawing lots ended quickly, each participating disciple drew a small ball with a number on it, and the one with the same number is your opponent.

Ye Fan glanced, feeling fortunate to have drawn number ten, but didn't know who the unlucky contestant with the same number was.

After drawing their numbers, all participating disciples, including Ye Fan, returned to their seats, eagerly awaiting the start of the competition!

"Dong..."

A loud bell rang, and Supreme Elder Shen Ximen, sitting near the stage, calmly announced, "The competition officially begins. Number one, please come onto the stage!"

Shen Ximen's voice wasn't loud, yet it was clearly heard by everyone present, showcasing his unfathomable power.

Several elders positioned themselves accordingly and collaboratively set up a barrier-type defensive shield to prevent any accidents during the match where someone, unable to control their True Qi, might cause harm to the audience.

This precaution was due to past incidents where someone, burning their True Qi to unleash their strongest attack, failed to restrain themselves and accidentally killed two outer disciples watching the match.

To prevent similar tragedies, a defensive shield is set up before all subsequent competitions.

Those who drew number one were two young cultivators of similar age, who after getting on stage, introduced themselves, then retreated to a distance of over 100 meters apart!

After a brief inquiry, Supreme Elder Shen Ximen swung his right hand downward and shouted, “Begin the match!”

“Ha!”

The two suddenly released their aura, charging at each other like rhinoceroses, simultaneously revealing their magic artifacts, which turned out to be long swords!

Clang clang clang clang...

Sword Qi crisscrossed, the two instantly exchanged dozens of blows, and the sound of clashing swords was as dense as popping beans, echoing like a firecracker.

Ye Fan slowly closed his eyes, not needing to watch as both their attack strength and speed were too weak, posing no threat to him regardless of who eventually wins.

A quarter of an hour later, the battle reached its conclusion as one cultivator daringly executed the Secret Wave Sword Technique, managing to thrust the point of his sword onto his opponent's throat after over a dozen fierce clashes, thus ending the fight.

The venue erupted in thunderous applause, for Ye Fan, such a fight was riddled with flaws, but for outer disciples and those inexperienced inner disciples, it was still quite brilliant.

For an exciting battle, people naturally reward it with enthusiastic applause.

Next, participants went on stage one after another, engaging in flashy, albeit impractical battles. From Ye Fan's perspective, such conflicts could be resolved in one move, yet they indulged in them joyfully.

“ ... ”

“Number seven, step forward!”

Shen Ximen's eyes showed no joy or sorrow, revealing no emotional fluctuations, as if he were a machine.

Swoosh!

At his voice, Bu Zhuifeng, thin as a bamboo pole, stood up and leapt onto the platform.

Swoosh!

Upon realizing his opponent was the speed-renowned Bu Zhuifeng, the cultivator who also drew number seven immediately looked crestfallen but still braced himself to go on stage.

After all, since it was a competition, even if he was ultimately defeated, he had to go all out to showcase his strength and potential to the Sect Leader and elders.

Arriving at the center of the platform, the two stood facing each other. The Supreme Elder Shen Ximen glanced at them and said, "Announce your names!"

"Bu Zhuifeng!"

Bu Zhuifeng's introduction was brief and to the point, as there was no need to say much. No Inner Sect Disciple didn't know him.

“Liang Guangfeng, Brother Bu, I hope you’ll show mercy!”

Liang Guangfeng, who had drawn the same number as Bu Zhuifeng, grinned and laughed bitterly.

“Cut the nonsense, there are no father and son on the battlefield, no mercy in raising a hand. Since it’s a contest, I won’t hold back, you better take care!” Bu Zhuifeng showed no courtesy.

“Both of you step back and prepare for the match!”

The Supreme Elder Shen Ximen spread his hands apart, and Bu Zhuifeng and Liang Guangfeng bowed to each other, then turned and took several steps back.

After turning and standing, both nodded at Shen Ximen, indicating they were ready.

Shen Ximen shouted, “Begin the match!”

Liang Guangfeng immediately ignited his True Qi, his entire being transforming into a giant, his bronze war spear pointing at Bu Zhuifeng, yet he did not charge forward.

He was well aware that competing in speed with Bu Zhuifeng would be suicidal, so he decided to force his opponent away, denying him any close combat chance, while simultaneously strengthening his defense to the utmost.

He had to admit, his strategy was correct. Against Bu Zhuifeng, who was known for speed, a solid defense was the best choice. As long as he could use the burning Gang Qi to keep his opponent outside the war spear's range, he could remain undefeated.

"Heh!"

Bu Zhuifeng sneered, his body turning into a wisp of blue smoke as he charged at the bronze war spear, his hands creating a myriad of palm shadows like butterflies.

Liang Guangfeng only saw a blur before his eyes, and then the bronze war spear trembled. By the time he understood what had happened, the fight was over.

Bu Zhuifeng truly deserved his reputation as the fastest among the Inner Sect Disciples. As he neared the bronze war spear, his body made a strange twist to avoid the spear's edge, following down the spear to Liang Guangfeng's side, where his right hand flipped, pressing a short knife against Liang Guangfeng's Dantian.

A light push forward with his hand would have rendered Liang Guangfeng's cultivation useless; the speed was dazzlingly fast.

Apart from Ye Fan, probably only the elite disciples and core disciples could discern his speed and strategy.

Being pinned with a short knife to his Dantian before managing a single move was something Liang Guangfeng never anticipated, but he accepted his defeat. Relaxing his grip, the bronze war spear clattered to the ground, and he cupped his hands to Bu Zhuifeng, "Brother Bu, you are brilliant, I concede!"

"The seventh match, Bu Zhuifeng wins and advances successfully."

Shen Ximen nodded silently, at this age, to achieve such speed is rare, but more importantly was his control power. To manage stopping at the precise moment the short knife pierced the clothing and grazed the skin – such control is remarkable.

"Number eight, step forward!"

"Number nine, step forward..."

The following two matches could be described as evenly matched, but they lacked the simplicity and briskness of the battle between Bu Zhuifeng and Liang Guangfeng.

Nonetheless, their battles also won rounds of applause, with shouts of praise and clapping resonating continuously.

After two more people successfully advanced, the Supreme Elder Shen Ximen calmly said, "Number ten, step forward!"

Ye Fan stood up, first approaching the Supreme Elder Shen Ximen to hand over his ball, then heading to the center of the battlefield, waiting for his opponent to emerge.

Soon, a young cultivator came onto the platform, handed in his ball, and stood opposite Ye Fan, the war intent in his eyes burning.

“Announce your names!”

The Supreme Elder Shen Ximen said routinely.

“Ye Fan!”

“Liu Datong!”

“Begin the match!”

After Ye Fan and his opponent Liu Datong announced their names, Shen Ximen shouted, commencing the match.

Chapter 1092: Advancing to the Final Four

“I will defeat you to prove to everyone that my strength and potential are greater than yours, and I am more qualified to be the Great Elder’s disciple!”

Liu Datong moved a little, his entire body echoing with cracking sounds, like an unsheathed sharp sword, exuding a commanding aura.

Ye Fan nodded and said, “If you have the ability, why not let you have it?”

“I don’t need you to give it to me. I want to prove with strength that I am stronger than you!”

Seeing that Ye Fan had no intention of attacking first, Liu Datong no longer delayed and punched towards Ye Fan’s face. The fierce punch ray broke through the space barrier and was in front of Ye Fan in an instant.

Ye Fan secretly nodded. Liu Datong’s strength was not bad, but not enough to make him use his full power. After reaching the Peak of True Qi Realm, Ye Fan’s strength had qualitatively improved.

Swish!

Ye Fan casually threw a punch without any punch ray, yet his fist faintly turned golden. However, the change was subtle, and with the morning sun shining, everyone ignored it.

Boom...

Ye Fan's fist collided with Liu Datong's punch ray, directly dispersing the punch ray, while his fist didn't even tremble, as steady as if cast from molten iron.

Hmm?

Failing at the first strike, Liu Datong was surprised, restrained his contempt, and instantly burned his true qi, his combat power rapidly soaring.

At the same time, he took out his magic artifact, a large machete, the bright blade reflecting dazzling light under the sun.

"Sword Wave Thirteen Slashes!"

Liu Datong knew that ordinary attacks probably couldn't do anything to Ye Fan. After the initial probing, he directly used his strongest attack.

Sword Wave Thirteen Slashes was Liu Datong's proudest martial art and the most incisive attack martial art. Even Du Hai, who ranked first in attack power among the Inner Sect Disciples, dared not underestimate it.

Hoo!

One slash split out, the sword light tore through the void, heading straight for Ye Fan.

Swish!

Ye Fan smiled slightly, moving his feet oddly, narrowly avoiding the slash.

Boom!

The sword light from Liu Datong's slash fiercely hit the defensive shield jointly set up by several elders, emitting a loud noise, shaking the shield, showcasing the power of this slash.

Swish swish swish swish...

Failing at a single slash, Liu Datong viciously followed slash after slash, slashing thirteen in total, each one heavier, with accumulated force.

The thirteenth slash depleted Liu Datong's true qi. He looked pale at Ye Fan, who was like blue smoke on the field, and spat out a mouthful of blood.

Unable to harm Ye Fan, yet exhausting himself to spitting blood, Liu Datong realized he underestimated Ye Fan. If Ye Fan retaliated now, he probably couldn't take even one move.

Seeing Ye Fan approaching with a smile, Liu Datong quickly said, "I concede, I concede!"

Shen Ximen glanced at Ye Fan in surprise. He didn't know such a skilled person emerged among the Inner Sect Disciples, but Ye Fan's courage to allow opponents to unleash their strongest attack was rare and made him look twice.

"Match ten, Ye Fan wins and successfully advances!"

Shen Ximen announced the match result, and Liu Datong clasped his hands to Ye Fan and said, "Brother Ye Fan, I concede, but be careful, not everyone is like me!"

After speaking, Liu Datong returned to his seat, closing his eyes to heal, no longer watching the following matches.

Next, the competition continued. When it was Du Hai's turn, he knocked out his opponent with an axe in just one move. If not for being unable to kill, the axe would have split the opponent in two.

The plump teenager Hao Jian also showed remarkable strength, easily defeating his opponent and advancing smoothly.

By noon, all Inner Sect Disciple matches were completed, with a hundred and three people successfully defeating their opponents and advancing to the next round.

After a slight rest and lunch, the competition continued, still following the morning's rules with two at a time stepping up.

In this round, Ye Fan faced a big guy, easily defeating him after he unleashed his strongest attack.

In fact, everyone knew that the final three spots would certainly come from Ye Fan, Du Hai, Bu Zhuifeng, and Hao Jian, though some were dissatisfied, thinking Ye Fan was unqualified for the top four.

The competition grew more intense; although all Inner Sect Disciples were Peak of True Qi Realm, their actual combat skills varied, some high, some low.

During the battle, Ye Fan didn't overpower opponents with lightning-speed moves but waited for them to display their strongest before taking action.

However, many conceded after their strongest moves failed to defeat Ye Fan, avoiding further humiliation.

Yet some, not recognizing the situation, still struggled like cornered beasts after their strongest moves failed. In such cases, Ye Fan was not polite, ending the fight with a single punch.

After repeatedly defeating several rounds of opponents, Ye Fan finally entered the top four, along with Du Hai, Bu Zhuifeng, and Hao Jian, without dispute.

Finally, Ye Fan was going head-to-head with them!

“Ye Fan’s strength is just so-so; entering the top four is simply a stroke of luck!”

“That’s right, Ye Fan fought too conservatively, lacking the domineering energy that strong people should have. Since he could defeat his opponent, why waste time? Why not just crush the opponent with overwhelming force?”

During Ye Fan’s battle, some young cultivators from the outer sect were discussing, believing that Ye Fan lacked a certain domineering aura, and feared that once up against people like Du Hai, he would probably struggle to defeat them.

