

Y Master 1781

Chapter 1781 Fighting to Despair

On the Holy War Platform, the scene of Ye Fan holding up a mountain with one hand was carved deep into everyone's mind, something they would never forget no matter how much time passed.

"Boom!"

Not long after Ma Takong was slapped into the ground by Ye Fan's Immortal Stele Scattering Hand, that hoof like a Divine Mountain suddenly collapsed as well, turning into a chaotic energy current that raged across the entire Holy War Platform.

Ye Fan's whole body radiated golden light; the chaotic energy currents couldn't do anything to him at all, instead setting him off like an undying War God who had survived a hundred battles.

Pa!

Pa!

Pa!

His black hair danced wildly in the gale, his robes snapping in the wind. Ye Fan strode toward the black light palm, not intending to give his opponent any chance.

The Xuanwu Sect was annihilated, his master died miserably, the Sect Leader fell in battle, thousands of disciples of the entire Xuanwu Sect were all slain, and on top of that, Kou Wenjie, the foremost descendant of the Nine Great Bandits, was killed. All of this kept a blazing fire of hatred suppressed in his heart!

Now, that blaze had been ignited and needed to be vented through iron-blooded slaughter; otherwise, it would be greatly detrimental to his future Cultivation!

In the Cultivation World, there was a rule everyone knew—when Cultivators were breaking through, they must never harbor regrets in their hearts, or terrifying Heart Demon illusions would appear and obstruct their advance.

In such a situation, Ye Fan naturally would not let this fury fester in his chest; he needed a feast of slaughter to dispel this hateful rage.

In the last war, he had already witnessed the utterly inhuman side of the Demon Clan; they spared not even ordinary people, using Humans as their Blood Food.

This hatred, this enmity, could never coexist under the same sky!

"Ah..."

With a loud roar, Ma Takong struggled out from under the black giant hand, his whole body drenched in blood, many scales having fallen off, making him look utterly wretched.

"Die!"

Hatred flashed in Ye Fan's eyes as twenty Heaven and Earth Tao Markings coiled around his hands. As if berserk, he grabbed one of Ma Takong's arms and ripped it straight off.

"Ah..."

Ma Takong let out a miserable scream, blood dyeing the sky; his entire face twisted with pain. Abandoning an arm, he fled outward at the speed of light.

The person before him was simply too terrifying, completely crushing him in pure body-on-body combat. Beyond the terror, he couldn't understand it no matter how he racked his brains.

"You ant, you dare sever one of my arms, I'll tear you to pieces!"

Across an endless distance, Ma Takong's features contorted, his voice chilling to the bone, as if it came from the depths of the Nine Netherworld hell, making the Soul tremble.

Then he activated a secret technique, burning Origin Power to regrow an arm, and the scales that had fallen off his body grew back as well.

"Boom!"

He decisively burned his Divine Power; his whole body seemed to be bathed in a sea of flames, his aura skyrocketing, his Combat Power growing in geometric multiples.

"Heavenly Horse Shattering Star Fist!"

With a loud shout, Ma Takong turned into a streaking meteor, charging at Ye Fan with unstoppable momentum, Heaven and Earth Tao Markings coiling around his fist.

"That is the Innate Divine Ability of the Heavenly Horse Clan, unbelievably terrifying. It's said that when cultivated to the highest realm, it can truly shatter a Star with a single punch, its power boundless!"

Some of the older generation strong people among the Human Race still remembered this terrifying Fist Technique and were immediately shaken.

"Brother Ma, kill him, avenge Heavenly Centipede and Xian'er!"

Seeing Ma Takong unleash the Innate Divine Ability of the Heavenly Horse Clan, those young kings of the Demon Clan once again shouted loudly in agitation.

Facing such a terrifying attack, Ye Fan had only one response, and that was to punch!

The Xuandi Fist was the Supreme God Fist created by the Nine Heavens Xuan Emperor. Although Ye Fan still couldn't fully draw out its power and could only unleash the first six punches, it was already incredibly terrifying.

"Triple Waves!"

With a soft shout, Ye Fan blasted out three punches like lightning; the power of three Xuandi Fists erupted in the form of Triple Waves. How could the might be merely tripled?

"Boom!"

With a flash of light, Ye Fan's fist crashed once more into Ma Takong's Iron Fist, erupting in destructive radiance. A current of Transformation aura spread between the two.

"Swish!"

Ye Fan decisively retreated; his right hand, tucked inside his sleeve, trembled slightly as shock surged in his heart. The body of the Heavenly Horse Clan was indeed terrifying, actually shaking his fist to the point of intense pain.

He even suspected his fist had been fractured; otherwise, how could it hurt so much? This was something he had never experienced before.

Ma Takong, however, was sent flying backward through the air, his entire fist and whole arm shattering inch by inch, once again spilling blood across the Holy War Platform!

"Ah..."

Ma Takong screamed and roared; he truly couldn't accept this outcome. Even after burning his Divine Power, he had still lost.

For the first time, he felt fear!

The young man of the Human Race in front of him was simply too strong. Whether in Divine Skills, martial arts, or the body itself, he was far beyond Ma Takong. How was he supposed to fight this?

Earlier, although he had seen Ye Fan's strength, his confidence had been high. He believed that, with a realm advantage of two Xiao realms, no matter how much of a demon Ye Fan was, he couldn't possibly defy the heavens to this extent.

Yet in the battle just now, he truly felt fear. Ye Fan's strength was far from as weak as it appeared on the surface—he was terrifyingly powerful.

He even thought that Ye Fan was very likely the Emperor's son of some Human Race Great Emperor sealed from Ancient Times; otherwise, how could he be so strong?

He had never imagined he would lose to a Human he regarded as no more than an ant. Yet the Human youth before him had overturned his entire understanding.

Ye Fan was fiercer than he was, and even more ruthless, as if he were the true ant while Ye Fan was a primordial Fierce Beast from prehistory.

"Trying to run?"

He thought of fleeing; no matter what, he could not die here.

He still had a bright future ahead of him. If he died in battle here, then he would really end up like the Heavenly Centipede, with nothing at all.

The thought of running for his life sprouted, and Ma Takong's fighting spirit and momentum instantly vanished.

As one fell the other rose. Under the pull of their interlinked auras, Ye Fan immediately sensed the fear and cowardice in Ma Takong's heart, knew he wanted to flee, and immediately gave chase.

He would never let any Demon Clan member leave the battle platform alive from his hands.

"What?"

"How can this be?"

"The young king of the Heavenly Horse Clan is running away?"

Everyone was stunned. In just this brief moment, the outcome between the two top figures had been decided. It was obvious Ma Takong had lost, and miserably at that—his entire right arm had completely exploded, and he was actually fleeing for his life!

Nobody had expected the battle to be this intense, yet take so little time. It felt like it had just begun, and then it was already over!

Too sudden. People found it hard to believe!

Especially those young kings of the Demon Clan—they were dumbfounded. They knew all too well how terrifying Ma Takong's body was; even among them, he was an extremely formidable existence.

And yet—

Ma Takong had been on the platform for less than half a stick of incense, and Ye Fan had already torn and smashed his arm to pieces twice in a row!

"How could he lose, how could he possibly lose? Isn't the body of the Heavenly Horse Clan said to be solid and immortal, Golden Body Immortal?"

On the opposite bank of the Yuan Su river, a group of young Demon Clan kings were all visibly shaken, feeling for the first time that something was wrong.

The Human Race was not as weak as they had imagined, much less ants to be bullied at will, but a powerful race fully capable of coexisting with them.

What shocked them most was that the Human Race was only a single race, unlike the Demon Clan which was divided into many clans, and even among themselves they were not of one mind, with many disputes and discord.

Looked at this way, the Human Race was actually very powerful. Although their bodies were frail, they possessed infinite potential and possibility.

Otherwise, why would all Demon Clan members ultimately choose to transform into human form and Cultivate anew? The human body was the most suitable for Cultivation.

"Good!"

"So damn satisfying!"

As for the Human side, it had already boiled over. After being suppressed for so long, they finally saw back-to-back great victories. Everyone burst into cheers; they had yearned for dawn, and now they finally saw it.

For the Human Race, from the start of the war until now, it had been far too difficult!

If not for the Great Demon risking heavy injury to kill one of the Demon Clan's young kings, the Human Race would have lost three matches in a row. But now, humans finally held the advantage!

Five battles, three wins, pressing down the Demon Clan—this made many Cultivators see the first light of victory.

"I'll fight you to the death, no rest until one of us dies!"

Driven to the point where there was no road to heaven and no door to hell, Ma Takong finally erupted in fury.

"Since that's the case, then go die."

Ye Fan replied coldly. Under the peerless speed of Chasing Star Step, there was no way Ma Takong could escape.

"Gulp!"

Ma Takong swallowed a Holy Pill of the Demon Clan. His entire being instantly erupted with a terrifying aura, like a Primordial giant beast awakening.

"Aoo..."

Ma Takong let out a muffled dragon roar. His whole body rapidly changed, scales all over him reflecting a gloomy, cold light, and he actually transformed into a true Heavenly Horse.

"He actually activated that trace of True Dragon Blood?"

All the Demon Clan Cultivators were utterly stunned. They all knew there was a wisp of True Dragon Bloodline in Ma Takong's body, and once activated it would trigger inconceivable phenomena.

Sure enough, a massive swathe of lightning suddenly appeared in the sky, carrying a terrifying aura as it hacked down toward Ye Fan!

Thunder born from the Void!

This was one of the Heaven-and-Earth phenomena—without any clouds at all, an expanse of lightning suddenly appeared, striking down the opponent.

Although this Heavenly Thunder was not a Heavenly Tribulation, it was still terrifying beyond compare. Ordinary Cultivators had absolutely no way to withstand it and would be blasted to ash in an instant.

However, Ye Fan strolled calmly within the Thunder Sea; the terrifying Heavenly Thunder simply couldn't do anything to him!

"Roar!"

Ye Fan opened his mouth and inhaled, like a giant whale sucking in water, forcibly drawing the Endless Thunder Light into his belly and Refining it into a strand of Thunder Power.

"Uh..."

Ma Takong was almost scared into falling headfirst; his jaw nearly dislocated. The Heavenly Thunder that ordinary Cultivators feared like a tiger was actually swallowed directly by Ye Fan...

What kind of concept was that?!

In this instant, Ma Takong truly despaired. If even the phenomenon couldn't do anything to the other side, what other means could possibly kill the opponent and turn the tables?

Whoosh!

Without the slightest hesitation, Ma Ta took advantage of the moment Ye Fan was "trapped" by the Heavenly Thunder and decisively retreated toward the Demon Clan side.

At the same time, Ye Fan moved his Divine Sense into nine strands of Heavenly Thunder, instantly forming a Thunder Cage that imprisoned Ma Takong within.

"Ah... no..."

Ma Takong let out miserable cries one after another, struggling with all his might. The scales on his body were blasted off and sent flying, blood splattering everywhere, several wounds so deep the bone was visible!

Chapter 1782 A Death Not Worth Mourning

"Roar!"

Ye Fan let out a fierce roar, scattering the Heavenly Thunder, and took a step forward, appearing beside the Thunder Cage. He grabbed the cage and crushed it, dragging Ma Takong out.

At this moment, Ma Takong was on the brink of death. Although his body was exceedingly terrifying, within the Thunder Cage deliberately controlled by Ye Fan, he was still struck repeatedly by lightning to the brink of being cooked!

"Pfft!"

Ye Fan stretched out his arms with a long howl, forcibly tearing Ma Takong's arms off!

"Ah..."

The intense pain brought Ma Takong back from his semi-conscious state. Looking at Ye Fan's ferociously terrifying face, he couldn't help but stagger back continuously!

"You..."

Ma Takong was utterly terrified. From Ye Fan's eyes, he saw an endless Blood Sea and a murderous intent as intense as to be unbreakable.

"Blood debts must be paid in blood. You're not the first, nor will you be the last!!"

Ye Fan roared, his eyes red as blood, with a thick murderous aura spreading, throwing Ma Takong into endless fear.

"Pfft!"

Ignoring the blood splattered all over him, Ye Fan punched through Ma Takong's chest directly, letting the Power of Destruction rage inside him!

"Ah..."

Ma Takong screamed and then tried to use the last of his Divine Power, wanting to self-destruct his Holy Embryo and bring Ye Fan down with him.

The idea was rich, the reality was harsh.

Just as Ma Takong was thinking of perishing together, he suddenly found in horror that he couldn't sense his Holy Embryo anymore—the connection between him and his Holy Embryo was forcibly severed by Ye Fan!

He couldn't even commit suicide, leaving Ma Takong in complete despair and deeply shocked.

This opponent right in front of him was obviously only at the Early Lord Realm, so why was his strength so overwhelming? Even he, a Three-star Demon, was no match.

More importantly, Ye Fan was not afraid of the Heavenly Thunder's strike and could even control it; he was simply the demon among demons.

"You have no chance!"

