

Y Master 1831

Chapter 1831: Leave Your Last Words—I'll Send You on Your Way!

"The center of the brow cracked open, the Heavenly Prince's primordial spirit suffered a devastating blow!"

"Has the Heavenly Prince been defeated??"

The Demon Clan's ranks fell into a dead silence.

Just now, the Heavenly Prince had unleashed a forbidden secret technique left by the Sky Demon Emperor, seemingly about to slay Ye Fan, but unexpectedly ended in a crushing defeat, injuring his primordial source.

This filled the hearts of the Demon Clan cultivators with a foreboding — this battle was clearly about to conclude!

"Finally going to slay the Prince Gou!" Hu Fei howled excitedly to the sky.

Ye Fan lived up to expectations, representing the entire younger generation of the Human Race, defeating and severely injuring the Heavenly Prince, avenging Wenren Jing and the Ancient Saint, avenging all the fallen young Human Race cultivators.

"Phew~"

Yaling, Princess Yue Bai, and Ling Ziyuan all let out a sigh of relief, finally easing a heart that had been suspended.

"Victory?"

Clad in white, with crystalline strands of hair, the Ancient Immortal outside the crowd showed a face that changed multiple times, his voice filled with shock and disbelief.

Most Human Race cultivators cheered and celebrated, the Old Bastard showing a gratified smile on his face, and the Old Manor Master of Spirit Manor stroked his beard and smiled.

The Demon Clan's ranks were completely silent, everyone stunned, unable to believe that the Heavenly Prince, having used the Sky Demon Emperor's secret technique, was defeated, and his primordial spirit severely damaged!

"The Sky Demon Emperor, throughout his life, was never weaker than others. He could even slay human-shaped creatures of the same realm. If you cannot stand up and carve your own invincible emperor's path, then you're unworthy to be his descendant!"

Chi Lin suddenly shouted, his voice shaking the world.

"In the past, the Sky Demon Emperor slew his most formidable opponent here. Today, you can also carve out your own invincible emperor's path because you are his direct progeny. Do not fail the Sky Demon Emperor's hope of sealing you to this era!"

The entire Sky Demon Clan shouted in unison.

This was a cry that made people shiver, causing the whole land to tremble!

"Hahaha..."

Suddenly, Ye Fan laughed up to the sky, his entire being, including his hair, sparkling with a crystalline light. The rising morning sun gave him a layer of golden light, making him, not previously tall and imposing, appear majestic and mighty, with an aura capable of swallowing mountains and rivers.

"Separated by a realm, he is still not my opponent. If we were the same realm, I would kill him like slaughtering a dog!"

Ye Fan's voice was like metal clashing, sonorous and powerful, echoing throughout heaven and earth.

"Yes, he's only at the Mid-Stage of the Lord Realm, just barely breaking through, a whole realm below the Heavenly Prince!"

In the crowd, it was unknown who shouted, suddenly shaking everyone present.

And all the Demon Clan cultivators were silent.

Because, this was an undeniable fact. The Heavenly Prince, unmatched in bloodline, possessing the cultivation techniques and martial arts, secret techniques of the Sky Demon Emperor, yet still lost despite being a realm higher!

What does this mean?

It means that if Ye Fan were of the same realm as the Heavenly Prince, he could indeed easily slay him.

This... is something all Demon Clan cultivators are unwilling to believe, and something they cannot accept!

All along, Demon Clan cultivators have always regarded Human Race cultivators as ants, unless they can reach the Saint Lord Level in cultivation, otherwise, in the same realm, Human Race is never a match for the Demon Clan.

However—

At this moment, Ye Fan demonstrated through action that even in the same realm, the Demon Clan has nothing to boast about.

All eyes focused!

At this moment, everyone's gaze gathered on that tall and heroic young man in the field, each one's heart moved, filled with shock, as if looking at a future Great Emperor.

Ye Fan, enveloped in a layer of golden sacred light, walked across the plain, step by step towards the Heavenly Prince, the sound of his footsteps resonating in everyone's hearts, rhythmic, like the beating of heavenly drums!

"The Sky Demon Emperor cut down the most formidable enemy of his life here, thus proving the Dao. You are his direct progeny, with his supreme emperor blood flowing through your veins; why can't you stand up and kill the enemy!?"

A demon king in the Sky Demon Clan roared loudly, his voice echoing throughout the heavens and earth, shaking each person to their core.

This unparalleled Dao shout was deafening, inherently containing the Tao power of heaven and earth, with a highly specific aim, clearly trying to awaken the Heavenly Prince's invincible Martial Arts Will.

The Human Race cultivators shuddered, although there was a long-standing agreement between the Human and Demon Clans that older generation strong people must not interfere in the young generation's grievances, but who could guarantee they indeed would not take action?

At this moment, many demon kings from the powerful combat tribes of the Demon Clan on Chi Yue Ridge were watching the battle, causing those concerned about Ye Fan, who held hope, to feel a bit heavy-hearted, breeding a sense of ominous foreboding.

Hmm?

Ye Fan's heart trembled slightly, was this demon king from the Sky Demon Clan trying to awaken Yuangu's fighting spirit, or was it a hidden warning for him not to make a move?

This was a life-and-death battle, with prior agreements before the duel, no one could interfere, everything must be resolved by strength — the winner lives, the loser dies!

"Ah..."

The Heavenly Prince let out a mournful cry, his hair disheveled.

Then, he stood up straight, his brow cracked, blood constantly oozing from his eyes, the Dao Transformation Divine Sword destroyed, his Divine Soul suffered a fatal blow.

"I lost, I actually lost to an ant, I am unwilling!"

The Heavenly Prince's low howl, his invincible Dao heart and Martial Arts Will completely shattered, even if he survives, his future cultivation will struggle to advance.

"Unwillingness cannot change the outcome, leave your last words, and I'll send you on your way!"

Ye Fan, wielding the Immortal Stele, stood not far from the Heavenly Prince, expressionlessly speaking.

"Heh heh..."

The Heavenly Prince emitted a chilling owl-like laughter, coldly saying: "Do you really think I can't kill you? I just don't want to perish together with you. Since you think I'm doomed, then let us have one last battle, if I lose, I vanish forever, if I win, I take you with me to the Netherworld!"

"The Netherworld is your path to walk, my path is the supreme Emperor's Road, let me send you on your way!" Ye Fan fiercely swung the Immortal Stele towards the Heavenly Prince, unwilling to give him another chance.

"Swish!"

A starry sky seemed to appear in front of the Heavenly Prince, isolating him from Ye Fan. The Immortal Stele crashed into this starry sky, shattering countless stars, and stopped only when it was close to the Heavenly Prince.

"Burn the bloodline, assist me in killing the enemy!"

The Heavenly Prince growled word by word, his voice thunderous, making many people's ears bleed and go deaf.

"No..."

The people of the Sky Demon Clan screamed in alarm. This was a forbidden secret technique created by the Sky Demon Emperor in the final Chapters, which the current Heavenly Prince couldn't possibly wield. If he forcibly performed it, he would be ruined; even if he managed to slay Ye Fan, he would undoubtedly die himself.

The Heavenly Prince, possessing the purest bloodline of the Sky Demon Emperor, would unleash power capable of destroying heaven and earth once ignited.

"Ah..."

The Heavenly Prince ignited like a human-shaped torch, a phantom appearing behind him, dominating the Nine Heavens and Ten Earths.

"Boom..."

At this moment, an unsurpassed aura of the Demon Emperor pervaded, as if traversing across ancient times, once again reigning over the earth!

"Sky Demon Emperor!"

Everyone was dumbfounded, no one expected the Heavenly Prince to have such a trump card. After burning his bloodline, he summoned a phantom of his father. How could anyone fight against this?

"Kill!"

The Heavenly Prince roared, shaking mountains and rivers, charged forward. The phantom of the Sky Demon Emperor behind him moved in sync, with an unstoppable momentum, causing many to worship on the spot.

In the face of an Ancient Emperor, unless protected by an Emperor Weapon or being a Quasi-Emperor like the Old Bastard, one couldn't withstand such Imperial Dao pressure and would inevitably be influenced.

Although it was just a phantom, it carried a thread of the Sky Demon Emperor's pressure, including his bloodline pressure, to an extreme terror.

Having used this technique, the Heavenly Prince's bloodline essence was entirely depleted. Even if he killed his opponent, he had no way to survive.

Extreme Imperial Might, irresistible, Ye Fan's whole body was almost cracking, enduring immense pressure, resisting arduously.

"Buzz!"

Under the gigantic pressure of Extreme Imperial Might, the Nine Heavens Mysterious Crown automatically exuded a wisp of Divine Light, resisting the Extreme Imperial Might of the Sky Demon Emperor.

"Die!"

The Heavenly Prince roared madly, pressing forward with a giant hand, the phantom of the Sky Demon Emperor behind him duplicating the motion, the enormous palm covering the sky, unavoidable, only to be resisted with force.

At this moment, Ye Fan was surprisingly calm. Elder Xuan bestowed upon him the Xuandi Fist and Nine Heavens Profound Skill, but didn't teach him any secrets of the Nine Heavens Xuan Emperor.

Transforming one into a thousand, all secret techniques can be used, the Eternal Slaughter Emperor terrified an entire Chaotic Ancient Era, Ye Fan began to evolve the secret techniques of the Eternal Slaughter Emperor.

"Boom!"

A fierce aura of the Great Emperor spread, Ye Fan seemed to transform into the Eternal Slaughter Emperor, proving Dao through slaughter, suppressing the Nine Heavens and Ten Earths.

"Buzz!"

Ye Fan greeted it with a palm, the Holy Embryo automatically appeared, divine like a demon, mirroring his action, withstanding the ultimate strike of the Heavenly Prince.

Then, he once again used the Ten Thousand Transformation Saint Technique to evolve the Immortal Stele Scattering Hand, a real black Immortal Stele appeared again.

"This..."

Everyone was stunned!

On the one hand, Ye Fan emitted the aura of a Great Emperor, resisting the Extreme Imperial Might.

Moreover, Ye Fan once again manifested a stone tablet with terrifying power to fight the enemy!

No one knew, just at this moment, in the endlessly distant Star Domain, the eternally existing Immortal Stele in the Immortal Secret Realm suddenly emitted a light and quietly disappeared into the starry sky.

"Buzz!"

The Immortal Stele in Ye Fan's palm shone brightly, mysterious runes flickering, the phantom of the Sky Demon Emperor was hit back by the Immortal Stele, then merged into the blood of the Heavenly Prince, stunning everyone, leaving them speechless.

"Burn the bloodline, assist me in killing the enemy!"

The Heavenly Prince screamed, wanting to re-evolve this secret technique.

This was his last resort. If he couldn't kill Ye Fan, he would undoubtedly die.

However—

Ye Fan didn't give him that opportunity. His entire body's blood and Qi roared, the center of his brow cracked open, and the Heavenly Tao Seal, condensed from his Divine Soul, flew out.

Ye Fan fiercely smashed with the Immortal Stele in his right hand, his left hand executed the Xuandi Fist containing the True Meaning of the Heavenly Slaying Seven Divine Spear's Great Destruction, the Heavenly Tao Seal poised menacingly, delivering an unparalleled strike unprecedented in ancient times.

"Puff!"

Flesh flew, the body of the Heavenly Prince fragmented inch by inch, his Divine Soul swiftly escaped, terrified beyond measure!

"I am the Heavenly Prince, if you kill me, you won't survive either!"

At this moment, the Heavenly Prince was finally afraid, fleeing in panic, sensing his impending demise today.

Ye Fan didn't waste a word, the Immortal Stele in his hand smashed heavily, directly pounding back the Divine Soul of the Heavenly Prince, and the Heavenly Tao Seal condensed from his Divine Soul fell, suppressing the Heavenly Prince underneath in an instant.

"Buzz!"

The Heavenly Tao Seal emitted Infinite Holy Light, Divine Soul Flames burned, aiming to completely annihilate the Divine Soul of the Heavenly Prince.

"Save me! I don't want to die!"

The Heavenly Prince screamed in terror, feeling his Divine Soul rapidly being obliterated, soon to completely dissipate into nothingness.

Chapter 1832: Life and Death Are Predestined

"Stop!"

The Ancestor King of the Sky Demon Clan strode forward, releasing a terrifying Saint Lord-level might, trying to force Ye Fan not to deliver the killing blow to the Heavenly Prince.

The Heavenly Prince was the future and hope of the Sky Demon Clan, and also the sole descendant of their forebear. If he were to fall in battle, they would have no way to answer to the spirit of the Sky Demon Emperor in heaven.

"Life-and-death duel—life and death each rest in the hands of fate; no one may interfere!"

At this moment, the Immortal Academy Director Old Immortal stepped out, blocking that Sky Demon Clan Ancestor King, completely isolating his aura.

"If the Heavenly Prince dies, my Demon Clan will never rest until we are dead enemies with your Human Race!"

The Ancestor King of the Sky Demon Clan erupted with a powerful War Intent all over his body.

The Heavenly Prince's life was hanging by a thread; he could not help but be anxious. However, in terms of strength, he was not a match for the Old Bastard.

He possessed only the power of a Supreme Holy Master, whereas the Old Bastard had already stepped into the Quasi-Emperor Realm, and had even Proven Dao as a Quasi-Emperor after the great change of heaven and earth. His strength was unfathomable.

