

Y Master 1771

Chapter 1771 - The Old Bastard's Magnificence

"The era has changed..."

A Quasi-Emperor of the Demon Clan muttered to himself, feeling waves of shock surge in his heart.

Before Taigu, it was the prime of the Demon Clan.

Back then, the Demon Clan was the absolute protagonist of this world, with one Demon Emperor after another being invincible in their times, firmly suppressing the humans.

After Taigu, the protagonists of the world changed; only one Demon Emperor appeared from the Demon Clan, while humans had more than one Great Emperor.

Nevertheless, the number of Quasi-Emperors in the Demon Clan was never less than that of the Human Race, perhaps even more.

Because most holy lands of the Demon Clan were forcefully carved out from the great world by Ancient Demon Emperors, the rules of heaven and earth did not change much!

This means their proving Dao environment is completely different from the Human Race, making it much easier for them compared to humans, naturally, under the same realm, their combat power is not as strong as the Human Quasi-Emperors.

Although Human Quasi-Emperors are extremely rare, once one emerges, they are astonishingly talented, causing fear in the Demon Clan's hearts.

"I want to experience the ultimate skills of your Human Race, and see what progress you've made over the years!"

Jin Dapeng shouted, and directly attacked.

Behind him grew two pairs of Divine Wings, and as the four wings flapped, they immediately**** launched Heavenly Swords, densely packed Tao Patterns covered the Heavenly Swords and they split down.

This was formed by Infinite Tao Patterns, his strongest strike, in a battle between Quasi-Emperors, sometimes one strike could decide victory or defeat, life or death.

Swoosh!

The Old Bastard waved his hand, and the Tao Patterns instantly condensed into a giant palm, grabbing all the Heavenly Swords in his hand and directly obliterating them.

This scene made the Demon Clan's strong people terrified, each one as silent as a cicada in winter, although they didn't experience it firsthand, through the fluctuations transmitted by the Treasure Mirror they could clearly sense the power of Jin Dapeng's strike.

Yet—

This strongest strike was actually caught bare-handed, could this Human Quasi-Emperor named Yao Guangyu really be so powerful?

"I don't believe it, we are both in the Quasi-Emperor realm, you can't be stronger than me!"

Jin Dapeng looked incredulously at the Old Bastard's hand.

His strongest blow was actually caught bare-handed by someone, this outcome was unacceptable to him.

"Buzz!"

Jin Dapeng's eyes emitted destructive light, his left eye flew out a dark sun, his right eye flew out a silver moon, sun and moon emerged together, turning into a grinding disk, and launched an attack towards the Old Bastard.

Jin Dapeng was desperate; this was his ultimate move, competing with the universe for its creation, competing with the sun and moon for brilliance, advancing harmony and killing simultaneously.

Boom!!

The void collapsed, the aura of destruction surging across the entire outer battlefield, as if the world was about to be destroyed.

Through the images transmitted back via the Eagle Eye Platform and Treasure Mirror, everyone still felt immense pressure, as if the sky was about to collapse.

The people on the ground far below also felt this terrifying pressure, it was conceivable how much pressure the Old Bastard was now enduring.

At this moment, everyone's hearts were in their throats, silently praying for the Old Bastard to win the battle.

High above in the sky, in the outer battlefield, the Old Bastard appeared solemn and dignified, with hands moving as if time stood still, his gaze firm, unmoved by the frightening aura of destruction, drawing the trajectory of Dao.

"This is..."

Ye Fan with the Martial Arts Heavenly Eye faintly saw the actions of the Old Bastard, his heart moved.

The Old Bastard's techniques were closely linked to the Immortal Stele Scattering Hand, seemingly connected or disconnected, no one knew what terrifying attack might finally be unleashed.

Ye Fan was very clear about the characteristics of the Immortal Stele Scattering Hand, which seemed endless, its power increasing as the user's cultivation improved.

If a Quasi-Emperor used the Immortal Stele Scattering Hand, how terrifying would the attack power be?

Ye Fan couldn't even imagine it, attentively watching the Old Bastard's techniques.

Gradually, he realized this wasn't entirely the Immortal Stele Scattering Hand, there were still significant differences from his Immortal Stele Scattering Hand.

If Ye Fan himself used it, the Immortal Stele Scattering Hand only required one palm strike, with divine power operating along a specific route, while the Old Bastard's method involved transforming some divine power routes into Dharma Seals.

Boom!

The void shattered, a giant Heavenly Stele suddenly manifested, ancient and enduring, emitting endless pressure.

The massive stele filled the sky, carved with sun, moon, stars, birds and beasts, even a strike from the Ancient Times Human Race.

It could be said, this massive Heavenly Stele nearly depicted a complete cosmic sky, vast heavenly might suppressing the Nine Heavens and Ten Earths.

Boom!!

The Heavenly Stele**** released Infinite Holy Light, emitting a resounding grandeur, suppressed down, unstoppable, directly shattering the black sun and silver moon birthed from Jin Dapeng's eyes.

"Ah..."

Jin Dapeng let out an earth-shattering scream, his eyes bleeding, his body violently trembling, bending under the Heavenly Stele's pressure, about to kneel to the ground.

"What kind of Miao Technique is this, with such might?"

The Demon Clan were horrified; Jin Dapeng's Sun and Moon Life and Death Disk was his strongest innate divine skill, his eyes turning into a World Grinding disk, capable of definitely defeating Quasi-Emperors of the same realm.

However, under the Old Bastard's Heavenly Stele, it couldn't even withstand one move before being shattered, what was this concept?

"Bravo!"

"We're going to win!!"

On the contrary, the Human Race erupted in waves of cheers like a tsunami, the Old Bastard was too dominant, almost completely crushing the opponent.

Above the firmament, the Heavenly Stele transformed into an eternal one, emitting infinite Mystic Light, surrounded by Chaotic Energy, with endless celestial rules, and the great Dao's rumbling was incessant.

Jin Dapeng's eyes widened, his face flushed red, a strong Divine Radiance erupted from his body, yet he couldn't withstand the pressure of the Heavenly Stele, begrudgingly bending his waist and kneeling, every bone within him creaking, on the verge of exploding.

The Outer Battlefield was filled with light, celestial Tao Patterns crossed, interwoven into a celestial net, firmly suppressing Jin Dapeng below.

"Ah..."

Jin Dapeng suddenly spat a mouthful of fresh blood, shouting as he manifested his true form, a giant Peng Bird like a mountain, akin to a star, his whole body radiating ten thousand golden rays.

However, even manifesting his true form was in vain; under the suppression of the Heavenly Stele, nothing could escape.

Jin Dapeng charged with all his might, spreading his wings over ninety thousand miles, yet was firmly suppressed below by the Heavenly Stele, unable to break free no matter how he struggled.

Crackle and pop!

Not only could he not escape, but with the Heavenly Stele slowly descending, the pressure he faced grew greater, his whole body's bones exploding, nearly being crushed.

In such a situation, not bowing down meant sure death, even born with pride, Jin Dapeng was nearly unable to hold on, blood spouting from every pore, looking especially miserable.

Jin Dapeng, although the newly broken Quasi-Emperor, hadn't traveled far down this path, but his strength was incredibly powerful, especially after manifesting his true form, yet he still struggled to endure.

The Heavenly Stele seemed like another world, containing the mighty power of the world, beyond human ability to resist, even Quasi-Emperor couldn't.

"Get up!"

Jin Dapeng roared, his voice vibrating through the Nine Heavens, shaking the sky of this land, transmitting tens of thousands of miles, trembling the celestial rules.

At this moment, the Heavenly Stele actually began to fade, shaking violently, showing signs of being unable to suppress him.

"Hang in there, persistence is victory, the Human Clan's Old Bastard is almost not holding on, you must hang in there!"

The Demon Clan leader Quasi-Emperor Chi Lin shouted loudly, cheering on Jin Dapeng.

Meanwhile, all Human cultivators were nervous, secretly praying that Old Bastard could overpower his opponent, earning this critical victory for the Human Race.

Now in the Quasi-Emperor realm competition, the Human Race and Demon Clan were tied one-one, the Human Race desperately needed this victory!

If Old Bastard fell short, the Human Race would lose the competition at the highest combat power!

This would have a huge impact on future competitions, even decisively!

At this moment, all Human cultivators pinned their hopes on Old Bastard, wishing he could overpower his opponent, gaining a glimmer of hope for the Human Race's future.

"Suppress!"

In the midst of people's prayers and hopes, Old Bastard shouted, his voice shaking the universe, casting mystic light from his hands, merging into the Heavenly Stele, making it solidify again.

Soon, Old Bastard's figure flashed, descending from the sky, erupting with light brighter than the sun, one foot stepping on the Heavenly Stele.

This is an eternal image, unforgettable through the years—Immortal Academy Director Old Bastard stepping on the Heavenly Stele, suppressing the Demon Clan Quasi-Emperor so they can't lift their heads!

"I'm unwilling!"

Jin Dapeng spat blood, his bones crackling, almost crushed, even his Divine Soul couldn't withstand such terrifying pressure, unable to escape from below the Heavenly Stele.

With just his strength, suppressing the Demon Clan Quasi-Emperor of the same realm, Old Bastard showed invincible posture, breaking through the Emperor Barrier under the current circumstances, proving Dao Quasi-Emperor, his combat power crushing Quasi-Emperors of the same realm.

This eternal image, no matter how many years pass, remains etched in the hearts of people, unerasable.

Both the Human Race and Demon Clan were deeply shaken by Old Bastard's invincible posture.

"Ah..."

Jin Dapeng was about to be defeated, unable to withstand such pressure, roaring to the sky, blood flying everywhere, even his Divine Soul was about to be obliterated.

However—

At this moment, Old Bastard suddenly smiled brightly, withdrawn his supreme power, dissolving the Heavenly Stele, restraining all energy.

His clothes fluttered, standing alone in the Outer Battlefield's void, behind him the endless stars of the universe, making him look like a deity, akin to a Banished Immortal!

Everyone knew that he was more than capable of easily annihilating Jin Dapeng, yet he didn't do so, nor did he make him truly bow down.

The world fell silent, no one expected Old Bastard, in the end, chose to withdraw, defeating his opponent with invincible posture, yet refrained from doing so.

"The Human Race... truly has great courage!"

Chi Lin was stunned for a long time, finally sighing softly.

This battle, Old Bastard not only showcased invincible combat power of the same realm, telling the Demon Clan that Human strong people could completely crush Demon Clan, but also demonstrated great courage—the Human Race wasn't afraid to wage war, merely considering the alliance and greater picture!

Other Demon Clan, especially the belligerent Demon Clan Imperial Family, blushed red, bowing their heads in shame.

They had committed heinous crimes against the Human Race and Xuanwu State, yet the Human Race reciprocated grievances with kindness, choosing to withdraw when capable of slaying their Quasi-Emperor.

In comparison, they felt they had gone too far.

"Why didn't you kill me?"

Even Jin Dapeng couldn't believe Old Bastard would so easily let him go.

After all, between the Human Race and Demon Clan was not private enmity, but racial hatred, fully in his favor, knowing well Old Bastard had the ability to let his blood stain the Outer Battlefield, falling here.

"Revenge breeds revenge endlessly; we were once allies fighting side by side. Our Human Race is willing to live peacefully with your Demon Clan, developing together, it depends on your attitude!" Old Bastard replied.

Upon hearing these words, Jin Dapeng's whole body shook, silent for a long time, then lifted his head, bowed deeply to Old Bastard: "I'm convinced, wholeheartedly, from today on, no matter others' attitude, my Golden Peng clan, willing to continue being allies with the Human Race!"

Chapter 1772 Battle of the Saints

The final Quasi-Emperor battle came to an end, and the Old Bastard crushed the Demon Clan's Jin Dapeng with absolute advantage, winning the last match.

Out of three Quasi-Emperor battles, the Human Race won two, and many couldn't help but weep with joy, tears streaming down!

This victory did not come easily!

"We won!"

"Our newly ascended Quasi-Emperor can crush the Demon Clan's New Demon Emperor!!"

When the Old Bastard returned from the Outer Battlefield, the entire War City was in an uproar, cheers resounding through the heavens like a landslide and tsunami.

Amidst the excitement, many were puzzled, not understanding why the Old Bastard ultimately spared the Demon Clan's Quasi-Emperor, Jin Dapeng, instead of taking his life.

In their view, the Demon Clan devastated the Xuanwu Sect and massacred ordinary Human civilians, their crimes piled high, unspeakable.

Given the opportunity to eliminate a Quasi-Emperor from the Demon Clan, greatly weakening their power, why not take it?

Only Ye Fan noticed something unusual. He, too, thought the Old Bastard should kill Jin Dapeng, after all, he was a potential threat to the Human Race.

But upon careful reflection, he realized that the Old Bastard's actions were his cleverness.

Time has given the Old Bastard the wisdom of life. As one of the flag bearers for the Human Race, such great wisdom is something that many younger cultivators cannot comprehend!

This battle, although the Old Bastard did not kill his opponent, he won respect and commitment from his opponent, which was more worthwhile than killing him, though few could understand his painstaking effort.