Some inner sect disciples who hadn’t faced Ye Fan also thought that Ye Fan was too conservative and that he wouldn’t be able to defeat the openly domineering trio of Du Hai.

“Although Ye Fan’s strength is decent, he probably won’t be able to compete for the three elite disciple spots this time, and will have to wait for the next opportunity.”

“His strength is undeniable, but he lacks the domineering energy to look down on the world, making it difficult to defeat Du Hai and the others.”

“This time, it seems the Great Elder’s disciple is truly going to be replaced!”

The inner sect disciples and some elite disciples also shared this view, whispering among themselves.

Even though their voices were low, they couldn't hide them from the ears of core disciples and elder leaders from the Xuanwu sect.

Even the top elite disciples had differing opinions.

They had superior strength, and their insights were more sophisticated than those of ordinary disciples. From Ye Fan's consistently calm expression, they could tell Ye Fan hadn't used his full strength to defeat these opponents. Thus, no one knew how strong his real combat power truly was.

Moreover, Ye Fan's battle experience was very rich, his grasp of battle strategy was exquisite. Even they found it hard to say whether they could achieve this level of proficiency.

He didn't defeat his opponents forcefully, not because he couldn't, but because he didn't want to. He respected each of his opponents, as they too had worked hard to cultivate to this level.

It's not that he can't; it's that he chooses not to!

Unfortunately, those who could see Ye Fan's intentions were mainly the top elite disciples, core disciples, and elders, while the numerous inner and outer sect disciples simply couldn't see it.

Those cultivators who hadn't faced Ye Fan felt indignant, believing that if they faced Ye Fan, they would certainly defeat him.

However, it's too late to say anything now; with the competition at this stage, all that can be done is to wait and see how Ye Fan performs in the semifinals.

Among the core disciples was Tong Tianhao's precious daughter, Tong Qianchen. She was included not due to her father's status as Sect Leader, but purely on her own merit.

Each match, Tong Qianchen watched closely. Her focus wasn't on others but on Ye Fan's performance. After all, it was largely due to her insistence that Ye Fan remained when otherwise he would have been taken away by people from the Tianyuan Sect in the Xuanshou Mountain Range.

Furthermore, over these days, Tong Qianchen's feelings towards Ye Fan had grown, finding the quiet Ye Fan far superior to the charming Chu Feng.

From the moment Ye Fan appeared, she had been paying close attention to his every move. From his performance, she could tell that Ye Fan hadn't been using his full strength in the matches.

Although he always won, he allowed his opponents to fully show their skills, leaving them defeated yet content.

The more she observed, the more Tong Qianchen felt attracted to Ye Fan's calm and composed demeanor, her eyes sparkling with interest, and her heart felt ripples...

All this was noticed by Chu Feng, who stood nearby, gritting his teeth in envy.

However—

Despite his envy, Chu Feng also had been observing Ye Fan's performance, understanding that Ye Fan hadn't exerted his full strength.

But he was not worried at all—he was supremely confident in the martial arts skill he imparted to Hao Jian!

Moreover, in his opinion, Hao Jian's strength was not inferior to Ye Fan's. Even if he couldn't defeat Ye Fan, he could at least draw level with him. Once Hao Jian used the martial arts skills he taught him, it wouldn't be hard to cripple Ye Fan.

His only concern was Supreme Elder Shen Ximen!

Because, if Shen Ximen saw through the trick, Hao Jian would find it hard to act.

Even if he succeeded, Hao Jian would be exposed.

Then, if Hao Jian revealed him, he could be expelled from the circle of core disciples, or even from the mountain gate!

Despite the worry, Chu Feng was well aware that now everything was at a point of no return—the matter had reached this stage, he could only grit his teeth and bear it. At most, if things were exposed, he would deny everything, sacrificing his pawns to save the general, tossing Hao Jian to take the blame.

Looking at Tong Qianchen's eyes sparkling with interest, Chu Feng sneered internally, wishing he could witness Ye Fan being crippled right away.

"The semifinals, the last four into the final two, will be held tomorrow."

As Chu Feng hoped for Ye Fan to be crippled, Supreme Elder Shen Ximen addressed Ye Fan and the other three, stating, "Those who've entered the top four should focus on recovering true energy to bring out their strongest combat power tomorrow!"

Chapter 1093: Defeated in a Single Move

The semi-final match of four into two is exhilarating!

As the words of Supreme Elder Shen Ximen concluded, the crowd gradually dispersed, but the night was destined to be sleepless; no one could fall asleep.

Those inner sect disciples who were ruthlessly eliminated were summarizing the reasons for their failures, while admiring the strength of Ye Fan and the other three.

As for the elite disciples and outer sect disciples, they discussed the exciting matchups in the competition, using them as a reflection on their own strength.

If they were in such a situation, whether they could perform better, or push towards their goal, striving to enter the core disciple ranks sooner.

Ye Fan and the other three were arranged in a row of rooms near the square, each with one room, far apart from each other to avoid being disturbed during their cultivation at night.

For them, restoring the consumed True Qi is crucial!

Because reaching their realm, they have already hit a bottleneck; breaking through is not a matter of a day or two. Hence, whoever can restore to their peak state has a better chance of winning.

This time, Ye Fan didn't enter the virtual space of the Nine Heavens Mysterious Crown to cultivate, fearing that Shen Ximen, the Supreme Elder, might detect something.

After all, his strength surpassed the Sect Leader and the Great Elder; the last remaining Supreme Elder of the Xuanwu Sect is not easy to deal with.

However, even without cultivating in virtual space, one night's time is enough for Ye Fan to recover to peak condition!

After settling in, Ye Fan didn't eat, and directly returned to his room to prepare for cultivation. Just as he was about to meditate, he suddenly felt Tong Qianchen approaching him, so he temporarily abandoned entering meditation state, and secretly smiled in his heart.

Tong Qianchen, not only beautiful as a Heavenly Immortal, but also with the illustrious identity of being the Sect Leader's daughter, is absolutely pursued by many in the Xuanwu Sect.

Her closeness to him, whether intentional or not, undoubtedly pushed him to the very edge, where her suitors are bound to see him as an eyesore.

Although Ye Fan has no thoughts about Tong Qianchen, he can only face it calmly.

After all, it was Tong Qianchen who insisted on letting him enter the Xuanwu Sect, otherwise, let alone joining the Xuanwu Sect and obtaining cultivation resources, his ability to leave the Xuan Beast Forest alive would have been in question.

In such a situation, he naturally could not deliberately distance himself from Tong Qianchen.

While Ye Fan was contemplating, Tong Qianchen had already arrived at the door, softly knocked a few times, and said gently: "Brother Ye, may I come in?"

"Come in!"

Ye Fan sighed quietly, regaining his composure.

Upon speaking, Ye Fan raised his hand, his palm exerting a suction force, pulling the door open.

Tong Qianchen stepped inside, smilingly looked at Ye Fan, and placed a small food box from her arm in front of him, saying: "I knew you didn't eat anything, so I brought some food, all made by me personally, try and see how it tastes?"

Unable to refuse her graciousness, even though Ye Fan was eager to cultivate, he opened the food box. Inside were some small pastries, not many but crafted with care, showing the effort put into them.

Ye Fan tasted a pastry, found the flavor quite good, and after not eating all afternoon, he devoured the pastries in the box without holding back.

Tong Qianchen squatted by the side, resting her chin on her hands, watching Ye Fan devour the food, her heart filled with a sweet and blissful feeling.

Once Ye Fan finished eating, Tong Qianchen swiftly packed up the food box, smiled charmingly at Ye Fan, and said: "Brother Ye, rest well now, I won't disturb you, wish you victory tomorrow, aiming for first place!"

Ye Fan knew, his reservation during the competition was definitely visible to her, so he smiled slightly and said: "I hope so, otherwise I'll be kicked out by the Great Elder, which would be embarrassing."

“Pfft—”

Tong Qianchen laughed lightly, making it feel like spring had arrived in the room, glancing at him playfully with her beautiful eyes before leaving the room, closing the door, and walking away gracefully.

Ye Fan was lost in thought for a while, fully aware of what that look represented, sighing inwardly, abandoning distractions, and entering cultivation.

The Primordial Qi of Heaven and Earth in the Xuan Realm is far denser than on Earth, and the Xuanwu Sect is one of the three blessed lands in Tianyuan State, with Qi concentration exceeding other places.

Upon entering cultivation, Ye Fan quickly reached a state of forgetting himself, with True Qi circulating unceasingly within him, attracting a large amount of Primordial Qi, converging around him, forming a milky-white Primordial Energy Cocoon encasing him.

Time passed by the minute, the second morning arrived unnoticed.

As dawn broke, Ye Fan ended his cultivation, feeling invigorated as he left the room.

After one night of cultivation, not only did he completely restore to peak condition, but his cultivation also advanced slightly. Though still a distance from True Qi Liquidation, his strength undoubtedly improved from yesterday.

Among the two hundred inner sect disciples, Ye Fan emerged successfully, advancing to the final four, and as long as he triumphs in the semi-final match, even if he doesn't get first place, he will surely be one of the three elite disciples.

But today's opponent is not the usual formidable one, can Ye Fan defeat them?

No one knows, and it's uncertain who will ultimately win.

Only the Great Elder sits calmly, always with a smiling expression, appearing inscrutable, leaving those elders and elite disciples who hoped to glean Ye Fan's chances of winning the championship from his expression disappointed.

Early today, all seats in the stands were filled, everyone eagerly anticipating the semi-final match, as the clash of strong people is often the most exciting.

Everyone knows that in terms of strength, Du Hai, Hao Jian, and Bu Zhuifeng are quite evenly matched, each having victories, and a real fight would surely be thrilling.

Only one Ye Fan can be considered the dark horse that emerged midway in this contest, fighting all the way into the top four, posing the greatest threat to the three.

However, none of the three took Ye Fan seriously. In their eyes, Ye Fan's victory over his opponents could be considered barely achieved. If it were them, they would absolutely crush their opponents with overwhelming strength, without any hassle.

With only four people left, the competition became much simpler. The opponents were still decided by drawing lots. This time, Ye Fan was grouped with Bu Zhuifeng, both drawing the number two, meaning they would take the stage second.

The first draw was Hao Jian and Killing God Du Hai. As soon as they got their numbers, their eyes met fiercely, sparks of combat flying.

Since both were acquainted, there was no need for self-introduction. They came to the center of the arena, bowed to Supreme Elder Shen Ximen, then each retreated, preparing to fight.

Shen Ximen didn't waste words. Once the two turned their backs to him, he glanced at them for confirmation, and they both nodded.

"The match begins!"

Receiving the affirmative response, Shen Ximen swung a single palm downward, announcing the start of the match.

"I must say, you're quite unfortunate. If you hadn't met me, you might have had a chance, but now, to enter the finals, I must defeat you!"

Killing God Du Hai was full of confidence. Although he knew Hao Jian's overall strength was comparable to his, in terms of attack power, Hao Jian fell short.

“Fortune or misfortune isn’t for you to decide. We have to fight to know!”

Hao Jian was undeterred, full of confidence. With the top-grade profound-level martial technique taught by Chu Feng, defeating Du Hai was absolutely possible.

“Then let me see what progress you’ve made recently!”

Du Hai wielded the Mountain Opening Axe, his aura as steady as a mountain. Just the sight of the broad axe looked particularly terrifying.

Hao Jian didn’t use a Spiritual Artifact but released his aura. The two became the focal point of everyone’s gaze on the entire stage.

Ye Fan also concentrated fully on watching their fight because inevitably, he would face one of them next. Studying the opponent’s strength and martial arts techniques was never a bad idea.

“Kill!”

Du Hai knew his own weaknesses, so he took the initiative to attack. The Mountain Opening Axe carved a strange trajectory, hacking toward Hao Jian’s neck with unparalleled might. If it even grazed Hao Jian, he would surely be decapitated, blood splattering on the spot.