Ye Fan's cold voice sounded in Ma Takong's ears, leaving his heart cold, and his whole body felt as if his blood had frozen.

"Die!"

Ye Fan let out a sad howl, tearing Ma Takong into pieces, even erasing his Divine Soul completely.

"Avenge and redress grievances!"

The human cultivator shouted together, their voices like thunder, crossing the River of Elements, transmitting into the Demon Clan's camp on the other side, leaving many Demon Clan cultivators in silence.

Especially the Black Flood Dragon King's tribe, they lowered their heads!

The massacre in Xuanwu State was caused by him and a few belligerent royal family members. The humans would certainly not spare them for vengeance.

If the demon clan loses in this battle, it will be a significant blow to the entire demon clan's future!

The battlefield was utterly silent, as if even the air had frozen, and time had stopped.

Ye Fan stood bathed in blood like an Asura Killing God, his black long hair drenched with blood, and an evil aura spread out!

"Ye Fan..."

In the crowd, Yaling's beautiful eyes flickered with brilliance, yet no one knew what she was thinking at that moment.

"Ye... Ye Zi... Thank you!"

Hu Fei, Shi Ye, Wenren Jing, Han Sandong, and others were overwhelmed with excitement, hugging each other with tears streaming down their faces.

Some forces and individuals who once opposed Ye Fan wore complex expressions. After this battle, Ye Fan would undoubtedly become a hero for the entire Human Race. How should they face him?

As for those sects and Holy Lands with no interaction with Ye Fan, they remained calm. The better Ye Fan's battle record, the more beneficial it was for the entire Human Race.

Currently, it was a tumultuous time. The rise of such a strong young man in the Human Race was not a bad thing at all.

Now the Human Race was in high spirits, whereas the Demon Clan's morale suffered greatly. Even the elite king Ma Takong with unrivaled physical strength from the Heavenly Horse Clan was torn to pieces by Ye Fan. Who could possess a stronger body?

"I refuse to believe his physical body is stronger than our demon clan. If the Wheel of Destiny chooses me this time, I will definitely tear him into pieces to avenge my fallen brothers!"

A young royal demon king among the demon clan said with a grim face.

"That's right, he must have used some kind of Forbidden Secret Technique to temporarily enhance his physical body's strength. Otherwise, he could never be Ma Takong's opponent!"

Other young royal demon kings echoed the sentiment, believing that it was impossible for Ye Fan's physical body to surpass their demon clan, which defied common sense.

"You must be cautious; this young human is strange. There seems to be a mysterious and terrifying power hidden within him that must not be underestimated!"

...

An elder of the Demon Clan warned.

"What exactly is this mysterious power?"

A young king of the Demon Clan inquired.

The elder narrowed his eyes slightly, emitting a gleam as he scrutinized Ye Fan for a long time before speaking uncertainly, "It somewhat resembles the power of thunder, but not completely. It seems as if a layer of mist shrouds him, making it unclear!"

"Hiss~"

Many Demon Clan cultivators couldn't help but gasp upon hearing this. The power of thunder is the most violent and most masculine energy under the heavens. Apart from the Thunder Venerable, no one else can wield it. Could this young human be the successor of the Thunder Venerable?

This speculation made many young cultivators of the Demon Clan feel a vague unease. The Thunder Venerable was too powerful; although not a Great Emperor, his true combat power wasn't much different from that of a Great Emperor.

If Ye Fan were the successor of the Thunder Venerable, then it would explain his ability to control heavenly thunder. The Thunder Venerable was best at controlling the Heavenly Tribulation; although heavenly thunder is not the Heavenly Tribulation, in essence, they are the same.

This time, the Demon Clan even omitted the act of collecting the corpse, as there was nothing left to collect. Ma Takong's body was completely torn apart by Ye Fan, perfect for feeding to dogs.

The Heavenly Horse Clan was filled with lamentations. Ma Takong was the elite king of their clan, their future hope, and now he had died on the Holy War Platform, leaving no corpse behind.

This outcome infuriated the Heavenly Horse Clan to the extreme, causing them to speak out and angrily denounce Ye Fan's cruelty and bloodthirstiness!

"Cruel? Is that what you call it?" Ye Fan coldly glanced at the Heavenly Horse Clan, his icy gaze causing many Demon Clan cultivators to feel a bone-chilling coldness.

"Your people died, and now you speak of cruelty and bloodthirstiness. So whom should the Xuanwu Sect's thousands of lives go to for justice? Whom should the millions of innocent people in the Xuanwu State who were killed go to for justice?"

Ye Fan's voice was sonorous and powerful, like rolling heavenly thunder, echoing across the entire border line.

"Those ordinary people are nothing more than ants, insignificant even in death!"

After a brief silence, someone from the Demon Clan responded.

"Is that so? Then in my eyes, your younger generations are nothing more than ants, insignificant even in death!"

Ye Fan forcefully retorted, using their own logic against them, immediately igniting the rage of many Demon Clan cultivators.

"Well said! If our ordinary humans are ants, then those Xuan Beasts of your Demon Clan are also ants." Human cultivators loudly countered, their voices thundering.

Many cultivators had witnessed the tragedy of Xuanwu State firsthand, an entire state, millions of ordinary civilians, tens of thousands of cultivators, all killed, an enmity that cannot go unavenged.

When the hare dies, the fox grieves — every creature mourns its kind!

These human cultivators may not be from Xuanwu State, but they are all of the Human Race, and at this moment, they stand united against a common enemy!

For a moment, the people of the Human Race were fervent, and even some cautious and prudent heroic lords spoke out, condemning the Demon Clan for disregarding the agreement and brazenly initiating war, slaughtering our human civilians.

On the Demon Clan side, apart from some belligerent members of the Imperial Family who refuted, the elder Demon Clan strong people remained silent.

Ultimately, this earthly tragedy was caused by their Demon Clan, and they bear undeniable responsibility!

Although the incident was mainly the doing of the Black Flood Dragon King and several other warlike demon kings, they still shared the responsibility.

"Enough, this matter has already occurred, and we of the Demon Clan have also paid a corresponding price. Let's move on!" Chi Lin finally spoke after a long silence.

His words carried significant weight, as he currently governs the entire Demon Clan. If pushed too far, should he lead the entire Demon Clan into a war against humanity, the consequences would be unimaginable.

Moreover, some of the older strong figures of the Human Race had an underlying worry regarding those human-shaped creatures that once appeared in the ruins of the Immortal Mansion, along with the numerous skeletal remains of human-shaped creatures found in the spirit stone mine area of the Immortal Academy.

All of this hints that human-shaped creatures are not extinct. They must still exist, hidden somewhere in the vast universe.

Should human-shaped creatures reappear, that would mark the true advent of a dark era, and neither the Demon Clan nor the Human Race would escape the clutches of these human-shaped creatures.

With this hidden concern in mind, the Human Race dared not take things to the extreme, because if a full-scale war were to break out between the Human Race and the Demon Clan, it would result in immense depletion for both.

If, at such a time, human-shaped creatures were to suddenly descend, then all life on this world would likely face extinction.

"Fine, then let's continue the competition!"

Elder Lin spoke to Chi Lin on behalf of the entire Human Race.

The wheel of destiny began to spin, selecting an opponent for Ye Fan.

Such are the rules: as long as Ye Fan doesn't voluntarily step down, he can continue fighting until no one from the Demon Clan dares to challenge him.

"Hiss!"

A beam of light descended from the wheel of destiny, landing on someone amidst the young kings of the Demon Clan. Instantly, a layer of white light surfaced on him.

This person had a burly figure, thick eyebrows, and big eyes, with no characteristic features of the Demon Clan, indistinguishable from humans, yet exuding a presence unique to the Demon Clan, along with terrifying fluctuations.

"Prince Long Xiang!"

The Demon Clan cultivators were stirred with excitement, not expecting the wheel of destiny to select the prince from the Long Xiang Imperial Family, suggesting that fortune was on their side this time.

Chapter 1783 Battle Against the Demon Emperor's Descendant!

Prince Long Xiang is the most outstanding king among the younger generation of the Long Xiang Imperial Family. At only twenty-nine years of age, he has cultivated to the peak of three stars, which is extremely rare among the younger generation of the Demon Clan.

The Long Xiang Clan has produced Demon Emperors, although the Demon Emperor from Ancient Times, this clan has always been exceptionally strong.

Even the Demon Emperor who later proved Dao was very courteous to their clan.

The bloodline of Prince Long Xiang has shown an ancestral reversal, although it's uncertain how many generations it has passed, it's long been diluted, yet Prince Long Xiang is an exception, an unexpected occurrence.

This is one important reason for calling him Prince Long Xiang.

After acquiring the ancestral bloodline, the young Prince Long Xiang already has the demeanor of a generation of Demon Emperors, with unfathomable strength!

In the Demon Clan's younger generation, it is rumored that Prince Long Xiang has already made the breakthrough, crossed the threshold, and achieved the status of a four-star demon. Only he knows he hasn't broken through, but is merely at the peak of three stars.

Despite this, he is far stronger than Ma Takong of the Heavenly Horse Clan in terms of both lineage and physique, greatly surpassing the latter!

The Demon Clan holds high hope for him, if he were to be defeated, it would be a fatal blow to the morale of the entire demon clan.

"Be cautious, avoid physical combat if possible, use divine skills and secret techniques to kill him!"

Before Prince Long Xiang stepped onto the stage, an elder from the clan reminded him.

"Rest assured elder, a Long Xiang clan member, with an invincible Treasure Body, could never be defeated. I want to see what special features a mere human like him, who has just stepped into the Lord Realm, possesses!"

Prince Long Xiang was extremely proud and would never allow anyone's physique to surpass his own.

But he was right, the Long Xiang Clan embodies characteristics of both True Dragons and Giant Elephants, extremely resilient, highly resistant, known as the Immortal Treasure Body.

Under the expectant gaze of the Demon Clan, Prince Long Xiang stepped onto the Holy War Platform, the pungent smell of blood immediately excited him.

Like other powerful combat races, the Long Xiang Imperial Family is equally bloodthirsty, the sight of blood excites them even more, enhancing their combat performance.

The battlefield was filled with blood yet to dry and scattered flesh, triggering his intense fighting spirit.

After fighting two consecutive battles, Ye Fan's divine power was considerably consumed, though his physique differed from ordinary people, able to store divine power in all three hundred sixty acupoints around him.

Before stepping onto the stage, he had already adjusted his state to the best, ensuring adequate divine power, which enabled him to disregard the consumption and kept fighting.

"True Dragon Seal, Crush!"

Without any nonsense, Prince Long Xiang directly aimed to kill, sealing with both hands, a True Dragon emerged from his hands, roaring towards Ye Fan.

"Mountain and River Seal!"

Ye Fan also sealed with both hands, a majestic ancient Divine Mountain emerged between his hands, with mountains and rivers, animals and plants, showing greatness in smallness.

"Kill!"

Ye Fan's tiger-like eyes widened, holding the Mountain and River Seal, directly aiming to suppress the roaring True Dragon.

"Boom!"

The Mountain Embrace Seal and True Dragon Seal collided, causing terrifying waves, the entire battlefield was instantly submerged by the ocean of divine power.

The great war erupted, both exerted their strongest attacks, exchanging powerful blows several times, each time tied, neither could overpower the other.

The spectators were awestruck, witnessing the two ceaselessly flash in the ocean of divine power, each attack was earth-shattering.

If this weren't the Holy War Platform, it would have long been sunk, nothing remaining!

The light of elements protected the Holy War Platform and the spectators alike, keeping them from being affected by the great battle between the two.

"You do have some skill, but I will certainly kill you, to avenge Ma Takong, Heavenly Centipede, and Lan Xian'er!"

Prince Long Xiang's cold voice emerged from the ocean of divine power, devoid of any emotional fluctuation.

People couldn't help but worry, this Prince Long Xiang is a peak three-star demon, equivalent to the peak of Late-stage Lord Realm in the Human Race.

While Ye Fan is merely in the Early Lord Realm, two small realms apart, can he really defeat the opponent?

At this moment, people no longer hoped for Ye Fan to kill Prince Long Xiang, as long as he could maintain an unbeaten performance, it would be enough.

This battle could be a watershed, if Ye Fan triumphed again, the Human Race would win four matches, with only three Ancient Princes remaining, they just need to win two more matches, securing victory for the younger generation.

If Prince Long Xiang wins this match, the score would be tied at three-three, leaving future victories unpredictable.

"I said, once I take the stage, every foe shall perish—you are the third!"

Amidst the tension, Ye Fan's voice also emerged from the ocean of divine power, sounding like a resonant bell, firm and strong.

Listening to Ye Fan's determined words, Human Cultivators felt inexplicable reassurance, indicating that he hadn't fallen behind, and might actually achieve as he said, battling the younger generation of the Demon Clan alone.

If successful, Ye Fan would undoubtedly create a miracle, initiating an unparalleled myth!