"Chi Lin, are you just going to watch with your eyes open as His Majesty the Heavenly Prince is slain?"

Knowing he was no match for the Old Bastard, this Sky Demon Clan Ancestor King's face was ashen as he looked toward the Quasi-Demon Emperor Chi Lin, hoping Chi Lin would act to save the Heavenly Prince.

Chi Lin's expression flickered again and again. He glanced at Elder Lin in the Human Race's camp, and in the end, as if making some great decision, spoke in a righteous, solemn tone: "A fair battle—life and death each rest in fate; no one may interfere."

"You..."

The face of that Sky Demon Clan Ancestor King turned deathly pale. He knew the Heavenly Prince was finished.

A life-and-death duel—this had been proposed by the Heavenly Prince himself!

However—

Neither the Heavenly Prince himself, nor any of the Demon Clan including him, had ever imagined that the Heavenly Prince, while holding an absolute advantage, would be reversed by Ye Fan!

"Ah..."

The Divine Soul of the Heavenly Prince let out a resentful, miserable scream, then was suppressed and killed by the Heavenly Dao Seal condensed from Ye Fan's Divine Soul, completely ground into nothingness.

"I abandoned everything—kin, friends, beloved confidantes—coming alone into this era to Prove Dao, and yet I failed..."

This was the Heavenly Prince's final wisp of lingering obsession. Then it completely dissipated between heaven and earth, vanishing forever. A gust of wind blew past, and nothing remained.

The strongest among the Demon Clan's younger generation—the Heavenly Prince—was dead. His ambition, his aspirations, his unwillingness, all dispersed with the wind.

This man, filled with wild ambition, bearing a deep hatred for the Human Race, intent on restoring the Demon Clan's former glory, in the end had his spear break and sink into the sands, failing to continue the Demon Clan's splendor.

"You lacked the breadth of an Emperor. You wanted to kill me; I cannot pity you."

Ye Fan shook his head with a light sigh. He did not further erase the Heavenly Prince's shattered corpse, because it was no longer necessary.

Dawn broke. The surging morning sun illuminated heaven and earth, yet Chi Yue Ridge appeared somewhat desolate and barren. A chilly wind swept over the wasteland-like ground; the curtain had fallen on everything.

Ye Fan had won, yet he felt none of the joy that a victor should. The Heavenly Prince's final words, that last remnant of his Divine Soul, had deeply moved him.

Strictly speaking, he and the Heavenly Prince were the same kind of person. The Heavenly Prince had been sealed since the Ancient Times, discarding kinship, friendship, and love!

And how was Ye Fan any different?

Alone he came to this utterly unfamiliar world, casting aside kinship, friendship, and love, walking in solitude along this Cultivation path paved with blood and bones.

Everyone is the protagonist of their own life, each with stories unknown to others.

The Heavenly Prince could hardly be called weak. Not to mention among the younger generation—even among the Emperor's sons, he was one of the strongest existences. It was only because their stances differed, their paths diverged, that he and Ye Fan fought a life-and-death duel.

There was no talk of right or wrong. In the end, he merely became one more scattering of bones along the Emperor Road. His love and hate, his joys and sorrows, all his aspirations, ended there.

This is the merciless road of Proving Dao—abandoning, letting go, casting off kin and true feelings, yet in the end possibly achieving nothing, gaining nothing, using one's own blood and bones to fulfill others, making wedding clothes for another, leaving behind only a song of sorrow.

In this very same place, during the Ancient Times, a similar event occurred. Two heaven-defying prodigies fought a life-and-death duel, a Peak battle between Young Saint Emperors, causing the myriad heavens to boil.

In that battle, the Sky Demon Emperor won, defeating the strongest enemy of his life, and from then on walked the road of Proving Dao. A million years later, a new cycle began, yet his descendant was defeated, body perishing and Dao extinguished.

The road of Proving Dao is just this cruel. If you cannot become the strongest of your realm, you have no right to step onto this path filled with blood and slaughter!

"Heavenly Prince..."

After a brief stupor, a wail of grief erupted from the Demon Clan's camp.

The Heavenly Prince was the spiritual leader of the Demon Clan's younger generation; now he had been slain by Ye Fan, causing the Demon Clan youth to feel their faith collapsing in an instant.

For a time, the entire Demon Clan's momentum dropped to freezing point. Every Demon Clan cultivator felt ice-cold throughout their bodies.

In contrast, the Human Race's morale soared, yet the Human cultivators did not cheer aloud.

Because they were worried. The Sky Demon Clan held immense influence within the Demon Clan as a whole. Now that the Heavenly Prince was dead, how could they possibly let this matter rest?

It had to be said, in this battle Ye Fan had once again won honor for the Human Race, upholding the dignity of Human cultivators. Many Holy Lands and the Wu Shang Sect felt deeply grateful to him.

However—

The Gu Family, and certain clans and Sects from the Northern East Domain such as the Li Family and Zhou Family, who had irreconcilable hatred with Ye Fan, all wore expressions so dark they could no longer be described.

What shocked them most was that Ye Fan had actually unleashed the Eternal Slaughter Emperor's secret technique; this made them restless and ill at ease.

Originally, Ye Fan had already obtained the inheritances of the Nine Heavens Xuan Emperor and the Thunder Venerable master—that was already a heaven-defying stroke of fortune—now he had gained the Eternal Slaughter Emperor's deadly techniques as well. If he were allowed to grow, he would surely bring them a catastrophic disaster in the future!

What scared them even more was Ye Fan's speed of growth. In just a few short years, he had advanced from an ordinary Little Cultivator to this level; his rate of advancement was simply terrifying.

"This youth cannot be allowed to live!"

The Clan Leaders and Sect Saints who bore hatred toward Ye Fan all secretly made up their minds at the same time: no matter the cost, they had to kill him before he fully matured; otherwise the consequences would be unimaginable.

"Kill him and avenge the Heavenly Prince!"

At the same time, the entire Sky Demon Clan let out unwilling, furious roars. Many figures shot into the air, killing intent soaring to the heavens, surging toward Ye Fan like a great torrent; Chi Yue Ridge was filled with a grim chill, like autumn winds sweeping away fallen leaves.

Demon Energy pierced the sky, murderous intent rolled like thunder!

Many within the Sky Demon Clan felt their hearts dripping blood. The Heavenly Prince was the own son of the Sky Demon Emperor, sealed into this era only to Proving Dao and become Immortal, yet he had died just like this. They felt as if they had lost a priceless treasure, as if ten thousand years of fortune had slipped from their grasp.

"The Heavenly Prince cannot die in vain; this Human Race must pay with his life!"

A roar burst from the Demon Clan's camp at Chi Yue Ridge, clearly trying to incite some Saint Lord Level strong people to strike and annihilate Ye Fan in order to avenge the Heavenly Prince.

"Buzz!"

A huge azure hand reached out from the Void, emanating a trace of a Saint's pressure, slapping straight toward Ye Fan, intent on wiping him out.

Ye Fan's hands moved, unleashing the Ten Thousand Transformation Saint Technique; two Dao Transformation Divine Swords manifested and slashed toward that azure hand, blocking it while he himself stepped on the Chasing Star Step, retreating at high speed.

That azure giant hand was also wary of the Dao Transformation Divine Sword—after all, this was the Sky Demon Emperor's Forbidden Secret Technique—but what shocked its owner most was that Ye Fan actually knew it as well. This... how was this possible?

"What are you still dazing around for? Cut down this Human Race ant and avenge the Heavenly Prince!"

In the Demon Clan's camp, Cultivators from many powerful battle races all shouted loudly.

At the same time, Holy Might descended. Several giant hands thrust out from the Void, each carrying the fluctuations of the Saint Lord Level, sealing off the Void, attempting to utterly kill Ye Fan.

"I fought a life-and-death battle with your Heavenly Prince; life and death were left to fate. What is the meaning of this from you?"

Ye Fan swept a cold gaze over the giant hands emerging from the Void and asked.

"You dare kill the heir of the Sky Demon Emperor—ten thousand deaths would not atone. How could you possibly be allowed to live? Use your lowly life to repay it!" In the end, a total of eight giant hands descended. They were not true Saints, but were already infinitely close.

"How bold!"

The Old Bastard and the Treasure Pavilion's Sloppy Elder struck at the same time, blasting out a field of Mystic Light that shook all eight giant hands back.

Then, the Old Bastard took his stand in front of Ye Fan, coldly sweeping his gaze over the Demon Clan's camp as he said, "The fair duel has already concluded. Do you truly wish to tear up the agreement and go to war with our Human Race?"

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

...

The Sloppy Elder was even more straightforward. His fingers flicked repeatedly and streaks of Mystic Light pierced through the Void; dozens of people in the Demon Clan's camp screamed as they exploded into blood mist, body and soul annihilated. These were precisely the ones who had just been fanning the flames in secret; not a single one was left alive.

This move made the Demon Clan involuntarily suck in a cold breath. When a Quasi-Emperor struck, who could resist? Although the Demon Clan also had a Quasi-Demon Emperor, with the Old Bastard eyeing him like a tiger, he did not dare act rashly.

"Is the agreement that both sides must not strangle each other's geniuses going to become nothing but a scrap of paper?"

The Old Bastard stared fixedly at the Ancestor King of the Sky Demon Clan, his eyes blazing with light, and then said, "If so, then don't blame our Human Race for being rude!"

"Rude? What can you do? At worst, we'll fight a war!"

The Ancestor King of the Sky Demon Clan let out a cold laugh; he had already prepared himself to go to war with the Human Race at any cost.

"This battle is over. Let everything end here."

Chi Lin, the Quasi-Demon Emperor leading the Demon Clan, opened his mouth and spoke.

"You say it's over and it's over? Is the Heavenly Prince to die for nothing? My Sky Demon Clan absolutely will not agree. If we cannot cut down that Human Race ant who harmed the Heavenly Prince, my Sky Demon Clan will go to war without hesitation!" The Ancestor King of the Sky Demon Clan shouted loudly, his words filled with iron resolve.

"You dare!"

Chi Lin's eyes blazed with Golden Light as he stared fixedly at that Ancestor King, saying, "The life-and-death duel was agreed upon beforehand; life and death are decided by fate. Do you intend to drag the entire Demon Clan into the quagmire of war?"

"The peaceful coexistence of the Demon Clan and Human Race was agreed upon long ago. Our Demon Clan will never be the first to tear up the agreement!" Representing the entire Demon Clan, Chi Lin spoke with Zheng Zhong gravity.

Then he sighed softly and said, "This world belongs to the young. We old undyings should just enjoy our twilight years. I don't wish to stir up any more storms."

The world of the young, is it?

The next instant, everyone's gaze converged on Ye Fan.

Chapter 1833: Proactive Kiss

The battle at Chi Yue Ridge concluded with the death of the Heavenly Prince, a heavy blow to the entire Demon Clan.

The great battle ended, and the Demon Clan retreated, feeling incredibly humiliated!

They arrived full of confidence, thinking the Heavenly Prince's action could easily eliminate Ye Fan.

However—

The result was the Heavenly Prince's death. Although Ye Fan suffered severe injuries, his life was unimpeded and would recover with some rest.

"Ye Zi, I knew you could do it!"

Hu Fei excitedly approached, giving Ye Fan a big bear hug.

"Hehe..."

The Barbarian Shi Ye chuckled foolishly on the side, his messy hair trembling along with him.

"Brother Ye Fan, congratulations..."

Han Sandong and Sikong Po approached as well, and many disciples from the Immortal Academy surrounded Ye Fan as if stars encircled the moon.

Ye Fan's victory was met with joy by these brothers, each expressing gratitude and admiration towards him.

Among them, many had friends or relatives who died at the hands of the Demon Clan, naturally making them care more about this victory.

"Ye Fan..."

Yaling, Princess Yue Bai, and Ling Ziyuan also came forward. The three distinctive Holy Maidens gathered together, forming a strikingly beautiful scene.

Apart from them, heroic lords from various forces expressed their thanks to Ye Fan, acknowledging his outstanding contribution to the entire Human Race, worthy of their admiration.

"Let's go, let's go, don't ruin Ye Zi's moment!"

Hu Fei and Shi Ye whispered among themselves, persuading the crowd to leave, leaving space for Ye Fan and the three women, to let him deal with it alone.

"Ye Fan..."

Yaling was overwhelmed with emotion, her eyes filled with deep affection. Ignoring Princess Yue Bai and Ling Ziyuan, she leapt into Ye Fan's arms, hugging his solid chest, bringing her red lips close to Ye Fan's lips.

"Mmm..."

In full view, Yaling's face flushed with shyness, her heated lips pressing tightly against Ye Fan's, venting the surging emotions within her.

This scene left Princess Yue Bai and Ling Ziyuan completely stunned!

Their eyes flickered with envy, jealousy, and hate as they turned away, not daring to look further.

"Boom!"

Ye Fan's mind suddenly went blank, as if a suppressed desire ignited like a barrel of gunpowder, responding with a passionate kiss on Yaling's soft and boneless waist.

"Good!"

"Saintess Yaling indeed is a remarkable woman!"

"Is it a lifetime commitment with a kiss?"

The onlookers jeered, some shouted oddly, others whistled, the entire Chi Yue Ridge in jubilation.