"Demonstrate strength without domineering energy, defeat the opponent without killing—this is a true king. The future is destined to walk much further than us." A Quasi-Emperor from the Demon Clan sighed lightly.

"We underestimated the Human Race. The Human Race takes the big picture into account, but they cannot be bullied!"

A Demon King sighed, using a Treasure Mirror, and all the Demon Clan saw the final scene.

They knew, from today, the Golden Peng Demon King Clan, second only to the Imperial Family, was subdued and would no longer be an enemy to the Human Race. This was a serious blow to the morale of the entire Demon Clan.

After a brief rest, the Demon Clan proposed to immediately conduct a competition among the middle-aged generation, with the venue at the center of the River of Elements on an ancient Holy War Platform.

Everyone knew the Demon Clan lost in the Quasi-Emperor realm competition and now had low morale, urgently needing a victory to boost their spirits.

This was agreed upon earlier, so the Human Race could not refuse and had to agree.

Fortunately, the contestants had already been determined earlier, and they would just need to appear in order when the time came.

Saint Lord-level matches are also divided into three rounds, with the Absolute Emperor of the Jiu Hua Dynasty from the Central Domain, Imperial Academy Director, Monk Dao Yan, and Ling Family's Saint facing the Demon Clan.

As for how the Demon Clan is arranged, people don't know, but given it is a Saint Lord-level competition, the other side will likely also send their strongest Supreme Holy Master-level contestants, after all, this battle concerns the destiny and future of the Demon Clan.

"Since you have no objections, then let's prepare to open the Holy War Platform!"

Quasi-Demon Emperor Chi Lin said.

The Holy War Platform sits in the sky over the center of the River of Elements, its existence for countless years, said never to sink, boundless and eternal, strong and imperishable, enough to support a Saint Lord war without fear of catastrophic disaster.

A dense array of Elemental Laws surrounds the battle platform, preventing energy leakage and protecting the platform from the erosion of time.

Leading the Demon Clan, Quasi-Demon Emperor Chi Lin and Ling Family Ancestor, Ling Yunzhi simultaneously struck, sending forth beams of Divine Light, slowly revealing a battle platform filled with the vicissitudes of time in the sky over the River of Elements.

Normally, this battle platform is hidden in the void and only appears when activated.

The ancient battle platform, built from Outer Heaven Meteorite, where every stone might have a distant and tragic story.

The Holy War Platform floats in the air, densely covered with marks of swords and axes, stained with blood, unknown how many Supreme Saints stood here, fought to shatter the sky, and decided life and death.

Though no bodies lie in disarray, the aura left by the fallen strong cannot be erased, it can penetrate the soul, causing one to tremble.

Anyone who comes here feels something, as if experiencing a thousand battles instantly, sensing the aura of long gone peerless masters.

With the opening of the Holy War Platform, all cultivators collectively soared into the sky, densely surrounding this vast ancient platform, prepared to witness this significant duel.

"The Holy War Platform, silent for thousands of years, finally reopens today, who knows which strong ones will again stain the Holy Platform with blood."

Many elders lamented, every time the Holy War Platform opens, a Supreme Saint-level strong falls. This time, who will triumph over the Holy War Platform, overwhelm opponents, and command respect?

"Swish!"

A Five-Star Demon King from the Demon Clan let out a long howl, transforming into a Flowing Light, landing on the Holy War Platform, standing with hands behind his back, his sharp gaze sweeping over the Human cultivators, saying: "Who dares to come up and battle me?"

These eight words are very arrogant, showing no regard for the Human strong, seeking to test sword against them.

"Peacock King is mighty!"

"Defeat the Human Race, raise the prestige of the Demon Clan!"

"Peacock King is bound to win!"

"..."

On the Holy War Platform, the Peacock King's domineering posture excited the Demon Clan cultivators, stirring them up.

"Little Peacock demon, don't be arrogant, I, Hua Tianhao, will battle you!"

Jiuhua Dynasty's Absolute Emperor had waited a long time, a loud shout turning into Purple Light rushing onto the Holy War Platform.

"Boom!"

The Peacock King struck first, sending out a palm, Five-Colored Light transforming into five Heavenly Swords, piercing through the void, slashing toward Hua Tianhao.

"Clang, clang, clang, clang..."

The clanging of swords reverberated through the Nine Heavens, five Heavenly Swords of unparalleled sharpness, each slash embodying an Elemental Law, as if the Heavenly Dao itself was cleaving down!

"Is this... the Five-Colored Divine Light?"

"The innate divine ability of the Peacock Clan's Demon King—the Five-Colored Light, has he actually mastered all of it?"

The crowd was astounded. The Five-Colored Divine Light is the Peacock Clan's innate divine ability, its power earth-shattering, yet incredibly difficult to fully comprehend. Unexpectedly, the Peacock King had mastered it all and refined it into five peerless swords.

The Heavenly Swords, forged through the sacrificial refinement of the Five-Colored Divine Light, wield unimaginable power, each embodying the law of an element, shattering the void.

The five Heavenly Swords descended, each capable of destroying an Ancient Divine Mountain, sending shivers down to people's very bones, causing the souls of many outside the Holy War Platform to tremble.

Whether it be the Human Race or Demon Clan, facing such terrifying attacks, almost no one can remain indifferent, the pressure of these Elemental Laws is simply too overwhelming.

"Terrifying, truly terrifying, the Peacock Clan has not emerged for thousands of years, yet the Peacock King has reached such a realm, a supreme powerhouse indeed!"

The human cultivators were shocked, exclaiming in astonishment.

The Five-Colored Divine Light transformed into Heavenly Swords, mutually generating and restraining each other, emanating an aura of creation itself, astonishingly forming a true Heavenly Dao pressure.

"Boom!"

The Sword Radiance descended, obliterating all life forms with substance, leaving everyone in horror!

Upon his entrance, the Peacock King unleashed a finishing move, not wanting to battle for hundreds or thousands of rounds, deploying the strongest Holy Technique to defeat the enemy in one strike, ideally slaying a Human Race Saint Lord to dampen their spirit.

"Nine Dragons United!"

Hua Tianhao shouted, raising his hand to release nine Divine Dragons, their dragon presence majestic between heaven and earth, holding back the Five-Colored Divine Sword.

Soon after, the nine Divine Dragons united, transforming into a thousand-zhang Divine Dragon, a breath of True Dragon spread as if a True Dragon had descended.

In this world, a True Dragon's appearance is impossible, yet the supreme Emperor of the Jiuhua Dynasty, using Secret Techniques, united the Nine Dragons, astonishingly manifesting a thread of true dragon might.

"Boom, boom, boom, boom..."

A clash between a True Dragon and Five-Colored Divine Sword ensued, the dragon roar shaking the heavens, many strong demons were subdued by this thread of True Dragon Energy, their souls shivering, prostrate on the ground, trembling like sieves.

The strongest collision, the void seemed to collapse, that place became a domain of destruction, everything ceased to exist, even with the Martial Arts Heavenly Eye, people failed to see clearly.

"Swish!"

The supreme Emperor of Jiuhua Dynasty emerged, body torn and bloodied, his body surface full of cracks, he experienced unimaginable trauma.

Just after he rushed out, he quickly swallowed a Healing Holy Pill, and then dashed out rapidly, attempting to escape the battlefield.

"Roar!"

The Peacock King stood on the Holy War Platform, a mighty roar shattering the mountains and rivers, almost overturning the vast Holy War Platform.

The Jiuhua Emperor trembled all over, mysterious patterns emerged on his body surface, glowing with light, resisting the Peacock King's deathly strike, having escaped the Holy War Platform but left with only half a life.

"Hahaha..."

The Peacock King laughed wildly: "The Human Race is too weak, completely useless, send someone capable, don't let me down."

The first battle of Saint Level combat ended in a disastrous defeat for the Human Race, yet the Peacock King did not step down, standing proudly on the Holy War Platform, waiting for the second supreme Saint Lord of the Human Race to appear.

Humiliated by the Peacock King, many strong individuals of the Human Race were furious, wanting to get on stage and teach him a lesson.

Yet they knew, even the supreme Emperor of Jiuhua Dynasty was defeated, nearly killed, how could they fare any better?

"Little demon, stop being arrogant, I will battle you!"

A majestic and loud voice resounded, the Ling Family's Saint Lord transformed into a Flowing Light, charging onto the Holy War Platform, his eyes shooting out two dragon-shaped Divine Radiances, sweeping towards the Peacock King like Divine Swords.

"You are no match!"

The Peacock King glanced disdainfully at the Ling Family's Saint Lord, with a flick of his finger, he shattered the dragon-shaped gaze, and then lifted a finger, shaking it gently at him.

This action so infuriated the Ling Family's Saint Lord that he immediately launched an attack, throwing a punch, causing the void to collapse, fully displaying the might of the Xuandi Fist.

"Are you a descendant of the Nine Heavens Xuan Emperor?"

The Peacock King was taken aback, discerning from his martial arts, these were indeed the Xuandi Fist created by the Nine Heavens Xuan Emperor.

"Little demon, prepare to face your demise!"

The Ling Family's Saint Lord, with a presence as mighty as mountains and rivers, unleashed his Dharma Golden Body, throwing a punch like a mountain range sweeping across the void.

"Do not think I fear you, what if you are a descendant of the Nine Heavens Xuan Emperor, strength is the true principle!"

With a long roar, the Peacock King, his Essence Qi surging, resembled a Divine Furnace, radiating boundless brilliance, his Blood Qi turbulent, like a vast ocean.

"Boom!"

He too unfolded his Dharma Golden Body, like a giant deity, releasing the Five-Colored Divine Light, engaging in battle with the Ling Family's Saint Lord.

"Bang!"

Their fists collided, erupting into a terrifying brilliance that engulfed them both, forming a frightening scene of great destruction.

Heaven and earth collapsed, the Holy War Platform riddled with black holes devouring everything, the chaotic energy flow almost overturning the platform, people could only see dazzling light, unable to discern the battle between the two.

Chapter 1773 - Supreme Holy Master

Time seemed to stand still, yet it also felt as if an eternity of reincarnations had passed.

Everyone watched the Holy War Platform with intense focus, fearing they might miss any detail even though they knew they couldn't see the exchange between the two combatants.

The Demon Clan was equally tense. The Peacock King was indeed strong, but could he really win after fighting two Supreme Holy Master level strong people consecutively?

The atmosphere at the scene was nearly solidified; whether Human or Demon, everyone's hearts were in their throats, all hoping for their side to win.

"Pfft!"

The Peacock King spewed a mouthful of blood, flying backward out of the void's black hole, his entire body cracked, almost at the brink of death.

"Phew~"

The human cultivators immediately sighed with relief. It looked like the Ling Family's Saint had won, though it wasn't easy, at least they had pulled back a victory.

On the other hand, the Demon Clan looked grim, each individual like an eggplant hit by frost, wilting down.

However—

Before the cheers could erupt, the Holy War Platform returned to calm. The Ling Family's Saint stood on the platform, eyes dim, skull cracked open, brain matter spewing, body torn apart, utterly destroyed.

"Pfft—"

Blood dyed the sky crimson, and the Ling Family Saint's body became blood mud, bones shattered into snow-white fragments, killed alive by the Peacock King.

A thousand-foot tower stepped into the void, the Yangtze River's heart snaps the cable and breaks the ship!

Everyone was dumbfounded, originally thinking the Ling Family's Saint defeated the Peacock King from the Demon Clan, only to find such an ending.

"Well killed!"

"Peacock King mighty!"

After a moment of shock, the Demon Clan erupted into cheers like a tidal wave. Several Demon King level strong people rushed onto the Holy War Platform to support the Peacock King down.

After this battle, the Peacock King no longer had the ability to fight, but he fought and defeated the Emperor Clan's Saint, dealing a heavy blow to the Human Race.

In an instant, the morale of the Human Race plummeted, a dark shadow looming over everyone's hearts!

With two matches, the Human Race was one victory, one defeat. Whether they could maintain the dignity of the Human Race and their dominant position depended on the younger generation.

In terms of bloodline and physical strength, the young generation of the Demon Clan undoubtedly had the upper hand compared to the Human Race. Could humanity truly win this final match?

In contrast, the Demon Clan's morale surged, their spirit soaring, having consecutively defeated the Human Race and killed an Emperor Clan's Saint, greatly boosting their morale.

At this moment, it was almost twilight, the setting sun like blood, casting an ominous blood-red hue over the entire border between the Human and Demon races.

"Swish!"

Another Demon Clan king stepped onto the Holy War Platform, sweeping his cold gaze over the human heroes, saying, "It's still early, why not take this chance to have the final match? Who will come up to fight me?"

"Too much!"

"Do you really think we humans have no one?"

"The Demon Clan is too arrogant!!"

Facing the provocation, everyone's battle spirit boiled, discussions echoed, each staring fiercely at the Demon Clan king on the Holy War Platform, wishing to defeat him immediately.

In the Holy Master level duels, the Human Race had already lost two matches; it was already over.

