

Y Master 1691

Chapter 1691 Ancient Prince

In the imperial city of the Yuehua Dynasty, thousands of strands of Dragon Energy and auspicious Qi steamed and surged, and the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi diffused like mist, making people feel as if they had arrived in an Immortal Realm.

Divine Springs flowed from the mountain rocks, Yao Grass grew on the cliffs, and auspicious beasts slumbered in the mountains, emanating supreme Dragon Energy alongside wondrous scenic beauty that appeared unparalleled in magnificence.

The Yuehua Dynasty has cultivated this place for countless generations, transforming it into supreme Cultivation Divine Soil, and among its most vital locations is particularly the Heavenly Dragon Palace.

If not for this grand feast celebrating the birth of the Ancient Prince, the Yuehua Dynasty would never have opened the Heavenly Dragon Palace to outsiders.

As Ye Fan scrutinized the four people of Wen TaDou, they were also observing him.

Unlike Ye Fan, Wen TaDou and his companions already had some understanding of him. After all, Ye Fan has been in the limelight recently, and they could hear many legends about him even without deliberate inquiry.

But Ye Fan was different. He left seclusion the latest, and after leaving, he directly followed the Old Bastard across the void to the Yuehua Dynasty, making him utterly ignorant of the four's origins.

However, Ye Fan's keen sixth sense told him that these four people were incredibly formidable.

Particularly the Buddha Yu Chanzi and the Demon Sect Young Master, Great Demon, whose unique auras drew Ye Fan's attention even more closely.

Wen TaDou gave Ye Fan an even stranger feeling, seeming extremely strong, yet also extremely weak, an utterly contradictory feeling.

Yet in terms of momentum, Wen TaDou lacked any air of dominance, resembling a poor and pedantic scholar. However, those daring to attend this feast were no mediocrities, making Ye Fan even more curious about him.

Moreover, the youth who seemed like he could disappear into the crowd gave him a feeling of being at one with nature, manifesting ultimate mastery of the Natural Dao.

The Natural Dao aligns with the Heavenly Dao, harmonizing with all things in Heaven and Earth. Although this ordinary youth hadn't reached the pinnacle of integrating with the scenery, he seemed not far from it.

"That bald monk with the divine halo over his head is named Yu Chanzi, a Buddha from the Western Regions Buddhist Sect. It's said he can attest to supreme Buddha fruits in the future, and his power is quite formidable."

Wenren Jing quietly introduced Ye Fan to the backgrounds and origins of the four, giving him a general understanding.

Unlike Ye Fan and Hu Fei, Wenren Jing was unaffiliated with any academy, always a free spirit, making him more sensitive to occurrences in the Cultivation World, receiving news at the first opportunity.

"Yu Chanzi..."

Ye Fan was momentarily stunned, recalling the famous God Demon novel from Huaxia, featuring a babbling monk, Elder Tang, whose past life was the second disciple of The Buddha at the Western Heavenly Great Leiyin Temple, known as Jin Chanzi.

A Jin Chanzi and a Yu Chanzi, how similar indeed—whether it's a coincidence or some Heaven's will is unknown.

What surprised Ye Fan even more wasn't Yu Chanzi but Wen TaDou, who appeared like a frail scholar yet inherited Emperor Wen's legacy, endowed with Wen Qi, possessing terrifying power.

Just after his birth, he encountered an opponent equivalent to a Saint Heir, but the result was that he was unharmed, and the formidable adversary was refined to death by him.

This feat shook the Eastern Domain, and immediately, he fought his way from the eastern edge of the Eastern Domain to the Central Domain, enduring several great battles, only to defeat all opponents.

Along the way, some Supreme Elders of the Di Clan finally deduced from his attack methods that he was endowed with Wen Qi and had inherited Emperor Wen's legacy.

"Wen Qi..."

Ye Fan was speechless; he had once felt such a thing, with Wen Qi bestowed, capable of unleashing unfathomable power.

However, it was just a fleeting moment for him, and he later pondered what exactly the bestowment of Wen Qi was, yet found no clues.

Unexpectedly, after several years, he encountered Emperor Wen's successor, showcasing truly mysterious endowment of Wen Qi, creating techniques with mere words—a truly unconventional Cultivation method.

"Brother Ye, as soon as I entered the world, my ears were filled with tales of your glorious deeds. Let's have a drink together later."

The Western Region Demon Sect's Young Master, Great Demon, approached.

He was bold and carefree, living by his own rules—unconcerned with others' opinions. Even if Ye Fan were an enemy to the world, as long as he felt Ye Fan was agreeable, he would open his heart to friendship.

The so-called Demon Sect differs merely in Cultivation Method, without any excessive bloodthirstiness; otherwise, they couldn't have so many followers and congregants in the Western Region.

"Alright!"

Ye Fan agreed straightforwardly. He found that Great Demon was not a bad person, and being so forthright made him naturally worth befriending.

"Brother Ye, I'm Wen TaDou. I heard that you've experienced being bestowed with Wen Qi. Maybe we can discuss it sometime."

As Great Demon departed, Wen TaDou approached with a familiar demeanor.

At that moment, Wen TaDou, clad in a blue robe, holding a goose feather fan, with an elegant Chinese cap and broad belt, looked very refined. Without fighting, no one could imagine such a seemingly fragile scholar could be a Demon Level expert.

"Dare not claim a discussion, as I was merely fortunate to experience it by mistake—how could I presume to flaunt before an expert?" Ye Fan humbly replied.

That time he was endowed with Wen Qi was truly a fluke; he never imagined that poetry could wield such power, evoking the mighty force of Heaven and Earth.

Amid their conversation, a group of Saint Lord Level strong people exited the Heavenly Dragon Palace, led by none other than the Moonlight Emperor. Beside him was a young man enveloped entirely in Dragon Energy.

The Moonlight Emperor was extremely respectful towards this young man; it was obvious without asking that he was the Ancient Prince of the Yuehua Dynasty, Emperor Yuehua's own son.

Beside this Ancient Prince, aside from the Moonlight Emperor, were Eldest Princess Yue Ying and Little Princess Yue Bai serving at his side.

"Everyone, please be seated!"

The Ancient Prince of the Yuehua Dynasty smiled and waved to everyone, then introduced himself, "I believe everyone already knows my identity. My name is Yue Haoyu, just call me Haoyu!"

After speaking, the Ancient Prince Yue Haoyu greeted each major power, accompanied by the Eldest Princess Yue Ying and the Little Princess Yue Bai, formally announcing his emergence to the world.

"Ancient Prince, I am Ling Haotian, and I have a marriage pact with your noble Little Princess, Sister Yue Bai."

As Yue Haoyu approached the Ling Family's location, Ling Haotian hurriedly stood up, extended his right hand to Yue Haoyu and introduced himself with a smile.

At the same time, he hinted that he was also of the Di Clan, and had a marriage pact with them, implying that they would be family in the future, trying to show off in front of everyone.

"Ling Haotian, is it? The future husband of Little Bai should walk the Emperor Road. Do you have that qualification?"

Yue Haoyu ignored his extended right hand and asked mockingly.

Ling Haotian's expression changed dramatically, feeling awkward whether to withdraw his hand or continue holding it out. He was left in an uncomfortable position but eventually laughed dryly, "The Ancient Prince sure knows how to joke. Although I am not very talented, I am confident in my ability to walk the Emperor Road."

"Then speak these words after you have defeated your nemesis!"

Having said that, before Ling Haotian could respond, Yue Haoyu moved forward, leaving him hanging.

"This brother must be Ye Fan, who has recently stirred the cultivation world!"

Unknowingly, the Ancient Prince Yue Haoyu came to Ye Fan's side and extended his right hand to greet him.

"You're too kind!"

Ye Fan extended his right hand and tightly grasped Yue Haoyu's. The two looked at each other for a while and then laughed heartily, like long-lost friends.

No one knew how much they exchanged through divine consciousness during that brief handshake; these were secrets, even if anyone wanted to listen in, they wouldn't do so at this moment.

"What is going on?"

"Could it be that the Ancient Prince and Ye Fan knew each other before?"

"How is that possible?"

"Can anyone tell me what exactly is happening?"

"Why ask me, why not ask those involved directly if you want to know?"

This scene amazed everyone present; no one expected such a thing to happen, except Princess Yue Bai, who secretly laughed.

In stark contrast to Princess Yue Bai's happiness was Ling Haotian. Stung by Yue Haoyu earlier, he was nearly driven mad with jealousy upon seeing Yue Haoyu showing such appreciation for Ye Fan, his eyes burning with envy.

"After sparring, I will celebrate your victory!"

The Ancient Prince Yue Haoyu nodded to Ye Fan with a smile, then continued to greet other forces with the Yuehua Dynasty's Emperor accompanying him.

After going around, people already gained some understanding of the son of the Yuehua Empire. He appears gentle and humble on the surface but is in fact very proud. Gaining his recognition is not easy.

Precisely because of this, people looked at Ye Fan's moment of recognition by him with envy, which itself attested to something special.

Upon witnessing this scene, in the Ling Family's camp, the Nine Heavens Xuan Emperor's son and the Ling Family Ancestor Ling Yunzhi slightly furrowed his brows, a slight glow flashing in his eyes.

No one knew what he was thinking at the moment, not even the Ling Family's Saint who stood beside him.

Thus, the Yuehua Dynasty's Ancient Prince was now known to all, officially emerging to the public.

"The Yuehua Ancient Prince indeed has great courage, choosing to emerge at this time to suppress the Demon Clan's turmoil; it is truly a blessing for our Human Race!"

"The Yuehua Ancient Prince has the aura of a Great Emperor, and is bound to prove the Dao in the future, achieving an eternal dual-Emperor grandeur!"

Some forces, wanting to establish good relations with the Yuehua Dynasty through this banquet, complimented him unabashedly.

The Yuehua Emperor smiled silently, accepting the compliments without modesty, while the Yuehua Ancient Prince Yue Haoyu remained humble.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the time is still early. How about letting the young ones spar for a bit before we start the banquet? What do you say?"

The Yuehua Emperor glanced around at everyone, suggesting with a smile.

"The Emperor's words are very true. It wouldn't hurt for the young ones to show their strength before the banquet begins."

"Agreed, since confrontation is inevitable, early sparring means knowing the outcome sooner."

"Please join us in hosting this sparring tournament, and open the Life and Death Battle Arena!"

The Yuehua Emperor's proposal quickly won unanimous approval from various forces. Taking advantage of the Ancient Prince Yue Hua's emergence, the young generation from the Five Domains gathered, aiming to select the elite to combat the soon-to-emerge Demon Clan, making this sparring unavoidable.

Simultaneously, it served as the best stage to resolve personal and sect grievances; any disagreements could be settled here through sparring!

Chapter 1692 Selecting Elites

As an ancient dynasty with a long history, the Yuehua Dynasty naturally possesses many astonishing resources, among which the Life and Death Battle Arena is one.

Alongside the Void Sky Battlefield of the Immortal Academy and the Eternal Arena of the Imperial Academy, it is known as one of the three ancient battle arenas, rumored to have been refined by the Moon Emperor himself, eternal and indestructible.

The Yuehua Dynasty's Life and Death Battle Arena is an arena that never falls, located atop the clouds, vast and everlasting, strong and unbreakable, and it can sustain Saint Lord level battles without the fear of catastrophic destruction!

"Open the Emperor level Life and Death Battle Arena!"

Moonlight Emperor spoke, and his voice resounded far through the grand palaces.

Simultaneously, many of the younger generation from the Five Domains walked out, each full of war intent, their collective determination surging like the sea.

Upon seeing this scene, the heroic lords of various forces nodded in agreement; these young geniuses from the younger generation were each very powerful, enough to confront the emerging Demon Clan.

"Boom..."

Along with a deep rumbling sound, leaden clouds like a mountain hung heavily, hard to breathe under its weight.

The gray leaden clouds almost touched the ground, exuding an ancient aura and carrying a strong murderous intent.

The Emperor level Life and Death Battle Arena had opened, and although it was situated atop the clouds, it was extraordinarily solid, the black stones imposing oppression.

This is the Emperor level Life and Death Battle Arena!

If not for the special period of the Demon Clan's imminent emergence, the younger generation would be unqualified to duel on this arena.

The vast arena stretched endlessly, with each stone possibly holding an earth-shattering story!

As one of the three ancient arenas, the Yuehua Dynasty's Life and Death Battle Arena has naturally witnessed countless Emperor level battles, where victory and defeat, life and death, were decided!

Many stones on the arena are engraved with the names of mighty warriors who once fought to the death here; cracks are visible everywhere, resembling an ancient battlefield.

Though there is no haunting scene of bloodshed or scattered corpses, the awe-inspiring aura left by fallen strong people is indelible, shaking one's soul.

Everyone who comes here cannot help but feel as if they are experiencing thousands of battles in a moment, feeling the spirit of the deceased legendary masters.

Ye Fan, along with the others, came to the edge of the arena, not stepping onto it but silently feeling the remaining aura on the arena.

Among the older generation of strong people, Dean Seng Dao Yan of the Imperial Academy, Immortal Academy Director Old Immortal, including Saint Lords from each Di Clan, Pavilion Master of the Treasure Pavilion, Manor Master of the Spirit Manor, and others gathered at the Life and Death Battle Arena.