Watching this, the Old Pavilion Master of Treasure Pavilion, Yayun Peak, beamed, silently saying to himself that his precious granddaughter Yaling had finally come to her senses.

Nowadays, good men are hard to find, youth of Ye Fan's caliber is even rarer, it's all about acting swiftly, if you're slow you miss out.

Princess Yue Bai and Ling Ziyuan were just frustrated, youthful modesty causing them to miss a wonderful romance.

However, it wasn't accidental—Yaling dared to gamble with the young royal demons with her life; they did not have the courage or confidence.

At this moment, the two regretted deeply, feeling powerless as they silently accepted the fact.

Others wanting to marry the clan's jewel to Ye Fan to bind him to their clan or Holy Land were equally frustrated.

It seemed hopeless; Ye Fan was thoroughly tied to the grand war chariot of Treasure Pavilion, already an immensely powerful force. If they secured Ye Fan, they would remain unshakeable for tens of thousands of years.

After a while, they separated, breathing heavily.

Yaling's face glowed with an intoxicating reddish hue, her eyes almost dripping with water, her gaze filled with charm and allure.

With the battle concluded, the Demon Clan left, and heroic lords from various Human Race forces also departed, realizing it was impossible to bind Ye Fan to their clan's war chariot; they could only strive to foster good relations with Ye Fan.

The Saint of the Eastern Domain Sikong Family smiled broadly, recognizing that despite having no jewel to entice Ye Fan, his heir Sikong Po was a close brother to Ye Fan.

Apparently, forming a brotherly bond with Ye Fan could be a viable path, beyond merely seeking marital alliances.

"Would you walk with me?"

Yaling calmed her surging heart, softly speaking to Ye Fan.

Ye Fan nodded, and the pair walked side by side towards the distance of Chi Yue Ridge.

Watching their departing figures, Yayun Peak smiled while stroking his beard, then boarded the Cloud Boat and left. Soon, all those who came to watch the battle departed, leaving the vast Chi Yue Ridge as silent as a graveyard.

Stream water babbled, bird calls echoed in the empty valley, the air filled with a faint, bitter sweet scent. Ancient trees towered, vines twisted like dragons, creating an elegant and serene environment.

Ye Fan and Yaling sat on the clean blue stone by the creek, hugging their knees, neither spoke, afraid of breaking the tranquil atmosphere.

"Splash!"

A golden carp leapt out of the creek, splashing a wave, then disappeared along the stream.

After a long time, it was Yaling who broke the silence first, asking softly, "This time upon your return, when will you embark on Xing Kong Gu Road?"

She knew Ye Fan would never give up this opportunity for refinement.

"Hasn't the Road of Stars already been opened once? Who knows when it will open again?" Ye Fan replied.

He indeed wished to set foot on Xing Kong Gu Road to temper himself, for his time was limited and he had to quickly enhance his strength.

He could wait, with his current cultivation, living for hundreds of years would be no problem, but can Su Liuli wait?

All along, he held a steadfast belief, that is, gathering all the materials to refine the Soul Gathering Pill to resurrect Su Liuli.

However, five years have passed, and he still hasn't managed to gather them all. Moreover, he can't casually return to Earth anymore. With his current cultivation, if he enters the space passage, it will surely incur the grinding of space laws, possibly even directly collapsing the passage, a risk he cannot take.

"The starting point of Xing Kong Gu Road is in the Emperor's Secret Realm of the Imperial Academy, it shouldn't be too hard to open."

Yaling said dejectedly, "I also want to embark on the road with you, but grandpa won't let me go. He says Xing Kong Gu Road is too difficult, the competition is extremely cruel, and with my current strength, I simply don't have the ability to protect myself. He wants me to retreat, re-cultivate all realms, and strive to cultivate each realm to the extreme. Only then might I have a shred of self-defense capability on Xing Kong Gu Road."

Saying this, Yaling was very unwilling, but she also understood, her grandpa meant well for her. Since Xing Kong Gu Road is said to be the strongest path of trial, those walking on this road are not just cultivators from this planet.

In the vast universe, boundless and endless, humans are not lonely. There are human cultivators on other Ancient Stars of Life, and even some other races also have Supreme Strongmen.

The whole universe, countless Ancient Stars of Life, countless strong people from various races vying for the only opportunity to prove Dao, competition is naturally very fierce.

Those who are not demon-level geniuses can't possibly make it to the end. Even the strongest young generation on this Ancient Star might die bloodily on the Ancient Road, burying their bones in a foreign land.

Ye Fan didn't know much about Xing Kong Gu Road, but he understood Yaling's grandfather had good intentions; the strongest trial road, without unparalleled strength of one's generation, setting foot is tantamount to seeking death.

"Promise me, no matter what situation you encounter, come back alive, I'll be waiting for you here!"

Yaling said emotionally, "Perhaps in the near future, I will also step onto Xing Kong Gu Road to follow your path!"

"Don't worry, I'll come back alive for sure!"

Ye Fan solemnly promised, for the woman who loved him deeply, for his mother Ling Yun, for his oath, he must come back alive.

Thinking of his mother, Ye Fan's eyes moistened. It's been five years, he had never given up searching for his mother for a moment.

Once, he almost brushed past his mother, but ultimately couldn't meet her, becoming his greatest regret.

Now, he has become famous in the Five Domains. As long as his mother is still in this world, she should know he has come to this world. Even if she doesn't believe it, she should appear to see for herself.

Yet now, his mother seems to have vanished from this world. Apart from once leaving a trace of aura near the space passage in Xuan Beast Forest, she has never appeared again.

"What are you thinking about?"

Yaling gently held Ye Fan's hand, asking softly.

"Nothing..."

Ye Fan snapped back to reality, looking at the beauty in front of him, the suppressed desires erupted, and he embraced her in his arms, his lips moving forward to kiss Yaling's warm and tender lips.

"Boom!"

Yaling was instantly enchanted by Ye Fan's masculine aura, her beautiful eyes gradually closed, long eyelashes trembling, breath quickened, her heart almost jumped out.

Kissing passionately, Yaling was flushed all over, the whole person softened in Ye Fan's arms, breathing softly, cheeks blushing, eyes shining, full of spring.

Seeing this scene, Ye Fan almost set up a Formation to battle Yaling in this wild mountain, yet a vague sense of unease arose, as if some great danger was about to descend.

"Swipe!"

Next moment.

The void suddenly cracked open, a man in black holding a slender sword, stabbing towards Ye Fan's head!

Chapter 1834: Hongchen, Time

The slender sword was entirely black, devoid of any reflection, yet it exuded an endless, chilling killing intent!

This was by no means an ordinary Spiritual Treasure, but a Big Killer infinitely close to a Holy Weapon, emanating terrifying waves, as if countless beings were wailing.

The person was skilled in assassination, hiding and sneaking in the void, enduring all the way until the moment Ye Fan was most relaxed to launch a fierce strike, which could be called a deadly attack.

Swish!

At this critical moment, Ye Fan sent Yaling into the Virtual Space, and then a black Ancient Shield Fragment appeared above his head, blocking the lethal strike of the Killing Sword.

"Dang!"

With a loud sound, the black Ancient Shield Fragment remained undamaged, not even a glimmer appeared, the Killing Sword stabbed on it but couldn't move forward at all.

"Buzz!"

Ye Fan swung his right hand, striking the young man in black with his palm, the golden palm entwined with purple Thunder Power, almost piercing through the void.

The young man in black also launched a punch, the black slender sword quivered, avoiding the black Shield Fragment, and thrusting towards Ye Fan's shoulder.

"Seeking death!"

Ye Fan coldly snorted, flipping his left hand, five fingers like hooks, grabbing towards the slender sword.

His body was invincible, able to intercept the Holy Weapon refined by a Saint Lord Level strong person with bare hands. This Killing Sword, though infinitely close to a Holy Weapon, was not a true Holy Weapon and could not harm his fingers.

"Bang!"

Ye Fan grabbed the sword aiming at his shoulder, while simultaneously exchanging punches with the young man in black.

"Ah..."

Blood splattered, the young man in black let out a miserable scream, his fist shattering inch by inch, invaded by Ye Fan's Thunder Power into his meridians.

"Bang!"

The young man in black showed a ferocious expression, decisively shattered his right arm to stop the invasion of Thunder Power, his figure blurred, attempting to meld into the void to escape.

"Since you're here, don't think about leaving!"

Ye Fan's fingers turned into a blade, slashing at the void, a blazing sword light flashed, the young man in black let out an earth-shattering scream, being split directly, his Divine Soul obliterated, dissipating in the world.

"Who wants to kill me?"

Ye Fan lowered his head in contemplation. It was obvious from the young man's skill in concealing his presence and his deadly strike that he was definitely sent by some assassin organization.

Ye Fan asked himself, he had never had contact with any assassin organization, let alone any enmity.

So undoubtedly, someone must have paid these assassins to kill him, but who could it be?

In an instant, Ye Fan thought of the Gu Family, Zhou Family, Li Family, and other clans with unresolved vendettas against him.

Simultaneously, he also thought of the Ling Family. Although the Ling Family Ancestor Ling Yunzhi sincerely wanted to invite him back to the clan, it did not mean the Ling Family wouldn't do such a thing, because Ling Yunzhi didn't agree to his terms.

"It's really a headache!"

Ye Fan gently rubbed his Taiyang point, assassin organizations are like maggots in the bones, once they accept a task, unless it's completed, they persistently stalk their target, always ready to deliver a fatal strike.

Ye Fan picked up the Killing Sword from the ground, seeing two ancient large characters engraved on the sword hilt, already blurred and indistinguishable.

Of course, mainly because he was not proficient in the ancient text of this world, coupled with the text on this Killing Sword being like a ghost talisman, it was really hard to discern.

If Elder Xuan were not in slumber, he might have recognized it, even the Bai Yan wolf might, given it was a sealed ancient monster from Ancient Times.

Then, he looked up to the void and said plainly, "Since you're here, show yourself! Or do I have to invite you out one by one?"

His keen intuition told him that there were still assassins hidden in the surrounding void, but he did not know exactly which piece of void they were in, otherwise he would never have spoken, instead, striking directly.

"Indeed, the young ones are to be feared, you could actually detect us!"

An elderly man clapped while walking out from the void.

This person had a thin face and a very ordinary appearance, the type that would be lost in a crowd, fitting the assassin's characteristics.

Assassins can't have too outstanding looks and must excel at hiding their aura.

With his appearance, the void in another direction also split open, several black-clothed young assassins walked out one after another, each exuding astonishing killing intent.

The elderly man's surroundings also saw the void cracking, one by one, young assassins appeared, forming two distinct camps, surrounding Ye Fan in the middle.

The two camps, a total of more than ten assassins, with strengths around the Mid-Stage of Lord Realm, led by two old assassins already at Lord Realm Peak, just a step away from breaking through into Venerable Realm, becoming Saint Lord Level strong people.

With such a line-up, let alone a Mid-Stage of Lord Realm little Cultivator, even a Saint Lord would frown.

"You must think highly of me to dispatch so many assassins to kill just one person, I truly feel honored!"

Ye Fan glanced around at the assassins, smirking as he spoke.

These assassins usually hide in the void like the first one to test him, whom Ye Fan had slain.

But now, they all revealed themselves because they felt it unnecessary to do otherwise—this set-up was an absolute kill; no matter how strong Ye Fan was, he had no chance of escaping this calamity!

Therefore, they were very relaxed, not even putting this battle in their hearts.

In their eyes, Ye Fan's strength was indeed strong, but he was not skilled in slaughter, whereas they excelled in assassination, and they had an absolute numerical advantage. The result was beyond suspense.

"To have both the Red Dust and Time Killer Sacred Lands simultaneously act to kill you, it's enough for you to be proud even if you die!"

The aged assassin leading the team said.

The surrounding dozen assassins laughed lightly together, their laughter filled with disdain and contempt. In their view, Ye Fan at this moment was just meat on the cutting board, allowing them to butcher.

Hmm?

Upon hearing the old assassin's words, Ye Fan's heart skipped a beat. The Red Dust Holy Land and Time Sanctum are two of the top three Assassin Sacred Lands in this world, ranking just below the Netherworld Assassin Sacred Land. Their legacy is even older than some Holy Lands and ancient families, making them the most troublesome.

In the vast red dust, I am the master!

This is people's evaluation of the Red Dust Assassin Sacred Land, and it is their creed. Whenever in the vast red dust, no one can evade their assassinations.

Taking orders to claim lives, the Red Dust Assassin organization once flourished, causing many cultivators to turn pale upon hearing their name. If targeted by them, it equates to being registered with King Yan.

However, what makes people most hate the Red Dust Killer Organization is not their way of slaughter, but that they even accept orders against ordinary people, and show no mercy to them.

This is also a key reason why the Red Dust Assassin Sacred Land is widely known, while the Time Killer Sanctuary and Netherworld Assassin Sacred Land are circulated among cultivators; only the Red Dust Killer Sacred Land, even ordinary people know about.

It can be said that the Red Dust Killer Sacred Land absolutely has the effect of silencing children; upon hearing the name Red Dust, even little children dare not cry at night.

In contrast to Red Dust Assassin Sacred Land, Time Killer Sanctuary appears much more low-key, but they also claim lives once they act, known never to have failed.

Don't believe? Look up. Who has time spared?

Even a generation of Heavenly Pride cannot withstand the erosion of time; time is the most merciless.