Under such circumstances, the Demon Clan still had someone challenge, clearly intending to kill another Human Saint, aiming for a 3-0 victory, to completely crush the Human Race's spirit!

Amidst the anger, everyone knew that the Human Race couldn't lose again.

If they lost all three battles, not only would it be a severe blow to the Human Race's morale, it would also embolden the Demon Race's arrogance.

With two matches tied at one win each for the Human and Demon races, they absolutely couldn't let the Demon Race win 3-0. Therefore, this battle must be won at all costs.

In the eyes of those full of anticipation, the Imperial Academy Director Seng Dao Yan stepped forward, speaking calmly, "Let me take care of you, little demon!"

"Heh, truly overconfident!"

The Demon King snorted coldly, a strong evil aura erupting from his body, like an Immortal War God emerging from a thousand-army fight.

This Demon Clan's king was named Ling Yaoyu, from the Crimson Dragon Clan, the same race as the leading Quasi-Demon Emperor Chi Lin, with unfathomable strength.

The Demon Clan sent him out clearly aiming to achieve a triple crown, ensuring the Human Race couldn't win a single Holy Master level duel, dealing a severe blow to their morale.

"Swish!"

Seng Dao Yan moved, disappearing from his spot, appearing on the Holy War Platform, facing Ling Yaoyu in opposition, unaffected by his evil aura.

On the Holy War Platform, Gangfeng raged, Seng Dao Yan's clothes flapped in the wind, elegant as a War Immortal, emanating a faint Holy Light.

At this moment, all the human cultivators from afar held their breath, closely watching the two on the battlefield.

Everyone was silently praying that this time, the Imperial Academy Director must win, otherwise, it would be an unprecedented huge blow to the Human Race's morale.

"Kill!"

The Demon Clan king wasted no words, directly attacking, unleashing a punch that turned into a hundred-zhang red giant dragon, baring its fangs and claws at Seng Dao Yan, the immense dragon's power suffocating!

"Snap!"

Facing the violent attack, Seng Dao Yan casually waved a gentle palm, the intense Holy Light appearing like a blazing sun on the Holy War Platform, illuminating the world, even overshadowing the setting sun on the horizon.

In an instant, everyone was blinded as if blind, many weaker cultivators bleeding from their eyes, unable to look directly into such strong Holy Light.

"Boom!"

A loud explosion sounded, nearly flipping the entire Holy War Platform, the red dragon released by the Demon Clan king engulfed by the Holy Light, turned into rain of light, dissipating in the air.

The aura of Transformation pervaded the entire Holy War Platform, inspiring terror.

No matter how adept your skills in Creation, once eroded by this aura, you would inevitably undergo Transformation, dissolving your entire cultivation and practice into the world.

Many Saint Lord Level strong people shuddered uncontrollably, retreating one after another, fearing to become entangled by this power!

The young generation was even more fearful; this was the combat power of a Supreme Holy Master Level, and before reaching this realm, even looking up seemed impossible.

Ye Fan, Li Yu'er, Han Sandong, and others stood together, even though they were still far from the Holy War Platform, they too felt the world-shattering energy.

"It's terrifying. I once thought I was strong, but now I realize, compared to these older generation Saint Lord Level strong people, we are far too lacking." The Great Demon sighed deeply.

Ye Fan also felt a shiver run through him. His constitution was different from ordinary people, with an exceptionally powerful body, capable of resisting some Transformation energy.

However, precisely because his body was strong, he was more sensitive to the power of Transformation, fully aware of its terror.

Once contaminated by it, death was almost certain. Even a Saint Lord Level strong person would not dare to risk it easily.

"Whoosh!"

The Holy Light flashed, and the Imperial Academy Director, Monk Dao Yan, rushed out, shrouded in a layer of Holy Light, forcefully resisting the power of Transformation.

Immediately afterward, the Demon Clan King, Ling Yaoyu, also rushed out, clothes in tatters, his body covered with golden scales, similarly resisting the Transformation energy.

"Hiss..."

The crowd couldn't help but gasp in shock.

The two were so powerful, managing to resist the power of Transformation by their own strength, truly inconceivable!

However, any discerning eye could see that in this fight, the Demon Clan King Ling Yaoyu was slightly inferior, although his body was unharmed, his clothes were not spared.

Next, the two rushed at each other again, fists and feet flying, Divine Power Martial Techniques unleashed endlessly, both unleashing True Fire.

For the honor and future of their respective races, both were fighting with their lives.

"Boom!"

The Demon Clan King Ling Yaoyu first burned his divine power, instantly boosting his combat power, his hands transforming into Dragon Claws, each nail bent, over a foot long, reflecting a faint light, each strike tearing the void.

Monk Dao Yan was not to be outdone, burning his divine power almost simultaneously, unleashing various secret techniques as if money was no object.

"Rumble!"

The sky darkened suddenly, stars emerged everywhere, each big star more dazzling than the sun, making this Holy Master battlefield almost set ablaze, filled with ocean-like terrifying waves.

"This is..."

"Nine Heavens Stars Technique! One of the Imperial Academy's most terrifying inheritances!"

The Human Race cheered, knowing that this fight, Monk Dao Yan was certain to win, having comprehended even this secret technique, Ling Yaoyu though a Demon Clan King, could not possibly escape unscathed from the Nine Heavens Stars Technique.

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

...

Each star was as massive as a mountain, pressing down on the vast Martial Arts Arena, colliding violently with Ling Yaoyu's Dragon Claws.

"Boom!"

One of the stars was forcibly torn apart by Ling Yaoyu's claws, turning into a sky of cyan energy that pierced through the void.

This was an extremely terrifying scene, even after experiencing two previous Saint Lord Level battles, people were still shocked.

This was the real clash between Supreme Holy Masters, terrifying to the extreme, even ordinary Saint Lord Level strong people could not partake in it.

Ordinary cultivators, let alone participating in the battlefield, felt the permeating destruction even from a thousand feet away.

The hearts of the Demon Clan people were in their throats, wanting to concede but unable to vocalize it, seeing that even they hadn't conceded, they dared not intervene in the battle.

Moreover, the Human Race had Ling Yunzhi overseeing with a poised Emperor Weapon, deterring any rash moves from them.

After all, last time when the Ling Family's Saint was killed, the Human Race said nothing, acknowledging that in contests, casualties are inevitable.

"Ah..."

The endless stars crushed down, Ling Yaoyu couldn't withstand it all. After destroying seven stars, he was finally hit hard, flying sideways, covered in blood, with all golden scales shedding, his body like a hammered porcelain, full of cracks, suffering unimaginable heavy injuries, trying to flee the battlefield at speed.

"Where do you think you're going?"

At the center of the void battlefield, Monk Dao Yan stood proudly, his roar threatening to shatter the vast Holy War Platform.

"Ah..."

Ling Yaoyu screamed, as if struck by lightning, his body splitting in the void, with head, limbs all separating.

"Poof!"

Ling Yaoyu's head also exploded, already unable to bear it, and now a shout caused him to disintegrate completely, his form and spirit annihilated!

"Uh..."

Everyone stared blankly, a generation of Demon Kings was actually shaken to death by Monk Dao Yan, how fierce is that?

Even now, many couldn't believe their eyes, especially among the Demon Clan...

Chapter 1774 - Adjusting Strategy

The night is cool like water.

Ye Fan sits alone at the highest corner of the War City, gazing up at the unfamiliar starry sky, his heart filled with longing and reflection.

After Seng Dao Yan killed the Demon Clan king Ling Yaoyu with decisive superiority, the entire Demon Clan was in an uproar!

This battle affected various tribes of the Demon Clan, making them truly realize that the Human Race is still strong and can coexist with them.

At this time, even the warlike factions of the Demon Clan fell silent. Through this battle, they realized that if a full-scale war broke out, the Demon Clan might not necessarily win easily. Even if they managed to defeat the Human Race in the end, it would be a costly victory.

Although the Human Race's physique is generally weaker than that of the Demon Clan, not all Demon Clans are made up of combat-strong, powerful races. There are many weak species as well, and these weaker species make up a significant portion of the Demon Clan.

Most importantly, the Human Race is too numerous. Even if there is only one cultivator among every ten thousand people, due to such a massive base of hundreds of billions, there are still many cultivators among humans.

The great war has ended; after negotiations, it was decided that today's battle would conclude, and a competition among the younger generation would take place three days later.

Everyone knows that the Demon Clan is adjusting its strategy. The competition three days from now is crucial for them.

With the agreement reached, the Demon Clan retreated, and the Human Race returned to the War City, with only a few elders staying behind.

Although both sides have reached an agreement, precautions against any tricks from the Demon Clan in these three days still need to be taken, as past experiences have taught them to be wary.

With a gentle breeze blowing, Ye Fan sits on the city wall of War City, staring dazedly at this unfamiliar starry sky.

Where is Ursa Major?

Orion, where are you?

This is a starry sky completely unfamiliar in his memory.

Although it's been four years since he came to this world, he still cannot regard this land as his home.

Because in the depths of his memory, engraved on his soul, are four of the most important people.

Ye Wenhao, whose fatherly love is as steadfast as a mountain; his mentor Chu Xuanji, his never-met mother Ling Yun, and Su Liuli, who was willing to die for him!

He raised his hand and took a big gulp of strong wine, tossed the jade bottle far away, and slowly closed his eyes.

Initially, he came to this world without hesitation, primarily to ensure Earth's peace and stability, and secondly, to search for his mother's whereabouts.

Over the past four years, he has not forgotten his mission for a moment. However, with the vastness and boundlessness of the Five Domains and its large population, finding a specific person in this vast sea of people, especially someone whose appearance he has never seen, is like searching for a needle in a haystack.

Downing another bottle of strong wine, Ye Fan hugs his knees as he sits on the roof, gazing into the endless starry sky, imagining what it would be like to one day embark on the starry road.

In his fixed understanding, the vast starry sky is devoid of air, an expanse of vacuum filled with various unknown dangers, where ordinary people simply cannot survive in such an environment.

As he indulged in his thoughts, he suddenly sensed a familiar aura approaching rapidly, causing a pang in his heart.

Without looking back, he already knew that the person coming was Tong Qianchen, who had become an orphan.

"Brother Ye Fan, what are you thinking about?"

Tong Qianchen flew to the rooftop, sat not far from Ye Fan, and said with a forlorn look.

"Nothing much, just that I've been through so much lately and haven't had time to think properly. And you, why aren't you cultivating properly and running here instead?" Ye Fan responded.

"I wanted to tell you, Brother Ye Fan, I know that with my current strength, it's impossible to avenge my father and the others. So, I want to return to the mountain gate, seclude myself, and try hard to improve my strength." Tong Qianchen said.

"It's good for you to cultivate in seclusion; the current situation is extremely chaotic and unpredictable. Without strong power, one cannot ensure their own safety."

Ye Fan said, "But have you decided where to seclude yourself? Why don't you go to the headquarters of the Treasure Pavilion for seclusion? I can talk to Sister Yaling, it should be fine."

Ye Fan knew that Tong Qianchen was determined to avenge the sect. As a girl, with the sect now in ruins, where could she possibly go for seclusion?

But Tong Qianchen shook her head in refusal, "Brother Ye Fan, you don't have to worry about me. In our Xuanwu Sect, there is a very secret place. At the bottom of the Cold Pond, there is a Dong Mansion where I can go into seclusion. If you have time, you can come to see me."

Looking at Tong Qianchen's determined eyes, Ye Fan knew there was no point in persuading further. He nodded and said, "Don't worry, I'll definitely visit you when I have the time. Take care of yourself."

With that, Ye Fan extended his hand and took out a Qingyu Small Furnace from the void, only the size of a fist but very ancient-looking.

This was one of his spoils, storing all his Spirit Stones and Dragon Essence. As for the spiritual medicines, unless they were necessary for the sacrificial refinement of the Soul Gathering Pill, he also placed them in this small furnace.

"Take this; inside are some Spirit Stones and spiritual medicine treasures for you to use when you breakthrough!"

Ye Fan handed the small furnace to Tong Qianchen, firmly refusing any rejection.

"This... alright!"

Tong Qianchen knew Ye Fan's temperament; once he made a decision, no one could change it. She put it away, and her icy heart warmed for a moment.

"I'll be leaving early tomorrow morning, and I won't be watching the martial arts tournament in three days. You need to do your best to avenge our Xuanwu Sect!"

Speaking of avenging the Xuanwu Sect, the heart of Tong Qianchen, who had long since lost hope, surged intensely.

She really wanted to stay and see Ye Fan defeat the young generation of the Demon Clan, bringing glory to the Human Race and avenging the fallen fellow disciples of the Xuanwu Sect.

However, she also knew it was meaningless!

Because she firmly believed that Ye Fan would surely succeed. Whether she watched or not made no difference. What mattered most to her now was desperately improving her strength. Only by becoming powerful could she personally avenge her father, the elders, and her fellow disciples.

Time was truly crucial for her. She did not possess Ye Fan's talent or fortune, but she believed that hard work could make up for any shortcomings!

"I will!"

