

Y Master 1901

Chapter 1901: Zi Huan Spirit Master

"Help..."

The moment the Demon Clan girl saw Ye Fan, it was as if she had seen a savior, and hope ignited in her eyes. Her already swift pace picked up significantly.

"Don't worry, Miss. With me here, no one can hurt you!"

Ye Fan, who had dissected and defeated the Divine Soul of a Demon Clan member earlier, had learned the language of the Demon Clan and spoke up.

"Kid, I advise you not to meddle, or you will die a miserable death!"

One of the middle-aged men pursuing the Demon Clan girl spoke with murderous intent.

"So many of you bullying one weak girl — aren't you ashamed? I'm definitely getting involved in this."

Ye Fan remained completely unfazed.

To infiltrate the Demon Clan for his grand plan, any obstacles must be kicked aside; it's crucial for him to truly integrate into this world.

"Why waste words with a country bumpkin? Just kill him, and ensure he doesn't ruin our plan!"

A disdainful young Demon Clan man said while looking at Ye Fan.

"Brat, you better think clearly. Do you really want to oppose the Moduu Family?"

The middle-aged man was cautious. He didn't act immediately but hoped to use his family's influence to pressure Ye Fan into abandoning the rescue.

Unfortunately, he encountered Ye Fan, who knew almost nothing about this world and naturally had no idea about the family's power.

Even if he did know, Ye Fan's personality would never comply. Many have tried to threaten him, but most of them are now in Hell.

"Save me... and you'll be richly rewarded..."

The Demon Clan girl's chest heaved violently, surging like waves. Although her clothing was tattered, she retained her beauty, exuding a fatal allure.

Upon hearing this, Ye Fan instinctively glanced at the Demon Clan girl. Her face was pale, with blue hair cascading down, skin as radiant as frost and snow, and large water-blue eyes shining with an enticing charm.

Even though Ye Fan had never seen other Demon Clan women, he believed the girl before him was certainly among the beauties of the entire Demon Clan!

"I'm sorry, but the decisions I make are never subject to change! I'm definitely saving this woman; use whatever means you wish, I'll take it all." Ye Fan withdrew his gaze and coldly looked at the middle-aged Demon Clan man.

Hmm?

After hearing Ye Fan's firm and heroic words, brilliance flickered in the eyes of the Demon Clan girl.

In their Demon Clan, everything was weighed by profit. No one would ever offend a powerful family for the sake of an unrelated person — Ye Fan was an anomaly among everyone she had ever seen.

"A country bumpkin dares interfere with the Moduu Family's affairs? Truly, ignorance is fearless; you're living impatiently!"

Seeing Ye Fan truly dare to oppose his family, the young Demon Clan man's first reaction was to sneer coldly.

"Zi Huan Lingzhu, do you really think a country bumpkin can save you? Let me tell you, nobody can save you; today marks your date with death."

The middle-aged Demon Clan man looked past Ye Fan, completely ignoring him and addressed the girl behind him.

Only at this moment did Ye Fan learn that the girl he was saving was named Zi Huan Lingzhu. He gave her another look.

Although Ye Fan had no particular fondness for the Demon Clan, he had to admit that this Demon Clan girl was not only pretty, but even her name sounded delightful.

Through the soul waves of the middle-aged man, Ye Fan learned that the term "Lingzhu" was akin to titles in human society such as Commandery Princess or Princess. It was a term, akin to the Saints and Saint Heirs of various forces in the Xuan Realm.

It was imaginable that this girl named Zi Huan was certainly one of the outstanding young generation of a certain family; otherwise, she wouldn't be bestowed with the title of Lingzhu.

"Uncle, why bother saying so much to them? Just kill them directly; capturing the Death Black Lotus is urgent, lest dreams arise from long nights!"

The young Demon Clan man's eyes glinted with fierce light, looking at Ye Fan and Zi Huan Lingzhu as though a venomous snake eyeing its prey.

"Hmm!"

The middle-aged man waved his right hand, and dense Death Energy condensed into a long knife, slashing towards Ye Fan's neck.

He knew very well that if Ye Fan wasn't killed first, they couldn't capture Zi Huan Lingzhu, so the obstacles must first be cleared.

Ye Fan didn't evade; without reservation, he raised his Combat Power to the limit, swung his purple crystal fists to strike.

"Puff!"

The Death Energy condensed into a long knife shattered easily, scattering instantaneously, and the fearsome Death Energy surged as though in riot.

"Ah..."

The middle-aged Demon Clan strongman screamed in agony, crushed by Ye Fan's punch. A rain of blood rained down, fragments of flesh and bones splattered onto the young Demon Clan man.

"No... Uncle..."

