

Y Master 1531

Chapter 1531 - Fateful Battle!

The competition continued, and Sun Biyue next ran into the Treasure Pavilion's Saint Heir, Jin Changgeng, and was defeated once again, looking especially embarrassed, making Li Tianfeng glare his eyes wide in frustration.

Shi Ye and Hu Fei collided with each other, and as expected, Hu Fei was utterly defeated once more, getting slapped by Shi Ye's massive hand and descending from the stage with a crying face, complaining about Shi Ye's relentless strikes.

The fifth round of competition went on one by one; all the contestants showcased their flair, displaying remarkable cultivation and talent, regardless of victory or defeat.

Until the dusk fell, with the setting sun like blood, the fifth round of the competition finally concluded.

As the day turned to night, another round of competition was not feasible, so Lan Yingfei directly announced that today's matches would end here and continue tomorrow.

After he announced the end of the competition, some disciples from the academy were already getting up to leave, but it was tough for those loose cultivators and disciples from small sects who came to watch the competition.

Although there were Transmission Array Platforms, they couldn't teleport precisely back to their destinations, except for specially-made one-way Transmission Arrays, which were already marked with crossing distances and coordinates.

However, for these small sects' cultivators and loose cultivators, such extravagance was impossible. Even large families, unless they were the Di Clan, rarely possessed large Transmission Array Platforms, often relying on tamed Xuan Beasts for travel, only using Transmission Arrays when the distance was too great.

After all, carving an Array Platform was laborious, and there weren't many who truly understood array patterns. It's also a hassle to initiate and consumes Spirit Stones. It's more convenient to ride Flying Spirit Artifacts or Xuan Beasts.

As a means of transportation, Xuan Beasts are generally of the flying type, with adequate speed.

Of course, the steeds or spirit artifacts of the helmsmen from various forces were exceptionally luxurious.

The Xuanwu Sect, as a small sect, even had Ancient War Chariots as flying spirit vehicle; the other major forces were not even worth mentioning.

Ye Fan and his group casually ate something and then dispersed as they needed to prepare for tomorrow's competition, sharpening their skills at the last minute.

Time was extremely precious for these competitors, as they needed to quickly digest and absorb the experience and insights gained from the matches, deepen their memories, and enhance their strength.

Some were researching others' divine skills and martial arts to prepare corresponding strategies. After reaching the Divine Power Realm, the importance of martial arts wasn't as significant, but powerful martial arts were still essential.

Therefore, they were studying strategic tactics with specific targets. After five rounds of matches, except for a few individuals, most had more or less exposed some trump cards. How should one handle them if encountered?

That's one feature of a round-robin tournament, where everyone must compete with others except themselves, forcing them not only to improve their own strength but also develop targeted strategies and tactics.

The participating geniuses were all very shrewd. If an opponent was much stronger, they would choose to concede, preserving their strength to unleash it when facing a rival of similar power to strive for the final victory.

They wouldn't waste divine power on a match with no hope of victory.

After parting with everyone, Ye Fan returned directly to his own Dong Mansion and entered the Virtual Space to comprehend the Xuandi Fist and Thunderclap Treasure Skill.

Although Ye Fan had long cultivated the early-stage Divine Realm to surpass the utmost, his body seemed like a bottomless pit, with constant training he could sense an increase in strength every time, yet he never truly reached the limit. By now, he didn't even know how many Spirit Stones were needed to break through to the mid-stage Divine Power Realm.

Thinking of this problem made Ye Fan's head throb — in the future, to cultivate rapidly, unless he could find a spirit stone mine, his progress would lag significantly behind others.

In the Virtual Space, Ye Fan sat cross-legged on a bluestone, continuously comprehending the Thunderclap Treasure Skill and the Xuandi Fist's secret technique.

Up to now, Ye Fan's understanding of the Thunderclap Treasure Skill was basically at the entry level, but there was still some distance to small success.

The reason was simple; the Thunderclap Treasure Skill was too esoteric and hard to grasp. Many sections contained only a few words, relying entirely on the cultivator's own insights and deductions, demanding exceptionally high comprehension for those cultivating it.

Sometimes, Ye Fan even wondered how the Thunder Venerable Master initially created this groundbreaking treasure skill, seemingly a stroke of genius.

Although the Thunder Venerable Master was not a Great Emperor, his true combat power was by no means inferior to the Quasi-Emperor Peak, being only a hairbreadth away from the Great Emperor. His Thunderclap Treasure Skill manipulated the primordial power of Heaven and Earth's thunder, which was said to be the most violent force.

To replace the Heavenly Dao and enact heavenly punishment, who else but the Thunder Venerable Master had such immense spirit?

Even a Great Emperor needs to comprehend the primordial power of the Heaven and Earth Great Tao when proving the Dao, going with the flow.

However —

The Thunder Venerable Master sought to replace the Heavenly Dao, a path to Dao verification that was among the most arduous and unlikely to succeed.

The more Ye Fan understood the Thunderclap Treasure Skill, the more he felt awe for this unprecedented Thunder Venerable Master.

He was a madman whose Dao verification ambition was stupendously audacious. If he truly became an Emperor, he would almost be invincible among Great Emperors.

This kind of power had surpassed the limits of this world and thus was not tolerated by the Heavenly Dao. Ultimately, he failed to verify the Dao, leaving an everlasting regret.

Although the Xuandi Fist was incredibly mysterious, touching upon the world's primordial power, Ye Fan's body, after all, contained part of the Nine Heavens Xuan Emperor's bloodline, with his indelible imprint, making it not too difficult to comprehend.

Moreover, there was Elder Xuan by his side, continuously directing and correcting any mistakes in his understanding, which made his progress in the Xuandi Fist comprehension rather swift.

The flow of time in the Virtual Space did not synchronize with the outside world, so Ye Fan had plenty of time to comprehend cultivation techniques and martial arts, a privilege others didn't have.

After reaching the Divine Power Realm, as Ye Fan condensed an unprecedented human-shaped Holy Embryo, there was nothing more Elder Xuan could teach him. The road ahead was entirely for him to walk on his own.

However, Elder Xuan still shared some good news with Ye Fan — at the Immortal Martial Academy, specifically in the Immortal Secret Realm, the restoration speed of the Nine Heavens Mysterious Crown had accelerated a bit. Though it remained unusable, it was nonetheless a positive sign.

"It's time to find some Great Emperor-exclusive artifact refining materials for the Nine Heavens Mysterious Crown!"

Ye Fan pondered, stroking his chin.

For such a long time, the Nine Heavens Mysterious Crown had been self-repairing. He had almost never intervened, except during his time in Xuanwu City when he found a bronze fragment, and now in the Tianyuan Secret Realm, part of the Xuanwu Secret Realm, he found a piece of Dark Immortal Gold, and that was about it.

The big furnace acquired in Stone Village had also been completely absorbed by the Nine Heavens Mysterious Crown for energy, turning into thorough scrap.

If Elder Xuan hadn't actively mentioned it, he would have long forgotten it. Previously, seeing that big furnace's peculiarity in Stone Village, he had collected it into the Virtual Space.

"I wonder how Little Doudou is doing now?"

Thinking of Stone Village naturally brought thoughts of the little girl with the Innate Essence Body. Her physique was absolutely that of a cultivation prodigy. Presumably, her cultivation had reached the True Essence Realm by now?

Ye Fan mused that when he had the chance, he must return to Stone Village to see her and visit those simple and honest ordinary people.

Those sincere villagers regarded him as the Holy Spirit guarding the village, yet he had given them nothing in return and even after leaving, hadn't returned to see them. As their Holy Spirit, he truly felt himself lacking!

However, he couldn't help it at the moment; his current strength was still far from enough, and he couldn't even protect himself. Recklessly going to Stone Village might bring disaster to this peaceful and harmonious small village. He had to be cautious.

Since arriving in this world, his ties and concerns had increased significantly, especially the perpetual longing for his mother.

After witnessing the enormous power of the Ling Family, he grew increasingly worried about his mother's situation. After all, she was alone, and her cultivation level unknown. If discovered by the Ling Family, the consequences would be dire.

Additionally, Ye Fan harbored another concern — Chen Daozang!

Since arriving in the Xuan Realm, this cunning figure had disappeared without a trace, as if he had vanished into thin air.

But Ye Fan knew that if this ambitious man hadn't perished, they were bound to clash in the future — a destined battle, unavoidable.

Chen Daozang had excellent talent and comprehension. Even in the Earth, where Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi were scarce, he could cultivate to the half-step Yuan realm. How could he not flourish in the Xuan Realm?

He most feared Chen Daozang revealing Earth's secrets. If the Xuan Realm's mighty ones learned of the existence of such a world, they would undoubtedly harbor invasion intentions, turning Earth into their strategic resource reserve.

By then, wouldn't Earth people become something bred by others? What's the difference from cattle and sheep?

He would never allow such a thing to happen!

Fortunately, the space channel had already been sealed. Moreover, Chen Daozang was likely to have broken through to the Holy Embryo Realm, and once reaching that realm, he could never return to Earth through the space channel.

Each world has its own laws, not allowing existence that surpasses its power.

However, even with late-stage True Yuan Realm cultivators, Earth people couldn't deal with them. That was the real crisis!

Chapter 1532 - The Belated Showdown

Dark clouds press down on the city, threatening destruction!

Early in the morning, a tense atmosphere fills the Immortal Martial Academy, with everyone nervously preparing.

After a night of cultivation and adjustments, all the competitors have adjusted to their best state to face today's contest.

On the path leading to the academy's dining hall, Ye Fan, Hu Fei, Shi Ye, and Jin Changgeng all meet up and head to the Martial Arts Arena together.

Many people are already at the arena, with more arriving constantly; aside from the waiting area, no one dares to get close, and outside the stage, it's already packed.

The original seating is far from sufficient, so many are simply standing to watch the match.

Among the spectators, Ye Fan notices some peculiar individuals—vendors!

Some people from the academy energetically peddle something with Space Spiritual Treasures.

Listening closely, Ye Fan discovers what they are selling is common people's snacks like candied hawthorn and large meat buns.

Surprisingly, people are indeed buying them; some Loose Cultivators are unwilling to spend too many Spirit Stones dining at the academy's restaurant. Though lacking nutrition, the snacks satisfy cravings and fill the stomach.

Life for cultivators is dull and austere; to achieve success in cultivation, many rely on medicinal herbs as food. Their nutrition is adequate, but the flavor is far from delightful.

This world's Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi is abundant, yet ordinary people abound because not many can endure the austere life of cultivators.

Subsisting on Black Ginseng and Polygonum multiflorum isn't something an average person can handle; those without cultivation techniques might burst themselves.

Moreover, consuming such things continually leads to clear spring drooling from the mouth, devoid of taste, with even salt being forbidden—this is unimaginable for ordinary folks.

Cultivators shattering mountains with a fist, cracking the ground with a stomp, and possessing Divine Skills akin to immortals are beyond the ken of ordinary people, though they endure unimaginable hardships.

But once cultivation succeeds, indulging in common people's snacks holds no issue; gains come with losses, and savoring flavors delays cultivation.

Witnessing this scene, Ye Fan immediately recognizes it as the idea of the vice principal, the Old Fox. Initially, only academy disciples attended as spectators, making for poor sales and quelling the notion.

With numerous Loose Cultivators now swarming the academy for the spectacle, he recalls scenes from the Sacred City where ordinary people chant energetically in the plaza, eking out profits by day's end.

With his economic foresight, the vice principal saw a business opportunity; what flew in the Southern Domain Sacred City could fly here.

Thus, academy staff hurriedly crafted small snacks overnight, selling them at the Martial Arts Arena, albeit at exorbitant prices.

It's a willing purchase; no one forces you, albeit many Loose Cultivators cave to the aroma's allure, willingly paying Spirit Stones for morsels worth mere coppers among ordinary folk.

"Have you heard? Today's semi-final battle is delayed, another round-robin among two groups." said an Immortal Academy disciple with spiritual communication.

"Of course, I know, and it's also known the first match is Ye Fan versus Li Tianfeng!"

It's indisputable academy disciples possess penetrating connections, unveiling news even the academy hasn't announced yet.

"Indeed, from reliable sources, today's semi-finals are still postponed, with the opening match between you and Li Tianfeng." At this moment, Yaling approached, sharing this info with Ye Fan.

The Treasure Pavilion's well-informed demeanor, even Yaling corroborates this; it's likely true. Ye Fan strokes his chin, gazing Li Tianfeng's direction.

Whether intentional academy leaks or inadvertent whistles, Li Tianfeng and others know the news.

As Ye Fan's gaze scans, Li Tianfeng squints back, eyes blatantly murderous.