"Ignorant of life and death, Long Xiang Divine Map!"

On the battlefield, Prince Long Xiang shouted, his figure becoming nebulous as a massive Divine Map emerged above him, exuding a terrifying primordial aura.

A gigantic Divine Map appeared, within it a Divine Dragon concealed within clouds, a Giant Elephant running on the ground, like a moving city wall.

"Buzz!"

The Giant Elephant charged from the Divine Map towards Ye Fan, the loud trumpet of the elephant resounded throughout the Holy War Platform, its enormous tusks like two Heavenly Blades, flashing coldly.

Ye Fan stood within the void, a flash of light behind him, manifesting an identical golden Holy Embryo, towering and immense.

On Ye Fan's Holy Embryo wasn't clothing, but a suit of purple armor condensed using Thunder Power, shimmering like Purple Diamond.

Facing the attack of the giant elephant, Ye Fan met it with a punch. The golden Holy Embryo moved in perfect sync with him, and the enormous golden fist shone like a golden sun, emitting dazzling radiance!

"Boom..."

"Crack!"

Ye Fan's Holy Embryo delivered a punch, instantly shattering the two tusks of the giant elephant. The charging force of the elephant couldn't shake Ye Fan's Holy Embryo in the slightest, and instead, it cried in agony as it flipped back, leaving a trail of blood on the Holy War Platform!

Following this, the True Dragon, flickering within the clouds and mist, let out a dragon roar and flew out from the Divine Map, spewing a wave of dragon breath towards Ye Fan.

"Get lost!"

Ye Fan's tongue exploded with spring thunder, shouting loudly to resist the dragon breath's burn. Then, the Holy Embryo struck, with two giant hands grabbing the neck and tail of the True Dragon.

"Break for me!"

With a thunderous roar, Ye Fan's Holy Embryo violently shook its arms, tearing the True Dragon from the Divine Map apart, with blood raining down like a storm.

"Roar..."

The True Dragon twisted in continuous pain, howling, but it was to no avail. It couldn't break free from Ye Fan's Holy Embryo's grip.

Ye Fan knew this wasn't a real True Dragon but was conjured from the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi, nurtured by the secret technique of Prince Long Xiang.

"Roar!"

Ye Fan's Holy Embryo, in harmony with him, let out a roar and devoured half of the True Dragon, replenishing the divine power it consumed with rich Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi.

"Not bad, give me another one!"

After devouring the two halves of the True Dragon, Ye Fan's Holy Embryo spoke to Prince Long Xiang.

"Hiss~"

Prince Long Xiang almost turned green; this was his secret technique, and the opponent actually consumed it. Could this guy really be a gourmet, daring to eat even a True Dragon created by a secret technique!

This scene shocked everyone; not only the Human Race but also the Demon Clan cultivators were dumbfounded!

"A fierce man, this is what a real fierce man looks like!"

Shi Ye laughed heartily.

What Ye Fan did was exactly to his taste because he had done something similar before. In his hometown in the Southern East Domain, he once caught and roasted a Serpent Dragon to eat.

"It's an eye-opener, truly an eye-opener!"

Many cultivators murmured, having never seen anyone consume an opponent's secret technique during battle.

Some of the older strong people saw through the trick and smiled knowingly.

They knew Ye Fan didn't eat a real True Dragon but absorbed the incredibly rich Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi. However, doing so was also quite risky; it would be disastrous if he couldn't absorb it.

Yet, looking at Ye Fan's current state, he had evidently absorbed the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi, which was simply terrifying.

On the Demon Clan's side, their jaws dropped, all looking at Ye Fan on the battlefield in disbelief. This guy was just too fierce, wasn't he?

"You managed to break my Long Xiang Divine Map; it seems you have some skills. It's worthy of my full effort!"

Prince Long Xiang said coldly.

"Even if you give your all, why should I fear? Today, I will surely cut you down!"

A flash of light appeared in Ye Fan's hand, and the Thunder Emperor Spear, wreathed in Thunder Power, appeared in his grip.

Though this spear was merely an imitation, it was crafted by the Thunder Venerable master, strong and unyielding, capable of unleashing great power.

"Overpowering Nine Heavens!"

Ye Fan shouted, sending out ten thousand rays of gun light simultaneously, transforming into a forest of spears aiming at Prince Long Xiang!

"Like a dragon, like a serpent, Long Xiang's Immutable Heavenly Technique!"

Prince Long Xiang's aura soared, his whole being seemed to transform into a Demon Emperor, standing tall against heaven and earth.

"Boom!"

He punched, obliterating everything, annihilating the ten thousand rays of gun light, then pressing a massive hand down towards Ye Fan, with stars seemingly falling between his fingers, exuding a terrifying aura.

The Long Xiang Clan itself belongs to the Imperial Family of the Demon Clan, naturally possessing various divine power secret skills and Demon Emperor Martial Skills.

At this moment, Prince Long Xiang was wielding a secret technique passed down from his ancestors.

With one palm strike, the stars of the heavens fell, containing the terrifying Star Power in his fingers and palms.

"One Punch Shattering Nine Heavens!"

Ye Fan roared as well, unleashing the Sixth Form of the Xuandi Fist, his current ultimate move.

The golden fist pierced through the void, obliterating everything, colliding with Prince Long Xiang's giant hand, bursting into blinding Divine Radiance.

At this moment, even the older generation strong people couldn't see what was happening on the battlefield. The entire battlefield was completely engulfed in dazzling light.

Chapter 1784 Consecutive Slashes

The entire battlefield was filled with raging energy currents, forming a massive energy storm that swept across the Holy War Platform.

"Whoosh!"

Prince Long Xiang was ejected like a ball, the sleeve of his right arm completely gone, revealing a sturdy arm, yet unscathed.

This scene immediately elicited cheers from the Demon Clan, boosting their morale.

Meanwhile, all the cultivators of the Human Race held their breath, tensely watching the situation on the battlefield!

Without a doubt, Ye Fan had become the spiritual pillar in the hearts of the younger generation of the Human Race. If he were to lose, it would almost mean announcing the Human Race's defeat in this competition.

As the light faded, a not-so-towering figure stood proudly in the center of the battlefield, exuding a golden glow, like a Golden Arhat!

He's fine!

Ye Fan is fine!!

This discovery immediately brought cheers from the crowd, their held-up hearts finally relaxing.

Because, in this collision, Ye Fan still held the upper hand—although his opponent was uninjured, he appeared quite embarrassed, while Ye Fan remained unscathed!

"I'm really surprised, you're not as weak as the other ants, your physical strength is comparable to my Demon Clan!" Prince Long Xiang said with a serious expression.

"I'm not surprised at all. The so-called Demon Clan's unparalleled body, I find it so-so. You simply don't dare to engage me in close combat!" Ye Fan retorted sharply.

Earlier, he was indeed taken aback. At the moment his fist collided with Prince Long Xiang's palm, it felt like hitting a pile of cotton, with no force to bear upon, a feeling that made him very uncomfortable.

In that instant, Ye Fan immediately recalled a Martial Arts master technique that had appeared on Earth, the Amitabha Belly!

This amazing Kung Fu technique involved training oneself to be as soft as cotton, no matter how one was hit, nothing would happen, and instead, it could injure the opponent through shock.

But this Kung Fu also had its limitations. When the attack's power exceeded what Amitabha Belly could withstand, it could still cause harm.

At that moment, Ye Fan decisively exploded, his mighty force directly sent Prince Long Xiang flying!

Of course, Ye Fan knew that this strike hadn't truly harmed Prince Long Xiang; the opponent indeed had astonishing reserves.

"After this battle, the world shall see your end!"

Prince Long Xiang murmured, suddenly emitting ten thousand beams of light from below his neck.

Then, a golden arrow flew out from below his neck, carrying supreme power as it shot toward Ye Fan****, piercing through the void.

Hmm?

Ye Fan's expression also became serious; this was an extremely powerful opponent, the Imperial Family of the Demon Clan was indeed formidable, even stronger by a margin than the Ancient Immortal.

This arrow must be Prince Long Xiang's life-bound spiritual treasure, kept at his throat, indicating its preciousness.

Whoosh!

The arrow shot out, stirring the wind and thunder!

The entire world seemed to change color; amidst the gale, endless evil spirits seemed to howl and roar, shaking the divine soul of people.

At a distance, some cultivators watching turned pale, retreating hastily, this power probably could threaten a newly entered Venerable Realm Saint Lord, right?

In an instant, Ye Fan's right hand shone brilliantly, as if it had turned into a burning golden sun, with Thunder Power and Heaven and Earth Tao Markings coiling and moving on his palm, like golden and purple little dragons spiraling.

"Buzz!"

The arrow pierced through space, abruptly appearing in front of Ye Fan, with the arrowhead aimed at his forehead, emitting terrifying waves.

"To die under my Sun-Shooting Arrow, you can be proud!"

Prince Long Xiang said coldly.

At this moment, he was certain in his heart, assured that no matter how strong Ye Fan was, it was impossible to escape the pursuit of the Sun-Shooting Arrow, for this arrow was refined from one of his reverse scales.

The Long Xiang Clan naturally had a scale at their throat, protecting the critical throat, which can be refined into their life-bound spiritual treasure, with incredible power.

He hadn't planned to use it initially, but after several attempts, he realized that Ye Fan's divine power was as vast as an ocean, unending, with no exhaustion in sight.

In simple physical combat, he couldn't gain the upper hand, so he could only resort to this treasure to attack Ye Fan from a distance.

This wasn't a matter of personal grievance; it was a battle between two races. Therefore, any means could be used, as long as he could kill the opponent and win the match.

"You're celebrating too early!"

Ye Fan's cold voice came through, as the golden Sun-Shooting Arrow, less than an inch from his forehead, was caught firmly in his hand, trembling continuously, yet unable to advance a bit further.

Ye Fan's right hand shone brightly, gradually removing the Sun-Shooting Arrow from in front of his face; no matter how Prince Long Xiang tried to manipulate or summon it, it couldn't escape Ye Fan's grip.

"You deserve to die!"

Prince Long Xiang exclaimed in shock and anger; this was his life-bound spiritual treasure, with his divine soul presiding over it, intrinsically linked to his life. Once damaged, it would inflict severe trauma on him as well.

In such a situation, Prince Long Xiang finally went all out, with a loud shout, he directly charged toward Ye Fan.

He was convinced that Ye Fan, having resisted the Sun-Shooting Arrow, must have exerted all his strength. At this moment of assault, Ye Fan would absolutely be unable to parry, or even dodge.

However——

As he just approached Ye Fan, he suddenly crashed into an invisible wall, halting his steps!

This was Ye Fan's Eight Phase World Domain!

Ye Fan knew as well that he had no time to spare, and that Prince Long Xiang was likely to take advantage and strike at him, so he deployed his domain in advance.

In the eyes of outsiders, Ye Fan didn't make any apparent move at this moment, but the golden light radiating from his body grew stronger.

In Ye Fan's eyes, eight ancient runes circled around him slowly, blocking everything outside.

The Eight Phase World Domain was a domain Ye Fan inadvertently comprehended after understanding the essence and laws of the eight elements, truly unprecedented!

The eight elements formed a closed loop, being the ultimate defense. Unless one's power vastly exceeded his, it was absolutely impossible to breach his domain.

"The power of the domain!"

Prince Long Xiang was momentarily stunned, then suddenly realized that it must be Ye Fan deploying the domain power.

"It's useless, I have two elemental runes, comprehending two elements, my domain is far stronger than yours!"

Saying this, Prince Long Xiang unleashed his domain, and suddenly, the forest of spears emerged, and floods raged. He comprehended the laws of the Gold Element and Water Element, forming the Gold Water Domain.

The powers of the two domains collided, instantly erupting into dazzling brilliance, while Ye Fan, focused in the center of his domain, gradually grasped the Sun-Shooting Arrow in his hand.

At this moment, the eight elemental runes around Ye Fan rapidly rotated, dispelling the domain power of the Long Xiang Imperial Family, preventing them from breaking into his domain.

"What?"

"How can this be?"

Exclamations echoed among the Demon Clan, who knew well how powerful the domain of the Long Xiang Imperial Family was. Ordinary domains could not compete with it and would be directly overwhelmed, torn to pieces.

However—

Ye Fan's domain was like a solid tortoise shell, unbreakable; even the domain formed by two elemental laws couldn't neutralize his domain power...

A little cultivator who just stepped into the Lord Realm, how could he possess such a powerful domain?

Almost everyone was puzzled!

Only the Ancient Immortal's mouth revealed a trace of bitterness; he was once defeated under such a strange domain, and now the scene was repeating.

"I refuse to believe I can't break your domain!"

Prince Long Xiang became frantic; he knew once his Sun-Shooting Arrow fell into Ye Fan's hands, it would lead to dire consequences he couldn't afford.

"Long Xiang Divine Map!"

"Sky-breaking Frenzy Dragon!"

"Golden Spear Forest!"

"Floods raging!"

