

Y Master 1431

Chapter 1431: Paying the Price

Bang——

In the next moment.

Just as the Azure Wolf Holy Embryo was less than a meter away from Ye Fan, Ye Fan kicked out, directly sending the Azure Wolf Holy Embryo flying more than ten meters away, landing heavily on the ground, appearing much less solid than before.

Whoosh!

Taking advantage of this opportunity, Qing Heng rushed to Ye Fan's front, both hands swinging out, with five fingers surging with Holy Power, clawing towards Ye Fan's chest like wolf claws.

This strike, Qing Heng had planned for a long time, with immense power, and if an ordinary Mid-stage Holy Embryo Realm cultivator were caught, they would undoubtedly die.

But how could Ye Fan let himself be caught?

Swish!

Ye Fan's foot stepped aside, his body turning, brushing past the claw light from Qing Heng.

"The first slap!"

Sidestepping the attack, Ye Fan channeled Qi Yun Dantian and suddenly spoke, his voice loud and thunderous, startling Qing Heng into a momentary pause.

At this moment...

Swish!

Ye Fan's right hand suddenly swung out, Holy Power surging from the palm, whistling as it struck towards Qing Heng.

Slap!

The slap echoed loudly.

Qing Heng was slapped to the ground by Ye Fan, his Protective Holy Power shattering in an instant, his Divine Soul trembling violently.

Swish!

Immediately, Ye Fan didn't pause, bending down to grab, clutching Qing Heng's hair, yanking him up fiercely!

"You... What do you want to do?"

Qing Heng steadied his Divine Soul, blurting out.

Slap!

Slap!

Slap!

...

The response to Qing Heng was the sound of crisp slaps.

Direct slaps!

Reverse slaps!

In full view of everyone, Ye Fan grabbed Qing Heng's hair with one hand, like catching a little chick, while his right hand swung, consecutively slapping Qing Heng twenty times.

Qing Heng was like a puppet with its strings cut, unable to resist at all, merely taking the hits passively, with all his teeth falling out, mixed with fresh blood, dropping to the ground, shocking everyone!

With Ye Fan's true strength, a single slap would be enough to crush Qing Heng's head, destroying his Divine Soul.

But Ye Fan didn't do that.

If it's not a life-and-death battle, deliberately killing the opponent would result in disqualification from the match.

"This..."

Seeing yesterday's triumphant Qing Heng getting beaten so helplessly by Ye Fan today, Chi Yan was taken aback, and simultaneously relieved that Ye Fan hadn't done the same to him yesterday.

"Uh..."

The spectators watching the match were also stunned, no one expected Ye Fan to seem like a different person today, fiercely overwhelming, holding Qing Heng like a father teaching his son, wildly slapping him.

"Am I seeing things?"

"Is this still the same Qing Heng from yesterday? Why can't he even defend himself?"

"This Ye Fan, how is he so fierce?"

The scene on Contest Field No. 5 shocked everyone, even laymen knew that Ye Fan absolutely had the upper hand now, and Qing Heng was simply not his match.

"Thank you, Brother Ye!"

Seeing this scene, Tong Qianchen's consciousness trembled, tears streaming down her eyes.

She knew very well, the reason Ye Fan did this was entirely to avenge her.

Unfortunately, this affection, though deep, was not destined, as perhaps she and Ye Fan met the right person at the wrong time.

Qing Tian, the second strongest of the Qing Family, furrowed his brows, he could see that Qing Heng was not Ye Fan's match, but he didn't know where Ye Fan's true strength lay, which made him very uncomfortable.

Meanwhile, Qing Zi's eyes were filled with murderous intent, wishing he could immediately rush onto the field and smash Ye Fan apart!

Huh?

At the same time, Ye Fan keenly sensed that Feng Chi was about to intervene in the match.

Swish!

Ye Fan's hands suddenly swung, turning hands into blades, slashing towards Qing Heng's arms.

"Puff—"

Ye Fan's hands surged with Holy Power, the hand blade sharper than a Spiritual Artifact treasure sword, instantly slicing Qing Heng's arms off from the shoulders, blood splattering everywhere.

Bang!

After severing Qing Heng's arms, Ye Fan didn't stop, sweeping out his right leg like a meteor, directly breaking Qing Heng's legs from below the knees, exposing the white bony ends.

"Stop at once!"

Feng Chi was greatly shocked, hurriedly leaping over, trying to save Qing Heng from the contest arena.

Just now, he was also stunned, completely not expecting Ye Fan's outburst of strength to be so terrifying, almost like a humanoid Spiritual Treasure.

However—

It's already too late!

Bang!

In the instant Feng Chi opened his mouth, Ye Fan kicked out, shattering Qing Heng's Dantian and his Holy Embryo along with it, completely destroying his cultivation.

"Ah..."

Qing Heng let out a heart-rending scream as he was kicked out of the arena by Ye Fan.

"I'll deal with you later!"

Without bothering to cause trouble for Ye Fan, Feng Chi hurriedly flew over to pick up Qing Heng, and then found that Qing Heng was completely ruined. His Dantian was shattered, his Holy Embryo was broken, and his limbs were severed, making him a complete cripple.

Such a person, even if saved, would be useless, only a burden, a fate worse than death.

Feng Chi looked grim as he handed Qing Heng to Qing Tian, then returned to the arena, glaring at Ye Fan and said, "I already shouted for you to stop, why did you still shatter his Dantian?"

"He didn't surrender, and by the time you shouted, my leg was already out. Even if I wanted to stop, I couldn't pull it back..." Ye Fan shrugged.

“You... are making excuses!” Feng Chi was infuriated, but had no rebuttal.

“Mr. Feng, I’m not making excuses; in the arena, fists and feet are blind. I can’t hold back just for fear of hurting my opponent, right? If I did, what would be the point of the competition?”

In the art of argument, not even three Feng Chi’s could match Ye Fan. Although knowing full well his sophistry, Feng Chi couldn’t find a reason to refute him.

He had himself to blame for not spotting the issue sooner, and by the time he realized something was wrong, it was already too late.

Ye Fan exploited this loophole, successfully crippling Qing Heng without breaking any rules.

“——”

As expected, Feng Chi was speechless.

“This Ye Fan able to make a name in the Southern Domain is no fluke; his strength and strategy are not lacking!”

Seeing this, the crowd outside thought to themselves.

“In this battle, Xuanwu State, Xuanwu Sect, Ye Fan wins!”

With no other option, Feng Chi had to announce Ye Fan’s victory.

“You Ye scum, better hope you don’t encounter me tomorrow, or I’ll tear you to pieces!”

As Feng Chi’s words fell, Qing Tian, who was in the same group as Ye Fan, picked up the dying Qing Heng and said murderously.

“Killing you is like slaughtering a chicken!”

Ye Fan responded calmly, as if discussing something trivial, yet his voice boomed like thunder, stunning everyone present.

Even Qing Tian was momentarily stunned!

As the second genius sent by the Qing Family this time, he had been in seclusion before the contest and had never met Ye Fan, only hearing about Ye Fan’s might and ruthlessness, and today he finally witnessed it.

Hmm?

Soon after, before Qing Tian could speak again, Ye Fan, just about to step down from the stage, suddenly felt three chilling gazes.

The eyes were filled with murderous intent!

The owners of those gazes were the Qing Family Ancestor, the unrivaled genius Qing Lian, and Qing Zi.

The Southern Domain Genius Tournament is the most important event in the entire Southern Domain, attended by helmsmen of various forces, including the Holy Land Masters, so naturally, the Qing Family Ancestor would not be absent.

Moreover, with Ye Fan causing great losses to the Qing Family, he wanted to see Ye Fan be killed with his own eyes!

As for Qing Lian...

Her father died at the hands of Ye Fan.

The hatred of killing one's father is irreconcilable!

Although she couldn't personally kill Ye Fan, she wanted to see her brother Qing Zi kill Ye Fan!

"Fine, fine, fine, since you're so arrogant, do you dare engage in a life-and-death duel when we meet?"

Qing Tian also noticed the Qing Family Ancestor, Qing Lian, and Qing Zi's gazes turning this way, so he immediately issued a challenge to Ye Fan for a life-and-death duel.

Wow!

As Qing Tian's words fell, the scene erupted in an uproar.

Although people had long anticipated that the situation between Ye Fan and the Qing Family would be a matter of life and death, they did not expect it to come so quickly!

"Qing Tian is at the peak of the Holy Embryo Realm, a whole two Xiao realms higher than Ye Fan. Will Ye Fan agree?"

Amidst the commotion, the observers began to question themselves, while turning their gaze to Ye Fan, awaiting his response.

Wang Qingshan and Shen Ximen also looked at Ye Fan.

Under the sunlight, they slightly parted their mouths, trying to remind Ye Fan not to act rashly, but the words did not come out.

Because all along, Ye Fan had never given them the impression of being reckless.

Therefore, they wanted to leave the decision to Ye Fan, and like everyone else, waited for him to speak.

“Slay you first, then Qing Zi!”

The next moment.

Under everyone’s gaze, Ye Fan slowly spoke. His voice was not loud, yet it shook the consciousness.

Chapter 1432: Life-and-Death Battle

Life-and-death battle!

These three words spread through Fire Spirit City like a gust of wind, and almost everyone knew that once Ye Fan encountered the second genius of the Qing Family, it would surely be a thrilling battle, one that would be truly spectacular.

“Just how strong is Ye Fan, to dare say with full confidence that he will consecutively defeat Qing Zi and Qing Tian?”

With the news of the life-and-death battle spreading, almost everyone became curious about Ye Fan’s true strength.

Many people speculated from Ye Fan crippling Qing Heng that his strength was definitely not just what appeared on the surface, he must be hiding something.

Some people familiar with Ye Fan immediately thought of his most adept Thunder Power, which he seemingly hadn’t used in these two matches at all.

If Ye Fan utilized Thunder Power, his combat effectiveness would certainly increase.

However, whether familiar or unfamiliar with Ye Fan, they couldn’t figure out how Ye Fan could possibly cross and defeat Qing Zi and Qing Tian!

“That Ye Fan might barely be able to battle Qing Tian, but he’s definitely not Qing Zi’s opponent, the gap is too large!”

A cultivator from the Divine Power Realm made such a judgment.

His judgment gained the approval of the vast majority.

Almost no one thought Ye Fan was qualified to battle Qing Zi!

After the past two days of matches and the emergence of the life-and-death battle, people's enthusiasm was ignited, with all spectators eagerly anticipating more exciting matches.

On the third day, almost the leaders from various forces came to watch the competition.

Yaling naturally also arrived on the scene.

However, unlike the small-scale competitions in Xuanwu City, she wasn't qualified to watch as a VIP.

Actually, not just her, even the Qing Family Ancestor and the Holy Land Master weren't qualified as VIPs.

Because, this time, the host didn't set up a VIP area, everyone crowded outside the venue to watch.

Of course, the majority chose to watch from the air, among them, leaders and some strong people above the Lord Realm occupied the best positions.

Surrounded by outstanding heirs and important figures from their own forces, no one dared approach within ten meters.

By the third day's dawn, the contestants hadn't arrived yet, but the spectators had already packed the plaza tightly.

If it weren't for reserving passageways for the contestants, they might have had to enter over the heads of these people.

As Ye Fan's group entered the waiting area, almost everyone else had arrived, with not much time left before the formal start of the match.

This was the third match of the group round-robin tournament. Before the match began, opponents needed to be drawn, actually quite simple, since previously encountered opponents couldn't be drawn again, limiting the options quite significantly.

To everyone's disappointment, Ye Fan and Qing Tian, the second genius of the Qing Family, didn't draw each other this match; both drew their respective opponents.

With ten members per group, logically, each must fight nine matches to complete the round-robin.

Opponents varied, and some restrained one's performance in certain aspects, thus ensuring fairness and impartiality for all, with each having ample opportunities.

This time, Ye Fan adhered to the principle of restraint, allowing his opponent to fully exert themselves before defeating them.