Time Killer Sanctuary precisely means this; no one can escape time's reckoning. Time Killer Sanctuary is also well-known among cultivators.

Of course, the most mysterious and powerful isn't these two Assassin Sacred Lands, but the Netherworld Assassin Sacred Land. Until now, no one knows where it actually is, rumored to be in the netherworld.

Of course, no one has found the Red Dust Killer Sacred Land and Time Killer Sanctuary either; otherwise, given they have assassinated so many descendants of various Holy Lands, they would have been eradicated long ago.

Even though the people of the Netherworld Killer Sacred Land did not come, such a formation is still astonishing!

"Another bitter battle is coming!"

Ye Fan sighed inwardly, fearing that today a tough fight is inevitable before he can leave.

He just fought fiercely with the Heavenly Prince, himself injured, his primordial source damaged, and Divine Power consumed very seriously. It can be said, he absolutely cannot compare with his peak state now.

"Can you tell me who exactly hired you to kill me, this dying person?" Ye Fan asked that old assassin.

"We assassins have rules, we must never disclose any information about our employer. After you die, I will burn it to you. For now, you can only be a confused ghost!"

The old assassin waved his hand, saying to the young assassins behind him, "I'll give you a chance to hone yourselves, kill him for me!"

"Such an opportunity is rare, you go forth as well, join together to execute him. Since our Time Killer Sanctuary has taken the order, we must complete it!"

An old assassin from another direction also waved his hand, immediately the two Assassin Sacred Lands' more than ten young assassins pressed towards Ye Fan collectively.

"Do you really think I'm a lamb waiting to be slaughtered? Today I'll ensure your arrival with no departure!"

Ye Fan let out a clear shout, his entire aura surged, strong qi and blood rushed out from the top of the skull like a dragon, shooting straight into the skies.

"Kill!"

Sensing things were not good, more than ten young assassins moved simultaneously, beams of Killing Light slashed towards Ye Fan****; each of them possessed Spiritual Treasures comparable to Holy Weapons, absolutely capable of instantly killing cultivators of the same realm.

"Buzz!"

Ye Fan's Mind moved, opening the Eight Phase World Domain, eight runes began rotating slowly around him, smothering all Killing Light with no strike able to penetrate the domain.

"The strength of Domain? Do you think only you have a Domain, we have them too!"

The assassins shouted in unison.

Immediately, they also unfolded their own domains.

Fiery Fire Domain, Hurricane Domain, Ruoshui Domain, etc., various domains charged towards Ye Fan's Eight Phase World Domain.

The power of domains can counteract each other. They firmly believed that no matter how strong Ye Fan's domain was, it couldn't possibly withstand so many domains' attacks and would inevitably be shattered in an instant.

However—

The scene which shocked them occurred; their domains could not breach into Ye Fan's domain.

Ye Fan's domain was like a barrier, a barrier they couldn't break, no matter how they attacked.

However, Ye Fan didn't feel good either, his Divine Power heavily consumed, and only with the eight runes madly spinning could he offset the domain power from the young assassins.

Chapter 1835: Deadly Trap

Sitting and waiting for death, that is not Ye Fan's style.

After unfolding the Eight Phase World Domain, he also launched a fierce counterattack, directly unleashing the Xuandi Fist.

"Pfft!"

A young assassin in the Early Lord Realm was shattered by his punch, blood splattered, flesh flew, leaving only a terrified retreating head.

"Where are you going?"

Ye Fan shouted, the Divine Soul Resonance Heavenly Sound roared out, and the rolling sound wave shattered the young assassin's head.

One hit kill!

This shocking scene made the other young assassins gasp in surprise.

The reason they chose to kill Ye Fan at this time was that they had been eyeing his recent fierce battle with the Heavenly Prince of the Demon Clan, thinking his strength had fallen to its lowest point, and they adopted a sneak attack at his most relaxed moment.

However—

The young assassin responsible for the assassination failed, the most fierce attack failed, but was instead killed by Ye Fan.

Now, the reason why they dared to appear so boldly was their belief that Ye Fan was at the end of his rope, but the strong power he displayed gave them a reality check—though heavily wounded after fighting the Heavenly Prince of the Demon Clan, Ye Fan still possessed immensely strong power.

"Clang!"

One of the young assassins in the Mid-Stage of Lord Realm vibrated his Killing Sword, setting off a dazzling sword light, with bloody sword radiance roaring like a Chang He, stabbing towards Ye Fan, tearing through the sky with boundless terror.

"Buzz!"

Ye Fan shook the Eight Phase World Domain, the Eight Runes spinning rapidly, defusing the fierce sword light, the Eight Phase World Domain flickering, showing signs of collapse.

At this moment, Ye Fan faced unprecedented danger, besieged by a dozen young assassins skilled in deadly techniques, skirting death again and again.

The two leading old assassins watched intently from the side, ready to launch a fatal strike at any moment.

Ye Fan not only had to deal with these dozen young assassins, but also had to allocate a large portion of his attention to the two old assassins in charge, putting him in a very passive position.

A dozen young assassins, each with power comparable to that of a Saint Heir, had Ye Fan not broken through to the Mid-Stage of Lord Realm, he would surely have perished.

At this moment, Ye Fan held nothing back, his left hand unleashing the Mountain and River Seal, and his right hand employing the Xuandi Fist, Divine Power surging like a vast ocean, the blazing punch radiance piercing through the sky.

"Boom!"

Yet another assassin was killed by him, and his Eight Phase World Domain completely collapsed, the Eight Runes dimming, retreating into his body.

"Haha, his domain has collapsed, everyone takes him down together, kill him!"

A young assassin wielded a blood-colored long sword, cleaving the void, directly slashing toward Ye Fan's brow, with the blood-colored sword light entwined with Heaven and Earth Tao Markings, invincible.

Ye Fan stretched his body, his Treasure Body glistening, every strand of hair shimmering with Holy Light, golden fists imbued with Thunder Power, each punch unleashed with the force of thunder and lightning.

"Clang!"

Ye Fan withstood a Spiritual Treasure comparable to a Holy Weapon bare-handed, smashing that blood-colored long sword into scrap iron with a punch, the punch radiance unaltered, directly striking the young assassin's chest.

"Boom!"

The young assassin screamed miserably, his chest burst open, flesh flying, blood dyeing the long sky.

Other young assassins didn't even blink, as if it had nothing to do with them, fully exerting deadly techniques to besiege Ye Fan.

"Swoosh!"

A young assassin walking in the void sliced open Ye Fan's back with a Killing Sword, nearly cleaving him in two.

"Courting death!"

Ye Fan didn't even turn his head, directly using the Soldier Control Technique, fully controlling the Killing Sword in the assassin's hand.

"Pfft!"

The Killing Sword reversed, directly piercing the assassin's brow, even walking in the void was useless, his head pierced by his own Killing Sword, annihilating the Divine Soul.

"Plop!"

The body fell from the void, eyes wide open, seemingly unwilling to die!

"The other side has a Soldier Control Divine Art, everyone be careful!"

The old assassin from the Red Dust Assassin Holy Land shouted a warning to the other young assassins in alarm.

"Too late!"

Ye Fan's eyes shot out Dragon Raising Divine Radiance, fully exerting the Soldier Control Technique, instantly controlling the Spiritual Treasures in the hands of seven or eight young assassins, directly reversing the Spiritual Treasures, slaughtering their owners.

His Divine Soul was incredibly powerful, enough to support him in controlling seven or eight Spiritual Treasures, the other young assassins apprehensive, tightly grasping their own Spiritual Treasures, for fear of being controlled as well.

"Don't use weapons anymore, use Divine Skills to refine him!"

The old assassin from the Time Killer Sanctuary decisively acted, unleashing a spread of Divine Radiance, forming a cage, enveloping Ye Fan, attempting to refine him into submission with Divine Skills.

The Divine Radiance, like Divine Fire, placed Ye Fan in immense danger, on the verge of being refined alive at any moment.

At this moment, the Nine Heavens Mysterious Crown within Ye Fan's sea of consciousness sensed danger, automatically emitting a light curtain, protecting Ye Fan within.

The Nine Heavens Mysterious Crown could not be activated to kill enemies, but when encountered with life-threatening danger, it protected its bearer autonomously.

Shielded by the Nine Heavens Mysterious Crown, Ye Fan released his full power, the divine images within the three hundred and sixty acupoints in his body roared in unison, as if the wrathful King Kong were awakening.

"Boom!"

Inside Ye Fan, it seemed as if a barrier had been broken, divine power circulated smoothly, and Heaven and Earth Tao Markings spread throughout his body. The divine power gradually boiled over, like an angry sea washing over the sky. The Holy Embryo in his Dantian opened its eyes, emitting mysterious sounds, seeming to be chanting scriptures.

The wounded back instantly healed, and at this moment, his momentum soared to its peak, like that of a Great Emperor, unfolding the deadly techniques of the Eternal Slaughter Emperor. Stepping onto the Chasing Star Step, he broke out of the Divine Radiance cage in an instant.

"Swoosh!"

Ye Fan pointed his fingers like a knife, directly slicing through an assassin, the violent Thunder Power instantly destroying the opponent's Divine Soul.

Then, without pausing, Ye Fan operated the Dragon Seeking Formulas, pulling out a Dragon Vein from beneath the earth and fiercely smashing it at several young killers.

"Boom!"

Mountains and stones shattered, smoke and dust filled the air, and several young killers were directly smashed into ashes by Ye Fan, with a nearby mountain ridge disappearing as well.

In just over an hour, more than a dozen young killers were all executed, leaving only two old killers to escape with their lives in ruins.

Ye Fan was like an Asura, killing gods if they blocked, executing Buddhas if they obstructed, blood light bursting with a single raise of hand. Even those hidden in the Void could not escape his pursuit.

At this moment, their clothes were in tatters, their faces filled with fear and disbelief.

The two major Assassin Holy Lands had deployed eighteen young killers, led by these two, to assault Ye Fan who had just come out of a great battle. It should have been a deadly situation.

But the result...

Ye Fan was safe and sound, all eighteen young killers were slain, and even they almost met their end.

Only now did they realize that they had underestimated Ye Fan's true combat power—even after a great battle, and with his divine power greatly depleted, he was still not something mere Mid-Stage Lord Realm killers could handle!

The two major Assassin Holy Lands focused on killing, using it to comprehend the Dao. Their assassination missions were secondary; the main purpose was to temper themselves, not having much higher cultivation than their assassination targets.

This time, they deployed eighteen young Seed Level killers to assassinate Ye Fan together, but still failed.

"Retreat!"

The two old killers were horrified, knowing this assassination mission had failed. Losing so many Seed Level killers was a heavy blow to the two major Assassin Holy Lands.

The two old killers simultaneously concealed themselves in the Void. Having failed the assassination, they paused not for a moment and retreated decisively.

This time was unsuccessful, but there would be a next time. However, should they send killers again next time, it might be the Saint of the Assassin Holy Land himself who would take action.

"Trying to leave, not that easy!"

Ye Fan was like an Asura, with killing intent soaring to the Nine Heavens, his eyes like cold electricity, pursuing with the Fake Thunder Emperor Spear.

Although Ye Fan couldn't precisely lock on to their location in the Void, he could sense subtle fluctuations in the Void.

After battling with a young Slaughter Emperor for a year, he had a very deep understanding of deadly techniques—all assassin organizations actually revered the Eternal Slaughter Emperor as their founder.

In terms of deadly techniques, even if the three major Assassin Holy Lands combined, they couldn't match the Eternal Slaughter Emperor. With that kind of elusive nature, that kind of Divine Art which concealed one's aura into the void, the Slaughter Emperor was certainly their founder.

Ye Fan could defeat and kill a Slaughter Emperor of the same realm, let alone them.

Soon, Ye Fan locked onto a region of the Void through the minute fluctuations in space. The Thunder Emperor Spear shook out tens of thousands of gun lights, directly piercing the Void.

"Swoosh!"

Black Thunder Emperor Spear was enveloped in purple Thunder Power, like a series of lightning bolts, stabbing into the Void.

"Ah..."

A miserable scream, the Void dripped with blood, an old killer was pierced through by Ye Fan's spear, nailed in the Void, unable to die immediately, but also not daring to act rashly.

Now his life hung on Ye Fan's whim, just a gentle shake would shatter him in the Void; under the violent Thunder Power, even his Divine Soul wouldn't survive.

"Tell me who your employer is, and I will give you a swift end; otherwise, I'll let you understand what it means to live is worse than death!" Ye Fan said coldly.

"Don't even think about it, Ye, you are doomed!"

The old killer showed a crazed expression and was actually going to self-destruct his Divine Soul to avoid being soul-searched by Ye Fan, suffering living hell.

"Without my consent, even if you want to commit suicide, it's impossible!"

Ye Fan held the spear with one hand, lightly shook it, disrupting his self-destruction of the Divine Soul.

At this moment, sword light flashed in the Void, and that old killer pinned by the Thunder Emperor Spear was instantly bisected by Ye Fan, his Divine Soul also obliterated.

"Audacious!"

Ye Fan's eyes shone brightly, peering through the Void. With a powerful shake, the Thunder Emperor Spear flew out of his hand, like a Jiao, piercing the brow of another hidden old killer in the Void.