Whoosh!

Yet Hao Jian was fearless, not relying on speed to dodge the fierce strike but instead meeting it directly. His left hand spread its five fingers, mobilizing True Qi within, resembling a small sun, striking hard at the side of the giant axe.

The horizontal strike's impact point was different, and although the force used wasn't great, it caused the giant axe to deflect instantly, missing its mark.

Bang!

Simultaneously, Hao Jian, who resembled a rolling ball, closed in, punching with the top-grade profound-level martial technique taught by Chu Feng, hitting Du Hai's chest hard.

"Poof..."

A muffled sound echoed, and Du Hai screamed as he was punched into the air, crashing heavily against the Defensive Shield, then rebounding back, landing on the hard stage.

"Uh..."

This scene left everyone astounded!

With just one move, only one move, the battle was over!

This was far from the epic clash everyone anticipated. No one expected such a result.

“How could it be? It was thought Du Hai, even if not triumphant, would at least hold out for a long period, but unexpectedly, in a clash of strengths, Du Hai lost in what he was most proud of — his attack power.”

“When did this Hao Jian kid become so strong?”

Not only were the Inner Sect disciples shocked, even the elite disciples and core disciples couldn't help but be moved. Hao Jian's performance was remarkably impressive, defeating his opponent in the area they most excelled, essentially breaking Du Hai's confidence.

Seeing the astonished faces of the crowd, Hao Jian's nostrils almost flared to the sky, thoroughly enjoying the attention!

Amidst his enjoyment, Hao Jian noticed Chu Feng's gaze, prompting him to step off the stage and coldly say to Ye Fan, “I very much look forward to defeating you in the finals. I hope you won't disappoint me and fail to even reach the finals!”

No response.

Ye Fan calmly glanced at Hao Jian.

From Hao Yan's eyes, Ye Fan caught a fleeting yet vicious intent. At the same time, he spotted the sinister smile at the corners of Chu Feng's mouth among the elite disciples, which made him furrow his eyebrows, vaguely guessing something.

"He is destined not to reach the finals."

Before Ye Fan could reply, Bu Zhuifeng spoke coldly, simultaneously casting his gaze towards Hao Jian, saying icily, "And you are destined to be defeated by me in the finals!"

Chapter 1094: Tit for Tat!

After Hao Jian stepped down, someone carried the severely injured Du Hai away for treatment.

The Supreme Elder Shen Ximen cleared his throat and said, "Second group, step up!"

Hao Jian's movements just now were too fast, and he did not expect Hao Jian's attack power to be so strong. With a single move, he severely injured Du Hai, who was recognized as having the strongest attack power among the inner sect disciples.

Swoosh!

Swoosh!

Ye Fan and Bu Zhuifeng quickly leapt onto the arena, their eyes instantly locking onto each other, sparking the flames of combat.

“Ye Fan, although you showed formidable attack power during the outer disciples’ entry test, combat among cultivators isn’t just a contest of brute strength. Having a strong attack power doesn’t guarantee victory. There are many ways to defeat an opponent...”

“Do you intend to defeat me with speed?”

Before Bu Zhuifeng could finish speaking, Ye Fan interrupted him.

“Hmph!”

Bu Zhuifeng was upset by the interruption, but thinking that he would soon defeat Ye Fan, he quickly let it go.

“Within ten moves, your defeat is certain!” Bu Zhuifeng said confidently and assertively.

“I’m sending the same words back to you!” Ye Fan replied without backing down.

“Both parties state your names, prepare for the match!”

Shen Ximen glanced at the two, interrupting their words, and announced the start of the match.

“Ye Fan!”

“Bu Zhuifeng!”

“The match begins!”

Shen Ximen waved his palm downward, announcing the start of the match.

Bu Zhuifeng sneered and said, “Let me show you what true strength is!”

Saying this, Bu Zhuifeng was the first to launch an attack, his body turning into a streak of flowing light, stabbing towards Ye Fan’s ribs. Before the blade even arrived, the terrifying killing intent had already enveloped Ye Fan.

Hmm?

Ye Fan raised an eyebrow. For Bu Zhuifeng to stand out among the inner sect disciples, he must have something unique. His attack power wasn't necessarily the strongest, but his speed was indeed not to be underestimated.

However, no matter how fast he was, Ye Fan was faster. His feet moved like a phantom flicker, as if he hadn't moved at all, yet he had already dodged Bu Zhuifeng's upcoming strike.

Swish!

After missing with the first strike, Bu Zhuifeng didn't withdraw but directly changed from a direct stab to a horizontal slash, aiming at Ye Fan's dantian. If this hit, even if Ye Fan didn't die, his cultivation would be crippled.

Clap!

Ye Fan merely stepped sideways, dissolving this killing move. His body moved like a phantom, spinning left and swaying right on the arena, without counterattacking, simply relying on speed to play hide and seek with the opponent.

Swish swish swish...

Bu Zhuifeng continuously attacked, the short knife in his hand like a serpent's kiss, elusive and unpredictable.

In Ye Fan's view, Bu Zhuifeng's strength was much greater than that of Ye Hei in the assassination world, but in terms of assassination techniques, Ye Hei was clearly superior.

As for speed, Ye Fan truly wasn't afraid of Bu Zhuifeng, and Bu Zhuifeng's methods shared a peculiar similarity with Ye Hei's, only not as secretive nor as suited for assassination as Ye Hei's.

In ten consecutive moves, Bu Zhuifeng had almost pushed his speed to the limit, and the angles of his strikes were extremely tricky, such that ordinary cultivators at the Peak of the True Qi Realm would definitely not be able to dodge.

However—

He was shocked to find that no matter how fast he struck, Ye Fan seemed to foresee it and dodged at the last possible moment.

In ten consecutive moves, Bu Zhuifeng's short knife hadn't even touched a hair on Ye Fan, whose speed was faster, and his footwork more enigmatic, as if naturally countering him.

At this moment, the onlookers went from holding their breath and watching intently, to now being able to roughly guess the outcome.

No one expected that not only was Ye Fan's attack power strong, but his speed was also terrifying. The inner sect disciples who had originally been dissatisfied upon losing to him now understood that Ye Fan had held back before.

At the same time, they secretly felt fortunate that Ye Fan did not see them as worth his full strength, otherwise they would have been defeated as soon as they stepped into the arena.

"This Ye Fan is really no simple character. It seems the Great Elder had some assurance in saying that earlier—Ye Fan might just win the championship!"

"From his current performance, Bu Zhuifeng is bound to lose. To lose to Ye Fan in the very speed he prides himself in, his attack power stands no chance."

"No one dares say who will win or lose until the very last moment. There have been examples of comebacks, perhaps Bu Zhuifeng could turn the tables in the end?"

The crowd was abuzz with discussion. Some were rooting for Ye Fan, others for Bu Zhuifeng. After all, Ye Fan was a new face, while Bu Zhuifeng had slowly climbed up from an outer disciple with a loyal following.

The defensive shield couldn't block out sound, so the discussions outside naturally reached the two. Ye Fan remained as calm as a still water, showing no expression on his face.

But Bu Zhuifeng was finding it unbearable. He had boasted confidently, and now, not just ten moves, but dozens had passed, and he hadn't even touched the hem of Ye Fan's clothes, nor had Ye Fan made any counterattacks, just continued to evade.

"Ah...!"

Realizing he couldn't surpass Ye Fan in speed, Bu Zhuifeng grew anxious, let out a long cry, and his aura surged, as if he was enveloped by a faint flame.

At this moment, he became desperate, directly burning the essence of his True Qi!

Obviously, whether it's for the elite disciple slot in the top three or for personal dignity, he has to give it his all.

After burning the essence of True Qi, Bu Zhuifeng's strength instantly rose a level, reaching the True Essence Realm, and aside from the True Qi not being liquified, both his speed and attack power had reached the level of the True Essence Realm.

"Prepare to die!"

Bu Zhuifeng let out a long howl, his speed suddenly increased by about one-third, and he appeared like a phantom. Aside from a few elite disciples and core disciples, only the elders and Sect Leader could see his attack speed and angle clearly.

“Good, Bu Zhuifeng must win...”

“Bu Zhuifeng is mighty...”

“Ye, surrender, otherwise it will be embarrassing if you get hurt!”

“That’s right, Ye Fan, it’s already commendable that you forced Bu Zhuifeng to burn his True Qi essence; don’t push it...”

Supporters of Bu Zhuifeng couldn’t help but shout encouragements to him while trying to demoralize Ye Fan.

However, their voices soon faded away because, even though Bu Zhuifeng’s speed and attack power had increased from burning his True Qi essence, Ye Fan was like a small boat in a raging sea; no matter how fast Bu Zhuifeng was, Ye Fan was always just a bit faster.

Every cultivator knows that burning True Qi cannot last long. While it can boost overall strength in the short term, the cost is enormous.

“Aaaah, where are you running?!”

Bu Zhuifeng roared continuously, with no path of retreat. He had to defeat Ye Fan, or he would not even get a spot in the top three, let alone contend for first.

He knew very well that if he lost, he might not fully recover for half a year, which he could not afford to see, so he had to defeat Ye Fan no matter what.

However, it frustrated him to the point of spitting blood, as no matter how fast he was, Ye Fan was always faster—for no matter how powerful the martial arts are, it's useless if they can't land on the opponent.

The sword light from the short knife tore through the void, constantly striking the defensive shield, causing several elders to change their expressions in shock. The fierce attack power made the defensive shield tremble, on the verge of breaking.

If it weren't for the defensive formation etched on the ground, their fight would have long ruined it beyond recognition.

At this point in the battle, the spectators were enthralled; this was a true fight. Although Ye Fan did not counterattack, anyone with keen insight could tell that if Ye Fan retaliated, it would be remarkable for Bu Zhuifeng to withstand even ten moves.

Bam!

Finally, under the anticipation of the crowd, Ye Fan launched a counterattack but did not use his full attack power. Instead, with much less power than his opponent, he punched Bu Zhuifeng's wrist holding the knife.

The human wrist contains the pulse gate, one of the body's vulnerable points.

Ye Fan's punch struck precisely at Bu Zhuifeng's pulse gate, numbing half of his body, and the short knife in his hand clattered to the ground.

Without the short knife, Bu Zhuifeng was like a tiger without its claws, almost no threat to Ye Fan.

Yet Ye Fan was not in a hurry to defeat Bu Zhuifeng, continuing to attack with much weaker power than Bu Zhuifeng.

By this time, the elders and core disciples had realized that Ye Fan was toying with Bu Zhuifeng. With his strength, he could end the fight with a single strong punch.

Although they noticed this, no one spoke up; they all watched his performance, among them, Tong Qianchen's eyes flickering with excitement!

Without a doubt, Ye Fan was bound to win this fight; it was only a matter of when he chose to end it.

"Second move!"

Ye Fan said, his body swayed, and he punched again, hitting Bu Zhuifeng on the shoulder, causing him to stagger. Bu Zhuifeng wanted to endure a hit to clash with Ye Fan, but by the time he threw his punch, Ye Fan had already slipped behind him.

This feeling of not being able to touch the opponent was like watching a strong bull trapped in a well, unable to exert its strength, leaving one profoundly frustrated.

“Ye Fan, if you have the guts, fight me fairly; relying on movement techniques isn’t heroic! Even if I lose, I won’t accept it!” Bu Zhuifeng went completely mad, shouting frantically.

At this moment, he completely forgot how arrogantly he had taunted Ye Fan before the match began.

“Third move!”

Ye Fan completely ignored Bu Zhuifeng, continuing to rely on his speed for attacks, leaving Bu Zhuifeng so frustrated that he nearly spat blood.

“Let’s end this!”