The Moonlight Emperor stood at the forefront, personally presiding over this duel among the younger generation, where all but the Emperor's Sons could get on the stage to duel.

"This contest is mainly to prepare for the imminent emergence of the Demon Clan, not to resolve personal grudges, therefore, no assassination is allowed in the duel. Anyone who dares to defy will not be spared!"

Moonlight Emperor's voice was as loud as a bell, his gaze was intimidating and sharp.

"The most renowned Emperor level Life and Death Battle Arena in the Central Domain truly lives up to its reputation; let's see who can stand out from this arena and become the number one of the younger generation this time!"

"I remember, a thousand years ago, the Old Emperor of the Jiu Long Dynasty swallowed the sky with dragon energy in the ultimate battle, slaying the great enemies in succession, exhibiting incredible grace, yet ultimately sat in serenity due to lack of longevity."

"I also heard that four thousand years ago, the unparalleled genius Lin Lietian, born with an indomitable spirit and stunning brilliance, stood alone against many heroes, unmatched by anyone in the quasi-fifth layer of the world. He was just one step away from rebirth but ultimately fell short, staining his battle robe with blood!"

The knife glint and sword shadow have faded, the war drum sounds have gone away, yet those unparalleled heroic souls seem to still be right in front of us!

Triggered by the scene, many from the older generation recalled the past events; many battles had occurred here, as if just yesterday, those people and stories had not left.

This contest has no other rules; one passes by overcoming all the heroes and standing proudly on the arena, yet this is the hardest challenge.

Even within just the Eastern Domain, there are many talents, and among the younger generation of strong, those are as plentiful as crucian carp crossing the river; each one possesses an indomitable spirit and refuses to admit defeat.

Across the Five Domains, countless young strong people emerge, and even without counting the demon-level disciples taught by those hidden old monsters, there are many outstanding disciples from various great forces.

This duel mainly selects ten outstanding young individuals to face against the Demon Clan's young geniuses, so being selected may not necessarily be a good thing.

However—

As a member of the Human Race, each young genius carries passionate dedication and a sense of honor of being human, even if they may sacrifice in the future battle against the Demon Clan, they will certainly leave a significant mark in the entire Cultivation World.

Moreover, there is a possibility of not dying in the battle and achieving great victories over the Demon Clan, earning everlasting glory and the worship of the world?

Over the years, the Demon Clan had always remained subdued, hidden deep within the Xuanshou Mountain Range, many young human strong people mistakenly believed that the Demon Clan was not a significant challenge and could not compete with the Human Race.

This misconception further fueled their desire to make a name for themselves and show off in front of all cultivators in the Five Domains.

Moreover, this tournament itself is a grand event where the strong are separated from the weak, being selected is already a symbol of strength and honor, who would not be tempted?

The tournament began. On the vast battle arena, the young warriors from the Five Domains automatically divided into ten small areas, competing without interfering with others.

There are only ten spots, so everyone showcased their deepest techniques, with Punch Ray shattering the sky, Sword Qi moving in all directions, and various Divine Skills emerging endlessly.

The entire arena was entrenched in battle, not a single young warrior could stay uninvolved, all engaged in the great fight.

The elder generation and authorities either stroked their beards and smiled, or shook their heads and frowned, each with different expressions, but consistently they watched the battlefield attentively.

The Emperor Gu, Emperor's Son, and Emperor Yue stood with the elders, without participating in the battle.

In terms of age, he surpassed any of the old codgers present by far, even Ling Yunzhi from the Ling Family couldn't compare.

Besides them, Ye Fan, Gu Xiao, Ling Haotian, Yu chanzi, the Great Demon, Wen TaDou, and the young man cultivating the Clumsy Fist, Li Yu'er, were also not involved in battle.

No need to mention Ye Fan; having defeated numerous Saint Child Level strongmen, his strength was already acknowledged by the younger generation, no one would risk challenging him.

Buddha Yu chanzi, despite his demeanor of a compassionate monk, has defeated many strongmen of Holy Land Elder Level along his path, naturally, no one is willing to "listen" to his teachings.

The Great Demon is ruthless, shrouded in a layer of demon cloud, almost as if the words "I am demon" were engraved on his forehead, naturally no one would want to provoke him.

The young ones who didn't engage in the battle are the ones with a formidable reputation, they are the real contenders for the final ten strongest, others just serve as their warm-up.

However, it's undeniable that among the younger generation, aside from these few, there are quite a few Demon Level strongmen, possessing incredible strength and unknown martial arts, Divine Skills, and secret techniques!

"Swoosh!"

As Sword Radiance swept across, several people withdrew from the fight, ending solemnly, they had no power to resist against a strong opponent.

Initially numbering hundreds, within less than fifteen minutes, only tens were left, illustrating the brutal nature of the fight, many were directly struck out, leaving a trail of blood.

Fortunately, the Moonlight Emperor had announced the rules before, so no one deliberately delivered fatal blows, but fists and feet have no eyes, mistakes are unavoidable.

Such losses are something humanity can bear; to select the ten strongest inevitably requires brutal elimination like a grand wave separating sand from gold, otherwise the so-called selection would be empty talk.

With time passing, fewer remained, but each one was immensely powerful, absolutely possessing Saint Child Level cultivation.

"Mountain Shifting Technique!"

A young man with flying black hair shouted, forming seals with his hands, a black mountain materialized before him, hurling it towards his opponent.

This black mountain, like a true Divine Mountain, weighed immensely, runes glimmered at the base, emitting Infinite Light, knocking his opponent flying.

It was apparent; the opponent, sent flying, had a significant dent in his chest, ribs shattered.

Meanwhile, elsewhere another fierce battle unfolded, among the young warriors of the Five Domains, few truly persisted till the end.

The Life and Death Battle Arena echoed with endless cries of battle, constantly there were injuries and retreats, and the remaining quickly found new opponents.

Sword Radiance moved across, Punch Winds broke the sky, various holy embryos, black ferocious tigers, golden leopards, towering Divine Dragons, nine-headed giant pythons, manifested continuously in their deadly fighting.

"These youngsters are impressive, their strength is tremendously powerful, given time to grow, they should be able to resist the Demon Clan's invasion."

Many elder strongmen nodded, this tournament had no rules, was just a grand brawl, to persist in such chaotic fighting and stand out marks one as a genius among geniuses.

On the battlefield, people still got injured and withdrew, lacking skill is nothing to complain about, it's just their inability to persist till the end breeds regret.

Strictly speaking, Ye Fan and others are pre-determined; each carries remarkable battle records, clearly if they were integrated into this chaotic brawl earlier, few could last three rounds against them.

Soon, one battlefield cleared out, with only one persisting until the end, his blood-stained battle robe, stern face with a hint of disdainful smile.

He promptly glanced towards Ye Fan and the others, his eyes filled with deep provocation.

However, he did not recklessly challenge Ye Fan and others, instead turned to another battle, launching a punch to knock away an adversary, full of domineering energy.

As time passed, eventually, only one battlefield remained, with two people still on it, the others had been eliminated by these two!

Chapter 1693 Power Advancement

The Life and Death Battle Arena of the Yuehua Dynasty is situated among the clouds, vast and boundless, as if it is an ancient battlefield suspended in the sky.

Since the dueling matches began an hour ago, hundreds of young elites from the Five Domains have been ruthlessly eliminated, leaving only two remaining.

These two people are unknown, never having appeared in the Cultivation World before, yet they persevered until the final round of the dueling matches.

Even such talents as Wu Jingtian, Wenren Jing, Yue Chuan, Shi Ye, the Ancient Saint, the Tianxuan Saint, Sikong Po, Han Sandong, and Qi Tianlin could not hold out until the end, quietly leaving the stage, illustrating the intensity of this competition.

Fortunately, they held out for an extended period, only being defeated by even more formidable opponents by the slightest of margins.

"The Cultivation Technique and martial arts of the blue-clothed youth seem to be a continuation of the tradition that was said to have sat down and passed away three hundred years ago by Chi Yunxiao. Could he be a disciple of Chi Yunxiao?"

"Very likely. The Cultivation Technique of the purple-clothed youth also resembles Purple Qi Comes from the East, a Mystical Skill created by Elder Zi Qi five hundred years ago."

"It turns out they are descendants of such figures, no wonder they're so strong!"

"Weren't Elder Zi Qi and Chi Yunxiao supposed to have sat down and passed away long ago? Are the rumors wrong, and they are still alive?"

Some of the older generation of strong people guessed the inheritance of the two through their Cultivation Techniques, martial arts, secret techniques, and Divine Skills, and could not help but gasp.

Chi Yunxiao's Crimson Cloud Divine Skill was famed throughout the Cultivation World five hundred years ago, even causing the Saints of various Holy Lands to falter, making him the strongest Loose Cultivator.

Later, three hundred years ago, he suddenly disappeared. Some say his life span was exhausted, and he had sat down and passed away; others say he ventured into the Forbidden Zone to extend his life but never returned.

Regardless of the rumor, one fact remains: Chi Yunxiao suddenly vanished three hundred years ago.

However—

No one expected to see the Crimson Cloud Divine Skill reemerge today, being displayed by a young person, proving Chi Yunxiao's legacy had not been severed and perhaps that he still lives.

This is a shocking hypothesis, yet nearly every strong older person believes it true—Chi Yunxiao is still alive.

As for Elder Zi Qi, his background is even more significant. His unique Purple Qi Comes from the East can rival the inherited Mystical Skills of the Holy Lands.

Eight hundred years ago, Elder Zixia singlehandedly fought two Saint Lord Level strong people, his unparalleled prowess causing many cultivators to admire him.

Though the battle ended in a draw, Elder Zi Qi was already in his later years, whereas the two Saint Lord Level strong people were in their prime with vigorous vitality, so strictly speaking, Elder Zi Qi surpassed the two Saints by a margin.

However, five hundred years ago, when Chi Yunxiao swept through the Cultivation World, Elder Zi Qi disappeared, and the two never managed to have a true showdown.

Today, their descendants finally broke through the barriers in the tournament and stood face-to-face.

"Boom!"

An intangible War Intent erupted from both individuals, colliding to form a violent energy storm, causing their clothes to flap loudly.

From the moment they stood opposite each other, an intense spark flickered in their eyes, yet out of respect for each other, neither initiated the first move.

Ye Fan deeply sensed the strength of the two in the arena. In terms of power, each possessed the ability to crush a Saint Heir; otherwise, they couldn't have persevered in such a brutal elimination.

"Make your move. Whether you or I ultimately remain on this battle stage depends on strength," the blue-clothed youth said calmly.

"Just what I wanted!"

The purple-clothed youth let out a cold snort, delivering a punch with Purple Qi Comes from the East. The mighty purple aura was invincible, surging like a furious dragon toward the blue-clothed youth's chest.

"Well done!"

A cold light flickered in the blue-clothed youth's eyes as a dragon rose behind him, radiating a blue glow.

The blue-clothed youth's hands moved in flowing arcs, a mysterious, elusive aura spreading out, and a deep blue vortex appeared before him, resembling a whirlpool in the ocean.

"Boom!"

The mighty purple aura collided with the vortex, exploding into dazzling blue and purple light. The dragon-like purple aura vanished into the vortex.

"Puff!"

The blue-clothed youth's face suddenly changed, spitting out a mouthful of fresh blood. The blue dragon behind him dimmed considerably; maintaining this blue vortex appeared to exhaust him of his Divine Power.

"Swoosh!"

The blue-clothed youth unleashed his Domain, enveloping the purple-clothed youth in a blue ocean before letting out a fierce roar: "Wild Waves Overwhelm Heaven!"

Whoosh!

In the void, surging Water Element condensed into towering waves, slamming toward the purple-clothed youth like the hand of heaven and earth, the violent energy alarming even some of the older generation strong ones.

Although the blue-clothed youth Cultivated the Crimson Cloud Divine Skill, he comprehended Water Element Divine Skills and had Cultivated it to its pinnacle, long altering the characteristics of the Crimson Cloud Divine Skill.

"Purple Fire Burning Sky!"

Unwilling to be outdone, the purple-clothed youth delivered a punch, his entire arm seemingly igniting, bursting into purple flames.

"Sizzle sizzle..."

Water Element and Fire Element collided, appearing to evolve into Chaotic Energy, forming a misty white veil that even the Martial Arts Heavenly Eye couldn't penetrate.

"Boom!"

The two exchanged blows, with the purple-clothed youth standing proudly, though his face turned pale, and blood trickled from the corner of his mouth, clearly suffering considerable shock damage.

The blue-clothed youth stumbled back three steps, vomiting a mouthful of fresh blood, his face drained of color.

"Has the victor been decided?"

"Did the descendant of Chi Yunxiao lose?"

People were surprised, originally expecting the battle to end in a draw, or if a winner was decided, it would be after hundreds of moves, not expecting a verdict in less than a quarter-hour.

"I lost!"

The blue-clothed youth wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, took out a Healing Holy Pill and swallowed it, then said, "However, my defeat is due to insufficient cultivation, not because my Cultivation Technique or martial arts, Divine Skills are inferior to yours."

After speaking, the blue-clothed youth silently retreated, leaving the Purple Robed Youth alone on the battle arena, whose name was then revealed.

