

Y Master 1681

Chapter 1681 Handling Future Troubles

The atmosphere in the Immortal Academy is as usual, many disciples are desperately cultivating, chasing after one another.

In such a grand environment, no one would slack off; everyone is engaged in intense cultivation.

The reason is simple: besides the cultivation environment, there are constraints of cultivation resources. No one is willing to be successfully challenged, as that would mean losing both status and advantageous resources.

Ye Fan follows the deputy dean, Old Fox, to the Forbidden Land where the dean resides.

This Forbidden Land, except for Ye Fan who has been here once, no disciple in the whole academy knows what it's like inside.

Entering this Forbidden Land, the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi suddenly becomes much thinner, which is something Ye Fan is very sensitive to; he just doesn't know why the dean has summoned him.

"Xiao Fan, you're here, have a seat, let's chat casually." The Old Immortal is as amiable as always, but Ye Fan doesn't dare to be presumptuous.

After sitting down, the Old Immortal picks up the teapot and pours three cups of Bitter Leaf Tea, seemingly like old friends gathering for a heart-to-heart chat.

"Dean, whatever you want to say, just say it." Ye Fan dares not put himself on the same level as the Old Immortal.

It's important to know that the Old Immortal's status is higher by half a generation than the Saint Masters of all the Holy Lands, and his power is unfathomable.

"This time, the trouble you've caused isn't small; you've slain so many Saint Heirs. Aren't you afraid of those Holy Lands taking revenge on you?" The Old Immortal sips his tea and says calmly.

"Not afraid, they were asking for death. I didn't seek them out; they came looking for me. No matter what, I'm justified in this matter," Ye Fan said firmly.

"Xiao Fan, sometimes being justified doesn't mean you are right; you're still too young..." remarked Old Fox with a sigh.

"I didn't exterminate them, the strongest heir of the Gu Family and some other Saint Heirs were suppressed by me, but not killed."

Ye Fan told the two deans about suppressing a portion of people, and Deputy Dean Old Fox's eyes instantly lit up.

"Fortunately, you didn't kill them all; otherwise, even we might not be able to protect you." The Old Immortal said with relief.

"How do you plan to handle these people?" Old Fox asked.

These Saint Child level strong people can't be suppressed for long; there needs to be a resolution, or else it will cause a big problem.

Ye Fan knows this too, but he's quite troubled about how to deal with them; neither killing them nor releasing them feels right.

"Xiao Fan, you should release them, I'll find some people to mediate, perhaps this could resolve the matter without leaving any repercussions," suggested the Old Immortal.

"No way, it can't be so easy for them. If they hadn't surrounded Ye Fan, they wouldn't have been suppressed." Before Ye Fan could speak, Deputy Dean Old Fox interjected.

"Then what do you think should be done?" asked the Old Immortal.

"I haven't figured it out yet, but I can't release them temporarily," Old Fox said, pacing back and forth with his teacup.

Ye Fan is also considering this, ever since suppressing these people, he's been contemplating how to handle this issue.

There are so many Saint Child level strong people, including Gu Xiao, the strongest heir of the Ancient Emperor Family; they're practically ticking time bombs that could explode at any moment.

Things are easy to handle; those that are useful can be kept for oneself, those that aren't can be absorbed by Elder Xuan, those that can't be absorbed can be given to friends like Hu Fei, and those that are really difficult can be entrusted to Sister Yaling to auction off, exchanging them for Spirit Stones and other treasures.

"If those big forces find their Sect's Heavy Treasures appearing at the auction, their expressions will surely be interesting."

Thinking of this, Ye Fan couldn't help but laugh, as if he could already see the faces of those from the Holy Lands turning green.

"Why are you laughing like that, so slyly?" Deputy Dean Old Fox glanced at him and asked, surprised.

"Nothing much!"

Ye Fan quickly restrained his laughter and said seriously, "I was thinking, if we auction off those Saint Child's Spiritual Treasures at the Treasure Pavilion, what would the expressions of the people from those Holy Lands be."

"Auctioning off Spiritual Treasures of Saint Child level strong people? You really thought of that," Deputy Dean Old Fox righteously chided.

The Old Immortal nodded, indeed, this is somewhat inappropriate; which of these Saint Heirs isn't a big deal? They all have massive forces behind them; if their things are auctioned, will those Holy Lands let it slide?

But before he could praise Old Fox a couple of times, the deputy dean's fox tail was exposed.

"Auctioning some things, what's the harm? Small-scale disturbances are insufficient, why not auction the Saint Heirs themselves; then surely they'll fetch a good price. This idea isn't bad, right?"

"..."

Ye Fan.

"..."

The Old Immortal.

Ye Fan originally thought auctioning things of Saint Child level strong people was crazy enough, but compared to the deputy dean, he sees it's utterly insignificant; this is the highest level!

Auctioning Saint Heirs, this idea is too crazy; just thinking about it makes one dizzy!

These Saint Child level strong people, even if not Saint Heirs, are core disciples among the younger generation of some major forces, with limitless potential.

If they are really auctioned as merchandise, those Holy Lands will certainly turn green, and they won't rest until their Saint Heirs are out of others' hands.

This strategy of redirecting troubles is quite brilliant; not only can one obtain a large amount of Spirit Stones and materials needed for refining Soul Gathering Pills, but it also distracts these Holy Lands from oneself.

When the storm calms down, perhaps the Demon Clan will be about to emerge, and the entire Cultivation World will be preparing for this matter. Who will care about oneself then?

Ye Fan nearly applauded for this idea; it was indeed a brilliant idea, though he wondered if the Treasure Pavilion dared to take such an auction item.

"Are you really sure you want to do this?" the Old Bastard finally confirmed.

"Hmm, they want to kill me, I'm just using them to gain some benefit. In the end, I'm still at a loss."

Ye Fan made up his mind, and seeing the dean still wanted to persuade him, he directly said, "Dean, I know you're doing this for my own good, but I think this is the best way—even if I let them go, the vendetta is already deep-rooted! And I'm not willing to let them go just like that!"

"Then do as you say, you can go now."

The Old Bastard pondered for a long time and finally decided to respect Ye Fan's idea. It was indeed a feasible method.

After leaving the dean's residence, Ye Fan directly headed to Yaling's place; to auction these Saint Heirs, he had to make things clear with Yaling.

"Stop!"

Just as Ye Fan was passing through a bamboo grove, a low voice came from behind, as if filled with deep-seated hatred.

Ye Fan stopped without changing his expression. His divine consciousness swept over, and he had already seen the person behind him, resembling Sun Shaobao by seventy to eighty percent.

At that moment, Ye Fan understood. This person was Sun Shaobao's elder brother, the one studying at the Immortal Academy.

"Ye, I want a battle to the death with you!"

The man didn't say much, but his voice was very sinister.

"You're Sun Shaobao's brother, right?" Ye Fan asked flatly.

"That's right, it's me. I'm Sun Shaozhen," Sun Shaozhen snarled through gritted teeth.

"Your brother, your family's behavior, I don't need to elaborate, right? Since you come from this family, you should take responsibility for it, have you? They bully and oppress, force trades, you should know all this, yes? Yet what have you done?" Ye Fan turned around and coldly said.

"Don't lecture me. Isn't my desperate cultivation for the sake of my family not getting bullied? To have a better life? But you've killed my family, destroyed their foundation. I wish I could tear you apart, skin you alive, to avenge my brother and family."

Sun Shaozhen's face twisted, his entire being exuded a ferocious aura.

"If you want a battle to the death, I'm game, but I have something to do right now. After I finish, I'll come."

Ye Fan sighed deeply; the reason the Immortal Academy was so flawed was precisely because they only looked at potential and cultivation, not character, when selecting disciples.

"Before you kill me, or I kill you, there's nothing you can do."

Sun Shaozhen said coldly, "Either you go to the battle platform and settle it with me, or we fight here, choose."

"Alright!"

Ye Fan sighed; he knew this battle would come sooner or later, there was no avoiding it, only facing it quickly.

The challenges at the Immortal Academy had fixed battle platforms, but they needed to be reported to a teacher and conducted under their supervision to be effective.

However, for a battle to the death, these weren't necessary. In the end, only one person would leave the platform.

The academy had many battle platforms, used for the disciples' practice fights. The cultivation spirit of the Immortal Academy was forged in these bouts.

Everyone was unwilling to fall behind, each aiming for the top, vying for better cultivation resources, so sparring and challenges frequently erupted.

Generally speaking, there weren't many spectators for sparring or challenges in the academy, as everyone's time was precious.

Of course, for major events like rank battles, their interest would be high. They usually cultivated individually, and no one would waste time here.

"Make your move!"

Standing on a battle platform, Ye Fan swiftly entered combat mode. When facing any enemy, no matter how weak, he never let his guard down.

"Kill!"

Sun Shaozhen wasted no words, launching a powerful punch. Midway, the Punch Ray suddenly transformed into a long spear, viciously aiming for Ye Fan's dantian.

"Good coming!"

Ye Fan sharply exclaimed, his hand slicing like a blade toward the gun light, his palm enveloped with Thunder Power instantly scattering the gun light.

"You're avenging your family; I'll let you have three moves. After three moves, if you stop, I won't make things difficult for you, otherwise don't blame me for being ruthless."

Ye Fan stood unmoving, focused and solemn.

"Such arrogant words, give me your life!"

Sun Shaozhen shouted madly, his entire aura skyrocketing, cloaked in a faint blue glow.

"Swish!"

A blue giant python appeared behind him, instantly merging with him, his power skyrocketing again, transforming into a half-man, half-python monster.

Chapter 1682 Sounding the Alarm

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Sun Shaozhen's aura soared to its peak, and as he punched out, the world changed color. The blazing Punch Ray seemed almost tangible, more dazzling than the sun in the sky.

Facing such an attack, Ye Fan did not dare to underestimate it. The divine power within his body surged like a vast ocean, sweeping across the sky. The Holy Embryo illusions in three hundred and sixty acupoints all roared in fury.

Whoosh!

The Xuandi Fist was unleashed, and on Ye Fan's purple fist appeared a Tao Mark like a True Dragon, coursing over the Thunder Power.

"Boom!"

Their fists collided, causing the space to annihilate, creating an energy black hole between their fists, drawing the violent energy into it.

If not for this, their strike could have destroyed the entire battle stage, even with Defensive Array Patterns, it wouldn't have helped.

"Crack!"

The battle stage under Ye Fan's feet cracked with cobweb-like fissures, and both his legs from the knees down were embedded into the stone.

"Pfft!"

Sun Shaozhen wasn't feeling well either. The divine power within his body was chaotically rampaging, and he spat out a mouthful of reverse blood, his hair disheveled, and the scales on his right hand fell off, dripping with fresh blood.

"I'm not willing!"

Sun Shaozhen roared loudly, directly burning his Divine Soul, seemingly covered by a layer of blue flames, once again increasing his Combat Power by ten percent.

Ye Fan shook his head. Sun Shaozhen was undeniably strong but still far from being Ling Haotian's opponent, and naturally, he couldn't harm Ye Fan.

"Die!"

Sun Shaozhen appeared crazed, let out a roar, and threw himself at Ye Fan, actually intending to self-destruct his Holy Embryo to take Ye Fan down with him.

Hmm?

Ye Fan raised an eyebrow, quickly moved his feet, and used the Chasing Star Step to dodge swiftly to the side.

"Boom!!"

Immediately after, Sun Shaozhen's Holy Embryo exploded, and the violent energy instantly destroyed the battle stage.

Although Ye Fan dodged in time, he was still affected, and was sent flying seven or eight feet away, a wisp of blood seeping from the corner of his mouth, clearly injured.

Ye Fan never thought Sun Shaozhen would be so decisive, willing to self-destruct his Holy Embryo to drag Ye Fan down with him. Fortunately, his physique was strong, otherwise, he might have been severely injured.

At this moment, Ye Fan suddenly felt a powerful spiritual power surge into the depths of his sea of consciousness with a violent aura.

"Divine Soul Attack?"

Ye Fan's expression became solemn. He didn't expect Sun Shaozhen would abandon his body and engage in a Divine Soul battle with him.

Divine Soul warfare is the most perilous. A moment of negligence could cause permanent damage, something even the Phoenix Nirvana Technique cannot repair.

Ye Fan stood ready, the Heavenly Tao Seal condensed from his Divine Soul suspended above his sea of consciousness like a stabilizer, emanating golden light.

"Hahaha..."

Sun Shaozhen's Divine Soul quickly transformed into his own likeness, laughing wildly, "You didn't expect this, did you? I have cultivated my Divine Soul. The body is merely a shell to me, and now I have my eyes on your shell. As long as I devour your Divine Soul, I can take over your body."

"Are you dreaming?"

Ye Fan sneered.

When it comes to Divine Soul, he hasn't lost to anyone.