The young Demon Clan man never expected that his uncle couldn't even withstand a single move from a country bumpkin before being instantly killed; such terrifying Combat Power left him shocked and horrified!

Actually, this middle-aged man's death was truly unjust. With his real Combat Power, even if Ye Fan managed to defeat him, instant kill was impossible, for he already equaled the Human Race's Lord Realm Peak.

He died due to his own negligence—originally thinking Ye Fan was just a rustic kid, even if he had some Cultivation, it wouldn't be too strong. So, he never gave it his all!

In contrast, Ye Fan struck with full force to intimidate his enemy.

One was negligent, while the other went all out. The result was naturally predictable. Moreover, with Ye Fan's Combat Power, he could defeat him even without giving his all. This was just compressing countless Killing Moves into one, a single strike to kill in seconds, chilling the enemy's heart!

He did it; with one strike, he instantly killed a Demon Clan strong person equivalent to the Lord Realm Peak, greatly shocking everyone present.

"Killed in one strike?"

Zi Huan Lingzhu's beautiful eyes opened wide; her eyeballs nearly hit her feet. This was a strong person of the Great Demon King Realm. How many of the younger generation could kill one in seconds?

Ye Fan's age was obviously young, yet he possessed such terrifying Combat Power, which profoundly shocked her, her sexy red lips parted in an O-shape.

"Mo Long, didn't you want to kill me and seize my clan's Death Black Lotus? Come on! Let's see how you plan to succeed!"

Zi Huan Lingzhu completely relaxed, saying mockingly to the young man from the Demon Clan.

Ye Fan's strike instantly killed the strongest middle-aged pursuer among those chasing her, giving her great confidence. She decided not to flee anymore, but to eradicate these people or capture them for the Clan Leader's judgment.

"Zi Huan little ***, don't be so smug. Our clan's strong people will arrive soon; by then, none of you will escape, and the Death Black Lotus will be ours, the Moduu Family's!"

Mo Long's face darkened, eyes spinning wildly.

He was very aware of his current situation; Ye Fan could kill his uncle in seconds, making him no match. He could only delay as much as possible, hoping for a turnaround when the clan's strong people arrived.

"Maybe, but I fear you won't get to see it."

Zi Huan Lingzhu was filled with intense killing intent; her delicate hand like a knife, she viciously slashed at Mo Long.

"Ssh!"

A sharp Death Light slashed down on Mo Long's shoulder like a brocade, blood splattering, and Mo Long let out a miserable cry, quickly retreating.

Other young Demon Clan strong people suddenly turned pale, realizing they had kicked a steel plate. This young person, about their age, possessed terrifying strength, definitely qualifying to compete with the world's top young strong people.

Facing such a Killing God, they felt intimidated, unable to find any emotion in Ye Fan's eyes, resembling viewing lifeless objects, igniting their fear.

"Since you've come, why rush to leave? Stay here!"

Ye Fan unfolded his Chasing Star Step, like a Flowing Light spanning thousands in an instant, catching up to a young Demon Clan strong person, swiftly striking him into meat paste with unmatched ruthlessness!

Though Ye Fan lacked any Death Martial Technique, he possessed the most authentic mental method, easily wielding Death Energy to unleash terrifying power.

"Ah..."

Another young Demon Clan strong person met their end under Ye Fan's fist, his body exploded directly, his Divine Soul eradicated.

"Kill Mo Long first, the others don't matter!"

Zi Huan Lingzhu's melodious voice echoed with natural allure from behind.

Towards the Demon Clan, Ye Fan felt no goodwill; these creatures steeped in Death Aura surely had intricate ties with human-shaped creatures.

However, he strictly followed her words, chasing Mo Long. This Mo Long, though possessing low Cultivation and weak strength, excelled at escaping, his speed incredibly fast. Yet, faced with Ye Fan's world-top speed Chasing Star Step, his swiftness proved useless, doomed to be chased down and killed.

However—

Just then, Ye Fan suddenly sensed an extremely powerful aura rapidly approaching, this aura resembling Mo Long's, seemingly sourced from the same origin.

"Not good, quickly escape!"

Zi Huan Lingzhu's face changed drastically, she called to Ye Fan, then turned to flee at an exquisite speed.

Still, her speed couldn't surpass Ye Fan's Chasing Star Step, and within the blink of an eye, Ye Fan overtook her.

From the terrifying fluctuation, Ye Fan deduced the newcomer appeared to be a strong person comparable to the Venerable Realm. He had just arrived in this world, revealing too much of his edge isn't wise; concealing strength is the best survival rule.

"This..."

Seeing Ye Fan's speed at the moment, Zi Huan Lingzhu's beautiful eyes widened in shock, her mouth opened to the limit, nearly able to fit a goose egg.

"Buzz!"