Purple Robed Marquis, a very distinctive name, only cultivators dare to use it; ordinary people have no qualification to use such a name.

After drinking some Spiritual Liquid, the Purple Robed Marquis quickly restored his Divine Power, exuding a monumental War Intent, eager to challenge the young heroes of the Five Domains.

"Who else dares to fight me!"

The Purple Robed Marquis stood proudly on the battle stage, looking around confidently with a demeanor of disdain for the world's heroes.

"What an arrogant kid!"

"It's natural; he has the capital to be arrogant, emerging victoriously among the chaotic battles of the young generation in the Five Domains, which speaks volumes."

The young strong people discussed intensely, but none were willing to step forward, unwilling to risk bad luck. Seeing his current state, he had clearly fully recovered to the Peak condition.

Ye Fan remained calm; although the Purple Robed Marquis' strength ranked highly among the young generation, he was not invincible. Not to mention others, Buddha Yu chanzi and Demon Sect Young Master Great Demon, Clumsy Fist Inheritor Li Yu'er, and Wen TaDou, who inherited from Emperor Wen, any one of them could easily defeat him.

"Don't think emerging victorious means truly invincible among the young generation; you are far from qualified!"

Ling Haotian stepped out from the Ling Family camp, his presence as steady as a mountain.

"The strongest inheritor of the Emperor Clan Ling Family, Ling Haotian?"

The Purple Robed Marquis frowned slightly, but did not shy away from battle, rather eager to test his might.

"Correct, I will allow you three moves; the fourth move will defeat you!"

Ling Haotian was extraordinarily arrogant, completely disregarding the Purple Robed Marquis, who emerged from hundreds of young elites.

"Such arrogance! In that case, I don't need your three moves, let's fight fairly, let me witness how strong the Emperor Clan truly is."

The Purple Robed Marquis' face became solemn; from Ling Haotian's immense confidence, it wasn't hard to see he indeed possessed extremely powerful strength.

The Emperor Clan is not to be underestimated!

"Very well, I will ensure you lose convincingly!"

A gleam flickered in Ling Haotian's eyes as he spoke indifferently, "Make your move, don't say I didn't give you a chance!"

"Boom!"

The Purple Robed Marquis directly manifested his Holy Embryo, a massive Purple Qilin stepping on Divine Fire, majestic beyond compare, spewing Purple Fire towards Ling Haotian, burning the void with terrifying high temperature.

Simultaneously, the Purple Robed Marquis also exhibited his Domain Power, enveloping Ling Haotian within his Domain.

"Even rice grain pearls shine bright!"

Ling Haotian sneered, forcibly expanding his Domain. The clash of two different domains did not explode; rather, fortune turned upon itself, directly tearing the void open. Around them, black spatial cracks appeared, sucking the rampant energy into unknown spaces.

Immediately after, Ling Haotian punched, fierce Punch Ray shattered all obstacles, annihilating the Purple Fire, ruthlessly hitting the Purple Fire Qilin's head.

"Boom!"

The Purple Robed Marquis' Holy Embryo—the Purple Fire Qilin's head was directly shattered. The mighty Holy Embryo couldn't withstand the invincible Xuandi Fist.

During this period, with Xuan Ancestor Ling Yunzhi's guidance, Ling Haotian's strength greatly improved, his combat sense also significantly stronger than before.

"First move!"

Ling Haotian raised a finger, tranquil and confident, as if strolling leisurely, completely ignoring the Purple Robed Marquis.

"Kill!"

The Purple Robed Marquis took a deep breath, his Purple Fire Qilin Holy Embryo regained its peak with Divine Power's replenishment, then punched out, vast Purple Qi like a fierce dragon crashed towards Ling Haotian.

"Xuandi Fist!"

Feeling the horrific energy contained in the Purple Robed Marquis' punch, Ling Haotian's expression turned serious, executing Xuandi Fist, punching as if piercing through a world.

"Boom!"

Their Punch Rays collided, bursting with dazzling light. Ling Haotian followed the momentum, unaltered in his fist motion, dispersing the Purple Qi, fiercely smashing towards the Purple Robed Marquis' chest.

"Flame Shield!"

The Purple Robed Marquis, undaunted in peril, quickly condensed a purple flame shield in front using the Fire Element's Divine Skills.

"Bang!"

Ling Haotian's fist struck the flame shield fiercely, the Fire Element condensed shield suddenly cracked, turning into a sky full of Fire Elements.

However, the Purple Robed Marquis also endured Ling Haotian's fatal punch, allowing him a chance to breathe, but he had already fallen entirely into a disadvantage.

It was only at this moment he understood why Ling Haotian, Ye Fan, and others did not participate in the chaotic sparring.

The reason is simple; once they participate, there likely won't be any chance for them people like him, the disparity in strength is too vast.

"Second move!"

Ling Haotian stood with hands behind his back, disdainfully warning, "I advise you to surrender, otherwise I cannot guarantee you leave alive!"

Chapter 1694 Clumsy Fist Inheritor

This statement can be described as extremely arrogant. No matter what, the Purple Robed Marquis is also the successor of Elder Zi Qi, standing out among hundreds of young elites and fighting until the end, his strength cannot be underestimated.

However, everyone knows that if they continue to fight, the Purple Robed Marquis is certain to lose. The gap between the two is too great; he cannot defeat Ling Haotian.

At the same time, those who understand Ling Haotian's combat power, such as Hu Fei and Shi Ye, are secretly puzzled. When did this kid become so formidable?

"You can defeat me, but you cannot humiliate me. The Purple Robed Marquis will never admit defeat voluntarily!"

The Purple Robed Marquis took a deep breath, and his eyes shot out resolute glimmers.

"Fine, then I'll fight until you admit defeat!"

Ling Haotian pressed forward with a palm strike, the gale arose abruptly, as if the air around was drained by this palm, causing the Purple Robed Marquis to feel as if he were trapped in a quagmire.

The Purple Robed Marquis felt a chill in his heart and let out a furious shout, instantly burning his Divine Power, his combat strength skyrocketed, shouting loudly: "Unification!"

The Purple Fire Qilin Divine Embryo fused with him, and in an instant, his whole being became nearly grotesque, bones crackling like frying beans, exuding an extremely terrifying aura.

Ling Haotian squinted his eyes; he also felt the opponent's strength. After burning his Divine Power and fusing with the Divine Embryo, the Purple Robed Marquis's power and appearance underwent a tremendous transformation!

At this moment, the Purple Robed Marquis was engulfed in purple light soaring to the sky, scales gleaming, almost transforming into a half-human, half-Qilin form, looking incredibly terrifying.

Moreover, his hands nearly turned into Qilin Claws, nails forming hook-like shapes, reaching half a foot long, sparkling coldly.

"Forcing me to use Qilin Transformation, even if you lose, it's enough for you to be proud!"

The Purple Robed Marquis shot out half a foot of purple light from his eyes and said coldly.

"Holy Embryo Fusion is Holy Embryo Fusion, why call it Qilin Transformation? Before the Xuandi Fist, any obstruction will be crushed, even a real Qilin is no exception, let alone you, a half-human, half-Qilin monster!"

Ling Haotian sneered, utterly fearless. After receiving the guidance of the Xuan Ancestor, his confidence surged, his goal was to defeat Ye Fan, and a Purple Robed Marquis was nowhere in his sight.

Wham!

Saying this, Ling Haotian struck with a palm, sounding like a dragon roar, Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi condensed into a massive light palm, fiercely slapping the Purple Robed Marquis fused with the Divine Embryo away.

"Hiss..."

The people around drew in breaths of astonishment; no one expected Ling Haotian to be so powerful, worthy of being the strongest successor of the Di Clan.

"During this period, Ling Haotian's strength indeed increased significantly, as if he became a different person."

"Earlier during the sparring at the Immortal Academy and Imperial Academy, he was defeated by the Ye kid from the Immortal Academy. He learned from his disgrace, so it's normal for his strength to have grown somewhat."

"It seems this time he is going to challenge Ye Fan, to wash away his previous defeat, and reclaim the Emperor's Weapon that belongs to the Ling Family!"

"I don't think it'll be easy. Don't forget, he has progressed, but that Ye kid hasn't been idle either. Even when eighteen Saint Child Level strong people set up a kill array, they couldn't handle him and instead were killed by him. Ling Haotian is strong, but he might not be able to easily defeat that Ye kid!"

Seeing Ling Haotian display his might, defeating the emerging Purple Robed Marquis in just three moves, people couldn't help but discuss spiritedly, focusing on whether he will challenge Ye Fan.

Almost everyone thinks that Ling Haotian will definitely challenge Ye Fan. Whether for public or private reasons, there needs to be some closure between him and Ye Fan, and this sparring match is a perfect opportunity.

The Ling Family's Saint quietly smiled, from Ling Haotian's performance, he saw hope; whether the Ling Family can reclaim the Emperor's Weapon and restore its former glory depends entirely on Ling Haotian.

Ling Gu looked at Ye Fan with sinister eyes. Though he couldn't make a move, he could wish more than anyone to kill Ye Fan.

Years ago, he had coerced Ye Fan's mother Ling Yun into an alliance with the Gu Family, so although he shares blood ties with Ye Fan, there's deep-seated hatred. Naturally, he doesn't want to see Ye Fan rise, especially since the Ling Family's Emperor Weapon is in Ye Fan's hands.

"Sigh..."

The Ling Family Ancestor secretly sighed, feeling that Ling Haotian was still too impetuous. He could have defeated the opponent in the most energy-efficient way without injuring them, yet he chose brute force over finesse.

Certainly, brute force overcomes skill; in the face of absolute power, any martial arts or secret technique is futile. But while defeating the opponent, one's own consumption increases, which is not a characteristic an excellent strong person should have.

"Cough cough..."

The Purple Robed Marquis flew a hundred feet away, reverting to his original form, coughing violently, blood foam continuously bubbling from his mouth, and his whole body's bones were broken.

After delivering a blow, Ling Haotian didn't bother to see how the Purple Robed Marquis turned out but turned instead towards the direction where Ye Fan stood.

"Ye, dare to fight me?"

Having forcefully defeated the Purple Robed Marquis who emerged from numerous young elites, Ling Haotian finally regained his confidence and invincible heart, challenging Ye Fan.

At this moment, he once again held the heart to prove Dao, among the younger generation, he feared no one, even the son of the Emperor, he firmly believed that in the near future, he would stand at the same height as him.

"Do you think you're strong? Then let me meet you!"

Before Ye Fan could respond, the successor of Clumsy Fist, Li Yu'er, flew onto the Life and Death Battle Arena, walking step by step towards Ling Haotian.

"Ye, are you scared? If you're afraid, kneel down, admit your mistake to me, and hand over the Emperor's Weapon, I might consider sparing you this time."

Ling Haotian didn't look at Li Yu'er coming over but continued to taunt Ye Fan.

"I'm afraid of you? Did your brain get kicked by a Xuan Beast's hoof?" Ye Fan mocked.

"You..."

Ling Haotian nearly choked on Ye Fan's words, his eyes blazing with anger, "In that case, let's settle our grievances with a duel. If you lose, you hand over the Emperor Weapon and abolish all Mystical Skills and Martial Arts belonging to my Ling Family. How about that?"

Before Ye Fan could speak, the Clumsy Fist Inheritor Li Yu'er had already approached Ling Haotian, coldly saying, "What do you take this sparring competition for? To resolve your personal grievances? No, this is for selecting the young elites to fight against the Demon Clan in the future. Your actions seem to undermine the competition's purpose."

Li Yu'er's words were righteous and stern, leaving even the Ling Family members unable to refute, and they remained silent, while others nodded in agreement.

"That's correct, this sparring competition is meant to select the elite of the younger generation to combat the emerging Demon Clan, not to solve personal disagreements."

"Any grievances can be sorted out privately. To be recognized as the elite of the younger generation, adhere to the previous rules, or be disqualified."

Moonlight Emperor and Old Bastard both spoke up, preventing Ling Haotian from challenging Ye Fan further. Of course, if Ye Fan accepted the challenge, it would be a different story.

"You're courting death!"

Ling Haotian's expression constantly changed before becoming gloomy, coldly speaking to Li Yu'er, "I don't care who you are, defeating you first is fine by me, but I won't be merciful, fend for yourself!"

"You don't need to worry about that. Since I dare to step forward, I'm not afraid of you. Let me witness how skillful your Xuandi Fist truly is."

Li Yu'er stood casually, seemingly merging with Heaven and Earth.

Ling Haotian took a deep breath. Although he was angry, he understood that the youth before him, who appeared extremely ordinary like a common person with no cultivation, was a formidable opponent.

Because from the moment Li Yu'er stood before him, he couldn't pinpoint the true position of the opponent. It was a profound feeling, difficult to describe.

For a cultivator, this is extremely dangerous — if you can't locate the opponent's true position, how can you defeat them?

Trying to calm himself, Ling Haotian slowly closed his eyes, replacing his eyes with Divine Sense, his aura climbing, forming an energy storm on the battle arena.

Li Yu'er casually altered his positions, unaffected by the energy storm, as if he had truly fused with Heaven and Earth.