"Ye Fan and Li Tianfeng remain undefeated; who do you think will win?"

"I believe Ye Fan, as the Treasure Pavilion's Holy Maiden considers him the top candidate, never unfounded!"

"I bet on Li Tianfeng; reaching Mid-stage Divine Power Realm at sixteen is terrifying; who knows what aces he hides?"

With news of Ye Fan's head-to-head against Li Tianfeng leaking, the entire Martial Arts Arena buzzes with chatter on their duel.

"In today's bout, I'll thoroughly defeat him, shattering his Martial Arts Will, stripping his chance to Prove Dao!"

With surrounding chatter, on realizing more support for Ye Fan, Li Tianfeng spews harsh words, pledging not only to defeat Ye Fan but crush his Martial Arts Will.

To Li Tianfeng's taunts, Ye Fan remains silent, unmoved.

Due to Ye Fan's lack of response, many assume he's chickening out; despite his undisputed combat power, Li Tianfeng, a sixteen-year-old Mid-stage Divine Power Realm prodigy, likely possesses clandestine tactics.

"Ye's destined to lose; his winning streak is ending."

This is the voice of Li Tianfeng's hangers-on, aiming to undermine Ye Fan, destabilizing his composure; losing such steadiness leads to inconsistent performance in matches.

Even if aware Ye Fan isn't Li Tianfeng's rival, they leave nothing to chance, deploying all means for opponent disruption.

"He's merely a disciple from Tianyuan State's small sect, challenging Mr. Li's victory, why?"

"He's rumored of Xuanwu Sect lineage; isn't Xuanwu a giant tortoise?"

To assail Ye Fan, revelations emerge of his origins, deliberately framing current Xuanwu State as former Tianyuan State.

"What's wrong with small sect disciples? Numerous Great Emperors hail not from Di Clan and Wu Shang Sect Holy Land, but small sects or even Xiao families. Who dares say Brother Ye Fan can't Prove Dao?"

"Who's Li Tianfeng really? Just a spineless dog under Zhou Zhaolong, dignity forfeited; despite talent, Dao remains elusive, his name vanished from the Emperor Road long before."

"Which Great Emperor through history hails from dog-like origins? Squandering talent and potential."

Shi Ye and others protest, highlighting Li Tianfeng's allegiance to Zhou Zhaolong, shocking the crowd whose perspectives toward Li Tianfeng shift.

Cultivators bear pride, anyone aiming for the Emperor Road shuns dependency, enduring even thorn-laden paths, carving their way.

If Shi Ye and others speak truth, despite Li Tianfeng's strength, he's barred from the Emperor Road, stripped of qualification.

"I've always regarded Brother Tianfeng as an equal peer, not a subordinate, but as a brother."

At this juncture, Zhou Zhaolong steps in, clarifying their relationship lest unfavorable scenarios arise; he's already under suspicion, akin to Emperor Sha's Four Seasons Killing Technique, and couldn't fuel more enmity.

"Li Tianfeng will surely triumph!"

Li Daoheng screams, with many echoing him, each scheming individually against Ye Fan's victory.

Yaling's low championship odds effectively pit him against all, none favoring a Ye Fan triumph.

"Little Li Tianfeng's nothing; Brother Ye Fan can suppress him effortlessly."

Hu Fei, Shi Ye, Jin Changgeng, Gu Hao, and others firmly believe in Ye Fan's prowess, during the battle against Yu Tidou, Li Tianfeng's abilities largely unveiled, whereas Ye Fan barely showed his hand, prompting Yaling's confidence for making him the championship favorite.

"I stake one piece of Sun God Gold, betting Li Tianfeng defeats and crushes Ye's Martial Arts Will."

At this moment, Zhou Zhaolong emerges, dark-faced, wielding a piece of Sun God Gold, its Divine Light overshadowing the sun's radiance.

Many weaker Loose Cultivators tear up at the dazzling Sun God Gold's shine, unable to stare directly.

"Goodness, it's really Sun God Gold!"

"The exclusive Divine Material for Great Emperor's Weapon Refinement! Zhou Zhaolong is truly blessed with great fortunes, securing a Great Emperor's exclusive Refining Divine Material!"

"Too scarce though, impossible for Emperor Weapon Sacrificial Refinement; nonetheless doable for a smaller legendary Divine weapon!"

Even the major forces' helmsmen in the VIP seats are shocked; Divine Material exclusive to Great Emperors, many spend lifetimes seeking Refining materials for an Emperor Weapon, yet find none; securing a fist-sized piece required vast fortune?

Chapter 1533: Not on the Same Level

Clear wine reddens the face, and the radiant gold stirs the heart.

Such a large piece of Sun God Gold seems like the divine essence nurtured by the sun itself. Not only is it incredibly solid, but it contains the primordial origin of heaven and earth. Even Ancient Emperors are moved by it, let alone these people.

“It’s actually Sun God Gold, truly unbelievable!” Elder Xuan exclaimed in shock within Ye Fan’s sea of consciousness.

This material is of the same level as Dark Immortal Gold, a divine material of the Immortal realm. If acquired, it would greatly aid the repair of the Nine Heavens Mysterious Crown.

Unfortunately, Ye Fan has nothing he could use to bet against it. While the Thunderclap Treasure Skill is valuable enough, he cannot expose it for gambling.

“Young friend, I wish to purchase your piece of Sun God Gold. Name your price!”

The various heroic lords in the VIP section could no longer stay silent and all expressed their desire to buy this piece of divine material.

Although it’s not large enough to be refined into an Emperor Weapon, it can definitely be used to repair one. The Saint Master from the Family of the Martial Emperor and the Saint Master of the Human Emperor are both eager.

Other heroic lords are also unwilling to miss out; embedding such divine gold into their legendary Divine weapons would markedly enhance the weapon’s power and improve its quality, thus they are reluctant to let it go.

“I’m sorry, esteemed elders. I don’t wish to sell it. If you want it, you’ll have to gamble with me.”

Facing all the heroic lords, Zhou Zhaolong adeptly maintained his stance; neither humble nor arrogant, he held his ground without offending the Saint Masters.

Zhou Zhaolong’s voice echoed in their ears, and none of the heroic lords responded.

On one hand, their prominent status makes gambling with Zhou Zhaolong, a junior, somewhat beneath them. On the other hand, they fear he might regard their stakes as insufficient, which would be embarrassing.

At this moment, Hu Fei stepped forward, bringing out a strange stone shaped like the Ba Gua, saying, “I’ll bet with this, a strange stone with hidden treasures.”

Seeing this stone, Li Tianfeng almost spat fire from his eyes, glaring furiously at Hu Fei. This stone had come from their spirit stone mine.

When the Li Family’s spirit ore was mined, it was yet to be transported back to their clan before Hu Fei’s grandfather raided it, leaving nothing behind, including this particular strange stone.

“No, your stone isn’t qualified!” Zhou Zhaolong coldly declared.

“You...”

Hu Fei exploded in anger but was powerless, for Zhou Zhaolong refused to bet, and though the stone was valuable, it fell short compared to the Sun God Gold.

“I’ll try!”

Gu Hao also presented a treasured item: a Linglong Tower, known as an ancient treasure born from within a strange stone.

“Not qualified!”

With a glance, Zhou Zhaolong dismissed the Linglong Tower’s value.

“Don’t be too overconfident. While Sun God Gold is excellent, it isn’t fully formed and may potentially ruin during refinement, whereas my Linglong Tower is a complete spiritual treasure whose value equals Sun God Gold,” Gu Hao stated coldly.

“I’m saying it isn’t qualified, and it isn’t, unless you offer a cultivation technique from the Ancient Sacred Land,” Zhou Zhaolong replied indifferently, scanning Gu Hao with contempt.

“You have quite an appetite!”

Gu Hao was infuriated; he couldn't wager the Ancient Sacred Land's Mystical Skill against Zhou Zhaolong, even if certain of victory. The Ancient Saint wouldn't allow the sacred skill to be betted.

Every Holy Land and Di Clan's Mystical Skill is the foundation of their legacy and must remain secret; it couldn't suddenly become a wager.

This was precisely why, upon learning that Ye Fan possessed the Xuandi Fist, the Ling Family attempted every means to eliminate him!

Jin Changgeng and Shi Ye also presented valuable treasures, yet they paled beside the Sun God Gold. Such divine materials exclusive to Ancient Emperors are exceptionally rare and highly coveted.

Treasure Pavilion had hosted a few auctions for such divine materials before, each causing great commotion, drawing even antique figures from Emperor Clans and Holy Lands.

“What exactly qualifies to bet against you?” Jin Changgeng asked Zhou Zhaolong, his expression changed.

“Unless it is a Great Emperor's Cultivation Technique or secret technique, or martial arts; or if you can produce divine material equal in value to the Sun God Gold,” Zhou Zhaolong glanced at Jin Changgeng, understanding the multitude of treasures in Treasure Pavilion, yet knowing Jin Changgeng, though a Saint Heir, lacked authority to decide.

He aimed to create an atmosphere where Li Tianfeng appeared destined to win, not intending to gamble, because the implications of Sun God Gold were momentous, and anyone aspiring for the Great Emperor's road should consider their future Emperor Weapon.

"Bring out the Chaos Purple Crystal and wager!"

While Jin Changgeng hesitated about offering his divine material, a sudden divine consciousness Transmission voiced Yaling's suggestion.

Jin Changgeng gave Yaling a deep look, then, steeling himself, produced a fist-sized Chaos Purple Crystal, causing nearby space to glow with vibrant purple light, stunningly complementing the Sun God Gold.

This piece of Chaos Purple Crystal is another divine material exclusive to Ancient Emperors, able to nurture the Divine Soul. Though not refined into an Emperor Weapon, it provides miraculous benefits.

It is said Chaos Purple Crystals originated in the Chaotic Period, condensed from Chaos's essence, and contain fragments of Heaven and Earth's great Tao laws, extremely rare.

"Heavens, Chaos Purple Crystal?! Truly unexpected!"

"Treasure Pavilion indeed embodies grand gestures, offering Chaos Purple Crystal as a stake; surely a legendary gamble!"

“Both Zhou Zhaolong and Jin Changgeng are truly fortunate individuals; otherwise, how could they obtain such rare materials exclusive to Ancient Emperors?”

“Such divine materials are virtually unattainable; even Ancient Emperors scoured every corner of the earth, even deep within the starry skies to search, yet none remain, hence no emperor weapons left behind.”

“This divine material, ordinary people may think acquiring even a piece the size of a fingernail is a heaven-defying opportunity, yet each of them has presented a piece as big as a fist. Though it can’t be used to refine an Emperor Weapon, it’s more than enough to repair one or to refine a small Spiritual Treasure, with definitely extraordinary power, potentially serving as a legendary Divine weapon!”

Many people were discussing, their eyes red with envy, almost bleeding.

“Good! I’ll gamble with you!”

An epic gamble began, the stakes being two pieces of divine material exclusive to the Great Emperor, leaving everyone astonished.

Amid everyone’s anticipation, the match started, Ye Fan and Li Tianfeng stepping onto the stage, Lan Yingfei and two elders from the academy on guard, ready to assist at any moment!

“With your blood, I will forge my supreme Emperor Road!”

Without any delay, upon stepping onto the platform, Li Tianfeng instantly erupted with powerful War Intent, his entire being seeming to transform into an unsheathed sharp sword, killing intent flooding the field.

“Just a broken-backed dog daring to bark madly before me, shamelessly claiming to tread the Emperor Road? Your path ends here with me!”

Ye Fan responded forcefully, his words resolute and powerful, his eyes shooting two beams of indomitable light.

“Seeking death!”

Li Tianfeng adjusted his strength to the best state, delivering a punch, burning green Divine Radiance through the void, fiercely striking towards Ye Fan.

Rumble...

Ye Fan’s blood within seemed to boil, he punched back, purple Punch Ray swirling with Thunder Power.

This was his first time using Thunder Power in the match!

Today, he decided to strike fiercely!

Not just to win the match, but also to avenge and vent for Hu Fei!

Boom!!

Their Punch Rays collided, space annihilated, forming a black hole between them, absorbing the violent energy into it without causing severe destruction.

Swoosh!

With one strike, a flash appeared in Li Tianfeng's hand, a Qing Lian emerging, knowing he wasn't Ye Fan's match in sheer physical strength, Ye Fan's physical strength was too overwhelming, he could only defeat him with Divine Skills.

Boom!

The Azure Lotus Holy Embryo appeared, directly burning the void, the intense high temperature making the whole stage extremely hot, any cultivator nearby would instantly turn to ashes.

"Kill!"

Li Tianfeng wielding the Azure Lotus Holy Embryo, waved it towards Ye Fan, the fierce green flame forming into a Heavenly Blade, slashing towards Ye Fan's shoulder.