Ye Fan nodded heavily. Although he did not feel a sense of belonging to this world, he harbored a strong affection for the Xuanwu Sect.

This was the only sect he had joined in this world, and the only place he felt attached to. The destruction of the Xuanwu Sect filled him with anger and sorrow.

The night passed in silence. The next morning, Tong Qianchen left War City quietly without alerting anyone, rejecting Ye Fan's offer to see her off, and flew alone towards Xuanwu Mountain.

Shortly after Tong Qianchen's departure, Han Sandong came to Ye Fan's room to inform him about a small gathering to discuss the issues concerning the upcoming duel.

Ye Fan naturally did not refuse and followed him to a quaint little tavern in the city.

Just arriving at the entrance, Ye Fan heard the bickering voices of Great Demon and Yu Chanzi inside and couldn't help but smile.

Great Demon and Yu Chanzi came from the Western Region. Although divided into the Buddha and Demon Sects, they were actually inseparable twins, differing only in the cultivation techniques they practiced.

However, whether because of differing philosophies in cultivation or some inherent rivalry, whenever they met, they wouldn't feel comfortable unless they bickered a bit.

Entering the tavern, Ye Fan found that of the ten young representatives of the Human Race against the Demon Clan, six were already present, making it a total of eight with him and Han Sandong.

Everyone was present except for Gu Xiao and Ancient Immortal.

After the events in the Emperor's Secret Realm, Gu Xiao and Ancient Immortal were thoroughly isolated. If it were not for the predetermined spots by the elders and the fear of losing the duel, everyone really wouldn't want to associate with such people.

"Everyone's here, let's serve the dishes!"

With Yue Haoyu's call, a series of simple and affordable dishes were served.

Xuan Pig Elbows, Braised Crocodile Meat... all were Xuan Beast Meat, glistening with oil and emitting a tempting aroma.

"How should we enter the duel the day after tomorrow? If anyone has any ideas, feel free to speak up. We'll discuss it together!" Yue Haoyu said, slapping open the mud seal on a wine jar and pouring wine for everyone.

"The specific rules of the duel are still unknown outside, and we cannot make targeted arrangements. We'll have to decide once the duel starts." Han Sandong said, taking a sip of wine and wiping the wine stain from the corner of his mouth with his sleeve.

"That's true, but we should be prepared, right? I think the Demon Clan will definitely send a strong contender for the first round with the intention to defeat us and boost their morale. How should we arrange our strategy?" Li Yu'er said after careful consideration.

"Then we should send someone even stronger; the first round must not be lost to the Demon Clan." The Great Demon waved his hand and said fiercely.

"How do we arrange those two? When should we send them out?"

Wen TaDou, the Emperor Wen's successor, scanned the crowd and spoke leisurely.

The crowd fell silent. Although he didn't specify who, everyone understood he was referring to Gu Xiao and Ancient Immortal.

"Let them go first, and if they lose, those old guys will not easily forgive them." Buddha Yu Chanzi said, picking up a piece of braised crocodile meat and stuffing it into his mouth, speaking while eating.

"You meat-eating monk, you're pretty ruthless! I'm starting to have less of a distaste for you!"

The Great Demon was stunned, exclaiming with admiration.

"The Demon Clan specifically arranged the young generation's duel for three days later; I think there's something fishy about it."

Ye Fan voiced his opinion, then squinted his eyes, filled with killing intent, "But at this point, thinking more is useless – when soldiers come, we face them head-on, when water flows, we stem it – as long as I'm in, any demon genius that comes will be slain!!"

Chapter 1775 - Wheel of Destiny

Three days passed in the blink of an eye.

On the fourth day's morning, a ray of light pierced through the heavens and earth, the red morning sun rose from the horizon, casting golden light over Xuan Land, adding a bit of vitality to the desolate War City.

At this time, the area outside War City was not quiet; it was already shadowy and crowded, full of people, with countless cultivators crossing the void to arrive.

Moreover, it continued, as the void occasionally cracked open and teams of people calmly emerged, all ready for this battle, having waited for a long time.

This place, originally a desolate wilderness where birds wouldn't defecate, had recently become a sea of people, stretching endlessly, forming an extraordinary spectacle.

All of this was due to the Demon Clan suddenly initiating a war, bloodwashing the Xuanwu Sect and Xuanwu State!

The Human Race was enraged, with countless cultivators spontaneously gathering here to demand justice from the Demon Clan!

Many people, upon hearing about the battle three days ago, had mixed feelings—while the Human Race strongly won the Quasi-Emperor-level battle, bringing joy.

However—

The Human Race lost the Saint-Lord-level battle, even losing a Saint Lord from the Di Clan, a grievous blow to the Human Race at this time.

Today is the third group, the final young generation competition, with victory or defeat pivotal; if the Human Race cannot dominate the Demon Clan in this competition, they will give up large territories, or an all-out war will inevitably erupt!

Unlike three days prior, Ye Fan and his ten companions stood on the frontline alongside a few leading old bastards, each filled with war intent, with vigorous blood and energy surging through the sky.

Aside from them, Hu Fei, Shi Ye, Sikong Po, Wenren Jing, and others were also present, squeezing into the crowd, closely observing Ye Fan and his companions.

This battle concerns the fate and future of the Human Race, with hopes pinned on them.

Whether the Human Race can maintain its lordship of the world, and if the Cultivation World can continue its usual tranquility, all rests on Ye Fan and the ten others.

The sun slowly rose, casting morning light across the land; the border between the Human Race and the Demon Clan shone brilliantly, adding a sense of harmony to this barren territory.

However, this harmonious atmosphere didn't last long, as it disappeared instantly with the arrival of the Demon Clan!

"Humans, this time the competition's rules are to be set by us, not following the previous ones; otherwise, we'll refuse to compete and directly start the war!" Chi Lin, clad in bright red robes like a blaze, appeared on the other side of the River of Elements, speaking loudly.

"No problem, as long as it's fair and just, we have no objections!" Elder Lin from the Imperial Academy replied.

"Alright, after discussion, we've decided on the competition rules as follows: Firstly, contestants must be cultivators who have cultivated for under thirty years. Secondly, winners may choose to exit or continue, meaning as long as one can keep winning, one person could complete all matches..."

"We know all this, just say the competition rules!" Elder Lin impatiently interjected.

"Alright!"

Chi Lin was not at all angered by the interruption and calmly said: "The rules are simple, random selection for each contestant's appearance rather than arranging the order as before."

"How exactly is it random?"

The Sloppy Elder interrupted with a question, secretly laughing; the Demon Clan had clearly learned a lesson from their last battle with the Human Race and smartened up.

Other heroic lords couldn't help but worry, knowing that Human Race's victory over the Demon Clan last time was due to the strategy of matching strong against strong.

This time, if the order and opponent are randomly chosen, that strategy is useless; in a fair fight, can the Human Race truly defeat the Demon Clan?

Everyone knew that in terms of bloodline and physique strength, under the same realm, the Human Race was no match for the Demon Clan.

This competition impacts the future of the Demon Clan, with their young generation surely being the elite among the strongest.

At this moment, all eyes turned to the Demon Clan's leader, Quasi-Demon Emperor Chi Lin; he smiled faintly and said: "This is an Ancient Spiritual Treasure left by the ancestors, requiring contestants to inject their aura, and it will automatically decide their opponents."

Speaking of which, his hand held an ancient Spiritual Treasure, appearing like a small wheel, engraved with many ancient runes, emitting a faint glow and looking extraordinarily mysterious.

"Is this...the Wheel of Destiny?"

Upon seeing it, the older generation of Human Race strong people turned pale, exclaiming in shock.

The younger generation might not know what the Wheel of Destiny is, but the older strong people certainly wouldn't forget it.

"Do you mean, like the great decisive battle between the two clans back then?"

Elder Lin from the Imperial Academy clenched both fists, face ashen, barely resisting the urge to act, coldly speaking.

A Quasi-Emperor with a mind like still water losing composure clearly showed how fierce that battle was!

Ye Fan's body trembled slightly; though he hadn't personally experienced that unprecedentedly fierce battle, he had felt its ferocity on the battlefield.

But he didn't know that the previous battle also used the Wheel of Destiny to select opponents, which left both the Human and Demon Clans severely wounded.

The Wheel of Destiny was a Holy Object sacrificed and refined by an Ancient Demon Emperor, said to influence the fortune of both clans, mysterious beyond measure.

The Demon Clan's defeat and dormancy back then was because almost all selected by the Wheel of Destiny were killed, alarming them.

This time, they're revisiting the topic, clearly wanting to test the Demon Clan's fortune with the Wheel of Destiny; if they can defeat the Human Race, it would indicate their fortune is flourishing, allowing a full emergence.

If not, they'll follow the Human Race's proposal, allowing only the young generation to emerge while the older strong people continue waiting for their moment.

"In the last great battle, our Human Race was able to defeat you; we can certainly do it again this time."

"The Human Race fears no challenge!"

"Avenge our fallen ancestors!"

A multitude of young human cultivators roared in unison, their voices shaking the heavens, as their war intent rose to form a terrifying storm sweeping across the entire frontier.

"Exactly, since it's a competition, it should be fair. Let the Wheel of Destiny decide their opponents; I believe that's the fairest way, don't you think?" Chi Lin said casually.

"Alright, let's leave the decision to the Wheel of Destiny then!"

Elder Lin nodded, agreeing with the Demon Clan's proposal, and even the old bastards consented to it. After all, this was the fairest method, and they had no grounds to oppose it.

"Very well, since you all agree, let's begin!"

Chi Lin nodded, raised his hand, and launched the Wheel of Destiny into the sky.

Boom!

In an instant, the Wheel of Destiny expanded, growing enormously large, hanging in the air and rotating slowly, like a grinding wheel of the world.

"I can hardly wait!"

A young great demon from the Demon Clan stepped forward with a smile, raising his hand to inject his aura into the Wheel of Destiny.

Boom!

The Wheel of Destiny flashed with light, displaying the image of this young great demon from the Demon Clan, identical in size to his real self.

Subsequently, nine more young demons from the Demon Clan came forward, among them four with Imperial Family bloodlines, descendants of the Demon Emperor Family, and the other five were offspring of Demon Kings, their bloodline power just as dominant and formidable.

They each injected their aura into the Wheel of Destiny, and as the light flashed brilliantly, their images also appeared within the Wheel of Destiny.

"It's your turn now, don't say you don't dare!" A descendant from the Demon Clan's Imperial Family taunted.

"If you don't dare, just admit defeat and avoid losing your life in the arena!" Another descendant from the Demon Clan's Imperial Family said coldly.

"The Human Race is nothing but ants; how dare they fight us? In terms of physique or bloodline, they are no match!"

A demon with Imperial Family bloodline gave Ye Fan a disdainful glance and said provocatively.

This person Ye Fan recognized; it was Bai Lin, whom he had met at the Immortal Academy. It's said he belongs to the Teng Snake family, which once produced a Demon Emperor, holding an extremely high status in the entire Demon Clan, and their bloodline power is immensely strong.

"Don't be arrogant!"

Ye Fan shouted loudly, stepping forward with big strides, and injected his aura into the Wheel of Destiny. Instantly, the light flashed, and his image appeared within the Wheel of Destiny.

"He is Ye Fan!"

Someone shouted from the Demon Clan's side.

The fame precedes the man!

Recently, Ye Fan had been making quite a name for himself, with his legends spreading everywhere, especially after that battle at the Immortal Academy. Ye Fan had used the Immortal Stele Scattering Hand to overwhelmingly defeat the strongest inheritor of the Di Clan, Ling Haotian, leaving an indelible impression on the visiting Demon Clan members, including Bai Lin.

Although Ye Fan hadn't interacted much with the Demon Clan, his name had already spread within them.

Since the time the Demon Clan elder led Bai Lin and others to participate in the Immortal Academy's ceremony, the name Ye Fan began to spread rapidly within the Demon Clan.

Though Bai Lin outwardly demeaned Ye Fan as worthless, in reality, he took him very seriously, for if Ye Fan could defeat the Di Clan's strongest inheritor, he was by no means ordinary, and he posed a formidable challenge to the Demon Clan.

At the mention of Ye Fan's name, many strong individuals from the Demon Clan cast curious glances his way, wanting to see if this young human, rumored to possess mythical attributes, indeed had three heads and six arms.

"He looks very ordinary; is he really as formidable as the legend suggests?"

Seeing Ye Fan, many young demons in the Demon Clan thought to themselves that Ye Fan indeed appeared quite ordinary.

Swish!

Swish!

Swish!

...

With Ye Fan stepping forward first, the eldest of the Nine Great Bandits' descendants, Kou Wenjie, the Demon Sect Young Master Great Demon, and others also successively emerged, injecting their aura into the Wheel of Destiny.

Nine beams of light flashed, and their images were also etched onto the Wheel of Destiny, vivid and lifelike.

Ten from the Human Race, ten from the Demon Clan, all manifested on the Wheel of Destiny, forming a massive circle, accompanying the slow rotation of the Wheel of Destiny.