"True Dragon Seal..."

Prince Long Xiang almost unleashed all his secret techniques hidden in his chest, and for a moment, the Holy War Platform shone brightly, various secret techniques chaotically propelled, launching a frenzied attack on Ye Fan's domain!

However—

Ye Fan remained like a rock by the sea; let your waves rage, I remain unmoved!

Facing such terrifying attacks, Ye Fan could resist them effortlessly, the solid domain like a tortoise shell, utterly unbreakable!

This shocking scene dropped many people's jaws!

Among the Human Race, aside from the few who knew that Ye Fan possessed an unbreakable domain, everyone was stunned.

Even the Human Race was like this, let alone the Demon Clan?

The entire Demon Clan camp instantly fell silent!

Shua!

At the next moment, before everyone could recover from the shock, Ye Fan grasped the golden Sun-Shooting Arrow with both hands.

Suddenly...

His hands burst forth with a light that could overshadow the sun, Heaven and Earth Tao Markings swirled, forcibly erasing the imprint left by Prince Long Xiang on the Sun-Shooting Arrow.

"Ah..."

Prince Long Xiang screamed miserably, blood oozing from his eyes, his Divine Soul imprint within the Sun-Shooting Arrow being obliterated, along with a severe injury to his Divine Soul.

"What a treasure!"

Ye Fan exclaimed while holding the golden Sun-Shooting Arrow in his palm.

While erasing Prince Long Xiang's Divine Soul imprint, he also discovered the special features of this Divine Arrow.

"Ah ah ah ah..."

Prince Long Xiang clasped his head with both hands, continuously screaming miserably.

"Your end, now it's my turn!"

Ye Fan stored away the Sun-Shooting Arrow, then withdrew the Eight Phase World Domain's power, launching a punch, the fiery Punch Ray advancing into Prince Long Xiang's body like lightning.

Prince Long Xiang trembled all over, then his eyes gradually unfocused, his whole body tainted gold, spreading below his neck.

"Bang!"

A loud explosion sounded, Prince Long Xiang's entire body suddenly burst open, leaving only a head floating in the air.

Swoosh!

Suddenly—

A beam of light abruptly shot out from Prince Long Xiang's top of the skull, screaming as it fled towards the Demon Clan direction!

This was Prince Long Xiang's Divine Soul; although it was severely injured just now, it wasn't fatal. He allowed Ye Fan to hit him, hoping to escape his body with Ye Fan's aid.

By reaching such a realm, he could regenerate severed limbs and even resurrect a shattered body, but he didn't expect Ye Fan's Punch Ray to contain terrifying Thunder Power, destroying his vital force and Holy Embryo.

Under such circumstances, he could no longer resurrect, only escape his Divine Soul and then seek a high-talent body among his kin for a takeover.

"I knew you'd have such a trick ready!"

Ye Fan coldly snorted, then shouted, "Suppress!"

Divine Soul Resonance Heavenly Sound, specifically targeting the Divine Soul, especially since Prince Long Xiang's Divine Soul had lost the protection of the meat shell, directly exposed to the Divine Soul Resonance Heavenly Sound.

"Ah..."

Prince Long Xiang's Divine Soul was struck by the sound wave, emitting a sky-shattering scream before disintegrating into the air!

Chapter 1785 Fight Until None Dare Take the Stage!

Prince Long Xiang is dead!

In full view, Prince Long Xiang's body was shattered with one punch by Ye Fan, and his Divine Soul obliterated, completely vanishing without a trace!

The entire Demon Clan fell silent, not a single sound, the younger generation of the Demon Clan was truly shocked this time; even the Prince Long Xiang with Imperial Family bloodline died in battle, executed, dazing many people.

Many young kings of the Demon Clan felt their scalps tingle, looking at Ye Fan as if they were seeing a terrifying Killing God, chilled from head to toe!

How can we even fight now?

The opponent even killed someone with Imperial Family bloodline, is there anyone among the Demon Clan's younger generation of kings who can defeat him?

Some elders and strong people of the Demon Clan couldn't help but take a deep breath, Ye Fan's Savior Stone weighed heavily on their hearts like a mountain!

Among the young kings, there are members of the Imperial Family, but their strength is almost the same as Prince Long Xiang's; with him dead, the remaining ones are probably not opponents for this young Human.

"Ye Fan is too domineering!"

"This truly feels satisfying!"

On the contrary, on the Human Race side, there was a celebration, it was truly uplifting—six battles, four victories, Ye Fan alone fought against the younger generation of the Demon Clan, earning back dignity for the Humans, severely undermining the arrogance of the Demon Clan.

However, some old Cultivators were not joining in the cheer, as they were worried for Ye Fan!

Yes, worried for him!

Ye Fan won three battles in a row, killing three young kings of the Demon Clan, his physical and Divine power must be greatly expended, can he truly hold on?

They understood clearly, now Ye Fan has become a spiritual pillar in the hearts of the entire younger generation of Human Cultivators, he cannot afford any failure.

They wanted to call Ye Fan back, let someone else take the stage, but seeing his momentum surging now, showing no sign of exhaustion, the old bastards finally shook their heads, stopping others from calling Ye Fan back.

Three consecutive defeats, three young kings killed, this was a heavy blow to the entire Demon Clan.

Historically, the Demon Clan had never suffered such a defeat, not even in the last major battle with the Human Race.

All Demon Clan Cultivators felt overshadowed by a dark cloud, who among them can defeat this man who resembles an Asura?

Those Four-star Demons who once participated in the war in Xuanwu State looked grim too.

Having surpassed thirty years of age, they could not take the stage, could only watch helplessly as Ye Fan slaughtered the elites of their clan, this feeling made them depressed to the point of vomiting blood.

Three battles, three victories, Ye Fan created a miracle, but this isn't the end, the miracle will continue!

The huge Wheel of Destiny floated in the sky, slowly turning, the aura and images of Prince Long Xiang and others had already disappeared, the remaining people flickered intermittently.

"Next!"

Ye Fan's cold voice spread across the battlefield!

Winning three battles in a row, Ye Fan could choose to withdraw, yet he stood on the Holy War Platform like a lone spear, awaiting the next battle.

Once again these three words, Ye Fan's cold voice stirred anger among many Demon Clan Cultivators, but no one argued back, left only with anger and terror.

Earlier, when Ye Fan first said next, many thought he was courting death, ignorant of the heavens, mocking him.

But now, many young Demon Clan members were frightened, the real battle record laid here, this wasn't mere boast, but achieved through bloodshed.

Even Prince Long Xiang with Imperial Family blood was slain, who now dares underestimate, who can still belittle that young man?

"Why is he so strong? Could he possess our Demon Clan bloodline?"

Some young Demon Clan Cultivators speculated.

The most maddening thing for them was that Ye Fan's realm was clearly only at Early Lord Realm, yet he consecutively killed their Two-star and Three-star Demons.

A Human Little Cultivator who had just entered the Lord Realm actually swept through the Demon Clan's younger generation of kings, this shocked them greatly.

Of course, they realized now, Ye Fan's actual Combat Power cannot be measured by realm, such Combat Power truly exemplifies a Supreme among the younger generation, capable of hunting down young kings.

"How detestable, that such a monster emerged from the weak Humans."

Demon Clan young king Bai Zhanbiao begrudgingly belittled Ye Fan.

His words did not elicit agreement from other Demon Clan Cultivators.

At this moment, they were all somewhat anxious, not knowing who the Wheel of Destiny would choose next.

However, the Wheel of Destiny is fair, still turning slowly, not choosing Ye Fan's next opponent immediately.

Because, he won three battles in a row, strongly suppressing opponents, considered a grand victory, he could retire, even take some time to recuperate.

These are the rules, established during the great battle between Humans and Demon Clan, unchangeable.

"Next? You are truly young and arrogant, do you truly think we have no one in the Demon Clan?"

Chi Lin coldly stared at Ye Fan on the battle platform and said.

"Come on up, today, I will kill until you dare not send anyone onto the platform!"

Ye Fan was not at all influenced by Chi Lin's powerful aura, responding forcefully.

"Fine, fine, fine! Let's see how long you can remain proud!"

Chi Lin was choked by Ye Fan's words, face turning red, how many years had it been since anyone dared speak to him like that?

Afterward, Chi Lin glanced at the remaining Demon Clan young kings, coldly saying: "What? Are you afraid? Seeing one of you killed, unable to lift your head, you've utterly shamed our Demon Clan."

The young kings of the Demon Clan all lowered their heads, showing guilt, facing Ye Fan like a Killing God, they had forgotten to retort just now, not immediately resisting, this truly disgraced the Demon Clan's spirit.

"Our Demon Clan's bodies are invincible, bloodlines unparalleled, we will certainly slay this ant."

"That's right, just a little Human, during Ancient Times merely food for our Demon Clan."

The young demon clan kings shouted, using some ancient honors to mask and relieve the frustration and anger caused by four defeats.

Ye Fan completely ignored their self-soothing accusations and, knowing there was some rest time, directly sat cross-legged on the battlefield.

With Mystical Skill operation, heaven and earth shattering, the Primordial Qi between heaven and earth formed a Yuan Qi Storm, engulfing him.

All 36,000 pores around Ye Fan opened, absorbing the Primordial Qi between heaven and earth frantically.

The Primordial Qi here was more abundant than other places, containing the power of eight elements, making it the most suitable place for his Cultivation.

At Ye Fan's Dantian, eight runes slowly rotated and glowed, his body like a bottomless pit, absorbing and refining the Primordial Qi, converting it into his own Divine Power.

Now he was penniless, having given all his Spirit Stones and Spiritual Medicine and Treasure Medicine to Tong Qianchen, he had to rely on the Primordial Qi to restore his Divine Power.

"Ridiculous! How dare he act like this, does he really not care about our demon clan's younger generation?"

Seeing this, many demon clan young kings were enraged.

Ye Fan openly restored his Divine Power on the battlefield, undoubtedly giving them a hard slap in the face.

"Damn it!"

Bai Zhanbiao's face turned gloomy, his eyes shooting out vicious light.

He was the victor and indeed qualified to step back on stage to challenge Ye Fan, but seeing Prince Long Xiang's Divine Soul shattered by Ye Fan's roar, he hesitated.

In terms of strength, he admitted he was absolutely not as good as Prince Long Xiang. Since Prince Long Xiang was killed, even if he went up, he might find it hard to escape the fate of being killed.

Dignity is important, but life is even more precious; facing Ye Fan, who was like a Killing God, he was afraid.

Moments later, Ye Fan stood up, full of spirit and energy, arrogantly standing on the battle platform, overlooking the world!

And at this moment, the Wheel of Destiny finally started to spin rapidly, and then suddenly a ray shot down from it, falling on a young demon king.

This was a very powerful offspring of the Imperial Family, with pure bloodline and very strong strength, second only to Prince Long Xiang among the younger generation, a Three-star Demon.

Seeing the Wheel of Destiny choose him, his complexion changed instantly, showing no excitement or surprise, but rather fear and frustration.

He knew his own strength; although he was also a Three-star Demon and definitely an elite among the younger generation of demon clan, he was no match for Prince Long Xiang.

Just moments ago, Prince Long Xiang was killed by the human youth on the platform, his body shattered, and Divine Soul extinguished.

This bloody reality was right before him, the lesson of predecessors making him inevitably afraid and fearful!

Other demon clan Cultivators seeing the chosen one being him, their faces also became unsightly.

They originally thought this Wheel of Destiny would choose a young king of the Imperial Family, who could at least have some chance to fight.

This king of the young generation was strong, but definitely not Ye Fan's opponent.

At this moment, the contest had already gone for six rounds, and the demon clan had only won the first two rounds, losing four rounds already. If they lost this round, the demon clan's desperate efforts would only result in a draw, and they would need to not lose any match in the following contests.

"Why? Why me?"

The selected young king of the Imperial Family was in despair, as the opponent chosen by the Wheel of Destiny couldn't be ignored, and with his current Cultivation and strength, facing the demon-like Ye Fan, he would surely lose and not win.

"We're guaranteed to win!"

On the human race side, they were full of excitement and enjoyment, as the Imperial Family's Three-star Demon was definitely not Ye Fan's match, guaranteeing victory in this round.

"Quickly step on stage, even if you die fighting, you must not diminish our demon clan's momentum."

Chi Lin said expressionlessly.

Under his urging, the young demon king set his heart, took big steps onto the battlefield, and faced Ye Fan from afar.

"Kill!"

This young demon king was very direct, coming up and directly burning Divine Power, pushing his Combat Power to the limit, aiming a punch at Ye Fan.

Simplifying complexity, he incorporated all his secret techniques and martial arts into this punch, hoping to win with one strike, to decide life and death in one move!

Whoosh!

Ye Fan was fearless, similarly raising his momentum to the extreme, black hair flowing chaotically, and his eyes emitting two dragon-shaped Divine Lights, meeting with a punch.