"Well done!"

Ye Fan roared, stepping forward instantly appearing in front of Li Tianfeng, raising his right hand, purple electric rays swirling on the palm, slapping fiercely towards Li Tianfeng's face.

Swoosh!

Simultaneously, Ye Fan's left hand shot out like lightning, directly grasping at the Azure Lotus Holy Embryo without fear of its molten gold and iron high temperature.

Thunder Power itself bears Heavenly Fire properties, Fire Attribute Divine Skills are useless against him, grasping it effortlessly.

"Pa!"

The crisp slap resounded throughout the arena, Li Tianfeng unable to dodge, firm and solidly receiving a big slap, stars danced in front of his eyes.

“Eh...”

All spectators were dumbfounded, none expected that right at the start of the battle, Li Tianfeng took a massive loss, getting slapped hard by Ye Fan.

“Did I see it wrong?”

“Li Tianfeng actually got slapped, could Ye Fan really be that strong?”

“I must be hallucinating, Li Tianfeng is so strong, how could he get slapped right away?”

Everyone couldn’t believe this scene, it was too shocking, Ye Fan was only at the Early-stage Divine Realm cultivation, how could he have such powerful Combat Power?

The various Heroic Lords were astounded, their eyes expert, once Ye Fan showed his true strength, they immediately saw the gap between Li Tianfeng and Ye Fan—the two weren’t on the same level!

“Roar...”

Li Tianfeng enraged and ashamed, roared aloud, directly igniting Divine Power, his Combat Power surged, making him extremely dangerous.

Chapter 1534: Simple, Direct, and Overbearing!

Originally, almost everyone believed that the match between Ye Fan and Li Tianfeng would be an evenly matched and exciting duel, plus the involvement of a huge wager on divine materials, making the scene very lively.

However—

When Ye Fan slapped Li Tianfeng flying with a single strike, the previously noisy scene suddenly quieted down, leaving everyone in shock.

At this moment, Li Tianfeng burned his Divine Power, preparing to fight desperately.

“You scum, you’ve made me angry!”

After burning his Divine Power, Li Tianfeng’s Combat Power skyrocketed, his entire body exuding a dangerous aura, and his eyes shooting out bloodthirsty light, “Azure Lotus Unification!”

With Li Tianfeng’s roar, the Azure Lotus that had been grabbed by Ye Fan suddenly shone brightly, soared into the air, and merged into Li Tianfeng’s body.

“Burning Divine Power? It’s just a futile struggle!”

Seeing this, not only did Ye Fan not follow suit by burning his Divine Power, but he also showed no fear or seriousness on his face.

“Die!”

Li Tianfeng roared, clasped his hands together, suddenly performed a Sealing, and unleashed a beam of Divine Light, transforming into a lotus flower with terrifying energy waves, whistling toward Ye Fan.

“Divine Lotus Slaughter Skill, this is a secret technique from the Immortal Secret Realm, and it’s said that the Physical Body Test at the Lake of Reincarnation evolves from this secret technique!”

“Li Tianfeng’s Holy Embryo is an Azure Lotus, and cultivating the Divine Lotus Slaughter Skill has double the effect with half the effort, this time, Ye Fan is in trouble!”

Li Tianfeng’s first move after burning his Divine Power caused an uproar.

At the same time, the azure lotus transformed from Divine Light instantly appeared in front of Ye Fan, its petals cutting towards him like sharp Divine Weapons, stirring up streams of Sword Qi.

Whoosh!

Ye Fan remained unruffled, suddenly waving his right hand, and slapped the lotus.

This seemingly simple palm strike from Ye Fan actually employed the Thunderclap Treasure Skill, combining Divine Power, Physical Strength, and Thunder Power, surging within his palm.

“Crack!”

With a crisp sound, Ye Fan smashed the terrifying Divine Lotus like a watermelon, shattering it into pieces. The energy waves swept outward but couldn’t approach Ye Fan’s body, they were swept away, dispersing towards the surroundings and resolved by the arena’s defensive formation.

“This...”

The entire audience was shocked at this sight!

Simple, direct, and brutal!

No one expected Ye Fan would so effortlessly dismantle Li Tianfeng’s Divine Lotus Slaughter Skill in such a way!

Li Tianfeng was also greatly astonished—Ye Fan’s strength far exceeded his imagination!

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

Although shocked by Ye Fan's strength, Li Tianfeng did not surrender but launched another attack, his hands continuously waving, sending one azure lotus after another whistling toward Ye Fan.

Crack!

Crack!

Crack!

...

Amid continuous crisp sounds, Ye Fan took a step and waved his palm, continuously shattering the whistling azure lotus flowers.

One, two, three...

After the ninth azure lotus flower was shattered, Ye Fan was less than a hundred meters away from Li Tianfeng.

This distance was no longer a distance for a Divine Power Realm cultivator, almost equivalent to close combat!

At this moment, Li Tianfeng's eyes were blood-red, and he mobilized all his Divine Power to unleash the ultimate killing move of the Divine Lotus Slaughter Skill.

As Mystical Skill operated, Li Tianfeng's Azure Lotus Holy Embryo appeared again, transforming into a giant petal covering the entire arena.

"Die!!"

Li Tianfeng roared, pressing his hands down, and the petals transformed from the Azure Lotus Holy Embryo crashed toward Ye Fan on the stage, attempting to engulf him in the petals and then crush him!

"Break for me!"

Faced with Li Tianfeng's final attack, Ye Fan stood still, unmoved, his right fist suddenly swinging, and with a fist seal, he punched toward the gigantic petals above him.

Crackle!

As Ye Fan's fist struck, lightning and thunder erupted in the sky, and a Punch Ray shimmering with thunder and electric arcs shot upward, crashing into the petal of the Divine Lotus.

Boom!!

With a loud explosion, the petal of the Divine Lotus exploded, vanishing into nothingness.

Immediately, Li Tianfeng's Azure Lotus Holy Embryo appeared, struck by the Thunder, its light dimming.

"Pfft—"

The Azure Lotus Holy Embryo was linked to Li Tianfeng's life, and with the Holy Embryo suffering a severe blow, Li Tianfeng himself also suffered unimaginable damage, instantly spewing a mouthful of blood and wilting like a downed eggplant.

Whoosh!

With one hit breaking the move, Ye Fan didn't pause, waving his large hand, and a palm manifested from Divine Light, immediately grabbing the dimmed Azure Lotus Holy Embryo.

"How dare you?!"

In the VIP seats, Li Tianfeng's grandfather's eyes were wide open in rage, loudly bellowing.

"Don't dare? Do you wish to bully the young with the old?!"

Ye Fan coldly glanced at Li Family's Saint, then sharply squeezed, only to hear a "puff" sound as the Azure Lotus Holy Embryo shattered, turning into tiny specks of azure light that merged into Li Tianfeng's body.

"Puff!"

The Holy Embryo shattered, and Li Tianfeng's whole body convulsed violently, blood gushed from his mouth, and he was on the brink of death.

"No..."

The Li Family's Saint nearly fainted from heartbreak, stepped onto the arena, and slapped towards Ye Fan!

“How dare you!”

Lan Yingfei frowned and also swung a palm, clashing fiercely with the Li Family’s Saint, nearly destroying the entire stage.

“Feng’er...”

The Li Family’s Saint disregarded finding trouble with Ye Fan, picked up Li Tianfeng, and frantically infused divine power into him to preserve his Holy Embryo. Otherwise, Li Tianfeng, even if he didn’t die, would become a cripple, which was something he and the Li Family could not bear!

Lan Yingfei knew that saving lives was urgent, so he did not immediately pursue the matter of Li Tianfeng’s grandfather taking action.

“This Ye Fan is simply too strong, no matter the myriad spells, he breaks them with a single punch!”

“Moreover, it seemed he didn’t even use Xuandi Fist earlier, just the Thunderclap Treasure Skill...”

“How strong is he really? Could he truly have the strength to seize the crown??”

Meanwhile, the previously silent crowd exploded, almost everyone was astonished by the mighty strength Ye Fan displayed, curious about how strong Ye Fan's true combat power was.

What was expected to be a dragon and tiger fight turned out to be one-sided; Li Tianfeng didn't even have the ability to resist in front of Ye Fan, shocking everyone's eyes!

After the treatment by the Li Family's Saint and two strong people from the academy, Li Tianfeng barely preserved his life, waking slowly from his coma, his whole body in unbearable pain, seemingly shattered.

"Grandfather, I lost. Originally, I thought I had the hope of proving Dao, but now... that hope is gone!"

Li Tianfeng's eyes were filled with reluctance. Although he had relied on Zhou Zhaolong, his martial arts heart hadn't extinguished, and he still had the hope of proving Dao.

However—

Today, Ye Fan completely shattered his martial arts heart, causing him to lose hope of proving Dao forever, with his highest achievement only reaching the level of Heroic Lords.

This was a fatal blow to a martial arts genius, and Li Tianfeng was dispirited, losing the urge to compete from then on.

Likewise being a demon-level genius, he was a realm higher than Ye Fan, yet ultimately he lost, and lost so thoroughly, with no hope of reversal.

“He’s older than you and has cultivated longer, there’s no shame in losing to him, you can still start over!”

The Li Family’s Saint’s heart bled, for over the years, Li Family had only produced one genius with the hope of proving Dao, almost the entire family’s hope was on Li Tianfeng, and the result was unacceptable.

“I don’t want to take this path, but I have no other choice.”

Li Tianfeng sneered miserably, emitting a putrid smell, as if he had turned into a rotting corpse.

“No... Feng’er, you cannot take that step...”

The Li Family’s Saint was anguished, knowing that Li Tianfeng had an encounter and obtained a Miracle Technique, but due to its wickedness, he hadn’t cultivated it, but now he had to switch to the Evil Technique.

“It’s too late! Grandfather, rest assured, Feng’er will be fine, Corpse Rotting Technique is an unparalleled Cultivation Technique, my martial arts heart has broken, I can only break then build anew, otherwise I will have no hope for life.” Li Tianfeng laughed bitterly.

“Li Desheng, your grandson’s cultivation of Corpse Rotting Technique is intolerable for the Immortal Academy, he must be expelled from the academy!”

Witnessing this, Lan Yingfei came over and directly announced the academy’s decision, Li Tianfeng switching to the evil Cultivation Technique, the academy could not tolerate such a person staying, “Additionally, the previous matter can be dropped, but if you dare make a move again, bear the consequences!”

No answer.

Li Family’s Saint looked grim, staring at Ye Fan, eyes full of killing intent, but ultimately didn’t dare make a move.

“Ye, you’re good, very good!” Zhou Zhaolong, infuriated, said menacingly: “I’m waiting to fight with you, hope you won’t be a cowardly turtle!”

“I’ll satisfy your wish to be taught a lesson!”

Ye Fan coldly glanced at Zhou Zhaolong, responding forcefully.

Swipe!

Zhou Zhaolong's expression changed, then said to Elder Lan Yingfei: "Elder Lan, if Ye challenges me, I hope for a life-and-death battle, please grant it!"

Uproar!

Upon hearing this, the crowd was in an uproar!

Everyone saw Zhou Zhaolong targeting Ye Fan, but didn't expect such deep hatred, wanting a life-and-death battle to kill Ye Fan.

"No way! The academy strictly forbids life-and-death battles!"

Lan Yingfei sternly refused, then said: "Every one of you is a genius, humanity's future, the demon clan is stirring, you will have to stabilize the demon clan turmoil, no loss is allowed."

The Immortal Academy takes the fate of all as its duty, concerned not with personal grievances, but with the overall situation, thus won't allow any loss amongst its geniuses.

"Only strong people forged by iron and blood are true strong people; without experiencing the fight of life and death, how can they battle the demon clan?" Zhou Zhaolong said.

"No need to say more, I won't agree, the ranking competition fights for academy's resources and status, it means nothing else, hope you understand!" Lan Yingfei still disagreed on life-and-death battle.

Zhou Zhaolong secretly regretted, truly desiring a life-and-death battle with Ye Fan, to personally kill Ye Fan for Qing Zi and Li Tianfeng's sake.

"Kid, best of luck to you!"

Meanwhile, Li Desheng led his precious grandson Li Tianfeng out of the academy, threatening Ye Fan as he left.

"Don't bother worrying about me, consider how to save your grandson's life, Corpse Rotting Technique is not tolerated by the world, your Li Family will surely face the united punishment from all cultivators!" Ye Fan, unafraid, responded coldly.

"This Ye Fan is very unusual!"

"Indeed, he not only possesses formidable strength but also a cautious mind, that seemingly ordinary sentence earlier brought boundless disaster to the Li Family."