Ye Fan delivered seven consecutive punches, each hitting the same spot, with the cumulative force of the seven punches instantly sending Bu Zhuifeng flying, leaving a trail of blood.

Swish!

Supreme Elder Shen Ximen appeared in a flash, catching Bu Zhuifeng before he hit the defensive shield, and checked him over.

Bu Zhuifeng's injuries were not severe, but he was unable to continue fighting and almost lost the ability to fight.

"Cultivator combat really isn't about brute strength."

Ye Fan gave Bu Zhuifeng a deep look, using his own tactics against him, returning his own words meaningfully before leaving the ring and heading to his seat.

"Pfft..."

Bu Zhuifeng was already extremely humiliated by his defeat, and now with Ye Fan's words, a backlash of blood rose, his throat sweetened, his vision went dark, and he spat a mouthful of blood before passing out.

Chapter 1095: Crippled with One Punch

"Uh..."

Except for a few, such as Great Elder Wu Xinhai, everyone else was stunned by the outcome of the competition.

Before the match, they all thought it would already be remarkable if Ye Fan could tie with Bu Zhuifeng, given Bu Zhuifeng's unparalleled speed among the Inner Sect disciples.

However—

The result was beyond their expectations. As soon as Ye Fan entered the arena, he completely suppressed Bu Zhuifeng's proud speed, leaving Bu Zhuifeng far behind; he was defeated without even touching Ye Fan's clothes.

More astonishing was that Ye Fan defeated Bu Zhuifeng not by force, but by accurately identifying Bu Zhuifeng's weaknesses.

Impressive attack power, terrifying speed, astonishing combat experience...

All this gave everyone a new perception of Ye Fan!

Some even believed Ye Fan had become an unbeatable presence among the Inner Sect disciples.

Hmm?

Hao Jian was also shaken by Ye Fan's strong performance, but he did not worry.

Because... he had top-grade Xuan-stage martial techniques!

He did not believe Ye Fan could withstand the attack of the supreme-grade martial technique.

"Since the semifinals ended swiftly, the scheduled finals for tomorrow will be held today."

After Bu Zhuifeng was carried off, Supreme Elder Shen Ximen announced the continuation of the match expressionlessly, taking everyone by surprise at the quick conclusion of the semifinals.

This was better as well; originally planned for two days, the competition, due to the strong performances of Ye Fan and Hao Jian, might not require a full day to complete.

Continuing immediately was unfair to Ye Fan; after all, he expended considerable True Qi while Hao Jian was all-or-nothing, winning with one decisive move; though he expended energy, it wasn't serious.

Moreover, he had plenty of time to recover, unlike Ye Fan, who won through speed and skill, and inherently used more energy than Hao Jian.

Ye Fan also fought consecutively without any rest time at all.

However, Ye Fan didn't complain; such battles were too common, and consecutive fights without rest were not a first-time experience for him.

"Ye Fan, you've spent a lot of True Qi just now, whereas Hao Jian won in one move; for fairness, how about holding the finals in the afternoon?"

Supreme Elder Shen Ximen was thorough in consideration, suggesting an afternoon match knowing the consecutive fights put Ye Fan at a disadvantage.

"Thank you for the kind offer, Elder Shen. Though I spent some True Qi earlier, it wouldn't affect the finals."

Ye Fan's assertiveness stunned Shen Ximen for a moment, but he did not reject the suggestion, merely casting a meaningful glance at the Great Elder seated on the elder's bench.

He thought surely the Great Elder, given his protective nature, had provided Ye Fan with some life-preserving elixirs for injuries and True Qi recovery, even if it couldn't ensure victory, at least for self-defense.

This was unfair to the Great Elder, who didn't give Ye Fan anything before his participation in this competition, only saying if he couldn't get first place, not to come back at all.

"Hey, since you're eager to be humiliated, I'll satisfy your wish!"

Hao Jian sneered, having no objection to fighting now; he was keen to show off before Chu Feng, and Ye Fan's demonstrated strength made him a bit hesitant.

If Ye Fan fully recovers, whether he could defeat him relying solely on top-grade Xuan-stage martial technique remains unknown, let alone completely eliminating Ye Fan.

Since neither side had objections, Supreme Elder said no more, heading to the center of the arena and announced, "May the final contenders step into the arena!"

Ye Fan had just returned to his seat, not even warming it before standing up again, and dashed to the arena.

Clearly, Hao Jian was more impatient for the competition—when Ye Fan climbed onto the stage, Hao Jian was already there waiting.

Seeing Ye Fan ascending the stage, Hao Jian mockingly said, "Oh, not bad! You didn't let me down defeating the presumptuous Bu Zhuifeng. But against me, it's your lament; this battle is destined for defeat, not victory!"

"Your words are too much!"

Ye Fan long sensed Hao Jian's ill intentions towards him, and at that moment, he broke his previous demeanor, directly interrupting Hao Jian: "Do you want a single-move decision like when you defeated Du Hai, or use a different tactic?"

Hmm?

Hao Jian was taken aback, not expecting Ye Fan, who always appeared genial, to abruptly change his style and become so assertive.

“How did Ye Fan become so forceful? Facing top-grade Xuan-stage martial technique, single-move outcome? Does he have some reliance?”

Many Inner Sect disciples thought similarly; only those cultivators who had been defeated by Ye Fan knew how powerful Ye Fan truly was.

In front of Ye Fan, even showing their most potent attack was futile, not even putting up a fight.

Only they knew Ye Fan didn't need any reliance; given his demonstrated strength, defeating him wouldn't be easy for Hao Jian.

Moreover, they discerned Ye Fan hadn't exerted full force in battles against them or even against Bu Zhuifeng.

Even when fighting Bu Zhuifeng, he hadn't used all his strength, making it unlikely for Hao Jian to defeat Ye Fan.

“When did Ye Fan become so assertive? He’s always been easy-going—why has he suddenly become so fierce?”

Not only did Inner Sect disciples not understand, but Outer Sect disciples were even more perplexed; nonetheless, they acknowledged Ye Fan’s strength, certainly beyond the Outer Sect’s capacity.

Fortunately, the Sect Leader recruited him into the inner sect at the beginning, otherwise, such a powerful disciple in the outer sect would have left no room for them to shine. He would have taken all the glory for himself.

Even the elite disciples felt very puzzled.

After all, Ye Fan suppressed Bu Zhuifeng with speed, and then won with skill. Now he is about to face Hao Jian, who has cultivated top-grade Xuan-stage martial techniques, head-on...

This made them a little bewildered by Ye Fan.

Sect Leader Tong Tianhao and the elders made no comment. The Great Elder’s character is extremely domineering, and if Ye Fan appeared too weak, they would find it strange.

Birds of a feather flock together, this saying is absolutely true. A person seeks another of the same kind. The Great Elder is so assertive that he definitely wouldn’t choose a weak disciple, no matter how talented that person might be.

“Heh... This little fat boy is going to suffer!”

In the Nine Heavens Mysterious Crown, Elder Xuan chuckled bitterly. He is very familiar with Ye Fan’s character, knowing well that Ye Fan is the type who returns a yard for a foot given to him. If someone stabs him, he will retaliate a hundredfold.

Ever since meeting at the Xuanshou Mountain Range, Hao Jian has targeted Ye Fan everywhere. Now, Ye Fan certainly won’t be polite.

In fact, in Elder Xuan’s eyes, Ye Fan is genuinely angry, otherwise, he wouldn’t suggest a head-on collision!

As for strength...

Hao Jian’s top-grade Xuan-stage martial techniques seem very impressive to him, but in Elder Xuan’s view, such techniques are like dog’s meat, unworthy of the stage.

“You... You’re courting death!”

Being contradicted by Ye Fan in front of so many people, Hao Jian’s face couldn’t hold up any longer, and he stopped introducing himself, waiting for the Supreme Elder to announce the start of the match, because it no longer mattered. As long as he disabled Ye Fan in a match, all the glory would automatically transfer to him.

He couldn't wait a second longer. As soon as Ye Fan's voice dropped, Hao Jian roared fiercely and pounced forward, his hands transforming into a flurry of fist shadows, which he viciously aimed at Ye Fan's face, the blazing punch rays making it impossible to open one's eyes.

This attack appears fierce, but it isn't his killing move; it's a feint, using dazzling punch rays to disrupt Ye Fan's vision. The true killing move is the silent kick he launched.

Whoosh!

This kick was at a very tricky angle, and to achieve an unexpected effect, Hao Jian used Yin energy in this kick, making no sound, nor did it outwardly release any blazing True Qi. It looked just like an ordinary kick.

This is the top-grade Xuan-stage martial technique taught to Hao Jian by Chu Feng!

This martial technique blends both boxing and leg techniques.

Previously, Hao Jian relied on this martial technique to defeat Du Hai, the reputed Inner Sect disciple with the highest attack power, and... he did it with just one punch!

Now, using this martial technique to attack Ye Fan, what could happen?

Swoosh!

Ye Fan didn't even glance at the foot aimed at his Dantian but instead elevated his combat power to the limit and swung his fist!

——Domineering Fist!

As he punched, Gang Qi solidified into a real fist, and the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi turned violent. The surrounding Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi were instantly drained by Ye Fan's punch, creating a vacuum state on the entire arena for a moment.

"Not good..."

Chu Feng, greatly alarmed, sensed immense danger from Ye Fan's punch. Even he would struggle to withstand it, let alone Hao Jian. Ye Fan was intent on killing!

Unfortunately, his seating was some distance from the arena, making it too late to save him even if he wanted.

The Supreme Elder also sensed the violent energy contained in Ye Fan's punch, raising an eyebrow and preparing to rescue Hao Jian, who was amid the full force of the punch ray.

Too late!

No one expected Ye Fan to unleash his strongest attack from the start, giving them no time to think. By the time they realized it, Ye Fan's punch ray had already collided with Hao Jian's punch ray.

"Boom..."

With a loud explosion, Ye Fan stood firm and unmoved, like Taishan Mountain, his clothes rustling with the overflowing Gang Qi.

"Ah..."

Hao Jian let out a miserable scream, his body like a kite with a broken string, directly crashing into the defensive shield.

Bang!

A dull thud echoed, and Hao Jian's bulky body directly broke through the defensive shield, heavily crashing onto the hard ground, blood oozing from his seven orifices, leaving him unconscious.

One punch!

Ye Fan crippled Hao Jian with one punch!

Silence!

The entire venue fell silent, so quiet you could hear a pin drop. Even the sound of breathing seemed piercing. Everyone dumbly stared at what had unfolded before their eyes, seemingly unable to believe that everything happening before them was real.

Chapter 1096: Astounding Everyone

Ye Fan ignored Hao Jian's attack, not only punching Hao Jian into the air, but also shattering the Defensive Shield set up by an elder...

This result shocked everyone!

"How did he do it?"

"Just how strong is his attack power?"

The vast square fell silent, and the outer sect, inner sect, and even elite disciples of the Xuanwu Sect stared at Ye Fan, questions rising in their hearts.

The elder in charge of setting up the Defensive Shield wore a look as if he'd seen a ghost!

He never expected that the Defensive Shield he set up could be shattered by an inner sect disciple who had only been in the sect for three months!

This had never happened before!

Sect Leader Tong Tianhao's eyes shone with excitement, his lips moved slightly, but in the end, he didn't speak, though his excitement was impossible to conceal.

Not only him, but the other observing elders were also dumbfounded!

They had anticipated Ye Fan might defeat Hao Jian and win first place in the inner sect disciple competition, but they didn't expect Ye Fan's punch to be so powerful, enough to shatter the Defensive Shield!

After all, that Defensive Shield was set up based on the combat power of a True Essence Realm cultivator, something even ordinary True Essence Realm cultivators would find it difficult to shatter or penetrate!

Being able to shatter the Defensive Shield hinted that Ye Fan's strength was comparable to a True Essence Realm cultivator.