The Xuandi Fist, merging the Domineering Fist's world-conquering Fist Intent and the Heaven Slaying Seven Spears' unstoppable spear intent, all fused into this punch, around the golden fist twined with purple Thunder Power and Heaven and Earth Tao Markings.

Simplifying a thousand moves into one form, Ye Fan similarly intended a fast battle resolution, the two were truly in tacit agreement.

"Boom!!!"

Their fists collided, erupting dazzlingly brilliant light, blinding those watching, the two instantly engulfed by the resplendent light.

As the light faded, Ye Fan maintained the posture of delivering a punch, proudly standing on the platform, while his opponent, the demon clan's young king, had dull eyes, his body rapidly cracked, then fell heavily to the ground.

Blood stained the battle platform red, his body turned to Blood Mud, bones shattered into white fragments, killed with one punch by Ye Fan.

"Next!"

Just as everyone hadn't recovered from the shock, Ye Fan's voice once again reverberated across the battle platform.

Chapter 1786 Neither Revering Heaven Nor Honoring Earth, I Revere Only Myself!

"Next one!"

To the Demon Clan cultivators, this phrase was like a demonic chant, a nightmare, filling them with fear!

A single person taking on the ten young kings of the Demon Clan, it was the height of arrogance.

However —

They couldn't say a word; Ye Fan's achievements were plain to see. If anyone was unconvinced, they were welcome to step up.

"Ye Fan!"

"Ye Fan!"

"Ye Fan!"

Ye Fan once again instantly killed his opponent, the momentum of the Human Race reached its peak, with many people shouting, venting their inner excitement.

"Peace is in sight!"

Elder Lin and others muttered under their breath.

It was Ye Fan, with his own strength, who won time, dignity, and hope for peace for humans.

The Demon Clan, on the other hand, fell silent. Another young king was instantly killed, leaving them with a deep sense of despair and powerlessness.

The Wheel of Destiny began to spin again, its faint light flickering, indicating it would choose Ye Fan's next opponent once more.

At this moment, there were still three young kings among the Demon Clan's youth who had not yet stepped forward. Without a doubt, this time the Wheel of Destiny would choose one of them to face Ye Fan.

Out of ten matches, the Demon Clan had already lost five, four of them at the hands of Ye Fan alone.

The Demon Clan couldn't afford any more losses. If they managed to win three consecutive matches, they might still have a chance to go head-to-head with the Human Race. Otherwise, they would have to admit defeat.

These young kings were the future hope of the Demon Clan, and they could not lose any more.

As the Wheel of Destiny spun faster, the hearts of all in the Demon Clan were in their throats.

At this moment, they fully understood the previous feelings of the Human Race cultivators.

Anxiety, panic, tension, unease, fear...

All kinds of negative emotions surged forth!

They worried, fearing that the Wheel of Destiny would once again select a weaker young king.

If that happened, the Demon Clan might as well concede without fighting.

At this moment, Ye Fan's momentum was at its peak, like a god slaying another god, like a Buddha crushing another Buddha. No one could easily defeat him.

In their anxious wait, the Wheel of Destiny finally shot down a beam of light, landing on one of the three who had not yet appeared.

"Boom!"

The selected one was enveloped in a faint white light, bursting forth with an aura like a Demon Emperor, dominating the scene.

Huh?

On the battlefield, Ye Fan's eye twitched. He realized this was an exceptionally powerful opponent.

In fact, Ye Fan had noticed the opponent from the beginning, not expecting him to still be hiding his strength.

He appeared to be an extremely ordinary young man, the kind you could lose in a crowd, always very calm.

Whether the Demon Clan had the advantage or was in decline, his expression never changed, as calm as still water, without a word.

At this moment, he finally erupted with the aura of a Supreme Strongman, definitely a supreme level master among the young generation.

Upon seeing who was selected, the people of the Demon Clan all breathed a sigh of relief. Even Chi Lin, the usually calm quasi-Demon Emperor who led the Demon Clan, showed a slight smile.

He Feng!

The true master of the Cold Ice Fierce Crane clan, among the young generation of the entire Demon Clan, except for the unborn son of the Demon Emperor, none could defeat him. His Innate Divine Ability was terrifyingly powerful.

It could be said he was the king among the current young Demon Clan kings, stronger than Prince Long Xiang. Though not of Imperial Family blood, he surpassed it.

"He Feng King will surely win!"

The young Demon Clan cultivators shouted in support of He Feng.

Even some of the older strong people wore smiles of confidence. They believed He Feng would definitely defeat Ye Fan and win this match for the Demon Clan.

As long as He Feng could slay this detestable Human cultivator, no one in the subsequent battles could defeat him.

Perhaps the entire future of the Demon Clan was in He Feng's hands.

They knew well of He Feng's power; even some older strong people could not match this young Heavenly Pride of the Cold Ice Fierce Crane clan.

"Human cultivator, you are indeed powerful, but your luck ends here. I will kill you," He Feng said calmly, without expression.

Unlike other kings who gnashed their teeth in hatred, yet to Ye Fan, he presented an extreme danger. He was definitely a formidable opponent.

Not only could the Human Race produce a demon like Ye Fan, but the Demon Clan also had outstanding young strong people.

Fortune is equal for every race.

One could only say, Ye Fan's appearance was an anomaly, a variable, because he wasn't meant to belong in this world.

"The fifth!"

Ye Fan responded coldly, unaffected by the aura of the opponent.

"How dare you!"

"Presumptuous!"

"Show respect to King He Feng!"

The young cultivators from the Demon Clan shouted at Ye Fan, defending He Feng's honor and position.

"He may be your king, but to me, he is nothing more than prey that I will kill."

Ye Fan was overwhelmingly domineering.

"Ye Fan, do not underestimate him. This young man from the Demon Clan belongs to the Cold Ice Fierce Crane family, and his innate divine ability is exceedingly powerful. You can never dismiss him casually."

Elder Lin reminded Ye Fan through Divine Soul transmission.

"I know!"

Ye Fan curtly responded to Elder Lin, his eyes intensely focused on his opponent.

"King He Feng, you must kill him to show that our Demon Clan cannot be humiliated!"

Ye Fan's words nearly infuriated the young Demon Clan cultivators to madness. Who was He Feng? Even among the multitudinous clans within the Demons, he was an idol and a monumental figure for the young generation.

Some elder strong people prophesized that He Feng might prove Dao and become an Emperor in this lifetime, truly a supreme powerhouse.

However—

Ye Fan so blatantly disparaging their idol couldn't help but ignite their fury.

He Feng raised his hand to stop the Demon Clan's hurling abuses, and then casually said, "It's too early to conclude who the prey is. Perhaps, you being hunted by me is not out of the question."

"Let our skills speak the truth!"

Ye Fan's black hair fluttered, his entire body radiating faint golden light, resembling a Golden Body War God.

"As you wish!"

He Feng took a step forward, suddenly vanished from his spot, and appeared in front of Ye Fan, raising his palm like a blade, slashing toward Ye Fan's forehead.

His palm was covered with various ancient silver runes, emitting a terrifying aura, resembling an indestructible heavenly blade.

Whoosh!

Ye Fan raised his palm to respond, the golden hand covered with Thunder Power and Heaven and Earth Tao Markings, equally terrifying.

Clang!

Their palms clashed, producing a sound like metal striking metal, bursting into brilliant light, a wave of destruction spreading out.

In an instant, they attacked each other with hundreds of moves, the battlefield echoed with sounds like iron forging, destruction filled the entire Holy War Platform, the void shattered like paper.

Boom!

They clashed again, then passed by each other, silently observing one another from an endless distance apart.

The hand inside Ye Fan's sleeve trembled slightly. The fight just now was fast and intense, entirely physical combat, resulting in an evenly matched battle.

He Feng's face remained like unmelting profound ice, expressionless, but his arm inside his clothes was continuously twitching, spasming.

"Just a little warm-up, not bad," He Feng sneered.

"At last, someone worthy of effort, not disappointing me again."

Ye Fan responded tit for tat, not at all weaker in momentum.

"Just a little warm-up?"

People were shocked. Just now the battle shook heaven and earth, a spectacle for them, yet it was merely a warm-up before the main battle, far too terrifying.

"Both their physiques are exceptionally unique, such individuals are unbeatable, ordinary cultivators going up would only be instantly defeated!"

People in the distant sky debated urgently, the Demon Clan on that side similarly, especially tense about this battle which pertained to whether the Demon Clan could emerge worldwide and dominate this realm.

"Disappointed? Ha... I will take your head as a trophy!"

He Feng's cold voice rang out, lightning suddenly descended around him.

Once spoken, heavenly omens appeared, revealing how astonishing his fortunes were, even heaven aided him.

"Hahaha..."

He Feng laughed heartily, "See, fortune is with me, today you're destined to die!"

"I neither respect heaven nor worship earth; I only revere myself. The Heavenly Dao is merely a tool for me. Without breaking through the invincible heart against the Heavenly Dao, you will ultimately fail to achieve greatness."

Ye Fan remained utterly unmoved.

In the meantime, the Demon Clan was overjoyed, heavenly omens descended, clearly showing He Feng's fortune was profound, ensuring victory in this battle.

But the human cultivators began to worry.

No doubt, Ye Fan was really strong; some young cultivators were filled with confidence in him too.

Especially those little cultivators ignorant of height of the heaven and vastness of earth, after hearing Ye Fan's words, they were all ablaze, eager to jump on stage and engage in a battle with the Demon Clan.

However, the senior strong people furrowed their brows because at their realm, they started to believe in the intangible and unpredictable things like fortune.

The stronger the power, the more uncontrollable and unpredictable things are, giving them a feeling of impotence, thus believing in fortune especially.

"Continue!"

He Feng shouted, his arms transformed into feathered wings, the left burning red like fire, the right icy blue as ice, two diametrically opposing auras surged on the battlefield like two heavenly blades slashing toward Ye Fan.

"Just as I wish!"

Ye Fan shouted, covering himself in divine radiance like a Great Emperor awakening, swallowing the mountains and rivers, his black hair dazzling and swinging behind him, both fists punched out, towards He Feng's arm blades!

Chapter 1787 - A Formidable Opponent

"Clang!"

Sparks flew as Ye Fan's fists collided with He Feng's arm blades, the terrifying power of destruction sweeping across the entire Holy War Platform.

This time, neither of them retreated; it was a fierce and desperate clash. The onlookers were dazzled and their hearts stirred.

"So strong!"

This was the common sentiment among all the spectators.

In such a powerful battle, ordinary Lord Realm cultivators couldn't even participate; they would be pulverized by the overflow of punch rays from these two.

"This He Feng must be a descendant of the Ancient Demon Emperor, possibly even the Demon Emperor's own child; otherwise, he couldn't be this powerful!"

Some human cultivators speculated in secret.

The Demon Clan was even more shocked than the Human Race; they speculated that Ye Fan might be the child of a Human Emperor, for otherwise, he couldn't be so strong.

In recent years, Ye Fan had stirred up endless waves in the entire Cultivation World; many human cultivators had heard of his name, even if they hadn't seen him.

But it was different for the Demon Clan; they hadn't emerged and knew little about the happenings in the Human Cultivation World.

You could even say their understanding of humans remained at the level of the last major war, about the same as humans' understanding of the Demon Clan.

However, comparatively speaking, humans knew more about the Demon Clan because the powerful intelligence force of the Treasure Pavilion caught every trace of information.

Over the years, the Demon Clan hadn't remained entirely hidden; some outliers like Niu Bugeng took advantage of the brief loosening of the seals to escape from the cracks of the Demon Clan's Holy Land and enter the human world.

For this battle, humans were very calm and relaxed; after all, they'd already won five times. Even if they lost this time, humans still had a chance.

But it was different for the Demon Clan; they desperately needed a victory to boost their morale, and if they lost this match, they would have to hibernate again, which was not what they wanted.

"He Feng, kill him!"

"He Feng, what are you waiting for? Holding back, are you? That's not like you!"

Many in the Demon Clan shouted, urging He Feng to quickly and forcefully kill Ye Fan.

They desperately needed a victory!

To have someone they called an ant from the Human Race kill so many of their youthful kings was a huge blow to the entire Demon Clan; their morale hit rock bottom.

Therefore, they even more urgently needed a beautiful victory to restore their pride and confidence.

Through four consecutive matches, Ye Fan nearly shattered their confidence. The hope and faith of the entire young Demon Clan generation were pinned on He Feng.

Ye Fan's fists emitted a blazing golden light, his palms enveloped in the violent Thunder Power and Heaven and Earth Tao Markings, each strike capable of piercing the void, unstoppable.

He Feng also unleashed True Fire, his divine power like a boundless ocean, inexhaustible.

Their bodies were almost equally matched, both immensely strong, with exceptionally powerful bloodline power, and countless martial arts divine skills emerging endlessly.

"Squawk!"

The resonant cry of a crane echoed through the Nine Heavens, as a gigantic Immortal Crane appeared behind He Feng. Its expanded wings covered the sky and blocked out the sun, its massive beak gleaming like an Immortal Sword.