In the VIP seats, Ancient Saint and Old Wild Man spoke, knowing their successors' relationship with Ye Fan, although not endorsing, they didn't reject.

Matters of the young, they didn't wish to interfere too much.

Although they knew Ye Fan had no backing, what Ancient Great Emperor wasn't an enemy to the world, eventually silencing the world, ascending alone to the peak, dominating the Nine Heavens and Ten Earths?!

Chapter 1535: Beaten Like a Dead Dog!

When Li Desheng left with Li Tianfeng, Ye Fan walked down from the Martial Arts Arena.

Everyone's gaze towards him changed, especially Xiong Kuang, who felt a chill run down his spine.

Xiong Kuang's first match was against Ye Fan, and at that time he was full of confidence, thinking he could defeat Ye Fan, but now he realized the vast difference between them.

In Xiong Kuang's view, if Ye Fan had not held back, he wouldn't have lasted even a single move.

It wasn't just him; others who had fought with Ye Fan also felt chills from the depths of their bones, secretly relieved that Ye Fan harbored no ill will towards them, or else their fate wouldn't have been much better than Li Tianfeng's.

As days passed by, the round-robin tournament finally concluded, with Ye Fan taking the undisputed first place with an undefeated record.

Shi Ye, Gu Hao, Jin Changgeng, Xiong Kuang, Yu Tidou, and others achieved good results and squeezed into the top ten.

Only Hu Fei's performance was less than ideal, ranking thirteenth, neither good nor bad, but he was in good spirits, not caring at all. In his words, there are still opportunities in the future to challenge those ranked higher than him.

"Let's go celebrate!"

With the competition over, the happiest person was Jin Changgeng, who had won a piece of Sun God Gold from Zhou Zhaolong.

Although it wasn't large, seeing Zhou Zhaolong's expression like he had eaten dirt when handing over the Sun God Gold made him want to laugh.

For Jin Changgeng, this was definitely a big harvest, and as for the ranking, he didn't mind at all. Just like Hu Fei said, even if the current ranking isn't ideal, it doesn't matter; after the rankings and cultivation resources are set, he still has the hope to challenge those ranked higher than himself for better treatment.

Everyone was in high spirits, and Ye Fan naturally wouldn't refuse.

They feasted and drank jubilantly at a banquet set up in the academy's inn.

Many congratulated Ye Fan, but also worried about whether he could ultimately win the championship because after all, he was only at the early-stage Divine Power Realm, while Qi Tianlin and Zhou Zhaolong

had reached the mid-stage Divine Power Realm. They did not know if he could once again break through the divine barrier and succeed in a comeback.

Ye Fan did not answer these inquiries.

As a result, people thought he might be able to challenge the top four, but winning the championship seemed impossible.

Only Yaling smiled without saying a word, casting a subtle glance in Ye Fan's direction.

That night, Ye Fan did not cultivate, nor did he enter the Virtual Space; he pondered how to obtain the exclusive Divine Materials of a Great Emperor to repair the Nine Heavens Mysterious Crown.

The Emperor Weapon was his biggest trump card and his life-saving card; to make it more reliable, he needed to quickly acquire some Divine Materials to repair it.

However, such a thing was hard to come by. Even when Great Emperors combed the Nine Heavens and Ten Earths, they could only get a little, let alone others.

Acquiring exclusive Divine Materials of Great Emperors absolutely required great luck.

Finding such materials in the Immortal Academy was impossible; he could only try indirectly to see if he could purchase a piece of Sun God Gold or Chaos Purple Crystal from Jin Changgeng.

As for obtaining both, he didn't even dare to think about it, as these were exclusive Divine Materials of Great Emperors, and Jin Changgeng wouldn't part with them easily.

In the morning, a ray of rosy light pierced the sky, coating the entire Immortal Martial Academy with a golden hue, looking exceptionally beautiful and colorful.

Many diligent cultivators were already training atop the Dragon Tower, facing the morning light, making the entire Dragon Tower seem like a giant golden dragon, almost ready to soar into the sky.

Six Dragon Veins surrounded the Immortal Martial Academy, with the Dragon Tower being the focal point where the Dragon Energy was the densest.

"There might already be Dragon Essence forming beneath this Dragon Tower!"

Ye Fan mumbled to himself.

The Dragon Veins of mountains and rivers are like living True Dragons, and over time they can produce Dragon Essence, which can revive the dead and prolong life, making it an invaluable treasure for cultivators with little remaining lifespan.

He really wanted to see what's beneath the Dragon Tower, but he knew it's impossible, as the Immortal Academy absolutely forbids anyone from exploring beneath the Dragon Tower, not even the Saint of the Imperial Clan.

When Ye Fan arrived at the Martial Arts Arena, the matches hadn't started yet, but there were even more spectators than in previous days, with many new disciples coming to watch the tournament just like him.

In the crowd, Ye Fan immediately spotted Yaling, Sikong Po, Han Sandong, Hu Fei, Shi Ye, and others.

"Didn't I tell you to put effort into cultivation? This is a golden era where many strange physiques will appear. If you don't cultivate well, you won't even have the qualifications to roam the Five Domains, let alone be a fierce bandit..."

When Ye Fan arrived, Han Sandong was fiercely scolding Hu Fei, and the usually unyielding Hu Fei stood quietly with his head down, allowing Han Sandong to reprimand him.

This time, Hu Fei's unsatisfactory performance angered Han Sandong greatly, and he criticized him for tarnishing the Nine Great Bandits' reputation, urging him to step up his efforts, lest he falls too far behind. Otherwise, when an era of heroism arises, they won't even have a foothold, not to mention the chance to compete for Proving Dao.

"Brother Ye Fan, you are here..."

Seeing Ye Fan arrive, Hu Fei immediately rushed forward as if grasping onto a lifeline, trying to change the subject.

“Sigh...”

Han Sandong sighed and said, “Hu Fei, I don’t want to criticize you, but we are only six brothers. Elder Grandfather, Sixth Grandfather, and Ninth Grandfather have no descendants. If we brothers do not rise, who will take over from the nine elders in the future?”

“Third Brother, I understand now. I will definitely work hard in my cultivation from now on.” Hu Fei promised repeatedly, and only then did Han Sandong stop speaking.

The offspring of the Nine Great Bandits were quite interesting. They took pride in being bandits because bandits openly robbed without using any deceit or trickery, and they could stand toe-to-toe with the Holy Lands and the Di Clan, making them a force to be reckoned with.

“Sister Yaling, is it easy to obtain Divine Materials exclusive to the Great Emperor?” Ye Fan asked with a smile.

“Easy? Do you think Divine Materials exclusive to the Great Emperor are as common as cabbages? Even the Ancient Emperors might not find much even after searching the Nine Heavens and Ten Earths, otherwise, they wouldn’t be so precious.” Yaling said with a mix of laughter and tears.

“Brother Ye Fan, I discovered this piece of Chaos Purple Crystal in a Forbidden Land. I accidentally stumbled into a perilous place and almost died there. While searching for a way out, I inadvertently found a place where a Great Emperor refined weapons. This Chaos Purple Crystal was just some leftover scrap from a Great Emperor.” Jin Changgeng explained to Ye Fan with a smile.

Although he spoke lightly, Ye Fan could imagine that it must have been a nine deaths and one life experience. How could a place where a Great Emperor refined weapons be easily entered?

Dong!

Then, just as Ye Fan wanted to inquire more about the Divine Materials, the melodious sound of a bell rang out, interrupting everyone's conversation. A new day's competition had begun.

Over the past few days of rest, Wu Jingtian and Yue Chuan had fully recovered, and their cultivation had also improved significantly.

After their first defeat, both had endured the pain, slept on brushwood and tasted gall, and prepared diligently, aiming to wipe away their shame today and perform splendidly.

The last match was Qi Tianlin against Yue Chuan and Wu Jingtian against Zhou Zhaolong. Today, the opponents switched, with the first match being Yue Chuan against Zhou Zhaolong.

As soon as they got on stage, the two immediately engaged in a fierce collision. Each displayed their most powerful strength, fighting to the point where heaven and earth dimmed, and the overflowing energy alone could crumble a mountain. Without the protection of Defensive Array Patterns, the entire Immortal Martial Academy would be reduced to ashes.

The Emperor's Holy Fist was central and peaceful. A punch was accompanied by the Divine Dragon and Immortal Phoenix, as if the Human Emperor had been reborn, exuding an invincible aura of the Great Emperor.

Yue Chuan's black hair was like silk, his eyes deep and bright. At this moment, he seemed to become the revered Human Emperor among the Ten Thousand Clans, showcasing the grandeur of a Human Emperor.

"Great!"

"Deserving of being the descendant of the Human Emperor!"

Cheering erupted from below the stage. Some of the less powerful Loose Cultivators couldn't even see the movements of the two on the stage, only the figures constantly clashing and emitting deafening sounds, like Heavenly Gods beating the sky drum.

Zhou Zhaolong unleashed the similar Four Seasons Killing Technique passed down by Emperor Sha, with an unmatched fierceness that seemed to seize control of the entire world in his hands.

"Kill!"

Zhou Zhaolong shouted, his hand like a blade, carrying endless killing intent as it slashed toward Yue Chuan's chest.

"Fight!"

Yue Chuan also launched a fist toward Zhou Zhaolong's chest, and although there was no flash of Divine Radiance, this central and peaceful punch seemed to be pushing a world.

"Puff!"

The two passed through each other, scattering a shower of blood, dyeing the stage red. Yue Chuan was almost gutted, his body drenched in blood.

Zhou Zhaolong was not well-off either; half of his body was almost turned to mush by Yue Chuan's punch, his left arm completely shattered. The scene was horrifying!

The audience was stunned, never expecting the two to engage in such a brutal and primal physical battle from the start, with bloodshed that was hard to watch.

This scene caused the Heroic Lords in the VIP seats to gasp. Such brutal battles were rarely seen in competitions among the younger generation.

"Swoosh!"

"Swoosh!"

Two figures quickly leaped into the arena, separating the two, checking their injuries and administering healing before announcing the result.

Yue Chuan, the strongest inheritor of the Imperial Clan, was more severely injured than Zhou Zhaolong and was thus declared defeated. Zhou Zhaolong won this match.

The crowd was completely shocked, originally thinking the two would take an hour to finish the fight, but unexpectedly, they decided the victor within just half an hour.

“Do you think that my injuries are too severe for me to participate in the later matches? Heh, I have secret techniques for healing and can recover at any time. Clean your neck and prepare to die!”

After stabilizing his injuries, Zhou Zhaolong’s mind moved, and his shattered left arm’s flesh regenerated quickly. He coldly glanced at Ye Fan and said.

This time, Ye Fan completely ignored Zhou Zhaolong’s provocation.

He would brutally turn Zhou Zhaolong into a dead dog through his actions!

Chapter 1536: Top Four Ranking

In the Martial Arts Arena, the crowd was buzzing, everyone discussing the match just now. Whether it was Yue Chuan or Zhou Zhaolong, their ruthlessness and decisiveness made many people gasp in shock.

Facing opponents like these who disregard their own lives, everyone would feel intimidated. They don't even consider defense, purely fighting with a life-for-life approach.

After their match ended, once the arena was tidied up by two strong individuals from the academy, the match between Qi Tianlin and Wu Jingtian began.

Right from the start, Wu Jingtian showcased the Eight Styles of Martial Reversal with supreme flair, every punch having earth-shattering power, wielding the forces of Heaven and Earth to fight.

Meanwhile, Qi Tianlin also demonstrated his formidable side, regardless of Wu Jingtian's powerful attacks, he could completely block them. The two fought thousands of rounds, ultimately Qi Tianlin gained the upper hand and defeated Wu Jingtian, though not as bloodthirsty and brutal as the match between Zhou Zhaolong and Yue Chuan.

Wu Jingtian exhibited formidable prowess, earning recognition from many, even in defeat. As long as his martial heart persists, his growth potential is vast; even if he can't ultimately become an emperor, reaching the Saint Level is without issue, possibly even higher.

Though only two matches took place in the morning, they left everyone satisfied—two high-standard matches.

To ensure the four could compete in peak condition for upcoming matches, Lan Yingfei announced the morning matches had concluded, even though it wasn't noon yet, and that two finals would take place in the afternoon.

These two matches are crucial, determining who temporarily secures the champion title, and they're especially significant for Wu Jingtian and Yue Chuan as both lost two matches and neither wished to be the bottom of the top four, making their match very exciting.

Following Lan Yingfei's announcement, various heroic lords from the VIP seats stood up and left, while disciples from Immortal Academy returned to their residences or went to the academy's dining hall to eat.