Chapter 1776 - Racing to Kill, a Slaughter Game!

On the border line between the Human Race and the Demon Clan, the River of Elements lay like a natural chasm across the center.

At this moment, a gigantic Wheel of Destiny was slowly rotating in the sky above the River of Elements, bringing a sense of endless oppression.

From the moment Ye Fan and the others infused their aura into the wheel, they entrusted their fate to the mysterious Heavenly Dao.

In this moment, the atmosphere was oppressively intense, almost suffocating.

The border fell into a brief silence, with both the Human Race and the Demon Clan waiting, anticipating the eruption of the next great battle!

Suddenly, the Wheel of Destiny began to accelerate, spinning faster and faster, and it emitted rays more intense than the sun, making it impossible for anyone to keep their eyes open.

After a full quarter of an hour, the Wheel of Destiny gradually slowed down, and its light retracted. The figures of Ye Fan and the ten young elites from the Demon Clan reappeared within the wheel.

"Sss!"

A flash of Mystic Light descended from the Wheel of Destiny and landed on a young man in the Demon Clan clad in silver armor.

Instantly, a gentle light erupted from the young man, proclaiming to all that he was the first to appear.

This was a descendant of the White Tiger Clan, whose cultivation was at the realm of a Two-star Demon, undoubtedly a mighty genius!

Even within the entire Demon Clan, his prowess ranked him in the top ten among the younger generation.

The White Tiger Clan was one of the Imperial Families among the numerous branches of the Demon Clan, known as advocates for war, always promoting direct battle to trample the Human Race underfoot.

"Hahaha..."

Seeing that he was the first to appear, this Two-star Demon from the White Tiger Clan burst into laughter, a black "King" character faintly appearing on his forehead, his eyes full of ferocity.

"Fortune indeed, I never imagined I would be the first to appear. Who's my opponent? Tremble, pray!"

The White Tiger Demon laughed heartily as he strode onto the Holy War Platform, his venomous gaze sweeping over Ye Fan and the others.

As the strongest descendant of the White Tiger Clan, clad in silver armor, his hands resembled tiger claws—sharp and elongated, reflecting a faint light in the sunlight, appearing extremely fierce.

On the Human Race's side, everyone's heart sank, for the chosen one was indeed Gu Xiao, the strongest heir of the Gu Family...

Among the ten selected, Gu Xiao was the weakest. Even after a year of seclusion in the Emperor's Secret Realm, his power still couldn't compare to the others.

Everyone knew that the White Tiger Clan was certainly an Imperial Family in the Demon Clan, possessing a strong body, and their Bloodline Power was not inferior to that of the Imperial Family.

Though Gu Xiao was the strongest heir of the Ancient Emperor Family, facing the strongest heir of the White Tiger Clan, his hope was truly slim.

Gu Xiao hadn't expected the Wheel of Destiny to choose him first and was filled with bitterness.

He also knew he was the weakest among the ten and originally thought that the randomness of the Wheel of Destiny wouldn't choose him first.

But fate played a colossal joke on him, selecting him first, with the opponent being an heir of the Imperial Family of the Demon Clan.

His expression was seen clearly by Bai Zhanbiao, the strongest heir of the White Tiger Clan, who roared with laughter.

"If you're afraid, you can concede. I won't kill you, but you have to kneel before me and call me grandfather three times." Bai Zhanbiao sneered.

"You..."

Many young cultivators of the Human Race were seething with anger. This was too humiliating. Anyone with a shred of pride couldn't swallow this!

"Courting death!"

Provoked, Gu Xiao roared and attacked directly, his Ancient Emperor Fist shattering the void as it aimed at Bai Zhanbiao's face.

"Clang!"

Bai Zhanbiao disdainfully swung his tiger claws to intercept Gu Xiao's fist, producing a sound like clashing metals.

Swoosh!

Immediately, Bai Zhanbiao struck like lightning, his tiger claws shooting out sharp claw light like swords towards Gu Xiao's chest.

The crowd couldn't help but be moved. Though Bai Zhanbiao was arrogant, he indeed had the power to back it up; his strength was utterly terrifying. Without employing any Divine Power Martial Techniques, he was forcing Gu Xiao to struggle purely with his physical prowess.

"Although the White Tiger Clan has never produced a Demon Emperor, they should not be underestimated, ranking among the top ten Imperial Families of the Demon Clan. Aside from the Demon Emperor Family, few clans can stand above them."

Despite their worries, people were discussing variously.

The great battle erupted, with Gu Xiao using all his abilities, employing Divine Skills, Martial Arts, and Secret Techniques endlessly, yet he was still at a disadvantage.

The more they fought, the more shocked Gu Xiao became. Bai Zhanbiao was too strong, each blow felt immensely life-threatening, forcing him to exert every effort to evade.

After several hundred moves, Gu Xiao's disadvantage became increasingly apparent, and the crowd's hearts rose as it became obvious that Gu Xiao could barely hold on.

Bai Zhanbiao was too composed; from the beginning of the fight, he only occasionally used his Innate Divine Ability, with the "King" character on his forehead twisting towards Gu Xiao. The rest of the time was spent using the most basic martial arts against Gu Xiao, hardly using Divine Power at all.

His body was exceedingly formidable, coupled with Innate Divine Strength, forcing Gu Xiao into defense without even using much Divine Power, making him roar repeatedly.

As the strongest heir of the White Tiger Clan within the Demon Clan, Bai Zhanbiao's talent was undoubtedly the best, his body extraordinarily tough. Gu Xiao repeatedly used the Ancient Emperor Secret Technique on him, yet it only produced a string of sparks, unable to harm him.

In contrast, even a slight nudge from Bai Zhanbiao's Punch Ray caused Gu Xiao to cough up blood; the two were simply on completely different levels.

The longer the battle continued, the more Gu Xiao's heart sank. He realized he was no match for Bai Zhanbiao. His opponent hadn't even aimed to kill him yet, clearly playing a cat-and-mouse game. This left him both frustrated and helpless.

"Roar~"

As the battle reached three hundred moves, Bai Zhanbiao suddenly let out a great roar. The rolling sound wave resounded through the Holy War Platform, instantly destabilizing Gu Xiao's Divine Soul.

"Not good!"

Gu Xiao exclaimed in his heart, quickly retreating, hoping to avoid disaster.

However—

It was already too late!

After battling Gu Xiao three hundred rounds, Bai Zhanbiao had already grasped his strength clearly, and only after growing bored did he suddenly make his move, leaving no room for escape.

To Bai Zhanbiao, slaying a strong person of the Human Race would greatly boost the morale of the Demon Clan; he wanted to remain on the platform, defeat the entire young generation of the Human Race, and forge his own undefeated legend!

As a Great Demon aspiring to the Emperor Dao, he certainly wouldn't be satisfied with such a victory.

In his eyes, Gu Xiao was simply insignificant; if not for familiarizing himself with human combat methods, he wouldn't have bothered wasting so much time!

Huff! Huff! Huff!

Bai Zhanbiao's claws instantly transformed into complete tiger claw shapes, sharp talons shooting out, emitting rays of death, tearing through the void.

This is the White Tiger Clan's supreme skill; when cultivated to a profound realm, the claws can crush large stars and rip open the heavens.

"No..."

Gu Xiao was horrified, facing an unprecedented crisis, retreating continuously, both fists surging forward, deploying the Ancient Emperor Secret Techniques to fend against the deadly tiger claws.

The hearts of the Gu Family members were in their throats; Gu Xiao was their future hope, and nothing could be allowed to go wrong.

However—

The current situation cast a foreboding shadow over their hearts; Bai Zhanbiao clearly intended not to let Gu Xiao leave the battle stage alive.

"It ends here, finish it!"

Bai Zhanbiao's cold voice rang in Gu Xiao's ears, shocking him into a tremble, slowing his hands by half a beat.

"No... Ah..."

A short scream sounded, then the battlefield gradually quieted, all light vanished.

No miracle occurred; Gu Xiao was defeated and tragically died, torn to pieces by Bai Zhanbiao's pair of tiger claws, blood splattering across the platform, limbs scattered everywhere, even the Divine Soul was obliterated!

"No!"

The Gu Family members cried out in anguish, eyes about to burst.

Gu Xiao, apart from the Ancient Immortal, was the future hope of the Gu Family, now fallen on this battlefield, dying without an intact corpse.

"Gu Xiao..."

Ancient Immortal closed his eyes in pain; though he was selfish at heart, he was quite fond of this talented junior, otherwise he wouldn't have passed on some forbidden Ancient Emperor Secret Techniques.

At this moment, Gu Xiao was slain on the battlefield, filling his heart with intense killing intent.

Furthermore, nearly everyone mourned for Gu Xiao's death.

Only, no one knew that in the moment before death, Gu Xiao wished to concede to preserve his life, but unfortunately Bai Zhanbiao didn't grant him that chance, making him a passive hero of the Human Race.

"By the rules, as the victor, I can remain on the battlefield; the next one, come up and meet your end!"

Bai Zhanbiao patted his clothes, speaking dominantly.

Immediately, his gaze swept towards Ye Fan and others, indifferently saying: "Are the Human Race all like this? So weak, I hope the next one is stronger, don't let me down again."

"You..."

Human Race was almost infuriated; a minor demon of the White Tiger Clan dared to humiliate the Human Race like this; it's unbearable!

At this moment, many wished to immediately step onto the Holy War Platform, crush him under their palms, avenge Gu Xiao, and raise the prestige of the Human Race.

Yet, the rules were set, irreversible; these people could only bear the humiliation, hoping someone would defeat the Demon Clan and relieve their shame.

"Brother Bai, you can't hog all the fun; share some with us, otherwise, if you kill all these ants alone, what do we play?"

A young Great Demon, descendant of an Imperial Family of the Demon Clan, shouted loudly.

"Exactly, you've already killed one ant, get off the stage, let us have a chance!"

The other eight selected young demon geniuses echoed, showing no regard for the young Human Race geniuses.

"This ant is too weak, no challenge at all; I'll kill one more, leaving the rest to you. Okay?"

Bai Zhanbiao laughed loudly in response, seemingly treating this tournament as a slaughter game.

Not only him, but the other demons were similarly relaxed, laughing, not taking this competition seriously, entirely treating it as a game of slaughter, while Ye Fan and others were helpless lambs!

"Boom~"

Just then, the Wheel of Destiny in the sky began to spin again, its faint shine dissolving down, seemingly choosing an opponent for Bai Zhanbiao.

Bai Zhanbiao's excited eyes lit up, determined to crush the next opponent with absolute strength and begin his undefeated legend!

Chapter 1777 - Grief and Fury

"Little White, come back!"

The Demon Clan's leading quasi-demon emperor Chi Lin suddenly spoke, ordering Bai Zhanbiao to step down, giving the opportunity to other young talents of the demon clan who have not yet participated in the war.

"Let me fight one more battle, it wasn't satisfying just now, that ant was too weak, it didn't even count as a warm-up."

Bai Zhanbiao requested Chi Lin, his words full of arrogance and insolence, clearly not taking the human young talents into consideration.

"No, you are the victor, there will be chances to strike again, let others practice, experience how the opponent truly is, and strive for everyone to battle and achieve something!"

Chi Lin glanced at Ye Fan and the others, speaking with intention.

He was using the human young generation for practice, allowing the selected demon clan young talents to have opportunities to strike.

The Demon Clan, having won strongly in the Saint Lord level match, was overflowing with confidence, the young generation even more so relied on their physical bodies and bloodlines as far superior to humans, not placing Ye Fan and the other ten in their eyes.

For them, this match was completely meaningless, except for Ye Fan who could make them pay a bit of attention, even Yue Chuan and Yue Haoyu didn't earn enough focus.

It's no wonder, even if the demon clan's information is precise, they've been confined in their Holy Land for too many years and couldn't possibly know the news of the human emperor's son's emergence in time.

Moreover, the human side deliberately concealed the news of the emperor's son's birth, making it even less likely for the demon clan to know.

Conversely, on the human side, everyone's faces looked bad, but they couldn't say anything, after all, they lost in the Saint Lord level match, and just earlier, Gu Xiao was shredded alive by Bai Zhanbiao, a young two-star demon of the demon clan, which was a heavy blow to the human morale.

Just as Bai Zhanbiao stepped down from the Holy War Platform, the massive Wheel of Destiny in the sky shot out two beams of light, respectively landing among Ye Fan's group and the ten demon clan members.

Ye Fan noticed that beside him, Kou Wenjie, the eldest among the Nine Great Bandits' descendants, suddenly emitted a white light - he was chosen!

"Watch me triumph with the flag and cut down the little demon!"

Kou Wenjie, looking fierce as a bandit, directly took off his outer garment, exposing his muscular build, appearing exceptionally ferocious!

"Don't be careless, the physical body strength of the demon clan far exceeds ours in the same realm, try to avoid close combat!" Ye Fan advised.

He had once fought against a three-star demon of the demon clan, fully aware of the strength of their physical bodies, fearing that Kou Wenjie might suffer due to carelessness, he shared some of his insights and experiences before the fight.