On the surface, Ye Fan's victory seemed fairly hard-won, as he only won after a spectacular struggle, with even some thinking Ye Fan's victory was solely due to the opponent's own missteps.

Of course, those holding such views were ordinary cultivators whose cultivation and discernment couldn't see the subtleties.

But those powerful cultivators, especially those above the Lord Realm, with their keen insight quickly realized Ye Fan was doing so deliberately, feeling a sense of awe.

They couldn't comprehend how Ye Fan could afford such leisure during matches, even suppressing his cultivation for his opponent's sake, which in their view was tantamount to courting death.

Resolving opponents quickly and effectively is always their preference, sparing unnecessary exertions considered a waste of life.

Every individual's strength is highly valuable, especially in competitions, excessive depletion of stamina and Holy Power leads to unforeseen severe consequences.

Should a similarly skilled opponent emerge later, whoever best conserved their strength would gain an advantage in battle.

With no life-and-death battles today, the spectators' enthusiasm generally declined, only seeing some spectacular duels in other matches.

Though merely group round-robin stages, the selected geniuses from each state in the Southern Domain proved extremely impressive, many on par with seed contestants, advancing through, rapidly accruing points.

Five matches ended swiftly; for the spectators, still wanting more, yet regrettably due to concerns over contestants' endurance and strength depletion, only five matches per day meant each person faced one match daily.

Whether by fate or otherwise, for two consecutive days, Ye Fan didn't face Qing Family's second genius Qing Tian, leaving those hoping for a life-and-death battle eagerly expectant.

Other seven zones' matches were also fiercely ongoing, every day showcasing spectacular battles for the audience, atmosphere soaring energizingly, with screams and exclamations ringing out.

In the sixth round-robin session, when arranging opponents, Ye Fan and Qing Tian were finally scheduled to face each other, placed in the second match!

Once the results emerged, the entire square nearly exploded!

Nearly everyone's attention shifted to the fifth zone, with almost no one watching other zones' matches.

"Damn it, after two days, they're finally going head-to-head!" some rough cultivators cursed aloud.

“I think the organizers are intentionally keeping us in suspense; if they’d arranged their match earlier, we wouldn’t be stuck fixating on this!”

“Ultimately, a showdown is inevitable, what’s the point in keeping us waiting? We end up watching some low-level matches, had I known, I wouldn’t have come.”

Many cultivators who were simply there to watch the tournament were discussing, complaining that the organizers didn’t arrange for them to meet earlier, deliberately keeping everyone in suspense.

Of course, they were just venting their frustrations and didn’t dare to openly criticize the organizers—Imperial Academy and Immortal Academy, the two major academies are regarded as the Holy Land in the hearts of all cultivators on the Tianxuan Continent, and no one dared to disrespect them!

Swoosh!

Upon learning this news, Qing Zi looked over coldly and his eyes emitted a venomous glare, including Qing Lian who also focused attention on the fifth competition zone.

The match between Ye Fan and Qing Tian had captured the hearts of millions, especially the people from Qing Province and Xuanwu State.

Ever since the tournament started, neither Ye Fan nor the second ranked genius of the Qing Family had tasted defeat, nor had they faced the seed competitor Lin Qingfeng, not to mention this was a life-and-death battle, which naturally made it even more intriguing.

Just after the opponents were divided and before the match officially began, the spectators couldn't help but start discussing, with some gamblers even privately placing bets on who would ultimately win.

"I think Qing Tian has a higher chance of winning, after all, he's the second ranked genius from the Qing Family participating this time, his strength second only to Qing Zi, at the Peak of the Holy Embryo Realm, his realm is one beyond Ye Fan." Someone made this judgment based on the realm difference between the two.

"That's right, I also think Ye Fan is done for this time. The Qing Family will definitely not let him go; if there's any chance, they will surely kill him!"

"Indeed, if Ye Fan loses to Lin Qingfeng, he will miss out on the knockout round completely. This way, even if Qing Zi wants to kill him, it won't be possible anymore, so this match is truly a life-and-death battle."

The discussion in the entire plaza was widespread, and hardly anyone favored Ye Fan, believing he was doomed, a match with no suspense.

However, since it's a life-and-death battle, although the outcome seemed predictable, it was bound to be spectacular, some even started to speculate how long Ye Fan would last before being killed.

"I bet he'll last half a stick of incense, which would be a miracle!"

Someone made this guess, causing an uproar.

Half a stick of incense isn't long, but in a life-and-death battle, where victory is decided swiftly, it's quite long.

If the disparity in strength between the two sides is too great, it might not even take half a stick of incense to decide the winner, perhaps within ten moves.

"In my many years of experience, this Ye Fan is not likely to lose so quickly, he must have some cards up his sleeve that he hasn't played yet. This will be a thrilling dragon and tiger fight!"

Some neutral cultivators shared this opinion, it was obvious that although Ye Fan won past matches seemingly difficult, in reality, it was quite easy, he just didn't want to reveal his true strength too early.

Simply judging by the fact he crippled Qing Heng in an instant proves something, Ye Fan's true strength is unfathomable, it's not as simple as it appears.

Don't forget, Qing Heng was a genius at the Late-stage Divine Realm, yet he seemingly had no ability to resist against Ye Fan, even Feng Chi couldn't stop Ye Fan from crippling him, what does that say?

Unfortunately, many chose to overlook this point, focusing only on the realm difference between Ye Fan and Qing Tian.

“Setting up bets! Qing Tian odds 1 to 1.2, Ye Fan odds 1 to 5, come place your bets!”

Some reckless gambler spotted an opportunity and openly advertised the setup of bets.

Yaling happened to hear, slightly furrowing her elegant brows, and said to a youth beside her from Treasure Pavilion: “Go place a bet, bet on Ye Fan winning, gauge the amount yourself, just don’t bankrupt them.”

“Understood!”

The youth from Treasure Pavilion smiled slyly, he trusted Yaling’s judgment completely, knowing as long as he followed Yaling’s advice, he was guaranteed to make a profit, and excitedly took a stack of Spirit Stone tickets over.

“I bet one pound of Mid-Grade Spirit Stone!”

“I bet ten pounds of High Grade Spirit Stone!”

“I bet...”

When the youth from Treasure Pavilion arrived in front of the gambler setting up the bets, quite a few people were already betting, of course, all betting on Qing Tian to win, Ye Fan's side was nearly untouched, not even a single Low Grade Spirit Stone.

After watching for a while, the youth from Treasure Pavilion quickly estimated how many Spirit Stones this gambler would eventually collect, and how much it would be if converted to High Grade Spirit Stones.

"I'm placing a bet too!"

The youth from Treasure Pavilion shoved the person next to him away with his shoulder, grinned as he pulled out a stack of Spirit Stone tickets, and squatted in front of the gambler.

"Great! Welcome, on whom and how much?"

The gambler spoke without even raising his head to see who was in front of him.

Hmm?

When he saw the young man in front of him, he was taken aback because the young man held a stack of Spirit Stone tickets.

He naturally recognized Spirit Stone tickets, as those who could use them were affluent and wealthy individuals!

“I bet on Ye Fan to win, one hundred pounds of High Grade Spirit Stones!”

The youth from Treasure Pavilion smiled as he pulled out a Spirit Stone ticket worth one hundred pounds of High Grade Spirit Stones and placed it on the side marked with Ye Fan’s name.

Chapter 1433: Killed with a Single Punch!

“Hiss...”

The crowd couldn’t help but gasp, a hundred pounds of Upper Grade Spirit Stone, this is no joking matter, just saying bet and bet?

“Brother, are you deliberately causing trouble?” The gambler, also a cultivator, saw this scene, folded his arms, squinted his eyes, and stood up.

“Aren’t you the one setting up the gambling? Since it’s a gamble, it should naturally allow others to bet freely. I just want to bet on Ye Fan to win, how about it? Are we not allowed to bet on Ye Fan to win?”

The young man from the Treasure Pavilion also stood up, confronting the gambler.

“Very well, since you are willing to give me Spirit Stones, then I must thank you for it. This bet, I accept!” The gambler pondered for a moment, thinking Ye Fan had no chance of winning at all, Spirit Stones sent to his door, why not take them!

Amid people’s discussions, the first match of the sixth round finally began, with seed contestant Lin Qingfeng still the first to appear, matched against Chi Yan from Fengyi State, who once lost to Ye Fan.

The match lasted less than a third of thirty minutes, Lin Qingfeng defeated Chi Yan with just one punch, winning easily, and Chi Yan lost convincingly.

After the two stepped off, it was the highly anticipated life-and-death battle between Ye Fan and Qing Tian!

Ye Fan slowly walked onto the field, in stark contrast to Qing Tian’s murderous aura, as if he really didn’t take this life-and-death battle seriously.

Walking onto the field, the referee Feng Chi also became much more serious. After all, this was the first life-and-death battle in the area he was responsible for. Even though after signing the life-and-death agreement, life and death was up to fate, he held no responsibility as the referee, but being a life-and-death battle, he couldn’t ignore it.

“Both of you must think clearly, a life-and-death battle can only have one person leaving the field alive. Are you really deciding on a life-and-death battle?” As a formality, Feng Chi asked one last time.

“That’s right!”

Qing Tian coldly spat out two words and said no more.

Beside him, Ye Fan also nodded, indicating he indeed wanted the life-and-death battle.

The hatred between the two had already surpassed what could be peacefully resolved by sitting down for a talk, only blood and life could settle it!

“Alright then!”

Seeing Ye Fan and Qing Tian so resolute, Feng Chi couldn't say any more. He took out three prepared life-and-death agreements from his sleeve and placed them in front of them, which weren't intended to be used.

The contents of the three life-and-death agreements were all the same — both parties agree to a life-and-death battle after consultation, with no interference from anyone, life and death left to fate, and the families and sects of the party that dies cannot seek revenge and other terms.

At the bottom right corner, there were three places for signatures. Each side in the life-and-death battle had to sign their names, and one witness's signature was from referee Feng Chi.

Once signed, each of the signed copies would be kept by the contestants and the referee as evidence, in case someone denies it later.

Ye Fan took the pen that Feng Chi handed over and signed his name on all three life-and-death agreements, while Qing Tian signed his name on them as well.

“Ye, repay blood with blood!”

Seeing Ye Fan sign his name on the life-and-death agreement, a sharp light flashed in Qing Lian’s Phoenix Eyes not far away.

She was very aware of Qing Tian’s strength, knowing Qing Tian was second only to her younger brother Qing Zi in the Qing Family and throughout Qing Province, absolutely a genius among geniuses. Although only at the Peak of Holy Embryo Realm, some Early-stage Divine Realm elders in the clan were not his match, equally capable of cross-level battle.

No matter how demon-like Ye Fan was, he could never be victorious against Qing Tian.

She believed the main reason Ye Fan caused Qing Family and Lou Family numerous experts to suffer in Qing Province was because he utilized the Heavenly Tribulation and the cursed power of Divine Soil. If relying solely on his own strength, he should have died ten thousand times already.

“Both parties step back, prepare for the match!”

Feng Chi omitted the mutual affirmation process this time. They already know each other, no need for the procedure anymore.

Ye Fan and Qing Tian each retreated, leaving a distance of two hundred meters between them, their aura suddenly bursting forth!

Before Feng Chi could shout for the match to begin, the two started the battle secretly, using their aura to suppress each other!

Seeing this, Feng Chi opened his mouth but ultimately said nothing, directly stepped aside to watch. Without him shouting, the two had already begun, no need for him to say anything more.

On the surface, neither had moved, but in reality, they were already clashing, an aura battle that once put at a disadvantage under the guidance of the aura would inevitably suffer a storm-like attack from the opponent until defeated.

Ordinary people couldn't tell, but some seasoned and high-level cultivators deeply understood, this aura confrontation was even more perilous.

Thump!

Ye Fan took a step forward, his clothes fluttering without wind, making a rustling sound, the skin exposed emitting faint purple-gold light.