"You'll soon find out if I'm dreaming."

As the words fell, a War Spear suddenly appeared in Sun Shaozhen's hand, emitting a menacing aura.

"A special weapon for attacking Divine Soul?"

Ye Fan's heart jumped. He didn't expect Sun Shaozhen to possess such a weapon. This Divine Soul battle wouldn't be easy.

Of course, Ye Fan wasn't worried. He still had his final trump card.

"Kill!"

Sun Shaozhen roared furiously, the War Spear in his hand aiming straight at Ye Fan's brow. Even a person manifested by Divine Soul has a fatal point at the brow.

"Swoosh!"

Ye Fan waved his hand, summoning the Heavenly Tao Seal to confront the War Spear.

"Boom!"

With a loud bang, Ye Fan's Divine Soul ached intensely, while Sun Shaozhen also screamed miserably as flames spread from the War Spear onto him.

"Divine Soul Flames? How can your Divine Soul possess Divine Soul Flames?"

Sun Shaozhen asked in terror.

Divine Soul Flames are excellent for tempering the Divine Soul but also cause significant harm to it. Generally, unless tamed, no one dares to merge Divine Soul Flames into their own Divine Soul.

"Well, you possess Divine Soul Flames. Once I devour your Divine Soul, they will become mine, and I will be even stronger!"

Overwhelmed by greed, Sun Shaozhen forgot the danger, suddenly transforming into a gigantic head, opening his wide mouth to swallow Ye Fan's Divine Soul.

"To consume my Divine Soul? I'm afraid you lack the ability!"

Ye Fan shouted loudly, merging his body with the seal, as the Divine Soul Seal burned with blazing flames, directly throwing himself into the gaping mouth of the Divine Soul transformed by Sun Shaozhen.

"Hahaha..."

Sun Shaozhen's soul once again took on human form, laughing maniacally with a ferocious expression.

"Did you think I would swallow you recklessly? By daring to do so, I'm certain of my victory. You're doomed!" Sun Shaozhen began refining Ye Fan's soul within his stomach.

At this moment, Ye Fan's soul encountered immense trouble; within Sun Shaozhen's soul, there seemed to be patterns of intertwining lines emitting Infinite Light, aiming to refine his soul.

"Ah..."

This was an unprecedented crisis; he never knew that the power of the soul could be used this way and suddenly fell into a passive situation.

The flames of the soul blazed fiercely, with the Heavenly Tao Seal condensed by Ye Fan's soul undergoing the strongest tempering. Besides Sun Shaozhen, no one had ever pushed Ye Fan to such a brink.

"Boom!"

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"..."

Ye Fan controlled the Heavenly Tao Seal formed by his soul, continuously bombarding the surrounding patterns, trying to break through and escape.

Sun Shaozhen didn't dare to move, standing inside Ye Fan's sea of consciousness, relentlessly refining Ye Fan's soul, almost exhausting his last ounce of strength.

This battle became a long and drawn-out tug-of-war, testing who could endure for longer.

After an unknown amount of time, both their souls became extremely weak, neither able to do anything to the other, with the final outcome likely resulting in mutual destruction.

And just at this moment, above Ye Fan's sea of consciousness, a golden crown appeared. A beam of light directly pierced through Sun Shaozhen's soul, striking Ye Fan.

This was a power of the soul that was incredibly pure!

Receiving this power, Ye Fan seemed divinely assisted, controlling the Heavenly Tao Seal formed by his soul to launch a frenzied attack, instantly piercing Sun Shaozhen's soul.

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Sun Shaozhen suddenly despaired, only then remembering there was always an Emperor Weapon within Ye Fan's sea of consciousness.

No matter how profound his soul attack was, it was helpless against an Emperor Weapon, but Ye Fan hadn't used the Emperor Weapon at the beginning, effectively aiding Ye Fan in tempering his soul once.

"Let's end this!"

Ye Fan sighed, the Heavenly Tao Seal was released, turning Sun Shaozhen's soul into nothingness.

After killing Sun Shaozhen's soul, Ye Fan felt frightened, as if he had survived a catastrophe.

The world is vast and full of wonders; all kinds of secret techniques might emerge, just like this soul takeover. If not for the beam of soul power shot by the Nine Heavens Mysterious Crown, he would really have been in danger.

Even if he ultimately managed to exhaust Sun Shaozhen, it could end in mutual destruction, potentially inflicting irreparable damage to his own soul.

This incident sounded an alarm for him; he originally thought his strength had greatly increased, and he could disregard strong people at the Saint Child Level, but Sun Shaozhen truly taught him a lesson, everyone has their own strongest trump card.

Waking up again, seeing the surroundings in utter disarray, Ye Fan shook his head, relieved that no one was watching, otherwise he wouldn't know how to clean up this mess.

In fact, he didn't know that at least three people were closely observing this battle, one being the Dean Old Immortal, another the Vice-dean the Old Fox, and the third the Law Enforcement Elder Lan Yingfei.

Seeing Ye Fan unharmed, the three sighed, knowing that Sun Shaozhen was inevitably doomed; soul battles were the most dangerous.

Leaving the battle platform, Ye Fan found Yaling, who was not in seclusion at the moment, and upon seeing Ye Fan, she offered a caring smile.

"Little Fan brother, ever since you went to the Northern Domain, we haven't gathered together yet. Just take this opportunity for everyone to gather. Stay a moment while I go notify the others."

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Soon, Hu Fei, Han Sandong, the Ancient Saint Child, Shi Ye, Sikong Po, and others gathered, inquiring from Ye Fan about his experiences on this journey.

"I say, aren't any of you cultivating?"

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There were so many attendees this time; not only were familiar faces like Hu Fei present, but even Qi Tianlin, Wu Jingtian, Yue Chuan, Xiong Kuang, Ling Ziyuan, and others were here too.

This time, almost all disciples of their cohort were present, with only a few still engaged in closed-door cultivation and couldn't come out until the time was right.

"Ye Fan brother, did I hear wrong? You want to auction a Saint Child?"

In a valley outside the academy, the bonfire roared. In a large furnace, meat was being cooked, and around everyone were jars of fine wine, stunned by what Ye Fan said.

"Little Fan brother, you need to think carefully. Auctioning a Saint Child isn't a trivial matter."

When they ensured Ye Fan wasn't joking, everyone drew a sharp breath as Yaling frowned, advising him.

"Sister Yaling, I've considered it carefully, but I'm not sure if this will affect the Treasure Pavilion?"

Ye Fan asked cautiously, willing to forgo the auction if it indeed affected the Treasure Pavilion.

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Chapter 1683 - Auctioning the Saint Heir

Auction Saint Heir...

This idea is too crazy!

Shocked, Hu Fei and others applauded, thinking that those people were simply asking for it.

"Brother Ye Fan, whoever offends you is really unlucky." Sikong Po joked with Ye Fan.

"I am inherently kind!" Ye Fan laughed.

"Tch!"

Even Ling Ziyuan and everyone else gave Ye Fan the middle finger, but they also knew that Ye Fan isn't the kind of person who bullies the weak, he just always avenges his grudges!

This meal was full of joy, during which Hu Fei, Han Sandong, Shi Ye, and others helped Ye Fan devise plans on how to ensure these Saint Heirs would never hold their heads high again.

"Strip the Saint Heirs and make them do a striptease, touring performances in the cities of the Five Great Domains; it would surely earn a lot."

"Sell the Holy Maidens to the Sea of Desire, Compassionate Voyage in Flying Immortal City, guaranteed to be prosperous."

Their discussions made Gu Hao and Ling Ziyuan laugh and cry, and left Ye Fan dumbfounded — these people are far more devious than himself!

Compared to them, Ye Fan was practically the pure and kind-hearted young man.

"Alright, stop goofing around. At the latest tomorrow, I'll give you an answer." Yaling decided, and everyone remained silent.

Jars of aromatic wine were uncorked, the fragrance permeated, and Xuan Beast Meat was cooking in the Big Furnace, the group continued to eat and drink heartily.

Early the next morning, Ye Fan received Yaling's reply, the auction could proceed, but it would be held in Flying Immortal City because Flying Immortal City is the Holy City of the Northern Domain and its auctions are the largest.

Ye Fan had no objections to this, Yaling began preparations and brought out some Heavenly Materials and Earthly Treasures along with various precious materials to create buzz.

Ye Fan also took out some Spiritual Treasures; since even Saint Heirs were to be auctioned, these Spiritual Treasures were naturally no big deal, Yaling accepted them all.

However, Ye Fan didn't auction everything; he gave a Linglong Tower to Ling Ziyuan and other treasures to Shi Ye and Hu Fei.

Knowing the origins of these treasures, they said nothing, nor did they believe Ye Fan was framing them by giving them these treasures.

Within a few days, the news that Treasure Pavilion was going to hold a large auction spread to every corner of the Five Domains, with many people discussing it.

"According to rumors, the grand finale of this auction will be the strongest heir of an Emperor lineage!"

"Nonsense, how could the strongest heir of an Emperor lineage become auction items?"

"It's true, now many people from Holy Lands and Wu Shang Sects, and Gu Families are bringing their clan treasures and lots of Spirit Stones to Flying Immortal City, preparing to bid for their own Saint Heir!"

"Great Emperor, who came up with such a damaging idea?"

"It was probably that young man named Ye Fan. Last time, eighteen Saint Child Level strong people tried to kill him and failed; instead, he killed many of them. Some he didn't kill but suppressed."

"This is a slap to the face of all the Holy Lands!"

"Treasure Pavilion is indeed wealthy and bold to accept such auction items, isn't it a slap in the face to the Holy Masters of the Holy Lands?"

"..."

For a time, a storm surged through the Five Domains; every city, every village and town was talking about this matter. It was known to everyone, even ordinary folks heard about it.

Flying Immortal City became overcrowded overnight; not only were all the major hotels and inns full, even some private residences were forcibly rented.

With the help of Dean Old Immortal, Ye Fan suppressed these Saint Child Level strong people into different vessels and handed them to Yaling.

Yaling was also very cautious and directly invited several elders with the best reputation from Treasure Pavilion to take charge of the safety of these "auction items."

Speaking of which, Yaling didn't endorse holding such an auction; the reason she helped Ye Fan was that she appreciated him and her grandfather supported it.

That afternoon when she learned Ye Fan wanted to auction Saint Heirs, she didn't harbor much hope. When she reported it to her father, the Old Pavilion Master, her grandfather, was present and made the final decision.

After the decision was made, all the hype proceeded smoothly, quickly causing a sensation in the Five Domains!

Auctioning Saint Heirs, unprecedented; especially those Holy Lands and Wu Shang Sects that lost Saint Heirs, they were burning with anxiety.

As time passed day by day, Ye Fan, accompanied by Old Immortal, traversed the void and arrived at Flying Immortal City from Immortal Academy.

Because Ye Fan was the provider of this grand finale "auction item," he naturally held a place in Treasure Pavilion, and Old Immortal didn't need mentioning.

In terms of strength and seniority, he can be considered the elder of the current Pavilion Master of Treasure Pavilion and even had some friendship with Yaling's grandfather.

The two were quickly settled and awaited the auction, a storm brewing throughout Flying Immortal City, filled with a tense feeling as if a heavy storm was about to descend.

As time went on, finally the auction date approached, Treasure Pavilion widely sent hero invitations, and all sorts of figures arrived.

On the day the auction began, the entire auction hall was packed to the brim. Not only did the heroic lords from various factions arrive, but many reclusive old monsters were also alerted, all flocking to witness the spectacle.

Under such circumstances, security became the top priority, and the Old Bastard was invited to oversee the event to ensure the auction proceeded smoothly.

The dean of the Imperial Academy also arrived, along with the Old Pavilion Master of the Treasure Pavilion and the Old Master of Ling Manor. With these four formidable experts overseeing the event, even a dragon would have to coil up obediently.

At the start of the auction, there was nothing particularly noteworthy – just some treasure medicines and materials, and at most a Venerable Level martial arts technique, which somewhat piqued people's interest.

"Stop dawdling! We all know why we're here. Hurry up and bring out the main event!" Some loose cultivators cried out, instigating the crowd.

They had received news beforehand that a Saint Heir would be auctioned this time, and they all wanted to see something new.

"Everyone, please be patient. Do not disrupt the auction process," the Old Bastard said robustly.

Ye Fan was in the VIP room at this moment, observing everything happening in the auction hall clearly through a large lens polished from Ink Crystal.

"Crimson Gold Bell, refined from crimson gold, is an absolute Venerable Realm spiritual treasure. I don't need to introduce its origin, do I? The starting price is fifty thousand catties of spirit stones, remember, it's high-grade spirit stones."

"Isn't the Crimson Gold Bell a treasure of the Huang Jin Family? It looks like the main event is about to begin!"