"Don't worry, I'm not a pushover, as long as it isn't the imperial family of the demon clan, a mere little demon cannot do anything to me!" Kou Wenjie didn't take Ye Fan's words seriously at all.

He was completely consumed by anger - although he disdains Gu Xiao's actions, Gu Xiao represented the human race in battle and died in the process!

This battle, he must win, to showcase the formidable presence of the human race, otherwise, it would be a severe blow to the confidence and dignity of the entire human race.

At the same time, on the demon clan's side, a figure close to three meters tall, like half a tower, stepped out, covered in black scales.

At first glance, it seemed like a member of the black dragon clan, but actually, it wasn't; it was an outstanding figure of the Ironclad Rampaging Bear clan.

The Ironclad Rampaging Bear possesses the bloodline of the imperial family; in the distant Taigu era during the Desolate Ages, the Ironclad Rampaging Bear clan once produced a demon emperor.

Millions of years have passed, and the royal bloodline of this clan has become very thin, but within the vast demon clan, the Ironclad Rampaging Bear clan still enjoys worship and awe from other species, just like other demon emperor families.

The reason is simple: the bloodline power of the Ironclad Rampaging Bear clan is too strong, even one-tenth of true blood is an extremely terrifying existence.

The light that was just shot toward the demon clan landed on him, making him gleeful, his massive mouth couldn't even close from his wide smile.

"Fortune, fortune, I'm surprised to be the second one to battle!"

The Ironclad Rampaging Bear laughed, shaking his body while walking toward the Holy War Platform.

"It's infuriating, choosing this big dummy instead of us!"

"No matter which human ant comes up, just crush him into a meatloaf!"

"Is it true that foolish people have good fortune? The Wheel of Destiny actually chose him; it's too unfair!"

The other demon clan participants grumbled, feeling very dissatisfied; they all wanted to battle quickly, but the Wheel of Destiny just chose this big dummy.

The Ironclad Rampaging Bear chuckled and said, "Your anger is useless; in human words, each person has their own fortune."

"Damn it!"

Their conversation was vividly rendered before everyone's eyes through the Heavenly Eye, causing the human cultivators' anger to rise.

The demon clan clearly didn't regard the human race, considering that anyone who comes to battle can easily defeat the selected human elites.

Whoosh!

Kou Wenjie didn't waste words, directly stepping onto the battle platform.

"Die, puny human!"

The Ironclad Rampaging Bear coldly laughed, following onto the platform.

Bang!

The two sides came to the Holy War Platform, without introductions or names, they immediately started fighting, the first strike causing the void to tremble, the intense light boiling like a cauldron.

Kou Wenjie, as the eldest son among the Nine Great Bandits' descendants, naturally possessed great strength, lifting his hand to unleash a sharp set of martial arts, his divine power erupting like a volcano.

The Ironclad Rampaging Bear was also exceptionally powerful, not only was his physical body formidable, but his divine power martial techniques were strong as well, with a single swing of his massive black hand releasing a burst of dark light, like a black hole, not only blocking Kou Wenjie's fierce attack but also exerting a faint sense of suppression.

"Huh?"

Kou Wenjie was shocked; only then did he recall Ye Fan's reminder to avoid close combat with the demon clan because, in terms of physical body strength, except for Ye Fan, almost no one in the same realm could surpass the demon clan genius's physical body.

Moreover, he was fighting against the demon clan known for their overwhelming physical strength, the Ironclad Rampaging Bear clan, making him even more cautious.

"Bang!"

After thirty moves, the Ironclad Rampaging Bear endured a hit from Kou Wenjie, swiftly closing the distance between them. Its large paw slammed onto Wenjie's shoulder, sending him flying a hundred meters away, turning his entire left arm into blood mud.

"Ah..."

Kou Wenjie let out a miserable scream, his eyes instantly reddened, and his face contorted with rage as flames of hatred burned fiercely, directly igniting his divine power.

"Crack!"

With a sharp crack, Kou Wenjie regenerated a new arm. With a flash of light in both his hands, a three-zhang iron spear appeared!

Soon after, a giant bear appeared behind him, roughly the same size as the Ironclad Rampaging Bear—this was his holy embryo.

"Holy Embryo, Unification!"

Kou Wenjie shouted loudly, his entire skeleton cracking, as the giant bear behind him merged into his body, granting him the height and physique of the giant bear.

"Roar..."

The Ironclad Rampaging Bear roared in rage; Kou Wenjie's action was undoubtedly a challenge to it. Although it was born in a humanoid form, its blood still carried the essence of the Ironclad Rampaging Bear.

Kou Wenjie's holy embryo being a giant bear undoubtedly touched its bottom line, infuriating it to no end.

After unification, Kou Wenjie was almost indistinguishable from a giant bear; his hands transformed into bear claws, and even his voice became deep.

"You're courting death!"

The Ironclad Rampaging Bear's eyes shot out two sharp beams of light. It abandoned any divine skill martial techniques, charging forward like a brute, determined to tear Kou Wenjie apart to avenge the insult to its race.

"Cold Ice Domain!"

Although Kou Wenjie's appearance had changed dramatically, his mind remained clear. He immediately deployed his domain, causing the temperature within a hundred meters to plummet to freezing point. Water elements in the air quickly condensed into massive ice spikes, blocking the Ironclad Rampaging Bear's attack.

"Domain? It's useless against me; I have a domain too!"

The Ironclad Rampaging Bear smashed a huge ice spike with a slap, then unleashed its own domain, the Thick Earth Domain.

The powers of both domains collided, quickly integrating and canceling each other out. The Ironclad Rampaging Bear used this opportunity, its paws crossing in a forward strike, its violent divine power shattering the remaining ice cones.

"Cold Spear Breaking Sky!"

Kou Wenjie spared nothing, burning his divine power to the limit. The large iron spear in his hand carried a bone-chilling aura as it thrust toward the Ironclad Rampaging Bear's chest with a terrifying force.

"Relying on external things is ultimately a petty trick; watch me break your martial arts!"

The Ironclad Rampaging Bear roared, its rolling sound waves filling the entire Holy War Platform.

Without dodging, it batted aside the iron spear aimed at its chest, then placed a huge paw on Kou Wenjie's chest.

"Pfft!"

People clearly heard the sound of bones cracking. Kou Wenjie's chest caved in instantly as he spat out a mouthful of blood mixed with shattered organs, and the burning divine power was forcibly halted.

"Daring to embody my race as your holy embryo, you are doomed!"

The Ironclad Rampaging Bear spoke in a muffled voice, bringing its bear paws together to crush Kou Wenjie's head. Blood mixed with brain matter spurted out, the scene extremely gruesome.

"Whoosh!"

The Ironclad Rampaging Bear, seemingly berserk, inhaled Kou Wenjie's brain matter into its mouth and slapped his divine soul into dispersal.

"No..."

"Big Brother..."

"Wenjie..."

The humans fell into chaos. Shi Ye, Han Sandong, and Wenren Jing screamed in unison, none of them expecting such an outcome.

The entire human race was in deep grief, as yet another young genius fell tragically on the battle platform.

The Nine Great Bandits were in tears, as Kou Wenjie had been the most potential-filled among their descendants, yet he sacrificed his life representing the human race in this battle.

"Damn it!!"

Ye Fan's eyes widened in rage, his fists clenched tightly, nails piercing his flesh, golden blood dripping down, yet he seemed oblivious.

It must be noted that with the current strength of his body, not even a spiritual treasure's attack could make him bleed.

"Hahaha... You humans are too weak, aren't you? You dare to challenge us with such little strength? It's simply laughable!"

The Ironclad Rampaging Bear stood on the platform, contemptuously glancing at Ye Fan and others, taunting them.

Everyone clenched their fists, feeling extremely frustrated. Their comrade was killed, which was pain and grievance enough, yet they were mockingly ridiculed.

Hu Fei, Wenren Jing, and the young bandits' eyes were wide with rage and grief, unable to contain their sorrow!

Though they seldom gathered, Kou Wenjie was their brother, someone they grew up with. Now, he had tragically died on the battlefield.

The Nine Great Bandits were in utter despair, their fury reaching madness, yet they couldn't intervene and could only watch helplessly!

"Brother Wenjie, go peacefully. I will surely avenge you—I swear!"

Ye Fan swore with bleeding drops of blood, never having yearned for battle and bloodshed as much as now, eager to kill every young demon who dared to stand against him!

Chapter 1778 - First Victory

Kou Wenjie's corpse was snatched back, but it had long lost its vitality, the entire head shattered, tragic and desolate!

The blood is not yet cold, but the heroic soul has already perished!

Another young elite of the Human Race has died an untimely death, even those elder strong people who are accustomed to life and death couldn't help but feel angry and sorrowful.

Ye Fan wanted nothing more than to immediately enter the battle, to strike and kill the Ironclad Rampaging Bear with his fist, avenging Kou Wenjie.

However—

The Demon Clan did not give him this opportunity. After the battle ended, the Ironclad Rampaging Bear was immediately summoned back by the Demon Clan elder.

The third match was about to begin, every Human cultivator was very tense, not knowing who the Wheel of Destiny would choose this time.

On the contrary, there was an unusual relaxation among the Demon Clan; apart from the previously battled Ironclad Rampaging Bear and Bai Zhanbiao, the remaining eight were eager to attempt.

In their view, the young generation of the Human Race was just too weak, this competition was merely a warm-up before a grand battle.

Along with this, their apprehension towards Ye Fan diminished greatly.

In their eyes, the same Human Race, other young geniuses were no match at all, and Ye Fan wouldn't be much stronger than them.

With such a relaxed and expectant mood, a ray of light from the Wheel of Destiny fell amongst them!

"It's me, the Wheel of Destiny selected me, what luck!"

A blue-haired woman laughed lightly and stepped out, graceful and poised, a closed vertical eye at her brow, ascending the Holy War Platform like a Lingbo Fairy.

Blue Feathered Phoenix!

The light of the Wheel of Destiny landed on her, casting a hazy white glow around her.

"What a pity, why was she chosen?"

"Damn it, what bad luck, why wasn't I chosen?"

The other unchosen young Demon Clan aspirants complained, deeply discontented, each one utterly vexed.

Such an attitude, such words, clearly disregarding the young elite of the Human Race, enraged many young Human cultivators.

At this moment, the choice from Ye Fan's side emerged, the white light enveloping one among them.

Great Demon!

The most mysterious Young Master of the Western Region Demon Sect, apart from his defeat in the Yuehua Dynasty against Ye Fan, he journeyed from the Western Region to the Central Domain undefeated, even many elder strong people were not his match; no doubt, he made quite a name for himself.

Among the younger generation, besides Ye Fan and his nemesis Yu chanzi, almost no one could defeat him; definitely a standout among the young elite.

"Great Demon, go for it!"

"Brother Great Demon, this time it's up to you!"

"Great Demon, victory is assured!"

People held high hopes for Great Demon, wishing he could regain a point for the Human Race and defeat the arrogant and overbearing Demon Clan.

"Hey, Demon Clan, blood debt shall be repaid with blood!"

Great Demon sneered, stepping onto the Holy War Platform, his imposing figure inexplicably instilling confidence.

Upon ascending the Holy War Platform, his momentum soared to the peak, resembling an ancient Demon King enveloped entirely in purple demonic qi.

Typically, the demonic qi on Great Demon is gray and black, attaining purple demonic qi indicates that his state has reached the peak.

At this moment, Great Demon was absolutely terrifying, even when battling Ye Fan, this situation hadn't appeared.

Simultaneously, in the crowd, Buddha Yu chanzi suddenly emitted a faint Buddha light, the Divine Ring behind his head dazzling brightly.

Clearly, this was a miraculous response to Great Demon's state.

At this moment, Yu chanzi's appearance was dignified and solemn, his mouth unmoved, body unshaken, yet waves of chanting emanated from him, the sound growing louder, finally resembling eight hundred Arhats singing in unison, echoing through the Nine Heavens.

Hmm?

People looked at him in astonishment, then turned their attention to Great Demon. At this moment, many recalled words once spoken by the Old Emperor of the Yuehua Dynasty.

Great Demon and Yu chanzi are actually two in one, differentiated bodies, Buddha and Demon two poles; when the time is ripe, the Unification of Buddha and Demon will bring about incredible phenomena.

Initially, people were skeptical, as the Western Regions Buddhist Sect and Demon Sect had always been arch-enemies incompatible with each other, how could there be a Buddha and Demon Unification?

However, upon witnessing Great Demon's momentum reaching the peak and Yu chanzi experiencing a miraculous response, they couldn't help but believe.

"Little demon, face your death!"

Great Demon shouted furiously, throwing a punch, his purple demonic qi surged, corroding a black hole in the void, demonstrating the immense power of this punch.

Clang!

Blue Feathered Phoenix laughed lightly, her right arm transformed into Feathered Wings, severely slashing at Great Demon's fist, erupting in a metallic clanging sound.

"How strong!"

People were moved, unexpectedly finding this woman of the Demon Clan formidable, her arm transformed into Feathered Wings like a Heavenly Blade, beyond what ordinary cultivators could withstand.