Thump!

Qing Tian also stepped forward, refusing to yield to Ye Fan, powerful aura clashing between them, the densely patterned ground beneath them continuously flashing, protecting the arena from being destroyed by the mighty power!

“The aura of these two is evenly matched; it seems they won’t be able to determine victory in a short time!”

Top cultivators instantly made this judgment, further anticipating this dragon-tiger duel.

“Heh heh...”

Sikong Po among the crowd sneered lightly, saying nothing, he already saw Ye Fan’s strength was far superior to Qing Tian’s, it was merely deliberate.

Those who initially thought Ye Fan wouldn’t last half of thirty minutes were wavering with time passing, feeling they couldn’t judge the situation in the arena.

At the same time, Qing Xuan Sect’s Qingxuan had not started his match, his attention also focused on the Fifth Arena, closely watching Ye Fan’s battle.

He deeply knew Ye Fan could fight beyond his level, in this moment facing Qing Tian, he couldn’t see through it, unsure what the final outcome would be.

From the heart, he naturally hoped Qing Tian could emerge victorious, as Qing Xuan Sect and the Qing Family were intimately connected, even to say Qing Xuan Sect and the Qing Family were one.

As time slowly passed, Qing Tian finally couldn't endure, this was not the battle he wished to see, he wanted to tear Ye Fan apart in the cruelest way, avenging the clan's fallen.

"Kill!"

Qing Tian shouted explosively, moving as swiftly as lightning, striking towards Ye Fan's face with a punch, the intense Punch Ray dazzling to the point that it was blinding.

Ye Fan's body shifted ghost-like, instantly moving sideways several meters, avoiding Qing Tian's Punch Ray, while simultaneously charging towards Qing Tian, his entire being emanating a purple-golden glow, resembling a Golden Body War God.

The strongest collision is about to begin, the spectators' hearts suddenly rising to their throats.

These two individuals, if they don't fight, fine, but once they do, it's an earth-shattering clash, many cultivators circulate True Yuan and Holy Power to their eyes, fearing missing any detail.

At this moment, almost everyone present held their breath, their gaze unwaveringly fixed on the two in Arena No. 5, a confrontation of life and death was happening in this instant.

“Die for me!”

Seeing Ye Fan charging at him, Qing Tian was not alarmed but thrilled, sneering, his hands instantly turning emerald green, like jade, morphing into dozens of claw shadows, striking at Ye Fan’s vital points!

“Great Emperor, Qing Tian was hiding his strength all along, he’s actually this strong?”

Witnessing this, many cultivators exclaimed, although they couldn’t discern what martial arts Qing Tian was using, they could still sense the terrifying energy fluctuations emanating from it.

“Qing Family’s secret technique, Thousand Illusion Claw?”

A knowledgeable cultivator immediately shouted out the name of the martial art Qing Tian was using at that moment.

“Senior, what is the Thousand Illusion Claw, can you enlighten us?”

Many present were cultivators from other regions who weren’t familiar with the Qing Family’s secret techniques, so they humbly asked for clarification.

“Thousand Illusion Claw is an unpassed secret of the Qing Family, each generation, aside from the strongest heir, only a few exceptionally gifted individuals can learn it, it’s one of the three great secret techniques of the Qing Family!”

The person seemed eager to show off, so he briefly explained to those around him, then murmured, “Now that Ye kid is in trouble.”

Thousand Illusion Claw is of infinite power, ten fingers emanate hundreds of beams of light, each possessing the power to pierce through the void.

“Thunderous Strike!”

At this moment, Ye Fan decided not to hold back, his eyes shooting out two piercing beams, unleashing a punch, fiery purple light shaking heaven and earth.

Among the offensive martial arts of the Thunderclap Treasure Skill, Thunderous Strike counts as one, the purple Punch Ray contains terrifying Thunder Power, shattering all obstructions.

Boom!

With a loud explosion, the entire arena shook, the underground patterns flickering, absorbing and dissipating the terrifying impact, barely preventing the arena from being destroyed.

The extremely domineering Thunderous Strike directly scattered Qing Tian's claw light, then viciously struck Qing Tian's body, the ferocious Thunder Power instantly broke through his protective Holy Power, blasted into his body!

The ferocious Thunder Power instantly ravaged Qing Tian's body's meridians, directly shattering his heart, even the Holy Embryo got blasted apart together!

Bam!

Under the watchful eyes of all, Qing Tian was smashed by Ye Fan's punch, his body torn into pieces, erupting into a bloody rain, the stench of blood enveloping the entire arena.

A single punch!

With just one punch, Ye Fan blew up Qing Tian!

This result shocked the entire audience!

"This... how is this possible?"

"This is an illusion, this isn't real!"

In shock, someone rubbed their eyes vigorously, muttering to themselves, completely unable to believe everything they saw.

Because...

They could hardly believe that Ye Fan, at merely the Mid-stage Holy Embryo Realm, could kill the Peak Holy Embryo Realm Qing Tian with one punch.

This... completely overturned their understanding of cultivation!

Chapter 1434: The Pivotal Battle

“Unbelievable, absolutely unbelievable!”

“Qing Tian was at the peak of the Holy Embryo Realm, and yet he was killed by that Ye Fan with a single punch?!”

“The most important thing is, that Ye Fan is only a mid-stage Holy Embryo Realm cultivator, it’s really hard to believe!!”

...

In the next moment, the previously quiet scene erupted like a boiling pot, leaving the onlookers in shock and disbelief.

If they hadn't seen Qing Tian turn into a pile of flesh and blood, they wouldn't have believed what they just saw was real.

Simultaneously, they all understood that this battle was destined to shake the Southern Domain, leaving a monumental mark.

No matter if Ye Fan eventually succeeds in entering the top eight of the tournament, he will become a legend in this competition!

"This..."

Qingxuan was dumbfounded, completely at a loss.

Not long ago, he and Ye Fan were equally matched, both of them top geniuses of Tianyuan State, strong contenders for the championship of the Tianyuan State Genius Tournament.

Even after the Tianyuan State Genius Tournament ended, he secluded himself in intense cultivation, attempting to defeat Ye Fan in the Southern Domain tournament to prove himself!

And now, Ye Fan's power had completely exceeded his imagination!

After a moment of daze, Qingxuan felt a wave of bitterness and despair. Initially, he believed Ye Fan couldn't surpass him by too much, but didn't anticipate such an outcome.

"I fear I won't be able to catch up to him for the rest of my life!"

Qingxuan closed his eyes in despair. The gap between him and Ye Fan was widening, they were now people of two different worlds, with no hope of ever being Ye Fan's rival again in this life!

Whoosh!

Just as Qingxuan was in despair and everyone was abuzz with discussion, a greenish glow suddenly rose from the shattered blood and flesh on the ground and fled towards the outside!

"This is..."

Once again, everyone was stunned. Qing Tian's body was shattered, yet his divine soul miraculously survived, feigning death to escape disaster.

As long as the divine soul exists, there's a chance for rebirth through soul escape, even if cultivation levels plummet, at least he isn't dead yet.

“I knew you’d have this trick up your sleeve!”

Ye Fan, seemingly having anticipated this, sneered coldly, a crack opened at his brow, and a small silver sword traversed the space, instantly intercepting Qing Tian’s green divine soul at the edge of the arena!

“Big... Big Sister, save me!”

The green glow cried out in panic, desperately fleeing towards the outside.

“Too late, no one can save you now!”

Ye Fan sneered coldly, the Divine Soul Sword instantaneously shattered the green glow, and Qing Tian’s last divine soul dissipated completely, vanishing into thin air.

“You...”

In the sky, Qing Lian’s phoenix eyes glinted with malice, staring at Ye Fan with murderous intent. If not for being in the arena, she would have slapped Ye Fan into a pulp.

“What do you mean? In a life and death battle, life and death are dictated by destiny. Are you thinking of revenge? Or do you simply disregard the two academies?”

Ye Fan stared coldly at Qing Lian, utterly fearless.

“Fine, fine, fine, let’s see how long you can jump around!”

Qing Lian, though filled with killing intent, knew she couldn’t act at this moment, or she would be challenging the authority of the two academies.

That would be suicidal!

After all, even the Di Clan wouldn’t dare easily provoke the two academies!

Moreover, the Qing Family was merely one of the many major forces in the Southern Domain, incomparable to the Di Clan.

Not only Qing Lian avoided making a move, but the Qing Family Ancestor was just as restrained, though his eyes burned with fury, his gaze frighteningly intense.

Meanwhile, Qing Zi’s expression was extremely unsightly, as if he had swallowed a live fly, and his eyes seemed to shoot fire.

“Little bastard, just wait for me. As long as you enter the top eight, I will find a way to personally tear you to pieces, grind your bones to ashes!” Qing Zi vowed fiercely in his heart.

Roughly calculated, nearly a hundred members of the Qing Family had died directly or indirectly at Ye Fan’s hands, a massive number, a burden too heavy for a clan to bear!

“This Ye Fan hides himself deeply, had it not been for this life and death battle, no one could have seen his true strength!”

“One move to instantly kill Qing Tian at the peak of Holy Embryo Realm, I feel his gap with those seed candidates is hardly significant!”

“Not just hardly significant? If you ask me, apart from the two Saint Heirs and Qing Zi who has already stepped into the Divine Power Realm, no one can overpower him.”

“Then why didn’t he become a seed candidate during the prior tests?”

“Isn’t that simple? Someone wants to hide their strength and explode at the critical moment!”

“The position of the top eight is likely to change. Seed players may not necessarily enter the top eight!”

Meanwhile, the arena outside was almost boiling.

Everyone was discussing Ye Fan's performance in the match just now. To be able to defeat a genius like Qing Tian in one move, in the entire fifth team, only the seed player Lin Qingfeng has the qualification to compete with him.

Facing such discussions, Lin Qingfeng was startled and frightened. He knew about Qing Tian's strength, although he had never fought him, he knew that wanting to defeat Qing Tian in one move was almost impossible, but Ye Fan did it.

What does this show?

It shows that Ye Fan's real strength is likely above his!

Thinking of He Yunqi's inexplicable injury in the Qi Shi Restaurant, Lin Qingfeng became more convinced that Ye Fan was secretly behind it.

At this moment, Lin Qingfeng's belief in defeating Ye Fan in the upcoming match wavered. On the contrary, he felt he might lose this match and hence miss out on the top eight.

"It's okay, just do your best. Even if I really miss the top eight, at least I can fight for the top ten. As long as I enter the top ten, there is a chance to enter the two academies for study." Lin Qingfeng comforted himself like this.

Ye Fan's punch that killed Qing Tian not only sparked heated discussions but also caused a dramatic scene outside the field, leaving many who bet on Qing Tian's victory lamenting, but there was no choice, willing to bet, willing to lose, they could only watch their Spirit Stones fall into someone else's pocket.

Among them, the gambler who set up the bet was preparing to sneak away when the young man from the Treasure Pavilion walked up, directly stretching his hand in front of him and smilingly said, "No dawdling, bring out five hundred High Grade Spirit Stones!"

Hearing this, the gambler's face instantly fell, he dejectedly took out all the Spirit Stones he had, which were not enough for five hundred High Grade Spirit Stones.

"Nothing left? This is all I have." The gambler was about to cry, regretting to the core.

"Serves you right!"

"Letting you swindle our Spirit Stones, now you encounter a tough character?"

Some gamblers around were gloating. Although they too lost some Spirit Stones, at least it wasn't crippling, and they now stood by watching the excitement.

"That's not acceptable. The difference is too much. If it were only one or two pounds, I'd generously forgo it, but a gap of over one hundred pounds, you are putting me in a difficult position!" said the young man from Treasure Pavilion with a look of difficulty.

The gambler setting the bet drooped his head as if he were an eggplant hit by frost, silent, without anything to say.

“Let’s do this, since you can’t pay back, I can only apologize to you, write a contract to sell yourself, then you’re sold to me, and I’ll forgo the hundred pounds of High Grade Spirit Stones.”