"Did the Saint Heir of the Huang Jin Family also participate in besieging Ye Fan?"

"Isn't that obvious? Otherwise, how would this Crimson Gold Bell appear here?"

"..."

With the sound of various discussions, the face of the Saint Lord from the Huang Jin Family turned as red as pig liver. He directly had a nearby elder quote a price, while his gaze, full of intimidating power, swept the surroundings, daring anyone to challenge him in bidding.

After all, the Crimson Gold Bell was a treasure of the Huang Jin Family and could not be allowed to fall into the hands of others.

Others harbored their own thoughts, and since no one wanted to compete with him over a Venerable Realm spiritual treasure, he easily obtained this treasure.

However, Ye Fan didn't suffer a loss. He had anticipated this outcome, intending for the bidders to join forces to drive down the price, each redeeming their own treasures.

Precisely for this reason, Ye Fan set the starting price at almost exactly what the treasure was worth, ensuring a guaranteed profit with just a slight increase.

The auction continued, with one spiritual treasure or material after another being presented, each item eliciting gasps from the crowd as they were all treasures from various factions.

Of course, some items were completely unknown to outsiders apart from the sect members themselves, as not every treasure had high notoriety.

Once everything was auctioned off, Ye Fan had amassed a vast amount of high-grade spirit stones, which, when exchanged, amounted to twenty squares of top-grade spirit stones.

"Now, we will present our first rare auction item. Please keep your eyes wide open!" The auctioneer stirred the crowd's excitement.

With his words, the Old Bastard and three Super Strong Men jointly set up a barrier and released a Saint Child Level expert from a Purple Gold Gourd, immediately sealing his Divine Power, rendering him immobile.

"There's really someone?"

"Is the rumor true? Who is this person? Could he be a Saint Heir from a Holy Land?"

At this moment, a buzz of whispered conversations arose in the auction hall.

Is it true?

Among the crowd's doubts, someone from Gu Families couldn't sit still, as the heroic lords from various factions had all refined their Martial Arts Heavenly Eye, making them more familiar with their disciples.

"Auction item number thirty-one... cough cough... this is a Saint Child Level expert, possessing strength not inferior to a Saint Heir. Buying him surely won't be a loss!"

The auctioneer spoke while coughing, having never been involved in such a bizarre situation, as strange occurrences happen every year, but this year had been especially peculiar.

Once the auctioneer announced the starting price, there were unexpectedly two factions competing in the bidding, and the atmosphere became quite intense with an air of 'never giving up until you're dead.'

Ye Fan instantly found this amusing, having already anticipated such a situation, knowing that every faction has its own rival factions.

No matter which faction's Saint Child Level expert was auctioned, they would undoubtedly bid to reclaim him, while opposing factions would attempt to seize the Saint Child Level expert for themselves.

Obtaining a rival faction's Saint Heir not only delivers a fatal blow to their prestige and influence but also allows for an understanding and potential unraveling of their absolute techniques, which is the most crucial aspect.

With the two factions continually raising their bids, the only one who would benefit was Ye Fan, and thus he was very pleased at this moment.

The Old Bastard looked deeply at the VIP room where Ye Fan was hiding, admiring his precise forecasts immensely!

Even before the auction began, Ye Fan anticipated such an outcome, something that the Old Bastard had been skeptical about, but now believed in fully.

Ultimately, this Saint Child Level expert was auctioned at a sky-high price, allowing Ye Fan to make a huge profit!

And this was only just the beginning...

Chapter 1684 - Auctioning the Di Clan's Strongest Successor!

Feixian City is the largest city in the Northern Domain, and it's considered a Holy City in the hearts of many cultivators. Many superpowers have their own territories here.

Gambling stone workshops are everywhere, and various restaurants and shops are densely packed, with palaces floating forever in the sky, radiating infinite light.

Naturally, as one of the Five Domains' superpowers, the Treasure Pavilion also has its own office in Feixian City, and it is a top luxury auction venue.

Additionally, there are some extravagant places of pleasure; Sea of Desire, Compassionate Voyage, Shui Yue Pavilion, Fengyue Pavilion, and Chunfeng Yidu Yumen Pass are the four most representative establishments.

However, right now, besides the restaurants and inns being crowded, other places are deserted, as everyone's attention is on the Treasure Pavilion's auction, waiting for the final result.

The auction hall is reaching one climax after another. From the first Saint Child level strong person put up for auction, several Saint Child level strong persons were pushed onto the stage one after another, each causing a bidding war among several factions.

Because Ye Fan set the starting price extremely low, a Saint Child level strong person and a pig had almost the same price, causing a huge sensation!

"Too cruel!"

Not to mention the loose cultivators laughing hysterically, the Saint Child level strong persons being auctioned looked more purple than pig's liver, their eyes almost spewing fire.

Their respective factions were desperate to bid them back at any cost, while their rival factions also wanted to acquire them.

Every Saint Child level strong person, disregarding their intrinsic talent and comprehension, had consumed considerable resources to grow to such a level, and they also learned the strongest cultivation technique, martial arts, and secret techniques from their sect.

These things are truly priceless treasures. If one manages to bid on them, they might obtain a complete cultivation technique, martial arts, and secret techniques.

For this reason, the price of every Saint Child escalates rapidly, reaching dizzying prices for the Holy Lands.

In this way, people from various Holy Lands turned green with envy at Ye Fan's ingenious move, which not only shamed them but also extracted a significant cost from them.

In order to redeem their Saint Children, many factions brought out various spiritual medicine, treasure medicine, and even divine medicine they've treasured for years.

To gather the materials needed to refine Soul Gathering Pills, Ye Fan deliberately crafted a list, scrambling the sequence and altering the quantity of materials.

To redeem their Saint Child level strong persons, these factions went all-out, flipping their treasure vaults inside out.

With each successful auction of a Saint Child level strong person, Ye Fan's accumulation of treasures grew, amounting to an absolute bonanza.

At each price shout, the Saints from various factions held their noses; if not for the presence of four superpower masters, they might have flipped and seized their people.

The Treasure Pavilion also faced considerable pressure, as these so-called "auction items" come from each faction's core disciples and even Saint Children.

Nevertheless, auctioning these Saint Child level strong persons, the commission the Treasure Pavilion received was very substantial, making this event a win-win for Ye Fan and the Treasure Pavilion.

As for how the factions who lost their Saint Children feel, that's none of their concern.

"Interesting, the Treasure Pavilion actually dared to auction Saint Children, creating a milestone in auction history!" Some old monsters nodded and smiled.

This matter doesn't concern these solitary old monsters, so they enjoy watching the novelty, each filled with enthusiasm.

Beside these old monsters were young people with distinctive demeanors, exuding auras that rival any Saint Child.

As each Saint Child level strong person was bid away by their respective powers, the auction reached its grand finale, leaving those factions missing their Saint Children feeling uneasy, a sense of foreboding enveloping them.

Obviously, their Saint Children were never going to appear again!

Factions that lost their Saint Child were heartbroken and hated Ye Fan to the core, but they were helpless!

The fact that this is of their own doing and they had no reason to act against Ye Fan, even if they were seething, they had to resort to secret ploys, never daring to openly retaliate.

With the Immortal Academy backing Ye Fan, these Holy Lands could only swallow the bitter pill in silence!

Everyone knew that the final item must be more significant than a Saint Child, otherwise it wouldn't be the grand finale "auction item."

Thinking of this, everyone grew excited. They had heard before coming that among these "auction items," an Emperor Clan's strongest heir was astonishingly included.

Undoubtedly, this ultimate grand rare treasure must be this Emperor Clan's strongest heir.

"This world is insane. I've seen auctions of Emperor Techniques and martial arts, and auctions of various secret techniques and immortal treasures, but an auction of an Emperor Clan's strongest heir is unheard of!"

When people learned that the ultimate grand rare treasure was the Emperor Clan's strongest heir at this auction, everyone was dumbfounded.

The auction hall was jam-packed, everyone eager to witness the spectacle, to see which Great Emperor family's strongest heir had been captured and auctioned as an item.

In the VIP seats, attendees from the major forces of the Five Domains were present, including the dynasties of the Central Domain, Holy Lands of the Eastern Domain, Emperor Clan Ling Family, Holy Lands of the Northern Domain, Wu Shang Sect, Divine Temple Demon Cave of the Western Region, all had representatives.

At this moment, everyone's eyes focused on the auctioneer on stage, who spoke with full vigor.

"Next, we'll invite our staff to bring out the grand precious item of this auction event - the Emperor Clan's strongest heir!"

The auctioneer's voice, full of spirit, resonated through the entire auction hall, and indeed, across Feixian City.

"My goodness, they're really auctioning the Emperor Clan's strongest heir."

"Unbelievable, it's truly unbelievable!"

"Being auctioned like merchandise, the Emperor Clan's strongest heir is doomed!"

"I wonder which Emperor Clan's strongest heir had such rotten luck to encounter an opponent of this caliber."

"This pain is worse than death, a dignified Emperor Clan's strongest heir, destined for the Great Emperor path as a young supreme, now being auctioned like goods!"

"Today, this Emperor clan made a complete spectacle of themselves, with their strongest heir appearing at the auction, being sold as an item for people to bid on."

"Young and inexperienced, it would be better to kill these people rather than auction them off here. How can these forces possibly let this go?"

For a moment, the entire auction was abuzz with discussion. Many cultivators were talking about how auctioning a Saint Heir was wild enough, but auctioning the strongest heir of an Emperor clan was going too far.

Listening to these discussions, all the powerful forces present, except those whose Saint Heirs were not involved in besieging Ye Fan, changed their expressions.

Many forces who lost their Saint Heirs were extremely conflicted, hoping their Saint Heirs would appear among the auction items, willing to pay any price to redeem them, yet wishing they wouldn't appear, as it would be too embarrassing.

As people were eagerly anticipating, an Azure Furnace was brought up and placed on the auction stage, astonishing many people.

This Azure Furnace, whether in color or shape, looked exactly like an Emperor Weapon of the Ancient Emperor Family. Undoubtedly, it must be a replica refined by the Ancient Emperor Family; the original could not possibly appear here.

Whoosh!

At that moment, everyone directed their attention to the Ancient Emperor Family's Saint Master sitting in the VIP seat, making him feel like he was sitting on pins and needles.

If not for the occasion, he would have wanted to slap the auctioneer to death and then kill everyone here to preserve the Ancient Emperor Family's reputation.

But since there were other Emperor clans present, they weren't afraid of them at all; the Ancient Emperor Family couldn't possibly contend with so many Emperor clans and Holy Lands at once.

As the auctioneer shook the furnace, the strongest heir of the Ancient Emperor Family, Gu Xiao, was shaken out, covered in blood, looking utterly miserable.

"Is it really him?!"

The entire auction erupted instantly. At this moment, Gu Xiao made no effort to conceal himself, his eyes vacant, as if he were in a daze.

"The strongest heir of the Ancient Emperor Family, proficient in various Cultivation Techniques and martial arts passed down by the Ancient Emperor, including secret techniques and Forbidden Techniques. Buying him back is definitely not a loss. The starting price is six hundred thousand jin of top-grade spirit stones, with each bid increase not less than one hundred thousand jin. Now, the auction begins!" The auctioneer felt awkward saying this, but he still got his point across.

In all his years as an auctioneer, it was the first time he met such a client who blatantly auctioned the strongest heir of an Emperor clan; it was a blatant slap in the face, wasn't it?

The face of the Ancient Emperor Family's Saint Master turned as ugly as pig liver.

"Hiss!"

Everyone drew a sharp breath. A starting price of six hundred thousand jin of spirit stones for the strongest heir of an Emperor clan was definitely not too much—the final price was likely to skyrocket.

Of course, that required someone to compete with them. Otherwise, if no one competed, it might sell for the floor price.

"Ahhhh..."

Upon realizing his predicament, Gu Xiao spat out a mouthful of blood, never imagining Ye Fan would come up with such a vile trick as to auction him off as an item.

"Seven hundred thousand jin!"

The Ancient Emperor Family's Saint Master's eyes spewed fire, but he had no choice but to bid. Even if he had to slap Gu Xiao to death after buying him back, he couldn't let him fall into someone else's hands.

"Nine hundred thousand jin!"

A modified voice came from an unknown corner, directly raising the bid by two hundred thousand jin of spirit stones, locking horns with the Ancient Emperor Family.

"One million jin!"

The Ancient Emperor Family's Saint Master emitted a terrifying aura, looking toward the direction from which the voice came, wanting to know who dared to compete with him.

Even Ye Fan was quite surprised. In his original plan, after sixty thousand jin, a slight increase should have sufficed. So many spirit stones would be enough for him to advance to the Lord Realm.