The two old killers were killed one after another, yet Ye Fan felt no joy, for he knew very well that this assassination having failed, the two Assassin Holy Lands would not let it go, and there would undoubtedly be a second, third, or even more attempts until he was killed.

With a sigh, Ye Fan began to collect the spoils of war; these young killers all carried some fast-healing Holy Medicine and some Spirit Stones and the like.

"Swoosh!"

Suddenly, a cold light flared unexpectedly, blood-chilling killing intent arriving out of nowhere.

A faint figure abruptly appeared above Ye Fan, a Blood-colored Divine Spear like divine punishment, silently aimed to pierce through Ye Fan's head, pinning him on this scorched earth.

There was no avoiding it, everything was so sudden and swift, appearing out of thin air!

Chapter 1836: Ghost Assassin

A world-shaking killing intent surged, directly targeting the top of Ye Fan's head; this was an absolute kill, unavoidable.

Ye Fan never expected that after slaying all the assassins, there would still be one hidden in the void, delivering a fatal blow when he was most relaxed.

This person was ruthless and patient, not making a move even when Ye Fan was in the most difficult situation, waiting until Ye Fan believed all dangers were cleared to suddenly appear and strike.

When Ye Fan became aware, the tip of the blood-colored Divine Spear was already before his forehead. The chilling killing intent revealed the determination and ruthlessness of the attacker, concentrating thousands of killing techniques into this one thrust.

Sharp and vicious, insisting on a lethal blow, if struck, obliteration of body and soul would be certain, without exception, not even for Ye Fan.

Whoosh!

The purple robe fluttered as if flying, the power of the Jing Tian spear flickered menacingly, cutting off a lock of Ye Fan's hair, almost piercing the skull.

At this critical moment, Ye Fan quickly calmed down, made the correct reaction, bent his legs, and sat on the ground; fragments of the black Ancient Shield flew out, positioned above the Bai Hui point of his head.

But this was not enough. Although the Ancient Shield fragments were extremely solid, they might not withstand the strike of the Jing Tian Divine Spear, whose tip had already touched his scalp.

"Swish!"

Ye Fan slammed the ground, performing the Chasing Star Step, transforming into a streak of Flowing Light, leaving behind a phantom, golden Tao Markings appeared underfoot, helping him transform into a dragon and fly away.

"Clang!"

A loud noise erupted as the spear's tip struck the Ancient Shield fragments, pressing them against Ye Fan's head.

The assassin followed closely like a shadow; Ye Fan's speed had already broken the limit, as if traversing space, yet he still couldn't evade this inevitable strike.

The complete Ancient Shield was said to be able to withstand a full strike from a Great Emperor at his peak, though it was shattered, ordinary Holy Weapons couldn't easily pierce it.

However, the Ancient Shield fragments were too small to fully protect Ye Fan's head, other areas remained under the terrifying spear tip.

At this moment, time seemed to have stopped, numerous thoughts flashed through Ye Fan's mind—how to counter this lethal strike, was he really going to die here?

Perhaps, burning the Holy Embryo and Divine Soul could increase his strength, speed, and reaction tenfold, to evade this disaster.

But there was no time now to burn the Holy Embryo and Divine Soul, simply no means left, only to wait for the Jing Tian Divine Spear to pierce him.

If the Emperor Sha faced this situation, what would he do?

Suddenly, images flashed through Ye Fan's mind, recalling those times in the Emperor Sha's Palace over the past year, during multiple battles against the young Emperor Sha, and the deadly techniques Emperor Sha used.

"So that's it!"

Only now did Ye Fan truly understand why the Eternal Slaughter Emperor required him to defeat his younger self; it was an indirect way of passing down his techniques!

During the battles with him, the Eternal Slaughter Emperor displayed all the deadly techniques he had comprehended and created throughout his life, with the Ten Thousand Transformation Saint Technique merely serving as a summary.

It was akin to a prescription, the Ten Thousand Transformation Saint Technique being the key to all of the Slaughter Emperor's deadly techniques. By comprehensively understanding the Ten Thousand Transformation Saint Technique, any of Slaughter Emperor's deadly techniques could be utilized.

At this moment, Ye Fan's mind reached a state of serenity, empty spirit, ascended to the mystical realm of Unity of Heaven and Man, instinctively evolving the Slaughter Emperor's Holy Technique through the Ten Thousand Transformation Saint Technique.

"Swish!"

Ye Fan's entire form blurred, merging into the void, seemingly no longer existing in this world, utilizing the Slaughter Emperor's Holy Technique fueled by the Ten Thousand Transformation Saint Technique to unleash terrifying power.

Like a streak of Flowing Light, he perfectly combined the Slaughter Emperor's deadly techniques with the Chasing Star Step, skimming through the void, reaching the extreme of speed, his body faintly discernible, hovering between reality and illusion.

The terrifying spear thrust pierced through the blurred shadow, golden droplets of blood splattered, yet it failed to penetrate.

Ye Fan was in a mystical state, his whole being ambiguous, his aura perfectly restrained to the utmost.

At this critical moment, he ascended to a realm of Heaven and Man Unity, clearly grasping the trajectory of the rules and rhythms of heaven and earth, perfectly merging with them, evading this inevitable strike.

The terrifying spear tip stabbed his skull, but there was no sensation of penetration into his body, as though merely inserting into a shadow, without piercing through.

"Swish!"

Ye Fan broke free, stepping out from the void not far away, narrowly escaping disaster, though his head was still wounded, with a wound on the top of the skull nearly penetrating.

Golden blood flowed down his head, clumping his hair into locks, narrowly escaping life and death.

At this realm, only the head remained the greatest vulnerability. Once shattered, the result would be the obliteration of body and soul.

Even though Ye Fan's Divine Soul was exceptionally powerful, even if his skull was pierced, as long as the Divine Soul remained intact, he could regenerate, but the terrifying spear tip clearly wouldn't allow him that chance.

This opponent was extremely terrifying, many times stronger than those two old assassins, capable of contending with the Heavenly Prince, potentially even killing him by surprise.

Such a young powerhouse was actually an assassin of the Human Race, but did not strike in the Human Race's time of greatest need, attacking only after he slew the Heavenly Prince.

The human heart!

Ye Fan lamented, not everyone could shoulder the burden of the world's people; at least a small segment remained utterly cold, concerned only with their own interests, never considering the greater good of the race.

"Buzz!"

Without a word, Ye Fan delivered a slap, never having suffered such a setback since achieving success in cultivation, nearly having his head chopped off.

At this moment, he knew without further consideration who the newcomer was; he wasn't from the Red Dust Assassin Holy Land or the Time Killer Sanctuary, otherwise he would have appeared earlier, and his attire differed from assassins from the other two Holy Lands.

He speculated the other might be from the "Netherworld Assassin Sacred Land"!

The three Assassin Holy Lands dispatched seed level assassins simultaneously to attack him, it seems that whoever wants him dead really values him.

"Your reaction is really fast!"

The young assassin spoke, his voice dry and piercing, like the scraping of two pieces of rusty metal.

"Meet your end!"

Ye Fan activated the Ten Thousand Transformation Saint Technique, simulating Emperor Sha's deadly techniques, and charged at the young assassin. The terrifying killing intent, as if tangible, turned the surrounding rocks into powder.

"Roar..."

With a roar, a hundred-zhang Divine Dragon sprang from the young assassin's body, claws extending, rushing towards Ye Fan. The terrifying dragon might swept across the heavens and earth.

"Kill!"

Ye Fan's eyes shot out two Dragon shaped Divine Light beams, not yet withdrawing from the Tao Realm, aligned with heaven and earth. He took a step forward, heavily stamping on the ground.

"Boom!"

The sound of footsteps like a divine bell from heaven, a thunderous clash, melding with the rhythm of heaven and earth, instantly shattered the hundred-zhang dragon into dust, dispersing as specks of Golden Light in the air.

"Poof!"

The young assassin spat out a mouthful of fresh blood, fear flashing in his eyes, his Holy Embryo shattered, delivering a fatal injury.

At this moment, Ye Fan gave him an unbeatable aura, as if facing a Divine, a Great Emperor. The immense pressure caused his psyche to completely collapse.

"Kill!"

The young assassin desperately gathered his consciousness, launching his strongest strike, channeling all spiritual energy into it.

Jing Tian Divine Spear shot like a meteor across the sky, breaking spatial constraints, appearing before Ye Fan instantly, its tip exuding an unparalleled killing intent.

Ye Fan did not even glance, casually using his finger as a scissor, clasping the spear's shaft as its tip was less than an inch from his face.

The Jing Tian Divine Spear emitted dazzling light, trembling incessantly, yet unable to advance, seemingly pinned in place.

"Buzz!"

With a single thought, Ye Fan eradicated the Artifact Spirit within the spear, naturally obliterating the fragment of divine consciousness the assassin had placed within it.

"Swish!"

The young assassin retreated far with a swift motion, failed assassination attempt leaving no pause, retreating decisively.

He knew clearly, if he didn't flee now, he might never have the chance, for Ye Fan would not spare him and might even use the Soul Searching Technique upon him.

The thought of such terrifying pain and consequences made him shiver.

As a "seed" of the Netherworld Assassin Sacred Land, he understood the necessity of discretion, a failed assassination necessitating swift retreat; otherwise, he would not withstand Ye Fan's wrath.

Temporary retreat, concealing himself, was the best strategy; therefore, he decisively retreated, hiding within the Void.

He believed, once concealed within the Void, Ye Fan could not find him, since earlier he approached Ye Fan directly within the Void unnoticed.

However, Ye Fan was nearly assassinated, how could he easily let the young assassin go?

Without hesitation, Ye Fan immediately used the Ten Thousand Transformation Saint Technique to simulate the deadly techniques of the Eternal Slaughter Emperor, gazing through the Void. He infused the Jing Tian Divine Spear in his hand with a vast ocean-like Divine Power and Thunder Power, its tip enveloped with Heaven and Earth Tao Markings, piercing the Void directly, pinning the young assassin within it.

"Ah..."

The young assassin screamed, his meridians utterly destroyed, his barely formed Holy Embryo shattered once more. He spat out blood mixed with internal organ fragments, his eyes turning pitch black and hollow.

"Buzz!"

His head burst with intense light, subsequently exploding, self-destructing his Divine Soul.

This assassin was decisively ruthless, not only cruel to enemies but harsher on himself, self-destructing the Divine Soul meant annihilation, severing any chance of rebirth and cultivation.

Boom!

As the young assassin self-destructed his Divine Soul, an Ancient Jade within a Bone Temple of the Netherworld Assassin Sacred Land suddenly fractured, releasing a stream of black energy.

An entirely black mist-enshrouded man seated in the Bone Temple summoned with a hand gesture, grasping the black energy briefly, then merged his palms and the black energy vanished instantly.

"Heh..."

The man within the black mist chuckled coldly, his voice akin to a night owl's lament, extremely grating.

"Failed unexpectedly! Interesting, that brat's growth rate truly exceeds my expectations!"

The man shrouded entirely in black mist muttered to himself.

"What happened to the Saint Heir?"

Witnessing this scene, several gaunt veteran assassins exchanged glances, having not heard the Saint Heir laugh in such a manner for a long time, causing them to feel a chill.

Chapter 1837: Fury for Her Beloved

After the death of the seed-level killer at the Netherworld Assassin Sacred Land, Ye Fan did not immediately release Yaling from the virtual space. Instead, he first found a clear pond, took a bath, and changed into clean clothes.

Then, he quickly took out some ordinary spirit stones and arranged a small Gathering Essence Array around him. Using the stones and the rich Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi, he operated his skills to heal and restore Divine Power.

Though the battle didn't last long, the consumption of his Divine Power was terrifying. The secret technique of the Emperor Sha was incredibly powerful but also extremely exhausting. Coupled with the previous hidden injuries from the bloody fight with the Heavenly Prince, he had to heal himself first.

The Gathering Essence Array played a tremendous role around Ye Fan, with Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi within a hundred miles forming a Yuan Qi Storm, gathering towards him.

From a high vantage point, the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi seemed to riot here, forming a Yuan Qi Vortex, with Ye Fan positioned at the eye of the vortex.

At this moment, his body seemed like a bottomless pit, absorbing all the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi through breathing and the pores opened all over his body.

The Primordial Qi circled swiftly along his meridians once inside his body, either sinking into the Dantian or merging into the Holy Embryo Illusion in the acupoints, gradually solidifying the vague illusions.

As the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi washed over, the damaged meridians were gradually repaired, becoming more flexible, and his vital energy surged like the Yangtze River, roaring incessantly.

The surrounding beasts and Xuan Beasts had long fled in fear, and not even insects or ants remained, as silent as a cemetery.

Chants of Zen emanated from his body, with the Holy Embryo Illusions in the three hundred and sixty acupoints like three hundred and sixty Buddha Arhats chanting scriptures for him.

Ye Fan's Treasure Body was crystalline, emanating Holy Light, his bones crystal clear like gold crystals, and within his Dantian, the Holy Embryo sat, surrounded by purple-gold Thunder Power.

Above his head, a black and white crystal rapidly chased and rotated, forming a Yin Yang Fish in a Tai Chi Diagram.

Undoubtedly, this was a delicate balance formed by the death aura and Pure Yang Qi within him, mutually chasing and devouring each other.

Further out, there were eight elemental runes glowing faintly, slowly rotating—this was the inner form of the Eight Phase World.