The young man from Treasure Pavilion thought for a long time and suddenly proposed such a suggestion, instantly making the eyes of those around drop to the ground.

“Uh...”

The gambler was also stunned, then could only take out several Spiritual Artifacts to make up for the Spirit Stones.

Thus, the matter was concluded!

After Ye Fan defeated Qing Tian, the matches that followed were lackluster. Although fiercely fought, they lacked that heart-stopping feeling.

In this round of matches, a genius from Bazhou gained three points easily without having to fight, becoming the easiest one to earn points.

The reason was simple, Qing Heng was disabled by Ye Fan and can no longer participate in matches, leaving a vacant spot, and he happened to be up against Qing Heng, naturally getting three points easily.

The matches in the subsequent days also did not create much sensation.

On one hand, the seed players from other groups were too strong, almost all easily defeating their opponents, and there were no particularly exciting matches between other participants, nor scenes like Ye Fan's cross-realm defeat of opponents!

In the seventh match, Lin Qingfeng once again defeated his opponent without suspense, gaining three points, and Ye Fan did the same, defeating his opponent.

At this point, in the fifth group, seed players Lin Qingfeng's points and Ye Fan's were the same, others were all either winning or losing, without any undefeated from the start.

In the eighth match, as Qing Tian and Qing Heng could never return to the field, it finally came to Ye Fan and Lin Qingfeng's confrontation, because all others had already fought.

This battle will be the last round of the fifth group's round-robin tournament, crucial in deciding who can ultimately enter the top eight.

The winner enters the top eight!

The loser is eliminated!

“Who will make it into the top eight?”

As Ye Fan and Lin Qingfeng’s match arrived, nearly everyone was filled with anticipation.

Anticipating this crucial battle!

Chapter 1435: An Easy Victory

The final round of group matches, the match between Ye Fan and Lin Qingfeng, became the focal battle of this round-robin tournament.

On one hand, Ye Fan became the focus of the tournament by killing Qing Tian, a Peak Holy Embryo Realm cultivator, with a single punch.

On the other hand, Ye Fan and Lin Qingfeng’s match would determine the final ownership of the top eight!

On this day, the scene of the fifth group match was crowded with people from all directions, strong people and spectators, and even some competitors who were not in matches gathered outside the fifth group’s arena.

“Ye, you son of a bitch, I hope you win and keep your head intact, I’ll take it personally!”

Before the match started, Qing Zi spoke out, wanting to personally take Ye Fan's head.

These words caused a stir!

No one expected Qing Zi to make such vicious remarks at such a critical time.

"It's over, Ye Fan definitely won't advance to the top eight!" Someone made this judgment.

"Why?" The person beside them asked in confusion.

"Are you stupid? Qing Zi is already an early-stage Divine Realm powerhouse, even though Ye Fan can fight across realms, Qing Zi can also fight across realms. Both are demon-level geniuses, competing in realm and strength, Ye Fan's realm is too far behind, he couldn't be his opponent, advancing to the top eight is equal to seeking death!" That person analyzed.

"Hmm, indeed, that makes sense!" The person beside them agreed, this analysis was well-organized and convincing.

"Even if Ye Fan advances to the top eight, he might not encounter Qing Zi, there are six other seed competitors. If Ye Fan gets eliminated before facing Qing Zi, then entering the top eight doesn't matter!" Someone said defiantly.

“That’s right, even if Ye Fan enters the top eight, he might not face Qing Zi. As long as he advances to the top eight, he’ll be able to enter the two major academies, this is the highest honor!”

Before the match began, various speculations flew everywhere, many cultivators were guessing whether Ye Fan would have the strength to defeat seed competitor Lin Qingfeng, or whether he would choose to strategically withdraw under Qing Zi’s threat.

“Ye Fan will definitely not give up the opportunity to enter the top eight!”

This was the judgment made by the Xuanwu Sect members and Yaling.

In their view, Ye Fan was unafraid of facing Qing Zi!

Besides, there was Bai Yan wolf.

Listening to the discussions, Bai Yan wolf smirked and glared at those people, then lay down to sleep again.

It knew Ye Fan’s strength very well, when he was in the Divine Race, even Jiang Kuang, the descendant of the War God, was rendered helpless by Ye Fan, let alone Lin Qingfeng?

In its view, this match had no suspense, watching it or not made no difference.

Bong!

A melodious bell sounded, indicating the official start of the match, Ye Fan and Lin Qingfeng walked into the arena from left and right.

Besides the referee Feng Chi, the deputy president of the Immortal Academy also appeared, but he was here to spectate and wouldn't interfere with the fairness of the match.

After several rounds of matches, everyone was familiar with each other, at least knowing each other's names and some methods, so the process of calling each other's names was automatically skipped.

"Both sides step back and prepare for the match!"

Feng Chi announced the start of the match with a solemn expression and was like a bowstring ready to strike.

The previous incident of Qing Heng being wasted resulted in him being scolded by the deputy president of the Imperial Academy, which made him quite resentful.

He didn't want such an incident to happen again!

“Brother Ye, please guide me!”

In the arena, Lin Qingfeng looked solemn, he knew this battle might be his toughest in the round-robin tournament!

“I dare not presume to teach, let’s learn from each other!”

Ye Fan smiled slightly, having long forgotten the unpleasantness that happened before at the Qi Shi Restaurant.

Swoosh!

Lin Qingfeng wasted no words, first manifesting his Holy Embryo — a large black banner, which was the sacred item of the Tianqi Sect, only a Saint Heir was qualified to condense their Holy Embryo based on such a sect treasure.

Holy Embryo is what a cultivator forms in their Dantian after reaching the extreme of the True Essence Realm, where True Yuan transforms into Holy Power and condenses into an object as the fundamental of Holy Power, it can be anything.

Generally, forming into unique Xuan Beasts is common, because once successfully condensed, it can exhibit some characteristics of the Holy Embryo.

However, some proud cultivators condense their Holy Embryo into inert objects, even into weapons like knives, spears, swords, halberds, towers, furnaces, mirrors, jars, etc.

These Holy Embryos have little effect in the early stages, but after reaching the Divine Realm, they become extremely powerful, far surpassing typical Xuan Beast Holy Embryos.

Lin Qingfeng's Xuantian Banner Holy Embryo belongs to the latter, once reaching the Divine Realm, it will exhibit various unimaginable mystical powers.

"Kill!"

Lin Qingfeng's aura surged, resembling a Killing God walking the Earth as he summoned his Xuantian Banner Holy Embryo into his hand, attacking Ye Fan!

"To think it's Xuantian Banner, he is sure to succeed the Tianqi Sect's Saint and become a new generation Saint!"

Someone knowledgeable from the crowd immediately recognized Lin Qingfeng's Holy Embryo as the sect treasure Xuantian Banner, there is no doubt that he will become a Saint in the future!

Although the term Saint here and the truly powerful Holy Land Saint differ, it also serves as a respectful title for helmsmen of powerful forces.

Ye Fan facing a future Saint makes the outcome uncertain, thankfully they aren't in a life-and-death battle, otherwise, this match would be even more riveting.

Even so, almost everyone in the plaza turned their attention here, leaving other zone matches less focused.

Clang!

A flash occurred in Ye Fan's hand, the Thunder Emperor Spear appeared, since the opponent used a weapon, he wouldn't face him barehanded.

Though Ye Fan could defeat him with bare hands, conserving some strength, he'd prefer not revealing more since the subsequent matches would be tougher.

The more revealing his cards, the less surprise of his tactics, making defeating the opponent relatively harder!

Ye Fan knew well, those seed competitors who've defeated their opponents surely would be focusing on his match, as it determined who the top eight were, and who would meet them in the eliminations.

"The Flag Sweeps Across the Eight Wastelands!"

Lin Qingfeng knew that when facing Ye Fan, he absolutely could not engage in a prolonged battle. Only by defeating him with thunderous power could he ensure his advancement into the top eight.

Whoosh!

The black banner unfurled, covering the sky and sun, filled with mysterious patterns, as if it had become a world of its own, aiming to envelop Ye Fan within.

Although Ye Fan didn't fully understand the wonders of the Xuantian Banner of the Tianqi Sect, he dared not let it drag him in. With a loud roar, the Thunder Emperor Spear shot out ten thousand rays of light.

"Overpowering the World!"

Ye Fan shouted fiercely, with the Thunder Emperor Spear crackling, one sharp ray after another blocking the advancing Xuantian Banner!

BOOM!!

Immediately after, the Thunder Emperor Spear and Xuantian Banner collided fiercely, emitting thunderous sound waves, shaking the entire arena. The markings on the ground constantly flickered, dissipating the horrific energy that could destroy the world.

After the clash, Ye Fan's blood boiled, and strands of vigorous energy rose like a dragon from the top of his skull, connecting to the Nine Heavens.

Profound techniques flowing through body!

Ye Fan's entire body seemed like a bottomless pit, as the violent Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi continuously entered his body, quickly converting into his Holy Power!

"This..."

Feng Chi almost bit his tongue. As a teacher at the Imperial Academy, he naturally knew what this situation meant.

Even though it's a minor divine ability, it is still a Divine Skill. Ye Fan, despite only being at the Mid-stage Saint Embryo Realm, had already comprehended this Divine Skill. Such talent is simply monstrous!

Hmm?

Lin Qingfeng was also taken aback, his heart sinking instantly — Ye Fan had achieved profound techniques flowing through his body, which meant that Ye Fan's combat power would be extraordinarily enduring, making it very difficult to deplete his Holy Power.

If this drags on, it won't be beneficial for Lin Qingfeng. He decided to use his trump card, or else, the longer the fight goes, the more certain his defeat becomes.

"Uh..."

Meanwhile, everyone else in the square was stunned. With profound techniques flowing throughout his body, Ye Fan was essentially invincible as long as he could withstand Lin Qingfeng's attack. How could Lin Qingfeng possibly win?

Qingxuan was utterly demoralized, losing all confidence. As an heir of a small sect, how could he ever compare to Ye Fan, who had achieved flowing profound techniques at the Mid-stage Saint Embryo Realm?

At that moment, he felt that compared to Ye Fan, he was no different from an ordinary person.

Qing Zi's expression was very bleak. Having stepped into the Divine Power Realm, he naturally knew what profound techniques flowing throughout a cultivator's body meant.

"Interesting!"

Ancient Saint Gu Hao smiled faintly. Ye Fan had given him so many surprises. After seeing Ye Fan achieve profound techniques flowing through his body, Gu Hao knew that the match had lost its suspense, and Lin Qingfeng's defeat was inevitable.

Prince Jueluo's eyes flashed with intrigue, increasingly unable to see through Ye Fan. He was a person shrouded in mysteries.

The Tianxuan Saint's brow furrowed slightly, lowering his head as if pondering something. When he raised his head again, his gaze was calm, as if nothing had happened.

The Saint of Spirit Manor and Jin Changgeng of Treasure Pavilion watched Ye Fan's performance with great interest, curious to see the final outcome.

Especially Jin Changgeng, who believed that after several days of interaction, he had some understanding of Ye Fan, only to realize now that he didn't understand Ye Fan at all — he had too many secrets!

"Kill!"

The situation unfavorable, Lin Qingfeng shouted loudly, using the Xuantian Banner as a long spear to stab towards Ye Fan's throat, shooting out a cyan-black light, almost piercing the void!

"Sun and Moon Ascending!"

Ye Fan was not afraid at all, the Thunder Emperor Spear bursting forth with streaks of purple light, clashing with the Xuantian Banner.

BOOM!!

The loud sound echoed once more.

At the same time, Ye Fan executed an action that left everyone in shock.

He discarded the Thunder Emperor Spear.

Yes!

In this crucial battle, after both sides had just clashed, he discarded the Thunder Emperor Spear.

“What is he doing?”

Almost everyone was inwardly questioning themselves at that moment.

Even Lin Qingfeng was no exception, not knowing what kind of trick Ye Fan was using in his gourd.