Transitioning from the Divine Power Realm to the Lord Realm is a watershed moment. Many cultivators are stuck at this juncture for their entire lives because the Lord Realm requires the comprehension of world principles, not just a rise in power but also a Mental Realm elevation.

Following the voice, he saw an old man shrouded in black mist in an inconspicuous corner continuing to bid.

"One million five hundred thousand jin!"

"Two million jin!"

The Ancient Emperor Family's Saint Master was getting desperate, not expecting such an intruder to disrupt his plans.

"Two million one hundred thousand jin!"

"Two million two hundred thousand jin!"

"..."

After a fierce bidding war, the Ancient Emperor Family's Saint Master finally raised the price to two million eight hundred thousand jin to secure Gu Xiao!

At this price, even the Ancient Emperor Family turned green, but there was nothing they could do, having to resign themselves to their bad luck.

The final fate of the Ancient Emperor Family's strongest heir was sealed, and many people were eager to leave immediately, standing up one by one, ready to leave the auction.

"Everyone, please wait a moment. I have something to announce to you all on this occasion!"

At this moment, the Emperor of the Yuehua Dynasty stood up, surveying the crowd.

Chapter 1685 The Three Main Ingredients

The Saint Heir auction of Northern Region Fei Xian City may have ended, but the shock it brought to everyone is far from over, and it seems to be getting more intense.

This time, the Saint Child Level strong people auction was such a shock to the Five Domains that even the normally aloof Western Regions Buddha and Demon Sects came.

After the auction, the Lord of Yuehua Dynasty suddenly spoke up, leaving everyone behind to announce something very important.

Two days after the auction ended, people in Fei Xian City were still discussing this matter everywhere.

"The world has gone crazy. It seems even Saint Child Level strong people are not invincible. Geniuses with various constitutions are emerging one after another, and even the Emperor's sons are getting restless."

"It is inevitable. According to the Great Emperor's prediction, the opportunity to become Immortal is in this era. If they miss it themselves, they won't let their offspring miss it too."

"I have to say, that guy named Ye Fan really played it big this time and reaped great rewards!"

"You're just envious. If you're capable, why don't you capture a few Saint Child Level strong people and auction them off too?"

Similar discussions can be heard in major cities of the Five Domains, with everyone, cultivators or ordinary people, talking about the auction of Saint Heirs.

Everyone knows that Ye Fan earned big this time, but he's also playing with fire—auctioning Saint Heirs is equivalent to thoroughly offending people from these Holy Lands and Wu Shang Sects.

Now that the Immortal Academy has his back, those Holy Lands and Wu Shang Sects don't dare to do anything, but once Ye Fan steps out of the Immortal Academy, they will surely act in secret.

Not to mention, just in these past two days, Chi Xia Sect, Weiyuan Sacred Land, the Gu Family, Eastern Domain Bei Li Family, Zhou Family, and more, have almost jointly issued an Execution Order.

Strong people from these Holy Lands and Wu Shang Sects came out in full force, wishing to find Ye Fan as soon as possible and kill him to avenge the Saint Heirs.

Ye Fan knows about these things too, but he doesn't care at all. When he decided to auction the Saint Heirs, he had anticipated this result.

With the Old Bastard supporting him, even those Holy Lands and Wu Shang Sects do not dare to openly send their elders to assassinate him.

As for the young generation of experts, he hasn't paid them any mind. Even when eighteen Saint Child Level strong people teamed up for a deadly trap, they couldn't take his life; instead, he countered and killed them.

Now, in the whole cultivation world, among the young generation, except for the Emperor's sons, no one is his opponent. He's not afraid even if he's outnumbered.

Before the end of the auction, Ye Fan had Bai Yan Wolf carve a large number of Transmission Array Platforms for him, allowing him to traverse the void anytime and anywhere. If he can't win, can't he at least escape?

Moreover, after these successive battles, his understanding of the Chasing Star Step has advanced another level. According to Bai Yan Wolf, unless it's the array patterns of the Great Emperor level, no array patterns can trap him anymore.

This time, Ye Fan has certainly reaped a lot, not only obtaining a large number of Spirit Stones but also many Strange Stones, Spiritual Medicine, Treasure Medicine, and artifact refining materials, among other things.

Describing Ye Fan as having wealth equivalent to a nation is almost inadequate. Even those long-standing Wu Shang Sects might not be as wealthy as he is now.

This time, not only did Ye Fan make a huge profit, but the Treasure Pavilion also made a massive fortune.

Although the Treasure Pavilion took the lead, the commission drawn by the Treasure Pavilion wasn't much, but with an extremely large base, the Treasure Pavilion still made a considerable profit.

Xiao Yue Pavilion.

It's a small scenic spot in the backyard of the Treasure Pavilion's office in Northern Region Fei Xian City, small yet grand, demonstrating great craftsmanship.

It can be seen that the person who designed Xiao Yue Pavilion initially spent quite an effort. Standing in the pavilion, one feels completely in harmony with heaven and earth, without any sense of discord.

Ye Fan stood on a rock that extended outwards near Xiao Yue Pavilion, facing the wind. The howling cold wind made his blue shirt flutter, and his black hair flew with the wind, like a Banished Immortal, almost wanting to ride the wind back.

In Xiao Yue Pavilion, Yaling, dressed in plain clothes, sat on a stone drum. Her beautiful eyes looked at Ye Fan without blinking, her eyes sparkling with extraordinary brilliance.

To be honest, she really didn't expect Ye Fan's growth rate to be this fast. Thinking back, when she first chose to draw him in, there was indeed some element of risk.

But now it seems that her choice was very correct; Ye Fan is not a fish in a pond. Sooner or later, he will soar high and leave the young generation far behind.

The Xuanwu City genius competition is still fresh in her memory. Back then, Ye Fan was still very weak, but he had already shown immense potential.

And now, he has grown to the point where even the Saint Masters of major Holy Lands have to take him seriously. His speed of growth is unprecedented. In just a few years, he has grown from an ordinary little cultivator to a powerful existence that must be reckoned with by all major Holy Lands.

While Yaling was lost in thought, Ye Fan turned around, showing a bright smile, and said, "Sister Yaling, how much Spiritual Medicine have we acquired this time?"

"Uh..."

Yaling blushed slightly, and covering it up, she said, "We haven't calculated it yet, but it should be about right. This time, you've emptied the resources of several Holy Lands. It will take them decades to recover."

"They brought it upon themselves. As long as they don't provoke me, I'm still a very kind person." Ye Fan said with a broad smile.

"Give me a break. Kind? If you were kind, you wouldn't have slain so many Saint Child Level strong people. If you weren't kind, even Gu Xiao might not have escaped death." Yaling laughed, gave him a look, and said.

"Ahem..."

Ye Fan coughed as a disguise, then said, "Why not have them bring all the Spiritual Medicines here, and we can count them together?"

"This plan is wonderful!"

Yaling smiled slightly and ordered the staff responsible for sorting the spiritual medicines to bring them all over.

Soon, the small Xiao Yue Pavilion was filled with various spiritual medicines, treasure medicines, and divine medicines.

Of course, these had already been roughly sorted and categorized, so Ye Fan and Yaling worked quickly.

After an hour, Ye Fan waved his sleeve, collecting all the spiritual and treasure medicines, a trace of worry appearing on his face.

Undoubtedly, this auction of the Saint Heir had yielded tremendous rewards, not only obtaining millions of catties of spirit stones but also almost gathering all the materials needed to refine the Soul Gathering Pill.

After cataloging and comparing, Ye Fan finally confirmed that all the materials needed for the Soul Gathering Pill were complete, except for three main herbs.

The human soul is the most mysterious thing. Even the Great Emperor may not fully understand the mysteries of the soul, though they have always been pondering the path to longevity, their understanding is certainly deeper than ordinary people.

So, once the divine soul is damaged, it becomes a permanent wound. Even the strongest cultivators will die if their soul scatters.

The Soul Gathering Pill is a legendary immortal formula that can reunite a scattered soul of a cultivator, effectively reviving the dead.

Because the effect of the Soul Gathering Pill is so heaven-defying—essentially reviving a dead person—the materials needed to refine it are extremely rare.

After years of persistent effort, Ye Fan had collected only a small portion of it, and the main herbs required for the Soul Gathering Pill were far more numerous and precious than those needed for other elixir pills.

This time, Ye Fan had specially listed these spiritual medicines and materials in the auction, yet he still couldn't gather them all.

The three missing main herbs are called the Three-Life Lotus, Fake Dragon Pearl, and Immortal Elixir Essence.

"The Fake Dragon Pearl, also known as the Earth Life Fruit, Earth Gall, is a mythical fruit born of the earth, existing only in records, and no one knows if it truly exists. However, it is said that the third-generation Earth Master obtained one and lived half a lifetime longer after refining it."

Growing up in the Treasure Pavilion, Yaling had knowledge of various rare treasures. Upon seeing the names of these main herbs, she was secretly astonished.

Not only these three, but other main herbs and auxiliary medicines are also very precious. It's already quite heaven-defying that Ye Fan could gather all the auxiliary medicines and obtain three of the main ones.

"The Fake Dragon Pearl is easier to find. I have inherited the first-generation Earth Master's legacy, so if such a thing exists, I believe I can locate it. But the Three-Life Lotus and Immortal Elixir Essence are far more difficult." Ye Fan frowned.

Indeed, he had never even heard of such a thing as the Three-Life Lotus, while he was aware of Immortal Elixir Essence. But now, even Immortal Elixir cannot be seen, let alone its essence.

"Legend has it that within the Supreme Immortal Ridge exists a plant called 'Xuanwu', a type of immortal elixir, but no one has seen it. Only those who reach the Quasi-Emperor Ninth Layer Heaven, or prove the Dao and become Emperor, can freely enter and leave the Forbidden Zone to collect the undying immortal elixir."

At this point, Yaling sighed deeply and said, "Unfortunately, the current strongest human combat power cannot reach that level. No one dares to venture into the forbidden zone, making obtaining Immortal Elixir Essence extremely difficult!"

"So there's still hope, but what exactly is this Three-Life Lotus? Why have I never heard of it?" Ye Fan asked.

After obtaining the ancient formula for the Soul Gathering Pill, Ye Fan had consulted Elder Xuan, but unfortunately, Elder Xuan had no definitive answer.

The reason he knew about this ancient formula is that a Great Emperor had once refined a cauldron of Soul Gathering Pills, reviving a beloved companion, thus leaving behind this elixir recipe.

"Three-Life Lotus..."

Yaling gave a bitter smile and said, "No fear of discouraging you, but no one has ever seen such a thing. It's only been vaguely described in ancient texts. Many strong people speculate that this medicine grows along the Immortal Path, not in our world at all..."

Hmm?

Ye Fan was dumbfounded; how could he possibly find it? Who knows when the Immortal Path will open? He can wait, but can Su Liuli wait?

"Don't be too discouraged, perhaps it could be replaced by another immortal elixir," Yaling softly comforted seeing Ye Fan's slightly off expression.

"I'm not discouraged. If I could gather so many main and auxiliary herbs, I believe I can find these last three main herbs." Ye Fan lifted his head, his eyes shining with determination.

"Quasi-Emperor... I will definitely reach it, and it won't take too long!" Ye Fan's heart burned with boundless resolve.

For Su Liuli, he is willing to reach for the moon and dive into the seas.

To never abandon or give up, as long as there is a glimmer of hope, he will fight a hundredfold to achieve it!

This is a man's promise to the woman he loves!

Chapter 1686 The Emergence of the Demon Clan

The auction for the Saint Heir has come to a close, and many forces were left disgraced, not only losing face but also squandering a large amount of spirit stones and treasures; truly a humiliating experience.

In contrast, Ye Fan returned with great rewards, and the Treasure Pavilion also made a significant profit, creating a win-win situation!

The news reached the Xuanwu Sect, and the entire Xuanwu Sect burst into excitement. From the Sect Leader and Supreme Elders to the ordinary disciples of the outer sect and even the common people chopping wood and tending fires, all felt proud to be fellow disciples of Ye Fan.

"Brother Ye Fan... I wish you peace and safety, free from disasters and misfortunes..."

At the back of the Xuanwu Sect, Tong Qianchen stood in front of a waterfall, eyes unfocused, muttering to herself.

"Amazing, this is truly our senior brother!"

Shen Tu and Zhang Taiyi's eyes shone brightly, even happier than if they had achieved such results themselves.

"Let's have a drink and celebrate for Ye Zi!"

The two exchanged a glance and said in unison, then high-fived each other and headed down the mountain.

"The fledgling eagle has finally spread its wings and soared..."

Great Elder Wu Xinhai stood on the Xuanwu Summit, his eyes seemingly able to see through the void.

"The Xuanwu Sect... has hope for growth!"

Upon receiving this news, Tong Tianhao let out a long breath, his eyes emitting two beams of divine radiance.