She sensed she might not escape the Demon Lord's pursuit; once caught, she'd suffer a fate worse than death. So, gritting her teeth, she crushed the survival Divine Talisman given by her Clan Leader. A flash of light passed, a thin Law Divine Chain tightly linking her to Ye Fan, quickly fleeing afar under Ye Fan's lead.

"Head south; my clan's territory is there. Once reaching my clan's territory, we're safe; they dare not pursue us there! But if caught midway, we'll both die!"

Zi Huan Lingzhu said, anxious and worried.

Chapter 1902: Invitation

Originally, Ye Fan just wanted to rescue Zi Huan Lingzhu to create a suitable opportunity for himself to blend into the Demon Clan, but he never thought about risking his life.

However—

The current situation seems to be beyond his control, as that dreadful aura behind him is rapidly approaching, seemingly determined not to give up until it catches him.

"No way, how is he this fast? Could he actually catch up with me?"

Feeling the rapidly approaching aura behind him, Ye Fan was startled.

Swish!

Zi Huan Lingzhu's expression changed dramatically, pale as paper, she exclaimed in horror, "He's burning his own primordial essence, pursuing relentlessly, trying to catch me."

"Hmph!"

Ye Fan sneered and said, "Let him try chasing, I want to see how long he can burn his primordial essence."

After saying that, Ye Fan accelerated once more, pushing the Chasing Star Step to its limit, like a Flowing Light, seeming to traverse space, traveling thousands of miles in an instant.

In the distance, the Demon Lord from the Moduu Family was furious beyond words. Originally, he thought with his strength, capturing a mere Zi Huan Lingzhu would be easy, but unexpectedly he encountered Ye Fan whose speed was absurdly fast, leaving him trailing in the dust.

"Roar roar roar roar..."

The Demon Lord from the Moduu Family roared at the sky, burning his own Primordial Death Energy, surrounded by rolling Demon Clouds, like a Great Demon, darkening half the sky.

"Boom!"

The Demon Lord from the Moduu Family roared, summoning a White Bone Tower, striking out a sharp Killing Light, slashing towards Ye Fan.

However—

In the face of Ye Fan's terrifying speed, that Killing Light could never catch up with him, always remaining a yard behind him, until its energy was exhausted, dissipating into the world.

Hmm?

Zi Huan Lingzhu's eyes sparkled with brilliance, realizing she might have stumbled upon treasure, this young man's strength is immensely powerful, yet she doesn't know which clan he hails from.

"That old fellow is truly terrifying!"

Ye Fan's complexion changed, continuously accelerating, continuously increasing speed, barely avoiding this fatal strike.

"This is a Demon Lord from the Moduu Family, extremely terrifying in strength, unmatched."

Zi Huan Lingzhu's face was pale, heart still palpitating.

If she hadn't met Ye Fan, she would never have escaped this ordeal, she would be captured by the Moduu Family, and then not only would the Death Black Lotus fall into the Moduu Family's hands, but her father would be threatened, causing her clan to suffer huge losses.

Even now, whether they can escape this ordeal is still uncertain, but at least there is some hope, not complete despair.

"Roar..."

The Demon Lord from the Moduu Family roared at the sky, shattering the mountains within a thousand miles, raising a cloud of dust, relentlessly pursuing, unwilling to give up.

"What exactly is the Death Black Lotus? Why is he burning his primordial essence at all costs to chase after you, as if determined not to rest until he catches you?"

Ye Fan's heart tensed, knowing that the Demon Lord equivalent to the Venerable Realm was desperate, using various Forbidden Techniques to increase speed, making him feel threatened.

"The Death Black Lotus is a divine artifact, containing the purest Death Qi, it's a treasure for any cultivator practicing Death Qi. We obtained it first, but the information leaked, and the Moduu Family found out, so they sent people to intercept me, to seize the Death Black Lotus." Zi Huan Lingzhu said.

"The purest Death Qi, huh?"

Ye Fan murmured, his own body's Death Qi should be the purest, right?

"If you can save me from danger, I'm willing to share the Death Black Lotus with you!"

Zi Huan Lingzhu offered a temptation that was fatal to other Demon Clan cultivators, something no one could refuse.

"The Death Black Lotus, huh? I don't need it. If you allow me to view some of your clan's martial arts, I'd be more than happy to assist you." Ye Fan said calmly.

"Of course, not just our clan's martial arts, even if you want me to accompany you for a year, I'm willing."

Zi Huan Lingzhu, born charming, made every word alluring, greatly stirring people's desires.

Ye Fan found this unexpected fortune a bit hard to bear, only softly chuckling bitterly, continuing to flee desperately.

"Boom!"

Just as they were talking, intense waves came from behind, endless Death Qi surged like the ocean, overwhelming and surging, the Demon Lord from the Moduu Family significantly increased his speed.