Even though the Demon Clan was arrogant, they indeed had reasons for arrogance, casually presenting one who was this strong impressed upon many an ominous shadow.

"I didn't expect you, demoness, to have some tricks, but they're useless against me, you will surely die!"

The voice of the Great Demon was icy, enveloped in purple Demonic Qi, hiding his true appearance.

"Humph! Arrogant words!"

The Blue Feathered Phoenix let out a cold snort, her arms transformed into Feathered Wings, striking forward, instantly causing the void to collapse, Power of Destruction intertwining.

This was an extremely terrifying attack, ordinary cultivators couldn't possibly withstand it, Power of Destruction was everywhere, nowhere to evade, only to endure.

The Great Demon let out a decisive shout, the purple Demonic Qi surged like clouds, blocking the Power of Destruction, then continued to spread, quickly engulfing them both within, even with Martial Arts Heavenly Eye, it couldn't be seen through.

Seeing this, Ye Fan's heart stirred, knowing the Great Demon was about to unleash his most powerful Divine Soul attack!

The battle of the Divine Soul Sword was the most perilous, yet also the most mysterious and bizarre. When he sparred with the Great Demon initially, he truly expended considerable effort to defeat him. He didn't believe this demoness from the Demon Clan also possessed such powerful Divine Soul power.

Then again, even if there was powerful Divine Soul power, without the corresponding cultivation technique and methods, a powerful Divine Soul would merely be ornamental.

Ye Fan understood deeply how formidable the Great Demon's Divine Soul attack was, especially his Divine Soul could divide into two, and possessed weapons specialized for striking Divine Souls, coupled with the Heart Demon Illusion's attack. As long as one enters his Heavenly Demon Realm, defeat is assured.

At this moment, a few elders from the Western Region Demon Sect had a trace of a smile on their cold faces. They knew well how strong the Great Demon's Divine Soul was.

The Demon Clan was indeed stronger than Human cultivators in the same realm when it came to the body, but not necessarily in the Divine Soul.

On the Holy War Platform, there was dead silence, as if no great battle was taking place, this peculiar phenomenon made some young strong ones of the Demon Clan frown, not knowing what truly transpired on the battlefield.

"Could it be a battle between Divine Souls?"

An elder from the Demon Clan suddenly exclaimed.

They had some understanding of the Western Region Demon Sect, knowing that cultivators from the Demon Sect didn't focus on body cultivation, but rather on the Divine Soul, possessing magical Divine Soul martial techniques.

"Fortunately, Lan Xian'er also has a secret technique for Divine Soul attack, otherwise this time it would truly be more ill-fated than fortunate!" A Demon Clan elder spoke with concern.

Divine Soul battles cannot be interfered with, even they cannot rush into the Great Demon's Heavenly Demon Realm to rescue, only quietly await the battle's result.

The faces of Human Clan's immortals began to show a smile. They knew that this battle might bring victory for the Human Race.

On the Holy War Platform, dark clouds rolled, blocking vision. People could only judge the situation inside by sound.

However, the battlefield was now silent, not even the sound of breathing, unusually oppressive!

Many people's hearts were in their throats, tensely awaiting the result of this battle!

Over on the Demon Clan's side, they were equally tense, because Divine Soul combat was not something they were skilled at, as the Demon Clan, what they were best at were martial arts and divine skills, especially physical combat.

As time passed bit by bit, the expressions of the crowd from the Demon Clan grew increasingly unpleasant, they were already sensing that something was amiss.

And the Human cultivators' expressions were also not good, the battle had continued for an hour without a clear outcome, while the Demonic Qi Earth Tiger on the battlefield had faded significantly, only the central portion remained pitch black as ink.

Yu chanzi sat cross-legged on the ground, continually chanting Buddha's name, exuding sacred Buddha Light, the Buddha Ring behind his head emitted myriad rays like the sun.

"Brother Ye, you've fought with the Great Demon, do you think this time he can defeat that demoness?" Li Yu'er came over to ask Ye Fan.

"The Great Demon is adept at Divine Soul combat, mastering the Divine Soul to a level of consummate skill, whereas the Demon Clan doesn't prioritize Divine Soul cultivation, one rising and the other falling, he should be able to win!" Ye Fan answered softly.

"That's good, our Human Race cannot bear yet another defeat!"

With Ye Fan's affirmation, Li Yu'er let out a long breath, seeming to relax entirely.

On the other side, Wen TaDou also inquired Yu chanzi, whose reply was much like Ye Fan's, both believing the Great Demon could defeat the opponent.

Regarding the Great Demon's strength, if anyone spoke with authority, it would undoubtedly be Yu chanzi and Ye Fan.

Yu chanzi had sparred with the Great Demon since childhood, knowing his strength most thoroughly.

Meanwhile, Ye Fan had also sparred with the Great Demon, and was very familiar with his attack methods and strength.

With their affirmation, many sighed in relief, silently focusing on the happenings on the Holy War Platform!

"Go to hell for me!"

The icy voice of the Great Demon rang out!

Immediately, a miserable cry came from within the demon cloud, yet the entire battlefield fell into deathly silence, the demon cloud slowly dissipating, merging into the Great Demon's body.

Without exception, a cold corpse lay on the battlefield, blue long hair losing its luster, devoid of life!

Yet the Great Demon also suffered severe wounds, a bowl-sized transparent hole appeared on his chest, even his heart was taken away, his body was covered in cracks like porcelain struck hard by a hammer, seemingly about to shatter with a gentle flick.

"No..."

"Xian'er..."

The Demon Clan cried out in sorrow, many were startled, finding it hard to accept, the strong Lan Xian'er on their side had actually lost, slaughtered!

"Well killed!"

On the Human side, there was a thunderous cheer.

The dust settled.

This battle, the Human Race won!

Chapter 1779 - Ye Fan Enters the Stage, Instant Kill!

Victory!

Many human cultivators couldn't hold back their tears, weeping with joy.

They deeply understood what this victory meant for the entire human race.

Although the great demon won this battle, it suffered a severe blow; it could be said to kill a thousand enemies, while hurting eight hundred of its own.

Fortunately, the great demon focused on soul cultivation, for the body is just a vessel to store the soul; as long as the soul is unharmed, the body can endure any severe injuries.

However, according to the great demon, the demoness it fought was extraordinary, with a body powerful beyond reason. Her lineage was incredibly strong, and she understood secret techniques of soul combat; otherwise, the fight wouldn't have been so difficult.

Ultimately, it relied on Divine Soul Chains to kill the opponent; it was a close call!

"Humans, don't celebrate just yet; this was merely an accident!"

Chi Lin's cold voice echoed through the River of Elements, dousing everyone with a cold shower.

All fell silent, knowing that he spoke the truth. The humans lost the Saint Lord Level match and barely won this round among the young generation; there was truly nothing to be happy about.

Lan Xian'er's body was carried away, and the Blue Feathered Phoenix Clan was grief-stricken. Lan Xian'er was their pride, yet she was defeated by the human race, and it was a crushing defeat—she was slaughtered.

"Continue!"

Chi Lin's emotionless icy voice rang out, and the Wheel of Destiny began to slowly turn, emitting a faint glow.

As the Wheel of Destiny spun faster, people's hearts raced to their throats, not knowing who would be chosen next.

Suddenly!

The Wheel of Destiny stopped, its brightness intensifying like a brilliant sun, making it hard for anyone to keep their eyes open.

"Slash!"

"Slash!"

Two beams of light shot down from the Wheel of Destiny, landing on both the human and demon sides.

"Excellent, the Wheel of Destiny chose me. Let me avenge Lan Xian'er and tear the humans apart!"

A young king from the demon tribe coldly declared.

He was the young king of the Heavenly Centipede tribe, with cultivation reaching the level of a Two-star Demon and vast power due to his innate divine abilities.

"Yes, shred those ants, avenge Lan Xian'er!"

"Brother Heavenly Centipede, we entrust you!"

Many young kings from the demon tribe spoke, urging Heaven Centipede to tear apart the chosen human participant to avenge Lan Xian'er, revealing Lan Xian'er's popularity among the young demon generation.

Meanwhile, on the human side, many adopted a strange expression as they looked towards Ye Fan, for the Wheel of Destiny's light fell upon him, forming a faint white glow.

"Ye Zi, avenge my brother!"

Hu Fei shouted to Ye Fan through the crowd.

"Ye Fan, we're counting on you!"

"Ye Fan, you must win!"

Many strong people from the older generation chimed in, pinning their hopes on him.

They knew Ye Fan's strength was the greatest among the ten young human representatives battling the demon tribe; if he were defeated, the humans truly would lose all hope in winning this competition.

At that moment, Ye Fan suddenly felt the burden on his shoulders grow heavier.

He bore the hope and future of the entire human race!

Soon, the young king from the demon tribe, Heavenly Centipede, was the first to step onto the battle platform, sweeping his icy gaze towards Ye Fan, coldly stating, "Ants, come up here and meet your death!"

"The one to die is you!"

Ye Fan suppressed his overwhelming rage, his figure flashing as he launched into Chasing Star Step, transforming into a Flowing Light as he charged onto the Holy War Platform.

The two stood a hundred feet apart, coldly staring at one another, each sensing the other's fierce vitality and murderous intent.

"Human ant, are you ready?"

Heavenly Centipede coldly smiled.

To him, Ye Fan, though perhaps stronger than the rest, was merely an early-stage cultivator of the Lord Realm, having just entered this realm, whereas he was already a Two-star Demon, equivalent to the mid-stage of the Lord Realm, an entire realm apart. He paid no mind to Ye Fan.

"Heavenly Centipede, be careful!"

Seeing Ye Fan step onto the platform, Bai Lin was startled, hastening to advise Heavenly Centipede to be vigilant, knowing Ye Fan's true strength far surpassed what it appeared.

"Rest assured, he's just an early-stage Lord Realm ant!"

Heavenly Centipede brushed off Bai Lin's warning, sizing up Ye Fan repeatedly before mockingly stating, "Step down and send someone useful up, or I'll destroy you with one move."

"Finished with your last words?"

Ye Fan remained unfazed, responding coldly.

"Hahahaha..."

Heavenly Centipede laughed heartily, full of mockery, saying, "You people from this realm die one after another, supposedly all Heavenly Pride, but what does it matter? You are no different, weaker even; you're nothing!"

"Is the human race out of people? Sending up trash that only just broke into the Lord Realm."

"I agree. Perhaps they have no stronger young elites, so they send newly promoted Lord Realm trash to fill out the numbers!"

Across the River of Elements, a group of young demons laughed heartily, deriding Ye Fan and the entire human race with ridicule and mocking words.

"Today, I will kill all of you alone!"

Ye Fan spoke calmly and coldly, his voice like thunder, shaking the Nine Heavens above and sweeping the Nine Netherworld below, revealing an unwavering belief.

"Hahaha..."

Brother Heavenly Centipede laughed heartily and said, "Are you deliberately here to tell me a joke? Just you? You want to kill us all? I'll send you on your way right now!"

Boom!

Saying this, Brother Heavenly Centipede struck with his palm, causing space to collapse instantly, and endless pressure pressed towards Ye Fan from all directions, leaving no space to evade.

This was the innate divine ability of the Heavenly Centipede Clan. A single palm strike caused space to collapse, with hand power squeezing from all directions towards the center, wishing to crush Ye Fan into pulp immediately.

The time for revenge has come!

Ye Fan howled mournfully to the sky. At this moment, scenes of the Xuanwu Sect being exterminated flashed in his mind. The tragic scenes made his blood boil and burn.

Immediately after, he thought of Kou Wenjie's headless body, that extremely tragic death, and the flames of hatred turned his eyes blood-red.

A murderous aura suddenly erupted from him, sweeping across the Holy War Platform!

At this moment, he was like a Demon Lord crossing realms, more demonic than a Great Demon, fiercer than Demon Clan cultivators!

Boom!

With a loud explosion, Ye Fan directly shattered the void, stepping forward and breaking through the spatial constraints, appearing in front of Brother Heavenly Centipede as if he had traversed space.

"What? You..."

Brother Heavenly Centipede was shocked, never expecting that Ye Fan could so easily break his innate divine ability. He retreated rapidly while punching toward Ye Fan's chest.

The blazing punch ray, like a burning sun, charged toward Ye Fan's chest with terrifying power of destruction!

Bam!

Ye Fan swung his fist to meet it, his golden fist piercing through everything, colliding fiercely with Brother Heavenly Centipede's fist, exploding in dazzling light.

"Ah!"

Brother Heavenly Centipede screamed, his right hand twisted bizarrely. It was obvious that his bones were all shattered, hanging limp, with blood dripping down his fingers.

"An ant, and you actually hurt me? Unforgivable!"

Brother Heavenly Centipede's face turned ugly, initially thinking his body was incomparably sturdy, he never expected to be shattered by a human he considered an ant.

Divine light flashed, and Brother Heavenly Centipede's right hand instantly recovered, looking at Ye Fan with a cold gaze. It was hard for him to believe how a human could be stronger than the Demon Clan in the physical body?