The entire Xuanwu Sect was adorned with decorations more spectacular than New Year celebrations, with a flowing banquet laid out to celebrate Ye Fan.

Unfortunately, the main character was absent, having returned directly to the Immortal Academy from Feixian City!

Walking along the tree-lined paths of the academy, Ye Fan occasionally encountered some disciples comprehending martial arts, each nodding with a smile or greeting him in acknowledgment.

It could be said that this auction of the Saint Heir solidified and elevated his status in the Immortal Academy.

After all, the academy is a place that respects strong people!

Ye Fan nearly single-handedly dismantled a fatal situation and even counterattacked by defeating many Saint Child-level strong people, capturing and suppressing a large number of them, including even Gu Xiao, the strongest heir of the Di Clan.

Such combat power inevitably garners respect and awe, and if they are the fierce tigers in the academy, then Ye Fan is the serpent dragon flying out from the academy, operating on an entirely different level.

Some disciples of the Immortal Academy who originally harbored hostility towards Ye Fan wisely chose to remain silent, as Ye Fan is now undoubtedly at the height of his power, capable of challenging an Emperor's son, far beyond their reach.

With everything pointing to Ye Fan's unstoppable rise, as long as the older generation does not act out of extinction, among the younger generation, besides an Emperor's son, almost no one can rival him!

Towards those disciples who greeted him, Ye Fan naturally showed enough respect, occasionally stopping for a chat, discussing insights on cultivation.

Of course, most of the time it was Ye Fan doing the talking and others listening, though he did gain some inspiration from others as well.

Currently, he was heading towards the forbidden area where the Dean Old Immortal was secluded, and everyone knew he was going to find the Dean, yet no one said anything.

Ye Fan definitely had this privilege now.

After exchanging greetings along the way, Ye Fan finally arrived at the forbidden area where the Dean Old Immortal resided, and from a distance, he saw him leisurely basking in the sun on a rocking chair.

At this moment, the Old Immortal looked nothing like a fearsome figure whose every action could tremble the Five Domains, but rather like an ordinary old farmer who had just returned from the fields, waiting for his wife to prepare a meal.

"Dean, I would like to apply to retreat into the Immortal Secret Realm for a period. Is that possible?"

Ye Fan got straight to the point and stated his purpose.

After hearing Yaling's introduction to the last three main herbs, Ye Fan deeply felt that his strength was insufficient and that he needed to enhance his power as soon as possible.

Currently, he had reached the Peak of Divine Power Realm, albeit not to the fullest extent, yet he believed that with the right environment for sudden enlightenment, coupled with the millions of pounds of spirit stones he possessed, breaking into the Lord Realm was imminent.

The easiest place to achieve sudden enlightenment is the Immortal Secret Realm, where the most concentrated Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi and many strong people's cultivation insights are left behind, making it an ideal place for cultivation.

Furthermore, he believed that the Old Immortal would not deny this request, given his contributions to the Immortal Academy, a period of cultivation in the Immortal Secret Realm was more than justified.

However——

What Ye Fan did not expect was that the Old Immortal did not immediately respond, instead, he pondered deeply.

Seeing the Old Immortal's continually changing expression, Ye Fan couldn't help but feel uneasy, unsure of why the Old Immortal was behaving this way.

"Xiao Fan, I understand your desire to become stronger, but the situation is somewhat special now. My suggestion is that you better not retreat into the Immortal Secret Realm," said the Old Immortal slowly after a moment's consideration.

"Why?"

Ye Fan was puzzled, he truly wished to retreat into the Immortal Secret Realm for a period of seclusion, perhaps he could break through to the Lord Realm!

"The reason is very simple."

Old Bastard looked into Ye Fan's eyes and slowly said, "The Demon Clan is about to emerge!"

"The Demon Clan?"

"That's right, the Demon Clan!"

Old Bastard said with a serious face, "The treaty between our Human Race and the Demon Clan is about to expire, with less than a year left, and the Demon Clan is already stirring restlessly. They proposed that after the Demon Clan emerges, they want to expand their territory. Within their territory, no Human Race is allowed to appear, or else it will be killed without mercy!"

"The Demon Clan is too arrogant, they think they can make us Humans vacate space for them? Simply overestimating themselves!" Ye Fan's eyes shot out two dragon-shaped lights, and War Intent spread out.

"They have the capital for arrogance."

Old Bastard said, "After years of recuperation, what extent the Demon Clan has developed to is unknown, but a fierce battle is certain! This war will decide the fate of the Human Race and the sovereignty of this world, so each of us has the responsibility to defend the dignity and interests of the Human Race!"

"The Demon Clan sent several representatives to negotiate with strong people of the Human Race. I went to this negotiation, I won't elaborate on the process, but the result is, talking with power, if humans can completely defeat them, they will only occupy a large part of the Southern Domain's territory, and not expand to other places. But if we lose, then the world will change masters."

"Therefore, to face this critical battle affecting the fate and future of the Human Race, the descendants of sealed Great Emperors will emerge, the descendants of Ancient Emperors, Human Emperor Great Emperors, Moon Emperor Great Emperors will emerge one after another."

"Moreover, disciples of some reclusive old monsters will emerge as well, this is not just a battle, but a war, concerning the future and fate of humanity, the Demon Clan too has produced Great Emperors before, so this war is likely second only to the dark turmoil..."

Listening to Old Bastard's lengthy explanation, Ye Fan gradually got a general understanding of the Demon Clan and this upcoming war.

Overall, the Human Race is weak; for years, due to changes in the world, it's become increasingly difficult for cultivators to advance.

Fortunately, in this era, there seems to be a trend of Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi rebounding, many powerful physiques have appeared, and this era's younger generation is extraordinarily talented, perhaps they can contend with the Demon Clan.

Though the Demon Clan has shrunk deep in the Xuanshou Mountain Range, inside, there is indeed a hidden world, sufficient for the Demon Clan's growth and expansion.

The origins of the Demon Clan are complex; aside from Xuan Beasts that chose Transformation after arduous cultivation, becoming human form before cultivating further to form the Demon Clan, there are also descendants of some originally transformed Demon Clans.

These Demons were born with human form, yet their bloodlines are exceptionally strong, still retaining Xuan Beast bloodlines, and even some Xuan Beast features.

For example, some Demons have scales and wings, others horns on their heads, similar to Niu Bugeng.

After years of recuperation, the Demon Clan has undoubtedly grown considerably, and since they dare propose such conditions, they must have some confidence.

The prospects for this war are bleak, if the war cannot be contained within certain regions, it could be a disaster for humanity.

As for the news that the Ancient Emperor's son from Yuehua Dynasty is emerging, he knows; when the auction ended, the Emperor of Yuehua Dynasty announced this matter.

One month later, the Prince of Yuehua Dynasty will emerge; to celebrate, Yuehua Dynasty will invite major forces from the Five Domains, hosting a grand feast.

Actually, this is also a perfect opportunity to showcase Yuehua Dynasty's strength, among the three Great Dynasties of the Central Domain, only Yuehua Dynasty has the Ancient Emperor's son still sealed to this day, the other two Dynasties do not.

Seizing this chance, Yuehua Dynasty also hopes to display its strength, to secure greater influence in the future.

Of course, this is not just a gathering of major forces from the Five Domains, but also a large-scale Saint Lord Level meeting to discuss how to respond to the emerging Demon Clan.

Actually, in the negotiation that Old Bastard participated in, the rule was already set: the Human Race and the Demon Clan each send their strongest cultivators from three generations, old, middle-aged, and young, for troop-to-troop, general-to-general, sparring.

Nominally sparring, but in reality, it's a life-and-death battle!

Because, this war concerns the Demon Clan's ability to regain control of the world, to become the world's rulers, enslaving humanity.

And it is equally crucial for humans, so at this feast, there will certainly be competitions and sparring to select the super experts from three generations to confront the emerging Demon Clan.

The reason Old Bastard did not consent for Ye Fan to go to the Immortal Secret Realm for retreat is mainly because the date to attend the banquet at Yuehua Dynasty is near, once he retreats, he might miss the grand event.

"Alright then, the lower levels of the Dragon Tower remain open to you. Cultivate in the lower levels of the Dragon Tower. This way, if something comes up, you'll be in time; otherwise, if you go to the Immortal Secret Realm and are in seclusion when the Yuehua Dynasty's competition begins, you might miss it."

In the end, Old Bastard devised a compromise; although the lower levels of the Dragon Tower cannot compare to the Immortal Secret Realm, it's much better than other places.

"Okay then!"

Ye Fan nodded in agreement, although slightly dissatisfied, he did not say more.

Because...

He knew, Old Bastard did not want him to miss this grand event!

Chapter 1687 Regaining Confidence

After Ye Fan came out from the Forbidden Land where the Old Bastard lived, he didn't disturb anyone and went straight to the Dragon Tower for seclusion.

There was still a month left until the grand event of the Yuehua Dynasty, and he wanted to use this month to quickly enhance his strength.

Inspired by Ye Fan, Sikong Po, Han Sandong, Shi Ye, Hu Fei, all his close friends also went into seclusion, creating a strong competitive cultivation atmosphere.

The Old Fox watched with joy in his heart, this was the kind of academy atmosphere he wanted, where everyone was desperately cultivating to get stronger. Only in this way could the Immortal Academy have hope for the future.

As for the war between the Human Race and the Demon Clan, he didn't care much about it.

The Old Fox had only one goal, which was that the disciples who walked out of the Immortal Academy could not be cowards, and each must leave a mark in the history of cultivation.

For Hu Fei and the others, they worked hard to cultivate and tried not to fall too far behind Ye Fan, otherwise, they might not be able to fight side by side with him in the future.

This was something they didn't want to see!

On the lowest level of the Dragon Tower, Ye Fan sat cross-legged, with Dragon Energy swirling around him, shrouded in mist, as if he was in an Immortal Realm.

Beside him were piles of Spirit Stones, all of which were upper grade or top-grade, containing vast amounts of Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi.

This was his profit from the auction, and after deducting the commission of the Treasure Pavilion, he still had two million jin of Spirit Stones left.

While Ye Fan was in seclusion and cultivation, in the Southern East Domain's Qixia Ridge, the Ling family's ancestral land was solemn and grand because the Ling family was welcoming one of the most important days.

Every Di Clan has incredibly profound heritage, not only possessing Emperor Weapons but also having some of the older strong people sealed in Heaven Grade spirit stones.

This kind of thing is not uncommon, especially during Ancient Times when it was still possible to find some Heaven and Earth Source Liquid that hadn't formed into Spirit Stones.

Sealing oneself at the moment the Spirit Stone forms, one can achieve eternal existence, and even after endless time passes, as long as the Spirit Stone does not break, those sealed inside remain as if only a moment has passed, with time stopped.

Some older strong individuals of the Holy Land and Wu Shang Sect, when their lives were nearing the end, would choose to seal themselves as a legacy.

Such a legacy, once born, won't live long, but it can exert terrifying combat power, sometimes even changing the outcome.

As a Di Clan, the Ling family naturally also has such a legacy, and today, they are welcoming a truly potent legacy, a true Ancestor is emerging.

In the ancestral hall within the guarded ancestral land of the Ling family, a fissure appeared on a large piece of stone, and a red light burst through the gap, like rosy clouds, like blood!

The Ling Family Ancestor knelt before the stone with his third grandson, continuously uttering strange syllables.

Behind him, the Ling Family's Saint, Ling Gu, Ling Haotian, Ling Batian, and others knelt in a large formation, afraid to lift their heads.

Next to the stone was piled a large number of Heaven Grade Spirit Stones, and the Primordial Qi from these stones surged into the stone like a waterfall.

"Alas..."

A low sigh came from the stone, resonating like a Heavenly Sound, almost causing the Ling Family Ancestor to collapse, and the Ling Family's Saint gritted his teeth to endure it.

"Pu!"

Ling Gu's face changed drastically, spewing a mouthful of blood, while Ling Haotian and Ling Batian collapsed directly to the ground, bleeding from their orifices, struggling to resist the immense pressure.

"Crack!"

With a crisp sound, the crack in the stone widened, revealing that inside was a Heaven Grade Spirit Stone like a red diamond.

"Unfilial descendants, welcome the Xuan Ancestor's emergence!"

The Ling Family Ancestor gritted his teeth and spoke these words, echoed by the others behind him, their voices penetrating strongly.

"An eternal dream..."

This time, the voice from the stone responded again, but without the previous pressure, it seemed particularly desolate, with a sense of the greatest sorrow coming from a dead heart.

"Unfilial descendants, welcome the Xuan Ancestor's emergence!"

With each call, the stone finally completely split open, the stone skin falling away to reveal the Heaven Grade Spirit Stone inside.