"Damn, the Demon Lord's power is too terrifying."

Ye Fan felt a strong sense of danger, cursing softly.

Swish!

He pushed the Chasing Star Step to its extreme, instantly traveling thousands of miles, the mountains and earth receding rapidly beneath his feet, leaving the Demon Lord from the Moduu Family far behind.

"Uh..."

Zi Huan Lingzhu was shocked, her mouth agape, almost unable to believe it, this young man unexpectedly possessed such strength, yet remained unknown throughout the entire Demon World, how is this possible?

"Roar..."

Behind them, the mountains continued to collapse, the Demon Lord from the Moduu Family enveloped in Demon Clouds, taking a step, with the mountains and earth beneath his feet, his whole body almost burning, relentlessly pursuing again, it's unknown what Forbidden Technique he used.

"Is he crazy? Does he really want to put us to death?"

Ye Fan was shocked in his heart, then a sneer appeared on his face, and he said, "I also have Forbidden Techniques. Since you're relentless in your pursuit, then let's say goodbye completely!"

He didn't want to continue competing with this Great Demon of the Moduu Family in speed, in case something unexpected happened, it would be too late for regret.

In an instant, he also burned his own Death Aura, and his speed increased several times, disappearing in the blink of an eye as if through space.

This speed did not reach the level of using Divine Power to drive the Chasing Star Step, but it was already unbelievably fast.

Death Aura and Divine Power have almost the same effect, but the difference is that Death Aura is full of corrosive characteristics, with very strong corrosion and devouring effects for any living creature.

Behind him, the Great Demon from the Moduu Family was dumbfounded, completely deflated, like a drained balloon, with all his Demonic Qi restrained, he stopped and roared angrily, "This is impossible!"

Ye Fan and Zi Huan Lingzhu ran for tens of thousands of miles, only stopping when they reached the territory of Zi Huan Lingzhu's clan.

"Poof!"

Ye Fan spat out a mouthful of purple blood, his face extremely pale, his limbs trembling, and he collapsed on the ground.

After a strenuous escape, the Death Aura on him was also greatly depleted, although it hadn't reached the point of truly threatening his life, he at least had to put on an act, otherwise Zi Huan Lingzhu might become suspicious.

"Are you alright?"

Zi Huan Lingzhu walked over and asked with a concerned look.

"I forcibly used a Forbidden Secret Technique, not only did it cost me ten years of lifespan but also injured my Primordial Qi. I fear I will need a few years of seclusion to recover." Ye Fan concealed, as the earlier speed was too shocking, actually shaking off a Great Demon, which was beyond common sense.

"No wonder your speed was so fast..."

Zi Huan Lingzhu's eyes flashed with bright colors, with her clothes mostly ragged, barely covering her body, exposing many parts of her skin, exuding a strong temptation.

"This is a Death Black Lotus, you should take a lotus petal first. With this petal, I believe you can recover quickly."

Zi Huan Lingzhu's hand flashed with light, revealing a purple-black Treasure Box, although it wasn't open yet, Ye Fan could already sense the pure Death Qi contained within.

Honestly, Ye Fan really didn't want to absorb Death Qi anymore, this time's depletion had balanced the Death Qi and Pure Yang Qi inside him quite a bit.

Soon, Zi Huan Lingzhu opened the Treasure Box, an Immortal Lotus as dark as Dark Immortal Gold appeared in front of Ye Fan's eyes, seemingly condensed from the purest of Death Qi, both deadly and sacred.

It's a very contradictory feeling, but yet a real sensation, Ye Fan indeed felt the sacredness of death from this Death Black Lotus.

"Hiss!"

Zi Huan Lingzhu's jade-like fingers pinched a lotus petal, gently tearing it off and handing it to Ye Fan!

At this moment, if he firmly refused, it would instead arouse Zi Huan Lingzhu's suspicion, because no one would risk their life to save a complete stranger for no reason.

If Ye Fan didn't show some greed, then he wouldn't truly be a member of the Demon Clan, for the Demon Clan is selfish.

"Thank you, Zi Huan Lingzhu." After thanking, Ye Fan directly took the petal from the Black Lotus and began refining and absorbing the Death Qi contained within.

"You are my lifesaver, you don't have to call me Lingzhu like others, just call me Zi Huan." Zi Huan Lingzhu said with a smile.

"Oh, by the way, I still don't know the name of my benefactor? Should I keep calling you benefactor forever? It's awkward when others ask!"

As if suddenly realizing something, Zi Huan Lingzhu asked Ye Fan.

"My name is Ye Fan!"

Ye Fan revealed his real name, as he believed in this world, no one knows his origin, let alone his name.

"Ye Fan? What a strange name! I don't know any large clans with the surname Ye around here? Which clan are you from?" Zi Huan Lingzhu asked curiously.