This meant that although he had yet to break through his bottleneck and reach the True Essence Realm, his combat power was entirely capable of challenging True Essence Realm cultivators cross-level!

“One punch sent Hao Jian flying, and shattered the Defensive Shield. Ye Fan is truly too strong!”

“Using his True Qi as a guide to mobilize Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi to participate in the attack, such martial arts are unheard of and absolutely extraordinarily powerful.”

“With his current strength, he’s not considered weak even among elite disciples; on the contrary, in terms of combat power, he would definitely be at the forefront!”

Immediately, the silent square burst into noise, and the outer sect disciples of Xuanwu Sect, after being shocked, began discussing fervently.

At the same time, they secretly felt fortunate that they hadn’t formed any irreconcilable enmity with Ye Fan.

Only those cultivators incited by Hao Jian to speak harshly to Ye Fan before the Entry test were exceptions; their expressions turned especially colorful, like finding a headless fly in their food.

They really hadn’t expected Ye Fan to be so powerful, and thinking about having offended Ye Fan, they suddenly felt their world turning gray—once Ye Fan settled scores in autumn, it would be their nightmare!

After all, from their perspective, if someone had wronged them like that, they definitely wouldn’t let those who had wronged them off the hook easily, especially after gaining the strength for revenge.

Not only the outer and inner sect disciples, but even some elite disciples were shocked by Ye Fan's prowess!

When Ye Fan punched Hao Jian into the air, they secretly asked themselves if they could withstand such a domineering punch from Ye Fan if they were in Hao Jian's place.

Many of their hearts were pounding; even if it were them, facing Ye Fan's terrifying punch, fear would definitely arise, and whether they could withstand it was unknown!

Even many core disciples were moved!

Because, even if it were them, trying to shatter the Defensive Shield set up by an elder would require their full effort.

Unlike them, the high-level members of Xuanwu Sect, Sect Leader Tong Tianhao, and other elders secretly felt gratified.

Earlier, when the Sect Leader of Tianyuan Sect brought all strong people from their sect to demand Ye Fan, Xuanwu Sect almost had a falling out with Tianyuan Sect to keep Ye Fan.

Now, they felt this decision was extremely wise!

In their minds, Ye Fan hadn't received any orthodox cultivation, but based solely on his own comprehension and perseverance, combined with his ancestral special body-training methods and martial arts, he had achieved such powerful strength.

Now, with only three months after Entry and under the guidance of the Great Elder, Ye Fan had made such astounding progress; given time, Ye Fan's achievements would definitely be limitless.

Such an outstanding disciple will undoubtedly shine in the Southern Domain of the Tianxuan Continent in the future, even to the point where the entire Southern Domain may not be able to contain him.

Tong Tianhao now sighed deeply with relief at his initial wise and martial decision, having completely forgotten his hesitation in handing Ye Fan over before Ye Fan displayed his formidable strength and astonishing talent!

However, all of this was now past; even if Helian Chang personally led Tianyuan Sect to take action, Tong Tianhao would absolutely not hand Ye Fan over!

Supreme Elder Shen Ximen's face was somewhat sullen, feeling utterly disgraced today, and both times it was due to the same person.

The first time, Ye Fan injured Bu Zhuifeng, but without endangering his life, nor causing severe injuries, somewhat saving Shen Ximen's face, thinking Ye Fan had shown mercy for his sake.

This time, however, the moment Hao Jian was sent flying, Shen Ximen immediately flashed to his side, took his pulse, and found it very weak, likely to die at any moment.

An outstanding young disciple is rare to come by, and although Ye Fan was admittedly a genius to a demonic extent, Hao Jian was also an extremely valuable disciple, reaching the astonishingly terrifying Peak of True Qi Realm at just sixteen.

Once he matured, he would undoubtedly be a formidable existence, but now he was nearly killed by Ye Fan's punch.

Fortunately, timely treatment, coupled with Xuanwu Sect having many Healing Holy Medicines, meant that as long as no expense was spared, he could still be saved, though he wouldn't move a finger in the short term.

Unlike Supreme Elder Shen Ximen, Tong Qianchen had a face full of excited smiles.

At the beginning of the battle, Tong Qianchen was worried that Ye Fan might suffer losses, so she kept a tense watch on the situation in the arena. Hao Jian's silent kick could deceive those in the outer sect, inner sect, and even elite disciples, but it couldn't fool her!

She recognized it as a very vicious Profound-level martial arts technique!

Just when she was about to warn Ye Fan, Ye Fan threw a punch.

One punch!

Just one punch!

Ye Fan completely neutralized all of Hao Jian's attacks, blasting Hao Jian away, causing him serious harm, and even cracking the defensive shield!

All of this was completely beyond Tong Qianchen's expectations, leaving her and others shocked beyond belief!

But after the shock came an excitement that was indescribable!

On one hand, Ye Fan was someone she had been keenly recruiting into the Xuanwu Sect, and on the other hand, deep down, she hoped Ye Fan would become powerful!

"Brother Ye, congratulations, you have become the first among the inner sect disciples!" As Shen Ximen checked on Hao Jian's injuries, Tong Qianchen stepped forward to congratulate Ye Fan.

"Thank you!"

Ye Fan smiled faintly; being first didn't mean much to him, but since the Great Elder had said that he couldn't return without being first, he had no choice but to comply.

In stark contrast to Tong Qianchen's excitement, Chu Feng was in disbelief that Ye Fan could defeat Hao Jian, who possessed top-grade Profound-level martial arts techniques.

In his eyes, Hao Jian's strength wasn't lacking, and after comprehending the top-grade Profound-level martial arts technique he taught, defeating Ye Fan shouldn't be difficult.

Previously, Hao Jian had defeated Du Hai, the Killing God, who was considered to have the strongest attack power among inner sect disciples, with one move, reinforcing his belief!

However—

Ideals are rich and full, but reality is stark and bitter.

The final result was a silent slap in the face to him!

The slap was quiet but incredibly painful, making Chu Feng furious with hatred!

Chu Feng stared venomously at Ye Fan's face, feeling as though he wanted to step onto the stage and tear Ye Fan into pieces instantly!

Under Chu Feng's gaze, Ye Fan immediately sensed it and turned to look at Chu Feng.

The next moment, their gazes collided directly without flinching!

Ye Fan's gaze was ordinary yet calmly penetrated Chu Feng's thoughts.

"Humph!"

Chu Feng snorted coldly in his heart, refraining from speaking or acting.

Although he desperately wanted to kill Ye Fan on the spot, he was aware that he couldn't—nor dared—to do so at that moment.

While their gazes clashed, the elite disciples nearby began to discuss amongst themselves, naturally about Ye Fan, since he was the one blazing a trail at the moment.

"Hehe, it seems the elite disciple competition in three months will be quite exciting and interesting."

While Ye Fan and Chu Feng stared at each other, a voice came from the elite disciple area.

“Indeed, if those guys find out about this newbie’s stunning performance, who knows if they’ll cut their training short and rush back to compete?” another elite disciple said with a smile.

Elite disciples cannot stay long in the sect for cultivation; rather, they must frequently undergo training outside to enhance their strength and complete missions for the sect.

“That’s not exactly right; although that kid is impressive, and his performance is commendable, he’s probably not qualified to win in the elite disciples’ competition.”

Another elite disciple said with a smiling tone, not believing Ye Fan could shine in the elite disciples’ competition.

“Let’s not mention whether this kid will stand out; the elite disciple competition isn’t like the ordinary inner sect disciple competition. To qualify, one must first rank in the top thirty-six in the elite disciple leaderboard!”

“Exactly! In my opinion, for him to achieve all this in just three months is very difficult, perhaps even impossible!” One elite disciple said contemptuously, touching his bald head.

The three were all geniuses ranking in the top ten among elite disciples, and their tone was filled with a strong sense of pride when speaking.

After all, being ranked in the top ten among elite disciples was proof of their considerable strength.

In such a situation, despite Ye Fan's impressive performance that moved them, they didn't see Ye Fan as a worthy opponent!

More importantly, as they said, it's likely that Ye Fan doesn't even have the qualifications to participate in the elite disciple competition!

Chapter 1097: Choosing Martial Arts

The voices of the three people's discussion were not quiet, and even though Ye Fan was far away, he could hear their words, feeling a bit puzzled, not knowing what they meant.

After all, Tong Tianhao was the sect leader; he was the first to regain his composure. He stood up, took two steps forward, came to Ye Fan's side, and glanced at the crowd.

Under the commanding gaze of the sect leader, the voices of discussion quickly vanished, and all eyes focused on him and Ye Fan.

"I announce that the Inner Sect Disciple Competition has officially ended. First place, Ye Fan!"

As Tong Tianhao's voice fell, the entire square boiled over. Though everyone was mentally prepared for this result, when the moment truly arrived, many still found it unbelievable, feeling a sense of dreaminess.

After all, Ye Fan had only joined the Xuanwu Sect for three months!

Seeing the crowd getting a bit restless, Tong Tianhao pressed down with both hands, quieting all voices again, and then said, "The champion has emerged, but this time we have set up three spots for elite disciples. Hao Jian and Bu Zhuifeng both lost, and along with Du Hai, there are still three people. My original idea was to have the remaining two spots decided among the three."

"However, given that all three have suffered injuries to various extents, recovering in a short time is not easy. After deliberating with many elders, it's decided that this time the spot for elite disciples will only go to Ye Fan, while the three of them will wait for the next Inner Sect Disciple Competition!"

Wow!

This statement prompted an uproar, as no one expected the high-levels of the Xuanwu Sect to decide like this, meaning Hao Jian and the others would have to stay in the inner sect for at least another year.

The highest voices for advancing to elite disciples were among the three, but none of them made it into the elite disciple ranks, surprising everyone.

The benefits of becoming an elite disciple are enormous, not only increasing the monthly distribution of Spirit Stones from one hundred to one thousand, ten-fold.

Elite disciples can also choose a martial art from the first layer of the Xuanwu Pavilion as a reward for promotion, which every elite disciple is aware of.

However, Ye Fan wasn't fully aware; he only knew elite disciples had better treatment than inner sect disciples, and better cultivation resources, but he truly didn't know what specific rewards they had.

Tong Tianhao also knew Ye Fan was only half-aware of some of the Xuanwu Sect's rules, so without waiting for him to ask, he proactively explained these rewards.

Outer Sect disciples and Inner Sect disciples looked at Ye Fan with eyes full of envy, jealousy, and resentment. Ye Fan unexpectedly emerged, overshadowing everyone's brilliance completely.

Even some elite disciples were filled with emotion, reflecting on how after much hardship and challenging battles, they barely squeezed into the ranks of elite disciples, while Ye Fan, who had only joined for three months and was picked up from the Xuanshou Mountain Range, could easily stand shoulder to shoulder with them. This somewhat made them feel unreconciled.

Nevertheless, they were not foolish enough to express this publicly, and even Chu Feng, who harbored intense hatred towards Ye Fan, managed to hide his overwhelming resentment well, replacing it with a fake smile and congratulating Ye Fan.

Could their disguise possibly escape Tong Tianhao's gaze?

Tong Tianhao immediately knew they were quite dissatisfied, but at the moment he wasn't inclined to explain anything to these disciples.

After announcing the rewards Ye Fan deserved, Tong Tianhao swung his broad sleeve, and a gust of Gangfeng rolled around Ye Fan, sending him directly from the square to the entrance of the Xuanwu Pavilion.

As Ye Fan landed, a small token, neither metal nor wood, fell at his feet, emitting a crisp sound.

Ye Fan was alarmed; Tong Tianhao's power was truly terrifying. From the square to here, it was separated by at least two mountain peaks, although these peaks weren't very tall, they still covered a wide area.

Tong Tianhao could send him here with one sweep of his sleeve, showcasing the formidable strength, and precise control over True Yuan.