Inside the Heaven Grade Spirit Stone was a withered and shrunken old man, his face covered in wrinkles, yet his eyes shone powerfully. Despite looking decrepit, he exuded a mysterious commanding presence.

"Pop!"

With a soft sound, the glow of the Heaven Grade Spirit Stone quickly disappeared and then vanished completely. The old man sealed inside became younger.

As he stepped out, he appeared as if he were in his sixties, radiating light with eyes that commanded naturally.

This old man was the direct descendant of the Nine Heavens Xuan Emperor. Back in those days, he did not choose to be sealed in a young state to remain until the current era but chose instead to cultivate.

However—

Even with the Emperor Bloodline, he only managed to cultivate to the peak of Quasi-Emperor Second Layer Heaven and couldn't cross the threshold of Quasi Emperor Third Layer Heaven.

Later, the Nine Heavens Xuan Emperor, in order to leave a heritage that could deter other Di Clans for the family, had no choice but to seal him.

After the departure of the Nine Heavens Xuan Emperor, the Emperor Weapon, the Nine Heavens Mysterious Crown, remained with the clan, suppressing their foundations to prevent them from emerging prematurely.

The last time the darkness was quelled, due to the absence of a Great Emperor, the Emperor Weapon went to battle, in which the Ling Family's Emperor Weapon was severely damaged, gradually losing the ability to suppress their foundations.

Over twenty years ago, due to Ling Gu's persecution, Ye Fan's mother, Ling Yun, was forced to flee with the Emperor Weapon, ultimately reaching Earth through a spatial passage.

For more than twenty years without the suppression of the Emperor Weapon, relying solely on Heaven Grade Spirit Stones and stone skin was insufficient to seal the cultivation of an elder at the Quasi Second Layer Heaven Peak.

Finally, today, the Nine Heavens Xuan Emperor's child, Ling Yunzhi, who is at the Quasi-Emperor Second Layer Heaven Peak, emerged.

After an elaborate ceremony, Ling Yunzhi quickly understood the current predicament of the Ling Family and the grievances between them and Ye Fan.

He also learned the news of the Ancient Prince of the Yuehua Dynasty's impending appearance, and everything coincided, making the time extremely pressing.

"Hao Tian, your talent and comprehension are exceptional, on par with mine back in the day. From today onwards, I will personally guide your cultivation and teach you some secret techniques. My only requirement is that you defeat that young man named Ye Fan in the Yuehua Dynasty's contest in one month, reclaim the Emperor Weapon belonging to our clan, and restore the honor of our Ling Family. Can you do it?"

Upon learning the so-called "truth" from his descendants, Ling Yunzhi immediately decided to have Ling Haotian defeat Ye Fan, reclaim the Emperor Weapon, and restore the Ling Family's lost prestige.

According to the agreement between the Ling Family and Elder Xuan, the Nine Heavens Mysterious Crown can only be held by the strongest descendant of the Nine Heavens Xuan Emperor. As long as Ling Haotian can defeat Ye Fan, he can reclaim the Emperor Weapon.

"I can!"

A flame ignited in Ling Haotian's eyes, a flame of determination.

He believed that with Xuan Ancestor's personal guidance, his cultivation level would soar in quality, making the victory over Ye Fan no longer a dream.

He wanted to prove to everyone that he was the strongest successor of the Ling Family, and the most qualified to wield the Emperor Weapon.

The Ling Family's Emperor Weapon could only be managed by the Ling Family's descendants and was not permitted to fall into the hands of outsiders, even if Ye Fan was Ling Yun's child.

"Good!"

Ling Yunzhi nodded and began instructing Ling Haotian in cultivation without wasting a single moment.

A similar scene was unfolding in the Northern Domain's Gu Family, even earlier than in the Ling Family.

After the Feixian City Saint Heir Auction concluded, the Gu Family's Saint Master returned to the clan with a livid expression, taking Gu Xiao back with him. This time, the Gu Family's face was almost entirely lost.

Returning to the clan, Gu Xiao spotted the Emperor's Son, Ancient Immortal, coming to meet him from afar, feeling extremely ashamed, his head nearly hung down to his waistband.

Setting up a trap to eliminate Ye Fan was unsuccessful, and not only was he captured by Ye Fan, but he was also put up for auction as an item, making Gu Xiao extremely suffocated and angry, as well as deeply ashamed!

"Lift your head!"

Just entering the ancestral land, Gu Xiao heard a commanding voice echo within his heart, and he couldn't help but stiffen, forcing himself to lift his head, looking at the Emperor's Son, Ancient Immortal, before him.

By seniority, Ancient Immortal was his ancestor, although their ages were similar, even the current Gu Family Ancestor had to address Ancient Immortal as Young Ancestor.

"Have you lost the heart of Proving Dao after failing twice? If so, then you might as well die!"

Ancient Immortal's commanding voice directly penetrated Gu Xiao's Heart, heavily striking his Divine Soul.

Gu Xiao shuddered, a hint of anger flashed in his eyes, but then dimmed again.

"I'm useless. I can't defeat that Ye boy. No matter how hard I try, I'm not his match, and I've already lost the path to Proving Dao." Gu Xiao's voice was filled with deep sorrow.

As the strongest successor of the Di Clan, did he ever hope for this?

But he didn't have a choice; Ye Fan had already planted an undefeatable seed in his heart.

Facing Ye Fan, he completely lost the heart of certain victory; Ye Fan became his Heart Demon, and if he couldn't overcome this hurdle, even if his strength surpassed Ye Fan's, he would ultimately lose.

"You are wrong!"

Ancient Immortal said coldly, "The road to Proving Dao is never smooth sailing. Occasional failures are not frightening; what's frightening is losing the heart of Proving Dao. If you can't believe in yourself, then you truly have no hope."

"Could I have the hope of avenging myself?" Gu Xiao asked in a low tone.

"Yes, of course!"

Ancient Immortal replied, "From today onwards, I will impart to you the essence of our Gu Family's strongest secret techniques, raising your strength to a new level in a short period. Are you confident in defeating Ye Fan at the Yuehua Dynasty's contest and avenging your disgrace? You must understand that our Gu Family's secret techniques are no inferior to those of other Di clans!"

"I am confident!"

Gradually, Young Ancestor Ancient Immortal stirred up Gu Xiao's fighting spirit, wanting to break the Heart Demon planted by Ye Fan, only to defeat Ye Fan head-on and prove himself.

At this moment, he seemed to have regained his confidence, transforming humiliation and anger into motivation, ready to embark on hellish training!

Chapter 1688 Rising Stars Emerge

The agreement between the Human Race and the Demon Clan is about to expire, and the emergence of the Demon Clan is imminent, causing the atmosphere in the Cultivation World to become tense.

"Ye Fan should be executed. On the eve of the Demon Clan's emergence, he massacred my race's young elite, possibly acting as a Demon Clan spy!"

At this moment, someone voiced this claim, causing an uproar!

Though many do not believe it, with ulterior motives driving the push, this claim has progressively grown stronger.

Everyone knows Ye Fan's body is more robust than a Xuan Beast, and his blood is purple. These points make those claiming he's a Demon Clan spy within the Human Race have evidence.

Ordinary cultivators, even Emperor's son have red blood. Unless it's the Demon Clan, no human would have purple blood.

Moreover, Ye Fan's methods are iron-hearted and ruthless. He executes strong Saint Heir-level individuals, showing no mercy.

The public isn't foolish. Many understand why Ye Fan's blood is purple. He received the inheritance of Thunder Venerable, with his bloodline containing terrifying Thunder Power, having nothing related to the Demon Clan.

However, those apprehensive of Ye Fan, fearing his growth, choose to pretend to be ignorant and play a fueling role.

"Do you people have any shame left? It's clear they schemed an absolute kill on Ye Fan but failed, only to be slaughtered by Ye Fan. Yet you claim he is a Demon Clan spy. Absolutely shameless!"

Hu Fei and others closely tied with Ye Fan stood up to speak for Ye Fan.

"Exactly, last time you said he was Emperor Sha's successor, having received Emperor Sha's inheritance. Now you claim he's a Demon Clan spy; such hearts ought to be eliminated!"

The Immortal Academy also made a powerful intervention, voicing their stance.

"If Ye Fan were a Demon Clan spy, he wouldn't have auctioned off a Saint Heir, giving you a chance to redeem your own Saint Heirs. When saying these things, did you touch your conscience?" Yaling, representing the Treasure Pavilion, voiced out too.

"Serves them right, they just sought death. Ye Fan didn't kill them all, showing immense mercy. This is rightful self-defense!" Bai Yan wolf shouted, his voice echoing through the Five Great Domains, disturbing the Cultivation World's peace.

Sects losing successors and Core Disciples were immensely enraged but powerless to counter, as these were truths and all their own doing.

The current Cultivation World is certainly in turmoil, ever-changing like clouds and storms, with hidden currents surging.

It's not only the imminent emergence of the Demon Clan, but the Human Race's internal conflicts are also very prominent, with potential for erupting clashes among major powers taking this opportunity.

Simultaneously, some Demon-level young strong talents from the Five Great Domains are also emerging, stirring vast winds and clouds, adding more variables to this tense era.

The mysterious Western Region, rarely communicating with other domains, has always been isolated and developing quietly but now sent out two Demon-level geniuses.

One of the two is a Buddha with hopes to prove the Dao and bear Buddhist fruit, while the other is the Demon Sect's juvenile Demon King.

The duo battled through numerous veteran masters, stirring vast winds and clouds; surprisingly, many powerful veteran masters were not their match.

This result stunned many cultivators; the Western Region's emergence was overwhelmingly strong, with prowess comparable to the strongest Di Clan successors.

Especially their combined attack technique made several Saint Lord-level strong people feel incredible.

The duo, representing the outstanding disciple of the Buddhist sect and the Young Master of the Demon Sect, seem like sworn enemies, yet their Cultivation Techniques, martial arts, and secret techniques complement each other, exhibiting terrifying power when teamed up.

The Buddha from the Western Region is named Yu Chanzi, covered with Divine Rings, like a buddha with a compassionate visage, practicing Buddhist sect's Great Divine Power, Six character Great Bright Mantra, Lion Roar, Demon Suppression Technique, etc.

Meanwhile, the Demon Sect's Young Master, Great Demon, has an evil aura, pale appearance, and sinister charm, posing a fatal attraction to girls, also practicing the Demon Sect's Supreme Demon Technique with power akin to Buddha Yu Chanzi.

Though the duo battled throughout, neither could defeat the other, each bout concluding in draws.

The concerning aspect is that whether Yu Chanzi or Great Demon faces danger, the two would unite to confront enemies.

The Buddha and Demon Sect Young Master's alliance caused headaches even for the Holy Land's elders, also being the key reason they stirred great winds along their path.

While Buddha Yu Chanzi and Demon Sect Young Master Great Demon journeyed hand-in-hand towards Central Domain's Yuehua Dynasty, other places witnessed the emergence of Demon-level strong talents.

In distant Southern Domain's Fengyi State lies a desolate and dilapidated Nameless Mountain, where besides waist-deep wild grass, only some dead old trees remain.

It can be said that this mountain is absolutely unsuitable for cultivators, lacking stunning landscapes, grandeur boldness, and certainly no Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi Spirit Roots, deemed entirely unremarkable.

Ordinary amid the Southern Domain's abundant Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi environments, it qualifies as a barren land.

Withered vines, old trees, twilight crows, the blood-colored sunset descends, revealing a scene of dusk's heavy air, remnants, broken walls, rubble everywhere, wild grass flourishing, thorns everywhere, with pathways lost.

Only the mountaintop houses three shaky yet still-standing Stone Huts, devoid of vitality.

However—

On this day, when the dusk sun was like blood, a tall and sturdy young man emerged from the Stone Hut.

This young man, aside from his burly stature, had ordinary features and attire, blending in with the crowd unnoticed.

Leaving the Stone Hut, the young man stood atop the peak, his eyes projecting intense longing and affection, seemingly unable to let go of something.

Ultimately, under the vast starry sky, the young man's gaze became resolute, as if cutting through thoughts and attachments.

Suddenly, the young man turned around, and in front of the dilapidated, crumbling Stone Hut, he knelt down and kowtowed nine times.

"Master, please rest assured, I will definitely make the 'Clumsy Fist' shine brightly in the cultivation world, and uphold your elder's reputation..."

Days later, the entire cultivation world was abuzz, discussing that apart from the Buddha Yu Chanzi and the Demon Sect Young Master Great Demon from the Western Region, in the Southern Domain a plain young man from a Nameless Mountain emerged, defeating all the world's strongmen with Clumsy Fist, forcefully fighting his way from the Southern Domain to the Central Domain.

At this time, some insightful elders finally recalled the so-called Clumsy Fist and guessed the young man's inheritance.