What is he up to?

Swish!

The next moment, the mystery was unveiled!

Ye Fan utilized the Chase Star Step, seemingly teleporting, closing in instantly, with a pair of Iron Fists poised like bells and drums at a half-inch distance from Lin Qingfeng's Taiyang points on either side.

At this moment, Ye Fan only needed to unleash the Punch Ray, and Lin Qingfeng would be dead without a doubt!

"I lost!"

Feeling the terrifying Holy Power and Thunder Power contained in Ye Fan's two fists, Lin Qingfeng trembled violently, conceding at once.

Never before had he felt so close to death!

Chapter 1436: 1310: Playing Dumb to Outsmart the Tiger

Defeated!

Lin Qingfeng was defeated, and he chose to admit defeat voluntarily!

This outcome left Lin Qingfeng with a bitter taste in his heart.

Although he knew that trying to defeat Ye Fan was a very difficult task, he never expected to lose so quickly.

Conversely, he thought that as long as he fought desperately, Ye Fan, even if he won, would certainly have to pay a considerable price!

However——

Things were completely beyond his expectations!

Ye Fan used dropping the Thunder Emperor Spear as a decoy to attract his attention, and then struck directly behind him with lightning speed.

In such a situation, even if he wanted to fight desperately, there was no opportunity——Ye Fan only needed to lightly release a Punch Ray, and he would immediately die without a grave, even his Divine Soul wouldn't be spared.

Between honor and life, Lin Qingfeng chose life.

After all, as the saying goes, as long as there's life, there's hope; he didn't want to die on the battlefield.

Moreover, if Ye Fan killed him, he would forever lose the qualification to advance to the top eight and would be directly expelled from the competition; he believed Ye Fan wouldn't do that!

"My god, Lin Qingfeng actually lost! He's a seed player!"

There was an uproar outside the arena; this result was beyond most people's expectations.

In their opinion, Lin Qingfeng, although a False Saint, should definitely not be underestimated. He wasn't much weaker than the two True Saints; defeating Ye Fan should not be a problem.

Even the few who thought Ye Fan could defeat Lin Qingfeng didn't foresee him winning with such overwhelming advantage.

"Unbelievable, that Ye family kid, without showing any signs, turns out to be a tough character. Not only did he cripple someone from the Qing Family and kill Qing Zi's clan brother, the second genius of Qing Family, but he also defeated the group's seed player, replacing him, truly a hidden talent!"

"That Ye family youngster is really not rational; Qing Zi has clearly shown intent to kill him, yet he is still so high-profile, advancing to the top eight. In case he meets Qing Zi in the top eight elimination round, what will he do then?"

“It’s unlikely, right? It’s not certain he’ll meet Qing Zi right away in the elimination round; as long as he loses the first elimination match, it’s fine. Anyway, he has advanced to the top eight, entering the two academies to study is a sure thing.”

As the competition ended, people recovered from their shock, while marveling at Ye Fan’s hidden talent, also thought his actions were not rational.

“Ye Zi is mighty, Xuanwu Sect is mighty, Xuanwu State rises!”

As people discussed, Shen Tu excitedly shouted, feeling as if he himself had defeated Lin Qingfeng, advancing to the top eight.

“For the Xuanwu Sect to have a disciple like Ye Fan is truly a huge honor!” Xuanwu Sect’s Wang Qingshan and Shen Ximen’s eyes were red, filled with emotion.

Tong Qianchen looked at Ye Fan with radiant eyes, with joy, excitement, and a touch of loneliness.

In his ear rang Shen Tu’s shout, those cultivators who once looked down on Xuanwu State now shamed and wished they could find a crack to hide in.

“He can only stop at the top eight; those Saints and Princes are not ones he can defeat!”

Besides, some felt frustrated and shouted this.

“That’s right, he can’t advance to the top four, and if he meets Qing Zi in the final four, he’ll surely die!”

The person’s words received agreement from the majority.

In their view, Lin Qingfeng and the other seven seed players advancing to the top eight, there was still a gap in strength.

Ye Fan was able to defeat Lin Qingfeng somewhat cleverly—deliberately dropping the Thunder Emperor Spear to attract Lin Qingfeng’s attention, thus achieving the purpose of distracting Lin Qingfeng!

They don’t include the Supreme Strongmen from various forces!

With their vision, although they couldn’t see how strong Ye Fan truly was, they could tell Ye Fan hadn’t used all his strength.

Even, Tianxuan Saint and others didn’t think Ye Fan couldn’t advance.

On one hand, the pace and speed Ye Fan exhibited when defeating Lin Qingfeng were so fast that even they were shocked!

On the other hand, they, like those Supreme Strongmen, believed Ye Fan had yet to reveal his true Combat Power!

“The seed player also changed; it seems this competition will be extremely brutal, surpassing any previous instances!” Some older strong people who had participated in the Southern Domain Genius Tournament felt emotional.

“This will be a golden age, various geniuses emerging, humanity will usher in an era of unprecedented prosperity!” A white-haired elder stroked his beard and said.

“A grand era of sorrow!” An old man with a face full of wrinkles shook his head and said with emotion.

“Old man, your words are wrong; how can a grand era be sorrowful? It’s a auspicious sign for the rise and prosperity of our Human Race!” A young cultivator retorted.

“What do you young people know? Just wait, soon, you’ll understand what my words mean!” The old man shook his head, not explaining further.

“This old geezer knows quite a lot!” Bai Yan wolf didn’t know when he woke up, shaking his big head and said.

“Can’t you say a bit more?” The young cultivator who asked the question persistently pursued.

“Young man, let me tell you about the sorrow of a grand era!” Another elder with crane-like hair said solemnly.

“Old sir, please go on!”

As he spoke, many young people gathered around, wanting to know what this so-called golden era tragedy meant.

“In any era, having three to five peerless geniuses is already sufficient. Any more is a tragedy for that era...”

Through the old man’s explanation, the onlookers gradually understood why there was such a saying as the golden era tragedy.

It’s quite simple: In an era with only three to five peerless geniuses, even if there are clashes on the Emperor Road in the future, the impact won’t be too significant.

However—

When a golden era arrives, an era where peerless geniuses emerge in large numbers, there will be epic battles on the Emperor Road, where countless peerless geniuses’ blood and bones create a path for one individual.

Such battles will shake the entire world, leaving no one untouched. One proves the Dao while millions of geniuses fall at their feet, becoming stepping stones on their path to the Godless Path. This is the tragedy of an era.

Nowadays, even in just the Southern Domain, so many geniuses have emerged, not to mention the Northern, Eastern, Western, and Central Domains.

If all these domains produce many peerless geniuses, the next decade will undoubtedly be a golden era, and naturally, it will also usher in the era's tragedy!

...

As the round-robin tournament concluded, Ye Fan once again became the hot topic of discussion, his notoriety even surpassing the two Saint Heirs and Qing Zi.

Soon after, the events involving Ye Fan at the Qi Shi Restaurant spread.

People then realized that Ye Fan, imbued with Wen Qi, was not only powerful in cultivation but also astonishingly accomplished in literature.

"This kid is simply a genius!"

After learning about the five poems Ye Fan composed, many people sighed like this.

Ye Fan himself did not care about all of this; however, he didn't expect that it would enshroud him with an aura of mystery, making him seem profound and unfathomable.

Some suspected that he had obtained the unmatched legendary scripture from the Ancient Times, cultivating Wen Qi, but such speculation couldn't withstand scrutiny.

Wen Qi and Holy Power are two completely different energies that cannot coexist in one person, and almost everyone knew that Ye Fan had inherited the legacy of the Thunder Venerable master, making it even more impossible for him to cultivate Wen Qi.

Nonetheless, many places like Mei wei Pavilion, Fengyue Pavilion, and Linglong Pavilion sent invitations and gifts, asking him to visit.

Ye Fan found himself in a predicament, politely declining each invitation and hiding away in the palace of the Treasure Pavilion, refusing to go out.

With the round-robin tournament over, the organizers decided to rest for three days, after which the elimination competition would commence.

While people were busy discussing Ye Fan, Yaling released a piece of news.

The Treasure Pavilion's Bao Shi Pavillion in the Holy City opened betting on who would ultimately win the Emperor title among the Four Kings and One Venerable, becoming the last one laughing.

Each of the top eight candidates had odds, and Qing Zi's were the lowest since he had already stepped into the Divine Power Realm and was the most likely candidate to seize the Emperor title, enjoying the highest support.

Next came the Ancient Saint and Tianxuan Saint, whose odds were just slightly higher than Qing Zi. They also had a good chance of making it to the end.

The fourth position was unexpected to everyone, not being the Saint Heir from Spirit Manor nor Treasure Pavilion's own Saint Heir Jin Changgeng, nor even the Prince Jueluo, but Ye Fan!

Even the strongest heir of the Feng Family, whose gender was unknown and whose entire body was shrouded in an iron casing, was positioned below Ye Fan.

Ye Fan's odds were just a hair higher than the two Saint Heirs, leaving everyone's jaws dropped. No one expected the Treasure Pavilion to set such odds!

"You can't bet on yourself, because you're a contestant. Even if you bet, I won't accept it!"

As soon as the news was released, Yaling immediately found Ye Fan and said this.

Once bitten, twice shy. The last time during the Xuanwu State competition, she lost a lot of Spirit Stones due to Ye Fan's actions and had no desire to fall into the same trap again.

"Why did you set my odds so low? Aren't you inviting trouble for me?" Ye Fan smiled bitterly.

"If I weren't worried about causing too much of a stir, I would have set your odds the lowest!" Yaling blinked her captivating eyes with a cheeky smile.

"Do you have that much faith in me?"

Ye Fan was speechless. If Yaling set his odds as the lowest, marking him as the top contender, he'd face fierce battles no matter who he faced next.

"Playing the fool to catch the Tiger, this isn't your first time!"

Yaling pouted, but her heart was full of anticipation—if Ye Fan could transcend Great Realms, defeat Qing Zi, and claim the crown, it would indeed shock the entire Tianxuan Continent!

Chapter 1437: Quarterfinals Match

For three consecutive days, Ye Fan diligently practiced every day, aside from cultivation, he gained insights into the Xuandi Fist and Thunderclap Treasure Skill.

Among them, after some pointers from the Bai Yan wolf, Ye Fan's understanding of the Thunderclap Treasure Skill deepened.

At the same time, he had to admire that the “Thunderclap Treasure Skill” is indeed a treasure technique comparable to the Emperor Technique, its control and use of Thunder Power have reached an unimaginable level.

Of course, Ye Fan is far from reaching that level now, according to the Bai Yan wolf, he is just at the entry level, just barely scratching the surface, there’s still a long way to Small Success.

Ye Fan knew that the Bai Yan wolf was trying to discourage him, but he didn’t mind at all.

Apart from cultivation, in his spare time, Ye Fan would also immerse himself in nature to feel the rhythm of heaven and earth.

Everyone is born between heaven and earth, naturally having an inseparable connection with it. The seemingly ordinary heaven and earth contain endless secrets.

Ye Fan’s mental realm cultivation had reached a level that only cultivators of the Divine Power Realm could reach, even stronger than those cultivators.

In his eyes, every blade of grass, every tree was so bright, full of vibrant life.

Grasses on the plains, wither and flourish in cycles of the year!

What secrets are hidden between withering and flourishing?

Is it reincarnation, or Nirvana Rebirth?

Is this grass before him the same as last year's?

Lingering between mountains and waters, Ye Fan's heart was calm, with no joy from past battles, nor anxiety for the upcoming ones.

At this moment, his consciousness ascended to the Martial Arts Realm.

Martial Arts, first martial then arts, entering the way through martial arts.

Water, the gentlest force in heaven and earth, but at the same time the most violent.

Ye Fan stood beside a small stream, watching the gurgling water, and felt an inspiration, that martial arts and water are the same in principle, gentle when needed, violent when needed.