This was his true form. Though He Feng was humanoid in appearance from birth, in his bones lay the bloodline of the Cold Ice Fierce Crane.

Therefore, when he stepped into the Holy Embryo Realm, he chose his true form as the blueprint to condense his Holy Embryo.

It was what he was most familiar with and the easiest to successfully condense, not to mention his true form's combat power was no weaker than any powerful battle race.

"Buzz!"

The Immortal Crane's long beak detached, like a celestial sword, tracing a mark across the sky, stabbing toward Ye Fan, the terrifying aura making his heart skip a beat.

"Swish!"

Without hesitation, Ye Fan unfolded his Eight Phase World Domain, a Heart Protecting Armor appearing at his chest, while another piece of Ancient Shield Fragments guarded his forehead.

"Shhh!"

The Immortal Sword instantly shattered Ye Fan's Eight Phase World Domain, crashing heavily onto the Ancient Shield Fragments guarding his forehead, erupting in blinding light.

Hmm?

Ye Fan was startled; he didn't expect He Feng's Immortal Sword beak to be so powerful.

His Eight Phase World Domain was exceedingly peculiar, integrating Eight Elements Laws into a closed ring. Unless one's strength was far superior to his, it was absolutely impossible to break his domain.

However—

He Feng managed to do it. If it weren't for his foresight to guard his forehead with the Ancient Shield Fragments, this time he would be severely injured if not killed!

On the Human Race side, the Old Bastard and others were also taken aback; he knew well how sturdy Ye Fan's domain was and didn't expect it to be breached.

"Kill him!"

In contrast, the Demon Clan's camp erupted in cheers; previously, Prince Long Xiang couldn't break Ye Fan's domain, ultimately dying in battle.

And now, He Feng broke through his defense with a single move, undoubtedly a good omen, exciting them tremendously.

However, in the end, Ye Fan managed to block He Feng's certain-kill blow with a seemingly unremarkable object, surprising them greatly as well.

"What is that?"

Many young Demon Clan cultivators confusedly asked the elder-level experts beside them.

"I don't know, but it's definitely an item with strong defensive capabilities. It looks like a fragment, possibly from some defensive Spiritual Treasure?" replied a Demon Clan elder uncertainly.

"What kind of Spiritual Treasure can withstand He Feng's Innate Divine Ability, the He hui Sword? Isn't this too terrifying?"

"It's really hard to say. A Holy Weapon at the Saint Lord Level could withstand it. After all, He Feng's cultivation hasn't reached the Saint Lord Level yet. Perhaps a fragment from a Saint Lord Level defensive Spiritual Treasure can block it!"

"But this shouldn't be! Even if it's a fragment of a Saint Lord level defensive spiritual treasure, it shouldn't have such power. Could it be an Emperor Weapon fragment?"

Members of the Demon Clan speculated, but no one could come to a definite conclusion, only agreeing that the fragment on Ye Fan's brow was certainly not ordinary.

"To actually withstand a blow from my Immortal Sword without dying, you truly surprise me!" He Feng said.

"There are many surprises yet to come!"

Ye Fan's expression was grave. With a loud shout, his whole aura surged, and behind him appeared a Holy Embryo identical to him, standing sky-high.

"Kill!"

Ye Fan shouted loudly, throwing a punch to kill. The Holy Embryo behind him mirrored his movements, and a gigantic golden fist also punched forward, blazing like a heaven-piercing rainbow, shattering through the heavens and earth.

"Roar..."

He Feng also let out a roar. His arms transformed into a Heavenly Blade, emitting ten thousand rays of light as he attacked Ye Fan.

The great battle erupted once more, the entire Holy War Platform engulfed in overflowing Divine Power and blinding light. Even the powerful Saint Lord level figures, with their strong Martial Arts Heavenly Eyes, couldn't see through it.

The battle between the two was truly terrifying. If not for the Holy War Platform, which could withstand a battle of the Supreme Holy Master without being destroyed, the entire land might have been shattered by now.

"Bang!"

He Feng punched and shattered half of Ye Fan's skull, blood mixed with brain matter splattering more than a meter high, and the Holy Embryo vanished.

"Slice!"

Ye Fan also punched and shattered He Feng's chest, his golden hand clutching the broken heart and lungs far away.

"Hiss..."

People gasped in shock. This mutual destruction tactic was too ruthless, horrifying to see.

"Ye Fan..."

"Ye Zi..."

Exclamations arose from the Human Race's side, their hearts in their throats, some timid female cultivators even closed their eyes, unwilling to watch the gruesome scene.

"He Feng..."

Cries also rang from the Demon Clan's camp, equally concerned for He Feng's safety. His heart had been taken out, the wound no less severe than Ye Fan's.

"Bang!"

He Feng, though retreating far away, had an increasingly bright golden light shining from his chest, finally exploding with a bang. Blood and flesh splattered, staining the war platform and the eyes of Demon Clan cultivators.

"No..."

Young cultivators of the Demon Clan cried out, their hearts in their mouths as well, only the Cold Ice Fierce Crane clan members remained cold and indifferent.

"A hundred battles and not dead, battle soul returns!"

He Feng's voice resonated across the battlefield, followed by blood flowing backward and flesh reorganizing.

"Rebirth from shattered body!"

On the other side, Ye Fan also activated the Phoenix Nirvana Technique, coordinating with the Pure Yang Qi, to rebirth from a shattered body, rising anew!

The two seemed to be competing in secret techniques, racing against time. Whoever recovered first would win, for as long as they prevented their opponent from resurrecting, they could utterly annihilate them.

The spectators from afar were completely stunned. In cultivation, what do cultivators contest?

Besides cultivation level and strength, they contest life itself!

These two possess supreme secret skills that allow for rapid recovery, essentially granting them multiple lives, making it impossible to fight them effectively.

"Buzz!"

He Feng was the first to completely reform his body, roaring as he used a secret technique he had acquired by chance, launching a sound wave attack at Ye Fan, aiming to kill him.

"Suppress!"

At that instant, Ye Fan's body also regenerated. With a loud shout, he used the Divine Soul Resonance Sound Wave Technique, the first Heavenly Sound rising.

"Boom!"

Their sound waves met in mid-air, dissipating quickly like snow under the scorching sun, whereupon a basket-sized black hole emerged, swallowing everything.

The black hole slowly closed, restoring calm to the battlefield. The two stood facing each other, strong war intent blazing in their eyes.

"I must admit, you truly exceeded my expectations!" He Feng frowned.

"You, however, didn't surprise me!"

Ye Fan coldly replied, yet felt He Feng was a powerful and respectable opponent.

But remembering the destruction of the Xuanwu Sect, and the moments before his master Wu Xinhai, Supreme Elder Wang Qingshan, Shen Ximen, and Sect Leader Tong Tianhao died, Ye Fan's heart instantly turned cold.

This was not a personal battle, but one determining the fate and future of two races, allowing no personal feelings.

"Though you exceeded my expectations, the outcome is predetermined, and from now on, you have no chance!" He Feng said coldly.

"You've said that many times, yet I'm still standing here—life and death aren't determined by words!"

Ye Fan stood proudly on the battlefield, his aura firm as a mountain, his exuberant vitality like a vast ocean, exuding an invincible presence.

Chapter 1788 - A Battle to Decide the World

The ancient Holy War Platform, built from Outer Heaven Meteorite, has existed for countless millennia, exuding an aura of primordial bleakness.

The platform is stained with blood, marked with cuts and hatchet marks, some stones even cracked, testament to the terrifying battles that erupted here.

Now, on this platform that has lain silent for endless ages, Holy Blood is once again spilled.

Not only Holy Blood, but even Ye Fan, a young king of this generation, left his blood on this murderous stage.

"Ice and fire, creation and destruction!"

He Feng finally wielded his strongest Innate Divine Ability, the most powerful Divine Skill of the Cold Ice Fierce Crane Clan, unleashing both icy cold and fiery divine powers with his fists, striking at Ye Fan.

Boom!

The ice and fire, two completely different divine powers, appeared on the battlefield simultaneously, colliding and unleashing cataclysmic energy, blasting Ye Fan thousands of meters away, golden blood spraying along the way.

"Ye Fan is injured!"

A gasp of surprise spread among the Human Race.

Yaling was tense, covering her mouth tightly, suppressing a scream.

Shi Ye, carrying a large stick, looked serious. He could also see that this Demon Clan's young king was indeed a formidable rival for Ye Fan, possessing terrifying power.

Ancient Immortal took a sharp breath, his heart conflicted. He wished for Ye Fan to die in battle, yet also hoped he would win, with the best outcome being mutual destruction.

The enmity between the Gu Family and Ye Fan is irreconcilable, and once Ye Fan rises, he will pose a massive threat to the entire Gu Family.

He fears that once Ye Fan grows stronger, he will seek retribution from the Gu Family, and by then, the Gu Family might no longer exist.

Thus, he desperately wanted to seize this opportunity to eliminate Ye Fan, to prevent future troubles. Ye Fan's contributions to the Human Race were not his concern.

However—

He also feared that once Ye Fan perished, he might be the next to fight.

Although he comprehended the essence and Laws of two elements, he was definitely not He Feng's match.

At this moment, Ancient Immortal was trapped in a deeply conflicted state, grappling internally.

Meanwhile, Hu Fei, Yue Haoyu, Yue Chuan, and others silently prayed for Ye Fan to defeat his opponent, create legend, and avenge the Human Race, the Xuanwu Sect, and all civilians who perished under the Demon Clan.

Even the observing Heroic Lords shed a cold sweat for Ye Fan, as He Feng was indeed too powerful!

Had they not already discerned that He Feng's bone age was indeed under thirty, they might have suspected him to be an ageless or rejuvenated old monster.

He Feng's previous attack was overwhelmingly powerful. Under the Lord Realm, almost no one could withstand such a blow.

Only Ye Fan, his body absurdly strong, even stronger than the Demon Clan's, timed his retreat well. Otherwise, he would have been gravely injured, if not dead.

"I told you, the one who dies might be you—today is your day of death!" He Feng's face was cold, voice icy, filled with murderous intent.

"Is that so?"

Ye Fan roared, activating a secret technique. His blood instantly flowed in reverse, his injuries healed, his eyes shot out terrifying rays, and sun, moon, and stars seemed to flicker in his gaze.

He truly felt the danger. At this moment, He Feng could indeed threaten his life; he was too powerful, forcing Ye Fan to give it his all.

Boom!

Ye Fan decisively burned his Divine Power, his Combat Power skyrocketing. Now, he could no longer hold back. Otherwise, he would certainly lose, perhaps even die here.

"Kill!"

Ye Fan raised his fist to strike, the power of the Xuandi Fist unparalleled. Among all the Fist Techniques created by Great Emperors, the Xuandi Fist was the strongest—Proving Dao in the most unlikely environment, the Nine Heavens Xuan Emperor created a miracle, his Combat Power astonishing throughout ages.

Of course, Ye Fan could not yet unleash the true power of the Xuandi Fist. If Emperor Xuan wielded it, a single punch might blast apart the stars.

Nonetheless, by burning Divine Power, Ye Fan still wielded the terrifying power of the Xuandi Fist.

Using force to break skill, a single punch struck out, stunning through ages. Though Ye Fan did not yet possess such might, he had the embryonic form.

The Punch Ray broke through the aura of creation and destruction, directly aiming for He Feng's head.

Swoosh!

He Feng was unfazed, his arms like Heavenly Blades, covered in mysterious runes, glowing like the bright moon, slashing down towards Ye Fan's fist.

Boom!

The Heavenly Blade struck Ye Fan's golden fist, breaking through the defense, creating a wound deep enough to see bone, golden blood spraying out.

Ye Fan did not flinch, continuing his fierce assault, cycling through six moves of the Xuandi Fist, shattering the sky and earth, dimming the sun and moon.

The battle erupted again, golden blood and red blood sprayed continuously, indicating both were injured. It was a truly brutal clash.

Everyone held their breath, anxiously watching the battlefield, silently cheering for their side, praying!

The entire battlefield was submerged in crisscrossing divine power. Except for a few Quasi-Emperor Level strong people like Old Bastard and Elder Lin, no one could clearly see the scene within the battlefield.

The smile on the face of the Quasi-Demon Emperor leading the Demon Clan, Chi Lin, vanished. He saw that after burning his Divine Power, Ye Fan could actually battle He Feng and seemed to have a slight edge over him, which was not a good omen.

Swoosh!

Ye Fan's Hand Blade, like a Heavenly Sword across the sky, cut off a lock of He Feng's hair, his hair bun scattering down, making him look particularly disheveled.

However, Ye Fan was not much better, his body covered in wounds, blood dripping, as if just fished out of a Blood Pool.

"Ice and fire in unity, invincible under heaven!"

He Feng was infuriated, likewise burning his Divine Power, his Combat Power rapidly soaring, merging icy cold and fiery divine powers into one, causing the world to lose color.