Clumsy Fist, as the name suggests, great wisdom appears clumsy; great success seems lacking. Although named Clumsy Fist, its power is immense, comparable to martial arts and secret techniques passed down by the Great Emperor.

The creator of Clumsy Fist was a supreme strongman from Ancient Times, whose talent dazzled the ages. Although possessing a common physique, he consolidated his strength and created the unprecedented Clumsy Fist.

He himself, relying on amazing talent, charged ahead, surprisingly cultivated to Quasi-Emperor Ninth Layer Heaven with a common physique, only one step away from proving the Dao successfully.

Although Emperor Wu was the first to prove the Dao successfully, extinguishing his hopes, his strength was renowned.

While subduing a dark upheaval, he alone slew ten supreme beings among human-shaped creatures, finally being struck down by a king among them when heavily injured.

It can be said, this predecessor who created Clumsy Fist laid outstanding merits for the human race, and now that his inheritance appears, people remember the one who cultivated to Quasi-Emperor Ninth Layer Heaven with a common physique, nearly proving the Dao.

The young man cultivating Clumsy Fist and the Buddha, Demon Sect Young Master, are like two torrents surging from the Western Region and Southern Domain, entering the Central Domain, causing a great stir in the cultivation world.

Saint Child Level powerhouses cannot compare in front of these demon-level figures, the hidden strength of the human race gradually surfaces, these young men definitely have the power to vie against the Emperor's sons.

"***** , long lost fortunes return!"

"Waterfall pours down three thousand feet, suspect it's the Milky Way dropping on the Nine Heavens!"

At the distant edge of the Eastern Domain, by the sea lies an ancient pavilion, a scholarly young man faces the sea, chanting continuously, with golden characters flying from his mouth, radiant like small golden suns.

The young man, wearing a high hat and broad sash, shaking a feather fan, as he recites poetry, golden characters form a cage in mid-air, crashing into the sea.

"Roar..."

In the sea, a powerful Xuan Beast is trapped in the cage, roaring constantly, but unable to break free.

"Seal and destroy!"

The young man's eyes gleam brilliantly, body radiating with light, words become law, the cage of golden characters bursts with divine radiance, rapidly shrinking.

"Slash!"

The golden cage instantly twists the sea Xuan Beast to shreds, blood stains the sea red.

Judging by the aura emitted from the Xuan Beast, it had reached the peak of Divine Power Realm, yet in the young man's hands it could hardly struggle.

"Proving Dao..."

The young man sighed, looking at his frail body, shaking his head with a bitter smile, no matter what, he must emerge into the world.

The Demon Clan is about to emerge, the human race's hidden strength should emerge too, this calamity will determine the fate of humanity, at this time, whether righteous sect or evil sect, all share a common enemy.

Under this grand premise, no one can stay apart, many demon-level young powerhouses emerge one after another.

"Central Domain, Yuehua Dynasty, here I come!"

The scholarly young man shoots forth resolute rays from his eyes, his body blurs, disappearing on the spot.

Days later, tales of him spread in the cultivation world, Wen TaDou, a common young man, crafted his words into deeds, defeating countless strongmen, radiant and mighty, no less than the youth cultivating Clumsy Fist, and Buddha and Demon Sect Young Master from the Western Region.

"Verbal combat, isn't this Emperor Wen's technique? After ages, Emperor Wen's successor has reappeared..."

Some Supreme Elders of the Di Clan guessed some details from Wen TaDou's method of attack.

In the distant Desolate Ages, four Great Emperors appeared among humans, each one was a dazzling existence, Ancient Emperor was one of them.

Moreover, there was one Great Emperor, who didn't cultivate Supreme Skills, but proved their emperor status with a frail literary body, supported by Wen Qi, in strength not inferior to the other three Great Emperors.

"Heaven shows mercy, Emperor Wen finally has a successor, the legacy continues..."

Some elders of the human race wept.

The emergence of Emperor Wen's successor means this lineage's inheritance hasn't been severed, adding considerable weight to the human race!

Chapter 1689 Absent from the Jianghu, Yet Renowned in Legend

Eastern Domain, Western Region, Southern Domain, Northern Domain, all have Demon-level young prodigies trained by hidden old monsters emerging, stirring up boundless waves.

The entire Cultivation World has become unpredictable, many Saint Heirs and ancient family's strongest successors feel a strong sense of crisis.

The emergence of these demons signifies the arrival of a magnificent era, even Saint Child-level strong people have no advantage, and may even be eliminated in the waves.

Meanwhile, Ye Fan's name is being brought up again, many neutral cultivators believe he has the strength to compete with these people.

He broke the certain-death situation, counter-killed so many Saint Child-level strong people, although not many were true Saint Heirs, it still shows he has the strength to contend with the Emperor's son.

Many newly emerged demons regard him and the Emperor's son as the goals to surpass.

Many people think this is a great honor for Ye Fan, after all, being treated as Emperor-level is a considerable glory in itself.

"Auctioning the strongest successor of the Di Clan, this is indeed a very interesting matter!"

Seeing Ye Fan's achievements, the Demon Sect Young Master immediately regarded Ye Fan as a kindred spirit, yearning instantly to meet this legendary fierce man.

As the Young Master of the Demon Sect, the Great Demon is inherently whimsical and self-directed, Ye Fan's act of auctioning the Saint Heir gave him the feeling of finding a kindred spirit.

"Breaking a certain-death predicament with one's own strength, renowned in the Five Domains, such a figure must be tested in battle!"

The successor of Clumsy Fist had an eye gleaming with the light of battle.

"He actually once had Wen Qi upon him, creating poetry in seven steps, stunning his opponent, I'm quite eager to meet him and discuss ways of using Wen Qi."

The successor of Emperor Wen, the scholarly Wen TaDou's gaze shot towards the direction of the Immortal Academy.

Other newly emerged demons also regarded Ye Fan as a formidable opponent, after all, able to come out unscathed from the siege of eighteen Saint Child-level strong people and counter-kill them, worthy of their serious attention.

Not in Jianghu, but still a legend.

Even though Ye Fan is deep in retreat at the base level of the Dragon Tower in the Immortal Academy, topics about him are rampant, many are speculating about Ye Fan's astonishing performance this time.

The Immortal Academy, the base level of the Dragon Tower has divine radiance soaring to the skies, dragon energy intertwining, various High Grade Spirit Stones, top-grade spirit stones, Heaven Grade Spirit Stones piled up, arranged into a small Gathering Essence Array.

Various spirit stones, dragon essence radiating brightly, almost turning the base level of the small Dragon Tower into a mini Immortal Pond, Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi so dense it nearly liquefied and flowed.

If it weren't for the Dragon Tower's unique characteristics, the divine radiance here would penetrate the firmament, dimming even the starlight and moon.

Ye Fan sat right in the center, his whole body surging with Essence Qi, like crashing waves, Blood Qi soaring, transforming into dragon-shaped Qi pillars, swirling in the small arena.

Ye Fan bathed in Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi, black hair flowing, skin crystalline, as if a Banished Immortal, serene and calm, tempering his body with Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi and dragon energy, his body akin to a bottomless cavern, absorbing countless Heaven Grade Spirit Stones and Earth Vein Dragon Qi like rivers flowing into the sea, all converging in his Dantian and various acupoints throughout his body.

With abundant spirit stones being refined, not only Ye Fan, but even the Immortal Academy disciples and elders cultivating in the Dragon Tower benefited greatly.

Such ample Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi, Ye Fan couldn't possibly refine it all, instead, it spurted through the Dragon Tower, allowing others to refine and absorb quite a bit.

"Roar..."

Ye Fan's body emitted a series of roars, his entire 360 acupoints' Holy Embryo illusion entirely solidified, indistinguishable from a true Holy Embryo, except their postures varied.

Each Holy Embryo illusion had its own posture, seemingly naturally formed as extraordinary stones.

Among Ye Fan's collection, there's a Strange Stone, rewarded by the Immortal Academy, which Ye Fan had always forgotten in a corner.

That Strange Stone is shaped like a human figure, when punching, its Essence of Tao is naturally formed, exquisite craftsmanship, mirroring Ye Fan's harmonious Divine Soul illusion.

For a month, Ye Fan constantly impacts the Lord Realm, refining hundreds of thousands of pounds of spirit stones, pushing his Divine Power Realm cultivation to the extreme peak.

So many spirit stones, enough to groom over a dozen Saint Child-level strong people, yet Ye Fan couldn't break the barrier and step into the Lord Realm.

Between the Divine Power Realm and the Lord Realm seems to be separated by a vast world, no matter how hard Ye Fan worked, he couldn't cross this crucial step.

"Boom!"

At the Dragon Tower's base level, the small space surged with Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi, hundreds of thousands of pounds of spirit stones refined, converging towards Ye Fan, rushing into his body, making him resplendent, even his body's hair shimmered.

"Bang!"

With an explosive sound, Ye Fan's body once again shattered into pieces, leaving only the Holy Embryo and Divine Soul suspended in the air.

Purple bones sparkled with spots of light, like Purple Diamond, blood and shattered flesh scattered everywhere.

This is an extremely tragic scene, unfortunately no one witnessed it, otherwise they would exclaim, such Body Refinement, few in the world dare to attempt.

Every drop of Ye Fan's blood, every piece of bone, every vein slowly wriggled, receiving the baptism of Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi, the Holy Embryo illusion integrated with the true Holy Embryo, becoming increasingly divine.

As time ticked away, Ye Fan's flesh underwent yet another purification, becoming more solid.

Refined with hundreds of thousands of pounds of spirit stones, this is something few can achieve, even the Di Clan wouldn't dare to squander this way.

Only Ye Fan, only he succeeded. He was originally preparing to break through, to reach the Lord Realm, but he could never take that last step, always feeling that something was missing.

However, after this refinement, his body became even stronger. Ye Fan clearly felt that his Nine Heavens Profound Body had improved significantly. Although he hadn't broken through to the Sixth Layer yet, it was not far off.

During this month, all the disciples of the Immortal Academy noticed changes in the Dragon Tower. The Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi suddenly became more concentrated, making it impossible for them not to notice.

Some disciples in the ancient caves near the Heavenly District of the Dragon Tower also took advantage of this, making cultivation twice the result with half the effort.

Every night, people from the Immortal Academy could see moonlight and starlight flowing over the Dragon Tower, accompanied by roars of true dragons emanating from within the tower.

Dragon-shaped illusions spiraled above the Dragon Tower, hovering and moving around, with mighty dragon energy, creating a spectacular sight.

"I hope Ye Fan succeeds in breaking through!"

In the Heavenly District, a delicate girl, as graceful as a fairy, stood outside Yaling's cave dwelling, her eyes fixed intently on the Dragon Tower, murmuring to herself.

At the same time, in another direction, the Holy Maiden of the Purple Smoke Pavilion, Ling Ziyuan, was also praying. Dressed in purple, her large eyes looked like a lost spirit of purity in the world, her pure gaze was heart-wrenching.

Compared to the girls' delicate nature, Hu Fei and others appeared carefree, not worrying about Ye Fan at all.

In their minds, Ye Fan was the creator of miracles. There was no miracle he couldn't create. The greater the pressure, the more power he could unleash.

People like Hu Fei and Shi Ye, expecting them to pray for Ye Fan?

Unless Ye Fan encountered an evenly matched opponent, otherwise, it's off the table.

At this moment, they were also working hard in seclusion, determined not to fall too far behind Ye Fan, pushing themselves to the limit in their cultivation.

They knew well that the banquet of the Yuehua Dynasty was not easy to attend. At that time, the backbone force to fight against the Demon Clan would be selected.

"Different kinds are bound to have different hearts," the Demon Clan had been oppressed by the Human Race for many years. Once the agreement expires, war could very likely break out.

Therefore, the war between the Human Race and the Demon Clan was inevitable, and it would certainly be especially brutal. To compete for control of this world, to ensure the Human Race's status was not threatened, they had to fight desperately.

Not only were the Human Race sharpening their swords, but the Demon Clan was also preparing.

They were well aware of the strength of the Human Race. In the battle back then, many Great Demons of the Demon Clan fell, and many Supreme Techniques and martial arts were lost.

For the Demon Clan, it was an unbearable loss, not only was their strength damaged, but they were also forced to retreat into the depths of the Xuanshou Mountain Range, losing the opportunity to vie for the world.

However, over the years, the Demon Clan worked hard to revitalize. Many demon geniuses restored some cultivation techniques from ancient times and even created many supreme Divine Skills and secret techniques.

However, the Demon Clan was not entirely united. There was also significant competition among the clans, which was not seen as a bad thing by the rulers of the Demon Clan.

With competition comes development, allowing the Demon Clan to maintain a vigorous life force, giving them a chance to compete with the human race again after the agreement expires.

Aside from the bloodlines inherited from the original Demon Clan, many Xuanshou chose transformation, withstanding the Heavenly Tribulation, becoming true Demons, the first generation of the Demon Clan.