The gurgling water before him, how similar is it to the holy power running within his body?

A human body is a miniature version of heaven and earth!

A short three days of cultivation and insights brought Ye Fan great harvests.

Time flew by, and in the blink of an eye, three days had passed. Early on the fourth day, Ye Fan accompanied by Elder Shen Ximen arrived at the arena.

This time, only four zones were used because it was the final eight into four matches, an elimination match, the winners advance, the losers are eliminated.

Of course, even if they failed, it didn't matter, their names were already in the hands of the vice-deans of the two major academies. Being in the top eight, each of them is either a Saint Heir or a Saint Heir from a Wu Shang Sect, the strongest descendant of a huge clan, based on this alone, they are qualified to study at the two academies.

Although only eight contestants remained, the number of people in the square did not decrease at all, in fact, even more people gathered. Everyone wanted to witness this competition!

As soon as Ye Fan appeared, he was recognized; people were all anticipating his performance today and were curious about who his opponent would be.

Eight seed players were divided into four groups, paired two by two, matches started simultaneously, which made many spectators dissatisfied.

“We oppose this competition format!”

“That’s right, only a match-by-match format allows us to see clearly, with four matches at once, which one do we watch? Do you want us to choose?”

The voices of protest rose one after another, the two vice-deans urgently discussed and finally decided that the minority should obey the majority. According to the people’s wishes, there would be no division into four zones, the matches would be held in one zone, two in the morning and two in the afternoon!

As soon as this decision was made, the voices of protest instantly disappeared, and people eagerly awaited the start of the grouping and the competition.

“Pray, you’d better not be in the same group as me, otherwise you’re dead meat!”

Before the grouping even began, Qing Zi displayed intense killing intent towards Ye Fan, as if he couldn’t wait another moment and was impatient to tear Ye Fan apart.

Facing Qing Zi’s provocation, Ye Fan remained calm and directly chose to ignore it.

This attitude greatly angered Qing Zi!

The Ancient Saint and Tianxuan Saint all knew about the conflict between Ye Fan and Qing Zi, so they were accustomed to such hostility between them. It would be strange if they got along peacefully!

The grouping was still random, drawn by the vice-deans of the Immortal Academy and Imperial Academy.

In the end, Ye Fan and Prince Jueluo were grouped together, causing everyone's jaws to drop!

Both are from Xuanwu State, and making it to the top eight was already quite significant, but unexpectedly they met in the eight into four matches.

Prince Jueluo was also quite surprised but didn't say anything. No matter who his opponent was, he would give it his all, for the glory of the empire and for his own glory.

There are rewards for reaching the top eight, and although I don't know what they are, the rewards from the two academies are certainly not going to be stingy.

When it comes to the top four, the rewards are even more generous, so no one doesn't want to advance successfully, and Prince Jueluo is no exception.

Moreover, Prince Jueluo is somewhat relieved he didn't encounter Qing Zi or the two Saint Heirs, such strong people, or even if he fought with all his might, he might not advance to the top four!

But against Ye Fan, he feels he still has a great chance, after all, Ye Fan is only at the Mid-stage Holy Embryo Realm!

Qing Zi is up against the Saint Heir from Spirit Manor, Tianxuan Saint is up against the strongest successor from the Feng Family, and Ancient Saint is against Jin Changgeng from Treasure Pavilion.

Ye Fan's match is scheduled for the third round, the first round is Tianxuan Saint versus the strongest successor from the Feng Family, the second round is Ancient Saint versus Jin Changgeng.

Ye Fan and Prince Jueluo also stand floating in the air not far away.

They are the closest to the arena, yet still at a safe distance.

Due to the importance of the top eight to top four matches, the two vice presidents personally oversee the event to ensure they can rescue in time if any accidents occur.

Clang!

With a melodious bell ringing, the first match begins, and the spectators immediately focus their attention on the arena.

Tianxuan Saint and the strongest successor of the Feng Family both step onto the arena, bowing to the two vice presidents!

“No need, you are certainly familiar, but the necessary procedures must be followed. State your names, then prepare for the match!” Imperial Academy’s vice president waved his hand, signaling the two to step back from each other.

This time, the arena has been reinforced to withstand the full combat power of a Lord Realm strong person without being destroyed, so there is no worry about the fight destroying the arena.

“Tianxuan Saint, Liu Ruqing!”

Tianxuan Saint exudes a faint Holy Light, akin to Divine beings, attracting the admiration of many female cultivators.

“Feng Family, Feng Feiyang!”

The strongest successor of the Feng Family still wears that Cold Iron Battle Armor with a hideous ghostly mask; the voice is somewhat neutral, gender indeterminate, making it very difficult to guess their true gender, lending a mysterious aura.

Ye Fan hears Feng Feiyang’s voice for the first time and suddenly feels strange; this person gives him a very mysterious feeling, as if a deep bottomless pool.

“If you’re ready, you may begin!”

The vice president of Immortal Academy announces the start of the match, then floats in the air, sensing the changes within the arena.

With his power, he could stop the match with a flick of a finger, ensuring neither side gets injured.

“Roar...”

Following the vice president of Immortal Academy’s words, a loud dragon’s roar resounds; Tianxuan Saint first manifests his Holy Embryo, a Five-clawed Golden Dragon, ruler among the Long Clan, releasing a majestic aura that spreads everywhere!

In this world, Divine Dragons and Immortal beings are similarly invisible, not one person has ever seen a Divine Dragon; they’re merely legendary Divine Beasts.

Even the Demon Clan hasn’t truly seen a Divine Dragon, only some Serpent Dragons similar to Divine Dragons, but far from comparable.

Tianxuan Saint’s Holy Embryo being a Divine Dragon immediately brightens the eyes of spectators; those who have Divine Dragons, Phoenixes, Qilins, Mystic Turtles, etc., as Holy Embryos are extraordinary individuals, sure to have grand ambitions.

Tianxuan Saint having a Divine Dragon as his Holy Embryo shows his ambition for greatness, a Great Emperor’s ambition!

As Tianxuan Saint manifests his Holy Embryo, the strongest successor of the Feng Family, Feng Feiyang, also manifests his Holy Embryo, surprisingly an Ancient Tree of Life, lush and green, the trunk sinuous like a dragon, radiating sacred energy.

Though the Divine Dragon and Ancient Tree of Life are respectively still and dynamic, they are equally powerful, offering Tianxuan Saint little chance of winning; it is assuredly a grand battle.

“Dragon War in the Wild!”

Tianxuan Saint roars, his Holy Embryo Divine Dragon seemingly coming to life, the hundred-meter Divine Dragon lunging at Feng Feiyang!

“The tree desires stillness, but the wind does not cease!”

Feng Feiyang quietly utters a phrase, following which fierce winds rise, countless Wind Blades enveloping the entire arena, clashing against the Divine Dragon’s scale armor with clanging sounds, sparks flying, truly resembling a battle of a Divine Dragon.

“The younger generation truly is remarkable, utterly unexpected!”

Both vice presidents simultaneously sigh.

“Hey, you haven’t seen anything unexpected yet!”

Not far away, Bai Yan wolf hears their sighs, smirks and mutters quietly, “If Little Yezi unleashes all his combat power, that would be astonishing!”

Chapter 1438: The True Saint Heir’s Strength

The Holy Embryo Realm is a very important stage in a cultivator’s journey, and it is also a very mysterious one!

The Divine Power Realm was established on the foundation of the Holy Embryo Realm, where one comprehends one or even several divine powers, mastering the forces between heaven and earth.

Many people can never fully uncover the secrets of the holy embryo in their lifetime; it is an extremely mysterious place!

Using the holy embryo for battle is just one method; many people forcefully enhance their combat power by fusing with the holy embryo.

Of course, controlling the holy embryo in battle is akin to having another avatar, which is also very beneficial. However, the holy embryo is too important for a cultivator. It can be said to be the foundation, and ordinary people would never do such a thing.

If the holy embryo is damaged, it would be a significant trauma for the cultivator, possibly even fatal. Therefore, general cultivators would never use the holy embryo for battle.

The Tianxuan Saint Son activated the Divine Dragon Holy Embryo, truly bringing out a trace of the divine dragon's characteristics. His body was immensely strong, and the dragon's might swept across heaven and earth, tremendously powerful.

Feng Feiyang's Ancient Tree of Life was also very mystical. Each branch unfolded like the Heavenly God's Whip, drawing out beams of destructive light.

The entire arena was completely shrouded in all kinds of light. Ordinary people could only see dazzling beams and could not make out what was happening in the middle.

Only the supreme strongman from all sides and geniuses like Ye Fan, who were closer, could infuse their eyes with holy power and divine power to see through the dazzling light and understand the battle situation within!

"So powerful, these sons have the ability to fight across realms, even some cultivators in the divine power realm may not be their opponents!"

"This strongest inheritor of the Feng Family is indeed formidable, able to battle the Tianxuan Saint Son to a draw!"

Some powerful senior cultivators couldn't help but sigh. A great era is arriving, and the sons of this generation are all very strong. It's imaginable that the sons from other domains are by no means inferior to these people. So many geniuses coexisting in an era is simply a disaster.

These senior strongmen have lived through endless ages, some over a thousand years old, naturally witnessing the rise and fall of batch after batch of geniuses.

For many generations, such a prosperous era has never appeared. All the major holy lands have produced powerful sons, who will inevitably undergo intense collisions in the near future.

Although this is the genius competition of the Southern Domain, one glimpse can tell the whole story. The prosperity of the Southern Domain makes it not difficult to deduce the terror of young geniuses from other domains!

“Kill!”

The Tianxuan Saint Son unleashed the Holy Light Technique, unaffected by ten thousand techniques, strolling like a divine being on earth. One palm struck toward Feng Feiyang, the devastating palm light akin to world-destroying rays!

“Feng Ling Tianxia!”

Feng Feiyang’s voice still sounded very calm, without any changes. People couldn’t see any change in his expression through the ghost-face mask, and no one knew what his current expression was.

With a low shout, Feng Feiyang held his palm like a blade, slashing toward the Tianxuan Saint Son. Holy power condensed into a three-zhang-long Heavenly Blade, slashing toward the top of the Tianxuan Saint Son’s head with supreme might!

Bang!

The two clashed head-on, erupting in destructive light. The space between the two was shattered, showcasing how terrifying this strike was!

“Cough, cough...”

The Tianxuan Saint Son bled on his collar, coughing out several mouthfuls of fresh blood, clearly injured!

“Pfft...”

Feng Feiyang also spat out a mouthful of fresh blood, his chest heaving, but his complexion didn’t show any change!

“Holy Embryo, Unification!”

At this moment, the Tianxuan Saint Son knew that he had encountered a formidable opponent. If he didn’t go all out, he might lose this match, which he could not permit!

With his voice, the divine dragon instantaneously returned, coiling around him, gradually merging into his body!

Crack!

The Tianxuan Saint Son's body underwent dramatic changes. His hands turned into dragon claws, covered in golden scales, his body grew larger, and two fierce lights shot from his eyes!

At the same time, Feng Family's strongest inheritor also completed the Holy Embryo Fusion, yet there was no change in the person, perhaps because he was entirely shrouded in battle armor and a mask, concealing any possible transformations.

Holy Embryo Fusion signified that the two would engage in a frenzied battle, even risking their lives.

Because, although both sides did not sign a life-and-death agreement, in such competitions, deaths and injuries are unavoidable, though both academies strive to prevent such occurrences.

During previous competitions, due to the delay in intervention by the strong ones sent by the two academies, incidents of death and injury had occurred, prompting both academies to send vice principals to personally oversee this year's competition, fearing further incidents.

Boom!

Soon, the two clashed again, each exhibiting their ultimate skills. The Tianxuan Saint Son's Holy Light Seven Slashes were unmatched in power, cleaving through the void.

Feng Feiyang's Tornado Nine Slashes were equally formidable, colliding into spectacularly dazzling light, continuously shattering the void. If not for the protection of array patterns, the arena would have been obliterated long ago.