Wasting time was unfavorable, so Ling Haotian decided to probe, although he still couldn't pinpoint his opponent, he believed that as long as he attacked, Li Yu'er would show a flaw, allowing him to defeat or even kill the opponent with a stormy attack.

"Kill!"

Ling Haotian shouted, unleashing Xuandi Fist, the Punch Ray dazzling, nearly piercing through a world.

"Not bad, but it lacks refinement!"

Li Yu'er shouted, rushing forward, meeting the attack with a direct punch, without any fancy maneuvers.

"Boom!"

A loud crash, the void quaking, almost shattering at any moment, as their fists collided, emitting a blinding light in Heaven and Earth.

"Crack!"

Ling Haotian's fingers fractured, in the direct clash of strength, he found himself at a disadvantage in terms of body toughness, which was unbelievable to him.

"How can this be?"

Ling Haotian couldn't accept the fact that in a head-on battle, he was defeated by what seemed like an ordinary opponent. How could he challenge Ye Fan? Regain everything that belonged to him?

"Nothing is impossible."

Li Yu'er calmly said, "The Nine Heavens Xuan Emperor is a Great Emperor that I admire and respect, as his descendant, you still fall short."

"Don't get cocky!"

Ling Haotian roared, his aura surging, a dragon-shaped Divine Embryo manifesting, surrounded by the Four Spirits apparitions, as if a true Great Emperor reborn, astonishing the audience.

"Even with the protection of the Four Spirits, you'll still lose."

Li Yu'er, unfazed, threw another punch, the blazing Punch Ray carrying a destructive aura.

"Roar..."

The Divine Dragon Divine Embryo moved sinuously, charging at Li Yu'er, showcasing the peak combat utilization of the Divine Embryo, aiding Ling Haotian tremendously.

"You dare block me?!"

Li Yu'er's eyes shot two beams of Golden Light, his fists both striking, shattering the Divine Dragon Divine Embryo into pieces with a cry, dispersing into the air, returning to Ling Haotian's body.

"Puff!"

Ling Haotian's face drastically changed, spitting a mouthful of blood, hastily throwing a punch, clashing with Li Yu'er's right fist, unsurprisingly being blown away, his entire arm exploding, blood gushing, a gruesome sight.

Chapter 1695 Struggle for Inheritance

"Ling Haotian... actually... lost?"

The entire arena was silent; no one had anticipated such an outcome. The gaze towards Li Yu'er was filled with deep shock.

Ling Haotian's prowess was undeniable; even the Purple Robed Marquis, who stood out among hundreds of young elites, was defeated by his hands.

Yet, against Li Yu'er, he was powerless; the battle was decided in just two moves!

Although Ling Haotian still had the ability to fight, from the battle scene just now, it was clear that even if Ling Haotian persisted, he would still be the one to lose, without a shred of suspense.

Li Yu'er, despite having a normal constitution, not possessing any demon-like physique, had cultivated the Clumsy Fist to an extremely deep realm. His strength was at the peak of Early Lord Realm, matching Ling Haotian.

In such a situation, whoever had the stronger Cultivation Technique, more exquisite martial arts, more mysterious secret technique, more powerful divine skills, and richer combat experience had the greater chance of winning.

In this regard, Li Yu'er was clearly a notch above Ling Haotian; the two were not on the same level at all.

The people of the Ling Family were all in despair; unable to deal with an unknown Li Yu'er, how could they defeat Ye Fan, save face, and retrieve the Emperor Weapon?

Being unable to defeat Li Yu'er made all this talk empty, with even the hope of entering the top ten elusive.

In addition to Li Yu'er, the successor of Emperor Wen, Wen TaDou's attack method was extremely bizarre and powerful; Ling Haotian was even less of a match for him.

Moreover, the two Young Masters of the Western Region's Buddha Demon Sect, one with peerless Demon Technique and the other with profound Buddha knowledge, each possessing great Buddha Divine Skills – neither would be easy to deal with.

Ling Family Ancestor Ling Yunzhi remained unflustered, but a faint trace of disappointment was visible in his gaze towards Ling Haotian. He had hoped to use Ling Haotian to defeat Ye Fan and reclaim everything that belonged to the Ling Family, but now it seemed that hope was dim.

"I don't believe it; I won't lose..."

Ling Haotian's face was ferocious as he slowly rose from the ground.

"Phoenix Tribulation Regeneration Technique!"

Ling Haotian operated the secret technique; his shattered arm grew anew. At this moment, he exuded a dangerous aura, resembling a Demon God emerging into the world.

Li Yu'er faced him calmly, starkly contrasting with Ling Haotian, with no semblance of aura at all, like a completely ordinary person without any Cultivation, yet he could confront him without falling behind.

No matter how Ling Haotian's aura increased, Li Yu'er remained like a lonely boat in the furious sea, seemingly hazardous but never capsizing.

"Nine Heavens Xuan Emperor, Holy Light is invincible!"

Ling Haotian shouted as he struck a punch, the dazzling Holy Light dispelling all obstacles, using the Holy Light Technique of Xuandi Fist, its power shocking the heavens.

Ye Fan secretly furrowed his brow; Ling Haotian's progress with the Holy Light Technique was significant compared to before. If he had such strength during the Immortal Academy sparring match, Ye Fan would undoubtedly have been defeated.

Li Yu'er made no defense and still struck straight forward with a punch, intertwining the two completely different Divine Powers of life and death, confronting Ling Haotian's Holy Light Technique.

"Boom!"

With an explosive sound, Li Yu'er did not retreat a single step, his right sleeve completely turned to dust, revealing a sturdy arm with a bronze-like sheen.

Ling Haotian was thrown back once more, his right hand bizarrely twisted, clearly having a broken arm bone, his five fingers dripping blood steadily.

At this moment, Ling Haotian's heart was both shocked and dejected; shocked that Li Yu'er's strength was so formidable, surpassing him by more than one level.

Dejected because he couldn't even defeat Li Yu'er; how could he challenge Ye Fan to wipe away the past disgrace? To reclaim everything that should have belonged to him?

"Haotian, come back; you are not his opponent!"

The Ling Family's Saint looked as if he'd swallowed a dead child, his face looking grim to the extreme.

Originally intending to use this competition among the younger generation of the Five Domains for Ling Haotian to decisively defeat Ye Fan, erasing the past disgrace, showcasing the Ling Family's pride, and reclaiming everything that belonged to them.

Now, with Ye Fan yet to take action, just an unknown Li Yu'er on stage had defeated Ling Haotian, a result they couldn't accept.

However—

Even if they couldn't accept it, they had to; Ling Haotian was the hope of the whole Ling Family, and couldn't afford to fall. They could only admit defeat, lest further battle would result in greater disgrace.

"No, I haven't lost yet, I must win!"

Ling Haotian stubbornly stood on the battlefield once again, using Phoenix Tribulation Regeneration Technique, rejoining his broken arm bone.

"Come back!"

The Ling Family's Saint's face was ashen, saying coldly, "Are you still not ashamed enough?"

"I..."

Ling Haotian felt extremely aggrieved, wanting desperately to use a Forbidden Secret Technique to tear Li Yu'er apart on stage.

But he also knew that while he had a Forbidden Secret Technique, the other surely did as well. Even if Li Yu'er didn't have any or wouldn't risk using a Forbidden Secret Technique, the elders overseeing the contest wouldn't allow him to act as an assassin.

Thinking of this, Ling Haotian had to suppress his inner rage, coldly glaring at Li Yu'er, solemnly saying, "Don't get too proud; in a real battle of life and death, you would be the one to die!"

Li Yu'er remained calm: "Your heart is filled with hatred and slaughter; how can your Cultivation ascend to the realm of Unity of Heaven and Man? If you can't let go of the obsession in your heart, you'll have no chance of defeating me in this lifetime."

Hmm?

Ling Haotian trembled all over, silently gazing at Li Yu'er for a moment, then took a deep breath before stepping down from the Life and Death Battle Arena.

The two defeats were a huge blow to Ling Haotian's mind in proving Dao, sending him crashing from Heaven to Hell, and the invincible belief he had just built crumbled completely.

From this moment on, Ling Haotian was disconnected from the strongest of the young generation. A heart filled with hatred and killing shackled his cultivation.

Just as Li Yu'er said, if Ling Haotian cannot abandon his obsessions and murderous intent, he will never be able to ascend to the realm of Unity of Heaven and Man; the Lord Realm will be his highest achievement in this life, with no further breakthroughs possible.

This Heavenly Pride, Ling Haotian, actually lost to a virtually unknown Li Yu'er, which came as a great surprise to everyone.

"Ling Haotian actually lost, truly unbelievable."

"That young man looks very ordinary, and he didn't even use a Holy Embryo."

"His moves seemed straightforward, his martial arts very basic, even somewhat clumsy, yet he defeated the strongest successor of the Di Clan, Ling Haotian, it's simply incredible."

Many people were discussing, speculating about the mysterious background of this seemingly ordinary youth.

At this moment, the Old Emperor of the Yuehua Dynasty slowly stepped forward, wearing a dragon robe and a Purple Gold Dragon Crown, seeming majestic despite his old age, not to be underestimated by anyone.

"This young talent must have inherited from Elder Zhuo Shan. This Clumsy Fist, even with ordinary physique, can be cultivated to its peak, having been lost for tens of thousands of years, yet reappears in the world again."

The Old Emperor's eyes shot two dragon-shaped Divine Lights, seemingly able to see through Li Yu'er.

"The Old Emperor's eyes are like torches, the Dharma Eye is accurate, I have indeed received the inheritance from Elder Zhuo Shan!"

Li Yu'er said respectfully.

Except for those living fossil-level elders from Holy Lands and the Di Clan, almost no one in the younger generation knew who Elder Zhuo Shan was.

Seeing everyone's puzzled expressions, the Old Emperor explained the origins of Elder Zhuo Shan and the Clumsy Fist to them, allowing Ye Fan to gain some understanding of Li Yu'er's Clumsy Fist.

Clumsy Fist, great skill seems clumsy, a heavy sword without a sharp edge; although it seems like there's no sophisticated martial arts, every move of the Clumsy Fist is refined to the extreme, the pinnacle of Fist Technique.

Previously, ordinary people had also cultivated Clumsy Fist, but they merely adopted its form without being able to unleash its true power.

Li Yu'er received the authentic inheritance of Clumsy Fist, and while he possesses a very ordinary physique, he is perfectly suited to cultivate Clumsy Fist.

His Clumsy Fist has now reached the realm of preliminary mastery, and with dedicated cultivation, he is bound to revive the supreme might of Clumsy Fist in the future.

Elder Zhuo Shan, despite having only an ordinary physique, was extraordinarily talented, creating the exceptional martial art, Clumsy Fist, which can rival Emperor-level Martial Techniques.

"What's so great about Clumsy Fist? I don't believe it's that strong!"

Gu Xiao from the Gu Family camp said with disdain.

"You go up and defeat him, restore face for our Di Clan!"

The Ancient Emperor's progeny Gu Xian glanced at Gu Xiao, speaking lightly.

He didn't mention Ling Haotian's defeat at all, instead elevating this sparring to a contest between the Di Clan and ordinary successors.

To him, Ling Haotian was nothing special; Ling Family's Xuandi Fist wasn't a match for the Clumsy Fist.

If Gu Xiao could defeat the Clumsy Fist successor Li Yu'er, not only would it restore the Di Clan's honor, but it would also elevate the prestige of the Gu Family.

As an Emperor's son, Gu Xian has a high vision, in his eyes only strong people deserve respect, the defeated have no qualification.

Receiving the guidance from the little ancestor, Gu Xiao sneered, stepping onto the battle stage, addressing Li Yu'er: "Are you very strong? Let me weigh if you're worthy or not."

Saying this, Gu Xiao transformed into a Flowing Light, charging straight ahead, throwing a punch, lethal right from the start, without any nonsense.

"Boom!"

Gu Xiao threw a punch, Punch Ray like Serpent Dragon, seemingly tearing through the void, instantly covering the front, causing Heaven and Earth to collapse.

Swish!

Sensing the opponent's strength, Li Yu'er dared not be careless, exercising Clumsy Fist to the extreme, a seemingly ordinary punch containing two completely different forces of life and death, countering fiercely.

The Life and Death Battle Arena trembled, the two burst forth like two shining suns, emitting countless rays of brilliance, incredibly dazzling, making it hard to keep eyes open.

"What did I just see?"

"When did Gu Family's strongest successor become this strong?"

Gu Xiao's explosive combat power caused astonished cries from everyone, no one expected that in just a month's time, Gu Xiao's power had improved so dramatically.

To be aware, a month ago, he was defeated and captured by Ye Fan, and during the auction, the Gu Family spent an extravagant amount to redeem him.

In just a month, Gu Xiao's strength had drastically changed, a tremendous improvement from a month ago, how could it not be shocking?

"Could it be some sort of Forbidden Secret Technique from the Gu Family that forced growth, exploiting his potential?"

For a moment, everyone was guessing.

Chapter 1696 The Power of the Tao Mark

Gu Xiao's powerful combat power elicited exclamations from the onlookers, especially those saint-level strong individuals who had once fought alongside him, whose eyes nearly dropped to the ground in surprise.

Undeniably, as the strongest successor of the Di Clan, Gu Xiao is indeed powerful, significantly stronger than the average Saint, but he definitely was not as strong as he is now.