"I'm not from any clan, I'm an orphan, grew up with my master. Since he picked me up from a pile of leaves, he let me surname Ye, and Fan is just to make me an ordinary person."

Ye Fan talked nonsense about the origin of his name.

"Ah... so you're an orphan, that's so sad."

Zi Huan Lingzhu seemed overflowing with empathy, almost taking Ye Fan into her arms.

"Brother Ye's life-saving grace, Zi Huan has no way to repay it. If Brother Ye doesn't mind, why don't you come with me to our clan and stay for a while?" Zi Huan Lingzhu said.

"Uh... is it convenient? After all, I am just a rough man from the mountains, not familiar with etiquette, don't want to offend you all." Ye Fan secretly laughed in his heart, his plan succeeded.

With this identity, he can truly integrate into the Demon World, and this is the first step.

Success comes with a price, after paying so much, Ye Fan finally awaited the invitation from Zi Huan Lingzhu, he could properly integrate into this world now.

"Brother Ye, don't worry, with me around, no one will make things difficult for you, my father will certainly take good care of you."

Zi Huan Lingzhu considered for a moment, then continued to say, "Since Brother Ye doesn't have any family ties, you can inform your master, join our clan, then it's always good to have support if anything comes up. With your talent, I'm sure you'll receive focused cultivation from our clan, and then you wouldn't have to worry about cultivation resources, martial arts, cultivation techniques, or anything at all; you might even make it into the seed candidates!"

Chapter 1903: Infiltrating the Demon Clan

As the words fell, Zi Huan's beautiful eyes were filled with anticipation. She wanted to seize this opportunity to draw Ye Fan, this rare genius, into her family clan.

From the fact that Ye Fan was able to escape from the hands of Demon Venerable of the Mo Duo Family, she had already realized that Ye Fan's strength was astonishing, and he was so young. If he could be properly nurtured, he might bring immeasurable benefits to the entire family in the future.

Little did she know, her actions fit perfectly into Ye Fan's plan. Originally, Ye Fan intended to use this opportunity to integrate into this world seamlessly, and her invitation gave Ye Fan an almost perfect opportunity.

As they chatted along the way, Ye Fan pretended to be completely ignorant of this world, continuously asking questions and gathering a lot of important information about the Demon World.

From the casual conversation, Ye Fan learned that the entire Demon World had no other races; it was entirely dominated by the Demon Clan, but it was remarkably similar to the Human Race of Xuan Realm. The entire social structure was no different from humans.

Most importantly, the Demon Clan and humans almost had no differences in appearance. The only difference was they were born without life energy and their bodies contained impure Death Aura.

The Death Aura of the Demon Clan and the blood energy, Divine Power of the Human Race functioned almost identically, except it was filled with corrosive power of death.

The family clan that Zi Huan belonged to was considered one of the most prominent families within tens of thousands of miles, capable of standing on equal footing with the Mo Duo Family.

It's just that the Demon Venerable of their family passed away a few days ago, and their overall strength instantly became weaker than the Mo Duo Family. This was also an important reason why the Mo Duo Family dared to openly intercept her.

Upon learning this, Ye Fan immediately breathed a sigh of relief. He was truly afraid that the Zi Huan Family had a powerful Demon Venerable sitting in town. If so, he would need to be cautious everywhere, hiding his own life energy.

If the Demon Clan of this world were to discover that he was not one of the Demon Clan, but a Human being with life energy, he would find it very difficult to escape this world.

"Spirit Master!"

After some time, a shout came from afar, and a group of people quickly rushed over, arriving in the blink of an eye.

Hmm?

Ye Fan's heart skipped a beat. He discovered that among them, there was a strong person equivalent to Early-Stage Venerable Realm, along with five others at Late-stage Lord Realm. The last one was a handsome, wicked young man, between Mid-Stage and Late-stage Lord Realm, whose realm was slightly higher than his.

"Seventh Grandpa, why are you here?"

Seeing the strong person equivalent to Early-Stage Venerable Realm arrive, Zi Huan was completely relieved and said pleasantly.

"You're the Spirit Master of our family. Could I not come? Thankfully, the Spirit Master is unharmed. I heard that group of beasts from the Mo Duo Family took action. Is this true?"

Zi Huan's Seventh Grandpa asked.

"Yes, even their family's Demon Venerable took action. Luckily, Brother Ye Fan risked his life to save me; otherwise, I might really not have come back." Zi Huan introduced Ye Fan to everyone, and Ye Fan just nodded stiffly.

Although he wanted to use this opportunity to infiltrate the Demon Clan, it didn't mean he had any fondness for the Demon Clan, let alone bowing to any of them. He absolutely couldn't do it.