Could it be that within this human in front of him flowed the blood of the Demon Clan?

It was no wonder he would guess this way because in ancient times, there were indeed instances of intermarriage between the Demon Clan and the Human Race, leaving behind some bloodlines was also normal.

"You are the first, today I will definitely eradicate the young geniuses of your generation!" Ye Fan's killing intent was awe-inspiring.

"Good, very good, I want to see how you will eradicate us!" Brother Heavenly Centipede roared, charging at Ye Fan like a lightning bolt.

Puff!

Brother Heavenly Centipede spat out a swath of dark green poison mist, corroding everything, while exerting domain power, attempting to imprison Ye Fan's body.

However—

Ye Fan was completely unaffected, moving freely within Brother Heavenly Centipede's Hurricane Domain—where the hurricane capable of shredding people into pieces disintegrated automatically upon encountering Ye Fan, vanishing completely.

"How... how could this be?"

Brother Heavenly Centipede's eyes nearly popped out of their sockets, never expecting that his domain couldn't imprison Ye Fan's movements, and even the hurricane couldn't do anything to him.

"Master, your disciple has avenged you!"

Ye Fan howled mournfully, his black hair fluttering messily, and though his body wasn't grand, it seemed like a mountain, with killing intent piercing through the nine realms.

Swish!

Chasing Star Step was pushed to the extreme, Ye Fan stepped forward, breaking the spatial constraints, suddenly appearing beside Brother Heavenly Centipede. Then, the Xuandi Fist launched, the golden fist piercing the void, heavily striking Brother Heavenly Centipede's head.

"Ah..."

Brother Heavenly Centipede screamed, his entire head blooming like ten thousand peach blossoms under Ye Fan's punch, with blood mixed with brain matter spurting out.

"Ah ah ah ah ah..."

From Brother Heavenly Centipede's shattered head, a golden little centipede emerged, screaming while rapidly fleeing towards the Demon Clan, its voice filled with fear and panic!

This golden little centipede was Brother Heavenly Centipede's Divine Soul. He never expected to be insta-killed by Ye Fan in just one encounter.

If not for his Divine Soul escaping quickly, it likely would have been obliterated by Ye Fan's punch as well. Ye Fan's strength far exceeded his imagination, making him utterly terrified.

"Trying to run?"

Ye Fan coldly shouted, his brow splitting open, and the Heavenly Tao Seal condensed from his Divine Soul flew out suddenly. With a flash of light, the golden little centipede was shattered by the Heavenly Tao Seal, completely disintegrating its soul.

Only then did Brother Heavenly Centipede's body collapse with a loud crash!

"This... how is this possible??"

A young king of the Demon Clan, a two-star Great Demon, didn't even last a single move in Ye Fan's hands and was insta-killed. This result left all the Demon Clan cultivators stunned.

Chapter 1780 - Next!

The border between the Human Race and the Demon Clan was silent, the young Demon leaders were astonished, finding it hard to accept this result.

After all, the Heavenly Centipede was considered an outstanding figure among the young generation of the Demon Clan. Otherwise, he wouldn't have been one of the ten chosen.

Moreover, the Heavenly Centipede family itself is part of the Imperial Family within the Demon Clan, with the blood of the Ancient Great Demon Sky Centipede flowing through their veins.

He named himself Heavenly Centipede, aspiring to emulate his ancestors and achieve earth-shattering feats, bringing glory to his entire clan.

However— —

All such dreams vanished into thin air with his death!

He was killed by Ye Fan!

And... it was a one-hit kill!

"Well done!"

"Ye Fan, so domineering!!"

Beside the Yuan Su river, the cultivators of the Human Race shouted in jubilant cheers.

The dust settled, in this battle, the Human Race prevailed, overwhelmingly crushing, killing the opponent in seconds!

This was like a shot of adrenaline for the morale of the Human Race, which had been in a slump.

The spirit of the Human Race surged, every cultivator breathed a sigh of relief, finally letting go of the anxiety in their hearts.

The Demon Clan, however, suffered an unprecedented blow, they couldn't imagine how a two-star Great Demon from a combat race was killed in seconds by a young Human in the Early Lord Realm.

What does this signify?

Many young Demon leaders felt a heaviness in their hearts, facing such an opponent, how could they win?

They were well aware of the Heavenly Centipede's strength, having sparred with him before, knowing full well his terror, even the strongest heir in their Imperial Family couldn't kill him in seconds.

But Ye Fan accomplished it.

Moreover, this was not the end, but the beginning—Ye Fan declared his ambition to wipe out the young demon talents of the entire Demon Clan!

"Ye Zi, thank you!"

Hu Fei and other descendants of fierce bandits teared up, bowing to Ye Fan on the battle platform, expressing their gratitude.

Others also began shouting, the sounds swirling together into an uproar.

According to the rules, Ye Fan could choose to step down now!

But he stood straight, like a green pine rooting deeply on the Holy War Platform, like a towering mountain unmoving.

"Next one!"

Ye Fan's cold voice echoed throughout the Yuan Su river banks,

"Arrogant!"

"So conceited!"

"Do you truly think no one can kill you?"

The young Demon leaders were shocked and angry, they reprimanded him one after another.

They all saw it, Ye Fan was really preparing to battle them all alone, completely disregarding them, his arrogance exceeding even theirs!

"Enough bravado, who's next? I'll send him on his way!"

Ye Fan faced off against the entire young generation of Demon leaders, speaking briefly, exuding sheer dominance.

Standing alone on the Holy War Platform, looking down upon the young generation of the Demon Clan, made many Human cultivators' blood boil, their war intent soaring to the nine heavens.

"The Demon Clan is going to suffer!"

Yue Haoyu softly said to Yue Chuan beside him.

Yue Chuan nodded in agreement with Yue Haoyu's view——Ye Fan was too strong, even they, Emperor's sons sealed from Ancient Times until now, weren't his match, let alone these young Demon leaders.

Through the Heavenly Eye, they could see, although the Demon Clan had many participants, all were powerful battle races' heirs from Imperial Families and Royal Families, there was no Ancient Prince.

With such a lineup, even if they went up, they were confident of defeating the opponent, let alone Ye Fan!

However, they didn't underestimate the Demon Clan either; after years of recuperation, how strong the Demon Clan truly is, what Divine Power Secret Skills have been developed, only through confrontation can it be seen, it's really hard to say now.

Veterans like the Old Bastards, the Sloppy Elder of the Treasure Pavilion, Seng Dao Yan, and others were full of confidence in Ye Fan.

"I'll come to cut you down!"

The young generation of Demon leaders were deeply provoked, a young leader from the Imperial Family flew into a rage, his purple battle robe fluttering loudly in the fierce wind, his killing intent pervading, no one dared approach within a hundred meters of him.

"Come up and meet your death!"

Ye Fan stood like a javelin on the Holy War Platform, his eyes shooting out two Dragon-shaped Divine Radiances, piercing through the void, his invincible stance surveying the world.

However——

Just as the strongest heir from the Demon Imperial Family prepared to enter, the Wheel of Destiny suddenly shot a beam of light, falling on another young leader from a Royal Family.

The opponent was already chosen, this was a pre-established rule, unchangeable, even the Demon Clan did not dare openly violate it.

The selected young Demon leader was a descendant of a Royal Family, named Ma Takong, a three-star Demon from the Dragon Horse Clan, certainly a top-tier strong person among the entire young generation of the Heavenly Horse Clan.

Although the Heavenly Horse Clan has never produced a Demon Emperor, it has had unrivaled Demon Kings who battled across the Star Domain, leaving a prominent reputation.

Aside from the Imperial Family, the Heavenly Horse Clan is definitely a strong combat race within the Demon Clan, with a strand of True Dragon Blood in their veins which, once activated, will cause incredible celestial phenomena, enabling the partial exhibition of True Dragon Divine Power.

At this moment, Ma Takong stares intently at Ye Fan on the battle platform, emanating terrifying waves all over,

"Let me slaughter this ant, avenging Brother Heavenly Centipede and Sister Xian'er!"

Ma Takong roared, transforming into a Flowing Light, directly rushing onto the Holy War Platform.

"Kill!"

Ma Takong's roar echoed as the earth trembled and mountains shook, even the clouds in the sky were scattered by his shout, straightforward and direct, he punched Ye Fan's chest, the Punch Ray condensed into a horse hoof shape the size of a bowl, exuding terrifying energy.

Whoosh!

Facing the attack of the Three-Star Demon Ma Takong, Ye Fan had only one move. The Xuandi Fist blasted out, carrying the Domineering Fist's unstoppable Fist Intent, smashing against Ma Takong's fist.

"Boom!"

Divine Radiance burst forth, completely engulfing the two of them. The scorching Punch Ray was like a fiery sun, dazzling everyone to the point where they couldn't open their eyes.

"Ah..."

"My eyes..."

Some cultivators, craving to see more clearly but lacking cultivation, immediately screamed and closed their eyes, their eyes bleeding.

Only the older generation cultivators and Saint Lord Level strong people could remain unaffected and see the situation on the battlefield clearly!

The moment Ye Fan and Ma Takong's fists touched, the space there was punched through, forming a tiny black hole that swallowed everything.

As the light faded, Ye Fan stood at the center of the Holy War Platform, his posture unchanged, still maintaining the stance of a single punch.

Drip! Drip!

Ma Takong stumbled backward, a shocked look on his face as he stared at Ye Fan from a distance, with blood dripping from his lowered right hand.

Sometimes you need to test whether a mule or a horse can really run!

After the exchange, the outcome was immediately obvious!

Ye Fan completely defeated the Three-Star Demon of the Demon Clan, leaving many people so shocked that their jaws hit their feet.

The eyes of the Demon Clan dropped to the ground; they found it hard to believe that a Little Cultivator of the Early Lord Realm in the Human Race could utterly overpower the young king of a strong battle race in the Demon Clan in terms of physical strength.

How is this possible?

However——

The facts were right in front of them, forcing them to believe.

"Hiss..."

A collective gasp arose from the Demon Clan, almost sucking in the vacuum there, and many Demon Clan cultivators' mouths were large enough to fit a fist, their faces full of shock.

"Well done!"

"Kill the little demon!!"

Meanwhile, the Human Race burst out into cheers once more!

Hearing the nearly deafening cheers of the Human Race, Ma Takong finally reacted, his face cold as he asked Ye Fan, "Why is your body stronger than mine?"

"You'll naturally know the answer to this question when you're dying, but not now!"

Ye Fan snorted coldly, stepping into Chasing Star Step, breaking through the limits of space, and instantly appearing in front of Ma Takong, blasting out the Xuandi Fist once more.

"Well, then you'll never have to say it!"

Ma Takong sneered, his aura suddenly soaring, causing the clothes on his body to explode into fragments and shoot towards Ye Fan.

Ordinary clothing fragments, when infused with divine power, emitted a blazing light, like blades.

"Ding ding dang dang..."

A cacophony of clattering sounds, as these clothing fragments seemed to crash against a copper wall, unable to harm Ye Fan at all, as his Protective Divine Light blocked them two meters in front of him.

"Heavenly Horse Treads on the Moon!"

Ma Takong shouted, lunging forward, his whole body transforming into a Heavenly Horse, with hooves instead of limbs, shattering the void and disrupting time.

"Buzz!"

A massive hoof descended from the sky, like an Ancient Divine Mountain, bearing terrifying pressure, trying to crush Ye Fan.

"Roar..."

Ye Fan let out a tremendous roar, lifting one hand to hold up the hoof like a Divine Mountain, then swung his right hand.

"Hahaha... Have you been scared stiff? Such a purposeless swing, what can it do to me?"

Seeing Ye Fan seemingly swing a harmless hand, Ma Takong couldn't help but laugh wildly. He thought Ye Fan must have been suppressed into foolishness by his Heavenly Horse Treads on the Moon; otherwise, why swing such a powerless hand?

Such a swing, let alone himself, even an ordinary person without any cultivation could not be felled by it, right?

"Ignorant of life and death!"

Ye Fan snorted coldly, stepping back while supporting the gigantic hoof like a Divine Mountain with one hand, his movements unaffected!

Then suddenly...

A giant black hand that blotted out the sky abruptly appeared above Ma Takong's head, slapping down heavily like it was swatting a fly.

"Uh..."

Ma Takong was taken aback, it was too late to dodge, so he imitated Ye Fan, lifting one hand towards the sky, intending to resist this black hand.

Though in terms of realm, he was indeed much higher than Ye Fan, being a Three-Star Demon and equivalent to the Late-stage Lord Realm for the Human Race.

However——

The Immortal Stele Scattering Hand was not something he could withstand hard!

Especially since this strike had drained nearly one-fifth of Ye Fan's divine power, its might was extremely terrifying.

"Boom!"

Ma Takong couldn't even let out a scream before being slammed into the ground by the Immortal Stele Scattering Hand, his whole body quivering as his blood and divine power churned chaotically, almost leading him astray.

If not for the Heavenly Horse Clan's extremely resilient body and the protection of Dragon Scales, this blow could have taken his life!