The old man guarding the Xuanwu Pavilion rubbed his blurry eyes, and stretched out a large hand to Ye Fan, saying, "Token, without the sect leader's token, no one is allowed near the Xuanwu Pavilion."

Ye Fan gestured, and the token on the ground was directly grasped in his hand. Although the old man guarding the Xuanwu Pavilion didn't appear to have strong cultivation, Ye Fan still dared not show any neglect and respectfully handed the token over.

Because, back on Earth, Ye Fan knew in a Wuxia novel that the most powerful in Shaolin wasn't the sect leader, but the sweeper monk in the Scripture Pavilion.

This story profoundly taught Ye Fan a principle: never look down on those who guard places like the Scripture Pavilion.

These seemingly insignificant old men, like servants, often have the patience for solitude or coincidentally acquire strong cultivation techniques and martial arts.

Seeing Ye Fan being quite respectful to him, the old gateman quickly inspected Ye Fan's token and returned it to Ye Fan's hand.

"Your token is limited to activities on the first floor, freely select any martial arts stored within, but you may not enter the second floor, or face consequences by sect regulations!"

"Thank you, elder."

Ye Fan bowed to the old man and then entered the first floor of the Xuanwu Pavilion with the token.

Looking around, Ye Fan found that this first floor covers a very expansive area, with many shelves like bookcases standing against the walls, housing martial arts classifications, although most are the lowest-grade martial arts, unable to unleash any powerful effects.

Ye Fan wandered around the bookshelves twice, discovering martial arts specifically for attack, including fist and leg techniques, even techniques for Magic Artifacts, mental methods, and movement techniques among others.

It's fair to say that despite the uneven quality of martial arts on the first floor of the Xuanwu Pavilion, nearly no powerful ones exist, yet the variety is quite comprehensive, covering many domains.

Ye Fan didn't know what kind of martial arts to choose; he had the Domineering Fist, which was unmatched in attack power.

Moreover, the characteristics of the Domineering Fist perfectly suited his physique, allowing him to maximize the power of the Nine Heavens Profound Body. He didn't need a second attack-type martial arts for the time being.

Just as Ye Fan was unsure of what to choose, Elder Xuan appeared in his sea of consciousness again, chuckled, and said, "Kid, you don't need to think about attack-type martial arts now. Although the Domineering Fist is an Earth martial art, in terms of quality, it's no worse than any attack-type martial arts here.

Moreover, the Domineering Fist has one advantage—it's an Earth martial art, so no one in the Xuan Realm can discern the origin of this martial art. Therefore, I suggest you choose a martial art that can enhance your speed, namely, a step technique."

Ye Fan nodded; he had the same intention. Now with Elder Xuan's guidance, he was more convinced of his idea. However, he was at a loss about which step technique to choose.

There were several step techniques, each with its advantages. Ye Fan reviewed them all but couldn't decide since he didn't know which step technique suited him best.

Ye Fan conveyed the descriptions of several step techniques to Elder Xuan, hoping he would make a decision for him. Although Elder Xuan was merely the Artifact Spirit of the Nine Heavens Mysterious Crown, he had lived for endless ages and had vast experience, perhaps he could help Ye Fan out.

After listening to Ye Fan's descriptions, Elder Xuan curled his lips and said, "The collection at the Xuanwu Sect is really quite poor; these martial arts are too inadequate."

How strong is Elder Xuan's Divine Sense?

Even without Ye Fan's introductions, based on Elder Xuan's spiritual power, he could slightly scan and discern the approximate quality of these martial arts.

"The Nine Revolutions Mysterious Steps, for you now, can be considered a decent step technique. Its strength lies in its unpredictability; no one knows where you will appear next."

Elder Xuan commented on the various step techniques Ye Fan introduced, saying, "But the Nine Revolutions Mysterious Steps has a clear downside—it's more unpredictable but lacks speed. Against powerful opponents, this step technique is almost useless; it's only suitable for picking on those whose realm is similar to yours."

"Flying Sky Steps—don't bother with it, it's too worthless to have any choosing potential..."

"Fish Dragon Eight Transformations focuses on movement technique but is somewhat lacking in speed, also unsuitable for you to cultivate now..."

Listening to Elder Xuan critique the step techniques he considered as completely worthless, Ye Fan felt completely dejected; based on Elder Xuan's words, he might return empty-handed from this treasure mountain.

Fortunately, Elder Xuan was dedicated enough to eventually choose a step technique for him.

“Wind Shadow Steps” – capturing wind and shadows, not only excelling in unpredictability over the Nine Revolutions Mysterious Steps but also not inferior in speed.

In Elder Xuan’s words, among the martial arts on the first level of the Xuanwu Pavilion, only this one could barely be considered as trash; the other martial arts couldn’t even qualify as trash.

However, Elder Xuan also severely criticized this technique, saying Ye Fan’s current power was too weak. He had to rely on this martial art to enhance his speed, otherwise, this step technique deserved to be thrown into the trash bin.

“Uh...”

Ye Fan rolled his eyes sharply.

Just as eating a meal must be done bite by bite, the growth of power cannot be achieved in one go. He couldn’t have the discerning eye like Elder Xuan; having one martial art was enough.

No matter if it was temporarily usable, Ye Fan ultimately chose Wind Shadow Steps; after all, based on Elder Xuan’s years of experience, he definitely wouldn’t mislead him.

Ye Fan copied the secret manual of Wind Shadow Steps, lingered a bit longer, and seeing that there was indeed no other gain to be made, he decided to leave.

All these martial arts were sealed, and without lifting the seal, one couldn't view the specific records within. Ye Fan certainly wouldn't be foolish enough to unseal them.

Doing so would likely lead to immediate exposure to others, and this mistake must not be made.

Just as Ye Fan stepped out of the Xuanwu Pavilion, Tong Qianchen came walking over with a smiling face, clearly having seen him.

Ye Fan didn't avoid her, and approached her proactively, saying, "Xiao Qian, why have you come?"

"Can't I come to see what martial art you've chosen?"

Tong Qianchen looked at Ye Fan with an excited smile, as if there's a flower on his face.

"Of course you can!"

Ye Fan smiled and took out the handwritten copy of Wind Shadow Steps, handing it to her.

Just as Tong Qianchen was reviewing the introduction to Wind Shadow Steps, Ye Fan suddenly remembered something and asked Tong Qianchen, “Xiao Qian, what is the elite disciple ranking?”

Chapter 1098: Wind Shadow Steps

“Puff!”

Tong Qianchen laughed and handed the Wind Shadow Steps Secret Manual back to Ye Fan, saying, “Brother Ye, you’re too impatient, aren’t you? Don’t forget, you were just announced as part of the elite disciples, and you’re already thinking about the elite disciple rankings?”

Ye Fan smiled faintly, saying, “It’s not that I’m ambitious, but since I’m already an elite disciple, I should know something about the rankings, right? Besides, the earlier you prepare, the better. Whether or not I compete for the rankings, learning more can never be a bad thing!”

“What you said makes sense!”

Tong Qianchen tilted her head and thought for a moment, then said, “Since you want to understand, let me explain what the elite disciple rankings are all about...”

As Tong Qianchen narrated, Ye Fan gradually learned more about the elite disciple rankings.

According to Tong Qianchen, the so-called elite disciple rankings are based on the contribution points all elite disciples make to the sect.

The greater and more you contribute to the sect, the higher you rank on the board; naturally, strength is also an important measure.

Without extremely strong skills, wanting to make outstanding contributions to the sect is nearly impossible, so it's understandable why the rankings are decided this way.

Among all the elite disciple rankings, only those who enter the top thirty-six are eligible to participate in the elite disciple competition for the opportunity to become one of the three core disciples.

Clearly, the treatment core disciples receive is a step further than elite disciples, and nearly all elite disciples are racking their brains to become core disciples.

Becoming a core disciple means becoming a key figure of the sect officially, and the treatment you receive is naturally incomparable to that given to elite disciples.

"So how should sect points be obtained?"

Hearing Tong Qianchen's introduction up to this point, Ye Fan interrupted her, asking.

This is the key point; so much has been said before, but the most important thing is how to earn points. Only by knowing how to obtain sect points can one better accumulate them and break into the top thirty-six and gain the capital to advance to core disciple status.

“There are two ways to earn points. The first way is to hunt Xuan Beasts, obtaining Beast Cores and the fur, tendons, bones, and other materials that are useful for Qi Refinement or Alchemy, and submit them to the sect in exchange for points.

The sect has special personnel to evaluate and categorize the Beast Cores and Beast Skins and other materials submitted by disciples. The quality and quantity of Beast Cores determine how many points a disciple can earn.”

Tong Qianchen explained to Ye Fan thoroughly, even if Ye Fan had any unclear points.

Because she faintly felt that Ye Fan was destined to be extraordinary in the future; Xuanwu Sect might keep him for a few years, but definitely not for a lifetime. His horizon should be broader, not confined to the Southern Domain of the Tianxuan Continent.

Calling it a tiny place is a bit exaggerated because, after all, the Southern Domain of the Tianxuan Continent is also vast and boundless hell; it’s not easy for an ordinary cultivator to traverse it.

After pausing for a while, Tong Qianchen continued, “The second way is to complete some special tasks assigned by the sect. The sect rewards certain points based on the degree of task completion, ranging from easy to difficult. The more difficult the task, the richer the rewards afterward. Of course, easier tasks don’t earn as many points.”

This didn’t surprise Ye Fan; it was just like this—the difficulty of the task determines the points available, fair and reasonable.

After hearing Tong Qianchen's introduction, Ye Fan finally had a systematic understanding of the elite disciple rankings and secretly decided to close himself off after returning, to refine his realm to the utmost.

"Brother Ye, would you walk with me? I know your time is valuable; I won't take up too much of it."

After finishing explaining the elite disciple rankings, Tong Qianchen suggested the two take a walk, and Ye Fan couldn't refuse. After all, she mentioned it to this extent; rejecting her would seem a bit unkind.

Moreover, Ye Fan still felt grateful to Tong Qianchen. If it weren't for her, he really couldn't say what he would be like now.

At least Tianyuan Sect definitely wouldn't treat him like Xuanwu Sect; they might severely interrogate him about the matters of the space channel, perhaps even using the Soul Searching Technique to extract the information they wanted.

Located on Xuanwu Mountain, Xuanwu Sect is not a single main peak but has many main peaks, with some subordinate peaks between them. The two walked slowly along the mountain paths between the subordinate peaks.

Along the way, neither spoke. On one hand, Ye Fan didn't want to say much, as he didn't want anything to actually happen with Tong Qianchen.

On the other hand, Tong Qianchen was embarrassed to initiate any trivial conversation with Ye Fan, leading the pair into a momentary silence.

But silence has its benefits; Ye Fan relaxed his mind, feeling the breath of nature, and the scenery before his eyes all seemed to brighten up as every whisper of the wind carried its distinct life.

Immersed in inspiration from nature, the two unknowingly arrived close to the peak where the elite disciples were located.

At this point, Ye Fan suddenly felt something, instinctively raising his head to look at a nearby peak, only to see a purple-robed youth glaring venomously at him from halfway up the mountain.

Upon discovering that Ye Fan noticed him, the Purple Robed Youth disappeared quickly, without meeting him.

Ye Fan knew that this purple-robed youth was none other than Chu Feng; in the entire Xuanwu Sect, he's the only one who dares wear purple robes.

Though Ye Fan sensed Chu Feng's hostility, he didn't care. He was confident that under the protection of the Great Elder in Xuanwu Sect, Chu Feng wouldn't dare act recklessly against him.

Moreover, Ye Fan truly wasn't afraid of him!

Currently, his cultivation is not up to Chu Feng's level, but as long as he's given time, surpassing Chu Feng isn't difficult.

After parting ways with Tong Qianchen, Ye Fan returned to his original residence, where the Great Elder was already sitting outside the door, smiling at him.