"As long as Zi Huan Spirit Master is okay, it's good!"

The wicked young man was full of smiles, eagerly speaking first, his eye beams filled with lewd light.

"Zi Huan, is there really a Death Black Lotus in Death Valley?"

Zi Huan's Seventh Grandpa asked, sensing a faint trace of pure Death Aura, showing a look of excitement on his face.

"Yes, the legendary Death Black Lotus has indeed appeared. Fortunately, I arrived early and was the first to obtain it." Zi Huan Spirit Master nodded.

Death Valley is located at the intersection of Zi Huan Family and the Mo Duo Family, a co-managed area. Recently, someone saw a void reflection, and a giant black lotus appeared above Death Valley, speculating that the legendary Death Black Lotus might have appeared. The two families sent masters to seize it.

Zi Huan Spirit Master happened to be traveling nearby at the time and was the first to arrive at Death Valley. Relying on her keen sense of Death Aura, she was the first to find the Death Black Lotus. After a fierce battle, she killed the Deathly Demon Beast guarding the black lotus and obtained the Death Black Lotus.

For humans, the Death Black Lotus is not entirely useless either. If it falls into the hands of an Alchemist, it can be used to refine a kind of Spirit Pill that extends life.

Even when used as a Spiritual Treasure, it is very powerful. The pure Death Aura it emits can instantaneously kill opponents one Xiao realm higher than itself.

However, for the Demon Clan, the Death Black Lotus is very useful; it can help them purify the Death Aura in their bodies, transform it into demonic qi, extend lifespan, refine the body, and is definitely a priceless Immortal Treasure second only to Undead Holy Gold.

"That's wonderful, welcome Spirit Master home!"

Zi Huan's Seventh Grandpa was very excited. As a Quasi-Demon Venerable, he could deduce from the smell that it was undoubtedly the Death Black Lotus and thus didn't ask to take a look.

"Zi Huan sister indeed has great luck!"

Beside him, Zi Huan's Seventh Grandpa's eldest grandson, Zi Tianmo, laughed and then casually glanced at Ye Fan, saying, "Is he sister's follower?"

"Didn't I already say? Thanks to Brother Ye Fan's intervention, otherwise I absolutely couldn't escape the pursuers of the Mo Duo Family..."

Zi Huan briefly explained the situation again and gave Zi Tianmo a discontented glance, blaming him for his lack of tact in speech.

"The young man is quite impressive!"

Zi Huan's Seventh Grandpa nodded and glanced at Ye Fan, not saying anything further.

"To escape from the hands of a Demon Venerable, you must be a peerless young master of the current era. Why have I never heard of your name?" Zi Tianmo asked.

"I grew up in deep mountain forests far from human habitation, so I have no fame to speak of. It's only natural you haven't heard of me," Ye Fan said nonchalantly.

"I see. Then we should definitely become much closer in the future!"

Zi Tianmo emphasized the words "much closer," seemingly implying something else.

"Of course, I've just come out of the mountains, and I'm not familiar with many formalities, so I'll have to learn much from you!" Ye Fan said, also implying something.

The two had just met but already began a battle of wits, every sentence laden with deeper meaning, though seemingly unnoticed by others present.

"The matter of the Death Black Lotus is significant and an invaluable Demon Treasure. I doubt many in the Moduu Family are aware of it. Should you act, Grandpa, to ensure all knowledgeable parties are silenced to prevent any leaks?"

Zi Tianmo's lips curled into a sinister smile.

Hmm?

Ye Fan's heart tensed, suspecting that this person intended to silence him as well—it was truly like being more of a wolf than a Bai Yan wolf!

"There's no way the Moduu Family would spread this matter. Besides, with their old ghost around, even if I went, it would be useless. It's absolutely impossible to kill their family's descendants under his nose. The Death Black Lotus already belongs to our family, and not even Mo Hua Cang, who is a Demon Venerable-level powerhouse, would dare to seize it."

Zi Huan's Seventh Grandpa shook his head, rejecting his grandson's suggestion.

Zi Huan, of course, caught the undertone in Zi Tianmo's words. She gave him a cold look and said, "If we were to kill all those who know, wouldn't that include you too? Because you're one of them."

"Uh..."

Zi Tianmo's expression froze, and he awkwardly chuckled, "Zi Huan, you're joking. As a core disciple of the family, I would never leak it, but it's hard to say for anyone else."

He then glanced in the direction of Ye Fan, clearly reminding his grandfather that Ye Fan should be silenced.

"Zi Tianmo, I warn you, Brother Ye Fan is my savior. No one is allowed to harm him, or else don't blame me for being ruthless!" Zi Huan's body exuded a fierce murderous intent, as if ready to strike at any moment.

"Alright, stop arguing, let's hurry back. The Clan Leader is still waiting!"