For cultivators, not eating or drinking for ten days or half a month isn't a problem, so some loose cultivators stayed, discussing the morning matches while waiting for the afternoon matches to begin.

When most people had settled, they started meditating and cultivating on the spot since the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi in Immortal Academy is exceptionally rich, coupled with Earth Vein Dragon Qi, it's greatly beneficial for cultivation, and they didn't want to miss the opportunity, seizing every moment to cultivate here.

If it weren't for this match, they'd usually have no access to enter Immortal Academy, let alone cultivate in this Cultivation Holy Land.

"Xiao Fan, how are you feeling? Confident?" After returning, Yaling asked Ye Fan.

"Qi Tianlin is still hiding his strength; after his battle with Zhou Zhaolong in the afternoon, I should be able to discern it. Even if he's hiding his strength, not much can be hidden."

Ye Fan answered evasively. From this morning's matches, it was evident that Qi Tianlin's strength was truly unfathomable; even though he defeated Wu Jingtian, he did not expose the full extent of his power.

The afternoon matches quickly commenced, the first being Wu Jingtian against Yue Chuan, a clash between the strongest heirs of the Di Clan.

They fought until the blood boiled, seemingly possessed by the Great Emperor, every strike shaking the heavens and earth. Despite not using forbidden secret techniques, the collision of Emperor Techniques and martial arts intoxicated everyone.

"Eight Styles of Martial Reversal!"

Wu Jingtian roared, his martial intent invincible, transforming into a War Immortal, with his movements resonating with overwhelming vitality.

"Emperor's Holy Fist!"

Yue Chuan shouted too, executing the Emperor's Holy Fist with central justice and peace, as though the world was within his grasp.

Their collision produced the most splendid divine radiance, engulfing the entire arena, leaving weaker cultivators unable to perceive what was happening within.

“Every Great Emperor is unique, each having comprehended some parts of the rules of Heaven and Earth.”

Ye Fan compared himself secretly with Xuandi Fist and immediately realized that once an Emperor’s martial arts reach the ultimate level, their power is comparable—all incredibly strong.

On the arena, the two had fought several hundred rounds, the battle had heated up, both striving with all their might to defeat the other.

“Boom!”

Wu Jingtian and Yue Chuan exchanged a punch, both retreating eight steps, blood trickling from the mouth, evidently injured, while Yue Chuan was knocked into the Defensive Shield, collapsing feebly.

The result was apparent; Yue Chuan, the strongest heir of the Imperial Clan, was defeated by an extremely narrow margin, ranking last among the top four.

Whereas Wu Jingtian secured third place with this victory, at least making it to the top three, maintaining the prestige of Emperor Wu.

Next was the main event: the showdown between two demons, Qi Tianlin and Zhou Zhaolong, regarded as the strongest among the new disciples, ready to compete for the temporary champion today.

For most spectators, today's matches would be the most thrilling, especially the match between Qi Tianlin and Zhou Zhaolong, which is the highlight.

They don't believe anyone would dare challenge them after the champion is decided; although others are strong, there's still a significant gap compared to the four seed contestants.

Except for Ye Fan!

They firmly believed Ye Fan would challenge the top four; judging from his performance in the round-robin matches, he undoubtedly had the qualifications to challenge them, though how far he could go was anyone's guess.

Up until now, Ye Fan hadn't shown his most powerful side, no one knew how many aces he held.

Of course, they all thought whether Qi Tianlin or Zhou Zhaolong won the championship, Ye Fan couldn't challenge them successfully, at most only substituting Yue Chuan or Wu Jingtian's position.

Boom!

The match began, Qi Tianlin and Zhou Zhaolong didn't test each other at all; each had understood the other's strength through prior clashes, immediately engaging in the strongest collision.

Although both were mid-stage Divine Power Realm cultivators, they could absolutely slay late-stage strong people across realms, their strength unfathomable.

The two seemed like two small suns, colliding fiercely, each strike annihilating the void, causing the defensive array patterns to tremble and the radiance to flicker incessantly.

Even the array patterns laid by strong people nearly approaching the Quasi-Emperor were not flawless. They had been broken once before, although later repaired, the power of defense was greatly weakened, now equivalent to the defense of a Venerable Realm strong people at most.

Zhou Zhaolong fought madly, continuously unleashing the Four Seasons Killing Technique, creating a fantastical scene of the four seasons changing on the stage. Each flake of snow, each falling leaf had the power to pierce the void, making any ordinary cultivator who approached it immediately shattered to pieces.

Qi Tianlin revealed all his cards, the Golden Dragon Divine Embryo was like a True Dragon, emitting a trace of true Dragon's Might, causing the heavens to collapse and the earth to crack.

The two battled fiercely for over an hour, with Qi Tianlin ultimately winning by a narrow margin, defeating Zhou Zhaolong, defending his first place position, proving to everyone that his position remains unshakable!

"Marvelous!"

From the audience erupted enthusiastic applause, each person boiling with excitement, eager to immediately battle. The battle between the two completely ignited the warlike factor in the blood of the crowd.

Amidst the cheers of the crowd, Lan Yingfei announced the great perfection conclusion of the top four competition, finally determining the top four positions!

First place: Qi Tianlin!

Second place: Zhou Zhaolong!

Third place: Wu Jingtian!

Fourth place: Yue Chuan!

The two demon-level geniuses proved with their strength that they were even stronger than the strongest Imperial Clan successors, simultaneously earning the respect of the younger generation. In the Xuan Realm, martial arts reign supreme, revering the strong, and those with great power naturally earn the respect of others!

Lan Yingfei pressed both hands down, and after the loud discussions subsided, he loudly announced, "I declare that in two days, the challenge tournament will officially begin. No matter who, as long as they believe they have the ability to defeat any of the top four can directly challenge them, the challenged cannot refuse."

“Challenge tournament! Is it even necessary? Who would blindly challenge them, looking for a beating?”

In the crowd, someone muttered this sentence, quickly earning the agreement of many. After watching their matches, probably no one would challenge them.

Shi Ye and others were indifferent to this, still contemplating challenging Yue Chuan to try it out; not everyone feared the top four.

Without actually engaging, they were not convinced; although the academy had based on their performance in the Immortal Secret Realm evaluated the four as seed strong people, without a fight, surely someone would be unconvinced.

“The challenge tournament rules are very simple, starting from the fourth place, challenge in order, no skipping ranks!” Before dispersing, Lan Yingfei added another sentence.

“Ye, I’m waiting for you to challenge me, don’t be a coward!”

Before leaving, Zhou Zhaolong threw another harsh remark.

“I won’t say the same thing twice, and I believe you won’t forget it!”

Ye Fan casually glanced at Zhou Zhaolong, then walked away, leaving Zhou Zhaolong's face turning pale and then green.

After returning, Ye Fan did not see anyone, having told them upon parting that he would seclude himself for two days to ponder some things.

Yaling and the others knew that after Ye Fan watched the top four matches, he wanted to process the inspiration from the matches, so they said nothing.

Returning to the Dong Mansion, Ye Fan chose to immediately seclude himself, the dense Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi and Earth Vein Dragon Qi transmitted from underground, making the entire Dong Mansion brim with Qi and Dragon Qi.

The Virtual Space is connected with the outside world; the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi can continuously enter the Virtual Space for Ye Fan's cultivation use.

Ye Fan sat cross-legged in the Virtual Space for a whole day, continuously deducing Zhou Zhaolong's Four Seasons Killing Technique and Qi Tianlin's secret techniques and martial arts in his mind.

It took him a whole day before he roughly restored their martial arts and secret techniques, then he suddenly stood up, stretched his body, and repeatedly practiced their secret techniques in the Virtual Space.

Through constant practice, Ye Fan gradually grasped some core things—the weaknesses in martial arts and secret techniques.

Like how a snake has a seven-inch weak spot, all martial arts and secret techniques have their vulnerabilities; it's a rule, unavoidable by anyone.

In cryptic terms: when the sun reaches its peak, it starts setting. When the moon is full, it wanes. Everything in heaven and earth isn't perfectly flawless.

Martial arts and secret techniques likewise, no matter how powerful, have flaws, just very difficult to discover. After deducing their martial arts and secret techniques, Ye Fan gradually found the flaws.

Chapter 1537: Challenge!

For a full dozen days, Ye Fan spent his time in the Virtual Space, only stepping out after feeling that he had thoroughly grasped the martial arts and secret techniques of the four individuals.

Upon exiting the Dong Mansion, Ye Fan was surprised to discover a sky full of stars, and that it was already midnight.

Whoosh!

With a movement of his figure, Ye Fan reached a small hill in the academy, standing alone on the summit. Gazing at the vast starry sky, he suddenly recalled the Star Map within the Thunder Venerable master's tomb.

The Artifact Spirit of the Thunder Emperor Spear had carried the coffin of the Thunder Venerable master, breaking through the space and plunging into the Void. Where could they possibly have gone?

Could it be that amidst the boundless stars, there exists a place of refuge for them? Or perhaps, by burying themselves in the vast starry sky and becoming a speck of dust within, they anticipated or prepared for something?

Ye Fan could not fathom it, and neither could anyone else, including the people of the Di Clan, who had no understanding of the situation.

Every Great Emperor's late years are extremely mysterious; no one knows their true whereabouts. However, there are some Emperor's Tombs in this world, yet their locations remain unknown.

Gradually, Ye Fan seemed to merge into the Void.

Ten thousand starlight beams fell upon him, causing tiny white dots to appear on Ye Fan's body, as if aligning with a particular section of the starry sky.

This vision flashed by so quickly that even Ye Fan himself did not notice it, with his perception continuously expanding and soon covering the entire small hill, capturing even the slightest of changes.

Time flowed quietly like water!

"Whew~"

Morning arrived, and Ye Fan withdrew from the state of merging with the universe, taking a deep breath and exhaling slowly. A dragon-shaped form streamed from his mouth, twisting and turning, resembling a True Dragon.

Inhaling like a rainbow, exhaling like a dragon!

Ye Fan knew that he was very close to a breakthrough, likely needing to accomplish it within the next few days.

Ye Fan was not eager to break through prematurely; he wanted to consolidate his foundation and walk the supreme path.

He understood that in order to revive Su Liuli's scattered Divine Soul, he must become incredibly powerful, only then could he venture into the Forbidden Zone to seek the main ingredient for refining a Soul Gathering Pill.

"Ye Zi!"

At this moment, Hu Fei flew over from a distance, saying to Ye Fan, "Today is the first day of the challenge competition; everyone is waiting to see your challenges. What are you doing here? Come, let's eat first, then head to the Martial Arts Arena together!"

Saying this, not allowing Ye Fan to refuse, Hu Fei pulled him towards the academy's cafeteria. By now, many people were already dining.

Although the academy's nutrition meals weren't particularly tasty, their nutritional content was abundant, suitable for disciples in cultivation to replenish their much-needed Essence Blood.

Currently, Ye Fan is undoubtedly a celebrity in the academy; a series of events has made him widely known, even recognizable by the academy's chef.

Seeing Ye Fan arriving for a meal, the chubby chef specially prepared a high-level dish for him that only the Heroic Lords from all regions could enjoy.

"Good luck, I'll go watch your challenge after cleaning up here." The chef laughed, his eyes squinted into a slit, nearly disappearing from sight.

After the grand meal, a surge of Essence Qi coursed through Ye Fan's entire being, his powerful absorption ability still feeling overwhelmed by the volume of Essence Qi within the meal.

After dining, Ye Fan and Hu Fei rushed to the Martial Arts Arena, where it was already crowded with people.

Qi Tianlin and the other three sat quietly in a corner of the competition stage, waiting to be challenged, while Elder Lan Yingfei and two strong members from the academy were busy maintaining the Defensive Array Patterns.

On the VIP seats, various Heroic Lords were already seated; the deputy dean, Old Fox, communicated jovially with everyone, his charm shining through, fostering harmonious relations with everyone.

“The challenge officially begins now; those willing can initiate a challenge with Yue Chuan. If victorious, one can proceed to challenge further!”

After finishing the maintenance of the Defensive Array Patterns, Elder Lan Yingfei announced on the competition stage that challenges could be made against Yue Chuan, who ranked last among the top four.

With his voice, some geniuses who believed they could defeat Yue Chuan began to stir but none among them took the initial step forward.

“Let me do it!”

Ye Fan stood up, walking calmly to the competition stage, saying to Lan Yingfei, “Elder Lan, can I challenge Zhou Zhaolong first?”

Upon hearing this, everyone was stunned, surprised that Ye Fan wanted to skip Yue Chuan and Wu Jingtian, directly challenging Zhou Zhaolong. Could he truly be this confident?

“No! You must follow the regulations to challenge, or it will be considered a forfeited challenge. Make your choice!”