Many people believe that in order to save face, the Gu Family must have utilized some kind of forbidden secret technique of the clan to forcibly enhance Gu Xiao's strength, otherwise, it would be impossible for his combat power to increase so much in just one month.

The clash between the two was like two small worlds colliding, the light shining everywhere, causing the ancient Life and Death Battle Arena to tremble.

It was a catastrophic collision, with terrifying energy overflowing, causing the surrounding young generation of strong people to retreat for fear of being affected.

Only Ye Fan, the eldest grandson of the Nine Great Bandits, Kou Wenjie, Buddha Yu Chanzi, Demon Sect Young Master Great Demon, Emperor Wen's successor Wen TaDou, and the three Emperor's sons remained unaffected.

Heaven and earth were bright and radiant, with two towering figures engaged in combat, their faces indistinguishable, only their radiant outlines visible, each strike causing the world to shake!

The battle between Gu Xiao and Li Yu'er seemed like a duel between two deities, everything else disappeared, leaving only the two of them as the sole spectacle.

"Is this the true strength of the young generation? Even compared to the elders of the Holy Land, they might not be any weaker!"

People were utterly astonished by the strength displayed by the two.

"Boom!"

With the final strike, the two crossed paths and simultaneously halted, standing silently a hundred feet apart, quietly observing each other.

The radiant light disappeared, the world was restored to clarity, and the entire battle platform was engulfed with the atmosphere of a great battle aftermath.

If it were not for Yuehua Dynasty's Life and Death Battle Arena, which is one of the three great battle platforms of the Xuan Realm and capable of sustaining a Saint Lord level battle without being destroyed, an ordinary battle platform would not have been able to withstand such a powerful fight for long.

There was a dead silence surrounding the entire battle platform, especially among the young elites, feeling chilled to the bones, the disparity was too great, living in the same era as these two was indeed a kind of sorrow.

At this moment, Gu Xiao's hair was disheveled, and his clothes had several tears, appearing somewhat in disarray, while Li Yu'er had a pale complexion with slightly disordered clothing.

It was evident that in this first attack, neither side gained the upper hand, both paying a certain price!

"Successor of Clumsy Fist, I truly underestimated you. From now on, I will no longer hold back, may you seek your own blessings." Gu Xiao shouted loudly.

"Just take care of yourself, I don't need you to worry about me."

Li Yu'er took a deep breath, quickly calming down, as if merging with the void.

"Kill!"

Gu Xiao's war intent soared to the heavens, utilizing the Ancient Emperor Secret Technique to attack Li Yu'er, who also forcefully counterattacked, and the battle erupted once again.

Gu Xiao emitted Infinite Light all over his body, resembling a deity, with the demeanor of a Great Emperor in every move, truly deserving to be the strongest successor of the Di Clan.

Li Yu'er's complexion changed slightly, facing tremendous pressure, charging upwards without fear of Gu Xiao's power, executing the Clumsy Fist to the extreme, each punch containing supreme force, as if wielding the power of the Heavenly Dao.

"Boom! Boom! Boom!"

The two continued to collide, completely abandoning divine skills, as both were in the Early Lord Realm, the domains they deployed were completely neutralized.

Therefore, the battle between the two returned to the primitive, deciding victory and defeat through physical prowess, although both possessed strong Divine Power, making it hard to determine a victor for some time.

Everyone watched in awe and fascination, this intense sparring was undoubtedly the highest in quality since the beginning, whether it was Gu Xiao's Ancient Emperor Fist or Li Yu'er's Clumsy Fist, both were exceptionally rare martial arts, comprehending their mysteries would definitely elevate one's strength to a new level.

The two fought wildly, energy overflowing across the entire battle platform, causing many young generation experts to retreat, unable to approach the battlefield of the two at all.

Li Yu'er grew braver the more he fought, Clumsy Fist, although simple in form, its power was immense, on par with the martial arts passed down by the Great Emperor.

Although Gu Xiao received guidance from the Emperor's Son, Ancient Immortal, having only undergone a month-long intensive training, despite significant strength increase, he still couldn't compare to someone like Li Yu'er, who has been steeped in Clumsy Fist since childhood, single-mindedly dedicated.

In a short time, Gu Xiao could hold his own against Li Yu'er, but as time dragged on, his disadvantage began to show, starting with the depletion of Divine Power.

This is a fatal flaw in a closely matched battle, Gu Xiao felt increasingly burdened, with every hard collision with Li Yu'er, he felt his blood and energy churning intensely within him.

"Fight!"

At this moment, Li Yu'er showcased his divine might, his fist enveloped in a subtle and indistinct pattern, punching Gu Xiao in the chest.

"Bang!"

Gu Xiao flew backward over a hundred feet, scattering a trail of blood, and when he landed, he was completely unconscious.

"This..."

"What happened, Gu Xiao was able to hold his own against him just now, how did he suddenly lose?"

Many people were puzzled and didn't know what was happening on the battlefield. Only a few, like the old bastards, saw the faint patterns on Li Yu'er's fist clearly.

They were deeply shocked!

Because although Li Yu'er was at the peak of the Early Lord Realm, it shouldn't have been possible for him to draw upon the Tao Mark of the Heavenly Dao.

Yet, just now, he succeeded in drawing a Tao Mark filled with the Natural Profound Meaning onto his fist, which unleashed the power of the Clumsy Fist, increasing its might several times over.

Originally, Gu Xiao was already struggling to cope, barely able to fight Li Yu'er to a draw. When the power of Li Yu'er's Clumsy Fist multiplied several times, Gu Xiao naturally could not withstand it.

"The power of the Tao Mark..."

The Gu Family's Saint Master was wide-eyed, looking as if he had seen a ghost. He simply couldn't understand how Li Yu'er, who was only at the peak of the Early Lord Realm and shared the same realm as Gu Xiao, could comprehend the power of the Tao Mark.

"Clumsy Fist, Taoist Skill is natural; no wonder it's so powerful!"

Imperial Academy Director, Monk Dao Yan's words enlightened the Gu Family's Saint Master, as well as others.

Indeed, Li Yu'er's Clumsy Fist itself follows the law of nature. In the Early Lord Realm, comprehending the laws of the Heavenly Dao and imprinting the natural Tao Mark was a normal occurrence.

However, in this way, it's feared that the young generation won't be able to defeat him. After all, not everyone can comprehend the Heavenly Dao and imprint a Tao Mark.

All major Holy Lands felt ashamed. They prided themselves as major forces with vast resources yet failed to gather all the talented people of the world, being surpassed by disciples of a few reclusive old monsters.

"With such a Demon Level genius, the Human Race is incredibly fortunate. Even if the Demon Tribe rises powerfully in the future, the Human Race will have a young, vigorous force to contend with them."

This was the common sentiment among many cultivators. A golden era was approaching, and no one knew how much the Demon Tribe had developed after so many years of recuperation.

If the Human Race had no strong young people to contend with the Demon Tribe, their status would be seriously threatened in the future, and they might even become slaves to the Demon Tribe, which all cultivators were unwilling to see.

During the great battle of years past against the Demon Tribe, nearly all elites on both sides were exhausted, with both revealing all their foundations. Ultimately, the Human Race won by a narrow margin.

This time, the Demon Tribe is making a comeback, undoubtedly more prepared. Whether the Human Race can fight and win, besides relying on their foundation, the young generation is also an important weight.

"This is truly an era worthy of admiration!"

Off to the side, Wenren Tongtian exclaimed. Quite a few from the Nine Great Bandits attended this grand event; he was one of them.

"Our Human Race has ushered in an unprecedentedly prosperous era. Various long-lost Cultivation Techniques and martial arts are emerging one after another. Even if the Demon Tribe emerges, they have no chance of enslaving the Human Race."

Another rather fierce-looking middle-aged man nodded and said.

The Family of the Martial Emperor and the Imperial Clan of the Human Emperor could only shake their heads and smile bitterly. Their strongest successors, Wu Jingtian and Yue Chuan, failed to persist until the end. For them, as part of the Imperial Clan, this was undoubtedly a significant blow.

However, whether it was the Family of the Martial Emperor or the Imperial Clan of the Human Emperor, their Saints had an exceptionally broad vision. Though their strongest successors failed, they felt no depression or dissatisfaction, only delight for the prosperity of the Human Race.

The Great Emperors all had grand aspirations. As their descendants, the Saints of the Family of the Martial Emperor and the Imperial Clan of the Human Emperor deeply understood one thing: this world belongs to every life, not just to a particular family.

In contrast to their composure, the Gu Family and the Ling Family, also of the Di Family, fell far short.

From the moment Gu Xiao was defeated, several elder-level strong people from the Gu Family rushed into the battlefield to rescue him.

Looking at the unconscious Gu Xiao, the Emperor's Son, Ancient Immortal frowned and shook his head slightly. He had thought that imparting the Ancient Emperor Secret Technique to Gu Xiao and training him in a special way would allow Gu Xiao to shine in this competition, but the result was even more embarrassing.

"I lost, I'm useless..."

After receiving treatment, Gu Xiao quickly regained consciousness, his face ashen as he kept muttering, looking lost.

Two consecutive defeats dealt a devastating blow to his confidence. Once brimming with confidence, thinking he could defeat Ye Fan and redeem himself, he was beaten before even facing Ye Fan.

"Enough!"

The Emperor's Son, Ancient Immortal frowned slightly, sternly saying, "Heal well. Even if you can't prove your Dao, you must contribute your last strength to the clan."

Gu Xiao trembled all over, subconsciously shutting his mouth, but it was clear that he no longer had the will to live.

Seeing all this, everyone in the Gu Family could only shake their heads in secret, unable to help him. If Gu Xiao couldn't overcome the shadow of failure, his life would be utterly ruined.

"Brother Ye, ever since I emerged from seclusion, I've heard numerous legendary tales about you. I'm greatly impressed. At that time, I decided I must seek your guidance, hoping you would not withhold your teaching!"

Meanwhile, on the ancient battlefield, Li Yu'er smiled as he looked at Ye Fan.

Chapter 1697 Challenging Ye Fan

The Life and Death Battle Arena is built with gigantic stones, engraved with intricate and mysterious defensive array patterns, able to withstand a battle at the Saint Lord Level without being damaged.

The ancient battleground is laden with the vicissitudes of time. On this old and mottled life and death battlefield, countless Saint Lord-level strong people have fallen.

Time rushes by, those once unparalleled strong people who stirred the winds and clouds on this battlefield have long gone, the blood on the Life and Death Battle Arena has dried, the bones vanished, yet the pervasive killing intent is exceedingly intense, a genuine Asura Killing Field.

Previously, this Life and Death Battle Arena was absolutely not opened to the youth, only the strong people at Saint Lord Level were qualified to step onto it.

Nowadays, to counter the soon-to-be-emerging Demon Clan, and to prevent extensive regional destruction during sparring, the Yuehua Dynasty specifically opened this arena.

In just one hour, hundreds of young elites were eliminated on this ancient Life and Death Battle Arena, among them were Saint Child Level strong people, including even the strongest inheritor of the Di Clan having to exit in disgrace.

This is a world rampant with demons, even a Saint Child without absolute strength can only withdraw in melancholy, without a second choice.

Defeating two of the strongest inheritors of the Di Clan consecutively, Li Yu'er made quite the splash, earning recognition for his strength from many.

Even the critical Immortal Academy Director Old Immortal and Imperial Academy Director Monk Dao Yan had nothing to critique on his performance.

Clumsy Fist reappeared in the world, definitely good news for the Human Race, for the cultivators of ordinary physique, adding deep bargaining chips in humanity's war against the Demon Clan.

At this moment, Li Yu'er stood at the center of the arena, challenging Ye Fan.

Swoosh!

In a flash, everyone's gaze focused on Ye Fan.

Li Yu'er's strength was undeniable, consecutively defeating the strongest inheritor of Emperor Clan Ling Family Ling Haotian and the strongest inheritor of Ancient Emperor Family Gu Xiao, can Ye Fan really defeat him?

"I also wish to experience the excellence of Brother Li's Clumsy Fist!"

Amid the eyes of all, Ye Fan readily accepted the challenge, eager to explore the extraordinary aspects of Clumsy Fist.

Springing onto the battle arena, Ye Fan and Li Yu'er stood facing each other, separated by a hundred feet, perfect distance for them.

"How about we stop when noting victory?"

Ye Fan said with a smile, not intending for a true life or death battle with a young talented strong man like Li Yu'er.

Moreover, before so many elder strong people, even if they wished for a life or death outcome, no one would allow it, as they are pillars of the fight against the Demon Clan, hopes for the future of the Human Race.

"Just what I wanted!"

Li Yu'er nodded, then initiated his attack, a straightforward punch without any frills.

This is the true essence of Clumsy Fist, retaining the best by removing the worst, simplifying complexity, this punch contained his unwavering war intent.

Woosh!

Ye Fan neither dodged nor evaded, equally responding with a punch, concentrating his spiritual energy in this strike, surging Divine Power like a vast ocean washing the heavens, phantom images in all three hundred sixty acupoints on the body simultaneously trembled.

"Boom!"

In the blink of an eye, their Punch Ray collided, exploding with brightness more dazzling than the sun.