Zi Tianmo's grandfather furrowed his brows and then flew towards the distance.

The clan that Zi Huan belonged to was called the Purple Demon Family, a vast and expansive family. From Ye Fan's judgment, their land area was almost equivalent to that owned by an Emperor Clan in the Xuan Realm.

However, this is also related to the Demon World's vast lands but sparse population. The land is spacious, but the Demon Clan's numbers are not particularly high, with many places being desolate wilderness.

Under the influence of Death Energy, all creatures in this world have mutated, fully adapting to the environment, and their beast cores have turned into Death Crystals.

The group flew for ten whole days before they could see the place where Zi Huan's family gathered from afar!

This was a city, and Ye Fan was quite surprised that the Demon Clan also had the habit of building cities and houses. Judging from the size of this city, many members of the Demon Clan must reside there, perhaps even numbering in the millions.

The Demon Clan does not consist entirely of cultivators; many ordinary demon clan members hold very low status, a reality seemingly unavoidable in any world.

Ye Fan felt no sympathy for these demon clan members with no combat power, as they were not human but a kind of creature with Death Energy, very similar to human-shaped creatures.

These powerful ones among the demon clan were not born that way; they surely emerged from ordinary demon clan members, with such a massive base leading to the birth of many strong people in the Demon World.

Ye Fan had every reason to believe that during the dark turmoil that occurred in the Xuan Realm, the Demon Clan was definitely involved, as human-shaped creatures would never miss having such similar minions.

Approaching the Ancient City, Ye Fan unexpectedly discovered that the mottled marks on the city walls seemed to bear traces left by humans.

Entering the Ancient City, Ye Fan was settled in a quiet courtyard, while Zi Huan hurriedly followed her Seventh Grandpa to see her parents, who were the clan leaders.

"That Zi Tianmo wants to kill me, and I must find a chance to get rid of that fellow named Zi Tianmo, so he doesn't hinder my plan!"

Ye Fan walked under the shade of the trees in the small courtyard, silently forming a plan in his heart.

Chapter 1904: Malice Hidden Within

The small courtyard is tranquil, the wind rustles the leaves, creating a gentle rustling sound, with a faint death aura pervading the air!

"This is an essential scroll of Mystical Skill, but it's extremely profound, and it's quite difficult for ordinary people to comprehend..."

Zi Huan arrived, bringing Ye Fan an ancient manuscript.

Clearly, this is a flawed Mystical Skill, merely a scroll of notes. After carefully perusing it, Ye Fan was left speechless.

This scroll of Mystical Skill is terribly incomplete, and the text is also obscure and archaic, nearly impossible to decipher.

However, if one ponders it carefully, one can still discern the extraordinary aspects of this Mystical Skill, somewhat resembling the Mystical Skills of sects and holy lands in the Xuan Realm.

This Mystical Skill involves cultivating blood and Qi, sharing a slight resemblance with the Nine Heavens Profound Skill. The Demon Clan, which lacks blood and Qi internally, naturally cannot comprehend or master it.

"This scroll of Mystical Skill... is too severely flawed!"

Seeing Zi Huan bring a Cultivation Technique that the Demon Clan cannot practice, Ye Fan deliberately showed displeasure, but inside he was secretly delighted, realizing that such shadows resembling Xuan Realm's Mystical Skills could be seen here in the Demon World, further proving the intricate connections between the Demon World and the Xuan Realm.

"It is said that this was authored by a Quasi-Emperor of our clan after battling in the Star Universe, but none of the successors have managed to grasp its essence or master it."

Zi Huan expressed slight embarrassment, considering she promised Ye Fan he could view her clan's Mystical Skills, yet handed over such a nearly useless scroll instead; she found it somewhat awkward.

"If this Mystical Skill could indeed be mastered, it would be truly heaven-defying!" Ye Fan muttered.

"This scroll was left by an ancestor of our clan, even the Heavenly King of Demon City borrowed it once, do not underestimate it!" said an old man resembling a servant beside them.

"Did the Heavenly King manage to master it?" Ye Fan asked.

"No!"

The old man, akin to a servant, replied awkwardly.

"Well, isn't that the case? Even the Heavenly King couldn't master it; do you think my comprehension surpasses the Heavenly King's?"

Ye Fan rolled his eyes and finally kept it, thinking that if someday he accidentally reveals he possesses blood and Qi, he could use this scroll of Mystical Skill to cover it up.

"Sorry, I know I've let down Brother Ye, how about this: I'll request my father to grant you a Cultivation Holy Land that could accelerate your cultivation one to two times faster." Zi Huan felt a bit awkward.

"There are such places?" Ye Fan asked in surprise.