This idea came from the dean, the Old Bastard, and Elder Lan Yingfei was merely bearing the brunt as the messenger. He knew in advance that such an announcement would inevitably upset certain individuals, but he was powerless.

The Old Bastard's words were ones he dared not defy, so he had no option but to accept this misfortune, unable to explain even when misunderstood.

"Alright then, I'll start with Mr. Yue for the challenge!"

Ye Fan sighed, initially intending to first teach Zhou Zhaolong a lesson and then spar with the other three; now, it seemed necessary to adhere to the rules.

"Mr. Yue, please enlighten me!" On the competition stage, Ye Fan clasped his fists towards Yue Chuan.

"I wouldn't dare say enlighten, let's spar with each other!"

Yue Chuan was particularly cautious, understanding that Ye Fan dared challenge Zhou Zhaolong, indicating his true strength must be immense; he might not be an equivalent opponent, but for safeguarding his position, he had to give it his all.

"Fight!"

Yue Chuan shouted loudly, the Emperor's Holy Fist of Central Justice and Peace was displayed, an immense pressure enveloped Ye Fan, as though facing a Young Emperor, with phantoms of the Divine Dragon, Immortal Phoenix, Vermilion Bird, and Xuanwu appearing around him.

"Swish!"

Ye Fan used his extreme speed, disappearing from his original spot in an instant, suddenly appearing behind Yue Chuan, throwing a punch towards Yue Chuan's back, surrounded by lightning power like small dragons, seemingly capable of penetrating All Heavens and Myriads of Worlds.

Bang!

Ye Fan's fist broke through the spatial constraints, fiercely striking Yue Chuan's back, directly shattering his Protective Divine Gang.

Immediately, Ye Fan's fist was pressed against Yue Chuan's Sheng men point at his back, just a touch of Divine Power, and Yue Chuan would be seriously injured if not dead.

"I... lost!"

Yue Chuan's face suddenly turned extremely ugly, he had never imagined Ye Fan could instantly identify the flaw in his martial arts and exploit it, easily defeating him.

“What?”

“Lost just like that?”

“This is unbelievable!”

Following Yue Chuan’s admission of defeat, the audience was almost in an uproar, various voices of doubt and speculation arose, becoming a cacophony.

Only the powerful lords in the VIP seats showed a shocked expression, their keen eyes immediately saw that Ye Fan used his extreme speed to seize the flaw in Yue Chuan’s martial arts for a successful strike.

How powerful must his observation and adaptability be?

The heroic lords exchanged looks.

It should be noted, Ye Fan was only an early-stage Divine Realm cultivator!

When Qi Tianlin defeated Yue Chuan, he even used his Holy Embryo, while Ye Fan didn’t even display Divine Skills and won the match; the difference was too great!

“He won by seizing an opportunity; it’s not related to strength. Yue Chuan was too careless, that’s why he lost the match so quickly, it’s a pity!”

This viewpoint immediately received many people’s agreement and support, as they were unwilling to believe Ye Fan was actually so strong.

“Winning by seizing an opportunity is also a sign of strength, otherwise, why don’t you try?” Sikong Po coldly mocked.

“Uh...”

Those people were instantly silenced.

“Do you need to rest?” Lan Yingfei walked over, inquiring Ye Fan.

“No need, let’s continue the challenge!” Ye Fan shook his head, as he hadn’t exerted much effort earlier, naturally, he didn’t need to rest.

“Alright then, Wu Jingtian, step up. The challenge begins!”

Lan Yingfei nodded, letting Wu Jingtian enter the field, and then announced the start of the match. He also knew Ye Fan didn’t need to rest as he won too quickly earlier.

“Don’t be discouraged, you lost to him not because of lacking strength, but because your weaknesses and flaws were captured by the opponent.” The Saint of the Imperial Clan quietly comforted Yue Chuan as he returned silently to the edge of the arena.

“Your rapid growth surprises me, but today, I won’t restrain my realm anymore.” Wu Jingtian nodded at Ye Fan, calmly speaking.

He had previously battled Ye Fan before entering the Ancient Battlefield, resulting in him being crushed by Ye Fan in the same realm, feeling deeply resentful.

Although a Great Emperor is never inferior to others, undefeated in the same realm, this is a match, not a life-and-death battle. He didn’t need to restrain his realm.

If it were truly an Emperor Road conquest battle, he would definitely not suppress Ye Fan by realm but would choose to fight a desperate battle in the same realm to prove that Emperor Wu’s descendants are not inferior to anyone.

“Make your move!”

Ye Fan nodded, knowing that to defend his dignity, protect his status, and his academy’s resources, Wu Jingtian will undoubtedly go all out.

“Martial Reversal of the Firmament!”

Wu Jingtian immediately showed his strongest attack, seemingly like Emperor Wu was reborn, every strand of hair glittering with crystalline light, throwing a punch that overturned the heavens and the earth, the attack fierce and filled with domineering energy!

“Fight!”

Ye Fan shouted, choosing to confront directly, executing Xuandi Fist, each punch terrifying, as though an apocalypse had arrived.

Emperor Fist vs Xuandi Fist, who will win?

At this moment, everyone was filled with anticipation!

Chapter 1538: Emergence of the Human-shaped Divine Embryo

“Boom!”

Ye Fan and Wu Jingtian’s Punch Ray collided, exploding with a light more dazzling than the sun, blinding everyone. Some weaker Loose Cultivators even had blood flowing from their eyes, retreating in panic, not daring to get too close.

Immediately after, the two engaged in a fierce battle, each strike terrifying. Emperor Wu proved Dao through martial arts, and his martial skills were extremely powerful, having reached the pinnacle.

Wu Jingtian naturally possessed great power due to Emperor Wu's bloodline flowing through him, but unfortunately, he encountered Ye Fan—his martial arts and secret techniques had long been deciphered by Ye Fan.

The eighth move!

The ninth move!

The tenth move!

By the tenth round, Ye Fan seized the flaw in Wu Jingtian's Eight Styles of Martial Reversal, dodged the attack with a slight shift of his foot, then launched a fierce counterattack, shattering his Protective Divine Light with a punch, subsequently landing a heavy blow on his body.

Poof!

Wu Jingtian spewed a mouthful of blood, his entire body sent flying by Ye Fan's punch, defeated without even using his Holy Embryo.

"Hoo~"

Ye Fan did not pursue his advantage but stood at the spot, taking a deep breath to suppress the turbulent Divine Power. That punch just now was without reservation; otherwise, defeating Wu Jingtian's defense would have been impossible.

Wu Jingtian, after landing, quickly assumed a defensive posture, only to find that Ye Fan did not come after him, his face suddenly turning extremely unsightly.

Defeated!

He couldn't accept this result. Just a year ago, he could still suppress Ye Fan with one hand, but a year later, he was defeated by Ye Fan without any suppression of realm, leaving him utterly shocked.

"Your growth rate is terrifying! In time, you will be the sole protagonist of this world!"

Wu Jingtian sighed dejectedly.

He had no words against losing to Qi Tianlin; after all, Qi Tianlin was a demon-level genius with extremely frightening power.

He felt some resentment towards losing to Zhou Zhaolong, but a loss is a loss, no matter how unwilling, he could only look for another opportunity to challenge him after the ranking match.

But now, with even Ye Fan able to defeat him, it made him doubt whether he had made any progress in the past year?

Everyone cultivated in the same environment, why had Ye Fan's strength advanced so quickly? He had only advanced to a higher and a lower realm, right?

What made it most unacceptable was that Ye Fan defeated him with mere martial arts, without resorting to Divine Skills. Was he truly this strong?

"Ye Fan wins!"

Lan Yingfei couldn't care less about what was on his mind; if he couldn't even withstand this little setback, what right did he have to study at the Immortal Academy?

"Ye Fan, do you want to take a break or continue challenging?" Lan Yingfei asked.

"Continue challenging!"

Ye Fan's gaze locked onto Zhou Zhaolong, eyes bursting with endless War Intent.

"You should rest first, otherwise you might claim later that your Divine Power was depleted, causing your defeat. I don't want to take unfair advantage of you!"

Zhou Zhaolong sneered. Although he was eager to kill Ye Fan immediately, as a man with the ambition of a Great Emperor, he didn't want to take advantage of Ye Fan right after a battle; instead, he wanted to defeat Ye Fan openly under everyone's watchful eyes.

"Although my Divine Power has indeed depleted somewhat, it's more than enough to deal with you! A battle between us is inevitable, so let's end it sooner!"

Ye Fan's voice was firm and confident, but it sounded harsh to Zhou Zhaolong's ears. What did he mean by saying his depleted Divine Power was still enough to handle him? Such disdain!

"You're truly arrogant; as you wish, let's fight!"

Zhou Zhaolong slowly stood up, staring at Ye Fan with a sinister gaze, as if a Primordial Fierce Beast had awoken, filled with a menacing aura.

"This Ye Fan is too arrogant; does he think that just because he defeated Wu Jingtian, he can defeat Zhou Zhaolong?"

"They're both demon-level geniuses; why is this Ye so confident he can defeat Zhou Zhaolong?"

Seeing Ye Fan challenging Zhou Zhaolong directly without taking a rest after fighting both Yue Chuan and Wu Jingtian, people couldn't help but discuss.

Many believed it would be difficult for Ye Fan to win the subsequent challenge.

On one hand, Ye Fan had just fought two consecutive battles, depleting some of his Divine Power and not in optimal condition.

On the other hand, Zhou Zhaolong was also a demon-level genius capable of cross-realm battles, making it rather challenging for Ye Fan to achieve victory.

“A bunch of fools!”

Shi Ye said gruffly, firmly believing that Ye Fan would win the championship, while Zhou Zhaolong was merely a stepping stone, unable to hinder Ye Fan’s path.

“Personally, I think it will be difficult for Ye Fan to succeed in his challenge; Zhou Zhaolong’s secret techniques resemble Emperor Sha’s Four Seasons Killing Technique too much; hardly anyone can withstand it.”

In the VIP seats, a Heroic Lord expressed his judgment.

“I think so too.”

Another Heroic Lord nodded in agreement.

“If Ye Fan were in the Mid-stage Divine Power Realm, Zhou Zhaolong’s defeat would be very likely. As it stands, they are evenly matched in power.”

More Heroic Lords believed that Ye Fan and Zhou Zhaolong were evenly matched in strength.

In their view, if Ye Fan could reach the Mid-stage Divine Power Realm, surpassing that barrier, defeating Zhou Zhaolong would be likely. But now, being one realm lower than Zhou Zhaolong, attempting a crossover challenge successfully would not be easy.

“Little brother, I can’t wait to see those Heroic Lords’ shocked expressions...”

Among the crowd, Yaling chuckled mischievously, her charming eyes filled with anticipation.

“In this battle today, I shall avenge Qing Zi and brother Li Tianfeng!”

Zhou Zhaolong ascended the stage, speaking coldly, his voice chilling like it emanated from the depths of the Nine Netherworld, extremely unpleasant to hear, “It’s just a pity that I cannot kill you!”

“Hehe... Do you have that ability?” Ye Fan smiled.

“You’ll find out soon enough whether I have that ability!”

A flash of light appeared in Zhou Zhaolong’s hand, revealing a long treasure sword. Its fierce killing intent instantly enveloped the entire arena, the several-meter-long sword light flickering unpredictably, pointing directly at Ye Fan’s throat.

With a thought, Ye Fan’s entire divine body was covered with a faint Purple Light, as if he had donned a layer of purple armor.

The Xuanwu Armor Technique, when cultivated to a high realm, the armor may not be visible, but its defensive power is greatly enhanced, seeming somewhat alive.

“Kill!”

Zhou Zhaolong wasted no words, slashing towards Ye Fan’s face, the fierce sword light tearing through the void.

“Whoosh!”

Ye Fan stepped on the Chasing Star Step, like a wisp of smoke, evading the fierce sword light in the blink of an eye, then backhandedly punched the sword light.

“Crack!”

The sword light, condensed from divine power, emitted the sound of metal shattering, cracking under Ye Fan’s punch.

“Bang!”

Ye Fan followed up with a kick, completely shattering the sword light, then a flash of light in his hand revealed a Big Spear surrounded by Purple Light.

Thunder Emperor Spear!

Though an imitation, it was personally refined by the Thunder Venerable master, and its power is still extraordinary.

Moreover, according to the Bai Yan wolf, this imitation Thunder Emperor Spear is quite mystical. Although it appears to be just a Spiritual Treasure of the Divine Power Realm, it’s extremely sturdy, and its power increases as the user’s strength grows.

It’s a growth-type Spiritual Treasure, extremely rare. In so many matches, Ye Fan had never used this Thunder Emperor Spear until today.