For a moment, everyone outside the arena was blinded as if, even strong people at Saint Lord Level were astounded.

Some young cultivators had bleeding eyes, hurriedly retreated.

They thought they were standing in a safe position, unexpectedly, the first clash of Ye Fan and Li Yu'er exploded with such formidable power.

In a blink, both charged forward, amidst chaotic energy flows, colliding heavily like two stars, erupting with a radiant brilliance.

The entire battlefield was enveloped with a terrifying aura, if ordinary Saint Child Level strong people were involved, they'd likely be reduced to ashes in minutes facing the Punch Rays of the two.

Outside the battlefield, the younger generation was stunned, originally thought Ling Haotian was strong enough, yet he was defeated without suspense by Li Yu'er.

Thereafter, the strongest inheritor of the Gu Family, Gu Xiao, also fell short, establishing Li Yu'er's supreme fame, among the younger generation, except for a few demon-like figures not yet crossed paths, probably only the Di Clan's Emperor's son could defeat him.

However,—

Ye Fan once again proved his strength with practical action, fully capable of a great battle with Li Yu'er without falling behind.

The arena sparkled brightly, like two War Gods opposing one another, each punch thrown possessing the power to destroy the heavens and earth.

If not for being an ancient battleground able to withstand a battle at Saint Lord Level without damage, it would have crumbled under their great duel long ago.

"Mountain and River Seal!"

Ye Fan shouted, hands drawing mysterious Mystic Light, a verdant mountain appeared between his hands.

Woosh!

Ye Fan held the mountain single-handedly, hurling directly at Li Yu'er, the Mountain and River Seal expanded in the wind, casting a large shadow on the ground.

"Good timing!"

Li Yu'er finally showcased his strongest strength, his aura surged like a Demon God, fiercely punching out, shattering the Mountain Embrace Seal, transforming into chaotic energy flows.

"Well done!"

Ye Fan praised, then punched out, Emperor's Fist with Domineering Fist Intent, Heaven Slaying Seven Spears' momentum, like a spear, striking at Li Yu'er.

Swoosh!

Sensing danger, Li Yu'er turned cold, swiftly sidestepping dozens of feet, narrowly avoiding Ye Fan's punch.

"Hah!"

An elder standing in the direction of Ye Fan's Punch Ray loudly shouted, deploying full defense, eyes wide, blocking Ye Fan's Punch Ray, preventing harm to others.

"Such a strong attack!"

Although he managed to block Ye Fan's punch, the elder broke out in a cold sweat.

If Ye Fan's attack had been slightly stronger, he would have been embarrassed, and the defense he had set might not have held against Ye Fan's fierce punch.

After some probing, Li Yu'er clearly felt the pressure Ye Fan exerted, which was totally incomparable to Ling Haotian and Gu Xiao.

He knew that this wasn't Ye Fan's true combat power, and Ye Fan must have been holding back.

Thinking of this, Li Yu'er was secretly alarmed. He had exerted his utmost effort, leaving nothing behind, reaching the pinnacle of his attack power. Yet, under such circumstances, Ye Fan was still holding something back, and he knew well who was superior.

However, Li Yu'er was not someone who would easily admit defeat. Even knowing Ye Fan was strong, it only made him more excited.

"Only by meeting stronger opponents can one unleash their hidden potential!"

This was a saying from Li Yu'er's master, which he always regarded as a motto.

In just a moment, the two of them exchanged over a thousand strikes, reaching incredible speed. Apart from some top seniors, even Saint Lord-level experts couldn't see their moves clearly.

"Use clumsiness to break cleverness!"

Li Yu'er shouted loudly, infusing most of his divine power into this punch, seemingly merging with the void, making it elusive.

"Exhilarating!"

Ye Fan also shouted, his whole body surging with Essence Qi, like a purple sun, shining brightly, with Blood Qi rolling like a vast ocean.

"Boom!"

Ye Fan swung his fist, unleashing the exquisite moves of the Xuandi Fist, with purple Thunder Power swirling around his fist, extremely firm and Yang, colliding with Li Yu'er's fist.

"Bang!"

Their powerful divine powers collided, and although it didn't produce a loud noise or intense light, it shattered the void, with the violent energy being absorbed into the Unnamed Space.

After one strike, both retracted their hands and passed by each other, silently assessing each other from hundreds of feet apart.

"Hahaha..."

Li Yu'er laughed heartily, feeling extraordinarily pleased, and then said to Ye Fan, "That was satisfying, truly satisfying!"

"Indeed satisfying!"

Ye Fan nodded with a smile, agreeing with his statement. Being able to fight freely without holding back was indeed satisfying for them.

"Battle lunatics!"

This was how the spectators described them.

Especially Ye Fan, who seemed easygoing but turned out to be so crazy once in battle.

Many younger cultivators fell silent, realizing that there's always someone stronger. They originally thought Li Yu'er was already very powerful, but unexpectedly, Ye Fan could match him evenly.

Moreover, judging by Ye Fan's appearance, he seemed to have ample energy, without any sign of divine power exhaustion.

This time, the Bai Yan wolf wasn't around, otherwise, it would certainly have scoffed again, as no one knew Ye Fan's true strength better than it.

When it came to endurance against Ye Fan, probably no one from the younger generation could surpass him; even in a relay battle, he could fight seven or eight rounds without issue.

"Brother Ye, you didn't disappoint me after all, worthy of being the guy who dared to auction a Saint Child, admirable, admirable!"

Having spent too long in the wilderness, Li Yu'er was not well-versed in social niceties, speaking his mind without hesitation.

"Hiss~"

Upon hearing Li Yu'er's words, some helmsmen from Holy Lands and Wu Shang Sect took sharp breaths in anger.

Originally, they were holding back resentment, and Li Yu'er's words only added fuel to the fire.

Ye Fan was at a loss for words. He had been diligently avoiding over this period mentioning this matter, fearing certain forces might retaliate desperately, yet Li Yu'er had to bring it up.

"Let's continue sparring!"

Ye Fan dared not let him continue speaking, fearing more provocative words, so he proactively attacked to cut him off.

"Buzz!"

Ye Fan swung a palm, and a giant black palm appeared out of thin air, striking towards Li Yu'er!

"Bring it on!"

Li Yu'er's eyes glowed with excitement, and with his fists combined, he charged towards the black palm like a drill.

"Boom!"

With a loud explosion, Li Yu'er forcibly broke through the black palm formed by the Immortal Stele Scattering Hand, emerging and throwing a punch towards Ye Fan's face in mid-air.

Just like before, Li Yu'er completely abandoned divine skills and secret techniques, using no Domain Power but purely divine power and martial arts in a hard clash.

Because he knew clearly, if Domain could trap Ye Fan, Ling Haotian and Gu Xiao wouldn't have been defeated so miserably.

He could be sure that although Ye Fan was merely at the Peak of Divine Power Realm, he definitely had means to break Domain Power!

Chapter 1698 A Satisfying Battle

On the Life and Death Battle Arena, divine light shone brilliantly as Ye Fan and Li Yu'er engaged in an intense battle, unleashing Infinite Light that illuminated the entire world.

"I never expected that Ye Fan from your academy would grow to such a terrifying extent, seemingly overpowering the successor of the Clumsy Fist," the Imperial Academy Director, Monk Dao Yan, couldn't help but sigh.

The Old Bastard chuckled, saying, "This is all his personal effort; we, the Immortal Academy, merely played an auxiliary role. It's all due to his profound fortune, blessed by the heavens."

These words seemed insignificant but contained deep meaning, causing Ling Family Ancestor not far away to tremble, his expression constantly changing as if making a significant decision.

The Imperial Academy Director, Monk Dao Yan, sighed softly, saying no more. The Imperial Academy had once tried to recruit Ye Fan, but he hadn't chosen the Imperial Academy.

Ever since Elder Xuan first appeared in public to reveal Ye Fan's lineage, the entire Cultivation World had already spread the word.

Not only was Ye Fan not some country bumpkin, but rather, his body also carried the bloodline of a Great Emperor. He was the son of Ling Yun, the Heavenly Pride of the Emperor Clan Ling Family, and had received recognition from the Emperor Weapon, with a future boundless.

Especially from the time Ye Fan emerged from nowhere until now, he had continuously gained fortuitous encounters. Not only did he fully inherit the Nine Heavens Xuan Emperor's legacy, but he also received recognition from the Quasi-Emperor Weapon, Thunder Emperor Spear, left by Thunder Venerable, gaining Thunder Venerable's mantle.

With his own strength, Ye Fan received two powerful inheritances, and his fortune surged like a flood crashing down a mountain—unstoppable. Such a person occupying a place among the current younger generation is entirely normal.

Contests between cultivators test not only strength but also fortune. The fact that Ye Fan could survive a deadly situation orchestrated by eighteen Saint Child Level strong people and his power surged, allowing him to counter-kill numerous Saint Child Level strong people, itself attests to his strong fortune, unmatched by others.

Upon hearing the Old Bastard's words, Ling Haotian's face turned ashen, all his remaining fighting spirit vanished. He also understood how crucial fortune is to a cultivator.

Ye Fan's fortune was immeasurable, blessed by the heavens. There was no way Ling Haotian could compete with him. This defeat shattered his path to proving the Dao.

From childhood, Ling Haotian was instilled with the idea of proving the Dao to become Emperor by the Ling Family's Saint and Ling Gu. His entire life revolved around this aim.

But now, the hope of proving the Dao was gone; the pillar supporting his existence collapsed thunderously, leaving him in despair.

"Boom!"

On the battlefield, Ye Fan and Li Yu'er fought wildly, each displaying their strongest power, with every clash wielding earth-shattering might.

The void shattered like a torn painting, continually broken by the two, with terrifying Thunder Power swirling around Ye Fan's violet fists, granting each strike the might of Heavenly Punishment.

Li Yu'er wielded natural power, unleashing the Clumsy Fist to its utmost, each punch containing hundreds of transformations.

This was the true secret technique of the Clumsy Fist—great skill appearing clumsy, with unassuming moves containing endless changes.

Were it not for Ye Fan's cultivation of the Nine Heavens Profound Body to the utmost of the Fifth Level, it would have been incredibly challenging to withstand Li Yu'er's furious fist force.

"Mountain and River Seal!"

Ye Fan shouted loudly, raising his hand to hurl a mountain. A real mountain was tossed out by him, fiercely suppressing Li Yu'er.

The reason he didn't use the first Heavenly Sound from the Divine Soul Resonance Sound Wave Technique was that Ye Fan felt this was a sparring match, not a life-and-death struggle, so there was no need to reveal all of his power.

"Is it this move again?"

Li Yu'er laughed heartily, saying, "Brother Ye, don't think I have no secret techniques; I just don't want to use them."

With those words, Li Yu'er crossed his arms, and a black mountain instantly manifested within them, fiercely hurled towards Ye Fan's Mountain and River Seal.

The black mountain was as tangible as reality, devoid of vegetation or life, shrouded in deathly stillness, yet it was by no means inferior to Ye Fan's Mountain and River Seal.

"Boom!"

The two mountains collided in the air, producing a deafening Heavenly Sound, causing many ordinary cultivators among the spectators to bleed from the ears and become deafened.

The black mountain and Ye Fan's Mountain and River Seal exploded simultaneously, transforming into a sky full of energy that pierced through the void!

"This is..."

"Mountain Embrace Seal?"

Seeing Li Yu'er also display a secret technique nearly equal to Ye Fan's, many Saint Lord Level strong people present were astounded. Some speculated that Li Yu'er was using the long-lost Mountain Embrace Seal.

Mountain Embrace Seal, like the Mountain and River Seal, was a secret technique lost for over ten thousand years, possessing immense power, conjuring a terrifying mountain between the hands to directly suppress the opponent.

At this moment, the Old Emperor of the Yuehua Dynasty shook his head slowly, saying, "No, it's not the Mountain Embrace Seal, but the Clumsy Mountain Seal, a secret technique created by Elder Zhuo Shan, comparable to the Mountain Embrace Seal."

Beside him, the Pavilion Master of the Treasure Pavilion also nodded. As the largest intelligence organization in the Five Domains, the Treasure Pavilion not only dealt with the acquisition and auctioning of precious treasures but also sold information, hence they had considerable knowledge of some ancient legends.

"Brother Ye, you must win!"

Hu Fei, Shi Ye, and others cheered for Ye Fan, believing that there seemed to be no opponent he couldn't defeat, as long as they had confidence in him.

In this aspect, Yaling performed even better than they did. From the moment Ye Fan stepped onto the battle stage, she had never worried that he would lose this sparring match.

"Brother Ye, if your skills have reached their limit, you'll need to be cautious now," Li Yu'er shouted.

"Brother Li, do your best; I can still handle it."

Ye Fan smiled broadly, revealing strong confidence and war intent. From the beginning until now, he had always been holding back his strength.

"Very well!"

Li Yu'er's entire momentum transformed, akin to a War God, with his blood energy almost igniting, divine power boiling as he exerted effort to mobilize a trace of Tao Mark hidden in his Dantian, swirling around his fist.

"Is it this move again? It seems like Li Yu'er's ultimate secret technique."

Someone whispered.

"Don't speak empty words; if you've got the guts, go up and take his punch. This punch contains the Power of Heavenly Tao; ordinary people couldn't withstand it."