“Kid, you did well this time!”

The Great Elder stretched lazily, stood up from a Taishi Chair, and tossed him a bag of Spirit Stones. These were his cultivation resources for the next month.

Ye Fan took it and gave a quick squeeze, realizing that there were over a thousand Spirit Stones inside, understanding that the Great Elder must have given him some extra.

“Thank you, Master!”

Ye Fan bowed respectfully to the Great Elder to express his gratitude.

“No need to thank me, just work hard on your cultivation. The Sect Leader and I discussed it and decided to move your Dong Mansion to Spirit Turtle Island. Pack your things and follow me!”

The Great Elder looked at Ye Fan, who was dumbfounded, and laughed until his eyes narrowed into a slit.

Spirit Turtle Island is a very peculiar place and the area in Xuanwu Mountain with the richest Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi. It has always been a place where only core disciples had the right to possess their own Dong Mansions.

The so-called Spirit Turtle Island is a small island that floats above Xuanwu Mountain, which never falls, for some unknown reason.

Ye Fan learned about this mysterious Xuankong Island on the second day of entering the Xuanwu Sect, but he didn't expect to have his own Dong Mansion there so soon.

As for packing, Ye Fan had nothing much to pack, but he did ask the Great Elder to unseal the Wind Shadow Steps Secret Manual he had chosen.

Once he started cultivating, Ye Fan would definitely practice this step technique, so unsealing it earlier would allow him to start training quickly.

Ye Fan's Dong Mansion was located at the edge of Spirit Turtle Island. The island was dotted with caves, so it wasn't difficult to refurbish a Dong Mansion. With the help of the Great Elder, they quickly reorganized a medium-sized Dong Mansion, setting up a Formation at the entrance to prevent disturbances during cultivation.

After the Great Elder left, Ye Fan immediately entered the virtual space within the Nine Heavens Mysterious Crown, placed the Spirit Stones in front of him, and began refining and absorbing them.

The Spirit Stones of the Xuan Realm far surpassed the Essence Stones on Earth in quality, and the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi here was several times denser, which greatly benefited Ye Fan's cultivation.

The Nine Heavens Profound Body was like a Bottomless Abyss, absorbing all the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi without the slightest waste.

The Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi continuously refined Ye Fan's body, expelling invisible impurities and making his body more crystalline and translucent.

The Nine Heavens Profound Body gradually became more condensed, bringing him one step closer to the second level of the Nine Heavens Profound Body.

Cultivation was as timeless as the sun and moon, especially within the virtual space, where one day equaled the cultivation speed of ten days, allowing Ye Fan to rapidly deplete the Spirit Stones in front of him.

What left Ye Fan speechless was that with so many Spirit Stones and the dense Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi, an average cultivator would have broken through long ago, yet he showed no signs of breaking through.

However, as time passed, Ye Fan finally cultivated to the extreme of the Peak of True Qi Realm, equivalent to the Peak of Gang Qi Realm on Earth, reaching a state where his True Qi was beginning to liquify and circulated smoothly throughout his body, becoming saturated.

At the same time, Ye Fan was also comprehending the essence of Wind Shadow Steps. After unsealing it, he studied it carefully, etching it deeply into his mind.

Ye Fan's soul, nurtured by the Nine Heavens Mysterious Crown from a young age, was far stronger than ordinary cultivators, and his comprehension was astoundingly high, showing exceptional performance in understanding martial arts techniques.

In the Xuan Realm, Wind Shadow Steps was a weak martial arts skill and not very mysterious. Ye Fan quickly grasped part of the essence of Wind Shadow Steps and practiced diligently to master it before coming out of seclusion.

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

With True Qi circulating, Ye Fan's body left an afterimage on the spot, moving at a speed to catch the wind and capture lightning, significantly faster than when he defeated Bu Zhuifeng before.

Ye Fan felt that if he cultivated Wind Shadow Steps to its full potential, moving several meters in one step would be no problem at all!

A month later, Ye Fan cultivated to the extreme of the Peak of True Qi Realm, just a hair's breadth away from breaking into the True Essence Realm.

Meanwhile, the cultivation of Wind Shadow Steps also achieved some Small Success. Ye Fan decided to come out of seclusion. He wanted to earn sect points while he still had two months, and thus gain the qualification to participate in the elite disciple tournament!

Chapter 1099: Don't Cause Trouble, Don't Fear Trouble!

In the mountain, mere seven days have passed, while in the world, a thousand years have gone by. This saying should be reversed when applied to Ye Fan.

In the virtual space of the Nine Heavens Mysterious Crown, ten months have passed, while only one month has gone by in reality.

Ye Fan stepped out, leaving his secluded cultivation in the Dong Mansion, his hands clenched in the air, producing a slight sonic boom, and his fists emitted a faint golden light.

Ye Fan glanced around, discovering that most others were in secluded cultivation or had already gone out to hunt Xuan Beasts. There weren't many people on Xuankong Island.

The Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi on Xuankong Island was particularly dense, making the environment exceedingly beautiful, with jagged rocks, ancient trees reaching the sky, and old vines everywhere.

Yao Grass dotted the forest, Spiritual Medicine emitted fragrance, Immortal Cranes danced, Spirit Ape gifted peaches, making one feel like they were in the Immortal Realm.

Before entering secluded cultivation, Ye Fan hadn't really taken the time to admire the environment here. Upon seeing it now, Spirit Turtle Island was truly worthy of being the Holy Land of Xuanwu Sect, and he felt fortunate to have his own Dong Mansion here.

The Xuanwu Summit of the Great Elder wasn't far from Spirit Turtle Island, and Ye Fan decided to first inform the Great Elder of his intention to go out and train, as a sign of respect.

"You've decided to come out from seclusion."

As soon as Ye Fan stepped onto Xuanwu Summit, Great Elder Wu Xinhai sensed his presence and greeted him with a smile.

Regarding this disciple, Wu Xinhai was satisfied from the bottom of his heart. Although a bit older, his talent and comprehension were impeccable, and his Martial Arts Will was resilient. He was a rare genius.

"Master, may you enjoy good health!"

Ye Fan respectfully stepped forward to greet Wu Xinhai, but in his heart, the image of Chu Xuanji appeared, causing him to secretly sigh—wondering how his Master and others were doing.

"Good, good, good!"

Wu Xinhai did not notice Ye Fan's unusual emotions and smiled as he assisted Ye Fan to rise, saying, "Between us master and disciple, there's no need for these formalities; just let things flow naturally."

"Master, I'm planning to go to the Xuan Beast Forest to hunt Xuan Beasts and acquire points to qualify for the Elite Disciple contest two months later, while also tempering my Martial Arts Will and reflecting on my Mental Realm, hoping to break through to the True Essence Realm before the contest!" Ye Fan expressed his plan to Wu Xinhai.

Wu Xinhai nodded, saying, "It's good that you go out to train, but don't force yourself regarding the Elite Disciple contest; you've done well already. If you can't participate this time, there's always next time!"

Wu Xinhai was extremely pleased with Ye Fan's performance, such disciples were hard to come by, and he couldn't allow any slip-ups.

"Xiao Fan, you're not wrong to go to the Xuan Beast Forest, but be very careful to only train within the boundary between our Xuanwu Sect and the Xuan Beast Forest, within the sphere of influence of our Xuanwu Sect, and never go deeper."

Wu Xinhai cautioned, "On one hand, the Xuan Beasts within the forest are incredibly strong, and delving deep may lead to unknown dangers. On the other hand, the Xuanwu Sect and Tianyuan Sect are practically at open war now, and encountering disciples from Tianyuan Sect would be perilous."

"I understand, Master. If there's nothing else, I'll head out now; time is short, and I must seize every moment!"

Ye Fan agreed but hesitated inwardly about whether he should venture deeper into the Xuan Beast Forest to check the space channel between the Xuan Realm and Earth.

“Go then! Just take care of yourself!”

Wu Xinhai warmly looked at his sole disciple, waving his hand to indicate Ye Fan could leave.

Leaving Xuanwu Summit, Ye Fan quickly arrived at the grand plaza of Xuanwu Sect, where two steles stood side by side in the center, about three meters high, exuding an imposing ancient demeanor.

Approaching the steles, Ye Fan noticed spiritual energy surging around them. Upon closer inspection, he saw names carved on them, clearly the ranking of elite disciples and core disciples.

The elite disciple ranking had over a hundred positions, at the far end Ye Fan saw his name, with a contribution value of zero, indicating he had just been added.

Among the thirty-six core disciples, Ye Fan saw C

hu Feng prominently listed, ranking fifth, and Tong Qianchen ranked fourth, one place higher than Chu Feng.

On the back of the stele were some inscriptions, and after careful examination, Ye Fan discovered they pertained to explanations about contribution values.

Slaying a Peak of True Qi Realm Xuan Beast and handing over its Beast Core to the Sect would earn one point of contribution value.

Slaying an Early-stage True Yuan Realm Xuan Beast earned ten points of contribution value; Mid-stage True Yuan Realm earned twenty points, and Late-stage True Yuan Realm earned thirty points.

Killing a True Essence Realm Peak Xuan Beast would grant a hundred points of contribution value, which was quite terrifying.

However, True Essence Realm Peak Xuan Beasts weren't easy kills, and Ye Fan felt he wasn't yet up to this level.

Having understood the rules for acquiring contribution values, Ye Fan was about to leave when he suddenly saw Tong Qianchen walking over, staring blankly at him, causing him to pause.

Quickly, Tong Qianchen arrived at the stele, her face filled with excitement, saying, "Brother Ye, you're finally out of seclusion!"

"Qianchen, do you have a matter to discuss?" Ye Fan asked Tong Qianchen.

“Can’t I look for you if there’s nothing?” Tong Qianchen pouted, her big eyes blinking.

“Not at all, I’m just getting ready to hunt Xuan Beasts in the Xuan Beast Forest, acquire contribution values, and prepare for the Elite Disciple contest!”

Ye Fan briefly explained his intentions to Tong Qianchen, believing she surely wouldn’t follow him, considering the Xuan Beast Forest teemed with danger and without strong people from the Sect accompanying, the risks substantially increased.

Tong Qianchen, being the daughter of the Sect Leader, likely wouldn’t follow him blindly into adventure.

Yet he underestimated Tong Qianchen’s audacity; even without strong people from the Sect accompanying, she was a daring little witch.

“You want to go to the Xuan Beast Forest? That’s great, I want to go too. Shall we go together?” Tong Qianchen’s eyes lit up, she wrapped her arm around Ye Fan’s, speaking excitedly, her whole being close to Ye Fan, almost sticking to him.

It must be said, although Tong Qianchen was not very old, her figure was already quite well-developed, and the places where a woman should develop were already mature.

Having been in the Xuan Realm for more than four months, Ye Fan was also a normal man, especially with the Pure Yang Body, his requirements in certain aspects were quite normal, even more vigorous than ordinary men.

For over four months, he had not been near any women, and if there was no stimulation, Ye Fan could still restrain himself, but now it was different, Tong Qianchen's soft body was in zero distance contact with him, inevitably causing him to have a natural physical reaction.

"Qianchen, I'll go by myself."

Ye Fan forcefully calmed his mood like still water, quietly separating from Tong Qianchen.

This time, before Tong Qianchen could speak, a dissatisfied voice came from the side: "Senior Sister Tong, you're taking him for trials and helping him get points, this is unfair to other elite disciples!"

Hmm?

Tong Qianchen was startled, and immediately realized the distance between herself and Ye Fan was somewhat awkward, blushing, she quickly distanced herself from Ye Fan.

Meanwhile, the disciple who spoke had already approached.

Tong Qianchen secretly calmed her mood, coldly speaking to the elite disciple who disturbed her: "Wei Jun, you are also one of the elite disciples and ranked second, you should know that elite disciples earn points not only by submitting Beast Cores but also by recording the entire process of killing Xuan Beasts with the Recording Ring, can I possibly help him earn points?"