The entire battlefield was enveloped in a terrifying aura, ice and fire fusion, fracturing the void, disturbing yin and yang, disarraying time.

Rays of death shot out in all directions, causing the entire River of Elements to boil. He intended a decisive kill on Ye Fan, securing this victory for the Demon Clan!

Boom!

Boom!

Boom!

...

Under the threat of death, Ye Fan erupted completely, unleashing the Mountain and River Seal, Mountain Embrace Seal in succession, and even the Heavenly Tao Seal formed by the condensing of his Divine Soul flew out. The Xuandi Fist was also continuously launched. It can be said that he was desperate, unleashing his ultimate moves.

The Divine Soul Resonance Heavenly Sound roared continuously, shaking the entire sky, striving to counter the brilliance of death. The Eight Phase World Domain also unfolded.

At this moment, Ye Fan almost spent all his strength, frequently swinging out the Immortal Stele Scattering Hand to dissolve the deadly crisis!

"You're still not dead? That's really beyond my expectations!"

He Feng was taken aback to see Ye Fan, covered in blood, still standing.

According to his thoughts, such a terrifying attack, even he himself might not be able to withstand it, and Ye Fan was presumed dead.

However, after the aura of destruction dissipated, although Ye Fan was seriously injured, he was still alive, standing on the battlefield.

"You want me dead? You don't have that ability yet!"

Ye Fan sneered.

Since joining the battle, apart from the last serious injury in the Emperor's Secret Realm by an Ancient Immortal, He Feng was the only one who had pushed him to his limits.

"I have to say, you're strong, but I won't lose or die!"

Ye Fan's voice grew louder, echoing through heaven and earth like a drum at dawn and thunder at dusk.

"Boom!"

A surge of deadly aura erupted from Ye Fan, as he burned his Divine Soul, causing his combat power to soar once again.

To his left and right appeared countless incomplete corpses of the Divine Race and Death Creatures, each emitting a terrifying aura, a coexistence of holiness and death.

"This..."

This astonishing scene shocked everyone, whether they were from the Demon Clan or the Human Race; they were deeply shaken.

He Feng was no exception!

He was not surprised at all to see two completely different, even mutually restrictive energies and divine powers appearing on one person because he himself was such a person.

However——

After burning the divine power and Divine Soul, the emergence of these illusions of Divine Race and Death Creatures' corpses was most unusual.

"What's happening here?"

Even some well-experienced Supreme Elders of the Demon Clan were shocked, having never expected such a phenomenon to occur in Ye Fan.

Only those familiar with Ye Fan like Shi Ye and others knew, but even they didn't truly understand how it came to be or what these visions meant.

"Buzz!"

Ye Fan struck again, with Pure Yang Qi healing his body, and the Holy Embryos within his 360 acupoints seemed to boil, continuously providing him with divine power.

Whoosh!

Ye Fan swung out a palm, and a massive black light palm descended from the sky, slamming He Feng brutally onto the battlefield, leaving him no room to escape.

Immortal Stele Scattering Hand!

Ye Fan once again used his trump card!

The power of the Immortal Stele Scattering Hand increases infinitely with the practitioner's strength. After Ye Fan burned both his divine power and Divine Soul, even the Immortal Stele Scattering Hand carried traces of Divine Soul Flames.

"Cold Ice Fierce Crane, eternally indestructible!"

Under the barrage of the Immortal Stele Scattering Hand, He Feng continued to roar in anger.

He was utterly frustrated, initially thinking he could easily crush Ye Fan, only to end up in such a predicament after much effort.

Ye Fan seemed like a bottomless pit, one could never know what his true cards were—growing stronger with stronger opponents, like a ship floating on water, always a bit higher than the rising water.

"Phew~"

Many human cultivators exhaled a long breath, relieved that despite the heart-pounding twists and turns of the battle, Ye Fan eventually beat his opponent, securing victory in this contest.

"Get down for me!"

Ye Fan waved again, and a black giant hand appeared alongside his movements, repeatedly slamming He Feng onto the ground.

If it weren't for the solidness of the Holy War Platform, He Feng would have been slammed into the ground by Ye Fan long ago.

Even so, He Feng was almost driven to madness, having burned his divine power and deployed his strongest divine skill, yet ended in a miserable defeat.

"Ah..."

He Feng roared continuously, but he could never escape Ye Fan's black giant hand, which had almost become his nemesis and nightmare.

Finally, He Feng, sacrificing decades of lifespan, abandoned his body, escaping with only his head, tearing through space directly back to the Demon Clan's ranks.

Ye Fan stood straight like a spear on the platform.

In this battle, although he didn't slay his opponent, he won a decisive victory for the Human Race, securing the balance of the world!

Chapter 1789 - Hero of the Human Race

Eight battles, the Human Race lost two and won six. Ye Fan completely terrified the younger generation of the Demon Clan, and their momentum plummeted, while also helping humanity win this competition!

"Ye Fan!"

"Ye Fan!"

"Ye Fan!"

...

Within War City, people shouted Ye Fan's name loudly, their voices shaking the heavens and echoing across the sky.

From today onwards, the name Ye Fan will be eternally engraved in everyone's hearts, whether cultivators or ordinary people, even after a thousand lifetimes, this name will always be remembered and praised by the world.

This classic battle is destined to be recorded in history. Ye Fan has become the hero of the entire Human Race, the idol in the young cultivators' hearts, a spiritual leader, and an eternal monument.

Ye Fan, single-handedly, turned the tide when all seemed lost, preventing the collapse of the great building. He made an outstanding contribution to the dignity and status of the Human Race, ensuring the peaceful survival of humanity.

Even some of the older generation of Saints showed undisguised admiration and a long-lost smile when they looked at Ye Fan.

"Sigh~"

With this, the big stone in the hearts of the older generation of strong people finally disappeared, everyone let out a long breath.

Ye Fan won not only this match but also the dignity and status of the entire Human Race!

For a moment, Ye Fan's image in everyone's mind became incomparably grand, like a mountain, a figure to be revered.

"Victory! The crucial battle is finally won!"

Many cultivators were so excited that they shed scorching tears again, tears of joy and happiness.

The Human Race cannot be humiliated!

This is not just an empty phrase or a slogan, but something won with real power.

And Ye Fan has undoubtedly established immense merit for the Human Race!

Whoosh!

The old bastard said nothing, directly stepped onto the Holy War Platform, and handed Ye Fan a pristine Jade Bottle, signaling him to drink it.

Ye Fan opened the Jade Bottle, and a rich fragrance wafted out, refreshing his spirit. This was absolutely something good, comparable to Dragon Essence.

Gulp! Gulp!

Ye Fan was not polite, directly taking several gulps, and then his whole body emitted smoke and mist as he sat down to refine this Life Source Liquid.

In this battle, he consumed too much, burned Divine Power and Divine Soul, making him feel a bit tired. This Life Source Liquid was simply a timely help.

Soon, his damaged body completely recovered, and the Divine Soul and Divine Power scorched by burning were also restored.

A moment later, he was fully restored, returning to peak condition, even better than before the battle.

Battle is the only touchstone to test cultivation and strength. Only through the grind and battle of life and death can one truly grow.

Every strong person represents a history of struggle, having undergone life-and-death trials and been baptized by blood and fire before truly becoming a strong person who can stand tall.

"Ye Fan, thank you!"

Elder Lin silently said in his heart.

Only at his realm can one understand what Ye Fan's victory in this battle means.

The old bastard, without saying anything, expressed his emphasis on Ye Fan through his actions. Once an Immortal Academy disciple, always an Immortal Academy disciple.

The old bastard was extremely protective, never allowing any mishap to befall Ye Fan. Now he has regarded Ye Fan as a symbol of the Immortal Academy.

Ye Fan is very likely to prove Dao in the future and become the second Great Emperor to emerge from the Immortal Academy. What an honor!

Although the various Saints didn't come up to greet, it was obvious how much they valued Ye Fan's battle.

At their level, they hold enormous wealth and the life and death of many people, and they know many secrets.

At the same time, they also know very well what cruel consequences the Human Race would face if they lost this competition.

"The Human Race cannot be humiliated!"

"Little demons, roll back!"

"Fight till no one dares to take the stage!!"

The younger generation did not have so many considerations, they cheered freely - Ye Fan's battle resolved their concerns, the Demon Clan has no chance for a comeback, how could they not be excited?

The Demon Clan camp was silent, everyone was like an eggplant beaten by frost, listless. Even their most recognized strongest young king was defeated, only returning with a head.

Although He Feng can rely on Divine Power Secret Skill to reconstruct his body, the shadow of failure will become his Heart Demon. As long as he cannot openly defeat Ye Fan, he will forever live in the shadow.

But... how easy is it to talk about defeating Ye Fan?

In their view, Ye Fan was simply too strong!

Their proud physical strength had no advantage at all when facing Ye Fan.

In terms of Divine Skills, martial arts, and secret techniques, Ye Fan did not fall behind. Moreover, the stronger the opponent, the stronger he became, like an undying cockroach with a terrifyingly tenacious life.

The face of Quasi-Demon Emperor Chi Lin was so gloomy it could drip water. The defeat in this battle was too miserable, it was a complete rout.

Ye Fan, alone, fought five young kings of the Demon Clan, killed four, and defeated one, completely terrifying all the Demon Clan cultivators.

This was completely contrary to his previous expectations, and the huge blow left him speechless for a long time.

He fell silent, and the other Demon Clan cultivators were even more tongue-tied, not daring to speak first for fear of angering this terrifying Quasi-Emperor and being exterminated.

The other strong people at the Demon King realm also had solemn expressions. After consecutive losses, they were already powerless to turn the tide. Even if they could win the remaining two matches, it wouldn't salvage the situation.

In battles at the Quasi-Emperor Level, the Demon Clan suffered a crushing defeat and also lost a strong person at the Quasi-Emperor Realm.

Although the Saint Lord Level battle was won, they also lost a strong person at the Saint Lord Level.

And now, the competition of the younger generation...

They were utterly defeated!

Ye Fan had shattered their hopes for revival!

"Damn it, a freak like this actually emerged from the lowly ants, stronger than even the bodies of our clan!" A strong person at the Demon King realm cursed under his breath.

The younger generation, however, remained silent. The only two young imperial kings who hadn't taken the stage yet turned pale as clay.

Initially, when they saw Ye Fan heavily injured, they thought they could take advantage, but unexpectedly, in just an instant, Ye Fan had returned to peak condition.

Even though they were of the Imperial Family, their strength was far inferior to He Feng. Since even He Feng almost fell, going up themselves was tantamount to suicide, without any suspense.

Anger, unwillingness... all turned into fear!

If Ye Fan continued to fight, then it would be their turn to take the stage!

"Next!"

Ye Fan's voice rang out again, like a nightmare, igniting rage among the Demon Clan.

"Damn it!"

"Damn it!"

The two young imperial kings who hadn't taken the stage cursed, their eyes burning with fury. This Human Cultivator was arrogantly dismissing them, wanting to kill them all the way through? To kill all their young kings?

They very much wanted to immediately step onto the stage and devour Ye Fan, but they were terribly fearful of his strength. Undoubtedly, after the previous rest, Ye Fan's Combat Power had returned to peak condition.

Even if he suppressed his injuries with Elixir Pills, temporarily exerting Peak Combat Power, it was more than enough to kill them, and they dared not take the risk.

At this moment, they were both angry and filled with anxiety, afraid that the Wheel of Destiny would choose them.

At this moment, in their view, whoever the Wheel of Destiny chose was as good as marked for death in hell, potentially dying at any moment.

Their performance fell in the eyes of the other Demon Clan cultivators, immediately extinguishing the last remaining sliver of hope, their momentum hitting rock bottom.

If they were cowed before the fight, how could they defeat their opponents?

In this state, even if they took the stage, they would only be courting death, serving no purpose.

"Hahaha..."

Their performance was conveyed through the Heavenly Eye to the Human Race side, and everyone understood clearly, bursting into laughter.

"Little demons, if you admit defeat, maybe Ye Zi will be merciful and spare you!"

Hu Fei called out unscrupulously, his voice transmitted through the Formation to the Demon Clan camp, making them turn livid with rage.

At this moment, the Wheel of Destiny started to turn again to select Ye Fan's next opponent.

"We surrender!"

To everyone's surprise, the Demon Clan leader, Quasi-Demon Emperor Chi Lin, actually chose to surrender. He then performed the Sealing, sending strands of Mystic Light onto the Wheel of Destiny, forcibly halting its rotation.

Of course, doing so required paying an extremely high price. First, the Wheel of Destiny would suffer damage, and secondly, he would also face some backlash.

Most importantly, the two young imperial kings who hadn't taken the stage would also sustain significant injuries. Their auras were already imprinted on the Wheel of Destiny, and forcibly stopping it naturally came at a cost.