Seeing the Tao marks swirling around Li Yu'er's fist, many people were speechless. At the Early Lord Realm, he comprehended the Heavenly Dao, inscribed the Tao marks, and could use them in battle. Who could withstand him in the same realm?

"Tao marks, huh?"

Ye Fan also shouted loudly, throwing a punch, his fist as transparent as a purple diamond, with dense patterns on it, and strands of Thunder Power slithering like tiny snakes.

"Bang!"

The two clashed fiercely without any embellishment, then separated again, hundreds of feet apart, silently facing each other.

Li Yu'er's left arm completely disappeared, reduced to flying ashes by Ye Fan's punch. Under the power of thunder, nothing could withstand it.

Meanwhile, Ye Fan's right chest deeply caved in, injuring his internal organs, with a trace of blood seeping from the corner of his mouth. This was the first time he had been injured since stepping onto the stage.

"Hahaha... This is exhilarating, truly exhilarating. I didn't expect you to take my deadly punch head-on and not lose!"

Li Yu'er didn't care about losing an arm, laughing as he spoke.

"This time you only lost an arm. Next time, you won't be so lucky."

Ye Fan chuckled, originally able to smash Li Yu'er's heart with a punch, but at the last moment, he felt compassion, fearing Li Yu'er didn't have a Regeneration Technique. If he really killed him, it would be a tremendous loss for the entire Human Race.

For this reason, Ye Fan showed mercy, changing his attack target at the last moment, shattering Li Yu'er's left arm instead.

In the blink of an eye, Ye Fan activated the Phoenix Nirvana Technique, using his primordial Pure Yang Qi to heal his injured chest, regenerating his ribs and lungs.

At the same time, Li Yu'er also quickly began repairing his damaged left arm.

Although losing his left arm didn't have much impact on his combat power, he chose to heal his body first.

"Crack!"

With a series of explosive sounds, Li Yu'er's left arm, turned to flying ash, regrew under the effect of Divine Power, though his sleeve was gone, making it look somewhat comical.

"Brother Ye, thank you. This has been the most exhilarating fight I've had since leaving seclusion. Regardless of win or loss, I'm glad to call you my friend."

Li Yu'er displayed a bright smile, then attacked again, with his Divine Embryo appearing behind him, a Teng Snake with golden scales shining brightly.

"Swoosh!"

The golden Teng Snake coiled around Li Yu'er, its head raised at his right wrist, with its foot-long tongue flicking in and out, its eyes revealing a fierce light.

"Brother Ye, be careful!"

Li Yu'er shouted, throwing a punch, his body following the fist, rapidly pouncing towards Ye Fan, the golden snake's head raised high on the fist, ready to deliver a deadly strike at any moment.

This was a dual attack, hard to defend against!

At this moment, even Kou Wenjie and others outside the arena frowned slightly, contemplating how they would handle it if they were in Ye Fan's place.

Some ordinary cultivators looked ashen-faced. This level of attack, even without the power of a domain, was not something they could withstand.

Living in the same era as such demons was both their fortune and misfortune.

Fortunately, when the Demon Clan is about to emerge, the Human Race has these demon-level strong people standing up, allowing them to rest easy without engaging in the most brutal battles.

Unfortunately, with these demon-level talents around, the future cultivation world will surely be a bloodbath, and they might never have the chance to rule a domain.

In a flash, Ye Fan unleashed the Xuandi Fist, as if piercing through a world, emanating terrifying Chaotic Energy, clashing with Li Yu'er's fist.

"Boom!"

Their fists collided, exploding with a light brighter than the sun, illuminating the entire Life and Death Battle Arena, causing many Saint Child Level experts to involuntarily close their eyes.

Only the Saint Lord Level experts could barely see their confrontation, but not clearly. Only the Old Bastard and Seng Dao Yan, among a few old-generation strong people, could truly see it clearly.

"Puff!"

Li Yu'er's expression changed dramatically, suddenly spitting a mouthful of blood and flying backward, his entire arm, along with the head of the Teng Snake Divine Embryo, completely shattered.

Ye Fan's right fist hung low, trembling slightly, with drops of purple blood dripping from his fingertips.

This strike also inflicted shock injuries on him, but much lighter than on Li Yu'er.

"I lost!"

Li Yu'er quickly sealed his meridians to prevent excessive bleeding, his face pale as he candidly admitted defeat, utterly convinced of his loss.

"Phew~"

Ye Fan took a deep breath, dissipating his War Intent, and swiftly used the Chasing Star Step to reach Li Yu'er's side, pressing his palm on the Sheng men point on Li Yu'er's back, channeling a surge of pure Pure Yang Qi into his body to help him heal.

"Brother Ye..."

Li Yu'er was first stunned, then deeply moved.

Ye Fan was also injured, but at this moment, he could still disregard past grievances and heal him first. Such character made Li Yu'er sincerely respect him!

Chapter 1699 Emperor Wen's Successor Takes Action

Ye Fan fought a great battle with Li Yu'er, the inheritor of the Clumsy Fist, and ultimately emerged victorious.

This result once again surprised many people!

The majority were astonished by the combat power Ye Fan exhibited, and even the likes of Old Bastard and others were inwardly amazed.

With their keen insight, it was evident that Ye Fan not only held back during the sparring, but also deliberately refrained from striking hard, otherwise Li Yu'er would have been defeated long ago.

Meanwhile, Ling Haotian and Gu Xiao's faces turned ashen!

Originally, over the past month, they had greatly improved their strength and came with confidence to defeat Ye Fan, but they both ended up losing to Li Yu'er.

Yet Ye Fan defeated Li Yu'er...

What does this mean?

They are simply no match for Ye Fan!

"You are not qualified to challenge me yet!"

At this moment, they couldn't help but recall Ye Fan's previous words, and their mentality became utterly unbalanced.

Meanwhile, a silence enveloped the Life and Death Battle Arena; no one had expected that after the sparring, Ye Fan would actually help Li Yu'er heal his injuries. Such magnanimity, such bearing, left many feeling ashamed.

It must be known that although Ye Fan is now standing on the stage, there are likely many who still wish to challenge him. Squandering his divine power and primordial strength at this time to heal others is something only a Saint could achieve.

"Ye Fan possesses the virtuous demeanor of a benevolent person, and his future accomplishments are limitless!"

Many were genuinely moved by Ye Fan's benevolent heart, though his enemies remained entirely unmoved.

To them, no matter what Ye Fan did, it could never counteract their hatred and jealousy toward him.

On the contrary, the stronger Ye Fan became and the better his reputation, the more it made them feel like the pig Eight Commandments looking in a mirror—neither inside nor out were they human—something they absolutely didn't want to see.

"Brother Ye, as long as you don't mind, I am determined to be your brother!" Li Yu'er said.

Even in the midst of the battle, Ye Fan spared no effort in using his Life Origin's Pure Yang Qi to heal Li Yu'er, which greatly moved him.

Such a person is hard to find in the world. Having encountered him by chance, he naturally couldn't let this opportunity pass. In the future, regardless of the circumstances, Ye Fan is definitely a trustworthy comrade to entrust your back to.

"Don't speak, focus on healing. A cup of tea's time should be enough to recover most of it."

Ye Fan ceased the infusion of Pure Yang Qi, patting Li Yu'er on the shoulder as he spoke.

At the moment, Ye Fan had fully recovered, and possessing a Pure Yang Body, his internal Pure Yang Qi was rich and pure. Coupled with the three hundred and sixty Holy Embryo Illusions, exhausting his primordial energy was not an easy feat.

Li Yu'er nodded, reached out, and shook hands firmly with Ye Fan. Then he turned and walked briskly off the battle stage, sitting cross-legged in a corner to operate healing techniques. His right arm had already regenerated, but fierce battles were not possible in the short term.

"Brother Ye, I'll give you an hour to rest. How about we spar in an hour?"

Wen TaDou took a step forward, speaking loudly.

"No need for an hour; a quarter of an hour is sufficient!"

Ye Fan was not being arrogant. He genuinely only required a quarter of an hour to return to peak condition because he hadn't yet used his Dragon Essence.

Under the gaze of the crowd, Ye Fan took out a White Jade Furnace, poured out a drop of Dragon Essence, and swallowed it directly, causing the surrounding people to feel heartache.

What is Dragon Essence?

It is the essence produced by the Earth Dragon Veins. To obtain even a single drop is incredibly challenging for ordinary people; some may never attain a single drop in their lifetime.

Even the elders of the Holy Land were puffing angrily, secretly cursing Ye Fan as a waster. Even if they managed to obtain a drop of Dragon Essence, they would mix it with various spiritual medicines and treasure medicines to refine a Spirit Pill for longevity.

At worst, they would cautiously refine it, completely absorbing the essence of Dragon Essence to improve the constitution. Who would treat it like Ye Fan, swallowing it like a grape, without even spitting out the pit, frankly a profligate waste of goods.

Even forces hostile to him couldn't help but feel heartache, even though the Dragon Essence wasn't theirs, witnessing Ye Fan squander such treasures made their hearts bleed as well.

Ye Fan couldn't care less about what they thought. After swallowing the Dragon Essence, he immediately sat cross-legged on the spot, and his insides roared like creation itself.

A single drop of Dragon Essence could allow a common cultivator to undergo a rebirth, yet for Ye Fan, it had little effect. Because his body was already exceptionally solid with minimal impurities, even Dragon Essence struggled to effect a true rebirth.

A quarter of an hour is neither too long nor too short; Ye Fan's strength had returned to its peak. While a single drop of Dragon Essence could transform a regular cultivator, for Ye Fan, it merely restored the consumed divine power, a scenario that left everyone present dumbfounded.

A quarter of an hour passed, and Wen TaDou strode onto the battle stage, standing before Ye Fan, saying, "Brother Ye, I had previously heard about your famous words left at the Sikong Family restaurant in Southern Domain Sacred City, with Wen Qi enwrapped. How about we spar?"

"I only spoke by chance; how could I compare with Brother Wen..." Ye Fan shook his head with a bitter smile.

"You may use any divine skills without needing to spar with poetry and prose. I just want to see how Brother Ye embodies Wen Qi."

Wen TaDou interrupted Ye Fan, saying, "If Brother Ye is ready, shall we commence?"

Ye Fan took a deep breath, focused, nodded, and said, "Brother Wen, please give guidance."

"Good!"

Wen TaDou's momentum transformed, as if becoming a Saint, and shouted, "Rain Sword Wind Blade execute treacherous villains!"

With his voice, the elemental powers in the heavens and earth instantly erupted. Despite the clear sky, a torrential rain appeared, each drop possessing unfathomable power, accompanied by the roaring wind blades attacking Ye Fan.

"Oh my god? What cultivation technique is this?"

"Comparable to a secret technique!"

"Uttering commands that dominate all of creation, who can withstand such a battle?"

Everyone was stunned by Wen TaDou's combat style. No one expected Wen TaDou, who looked like a mere scholar, to possess such terrifying power—it's truly unbelievable.

Ordinary cultivators fight by comparing the advantages of their cultivation techniques, the strength of their martial arts, their skill levels, and the use of divine skills and secret techniques. But when have they ever seen such a bizarre attack method?

Even some older strong people were moved. Wen TaDou appeared powerless, yet his combat power was astonishingly strong. He didn't cultivate his own body but relied on external forces, genuinely carving out a unique path.

Emperor Wen was one of the four Great Emperors of ancient times. Though he didn't cultivate his body, he understood the world profoundly and ultimately achieved the position of Emperor, reigning over the Nine Heavens and Ten Earths.

Wen TaDou inherited his legacy, similarly not cultivating his body, but could manipulate the forces of heaven and earth, making him nearly unbeatable at the same realm.

"Clang!"

Feeling the terrifying attack power of rain swords and wind knives, Ye Fan decisively unleashed his long-unused Xuanwu Armor Technique. Divine power surged out, forming a perfect set of armor on his body surface, resisting the erosion of rain swords and wind knives.

At the same time, Ye Fan wasn't just going to stand there and take blows. He executed the Chasing Star Step, charging toward Wen TaDou like a streak of Flowing Light.

Cultivators like Wen TaDou are formidable at long-range attacks but surely weak at close-range combat. As long as he can get close, Wen TaDou would surely not be his match.

"Close and far!"

Seeing Ye Fan rushing over, Wen TaDou reacted unhurriedly, calmly uttering four words. Suddenly, an enigmatic barrier appeared between him and Ye Fan, as if they were separated by a world. No matter how fast Ye Fan was, he could never really approach him.

"What secret technique is this, as if standing in another world? How can one fight like this?"

The crowd watching from afar was completely astounded. Before today, everyone had only heard of Wen TaDou's achievements, but no one knew his true strength.

Before he took the stage, many speculated on how Wen TaDou would spar with such a demon as Ye Fan.

In terms of combat power, he certainly couldn't match Ye Fan. In terms of bodily strength, he fell terribly short. Yet, what gave him such immense confidence? How did he dare to challenge after the Clumsy Fist inheritor Li Yu'er was defeated?

Now everyone finally understood, Wen TaDou's bodily strength did not compare to Ye Fan's, but in terms of attack and defense's strangeness and mysteriousness, he far surpassed him.