The so-called Recording Ring is a very simple Magic Artifact, similar to a portable mini-camera, capable of truly recording the battle situation and only needs to be activated at the beginning of the fight.

“Hey!”

Wei Jun snorted twice coldly and said, “Senior Sister Tong, indeed, you cannot help him earn points. But with you around, wouldn’t his risk greatly decrease? And he could also calmly choose suitable Xuan Beasts to kill in order to earn points, is this fair?”

“This...”

Tong Qianchen was momentarily rendered speechless by his words, unable to refute.

“Thank you, Qianchen, but you don’t need to come with me, I can do it myself.” Ye Fan declined Tong Qianchen’s kind offer, deciding to go to the Xuan Beast Forest alone to hunt Xuan Beasts.

“Kid, you should have some self-awareness, you have just become an elite disciple and haven’t even broken through the True Yuan Realm, and you want to join the elite disciple competition, it’s simply a daydream!”

Just as Ye Fan decided to leave, Wei Jun’s gaze was as sharp as a knife, staring at Ye Fan, his words full of warning.

Hmm?

Ye Fan was slightly stunned, slowly turning to look at the cultivator named Wei Jun, and discovered that Wei Jun's gaze was intentionally or unintentionally falling on Tong Qianchen, obviously hinting at something.

This discovery made Ye Fan understand that Wei Jun was not only warning him to be low-key and not excessively showy—to avoid breaking easily—but also warning him not to think about persisting like a toad for swan meat, and to keep away from Tong Qianchen.

Wei Jun's words were truly double-entendre!

"Wei Jun, what do you mean by this?"

Soon after, before Ye Fan could speak, Tong Qianchen sternly reproached Wei Jun.

"Senior Sister Tong, my meaning is already very clear; he should know." Wei Jun's expression changed slightly, but remembering Chu Feng's hatred toward Ye Fan, he braced and spoke.

"Wei Jun, let me advise you too, you should have some self-awareness, some people are not to be messed with, or even your teacher won't be able to protect you, let alone relying on certain core disciples. If I decided to deal with you, I wouldn't even need to personally do it to make your life worse than death, do you believe it?"

Tong Qianchen was angry, her eyes filled with fury.

Swish!

Tong Qianchen's words made Wei Jun's face change drastically, he clearly knew Tong Qianchen was telling the truth—though he was ranked second among the elite disciples, already very powerful, he was still nothing in the eyes of core disciples.

Furthermore, Tong Qianchen was the Sect Leader's daughter, and her own strength also ranked fourth among the core disciples?!

"Senior Sister Tong, I..."

For a moment, Wei Jun's face looked like liver, stammering for a long time without being able to utter a complete sentence, ultimately leaving despondently.

"Brother Ye, don't be afraid, I... no, with the Great Elder protecting you, no one will dare do anything to you..." After Wei Jun left, Tong Qianchen quickly spoke to Ye Fan.

"Hmm, I don't seek trouble, but I'm not afraid of it either!"

Ye Fan nodded in response, his face showing no trace of fear.

Chapter 1100: Secret Order!

Ye Fan ultimately declined Tong Qianchen's offer to hunt Xuan Beasts together in the Xuan Beast Forest, departing alone.

In front of a narrow mountain pass closest to the rear mountain, there is a small stone house, with an elder drowsily sitting behind a table by the door.

This elder is specifically tasked with distributing recording bracelets to all disciples entering the rear mountain for training. Due to the leisurely nature of the job, he spends half of the day in a dazed state, half asleep.

Ye Fan arrived at the mountain pass and spoke softly, "Disciple Ye Fan, heading to the rear mountain for training and hunting Xuan Beasts, has come to collect a recording bracelet."

The elder impatiently took a silver bracelet from the drawer in front of him and tossed it to Ye Fan, waving him away, "Go, go, hurry up and leave, don't disrupt my sleep!"

Ye Fan couldn't help but smile wryly, unable to fathom why the Xuanwu Sect would assign such a person to such an important role.

After all, distributing recording bracelets to disciples heading to the rear mountain for training is a rather important task, they should appoint an elder who is sharper, right!

However, such matters weren't for him, a relatively new disciple, to question, and Ye Fan understood that wherever there are people, there is Jianghu; wherever there is power, there is hierarchy, disputes over interest, and corruption.

From a country to a village, any place with interest disputes inevitably experiences corruption.

As for the usage of the recording bracelet, Ye Fan didn't need the elder to explain—he knew how to use it.

After wearing the bracelet on his right wrist, Ye Fan passed through the mountain pass and headed alone towards the rear mountain.

The Xuanshou Mountain Range occupies a vast area, with the rear mountain of the Xuanwu Sect bordering the Xuan Beast Forest.

As this area belongs to the periphery of the Xuan Beast Forest, there aren't any particularly powerful Xuan Beasts here; most are True Qi Realm Xuan Beasts, with only a few True Yuan Realm beasts, but at the early-stage, posing little threat to elite disciples.

However, should one be extremely unlucky, encountering a mid True Yuan Realm Xuan Beast is not unheard of.

If one encounters a mid True Yuan Realm Xuan Beast, typical young cultivators only have a chance to flee, whether they can escape depends on their ancestors' virtue.

This area falls under Xuanwu Sect's influence, so for the sect's disciples, as long as they don't encounter Xuan Beasts that threaten their lives, it is relatively safe.

After passing the mountain pass, Ye Fan continued for about fifty kilometers to the junction between the Xuan Beast Forest and the Xuanwu Sect.

Upon arriving here, Ye Fan sensed a chilling aura, faintly filled with the presence of Xuan Beasts in the air.

Ye Fan paid little attention to this feeling because the number of Xuan Beasts that have perished at his hands is not few.

Just on Earth, Xuan Beasts were simply called mutant beasts, their essence no different.

Hmm?

While proceeding, Ye Fan's keen sixth sense suddenly felt a Xuan Beast lurking on his left front, seemingly waiting to ambush him as he approached.

Ye Fan used his spiritual sense to detect and his gaze swept like lightning, instantly spotting the hidden Xuan Beast.

It was a black wolf, its body appeared as if draped in black satin, its eyes glittering with cunning intelligence.

From the aura emitted by the black wolf, Ye Fan judged its strength to be merely late-stage True Qi Realm, not even reaching the Peak of True Qi Realm—unlikely to threaten him.

No matter how small, a mosquito is still meat!

Considering the reward of one contribution point for slaying a True Qi Realm Xuan Beast, Ye Fan didn't mind—as points accumulate over time.

Boom!

Ye Fan walked over and unleashed his aura; at the pinnacle of True Qi Realm, it transformed into a palpable pressure, like a storm, enveloping the black wolf.

“Awooo...”

The black wolf was so intimidated by Ye Fan's aura that its bones went limp, collapsing to the ground with a low whimper, as if begging for mercy.

Hoo!

Without a word, Ye Fan activated the recording bracelet, approached directly, and struck—a palm crushing the black wolf’s head and retrieving the beast core, wiping it off on the wolf before storing it away.

The junction of the Xuan Beast Forest and the Xuanwu Sect offers a stunning scenario, with towering ancient trees, an overcast canopy, and extraordinarily dense Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi.

This area not only harbors Xuan Beasts but also numerous powerful beasts, though no matter how mighty, they are still beasts—for a cultivator like Ye Fan, whether beasts or Xuan Beasts, pose extremely limited threats.

However, Ye Fan noticed an intriguing phenomenon—the Xuan Realm and Earth are indeed two distinct worlds.

On Earth, when mutant beasts reach the Mid-level War God Realm, they can speak human language. Although their strength is weak, their spiritual wisdom is comparable to normal humans.

However, in the Xuan Realm, it seems the rules of Heaven and Earth have changed. In the Xuan Realm, Xuan beasts in the True Qi Realm rarely can speak human language, only a few extremely intelligent ones with body structures similar to humans might be able to.

Although these Xuan beasts rarely open their spiritual wisdom, they still have an instinctive sense of danger. Ye Fan encountered several Xuan beasts in the True Qi Realm in succession, their strength was average, not too strong.

After using Blood Gang and Azure Sky Overlord Blood, the only thing these Xuan beasts could do was offer their beast cores and precious furs.

For cultivators, Xuan beasts are treasures all over. Not only can their beast cores provide pure energy for cultivation, but their flesh contains terrifying life essence energy which is also a great supplement for cultivators.

Just like Xuan beasts love to eat human flesh, it's the same principle. The reason Xuan beasts are powerful lies partly in their beast cores, but more importantly, their physical strength is even more formidable.

The bodies of cultivators also contain a vast amount of life essence energy, and this life essence energy is also a great supplement for Xuan beasts.

Therefore, whether Xuan beasts hunt human cultivators or human cultivators hunt Xuan beasts, it is a necessary means to strengthen themselves.

While hunting Xuan beasts, Ye Fan remains vigilant at all times, carefully sensing everything around him, especially the aura of cultivators!

After all, he is someone the Tianyuan Sect is determined to get, and now that the Tianyuan Sect and the Xuanwu Sect have completely torn apart, no one can guarantee that the Tianyuan Sect won't risk coming here.

With careful sensing, Ye Fan discovers many elite disciples of the Xuanwu Sect are nearby, honing themselves by hunting Xuan beasts, not only to gain contribution value but also as a test and improvement of their strength.

The Xuan Beast Forest is truly vast, and the outer area covers a wide expanse. About fifty miles away from Ye Fan's location, four elite disciples of the Xuanwu Sect suddenly received a secret order from Wei Jun — stop Ye Fan from killing Xuan beasts at all costs, and prevent him from gaining points!

The four elite disciples received Wei Jun's order and did not dare to slack off; they quickly ended their training and started searching for Ye Fan's whereabouts.

Because they are all under Chu Feng, their strength and identity are below Wei Jun, usually following Wei Jun's commands.

"In my opinion, Brother Wei not only wants us to stop that lad named Ye from killing Xuan beasts and gaining points but also wants us to force him deeper into the Xuan Beast Forest!"

"Brother Wei and that lad have no enmity or hatred; this is probably Brother Chu's idea. After all, that lad has gotten too close to Senior Sister Tong, angering Brother Chu!"

"That lad is now a disciple of the Great Elder and highly valued above. What if we are discovered by those above?"

Three elite disciples in the Early-stage True Yuan Realm each expressed their opinions and then looked towards the leading disciple.

The leading elite disciple was a cultivator in the Mid True Essence Realm, ranking in the middle among elite disciples, with notable strength.

“Stop talking about these things, keep them to yourselves!”

The Mid True Essence Realm disciple, said coldly: “As for the Great Elder and those above, there’s no need to worry. We’re only competing with that lad for Xuan beasts, not dealing with him openly. Thus, if he ventures into the Xuan Beast Forest himself and dies at the hands of Xuan beasts, it’s his own fault, what does it have to do with us?”

“Brother’s insight!”

The three elite disciples in the Early-stage True Yuan Realm brightened upon hearing this and fawningly praised.

The leading Mid True Essence Realm disciple stopped wasting words, led the three others, and quickly headed towards Ye Fan’s area.

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PS: Three updates completed, let me say a few words.

Unknowingly, Kuang Shao has been ongoing for two years.

In these two years, many things have happened. I'm fortunate to still be writing and even more fortunate that you are still reading my works.

Taking this opportunity to thank all sisters and brothers who've supported me along the way!

Finally, regarding this book, according to the outline, there is still a lot of content. I will carefully finish writing according to the outline. As for a new book, I already have two ideas, like Heavenly King and the strong people, belonging to pure blood city genre.

Once this book is completed, the harmonious wind from above should lessen, and then I can fully—freely write urban works!

Lastly, it's been two years; I ask for a recommendation ticket, and a monthly ticket!

One is enough!