At this moment, the Holy Embryo Illusions in the three hundred and sixty acupoints were already very solid, and there was no essential difference from a true Holy Embryo except in size.

The Holy Embryo Illusions in the three hundred and sixty acupoints had various postures, but each one chanted mysterious scriptures that Ye Fan heard but did not understand.

Yet clearly, with these chants, his recovery speed was nearly five times faster than before, and his mind was serene and empty.

This was not the Tao Realm of Enlightenment, but it had a trace of its essence.

At this moment, he felt no joy or sorrow, even ceasing to operate skills for healing. His Divine Power naturally followed a special path within him, circulating endlessly.

What originally required more than half a day for complete recovery took only an hour, with his Treasure Body becoming crystalline, without dust or impurity.

He felt his mind ascend to a higher spiritual level, a marvelous sensation that could only be felt, not expressed in words.

When he stood up, Ye Fan realized that the chanting within him had somehow stopped, and the Gathering Essence Array formed with spirit stones around him was completely destroyed. The spirit stones had turned into powder, with all the internal Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi absorbed by him.

"You've changed!"

When Ye Fan released Yaling from the virtual space, she looked at him for a while and said this.

"Really? How have I changed? Have I become more handsome or uglier?" Ye Fan found her words puzzling.

"Of course, you look better. Although there's no change in your appearance, your aura is different from before. I can't quite describe this change." Yaling's crescent-shaped eyes were bright and clear, smiling as she looked at Ye Fan.

"As long as I haven't become uglier!"

Ye Fan chuckled, naturally taking her soft hand and giving it a gentle squeeze, both sharing a knowing smile.

"Who exactly tried to assassinate you just now?"

Yaling let Ye Fan hold her hand, walking forward as she asked.

"They were assassins from the Red Dust and Time Killer Sacred Lands." Ye Fan casually explained the previous events to Yaling.

"How outrageous! These assassin organizations are simply intolerable. I think they no longer need to exist in this world." Yaling's gentle demeanor lasted less than three minutes before her female Asura aura erupted, her delicate brows furrowing, eyes filled with killing intent as she spoke.

"Do you know where their headquarters are? Wanting to wipe out these assassin organizations isn't that simple. They've endured for so many years because they have their means; they wouldn't be so easily wiped out," Ye Fan said helplessly, "If that were the case, they would have been gone long ago, yet they still exist now."

"No matter what, they dared to attack my man; I swear I won't stand down against them!"

After Yaling fiercely declared this, she realized these weren't words a lady should say. She quickly covered her little mouth, glancing at Ye Fan, afraid of revealing her "true colors" in front of him.

Ye Fan laughed helplessly, pulling her into his embrace, confidently saying, "Don't worry, they're just clowns who can't face the light; they can't do anything to me!"

"Alright, whatever you say!"

Embraced by Ye Fan, feeling the masculine yang energy he exuded, Yaling was almost intoxicated, murmuring her words.

Ye Fan and Yaling moved like the wind, and a few days later, arrived at an ancient city named Fengling, eighty thousand miles away.

This is the closest ancient city to Chi Yue Ridge, apart from the unknown Wuming small town. Within the city stands a landmark building in an octagonal shape, with a wind chime hanging from each corner. As the mountain breeze blows, the chime sounds clear and melodious, bringing tranquility to one's heart.

It is said that Fengling Ancient City was not originally named Fengling Ancient City, but its original name has been lost in the mists of history.

The eight bells were snatched by an unparalleled being from an Ancient Buddha of the Western Regions Buddhist Sect. They possess mysterious and unfathomable power and are hung on this octagonal building, becoming a perpetual symbol of this city.

After entering the ancient city, the two of them did not stop at all but headed straight to the branch of the Treasure Pavilion established in this city.

Apart from the Western Region, the branches of the Treasure Pavilion are spread across every city in the Four Great Regions, even having branches in the sacred places of the Divine Race, attesting to its immense influence.

"You rest first, I'll go out for a while!"

After settling down, Yaling asked the branch manager to arrange a comfortable room for Ye Fan, gently kissed his forehead, and then left.

Ye Fan naturally knew what Ya Ling wanted to do, but he didn't stop her—the people of the two Assassin Holy Lands had already made a move on him, so naturally, Ya Ling would counterattack!

Of course, with her current strength, it is impossible for Ya Ling herself to eliminate these two long-standing Assassin Holy Lands, but with the help of the Treasure Pavilion's power, there is great hope.

At present, Ye Fan sat cross-legged on the bed, silently operating his skills, never willing to give up any opportunity for cultivation.

Now that he is within the branch of the Treasure Pavilion, there is naturally no need to worry about safety. No matter how powerful the people from the two Assassin Holy Lands are, they would not dare to openly assassinate in the branch of the Treasure Pavilion.

What worried Ye Fan most was not these two Assassin Holy Lands but the most mysterious Netherworld Assassin Sacred Land.

In terms of excellence in the Assassination Technique, the Netherworld Assassin Sacred Land undoubtedly ranks before Hongchen and Time, and the greatest threat he faces comes from the assassins of this sacred place.

However, he did not inform Yaling about the involvement of the Netherworld Assassin Sacred Land, lest she worry.

"Inform the headquarters, saying our Treasure Pavilion wants to declare war on the Red Dust Assassin Holy Land and the Time Killer Sanctuary!" Outside, Yaling instructed the manager of Fengling Ancient City with a frosty expression.

"Wh-what?"

The manager broke out in a cold sweat, stunned by the simultaneous declaration of war against two Assassin Holy Lands. What provoked the Holy Maiden?

"Holy Maiden, you must think this over! Time and Red Dust—these two Assassin Holy Lands are not to be trifled with. They haven't provoked us; there's no need to make a grand gesture of declaring war on them, is there?" the manager advised.

"They dared to assassinate Ye Fan, so it's as if they're declaring war on our Treasure Pavilion. Do as I said, have all branches abandon everything they are doing and investigate any trace of the Red Dust and Time Killer Sanctuaries with full force."

Yaling exhibited the full authority of a superior, speaking with unquestionable command, her subordinates only needing to comply.

"Yes, I'll immediately inform the headquarters!"

The manager nodded, about to leave when he was suddenly called back.

"Find me someone with good writing skills. I want to write a declaration of crusade, to be proclaimed across the Five Domains, jointly striking down the Red Dust and Time Assassin Holy Lands!"

"Yes, I'll take care of it right away!"

The manager of Fengling Ancient City left and shortly returned with a middle-aged man exuding the scholarly air of a fan and scarf.

Yaling glanced at the middle-aged man, nodded in satisfaction, and said, "I want you to write a proclamation for invading the Red Dust and Time Assassin Holy Lands. Can you do it?"

"Rest assured, Holy Maiden, as a disciple of the Treasure Pavilion, it is my honor to serve the Holy Maiden."

Under Yaling's authorization, the middle-aged man consulted the abundant archives of the Treasure Pavilion, proceeding to swiftly write a stirring proclamation.

"Hereby, Red Dust and Time, the two ignoble organizations, disregard the great righteousness of the Human Race, madly attacking the hero Ye Fan from the Human Race. Their wolfish behavior is outrageous, akin to beasts...

Now, our Treasure Pavilion Holy Maiden Yaling, issues a call to the world, upholds great righteousness, and invades the Red Dust and Time, the two ignoble organizations, hoping the Heroic Lords prioritize the great righteousness of the Human Race, joining the Treasure Pavilion to strike down brutality, to uphold righteousness within the Cultivation World."

The proclamation was truly precious, detailing the atrocities of the Red Dust and Time Assassin Holy Lands. Which sacred place and Wu Shang Sect, which ancient clan have not been assassinated by them? There are still many sacred places where Ancestor's skulls remain as their trophies, a fact intolerable to all forces.

"Excellent!"

Yaling, after reading it through, could not help but applaud, telling the middle-aged man, "You're wasting your talent here. Go to the headquarters. Also, make multiple copies of this proclamation and disseminate it across the world!"

Yaling, in her wrath, proclaims to the world, jointly chastising the Red Dust and Time Assassin Holy Lands!

Chapter 1838: Farewell Before Departure

The manifesto shocked the world!

No one expected that after Ye Fan defended the dignity of the Human Race and killed the Heavenly Prince of the Demon Clan, who held prejudices against the Human Race, it was not the Demon Clan that troubled Ye Fan, but the assassins of the Human Race who came first.

The Five Domains were in turmoil!

Many forces responded to Yaling's manifesto, sending scouts to search for the traces of the two major Assassin Sanctuaries: Hongchen and Time.

The Old Pavilion Master, Yayun Peak, fully supported his granddaughter's decision. All branches of the Treasure Pavilion received orders to put everything aside and fully investigate any leads on the Hongchen and Time Assassin Sanctuaries.

At the same time, the Old Bastard of the Immortal Academy also voiced out, deciding to join forces with the Treasure Pavilion to eradicate the two Assassin Sanctuaries: Hongchen and Time.

Additionally, Seng Dao Yan of the Imperial Academy and the Old Manor Master of Spirit Manor also stood up, condemning the beastly acts of the Hongchen and Time Assassin Sanctuaries, expressing their determination to work with the Treasure Pavilion at all costs to eliminate these two tumors.

Furthermore, the Family of the Martial Emperor, the Imperial Family, the Ling Family, and the Moonlight Dynasty in the Central Domain all responded actively, and the Nine Great Bandits temporarily allied with other forces.

This is a massive storm sweeping through the Five Domains, even the Western Regions Buddhist Sect and the Demon Sect, which usually remain aloof from worldly affairs, responded to Yaling's manifesto.

The two major Assassin Sanctuaries, Hongchen and Time, never dreamed that assassinating one Ye Fan would bring them such endless trouble.

Especially the Ling Family, who were the most enthusiastic, with the Ling Family Ancestor, Ling Yunzhi, proactively reaching out to the Sloppy Elder of the Treasure Pavilion, indicating that the Ling Family would definitely pursue this matter to the end.

After all, he still believed that Ye Fan's veins carried the bloodline of his father and was inseparable from the Ling Family. Now, Ye Fan's unwillingness to return was merely temporary; in the future, he would definitely return to the clan.

The actions against Ye Fan by the two major Assassin Sanctuaries, Hongchen and Time, were like poking him in a sore spot; how could he not jump up?

In Chi Yue Ridge, Ye Fan publicly acknowledged that the Holy Maiden of the Treasure Pavilion, Yaling, was his woman, which was tantamount to admitting that he was tied to the war chariot of the Treasure Pavilion.

Although this approach might make some people sad, it was better than leaving things hanging!

Now Ye Fan was essentially the prospective son-in-law of the Treasure Pavilion, so he naturally paid great attention to the Treasure Pavilion. After all, although the Treasure Pavilion had not produced a Great Emperor, it was by no means inferior to the Ling Family, which was an Imperial Clan in terms of its foundation.

In an instant, the Five Domains were in turmoil!

Almost all powers sent strong people to search for the traces of the two major Assassin Sanctuaries, Hongchen and Time.

However, it seemed as if these two Assassin Sanctuaries had disappeared into thin air, never to be seen again.

After resting for a few days in Fengling Ancient City, Ye Fan found Yaling, asking her to return to headquarters first while he wanted to visit the Xuanwu Sect.

When saying these words, Ye Fan's voice was low, after all, the Xuanwu Sect was his first home in this world, but it was now in name only.

"Alright, please be careful..."

Yaling hesitated, worried that Ye Fan would face another assassination attempt, but she couldn't bring herself to say it and worry him.

"Don't worry, after the last time, I think they should know that Ye Fan is not so easily assassinated." Ye Fan noticed Yaling's concern, smiled slightly, and said confidently.

"You!"

Yaling gently tapped Ye Fan's forehead, forcing a smile, "If the first attempt fails, they will surely launch a second assassination, and by then, the assassins you face might be even stronger, so you must not be careless!"

Ye Fan knew that on this issue, he couldn't win against Yaling, so he just nodded, indicating that he would be cautious.

Originally, Yaling intended to go with him, but after some thought, she gave up—Tong Qianchen from the Xuanwu Sect was still there, and it would be awkward for both sides if they met right now.

After giving him some instructions, Yaling reluctantly parted ways with Ye Fan, boarded the Transmission Array Platform, and returned to headquarters.

Ye Fan used the large Transmission Array Platform of Fengling Ancient City to cross directly from the Southern East Domain to the Southern Domain. Then, using the Array Pattern Technique from the Dragon Seeking Formulas, he inscribed array patterns on the ground, drawing on the power of the earth's veins to once again traverse the void.

After a few crossings, he was not far from the old site of the Xuanwu Sect, so Ye Fan stopped inscribing array patterns and flew directly instead.

Traversing the void with array patterns can easily span tens of thousands of miles. If he was not careful and overshot, returning would be a bit of a hassle.

Ye Fan flew like the wind, even while cultivating the Chasing Star Step during flight. The Chasing Star Step allowed him to take strides with the flow of Heaven and Earth Tao Markings, much faster than ordinary flight speed.

"Roar~"

The mountains and rivers rapidly receded beneath Ye Fan's feet, and the roars of Xuan Beasts continuously echoed from behind, but no Xuan Beast dared to block his path—they couldn't stop him even if they tried.