Whish!

With the Thunder Emperor Spear in hand, Ye Fan unleashed the Heaven Slaying Seven Spears, filling the arena with countless spear shadows and intertwining Gun Light, forming a Slaughter Light.

Boom!

Zhou Zhaolong was not afraid, frequently slashing out with his treasure sword.

With unparalleled Chasing Star Step, Ye Fan completely controlled the initiative. Zhou Zhaolong unleashed all his martial arts and Divine Skills, but couldn't land a hit on Ye Fan, who had him flustered with his fierce attacks, nearly injuring Zhou under his spear.

"Relying on Step Techniques, what's the ability? Face me head-on, I'll even let you have one hand!"

Zhou Zhaolong was furious, helpless against Ye Fan's speed, feeling extremely aggrieved.

"You can't provoke me, it's useless!"

Ye Fan sneered, "Speed is also a reflection of Combat Power, moreover, the highest form of warfare is strategy. As long as victory is assured, the method doesn't matter. Why would I abandon an easy way to defeat you and confront you head-on?"

“Aaaa...”

Zhou Zhaolong was enraged to madness, feeling incredibly frustrated. Despite being stronger, he was forced into a defensive position, making him furious.

“Spring warms the world, all things revive!”

Zhou Zhaolong decided to go all out, without deploying such a deadly technique, he couldn’t handle Ye Fan. Even if it drained his Divine Power, he accepted it.

As the Four Seasons Killing Technique’s secret technique unfolded, numerous petals appeared on the arena, filling the air with a mesmerizing sweetness.

Those petals were crystalline and transparent, looking beautiful but filled with infinite killing intent. Each petal could tear the void, causing great damage to a cultivator’s body.

Especially the intoxicating sweetness pervading the air was a slow poison, able to corrode one’s Divine Soul, eroding one’s Holy Embryo.

Ye Fan instantly sensed, his Divine Soul Flames burning fiercely, incinerating the poison to nothingness, and his Holy Embryo naturally resisted the poison.

“Overpowering Nine Heavens!”

Ye Fan shouted, his Thunder Emperor Spear shooting out myriad rays, shredding all the floating petals, their clanging sound echoing endlessly.

“Summer’s scorching sun, illuminating the earth!”

Zhou Zhaolong shouted, a blazing sun appeared above the arena, casting down countless Golden Light, slowly pressing towards Ye Fan.

“Kill!”

Ye Fan roared, surrounded by Thunder Power, his fist glittering with Purple Light, launching the Xuandi Fist harshly towards the pressing sun.

“Bang!”

A loud crash echoed, the enormous blazing sun shattered under Ye Fan’s punch, transforming into a sky full of killing intent, piercing the void, shaking the Defensive Shield, activating the Defensive Array Patterns, consuming a great deal of Earth Vein Dragon Qi.

“Holy Embryo!”

Zhou Zhaolong, realizing Ye Fan’s strength after his Four Seasons Killing Technique was repeatedly broken, directly utilized the Holy Embryo. A beast resembling a large hedgehog appeared, curling into a spiked ball aiming at Ye Fan.

“Swish!”

Behind Ye Fan appeared a figure identical to him, like a twin, clad in a purple-gold Armor, exuding extraordinary prowess.

This was Ye Fan’s first time showcasing his Human-shaped Divine Embryo in front of so many people!

Human-shaped Divine Embryo?!

The next moment, the entire audience was shocked!

Chapter 1539: One Thought Undying, Eternal Body

Using oneself as a blueprint, condensing into a human-shaped Holy Embryo, everyone who saw Ye Fan’s Divine Embryo was stunned.

Even the heroic lords in the VIP seats stood up together, staring intently at Ye Fan’s human-shaped Holy Embryo, their hearts surging with turbulent waves!

Because...

Human-shaped Divine Embryo, unprecedented!

“Bang!”

Just as everyone was shocked, Ye Fan’s Divine Embryo was like an Immortal King, kicking the hedgehog-like Divine Embryo away, as if kicking a ball.

Zhou Zhaolong’s hedgehog-like Divine Embryo dimmed for a moment, nearly being shattered by Ye Fan’s Divine Embryo’s kick, causing him to tremble all over.

“Ten Thousand Heavenly Swords!”

Zhou Zhaolong roared, channeling primordial power into his Divine Embryo, the hedgehog-like Divine Embryo consolidated again, with all its spikes dropping off like Heavenly Swords, shooting towards Ye Fan, each sword several yards long, radiating divine light.

“Kill!”

Ye Fan shouted loudly, merging with the Divine Embryo, like a giant, Xuandi Fist displayed, his whole body crackled with Thunder Power.

Boom!

Iron Fist crossed the sky, like a Divine Ridge, shattering the Ten Thousand Heavenly Swords, carrying the power of world destruction towards Zhou Zhaolong.

“Autumn brings death, all things wither!”

“Cold sky and frozen earth, all things are dead silent!”

Zhou Zhaolong didn’t care about being shocking and unconventional, he unleashed all his trump cards, autumn wind rustling, a large number of leaves appeared in the sky, swirling towards Ye Fan.

Immediately, the temperature on the entire battle stage plummeted to an extreme freezing point, everything tangible was frozen, even divine power was frozen, its flow choked!

Ordinary cultivators, once covered by this supreme divine skill, are doomed to die, directly frozen and shattered. Even Ye Fan felt the bone-chilling cold, as if directly touching the North Pole Profound Ice.

“Roar!”

Ye Fan roared at the sky, black hair flying, each strand possessing the mighty power to tear the void apart, Pure Yang Qi accelerated, his whole body roared like the opening of heaven and earth, three hundred and sixty acupoints' Divine Embryo Illusions roared together.

Upon roaring, Ye Fan's body was enveloped in divine light, purple-gold Thunder Power wandering like dragons, blocking the supreme killing technique, divine power formed a faintly discernible armor, with ancient-patterned patterns flowing.

"Sizzle!"

Ye Fan's eyes, like Sun God Gold, shot out dozens of yards of golden light, the center of his brow cracked open, a Heavenly Tao Seal condensed from divine soul rushed out, expanding instantly, pressing down on Zhou Zhaolong, full of powerful divine soul pressure.

At the same time, Ye Fan is unstoppable, Xuandi Fist fused with Thunderclap Treasure Skill, with the invincible spear intent of Heaven Slaying Seven Spears, annihilating all obstacles, blasting towards Zhou Zhaolong.

At this moment, Ye Fan rarely used both magic and martial arts together, and in martial arts attack he fused three ultimate techniques, terrifying power.

"Holy Embryo Fusion!"

Zhou Zhaolong shouted wildly, the Divine Embryo fusing with himself, instantly elevating his momentum significantly, then with a boom, burning divine power, his power surged dramatically.

“Kill!”

Zhou Zhaolong fought desperately, he couldn't allow himself to lose, nor allow losing to Ye Fan, he still had to avenge Qing Zi and Li Tianfeng!

“It's useless!”

Ye Fan's voice was like eternal unmelting Profound Ice, without any emotional fluctuations, the Heavenly Tao Seal condensed from divine soul pressed down, above it the rune flashed, the burning power of Divine Soul Fire almost ignited Zhou Zhaolong's divine soul, startling him.

“Boom!”

Ye Fan executed Chasing Star Step, as fast as lightning, in an instant charging to Zhou Zhaolong's side, engaging in close combat!

For any cultivator, as long as the strength gap isn't too large, once Ye Fan is close, it's tantamount to declaring defeat, no one can surpass him in physical combat!

“Buzz!”

Ye Fan blasted a punch, Xuandi Fist and Thunderclap Treasure Skill entwined, fiercely clashing with Zhou Zhaolong!

“Bang!”

Zhou Zhaolong’s fist exploded instantly, blood splattered, his white bones shattered, while Ye Fan’s fist surrounded by purple-gold Thunder Power remained unscathed.

“Ah...”

Zhou Zhaolong screamed in disbelief looking at his vanished right hand, then anger led to madness, regardless of defense, divine power operated, his right hand instantly regenerated, carrying mid-stage Divine Power Realm’s force, burning divine power blasted towards Ye Fan!

Ye Fan also didn’t defend at all, the Heavenly Tao Seal condensed from divine soul kept pressing down, merging with the Divine Embryo, like an Immortal King descending upon the world, each punch carrying world-destroying power.

“Puff!”

Zhou Zhaolong’s right hand gleamed, killing intent pierced through the nine heavens, a punch shattered Ye Fan’s left shoulder, purple-golden blood splattered.

Ye Fan didn't even frown, hand like a knife, nearly split Zhou Zhaolong alive — Zhou Zhaolong's half body was cut open by him, Thunder Power rampantly destroyed his vitality.

This tragic scene shocked everyone, no one expected the battle between the two to be so bloody and cruel.

"Zhaolong..."

The Saint of Zhou Family cried painfully, flames in his eyes, wishing to rush into the arena to slap Ye Fan into ashes.

But he couldn't move. The incident where Li Tianfeng's grandfather rushed into the arena trying to harm Ye Fan had just happened a few days ago. A lesson learned, Lan Yingfei kept a close watch on him.

This is a competition, no one is allowed to break the rules!

If Zhou Zhaolong can't even pass this stage, what qualifications does he have to walk the Emperor Road and compete for supremacy?

"Ye Fan..."

Yaling cried out in shock. She didn't expect Ye Fan would choose to defeat the enemy in a way that would cause mutual destruction. It's too tragic; even in victory, it will surely come at a great cost.

"No..."

Hu Fei and others also exclaimed. They were well aware of how terrifying Ye Fan's body was, yet Zhou Zhaolong was able to shatter his body, which was simply unbelievable!

"Brother Ye Fan..."

Ling Ziyuan covered her small mouth forcefully, exclaiming in shock.

Although she knew it was impossible for her and Ye Fan to have any outcome, her heart pounded uncontrollably, fearing something unexpected might happen to him.

"One Thought Undying, Eternal Body!"

A deep voice resounded in the arena, Zhou Zhaolong emitting treasure light all over, refining the Thunder Power left by Ye Fan inside him. His severed body slowly recovered, as if immortal.

"This..."

Even some Heroic Lords were astonished. Zhou Zhaolong actually had such miraculous secret techniques; One Thought Undying, making a person undying – how can this be fought?

Initially, Lan Yingfei was already prepared to go up and stop the two's competition. Upon seeing this scene, he stopped again and looked towards the Saint of Zhou Family.

The Saint of Zhou Family's expression softened, revealing a slight smile. Zhou Zhaolong possessing such secret technique equated to having an Immortal Body, continuing the fight, Ye Fan would surely lose.

Crackle!

As Zhou Zhaolong was recovering, Ye Fan over there circulated Pure Yang Qi, his entire body thunderous, blood flowing backward, and his broken left shoulder rapidly healing.

Hmm?

Witnessing this scene, everyone was stunned again, not expecting Ye Fan could instantly recover from his injuries too.

Both possessed supreme secret techniques, nearly simultaneously repairing their injured bodies, battling fiercely once more.

Zhou Zhaolong's secret technique consumed origin power, while Ye Fan consumed Pure Yang Qi; both possessed the ability for prolonged combat.

"Let's see how long you can hold on!"

Ye Fan's eyes like golden lamps, penetrating the essence of Zhou Zhaolong's secret technique, Xuandi Fist soaring into the void, merging with Holy Embryo, a punch delivered as if a small world erupted on his fist.

Hu!

Zhou Zhaolong utterly unwilling to back down, murderous intent surging to Nine Heavens, met the punch, battling fiercely with Ye Fan once more.

The entire arena glowed brightly, the Defensive Array Patterns flickered, dissipating the aftermath of their attacks; otherwise, this Martial Arts Arena would already be gone.

Bang!

Ye Fan engaged in close combat, again landing a punch on Zhou Zhaolong, then under the speed of Chasing Star Step, evaded Zhou Zhaolong's counterattack, punching directly at Zhou Zhaolong's head!

No matter how formidable Zhou Zhaolong was, he couldn't withstand such tactics, being punched out by Ye Fan seven or eight times, each time raining down a shower of blood, his bones unknown how many times shattered, his origin power nearly depleted, One Thought Undying, Eternal Body secret technique becoming increasingly difficult to operate.

Crack!

Ye Fan delivered another punch, sending Zhou Zhaolong, who was struggling to restore himself, flying once more, violently crashing into the Defensive Shield, spurring a mouthful of fresh blood, sliding down helplessly, without ability to fight again.

Ye Fan didn't pause at all, Divine Power surging like an ocean, palm like a knife slashing towards Zhou Zhaolong's brow!

If this strike landed, Zhou Zhaolong would surely die!