In any kind of sparring or life-and-death duel, one must be able to strike the opponent. If you can't strike the opponent, such sparring is meaningless.

"Clang!"

A flash of light appeared in Ye Fan's hand—a Fake Thunder Emperor Spear—around which the Thunder Power swirled. With unstoppable momentum, he thrust it toward Wen TaDou, who was practically within reach.

However—

The Thunder Emperor Spear seemed to pierce into an unknown space. Though the distance was close, it just couldn't land a hit on Wen TaDou.

At this point, Ye Fan finally understood the horror of Emperor Wen's successors. They practically formed a self-reliant system of cultivation, utterly different from anyone else's, with attack and defense methods vastly divergent.

"Ding ding dang dang..."

The rain swords and wind knives slashed at Ye Fan's Xuanwu Armor, making sounds like iron being hammered and sparking a burst of Mars. Yet, they couldn't cause Ye Fan any harm.

The two remained deadlocked on the stage, unable to overpower each other. This peculiar battle scene left everyone present deeply shocked.

It must be noted, in terms of Attack Power, Ye Fan is absolutely formidable, unparalleled among the young generation. Apart from a few limited demons, even the Saint Heirs and the strongest successors of the Di Clan can't withstand him.

Yet Wen TaDou, seemingly frail, used Emperor Wen's cultivation technique and secret techniques to battle Ye Fan to a draw, and even seemed to suppress Ye Fan.

In the eyes of all, Ye Fan was completely on the defensive, unable to counterattack. That's because Wen TaDou's Close and Far was the epitome of close and far, making it seem as though there was an expansive world between them, preventing any hit.

"The Divine Sword rises, golden wind whistles, the war banners cover the sky, colorful clouds fly."

Wen TaDou, unhurried, recited poetry. Golden characters flew from his mouth, each stroke turning into a radiant Divine Sword, shooting out myriad Sword Radiance at Ye Fan.

Blood-colored war banners appeared around him, fluttering in the wind, overshadowing the sky, completely engulfing Ye Fan within.

"Hiss!"

The crowd watching from afar couldn't help but gasp. Such eerie and powerful attacks—it's not just Ye Fan, a peak Divine Power realm cultivator, even a Holy Land elder might struggle against them.

"What kind of attack method is this, so peculiar?"

Hu Fei's mouth gaped open, his eyeballs nearly popped out.

"Unbelievable, utterly unbelievable. I hope Brother Ye Fan can withstand it." Shi Ye continuously prayed.

Such an attack instilled fear in them. If they were in Ye Fan's place, in the face of the initial rain swords and wind knives, they would likely be in a dire state, and might even get injured and defeated without any defense.

Yaling also began to worry for Ye Fan for the first time. She never worried about standard attacks against Ye Fan since his physique was too powerful, coupled with his amazing martial arts and secret techniques.

However—

Wen TaDou's combat style is completely different from any other. Neither divine skills nor secret techniques were effective; only sheer endurance proved possible. Despite Ye Fan's vast Divine Power, how long could he last?

Remember, Wen TaDou was already of a higher realm than Ye Fan. His Divine Power was naturally more abundant and powerful, especially since Ye Fan had just finished fighting Li Yu'er?

Chapter 1700 Incredible Methods

A bizarre scene unfolded on the Life and Death Battle Arena, with tens of thousands of golden sword beams crisscrossing, a black flag covering the sky and blocking out the sun, completely obstructing everyone's view. No one knew what had become of Ye Fan trapped within.

At this moment, Ye Fan was ensnared within the black flag as tens of thousands of sword beams converged on him. Even a Saint Heir couldn't withstand such an intense attack.

Ye Fan's eyes shot out two beams of dragon-shaped Divine Light; his vigor surged like an ocean, and it seemed as though his whole body was ablaze with Purple Fire.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Ye Fan stretched his body, using both fists and feet, shattering the tens of thousands of sword beams one by one. In front of his purple-golden fists, nothing could withstand.

Everywhere on the battlefield were scattered energy currents. Wen TaDou's tens of thousands of golden swords, forged with Wen Qi, were shattered by Ye Fan in a short span, failing to injure him in the slightest.

No one saw this scene; otherwise, the crowd would have been even more astonished. Only Wen TaDou knew full well, as each of those golden swords was under his control, and he could distinctly feel each one get destroyed.

Hmm?

When Wen TaDou discovered Ye Fan smashing the golden swords he had gathered with overwhelming force, he was deeply shocked!

However, what puzzled him was that Ye Fan hadn't displayed anything related to Wen Qi. Up until now, he was still fighting using martial arts and secret techniques like an ordinary cultivator.

Just as he hesitated about whether to continue attacking, he suddenly felt that the black flag that trapped Ye Fan was moving on its own, definitely not on his command.

At this exact moment, the crowd watching from afar witnessed a sight that would remain etched in their memories forever—

Ye Fan, clad in Xuanwu Armor, looked majestic as he yanked a towering black flag from the ground and then executed the simplest sweeping attack to completely destroy the remaining black flags.

"Boom!"

The frenzied energy currents shot out like arrows, each possessing immense power, forcing the Old Bastard and others to collectively lay down another defensive layer outside their battlefield to prevent accidentally injuring others.

"Brother Ye truly lives up to his name!"

Wen TaDou's eyes flashed with a hint of appreciation.

Those who could break out of his Heaven and Earth Net were extremely powerful. Back then, he used this move to trap and kill even a Saint Child level strong person.

But Ye Fan was incredibly fierce, not only breaking his golden sword beams with his fists but also uprooting the black Array Flag he set up with his bare hands, which was simply unbelievable.

"Ye Fan is formidable!"

Seeing this, Hu Fei was the first to cheer for Ye Fan, followed by Shi Ye, Sikong Po, Jin Changgeng, and others echoing the sentiment.

Influenced by this, everyone, except for sects and individuals who harbored deep hatred for Ye Fan, joined in the cheering army.

For a moment, the roar around the battle arena was thunderous, scattering the clouds in the sky with a momentum like ten thousand horses galloping.

"Brother Wen's attack methods are unheard of, leaving one defenseless. Today is truly eye-opening!"

Ye Fan's eyes emitted a strong light as he contemplated how to break through Wen TaDou's defense.

Wen TaDou's Close and far was simply the strongest defense. If he couldn't break through his defense, he wouldn't be able to defeat him.

Of course, in the end, he might also exhaust Wen Qi, forcing him to concede, but that was certainly a last resort, which Ye Fan did not plan to use.

However, he hadn't yet figured out how to break Wen TaDou's defense; it was like being in separate worlds, making any attack impossible to land on the opponent.

This was simply a dead end; no matter how strong his power, it was in vain if he couldn't strike the opponent.

"Sword beams soar to the virtual duel, roaming freely through the vast skies!"

Wen TaDou spoke in rhymes, with each golden letter flying from his mouth, transforming into serpent dragons, baring their fangs and claws as they lunged at Ye Fan.

Such a bizarre means of attack made many frown. They thought that if they were in his place, they probably couldn't withstand even one move, as Wen TaDou's attack methods were completely beyond their imagination.

In Ancient Times, humanity had reached an unprecedented stage of development, with various cultivation systems and mystical techniques being created one after another.

Those that have survived till now have stood the test of time, with some even expanding into large Holy Lands.

However, some Holy Lands eventually declined for various reasons, even breaking their lineage, buried in the mists of history.

Just like Clumsy Fist, logically speaking, Clumsy Fist is the most suitable Cultivation Technique and martial art for the Human Race, as it was created for ordinary physiques. Yet, very few have truly cultivated Clumsy Fist to a profound realm.

Moreover, Elder Zhuo Shan's disciple selection was exceedingly strict, resulting in him, in the end, having no talented disciple except a servant tasked with chores like lighting fires and chopping wood.

The same goes for Emperor Wen's legacy. Initially, Emperor Wen could have founded a Holy Land or left behind a Di Clan, but ultimately, he chose to leave no Tao Lineage behind.

As time passed swiftly, after Emperor Wen, some people proved Dao, but Emperor Wen's legacy never reappeared, leading people to gradually forget this legendary legacy.

Unexpectedly, Emperor Wen's legacy never died out, and by the time it reached this generation of Wen TaDou, it had finally risen again, reminding the world's cultivators of Emperor Wen, a uniquely great figure of all time.

The golden serpent dragons, akin to True Dragons, exuded immense pressure, swaying their heads and tails, fierce and ferocious, pouncing towards Ye Fan.

"Bang, bang, bang..."

Ye Fan unleashed nine consecutive punches, each radiating brilliant light, with his purple-gold Qi and blood surging, rendering him like a War God incarnate, causing many to change their expressions.

Such powerful Qi and blood, able to consecutively fight two demon abominations capable of easily defeating the strongest heirs of the Di Clan, yet he still fought as if nothing happened, unleashing such terrifying combat power, with his Qi and blood as vibrant as a dragon, leaving many hard to accept.

After nine punches, Divine Radiance tore the sky, yet they couldn't shatter the golden serpent dragons, only forcing them not to approach.

The Punch Ray struck the golden scales of the serpent dragons, emitting a clanging sound of metal clashing, causing many to feel dizzy and retreat continuously.

"Hoo!"

Gangfeng hit his face, a dozen Jiao dragons mighty and powerful, charging a thousand feet away, some reached out claws to tear the void, some opened their bloody mouths, attempting to swallow Ye Fan whole, while others swung their Divine Dragon tails, with a bang, causing the array platform to shudder.

Hmm?

Ye Fan was taken aback, struggling to fight against these Jiao dragons. He hadn't expected Wen TaDou's attack to be so powerful this time; these dozen Jiao dragons were fully materialized, seemingly like true dragons, erupting with immense power.

Even though Wen TaDou was only at the peak of the Early Lord Realm, he could definitely easily kill strong people in the mid to late-stage Lord Realm, truly worthy of being called a demon.

"Kill!"

Ye Fan calmed his consciousness, punched out with Xuandi Fist, a punch that seemed to penetrate a small world, a Tao mark quietly appearing on his fist, mixed with the purple Thunder Power, indistinguishable if not looked closely.

"Bang!"

Ye Fan stepped with Chasing Star Step, transforming his body into Mystic Light, fighting amid the dozen true dragon-like Jiao dragons, punching a Golden Jiao dragon into two halves.

"Roar..."

The Golden Jiao dragon let out a muffled roar before dissipating into the air, turning into energy turbulence.

Gulp!

Wen TaDou's heart trembled violently; his Golden Dragon formed by Wen Qi had already been defeated by one, couldn't help but look at Ye Fan in a different light.

One successful strike, Ye Fan's confidence soared, simultaneously feeling that the power of the twenty Tao marks entwining around Dan Tian Qi was truly immense.

"Bang, bang, bang..."

Ye Fan stretched his body, each punch accompanied by a Tao mark, easily shattering all the dozen Jiao dragons.

"Any other moves, feel free to use them, let me see just how incredible Emperor Wen's legacy truly is!"

Ye Fan stood tall, at that moment, he appeared like a giant standing between heaven and earth, emitting a powerful deterrent.

"Very well, this is my last resort, be careful."

Wen TaDou wasn't pretentious, gave a reminder then unleashed his strongest attack.

"Nine heavens open vast, Vientiane enters the cage."

"Water and sky become one, without losing Wan Gukong."

As Wen TaDou chanted, these words continuously burst from his mouth, weaving together in the air, instantaneously forming a golden cage, entrapping Ye Fan inside.

Poem formed, cage appeared!

Wen TaDou stepped forward, withdrew the Close and far secret technique, arrived outside the cage, saying to Ye Fan, "You were too careless, shouldn't have let me trap you with the cage, otherwise I truly wouldn't be able to defeat you in a short time."

"Do you think you've won for sure?"

Ye Fan smiled and then suddenly punched fiercely, hitting the golden cage with thunderous noise.

Boom!!

The golden cage trembled violently but did not break, each bar inscribed with mysterious symbols.

Hmm?

Ye Fan was astonished, didn't expect this golden cage to be so solid, even his Xuandi Fist couldn't break it.

Wen TaDou shook his head and smiled, "Brother Ye, I must acknowledge your strength, but no matter how powerful you are, you cannot escape my cage. We are merely sparring; as long as you concede, I'll immediately remove the cage, how about it?"

"Do you really think I can't break your cage?"

Ye Fan smiled, then his whole body surged with blood and energy, Divine Power like an ocean, his purple-gold fist shining brightly, once again fiercely hitting the cage.

Boom!!

Another loud noise, this time creating an even bigger stir, yet still unable to break the cage.

Just like Wen TaDou said, this golden cage was extremely sturdy, with Ye Fan's previously released combat power, even a Divine Mountain could be penetrated, but the cage remained intact.

"Now the Ye's in trouble, being trapped in such a golden cage equates to defeat, unless the disparity in power is enormous, otherwise no one can escape it."

"Let him show off, see what he does now, if he had dodged in time, he might not have lost this spar."

"Even if he loses, he still has enough to be proud of; how many could persevere to this degree?"

Seeing Ye Fan trapped in the cage, the spectators began discussing, all felt Ye Fan was too reckless, should not have allowed the cage to trap him.

"Can't break it?"

At this moment, even Yaling, who had been confident in Ye Fan, somewhat wavered in her heart.