Passing eight thousand miles beneath his feet, from afar, Ye Fan saw the Xuanwu Mountains where he used to live. Though the mountains had been severely damaged in the massacre, altering the landscape, Ye Fan still recognized it at a glance.

After the last great battle, many buildings of the Xuanwu Sect had collapsed, and even the mountain gates were rebuilt later.

Although the Xuanwu Sect was now in name only, it was not completely deserted. Some disciples of the Xuanwu Sect were in the Tianyuan Sect and Qing Xuan Sect, who rebuilt the headquarters after the war.

Of course, this was due to the substantial support and help from the Treasure Pavilion, otherwise the Xuanwu Sect would have faded into history.

Nowadays, the Xuanwu Sect bore little resemblance to its past; the environment had changed significantly, and many familiar brothers-in-arms had died in that Demon Clan invasion.

"The Human Race cannot be bullied..."

Returning to this battlefield, Ye Fan's ears still seemed to echo with the unyielding cries of the Xuanwu Sect disciples who fell in battle, making his eyes moist.

"Dong!"

A melodious, loud bell rang, pulling him back to reality from his memories.

Looking closely, there were already hundreds of people standing at the mountain gate, a black mass. Leading them was a middle-aged man, his cultivation at the peak of the Divine Power Realm, just one step away from comprehending the essence of elements and laws, advancing into the Lord Realm.

"Mo Wu, acting Sect Leader of Xuanwu Sect, along with all disciples of Xuanwu Sect, sincerely welcome Elder Ye's return to the sect!" The middle-aged man at the front came forward, respectfully greeting Ye Fan.

"All disciples of Xuanwu Sect sincerely welcome Elder Ye!"

Each youthful face was full of energy, looking at Ye Fan with fiery admiration, undisguised on their faces.

"No need for formalities, everyone. I'm just here to have a look, and I will leave in a few days!"

Ye Fan was filled with emotion. In the past, with thousands of disciples, how prosperous was Xuanwu Sect?

Although it could not compare with the Holy Lands or a Wu Shang Sect, in Xuanwu State, it was definitely considered a super sect, but now, it seems somewhat desolate and impoverished!

"Please, Elder Ye!"

Mo Wu led Ye Fan to the Xuanwu Sect's council hall, inviting him to sit in the chief seat, while he accompanied him on the side.

"Elder Ye, you've seen the current state of Xuanwu Sect, we are leaderless! I'm afraid I can't take on this great responsibility. If you're willing to return, I'll immediately step down. It's more cohesive and beneficial for the development of Xuanwu Sect if you are the sect leader."

Mo Wu was very self-aware. He knew that Xuanwu Sect could not have any major developments under his leadership, but if Ye Fan could take over, Xuanwu Sect could immediately leap to become a major sect just below the Holy Lands by relying on Ye Fan's connections.

Ye Fan shook his head and said, "I don't plan to come back for the time being, and even if I return in the future, I will not take up the role of Sect Leader. It's better for you to lead everyone in developing. If you face any difficulties, you can reach out to the Treasure Pavilion; I believe they won't stand by idly."

"Then your visit this time is..."

Mo Wu asked cautiously, continuously observing, for he truly did not want to act as the acting Sect Leader.

Compared to other major sects, Xuanwu Sect seemed much more impoverished, and there were too many trivial matters that affected his cultivation mindset.

"I'm going to embark on the Xing Kong Gu Road. I'm here to have a look before leaving."

Ye Fan didn't avoid mentioning that he was about to tread the strongest trial path, a decision he had made long ago and couldn't change.

The two chatted about the future development of Xuanwu Sect. After Ye Fan offered some suggestions, he left and took a tour around the Xuanwu Mountain Range.

The entire Xuanwu Mountain Range held many of his memories. This return, revisiting old haunts, was a formal farewell to his past life.

Unknowingly, Ye Fan arrived at the back mountain, already very close to the Xuan Beast Forest, but no Xuan Beast dared to disturb him.

The powerful aura Ye Fan unintentionally emitted scared away the Xuan Beasts, which were only of the True Qi Realm.

Following the rugged mountain path, Ye Fan arrived under an ancient and lush tree, next to which was a cold pond, exuding a cold chill. No grass grew around it, and even the stones were covered with a layer of white frost.

Tong Qianchen once said there was a secret Dong Mansion at the bottom of the Cold Pond, where she was cultivating in seclusion.

This time, he might directly set foot on the Xing Kong Gu Road, fearing there would be no chance to visit her again shortly, which was also a farewell before his departure!

"Splash!"

Ye Fan jumped directly into the Cold Pond, where divine power formed a faint golden light on his body, blocking the cold air from invading.

Although the Cold Pond was not frozen, its temperature was lower than ice, and an ordinary person jumping in would freeze into a block of ice instantly.

The Cold Pond was pitch black, without the slightest light, but that didn't affect Ye Fan's vision. At his level of cultivation, he was no longer restricted by the environment.

Ye Fan's eyes emitted two divine rays like a divine lamp, searching within the Cold Pond.

Suddenly, he saw that in this icy Cold Pond, where no life could survive, there were living creatures, a type of flatfish, entirely transparent. If not for his extraordinary eyesight, they would have been impossible to detect.

Soon, Ye Fan sank to the bottom of the Cold Pond, where he indeed found a Dong Mansion on a rock wall, emanating a gentle light.

Ye Fan walked straight over and stepped into the light curtain, not a drop of water on him. The gentle light acted like a barrier, excluding the pond water.

There was no doubt this Dong Mansion was left by a predecessor; with Xuanwu Sect's strength, they absolutely could not have created such a Dong Mansion.

"Is that Brother Ye Fan?"

As soon as Ye Fan stepped into the Dong Mansion, Tong Qianchen's voice came to his ears, a thrill mixed with a tinge of sorrow, though she hid it well, trying hard not to let that trace of sorrow show.

Chapter 1839 Divine Beast Xuanwu

No one knew that beneath the Cold Pond behind the Xuanwu Sect, a hidden ancient cave actually existed.

The ancient cave was not large, only the size of a palace. Inside, there were no decorations; even the stone walls were very smooth, without any carvings left behind.

In the stone chamber where Tong Qianchen secluded herself for training, there was only a Cold Jade Bed, emitting a crystalline light that made her appear like a Fairy.

To be fair, Tong Qianchen was not unattractive. Although she lacked the stunning beauty of Princess Yue Bai or the captivating allure of Yaling, she had a charm akin to a delicate and refined woman.

Especially after so many days of seclusion, her entire physique and temperament seemed to have changed significantly. Her skin was snow-white, crystal clear, as if she were a Fairy untouched by earthly impurities.

"Brother Ye Fan, thank you for coming to see me!"

In the stone chamber, Tong Qianchen sat on the Cold Jade Bed, her beautiful eyes unable to hide a sorrow that occasionally surfaced.

"Xiao Qian, don't be like this. Sadness can't solve anything. You must pull yourself together and seek revenge for your father, for the Great Elder, for all the brothers and sisters who died."

Ye Fan stepped forward, gently stroking Tong Qianchen's head, speaking sincerely.

From beginning to end, Ye Fan considered her as his sister, with no other intentions. He hoped she could find happiness.

"I will, Brother Ye Fan, don't worry. I will never give up, even though my talent is mediocre!"

Feeling the warmth from Ye Fan's large hand, Tong Qianchen said determinedly.

"That's good. I've come to tell you something."

After much deliberation, Ye Fan decided to inform her of his decision to embark on the Xing Kong Gu Road.

"What is it?"

"I'm leaving, to step onto the Xing Kong Gu Road, the road of the strongest trial, to follow in the footsteps of the Great Emperor!" Ye Fan's eyes revealed a yearning look.

In every era, the Great Emperors have tread this path of the strongest trial, reigning over the entire Xing Kong Gu Road, silencing all opponents collectively.

Naturally, he must walk this path, known as the strongest trial road—what the young Great Emperors could accomplish, he believed he could achieve too!

"Go ahead, I will silently pray for you here!"

Tong Qianchen's eyes flashed with a hint of loss. She knew Ye Fan was no ordinary person and would eventually walk this path filled with danger and slaughter, paved with blood and life.

The day had finally arrived!

The life of cultivation is austere, and secluding oneself for training is even lonelier. Without great determination to cut off worldly affairs, one can't achieve significant accomplishments.

Ye Fan looked around, finding no Spirit Stone in the entire stone chamber. Although the Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi was very dense, nearly liquefied, it might still be inadequate for Tong Qianchen, who was in seclusion for hard cultivation.

With this thought, Ye Fan took out a White Jade Bottle, handed it to Tong Qianchen, and said, "Inside is some Divine Liquid that nourishes Essence Qi. Keep it for use!"

After speaking, without waiting for her to agree, he placed it on the Cold Jade Bed. Then he took out some Heaven Grade Spirit Stones and several Treasure Medicines, piling them up on the Cold Jade Bed until it was nearly full. The Heaven Grade Spirit Stones hovered in midair, not falling into the dust, emitting brilliant light, illuminating the entire stone chamber.

"I don't need so much..." Tong Qianchen muttered softly.

"You are in seclusion for hard cultivation, these will be useful to you. Don't worry about me, I have the Dragon Seeking Formulas, Spirit Stones are of no concern to me." Ignoring her, Ye Fan added more Spirit Stones before stopping.

"Remember, you are the future hope of the Xuanwu Sect. Whether the Xuanwu Sect can restore its former glory, or even become stronger, depends on you. Don't let down everyone's expectations of you." Ye Fan advised like an elder brother to a younger sister.

"Brother Ye Fan, rest assured, the Xuanwu Sect will never lose its legacy because in our Xuanwu Sect, there's a great secret. Apart from the Sect Leader, not even the Supreme Elder knows it. It took me pestering my father for a long time before he told me, unfortunately... he is no longer here!"

Upon speaking the last sentence, Tong Qianchen's eyes turned red, and her voice choked with emotion.

"What great secret?"

Ye Fan's curiosity was piqued. Although the Xuanwu Sect was regarded as a major sect within the entire Xuanwu State, it was a far cry compared to the Di Clan, or even to those ancient families with an age-old legacy, so what kind of secret would ensure an unbroken legacy?

"Do you know why our Xuanwu Sect is called the Xuanwu Sect?" Tong Qianchen didn't answer immediately but posed a question instead.

"Because our Xuanwu Sect is built on the Xuanwu Mountain, isn't it? What secret is there in that?" Ye Fan said, puzzled.

"Then do you know why the Xuanwu Mountain is called the Xuanwu Mountain?"

This question stumped Ye Fan. There were countless mountains under the heavens, could they all have some significant origin?

Just like Mount Kunlun, Taihang Mountain, Mount Huangshan, Mount Song on Earth, do they all have special meanings?

"Our Xuanwu Sect is established on the Xuanwu Mountain, and the Xuanwu Mountain is on the back of an ancient Divine Beast Xuanwu. If the Xuanwu Sect were really to lose its legacy, Xuanwu would protect the entire Xuanwu Sect, ensuring its legacy is never broken. This is a great secret, known to no one except the Great Emperor!" Tong Qianchen said proudly.

"Uh..."

Ye Fan was greatly astonished. The entire Xuanwu Mountain lay on the back of an old tortoise—just how enormous must this old tortoise be?

However, if this were the case, then why didn't the Divine Beast Xuanwu come forward to protect the Xuanwu Sect during the previous Demon Clan invasion?

This question Ye Fan did not ask aloud, because he already had the answer in his heart. Xuanwu, although a Divine Beast, is ultimately not truly human. In the war between the Human Race and the Demon Clan, it can remain neutral and not stand up for the Demon Clan, which is already quite good. Can we really expect it to help humans fight against the Demon Clan?

"Xiao Qian, you're cultivating here, what are you eating?" After the shock, Ye Fan thought of a very practical problem.

There weren't even any Haozi in this cave mansion, and Tong Qianchen couldn't possibly go without food for a long time while cultivating here.

Although cultivators, as long as there is sufficient Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi, can survive without eating, living on air and dew, some necessary intake of food is still needed.

"There is a kind of fish in the Cold Pond, which tastes delicious even if eaten raw. You only need to eat one to survive for six months without needing food. During this time, I have only eaten one." Tong Qianchen said.

"So that's how it is!"

Ye Fan suddenly realized. Since these fish can survive in the extremely low temperatures of the Cold Pond below freezing, they are naturally not ordinary fish. It is normal for them to have such effects.

The two chatted a bit more, and under Tong Qianchen's reluctant gaze, Ye Fan left the cave mansion and floated up from the Cold Pond.

Sitting cross-legged on a stone by the Cold Pond, Ye Fan operated his technique to dry his clothes, and without lingering, he flew directly into the sky and used the Earth Observation Technique to survey the shape and trend of the entire Xuanwu Mountain.

The Xuanwu Mountain occupies an area of tens of thousands of miles, with a mountain range stretching hundreds of miles, winding and undulating like a giant dragon lying on the ground.

Ye Fan kept flying higher and only at ten thousand feet did he use the Earth Observation Technique within the Dragon Seeking Formulas to discern some clues.

The entire Xuanwu Mountain is indeed very much like a Xuanwu lying on the ground, only it is incomplete, as if it had been shattered by someone.

At this moment, Ye Fan was completely shocked. Having lived here for years, he never realized that the entire Xuanwu Mountain was a huge Xuanwu.