Because, Ye Fan's palm not only swirled with Thunder Power but also burned with Divine Soul Fire, capable of destroying Zhou Zhaolong's Divine Soul.

"I surrender..."

At the critical moment, Zhou Zhaolong disregarded his dignity, swiftly admitted defeat, or he would face certain death.

Bang!

Lan Yingfei promptly intervened, waved a hand emitting Divine Light to block between them, Ye Fan's palm landing on Divine Light, nearly splitting it. Frightened, Zhou Zhaolong fled to the distance, rolling and crawling.

Simultaneously, two strong people from the Immortal Academy flew into the arena, separating the two, afterwards giving Zhou Zhaolong a Healing Holy Pill to help him recover.

However—

Everyone knew, after this battle, even if Zhou Zhaolong could recover, his strength would surely decline significantly, especially his Martial Arts Will—this defeat was a huge blow to his Martial Arts Will, whether he could rise from defeat depended on his own disposition and comprehension.

As if to confirm everyone's speculation, Zhou Zhaolong at this moment, was like an eggplant hit by frost, directly withered.

At this moment, he forgot what an invincible presence he was before!

At this moment, he also feared, if Lan Yingfei allowed him and Ye Fan to have a life-and-death battle, then, he would have already become a corpse!

Chapter 1540: Unleashing Divine Skills

“Victory!”

Hu Fei and the others cheered joyfully, high-fiving each other in celebration. This battle had laid the foundation for Ye Fan’s championship win, and the prospect of victory was promising.

“Damn, I’m going to make a fortune!”

Shi Ye laughed heartily, yet the others found him increasingly irritating and felt an urge to imprint a few shoe marks on his face!

If Ye Fan clinched the championship, there’s no doubt that the Treasure Pavilion would earn a huge profit, while many others would go bankrupt, not only losing their possessions but even their contribution points.

“Elder Lan, Zhou Zhaolong’s key meridians have been destroyed by the Thunder Power; he probably won’t fully recover within a year!”

At this moment, a strong cultivator from the Immortal Academy approached Ye Fan and communicated via divine consciousness.

He had checked Zhou Zhaolong’s injuries earlier; if not for the One Thought Undying, Eternal Body secret technique he would have been crippled.

“I understand. Keep this matter confidential for now, and don’t let it spread!”

Lan Yingfei also used divine consciousness to remind them, while another strong cultivator had already escorted Zhou Zhaolong off the stage to heal.

“Ye Fan, whether you choose to continue challenging or not, you must rest for a quarter of an hour, and then decide!” Lan Yingfei turned to Ye Fan and said.

“Okay!”

Ye Fan nodded and then went to a place outside the stage. He sat cross-legged and circulated the Nine Heavens Profound Skill to recover the divine power consumed in the battle.

The battle stirred many people’s blood; the sight of blood splattering excited many cultivators, making their battle spirit boil.

However—

Many didn’t want to see Ye Fan win. If he was defeated, it would be the best outcome, and many would make a fortune.

Yet, Ye Fan’s victory left many frustrated; defeating Zhou Zhaolong meant he had only one opponent left.

At this point, everyone knew Ye Fan had qualified to compete against Qi Tianlin—who also took some effort to beat Zhou Zhaolong.

Even though Ye Fan fought fiercely, he won with an overwhelming advantage.

“I choose to continue the challenge!”

Ye Fan’s voice was not loud, yet it felt like a drop of cold water falling into a boiling oil pot, instantly stirring the crowd below the stage.

“Could he really win the championship?”

Many could no longer remain calm at this thought; before, they didn’t think Ye Fan would win, so they didn’t care. But now, Ye Fan had proven with his strength that he indeed had the credentials to win the championship.

Li Daoheng, Sun Mingyu, Sun Minghong, and others looked as if they had seen the sky collapse, feeling ashen-faced upon hearing Zhou Zhaolong’s defeat.

“Little brother, keep going! I’m rooting for you!”

Yaling was secretly cheering for Ye Fan, wanting him to win the championship despite being willing to be Ye Fan's aide for a year.

A quarter of an hour passed quickly, and a stream of Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi was absorbed by Ye Fan, replenishing the divine power in the three hundred and sixty acupoints, soon restoring him to his peak state.

"Brother Qi, please guide me!"

A quarter of an hour later, Ye Fan stood up and cupped his hand toward Qi Tianlin.

"You're really strong, everyone misjudged you!"

Qi Tianlin slowly stood up and walked towards the center of the stage. His eyes were deep and focused on Ye Fan for a while, calmly saying, "I never underestimated you, and yet, you still amazed me."

"Brother Qi, you're flattering me; it was just luck." Ye Fan replied with a smile.

"Excessive humility is just a form of arrogance; you are very proud!"

Qi Tianlin also smiled, revealing his white teeth, his amiable smile making people feel bathed in spring warmth.

He was truly charismatic, naturally likable, making anyone feel an instinctual closeness.

However, Qi Tianlin was equally proud, letting no one approach who wasn't recognized by him. His friendliness was reserved only for those with the merit.

"Evil Qi, defeat him!"

"Brother Tian Lin, suppress him, let him understand your authority is unchallengeable!"

"Evil Qi, we're all counting on you; you can't let us down!"

Once both were on stage, the audience erupted in shouts, drowning out the voices of Hu Fei and others cheering for Ye Fan.

Many who bet Qi Tianlin would eventually win the championship were shouting loudly, hoping Qi Tianlin would defeat Ye Fan.

Of course, regardless of their words, to defend his honor and status, Qi Tianlin wouldn't go easy, determined to fight with all his might.

“No loud noises, no interference with the competitors!”

Seeing the situation about to get out of control, Lan Yingfei had to step forward to manage the scene, lest they collapse the academy.

Upon Lan Yingfei’s appearance, the noise lowered significantly, yet many still clenched their fists rooting for Qi Tianlin, except Yaling and others who wished Ye Fan would win.

The challenge had reached a point far beyond everyone’s expectations, making some of the academy’s old teachers lose their composure since they too were involved in the betting, wagering on Qi Tianlin to win the championship.

If Ye Fan won, their bets would come to nothing; losing a few Spirit Stones or treasures didn’t bother them, but misjudgment caused severe distress.

“Don’t waste time, let’s start!”

As he spoke, Qi Tianlin’s body crackled, actively sealing his realm at Early-stage Divine Realm.

He wanted to fight Ye Fan fairly!

As a genius with aspirations of becoming a Great Emperor, Qi Tianlin had his dignity.

Although he knew Ye Fan was strong, he still wanted to defeat Ye Fan in a battle at the same realm, continuing his legendary status.

Before encountering Ye Fan, he had never lost a battle in the same realm, which was the reason many sensed his hope to prove the Dao.

Each Great Emperor showed exceptional talent in youth, standing out and prevailing, undefeated across the Five Domains at the same realm, ultimately reaching the pinnacle.

Every Great Emperor is a legend, interpreted in various versions, but there is one widely acknowledged point: in the same realm, no matter how talented or demonic, they can be defeated.

Ye Fan didn't say anything but took the initiative to attack, which is a sign of respect to his opponent. Although Qi Tianlin is aloof, he is absolutely a worthy opponent to be respected.

"Buzz!"

Ye Fan's Iron Fist, carrying supreme pressure, struck towards Qi Tianlin, with Thunder Power swirling on his fist, as if Heavenly Punishment were descending.

Boom!

Qi Tianlin showed no fear, greeting the attack with his fists, battling fiercely with Ye Fan; fists and feet collided, and Divine Power overflowed, each move holding startling might.

The audience below watched in a trance, forgetting to cheer, many focusing their gaze intensely, fearing the strong light might hurt them again.

The two battled over a hundred rounds, Ye Fan relying on the absolute advantage of Chasing Star Step, almost pressing Qi Tianlin down, leaving him only able to defend without any chance to strike back.

“Smack!”

Ye Fan slapped out, with Thunder Power swirling between his fingers and palms, pushing Qi Tianlin three steps back. Then, his eyes shot out two beams of Divine Radiance, he spat out a stream of Innate Primordial Essence Qi, resembling a hanging galaxy, crashing towards Qi Tianlin.

“Boom!”

Qi Tianlin launched both fists, shaking off Ye Fan’s Innate Primordial Essence Qi. Behind him, a golden flash appeared, and a golden True Dragon emerged from nowhere, with a resounding dragon roar, charging towards Ye Fan.

“Swish!”

Ye Fan’s hand flashed with light, the Thunderbolt Spear appearing in his hand. Using the Thunder Emperor Spear as a staff, he viciously swept at the neck of the Golden Dragon, the mighty power instantly sweeping the dragon away.

Whoosh!

Immediately following, Ye Fan launched Chasing Star Step, moving with the gun, transforming into a light and shadow appearing before Qi Tianlin, cold intent radiating, the gun light infused with Thunder Power aiming at Qi Tianlin’s throat.

Hmm?

Seeing this, everyone was taken aback—if Ye Fan did not hold back, this strike could make Qi Tianlin unable to resist and would lead to severe injury if not death.

“In the same realm battle, I lost, but it’s not over yet. This battle, I must win; for future Cultivation Resources, for the interests of those who bet on my victory, I have an undeniable responsibility to win this match!”

Qi Tianlin understood this point as well, suddenly stopping all actions, recalling the Golden Dragon Divine Embryo, and candidly admitting that in the same realm battle, he was not Ye Fan’s match.

Ye Fan nodded, retracting the Thunder Emperor Spear, saying, "I must win too, because this is a promise, and I have to fulfill this promise!"

Lan Yingfei and others nodded in agreement, Ye Fan indeed had the demeanor of a strong person, and Qi Tianlin was also impressive. Both showed the grace of a Great Emperor in their youth.

What they saw were the qualities of both men, but the audience below saw Ye Fan pointing the Thunder Emperor Spear directly at Qi Tianlin's throat.

However—

At this moment, the situation did not end as expected. Ye Fan retracted the Thunder Emperor Spear, Qi Tianlin unlocked his seal, his power suddenly soared, instantly returning to the Peak of Mid-stage Divine Power Realm.

"Brother Ye, be careful, I will give it my all!"

After speaking, Qi Tianlin roared, the Golden Dragon Divine Embryo appeared again, charging towards Ye Fan with him, the Divine Power vast like an ocean.

Ye Fan's eyes shot out two beams of Divine Radiance, launching Chasing Star Step, leaving a phantom at the original position, evading Qi Tianlin's first attack.

“I understand now, earlier Qi’s demon was sealed at the Divine Power Realm Early-Stage, so he competed with surname Ye, thus he was defeated!” someone reacted a step too late.

“This Ye is also a demon, able to defeat Qi’s demon in the same realm, how many can do that?” some marveled at Ye Fan’s strength.

“His strength doesn’t matter, he is bound to lose. The gap between Early-stage and Mid-stage Divine Power Realm is a chasm he can’t cross to defeat immortals,” someone firmly believed Qi Tianlin would ultimately win.

“Go Qi’s demon!”

“Qi Tianlin, defeat him!”

The cheers for Qi Tianlin from the audience continued unabated, some infatuated female cultivators even shouted to dual cultivate with Qi Tianlin, shocking many.

In the VIP seats, helmsmen from various forces were tensely watching the match, as this battle concerned the ultimate ownership of the championship.

On the contest stage, Qi Tianlin moved with majestic steps, each strike wielding destructive power, as if he was manipulating the forces of heaven and earth in battle with Ye Fan.

At this moment, Qi Tianlin was shrouded in Nine-layered Divine Rings, appearing as a deity walking in the human world, with a wave of his hands, earth-colored long spears shot towards Ye Fan like swarms of locusts.

These long spears are condensed from the earth elements in heaven and earth, possessing uncertain power, capable of injuring one's foundation. This is Qi Tianlin's Divine Power; he has comprehended Earth Element Divine Power, using it skillfully.

"Roar!"

Ye Fan roared loudly, finally making use of his Divine Power, seemingly forming a self-contained space around his body; all the earth-color spears disintegrated into the earth elements of heaven and earth when they approached him, posing no threat.

"What?"

"How could this be?"

"What kind of Divine Power is this?"

This scene shocked everyone, no one expected Ye Fan to break Qi Tianlin's Divine Power without even visibly deploying any skills—what on earth is happening?

“Earth Element Immunity?”

A heroic lord noticed some clues, his face instantly turned heavy, while Qi Tianlin’s grandfather, the Saint of the Qi Family’s face became particularly ugly.

Qi Tianlin’s Divine Power is the mother of Five Elements; in the Five Elements, Earth Element is the hardest to comprehend but once comprehended, its power is also hugely strong.

But now, this kind of Divine Power proved useless against Ye Fan, making Qi feel a sinking sensation, suddenly feeling things were not looking good!