This scene made both deans frown. Such powerful collisions, even they dared not be careless, afraid that something might go wrong.

This battle lasted for an hour, with both sides' blood qi like abyssal seas, holy power endlessly flowing, showing no sign of verdict!

"Let's decide the victor in one strike!"

The Tianxuan Saint Son didn't want to delay further, as his trump cards were nearly exhausted. If this continued, even if he won against the opponent, he would surely lose in the semi-finals.

"I couldn't agree more!"

Feng Feiyang coldly replied.

The two clashed again, each withdrawing, preparing their strongest strike to decide the victor!

“Holy Light Unmatched, Illuminate the World!”

The Tianxuan Saint was the first to strike, delivering a punch with contained holy light, carrying destructive power!

“Sweep across the world, nothing can block it!”

Almost at the same time, Feng Feiyang also threw a punch, the fierce holy power similarly contained within the fist, yet not fully unleashed!

“Is this a strike to determine life or death?”

Everyone was astonished!

Such a concealed attack is the strongest. Once it hits a person, it can directly turn the opponent into dust!

Boom!

With a loud bang, the two fists collided fiercely. Violent energy spread from the two of them, even piercing through the void!

The intense light made it impossible for anyone to open their eyes. Even some of the senior experts couldn't see what was happening inside the light for a brief moment.

"Puh..."

Feng Feiyang staggered out of the light, his entire battle armor nearly cracked, and the mask on his face almost shattered, continuously spitting blood, showing that his injuries were not light.

"Cough cough..."

The Tianxuan Saint followed closely, walking out with his whole body cracked, his clothes turned into strips, worse than a beggar, face pale, coughing violently with every step, blood constantly seeping from his mouth, and blood flowing from his ears.

"Both severely injured?"

Seeing this scene, everyone was stunned. This match was unprecedentedly fierce. Both of their strengths were almost equal, and a full clash resulted in mutual severe injuries as the only outcome.

The two vice-deans exchanged a look, then each went to support one of them, feeding them a Healing Holy Pill.

The Holy Pills from the two great academies are naturally very precious. To avoid accidents and to win over these geniuses, both vice-deans carried healing Holy Pills with them.

After the two took the pills, they immediately went to find a place to heal. As for who would ultimately win, it depended on how the two deans judged.

The vice-deans of the Imperial Academy and Immortal Academy checked their injuries and finally decided after lengthy discussion that the Tianxuan Saint was more seriously injured and was judged to lose, while Feng Feiyang, being slightly less injured, was judged the winner!

Even though the people from Tianxuan Holy Land were dissatisfied with the deans' decision, they had no way to object and had to accept this fact.

The Tianxuan Saint Master personally came to take the Saint away to heal him with the Holy Pill.

The Feng Family Patriarch also took Feng Feiyang to heal him.

The first match thus came to an end, leaving everyone breathless and nervous.

After this match, people had a clear understanding of the strength of true Saint child-level geniuses. These young people were extraordinary, and any one of them was a loss to the entire Southern Domain.

“The Tianxuan Saint is so strong, with the Holy Light Technique, almost no one can be an opponent, but unfortunately, he met the equally powerful Feng Feiyang.”

“The Feng Family has been a powerful family since the Ancient Times, having experienced several Great Emperors. Although the Feng Family has not produced a Great Emperor, it has produced more than one Quasi-Emperor, with substantial heritage.”

“Although Feng Feiyang won, it was a Pyrrhic victory! He might not be able to fight for a few days, right?”

“That’s not a problem, after the top eight to top four matches, there will surely be time given for these geniuses to recover, otherwise, it wouldn’t be fair, would it?”

Although the first match was concluded, everyone was still discussing the events of the match with great interest.

“Holy Light Seven Slashes versus Tornado Nine Slashes, this was a collision between two long-standing powerful factions!”

“Undeniably, they are the best among people; they are heaven’s darlings, all possessing extraordinary strength.”

“Without this match, they would likely not fight a life-and-death battle in a short time. Before reaching the Divine Power Realm, even the strongest heirs of the Di Clan would not easily fight to the death with a Saint.”

People were very satisfied with this high-quality competition and also looked forward to the next match. Could it be equally exciting?

“Although Ye Fan is already very strong, compared to these true Saints, the gap is still significant. Advancing to the top four is almost impossible!”

“Indeed, the Treasure Pavilion’s heir truly possesses Saint child-level strength, Ye Fan has no hope of advancing!”

In anticipation, someone made this judgment again, causing a chorus of agreement.

“Blast and darn this bunch of fools, really infuriating this king!”

Hearing these discussions, the Bai Yan wolf bristled with rage, transmitting with divine consciousness: “Little Yezi, if you hold back in the next match, I assure you, I will bite you to death!!”

Chapter 1439: The Four Kings

In the morning, two matches are scheduled. After the match between Tianxuan Saint and Feng Feiyang, there was a brief rest, and the two deans announced that the second match is about to begin!

Jin Changgeng from the Treasure Pavilion leisurely walked onto the arena, accompanied by the Ancient Saint. The two chatted and laughed, seemingly unconcerned about the upcoming match.

Upon stepping onto the arena, they each bowed to the two vice-deans before proceeding to opposite sides.

“Brother Jin, let’s not waste any time, let’s decide the winner in one move, regardless of the outcome, let’s have a good drink afterwards!” said the Ancient Saint.

“Exactly what I had in mind!”

Jin Changgeng laughed heartily.

“Are these two actually competing or just chatting?” Everyone was speechless.

Ye Fan couldn’t help but smile; these two were simply too eccentric, treating a crucial elimination match as if it were a trivial sparring session.

However, Ye Fan could see that these two indeed admired each other and did not truly wish to determine a victor.

But a match is a match; ultimately, one must be eliminated, which is a harsh rule-bound outcome!

“The match begins!”

Seeing this scenario, the two vice-deans simply announced the start of the match without the need for introductions.

“Brother Jin, I won’t hold back, you must be careful!”

The Ancient Saint Gu Hao’s expression turned serious, and an overwhelming aura burst forth, like a Wilderness Fierce Beast awakening, the momentum was astonishing!

“Mr. Gu, go ahead!”

Jin Changgeng also withdrew his smile, and a fierce aura emanated from him, filling the arena with a murderous atmosphere!

“Jing Tian Strike!”

The Ancient Saint was the first to launch an attack, punching towards Jin Changgeng. The punch ray, originally one yard in length, instantly compressed to mere one foot, looking dazzling and magnificent!

“Oh my, Jing Tian Strike is the secret of the Ancient Sacred Land, said to be the most fierce killing move, cultivated to the extreme, can shatter the sky.”

Upon witnessing the Ancient Saint's attack, the crowd watching the match exclaimed in surprise. Some of the older cultivators were very familiar with this ultimate technique from the Ancient Sacred Land, having seen the Ancient Saint perform it before, killing a Great Demon that was evenly matched with him, gaining widespread fame.

Jing Tian Strike unifies all Essence Qi, spiritual energy, and energy into one, and when the punch is thrown, its power is earth-shattering, rarely can anyone of the same realm withstand it!

However, after such a strike is launched, the Ancient Saint also loses the ability to continue fighting, evidently betting everything on a single move to decide the winner.

"It's extremely difficult to block Jing Tian Strike!"

Everyone watched the two in the arena intently, eagerly wanting to know how the Saint Heir of the Treasure Pavilion would counteract this overwhelmingly powerful move surpassing the Ancient Saint himself.

Jin Changgeng's expression was very solemn; he had also heard of the power of the Jing Tian Strike from the Ancient Sacred Land, knowing its sheer strength, if he couldn't block it, he would likely perish right here!

At this moment, Jin Changgeng made a decisive choice; since it's a one-move victory or defeat, he cannot hold back; otherwise, he would undoubtedly lose, therefore he must fight as if there's no way out, and whether he wins or loses, it's up to heaven's will.

“Jiu Long Barbaric Power!”

Jin Changgeng shouted fiercely, throwing a punch accompanied by nine Divine Dragon shadows, which momentarily integrated into his punch, countering the Jing Tian Strike of the Ancient Saint!

“My goodness, it’s the Absolute Technique from Ancient Times, Jiu Long Barbaric Power?”

“This will be exciting to watch!”

“Jing Tian Strike against Jiu Long Barbaric Power, which is superior, will soon be revealed.”

“Ancient martial arts reappearing in the world, is a great change about to occur in heaven and earth?”

“It’s just one type, it doesn’t signify anything, there were many strong martial arts during Ancient Times, occasionally having one or two reappear is not unusual, can only say their luck is exceptionally good!”

Jin Changgeng’s Jiu Long Barbaric Power caused a stir among the crowd, as this martial art, previously only existing in legends, reappeared, unsettling many hearts!

“Roar...”

A resounding dragon roar echoed across the heavens, causing some cultivators with lower cultivation levels to faint on the spot, their ears bleeding, revealing its tremendous power!

Boom!!

Immediately afterward, the two punch rays collided, producing a thunderous roar, a dazzling light centered on them instantly enveloped the entire arena.

At that moment, the spectators collectively went blind, the intense light caused their eyes to swell, unable to open them.

Only some Supreme Strongmen could clearly perceive what was happening in the arena.

The two vice-deans gazed intently to examine the outcome within the arena!

Swish!

Swish!

In the next moment, two deputy deans rushed into the arena simultaneously, each rescuing one person, while a wave of their large sleeves dissipated the raging energy into invisibility.

“Puff!”

The Ancient Saint spat out a mouthful of blood, his face pale, eyes lifeless, yet he grinned.

“Puff...”

Jin Changgeng also spat out a mouthful of blood, his face as white as paper, lips trembling, grinning at the Ancient Saint.

This scene left everyone dumbfounded—both were so badly injured, yet they could still smile?

Without further ado, the two deputy deans quickly exchanged a look, checked their injuries, and immediately fed them a Healing Holy Pill. Then, a steady and profound Divine Power slowly infused into their bodies to secure the repair of their damaged meridians and Holy Embryos, while also activating the Holy Pill’s medicinal effect.

“These two little fellows have the best inner qualities I’ve seen among young people!” The deputy dean of the Immortal Academy sighed.

The spectators around the arena were also very touched. Although the two seemed casual before the match, their competition was the most perilous—one wrong move and someone could perish instantly, leaving no time for rescue!

After stabilizing their injuries, both sides sent their people to take their Saint Sons back for continued healing, leaving the two deputy deans in a quandary.

Their injuries were almost equally severe, having lost half their lives, and their relationship was extraordinary. They really didn't want to determine a winner between them.

But the competition is cruel; even if the rules were made by them, they cannot be violated. Thus, they had to repeatedly compare the injuries, performance, recovery speed, and other aspects to determine the ultimate victor!

Although the competition ended well before noon, the two deputy deans argued until they were red-faced, nearly coming to blows over who won and who lost.

After difficult deliberations, they finally reached an agreement: Jin Changgeng's injuries were slightly heavier, hence he was declared lost; the Ancient Saint's injuries were slightly lighter, hence he was declared victorious!

As the result was announced, the entire plaza almost erupted in excitement. People felt both should advance without deciding a winner, yet when a winner was declared, some were dissatisfied and questioned the fairness of the two academies.

Faced with public anger, even the two academies, despite their lofty status, couldn't muddle through, so the two deputy deans patiently explained some detailed aspects of checking their injuries.

Their words immediately silenced the questioning voices.

“Everyone, I understand your feelings. Rest assured, although Jin Changgeng from the Treasure Pavilion lost the match, after comprehensive consideration, he is listed as one of the Four Kings and won’t need to compete further.”

The deputy dean of the Imperial Academy announced this passionately, which immediately comforted those feeling for Jin Changgeng, ending their protests.

This competition would produce Four Kings and one Sovereign; the Sovereign, needless to say, would be the one that wins the championship, but the Four Kings would still need four strong people.

In the competition from eight to four, only four people successfully advanced, while the losers were eliminated and would compete in the next round to fight for the only King position.