Yet—

Chi Lin still chose to surrender, actively stopping the Wheel of Destiny's rotation, and then spat out a mouthful of blood, putting away the Wheel of Destiny.

"Wow..."

At the same time, the two young imperial kings of the Imperial Family also spat out a mouthful of blood, their faces turning deathly pale, casting vicious looks at Ye Fan.

"With the resolution and courage of a warrior severing their own arm, Chi Lin is truly extraordinary!"

Ling Yunzhi sighed deeply.

Everyone knew that given Ye Fan's current state, these two young imperial kings stepping onto the stage would be killed.

Although Chi Lin's actions seemed to lose face, he preserved the lives of these two young imperial kings. Otherwise, once they took the stage, it would be beyond his control.

Moreover, the Demon Clan was clearly bound to lose and had no face to lose. Chi Lin's words saved the lives of the two young imperial kings, which can be considered as earning something.

"It's over, the Demon Clan doesn't even have the courage for one last fight!"

The Human Race erupted in cheers, like a tsunami, celebrating this hard-won victory.

While cheering, they all simultaneously set their sights on the lone figure on the battle stage.

The only figure!

Chapter 1790 - The Blood-Stained Road

"Although we lost, I still have a request."

Just as the crowd was cheering for victory, the Quasi-Demon Emperor Chi Lin led a large number of Demon Clan Demon Kings to the Holy War Platform. Looking at everyone, he spoke calmly.

"What request? As long as it's not excessive, I think we can still agree to it."

Elder Lin spoke on behalf of the Human Race, conversing across the distance with Chi Lin.

"I admit that according to our agreement, we lost, and will naturally continue to lie low and not fight you for control of this world. But we also cannot remain aloof from worldly affairs like before."

"Because this is a great era. The Immortal Path will open, and our Demon Clan will never let this opportunity slip by!"

Chi Lin said in a deep voice, "My request is that when certain Secret Realms emerge, our Demon Clan must also participate in exploring them and jointly compete for fortunes."

"In addition, some of our young Cultivators must enter the Xing Kong Gu Road to temper themselves!"

"If you agree, we will stop here. Otherwise, I would rather bear the infamy of breaking the pact and launch an all-out war!!"

"I alone cannot make this decision. I need to discuss it with the other Saints before I can give you an answer!"

Hearing this, Elder Lin pondered for a moment and gave his reply.

"Very well!"

Chi Lin said, "Discuss it quickly. I'll wait here for your answer. I hope you don't disappoint me. After all, I don't wish to see this world's living beings plunged into misery, rivers of blood flowing."

A threat, a naked threat!

Chi Lin was forcing the Humans to make concessions.

The Demon Clan had always racked their brains to start a war. Their goal was not to wipe out Humans completely, but to seize back control of this world and rekindle their former glory.

Now, though they had been defeated and lost the contest, the Immortal Path was about to open, and they absolutely refused to give up this chance.

This little scheme of the Demon Clan was something Elder Lin and the others were well aware of; they simply hadn't laid it bare!

Back at the Yuan Su river on the edge of War City, Elder Lin conveyed Chi Lin's words to the Old Bastard, the Sloppy Elder, and the Heroic Lords of the various major forces.

"Absolutely impossible!"

"If they want war, then war it is!"

The crowd instantly exploded!

Some radical Heroic Lords believed they could not agree. Otherwise, the Demon Clan would surely push their advantage; this opening must not be made.

"The Demon Clan's request actually isn't too excessive. We can take a step back."

"That's right, this request has negligible impact on us Humans. Why force a mutual destruction??"

Most of the Heroic Lords were still very rational. They knew the Demon Clan would never give up this chance to Prove Dao and become Immortal. Once pushed into a corner, the Demon Clan might truly burn their boats.

That was not an outcome they wished to see.

It could be said that this peace had not come easily. If not for Ye Fan single-handedly withstanding the Demon Clan's young generation of kings, the result would likely have been far worse than it was now.

Although Humans had won the contest and gained a thousand years of peace and stability, in truth, the current Human Race was nothing but a paper Tiger: it looked frightening, but could not really fight.

After hearing the rational faction's words, those radical Heroic Lords also realized this.

This was a golden great era. In the younger generation of the Human Race, heroes emerged in copious numbers, and all kinds of long-lost inheritances appeared. Humanity would usher in a brilliant great age.

But this was likewise a cruel great age. With all manner of physiques and long-lost inheritances emerging, they would, without a doubt, clash and spark dazzling flames.

Especially since this life was a great era of Proving Dao. The influence left behind by the Nine Heavens Xuan Emperor had completely vanished and would no longer suppress others from Proving Dao.

This was also a great era in which an opportunity to become Immortal appeared. After deductions by the various Great Emperors and Demon Emperors, the Immortal Path would inevitably open within this thousand years.

Cultivators cut off Hongchen, cultivate with a pure heart and few desires, and grow strong amid loneliness and solitude—for what? Is it not for eternal life and soaring to the Immortal Realm?

Becoming Immortal, Proving Dao—this is the ultimate dream of every Cultivator, something no Cultivator is willing to miss, be they Human Race or Demon Clan.

If they truly severed all hope, the Demon Clan might indeed burn their boats and fight the Human Race to mutual destruction.

If things really developed to that point, the Xuan Realm would be awash in blood, and both the Human Race and Demon Clan would suffer grievous losses of Primordial Qi!

Under such circumstances, if Human-shaped creatures were to reappear and a dark uprising erupted, both the Human Race and Demon Clan would be in danger!

In the end, after arduous negotiations, the Heroic Lords of all major forces reached a unified consensus: they would agree to the conditions raised by Chi Lin.

The Demon Clan could explore the unearthed Secret Realms.

As for the younger generation geniuses entering the Xing Kong Gu Road to temper themselves, there was nothing unacceptable about that either. Opportunity is equal to everyone; it depends on whether you can seize it and how much you can comprehend.

In addition, the various Heroic Lords put forward a rule of the game: the older generation strong people on both sides must not bully the young with the old, must not carry out acts of extermination to strangle the other side's geniuses. Otherwise, it would be a fight to the death.

When Elder Lin conveyed the result of the discussions and the suggestions of the Heroic Lords to Chi Lin, Chi Lin agreed readily. He too feared that Human strong people would commit acts of extermination and cut off the Demon Clan's young geniuses.

This rule provided excellent protection for the young geniuses of both sides. The future belonged to these young people.

Especially given that their older generation strong people could not casually emerge, it made the younger generation's training all the more perilous.

Rather than saying this proposal protected the Human Race's young geniuses, it would be better to say it benefitted their Demon Clan more. Chi Lin fully understood this logic; that was why he agreed so readily.

The agreement was set, both sides swore with blood, and the younger generation of the Demon Clan could emerge and enter the Xing Kong Gu Road together with the younger generation of the Human Race to temper themselves and vie for opportunities.

After the grand ceremony, the Demon Clan retreated their army in extreme frustration and continued to lie dormant.

Meanwhile, the Human cultivators were all beaming with joy; every face showed the ease and delight of a heavy burden lifted.

The news quickly spread to every corner of the Five Domains, and people all came to know the course and outcome of this battle.

Amid the cheering, Ye Fan also became the hero of the entire Human Race, his fame unrivaled for a time.

Everyone knew very well that if Ye Fan had not, at the last moment, stood alone against the five young kings of the Demon Clan, the result might have been entirely different.

With the Demon Clan retreating, War City on the borderlands was festooned with lanterns and decorations everywhere, lively beyond compare. All taverns, teahouses, restaurants, dining halls, Gambling Houses, and even pleasure establishments were free of charge. The whole city celebrated wildly to commemorate this great victory.

And as the meritorious ones of this contest, Elder Lin, the Old Bastard, Ye Fan and the others received the highest treatment and became heroes of the entire Human Race.

Especially Ye Fan, who could truly be said to have turned the tide when all seemed lost; when the Human Race's morale had sunk to rock bottom, he used his domineering might that swept the world to win back confidence and prestige for the Human Race.

Although in terms of the Imperial Academy's foundation, Elder Lin, the Old Bastard, Seng Dao Yan and the others far surpassed Ye Fan in strength, they could not match him in popularity.

The reason was very simple: if Ye Fan had not struck with overwhelming force at the critical moment and suppressed the rampant arrogance of the Demon Clan, the outcome now would likely be completely different.

All of a sudden, Ye Fan became the hero of the Human Race, a celebrity in War City. Wherever he went, crowds of Cultivators would gather to watch.

In the end, it was the Great Demon and the others who, under the pretext of a gathering, dragged Ye Fan away, thus sparing him further embarrassment of being surrounded.

The two of them went up to a restaurant, ordered some dishes and wine, and the Great Demon spoke up: "Let's eat first. When they get here, we'll let them order more."

Just as he said that, footsteps came from the stairway, and the first to appear before them was the gleaming bald head of the Buddha, Yu chanzi.

Right after, Yaling, Princess Yue Bai, Sikong Po, Shi Ye and the others also arrived. Sikong Po, full of swagger, directly tossed out a fist-sized top-grade spirit stone and booked the entire floor.

The other patrons in the restaurant, upon learning that Ye Fan and the others were gathering here, all consciously took their leave. The spacious third floor suddenly felt much emptier.

"Brother Ye Fan, we really owe you this time. If you hadn't turned the tide, we'd probably already be at war with the Demon Clan by now!" Yue Haoyu said with deep emotion.

"That's right. If Ye Fan-gege hadn't, with his own strength, won five battles in a row and dealt a huge blow to the Demon Clan's arrogant momentum, they absolutely wouldn't have conceded so easily." Princess Yue Bai chimed in as well, her beautiful eyes flashing with a brilliant light.

"This isn't my Merit alone; it's the result of everyone's efforts together."

Ye Fan spoke modestly, then raised his cup. "To our victory, let's drink!"

"Yes, yes, yes, drink first."

Everyone hurriedly raised their cups. The wine was fine and mellow, sweet and smooth, with an endless aftertaste.

After learning that Ye Fan had come to his restaurant for a gathering, the owner spared no expense and had people bring out a thousand-year-old aged brew.

The hero of the Human Race and his friends had come to his restaurant for a small get-together—he could not afford to make it seem shabby.

With three rounds of wine and five courses of dishes, everyone's tongues loosened, and they chatted freely about all sorts of strange news and anecdotes from the Cultivation World.

On the faces of Yaling, Princess Yue Bai, and Ling Ziyuan, the three girls, there was a seductive blush. Their eyes, when they looked at Ye Fan, were bright and limpid, full of unspeakable coy charm.

"Brother Ye Fan, what are your plans from now on?"

Usually as silent as a gourd, Li Yu'er also became lively after drinking a lot of good wine. With his arm slung over the Great Demon's shoulder, he asked Ye Fan.

Li Yu'er's talent was mediocre, but he obtained Clumsy Fist's inheritance, and with the most ordinary kind of talent cultivated to the Early Lord Realm. His Combat Power was astonishing. He was definitely someone of great perseverance who could endure loneliness.

Ye Fan pondered for a moment and said, "I don't really have any plans for now, but once the Xing Kong Gu Road opens, I'll definitely go and give it a try."

The Xing Kong Gu Road...

Everyone could not help but feel a distant yearning. Aside from Ye Fan, everyone present had an extraordinary background, and the powers they belonged to all had ancient lineages. Naturally, they had heard some of the Cultivation World's hidden secrets.

The Xing Kong Gu Road was a supreme trial road opened up by the strong people of the Human Race before the Taigu era, and at the same time, it was also the most dangerous Ancient Road.

The Xing Kong Gu Road was strewn with corpses. Many Heavenly Pride figures never returned after entering it, their bones buried in desolate Star Domains.

In the history of the Human Race, many Great Emperors had once ventured onto this supreme trial road and obtained immense opportunities.

Back then, the reason the Nine Heavens Xuan Emperor was able to Prove Dao and become Emperor Cheng under circumstances where it seemed most impossible to Proving Dao had an enormous connection to the Xing Kong Gu Road.

It was said that he did not enter from the entrance, but instead forced his way in, ultimately seizing creation against the heavens, obtaining everything he desired, defeating all opponents along the Xing Kong Gu Road, and finally Proving Dao amid the endless starry skies.

"The Nine Heavens Xuan Emperor truly defied the heavens..."

Ye Fan, unexpectedly learning such a piece of information, could not help but stare blankly, his mind drifting, filled with boundless longing and yearning for this supreme trial road.

The Xing Kong Gu Road was filled with all kinds of dangers and opportunities. Previously, only young strong people recommended by the major powers were qualified to step onto this supreme trial road.

It was likewise a road full of the unknown. Some people could return alive in just a year, coming back in force.

While others fell forever beyond the domains, their bones buried in foreign lands.

One could say it was a blood-stained road. From ancient times to the present, of all who stepped upon it, very few managed to come back alive.

Of course, any who did return alive were all existences that stunned the ages. Even if they ultimately failed to Proving Dao, they could still protect a clan's prosperity for thousands of years!