The first generation Demon Clan was often stronger than those descended from them, for their blood was purer, and their physiques and comprehension were very strong.

Demons who could withstand the Heavenly Tribulation and survive had limitless potential. Reaching the Quasi-Emperor Level was almost certain.

As the agreement expiration approached, the Demon Clan was also preparing intensely, and the younger generation of the Demon Clan was itching to make a counterattack on the Human Race's territory.

After years of convalescence and recuperation, the Demon Clan was now extremely powerful, and merely huddling in the corner of the Xuanshou Mountain Range was clearly inadequate to satisfy their expansion needs.

If not bound by agreements, they would have long waged war on the Human Race.

A month passed in the blink of an eye, Ye Fan still couldn't break through to the Lord Realm, but after refining hundreds of thousands of kilograms of spirit stones, his strength achieved a qualitative leap, cultivating the Divine Power Realm to its ultimate peak, just one step away from a breakthrough.

During this time of cultivation, not only had his Divine Soul been restored to its peak state, but it also saw improvement. Under the tempering of the Divine Soul Flames, his Divine Soul became exceedingly pure, with Divine Flame soaring.

Wow!

On this day, the door of the Dragon Tower opened, and an elder walked in expressionlessly, arriving at the bottom level where he was in seclusion.

"Ye Fan, the dean ordered, you can come out now," the elder informed.

"Understood, thank you!"

Ye Fan nodded, stood up tall, put away the unused spirit stones, and followed the elder out of the Dragon Tower.

"Ye Fan, come with me to the Yuehua Dynasty's feast!"

The Old Bastard saw Ye Fan, spared no words, directly took him to the Immortal Academy's Transmission Array, ascending the platform to traverse the void.

Chapter 1690 The Grand Dynasty Gathering

The Central Domain is vast and endless, more expansive than the other Four Great Regions.

In this vast land, sects and schools abound, and various small forces can also survive and thrive here.

However, the true rulers of the Central Domain's fate are still the three great dynasties passed down through the ages.

The Yuehua Dynasty is one of these three great dynasties, possessing an Emperor Weapon and standing in a tripartite position with the Tiantu Dynasty and the Jiu Long Dynasty.

On this day, the Yuehua Dynasty was adorned with lanterns and decorations, bustling with excitement. The entire Imperial City was brimming with dragon energy, divine splendor dazzling, and the Earth Vein Dragon Qi enveloping like water.

Today is the most important day for the Yuehua Dynasty, as the Ancient Prince, sealed for countless years, is about to be born. The Yuehua Dynasty has invited the major forces from the Five Domains to celebrate this historic moment.

For several consecutive days, people from the major forces of the Five Domains have been arriving, keeping the Moonlight Emperor busy warmly greeting these elites and pillars of the cultivation world.

In addition to Yu Chanzi of the Buddha Sect and the Young Master of the Demon Sect, the Buddha Elder and the Demon Lord from the Western Region have also come—this war between the Human Race and the Demon Clan cannot be avoided even by the closed-off Western Region!

The banquet location was arranged at the Heavenly Dragon Palace, the most important place of the Yuehua Dynasty, rarely used except for major events.

At this moment, figures crowded on the Heavenly Dragon Palace, with people from the major forces of the Five Domains seated, and before them, tables of white jade laden with fine wines and spirit fruits.

The Eldest Princess of the Yuehua Dynasty also returned, assisting the Emperor in welcoming the guests with grace and poise, winning the favor of many.

Although there were already many people in the Heavenly Dragon Palace, more continued to arrive, and the Moonlight Emperor greeted each with a beaming smile.

The Heavenly Dragon Palace is a magnificent palace made of jade and crystal, floating in the air, with exotic flowers and Yao Grass everywhere, white clouds swirling at the feet, as if in a true Immortal Realm.

Now, the powerful figures of the major forces from all over the world had already arrived, making it a truly spectacular gathering.

Leaving aside those famous, peerless figures of the older generation, the younger generation alone had a formidable lineup—the Buddha of the Buddha Demon Sect from the Western Region, the Young Master of the Demon Sect, the Emperor's son of the Gu Family, the Emperor's son of the Human

Emperor, the brothers Ling Haotian and Ling Batian of the Ling Family, the strongest descendant of the Family of the Martial Emperor, Wu Jingtian... Almost all the Saint Heirs and Holy Maidens of All Holy Lands of the Five Domains had arrived.

"Ye Fan has arrived..."

As soon as Ye Fan and the Old Bastard appeared, it immediately caused a stir.

"He single-handedly killed so many Saint Child Level strong people and auctioned the strongest descendant of the Di Clan, yet he still dares to attend this grand event?" Many were surprised.

However, they quickly came to terms with it—with the Old Bastard protecting him, who would dare openly harm Ye Fan?

Moreover, this was the Yuehua Dynasty, and they wouldn't allow such a situation to occur.

So, Ye Fan's safety was not an issue. This grand event was not only to celebrate the birth of the Ancient Prince of the Yuehua Dynasty but also to select strong young talents to fight against the Demon Clan, and Ye Fan definitely qualified to be among them.

"Without the support of the Immortal Academy, he would have been killed many times."

A young man from the Liang Family of the Earth Master Family spoke in a tone neither cold nor warm.

They had a deep-seated hatred against Ye Fan. Liang Boyao had died at Ye Fan's hands, as had the eight heroes of the Liang Family—the hatred ran as deep as the seas and as vast as the heavens and the earth.

Ye Fan didn't mind at all, just looked around.

"You wander around here; I'll see when the banquet starts."

The Old Bastard advised Ye Fan a few words and then gracefully walked towards the Heavenly Dragon Palace.

For this occasion of the birth of the Ancient Prince of the Yuehua Dynasty, strong people from all major forces had gathered, and naturally, the young ones couldn't share a seat with the older generation.

This place at the Heavenly Dragon Palace was vast, and many young people attending the grand banquet wandered within, not feeling crowded at all.

"Ye Fan!"

Just after walking not far, Ye Fan heard someone calling him, and he couldn't help but be startled. He turned his head to see Hu Fei and Wenren Jing, accompanied by a burly young man with a leopard head and eyes like a hawk, walking towards him. It was Wenren Jing calling him.

"We're brothers meeting again!"

Hu Fei approached with a sly smile and punched Ye Fan's shoulder.

Ye Fan was also quite surprised, thinking that Hu Fei didn't have the power to qualify to attend the banquet. However, the young man with the leopard head and hawk-like eyes gave him a very strong feeling, not inferior to the Emperor's son.

"You must be Brother Ye Fan; my name is Kou Wenjie."

The young man with the leopard head and eyes like a hawk also came forward, stretched out his right hand, with a hearty smile on his face.

"Kou Wenjie... The grandson of Kou Tianxun, the leader of the Nine Great Bandits of the Northern Domain?"

Ye Fan's heart moved, not expecting to meet the leader's grandson among the Nine Great Bandits here, and the strongest.

"That's right, that's me!"

Kou Wenjie didn't shy away from being a descendant of the Fierce Bandit and shook hands with Ye Fan, thus becoming acquainted.

"Where's Niu Pitang? Why didn't he come with you?"

Ye Fan joked with Wenren Jing, the nickname Niu Pitang was one he gave to the Demon Clan's unusual Niu Bugeng.

"This is a gathering of the Human Race; how could we bring him to make trouble?"

Wenren Jing shook his head and smiled wryly. Niu Bugeng was indeed an odd one. He believed that humans and the Demon Clan should coexist peacefully and develop together.

This belief coincided with those of some insightful humans. Although the Demon Clan was powerful, they just needed a place to live and cultivate, and could indeed coexist peacefully with humans.

The Five Domains are too vast, with many uninhabited wastelands and mountains, which can completely be designated for the Demon Clan to reside.

"That's true!"

Ye Fan touched his nose and laughed awkwardly; this kind of grand gathering really wasn't suitable for bringing Niu Pitang along.

The group chatted as they walked and soon arrived at a small, mirror-like lake, which was also surrounded by many young cultivators.

Each Holy Maiden was surrounded by many young talents, talking and laughing, appearing very harmonious.

"Are these people trying to undermine the Saint Heir?" Hu Fei muttered quietly.

Everyone knew that every Holy Maiden from a Holy Land would ultimately marry a Saint Heir. These people were obviously not from the same Holy Land or Wu Shang Sect, so no wonder he would say that.

At that moment, Ye Fan suddenly felt a boundless murderous intent directed at him from not far away.

"Swish!"

Ye Fan spun around, just in time to see Gu Xiao, the strongest successor of the Gu Family, walking over accompanied by the Ancient Immortal and others.

"Ye, you've finally come. This time, I will defeat you and erase my shame!"

Gu Xiao looked at Ye Fan, eyes blazing with hatred, gritting his teeth as if he wished to tear Ye Fan into pieces right away.

Over the past month, his strength had significantly improved after the hellish training by the Ancient Immortal, and he was confident he could kill Ye Fan and erase his past embarrassment.

In contrast, Ye Fan's gaze was very clear, completely lacking any war intent, or rather, he simply did not regard Gu Xiao as an opponent, merely casting a deep look at the Ancient Immortal.

"Being ignored?"

Ye Fan's attitude of ignoring him almost made Gu Xiao cough up blood, as if a powerful punch landed on air, receiving no response.

This feeling of misapplied effort was extremely uncomfortable for him, yet he couldn't show it, so he just clenched his fists secretly.

"Ye Zi, let's go somewhere else, lest a rat ruins our mood."

Hu Fei, though not very strong, was sharp-tongued, subtly mocking Gu Xiao, who was gnashing his teeth in anger.

Just as he was about to erupt, he was stopped by the Ancient Immortal, who gave a deep look at Hu Fei and said, "Watch your mouth!"

"Why should I watch my mouth? Just because you are some shit Ancient Immortal? Pah!"

Hu Fei spat out a thick phlegm fiercely and swaggered away.

Back in the Jiu Long Nest, he almost fought with the Ancient Immortal, and now, he was even more fearless because he knew there was no chance of him clashing with the Ancient Immortal, emboldening his brazen attitude.

"Hmph!"

Gu Xiao's face changed color, letting out a cold snort, no longer looking at Ye Fan and the others, intending to resolve everything during the spar. He believed that, after his hellish training, he could surely defeat Ye Fan and erase his past shame.

Not far ahead, Ye Fan suddenly saw Ling Haotian approaching him.

After not seeing him for a while, Ling Haotian seemed different from before—more composed and less flashy. He seemed to have genuinely matured.

"Ye, do you dare to fight me?" Ling Haotian asked straightforwardly.

He very much wanted to have a grand battle with Ye Fan now, to thoroughly defeat him in front of all the world's heroes and reclaim everything that belonged to the Ling Family and himself.

His voice was loud, attracting the attention of many young strong people nearby, including the Buddha Yu Chanzi, the Demon Sect Young Master the Great Demon, an ordinary young man practicing Clumsy Fist, and a scholarly-looking Emperor Wen's successor.

Everyone wanted to see how Ye Fan would respond to this direct challenge, curious if he would accept it in anger.

"You are not qualified to challenge me!"

In the expectant eyes of the crowd, Ye Fan replied indifferently, not directly answering, but indirectly refusing Ling Haotian's challenge.

Earlier, he thought Ling Haotian had matured, but now it seemed like it was just appearance; he was still far from the level that warranted serious attention.

"You..."

Ling Haotian's face turned purple with anger as his fists tightened and loosened repeatedly. Finally, he took a long breath and said coldly, "I'm afraid it won't be up to you. I will defeat you in this contest and take back what is rightfully mine."

"Alright, keep dreaming. You don't have much time left to dream."

Ye Fan struck mercilessly; he had little fondness for the Ling Family and Ling Haotian.

If not for the trace of bloodline kinship in his heart, he would have long ago eliminated Ling Haotian.

This time, if Ling Haotian continued to be ungrateful, Ye Fan decided to cripple him.

Only by inflicting pain would the Ling Family restrain themselves; otherwise, it wasn't feasible to always have them in his thoughts.

You can be a thief for a thousand days, but you can't guard against a thief for a thousand days. He couldn't focus all his energy on guarding against them all the time.

Shaking off Ling Haotian's entanglement, Ye Fan's gaze was soon drawn to Yu Chanzi and the Great Demon.

These two, though one bore a compassionate Buddha-like appearance and the other was enshrouded in demonic energy, their likeness was astonishing, like twin brothers, making Ye Fan marvel at the creator's wonder.

Moreover, the ordinary young man practicing Clumsy Fist and the scholarly-looking Wen TaDou also caught his attention. These four, though each had their own charm, were incredibly powerful.

When did so many young demons appear in the world?"

Ye Fan couldn't help but silently wonder in his heart.