Now, with the two deputy deans speaking, Jin Changgeng does not need to compete further and directly advances as one of the Four Kings, which is very fair.

It’s worth knowing that even if one makes it to the semi-finals, without ultimately winning the championship, they can only be one of the Four Kings, though with richer rewards.

The competition was over, yet people remained immersed in the brilliant duel, also admiring the two’s calm demeanor.

After the morning's competition ended, the crowd took a brief rest before starting the next two matches.

The third match of the eight-to-four was Ye Fan's duel against Prince Jueluo, and the fourth was Qing Zi's duel against Lingzhuang Saint. These were highly anticipated matches, so people remained enthusiastic.

Especially Ye Fan's match, as the strongest disciple from a small sect, competing against a prince who could stand shoulder to shoulder with all the Saint Sons—the outcome was obvious.

Regarding Ye Fan's entry into the top eight, many believed Ye Fan was lucky. Lin Qingfeng's true strength couldn't compare with other seeded players, yet Ye Fan turned out to be unexpectedly strong, catching Lin Qingfeng off guard and entering the top eight.

However—

The other top eight were genuine Saint Sons and princes; even the strongest successor from the Feng Family and Qing Zi were young geniuses able to match the Saint Sons.

In terms of realm and strength, these people were similar and could all cross realms to defeat enemies.

And Ye Fan was only a mid-stage Saint Embryo Realm cultivator; how could he compete with these people?

“Entering the top eight is already a fluke, wanting to go further? Difficult! Difficult! Difficult!” One cultivator said “difficult” three times.

“I’m puzzled—did the Treasure Pavilion go crazy? They consider him a championship hope, even giving him lower odds than the strongest successor of the Feng family, which is simply incredible!”

At this point, someone recalled the Treasure Pavilion setting the betting odds on who would eventually claim the Sovereign.

Undoubtedly, the highest expectation for claiming the last Sovereign was Qing Zi, who had already stepped into the Divine Power Realm, followed by the two Saint Sons, and fourth was Ye Fan.

In many people’s eyes, Ye Fan made a great reputation in Qing Province, yet he was only a mid-stage Saint Embryo Realm cultivator, too different from other Saint Sons and strongest successors. So why did his odds rank lower than others?

“Let’s witness together why the Treasure Pavilion set fourth odds for that Ye Fan!” A cultivator proposed.

“Indeed, let the facts speak, proving how unreliable it was for the Treasure Pavilion to offer such odds!” Many cultivators echoed, eagerly waiting for Ye Fan and Prince Jueluo’s match.

“Dang!”

A melodious bell resonated throughout the city, and Ye Fan's match against Jueluo Huangzi finally began amid everyone's anticipation!

Chapter 1440: Battle with the Prince!

This match determines whether Ye Fan can continue to advance, and it concerns the honor of the Jueluo Empire. Regardless of who ultimately wins, it represents the honor of Xuanwu State.

The two ascended the arena, one on the left and one on the right, bowing respectfully to the two vice deans, then without waiting for commands, walked directly to the ends of the battlefield.

"Ye Fan, I know you're strong, but I still wish to fight you at the same realm," Prince Jueluo said with a smile after taking his stance.

The Emperor of Jueluo has always talked about how talented Ye Fan is.

This made him very dissatisfied, hence he wishes to outshine Ye Fan in a battle at the same realm.

Moreover, every Saint Heir and Prince is proud, possessing the heart of the Great Emperor, emerging in this golden era, ultimately embarking on the path of the Great Emperor, becoming a celebrated figure, overlooking the beings of the world.

Throughout history, all Great Emperors could fight across realms in their youth, so Prince Jueluo decided to suppress his cultivation to maintain the same realm as Ye Fan, thus showing his peerless demeanor— If he can't even defeat Ye Fan at the same stage, how could he talk of fighting across realms?!

“Prince Jueluo indeed has a grand spirit! To fight at the same realm as the one named Ye.”

“Geniuses aspiring for the path of the Great Emperor would all choose this, it’s very normal.”

Many people felt Prince Jueluo’s choice was reasonable, as those aspiring for the path of the Great Emperor must be invincible at the same realm.

Now it’s evident that Prince Jueluo is two Xiao realms higher than Ye Fan, although it’s only two Xiao realms, such a gap is quite significant for those who are equally talented.

To Prince Jueluo’s proposal, Ye Fan slightly smiled and said: “No need!”

Although Ye Fan had a smile on his face, and his voice was not loud, to the ears of the spectators, it was as if a bowl of cold water was poured into a pot of oil, exploding instantly!

“Arrogant!”

“Insolent!”

“Ignorant!”

Many cultivators criticized Ye Fan like this, thinking he didn't know the heights of the heaven and depths of the earth. Prince Jueluo kindly invited him to fight at the same realm, yet he refused, which is unforgivable.

"What an inexperienced youth, so immature!" an old cultivator shook his head and sighed.

Clearly, if Prince Jueluo fought him at the same realm, Ye Fan might have some hope, not to say winning, but a draw was possible.

But Ye Fan actually said he didn't need it, how arrogant and conceited is that?

For a time, emotions ran high off the field, the denunciation of Ye Fan surged wave after wave!

Bai Yan wolf really couldn't stand it and said loudly: "They're competing, what's it matter to you? Keep busy eating radishes and worrying for no reason. Better contemplate extending your lifespan, lest you accidentally drop dead!"

"Where did this wild wolf come from?"

"Kick him out!"

Bai Yan wolf's words caused public indignation, but it was merely verbal, and no actual action was taken.

In the arena, Prince Jueluo shook his head and said: "I have my dignity too, there's no way I can take advantage of you, no need to say more, make your move!"

Saying so, Prince Jueluo emitted ten thousand rays of light like Xiao Longs swimming around his body, finally disappearing without a trace, sealing his realm to Mid-stage Saint Embryo Realm.

"My heavens, he really sealed his cultivation!" a cultivator exclaimed.

"This is the only fair fight. If he can't defeat his opponent fairly, how can he advance to Supreme Martial Arts?"

"Prince Jueluo has the demeanor of the Old Emperor, overlooking the heroes of the world!"

"Even at the same realm battle, Ye Fan is probably not a match; the Emperor Dragon Qi of the Jueluo Empire is extremely domineering, its attack power can be said to be invincible!"

"I've said before, the top eight is his final achievement, no further progress is possible!"

"It's lucky he didn't encounter Qing Zi, otherwise failure would be the least of his concerns!"

“Losing the match here is fine; at least he entered the top eight, qualifying him for study in the two academies, once inside, it’s hard for Qing Zi to trouble him again.”

Seeing Prince Jueluo seal his cultivation, the spectators began to discuss again, most thinking that even if Prince Jueluo seals his cultivation, Ye Fan is definitely not an opponent—In this same realm, Emperor Dragon Qi’s attack power is unrivaled, Ye Fan cannot possibly withstand it!

Only Yaling wore a mysterious smile, an inscrutable demeanor.

Ye Fan sighed; he understood that Prince Jueluo has his dignity. Since Prince Jueluo insists on fighting at the same realm, he can only make his move.

This time, Ye Fan didn’t use the Thunder Emperor Spear; the power of the Heavenly Slaying Seven Divine Spear is too great, and if combined with Thunder Power, Prince Jueluo might not be able to withstand it!

“Sorry!”

Ye Fan shouted softly, striking a punch, it was the Domineering Fist, Punch Ray, a blazing purple Punch Ray harshly impacting Prince Jueluo’s chest.

“Ha!”

Prince Jueluo exhaled loudly, also striking a punch, a dragon-shaped punch ray with claws and teeth met Ye Fan's punch ray!

Both did not use the Holy Embryo, only trying with one move.

Bang!

A loud noise erupted, light burst forth, and the violent energy surged like a tsunami across the arena, causing the lines below the arena to flash continuously, dissipating this terrifying energy.

Between the two, it seemed as if a blazing sun had suddenly appeared, causing the space to continuously annihilate. Although this wasn't a decisive strike, this probing attack was still extremely powerful.

The Emperor's Dragon Qi and Thunder Power clashed, both being immensely strong forces, the destructive power was astonishing!

Though it was just one strike, it still dazzled the eyes of the two vice presidents, as the offensive power of both parties was very formidable, absolutely possessing the strength to fight across realms.

"That boy named Ye, indeed did not get here by luck, he's just starting to show some of his strength now. I can guarantee, this is not his true power!" The vice president of the Immortal Academy said confidently, his eyes shining.

“This boy is hiding his power!” The vice president of the Imperial Academy nodded.

Judging by the power of Ye Fan’s punch, he indeed has the qualification to enter the top eight. If he had shown this strength earlier, he would definitely be a seed player, but he didn’t, which is really annoying.

The first strike ended in a draw, neither gained an advantage. However, this was just a probing attack, next both parties will surely deliver their strongest attacks to determine the winner.

Strong people only need one strike to roughly estimate their opponent’s true strength, so there’s no need for probing again. Once hands are thrown, it will surely be a shocking collision.

However, Ye Fan managing to stand equal with Prince Jueluo in a probing attack has already shocked many, they didn’t expect Ye Fan to possess such terrifying strength.

“What sort of terrifying power does that purple Punch Ray hold to withstand Prince Jueluo’s Emperor Dragon Qi?”

Many people were pondering this question.

There was no answer.

Hmm?

On the battlefield, Prince Jueluo was startled in his heart, from that probing strike he had felt the terrifying Thunder Power contained within Ye Fan's Punch Ray, definitely no weaker than his own Emperor Dragon Qi's attack power, perhaps even stronger.

Thunder Power is the strongest and most domineering force in this world.

No exception!

Even the Great Emperor borrowed some aspects of the Thunderclap Treasure Skill when creating his cultivation technique, which shows how formidable Thunder Power is?

"You are indeed strong, but for the honors of the empire and my own glory, I must win!"

Prince Jueluo took a deep breath, a Heavenly Dragon instantly appeared behind him, powerful dragon might sweeping across the entire battlefield, Prince Jueluo first manifested his Holy Embryo.

Divine Dragon Nirvana, Heavenly Dragon emerges!

The Heavenly Dragon is an existence one level above the Divine Dragon, of course, it exists only in legends, but a human cultivator can manifest some of this legendary divine beast's power by forming it through an Holy Embryo.

“Emperor’s Sword, break all obstructions, kill!”

Prince Jueluo spat out a breath of Innate Holy Power Essence, forming it into a murderous Divine Sword, fiercely slashing towards Ye Fan.

“It’s actually the Emperor’s Sword, Prince Jueluo has already cultivated even the Emperor’s Sword, now this boy named Ye is in trouble!”

Seeing Prince Jueluo use the Emperor’s Sword for an absolute kill, someone immediately exclaimed.

The Emperor’s Sword was created by the first Emperor of Jueluo Empire, a sword of slaughter driven by Emperor Dragon Qi, Innate Holy Power Essence shattering all obstructions, nothing can stop it.

Hmm?

Ye Fan also felt a great danger, if pierced by this sword, even he would definitely end up with a glaring hole!

Whew!

In an instant, Ye Fan's hair stood on end, two purple lights shot from his eyes, bellowing wildly, his body flickered in place, instantaneously moving half a foot away, followed by a violent smash of his purple-gold fist onto the Emperor's Sword, with hundreds of Thunder Powers swirling around the fist.

Boom!

A loud noise erupted, light scattered, the Emperor's Sword was shattered by Ye Fan's punch, transforming into a sky full of Innate Holy Power Essence.

Whoosh!

Successfully breaking the attack, Ye Fan didn't pause, unleashing Chasing Star Step, like a stream of Flowing Light, instantly closing in.

Bam!

The next moment, a muffled sound rang out.

Under everyone's gaze, Ye Fan's shoulder shook, akin to a mountain, colliding with Prince Jueluo's body.

"Pff—"

Prince Jueluo flew backward, spewing a mouthful of blood, his face turning pale as paper.