However, this is not surprising. The Xuanwu Mountain's damage is severe. It's not just him; even top-tier Earth Masters might not notice anything.

It was only under the ten-thousand-foot altitude and using the Earth Observation Technique from the Dragon Seeking Formula with a preconceived notion that he managed to barely perceive some hints.

If not for preconceived notions, even if the ancestor of the Earth Master Family from the Liang clan personally came, he might not discover anything.

Such a gigantic Xuanwu must have incredible power, possibly comparable to the Quasi-Emperor Ninth Layer Heaven. Who shattered it?

The Great Emperor!

The words immediately emerged in Ye Fan's mind. Under heaven, who else besides a Great Emperor would have such power and skill?

The time is too ancient, from before the Desolate Ages. Now it is completely buried under the dust of history; no one can uncover the truth anymore.

"The Great Emperor's means are truly extraordinary!"

Ye Fan exclaimed, convinced that this Xuanwu must have been shattered by the Great Emperor. Otherwise, no one could break the defenses of a Xuanwu that is akin to the Quasi-Emperor Ninth Layer Heaven.

The Xuanwu itself emphasizes defense, with a shell hard as can be, surely able to withstand attacks from opponents even a realm higher.

However, he also felt completely assured that with such a Divine Beast guarding it, the Xuanwu Sect will definitely not really be extinguished. Even if the heritage is temporarily severed, it will surely reemerge gloriously in the future.

As Ye Fan was about to leave, he suddenly thought: The Xuanwu Sect has a secret technique, the Xuanwu Armor Technique, which is also incredibly defensive. Could it have some connection with this Xuanwu?

The more he thought, the more certain he was that his intuition was correct. The Xuanwu Armor Technique must have some intrinsic relationship with the Xuanwu under the Xuanwu Mountain.

"Buzz!"

Ye Fan directly displayed the Xuanwu Armor Technique. A flash of light shimmered on him, and a set of armor formed from Divine Power appeared on his body, adorned with ancient patterns.

He stood in the sky, thinking deeply and feeling inspiration, and then left the Xuanwu Sect after half a day.

After leaving the Xuanwu Sect, Ye Fan went straight to Xuanwu City, using the Transmission Array Platform there to traverse the Void to the Eastern Domain, and then turned back to the Immortal Academy.

After the battle with the Heavenly Prince, Ye Fan truly became a hero of the Human Race. No matter which city's Transmission Array Platform he used, he no longer needed to pay with Spirit Stones himself.

Moreover, in every city he arrived, he was warmly welcomed, with numerous cultivators scrambling to get close to him, which annoyed him immensely.

Eventually, he had no choice but to avoid cities with large populations and many cultivators, and instead draw array patterns himself to traverse the Void.

However, his proficiency in array patterns was even less reliable than the Bai Yan wolf. He didn't know how many times he went wrong before he got close to the Immortal Academy.

Close was actually a considerable error, being tens of thousands of miles.

Ye Fan dared not draw array patterns himself to traverse anymore and had to walk it.

But this also had its advantages, at least allowing him to use this opportunity to hone the Chasing Star Step. The Chasing Star Step is a step technique of supreme speed on Earth, which he hasn't fully comprehended yet.

Once fully comprehended, with a single step, space becomes chaotic, time reverses, and wherever the mind reaches, it connects with everything!

Chapter 1840: The Eve of Farewell

Now the entire cultivation world has restored its former peace. Even if there are some internal struggles and conflicts, they are mostly old grievances among the major factions of the human race. The Demon Clan has become much more subdued, no longer showing its previous arrogance and overbearing attitude.

The death of the Heavenly Prince was a significant blow to the Demon Clan!

The only offspring of the Sky Demon Emperor, who didn't die during the Desolate Ages and was sealed until this era, was unexpectedly killed by Ye Fan right after being born. This result made many demon clan cultivators immediately behave themselves.

Many insightful demon clan cultivators have realized that the human race is no longer the weak race they were before the Desolate Ages. After years of development, the human race has the strength to stand on equal footing with them.

Even the radicals of the demon clan have had to tone down their actions. They wanted to enslave the human race partly to restore the Demon Clan's former glory, but primarily to plunder and occupy the best resources.

After years of effort by the human race, the cities where they gather have become ideal places for living and cultivation, naturally making the demon clan envious.

However, after the event where the Heavenly Prince died in battle, they realized that the human race has become very powerful. Even when comparing physical strength, the demon clan has no advantage.

Furthermore, the Quasi-Demon Emperor Chi Lin adopted strong measures, strictly prohibiting demon clan cultivators from acting recklessly and starting wars between the demon clan and the human race, and punishing violators severely.

Under these circumstances, it's impossible for the demon clan not to keep a low profile. Fortunately, the Five Domains are vast and boundless, with many undeveloped wilderness areas, suitable for demon clan cultivators to live in.

The human cultivation world has become relatively peaceful. Everyone knows this is due to Ye Fan's merit. It was he who, single-handedly, killed the leader of the demon clan radicals, the Heavenly Prince, winning dignity and peace for the human race.

For a while, Ye Fan's reputation soared throughout the entire human race. Not only was his name and deeds circulating in the cultivation world, but even ordinary people knew that a young man named Ye Fan single-handedly shattered the Demon Clan's ambition to enslave them.

After half a month of flying, Ye Fan finally saw the winding and rising six dragon mountains outside the Immortal Academy and let out a long sigh of relief.

During this half month, he continuously used the Chasing Star Step, gaining deeper insights into it and improving his speed. With each step, a piece of blurry patterns would emerge under his feet, as if traversing space, and his figure would flash to a hundred feet away.

When Ye Fan appeared in the Immortal Academy, the whole academy was in a frenzy. Almost all the disciples of the academy poured out to congratulate him.

"Hm! What's so great? It's just killing a Heavenly Prince of the demon clan. I disdain taking action. If I did, I would definitely have slain that Heavenly Prince under my horse!"

In an inconspicuous corner, Liu Daoran and others whispered, their eyes filled with envy, jealousy, and hate as they looked at Ye Fan in the center of the crowd!

There are always people like this, who are annoyed to see others succeed, whether in the Immortal Academy or elsewhere.

Even when everyone is celebrating Ye Fan's defense of the human race's dignity in a decisive battle against the demon clan, some discordant voices appear inappropriately.

However, they dare not speak aloud, only grinding their teeth and angrily muttering in private.

When most people are in the sunlight, this small group can only hide in the shadows and use self-deception to gain a temporary sense of satisfaction.

"Ye Zi, let's drink later! It's been a long time since we drank together happily!" Hu Fei came up and gave Ye Fan a heavy pat on the shoulder.

"Alright! Today we won't return unless we're drunk!" Ye Fan readily agreed.

He knew that after this gathering, he didn't know if there would be another one, even if there was, it might be many years from now.

He's about to embark on the strongest trial, the Xing Kong Gu Road, and he doesn't want to leave behind any lingering thoughts or regrets, so he planned a gathering with his good brothers as a farewell gesture.

"Invite all the old friends for a grand drink!"

Shi Ye was very moved. He also knew that after this gathering, Ye Fan was about to embark on the Xing Kong Gu Road. In the future, it might not be easy for the brothers to gather together.

"Kid, heard you slaughtered the Heavenly Prince. Got any good loot to share with this king?"

The Bai Yan wolf, as large as a calf, appeared, his demon energy soaring, his vigorous vitality like thunder. His large claws, several feet long, rested on Ye Fan's shoulder, and his tongue almost licked Ye Fan's face.

"No, that Heavenly Prince was very stingy, didn't leave anything good!" Ye Fan was quite frustrated.

In a fair duel, after killing the Heavenly Prince, all the Heavenly Prince's possessions should be his war spoils. Unexpectedly, this Heavenly Prince was so poor that he didn't have a single decent treasure.

"Ye Fan, can your gathering be held in our Zui Tian Pavilion restaurant?"

As they spoke, a chubby middle-aged cultivator approached, hopeful, saying, "Don't worry, all drinks and food will be free, as long as you can pass on your barbecue techniques to us."

This chubby middle-aged cultivator was the famous Zui Tian Pavilion restaurant owner in the academy, surnamed Yang. Ye Fan never paid much attention to his full name; many academy disciples nicknamed him Yang Bapi.

Because the food and drink there are outrageously expensive, Immortal Academy disciples aren't all Saint Heirs from various major forces like those from the Imperial Academy, so their finances aren't as strong, and they have to tighten their belts for days after eating there.

Hearing his words, the surrounding Immortal Academy disciples laughed, saying, "Brother Ye, agree to it. This guy has been eyeing your barbecue technique for quite some time. You're about to embark on the Xing Kong Gu Road, leaving a memory for the brothers would be nice!"

"Yang Bapi, if Brother Ye passes you his barbecue technique, you can't sell it so expensively anymore, or we won't agree!"

"That's right, if you keep ripping us off with Spirit Stones like this, we'll collectively protest to the Dean."

This commotion caused Yang Bapi to blush like a bright red cloth with embarrassment. He quickly agreed, saying that as long as Ye Fan taught him the barbecue skills, he would only charge the cost price, with absolutely no extra charges.

Ye Fan couldn't help but smile; it seemed that while he hadn't become famous for other talents, his barbecue skills had indeed spread through the Immortal Academy.

He wasn't the type to hoard skills, so he readily agreed. After all, barbecue wasn't something particularly rare on Earth; as long as you controlled the fire properly and had a good marinade, anyone could do it.

"I'll go prepare the wine and ingredients right away!"

Seeing Ye Fan agree, the plump middle-aged cultivator was overjoyed and hurried off to prepare.

After chatting with the fellow disciples at the academy for a while, Ye Fan headed towards the Forbidden Land where the Dean Old Immortal lived in seclusion. He wanted to consult about embarking on Xing Kong Gu Road.

The place where the Dean Old Immortal lived in seclusion was a Forbidden Land for most teachers of the Immortal Academy. Without a summons, it was strictly forbidden to step in. But for Ye Fan, it wasn't the case; he could come and go freely without any punishment.

That day, Ye Fan chatted with the Dean Old Immortal at his secluded place about many things, and the Dean was very forthcoming, sharing much information about Xing Kong Gu Road.

After leaving the secluded place, Ye Fan headed straight to Zui Tian Pavilion, where Hu Fei, Shi Ye, and others were waiting for him on the top floor.

Zui Tian Pavilion was the tallest building in the Immortal Academy apart from the Dragon Tower. Standing at the top of Zui Tian Pavilion, looking down through the window, gave one the feeling of being at the top of a never-ending peak, gazing out over small hills.

Everyone who could attend this gathering had come. Needless to say, the duo of Hu Fei and Shi Ye were there, and Han Sandong and Sikong Po had also arrived.

Additionally, Yaling, Ling Ziyuan, Princess Yue Bai, Yu Tidou, Ma Mingxiao, Xiong Kuang, Jin Changgeng, and so forth who were once adversaries, were also present, making the top floor of Zui Tian Pavilion extremely lively.

Of course, it couldn't be ruled out that some had come simply for the free meal. After all, Zui Tian Pavilion's ingredients were top-notch, and they usually couldn't afford to frequent it.

This time, Yang Bapi said that Ye Fan and his friends' gathering, all the wine and food would be free, so they couldn't miss the chance to take advantage of him.

Seeing so many people had come all at once, Yang Bapi's face turned nearly green, but what's said is like water that's been spilled; naturally, it couldn't be taken back. He could only order the kitchen, gritting his teeth, to bring up exquisite dishes and wines aged for a thousand years.

"Brother Ye, I toast to you, wishing you smooth sailing on Xing Kong Gu Road, vanquishing all opponents!"

Jin Changgeng raised his glass to Ye Fan.

"Yes, yes, let's all raise our glasses and toast to Brother Ye sweeping through Xing Kong Gu Road, elevating the prestige of our Linxian Ancient Star!" The crowd lifted their glasses in unison, creating a bustling and lively scene.

Xing Kong Gu Road was opened once before, and many young cultivators had learned that besides their home planet, there were other Ancient Stars of Life in the vast universe, harboring peerless strong people, no less formidable than themselves, possibly even stronger.

"Brother Ye, you go first. Before long, we will also embark on Xing Kong Gu Road to follow in your footsteps. Born in this era, we cannot miss this trial, even if it means being buried in a foreign land."

"The path of the strong is carved out by oneself. If you can't climb over your enemies' corpses to reach the top, then you become someone else's stepping stone!"

Some were quite emotional. When Xing Kong Gu Road first opened, they didn't feel strong enough to protect themselves on the dangerous path, so they chose not to go.

This time, the Imperial Academy made an exception. Xing Kong Gu Road would open again, and they also wanted to prove themselves.

"You're all trash! Watch me, The King, laugh proudly on Xing Kong Gu Road and prove my Dao to become Emperor!"

The Bai Yan wolf, drunk, pointed and bragged at the crowd.

"Damn it, beat it up!"

With a flash of light in his hand, Shi Ye's Stone Staff, comparable to a Holy Weapon, appeared, and a group of people menacingly surrounded it.

Seeing this, Ye Fan couldn't help but laugh.

"When will our next gathering be?"

Smiling, smiling, Ye Fan thought of the impending journey on Xing Kong Gu Road, unable to help but silently ask himself.

No answer.

But Ye Fan knew, this journey was destined to be paved with blood and bones!