"Of course, our clan has grown to be a formidable presence precisely due to the existence of these Cultivation Holy Lands; each Holy Land has a Supreme Formation underneath it, gathering Death Qi from all directions for our cultivation." explained the old man resembling a servant.

"I see!"

Ye Fan understood that it followed the same principle as human cultivators using the Gathering Essence Array to forcibly amass Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi for cultivation.

Shortly afterward, Zi Tianmo appeared, entering the courtyard where Ye Fan was located, and upon learning the situation, showed a surprised expression, saying, "Could it be 'Death Lake', or 'White Bone Ridge'? Both are Cultivation Holy Lands."

Upon learning that Zi Huan had also gifted Ye Fan that scroll of ancestral Mystical Skill, Zi Tianmo was momentarily stunned, then laughed, saying, "Those two Holy Lands have long been occupied by our clan's young talents; I'll take a look for you. Our clan's territory is vast, and there certainly are more than just those two Holy Lands, surely I can choose one that is not inferior to them for you."

"That would be a great help, Brother Tian Mo!"

Ye Fan forced a smile, not believing a single punctuation of Zi Tianmo's words.

Previously, Zi Tianmo plotted to kill him to silence him, and now, in a short turnaround, his attitude shifted one hundred and eighty degrees, is that possible?

"No need to be courteous, it's what you deserve; you saved Sister Zi Huan, from now on, we are family." Zi Tianmo smiled slightly and hurried away.

Soon after, Ye Fan received word that the Clan Leader of the Purple Demon Clan planned to allocate him a Cultivation Holy Land as gratitude for saving Zi Huan Lingzhu.

"The plan has commenced..."

Upon receiving this news, Ye Fan smiled silently.

"Congratulations, Brother Ye! It's an Ancient Battlefield, with frequent phenomena occurring. Cultivation there would undoubtedly yield twice the result with half the effort, possibly even unexpected benefits; I fought hard for you to get this, many clansmen covet this Holy Land." Zi Tianmo appeared once again, speaking to Ye Fan.

"I genuinely appreciate it, Brother Tian Mo!" Ye Fan said.

"No need for formality between us; it's close to the cultivation sites of me and Sister Zi Huan, we can visit you sometimes, don't refuse, or both Sister Zi Huan and I will be upset." Zi Tianmo patted Ye Fan's shoulder, appearing very familiar.

Zi Tianmo left, and Ye Fan glanced at his retreating figure, asking the old servant beside him: "Is that Ancient Battlefield truly unique?"

"Well..."

The old servant hesitated for a moment, seeing Zi Tianmo had disappeared, then said: "Indeed it is unique; over the endless ages, countless clansmen have cultivated there, yet inexplicably died."

"What?"

Ye Fan was greatly startled, a trace of coldness flashing in his eyes, pondering for a long time before saying: "I must explore the peculiarity!"

"Young man, I advise you not to go; those young clansmen before you thought alike, wishing to unveil the mysteries of the Ancient Battlefield, only to end up dead." The old servant warned.

"Don't worry, I'll proceed with caution!"

Ye Fan's eyes shimmered with confidence, even though that ancient battlefield was perilous, he was determined to venture through it.

Having braved so many dangers, he was fearless, having conquered the most challenging Xing Kong Gu Road, why would he fear an ancient battlefield?

"Youthful ignorance, oh youthful ignorance!"

The old servant shook his head and sighed: "Do you know whose territory it originally was? That was Zi Tianmo's territory, and now he's willingly dividing it for you. Do you think he's doing it out of goodwill? He wants to kill you!"

"I hold no grudge against him, why does he want to kill me?"

Ye Fan quickly thought of Zi Huan, she is the Spirit Master of the Purple Demon Clan, incredibly beautiful, could it be because of her?

"You aren't entirely foolish, that's precisely the reason!"

The old servant said: "Zi Huan is our Purple Demon Clan's Spirit Master, and Tian Mo is the first genius of the younger generation. He always regards Zi Huan Spirit Master as his future companion, but Zi Huan Spirit Master never gives him a kind face. Your appearance now makes him feel threatened, he naturally wants to eliminate you quickly!"

"Since Zi Tianmo is the first genius of your clan, why are you telling me this? Aren't you afraid I'll thwart his plan?" Ye Fan asked curiously.

"I am the Spirit Master's Death Soldier..."

The old servant was silent for a moment before speaking.

"What anomalies have occurred at that ancient battlefield?"

Even knowing Zi Tianmo wants to harm him, Ye Fan felt no fear and wanted to check out that ancient battlefield.

Because, generally speaking, the more dangerous a place is, the greater the opportunity it presents, it's a law of the Xuan Realm!

"You really intend to go there?"

The old servant looked at Ye Fan curiously, a bit perplexed.

He had already explained that the ancient battlefield was very sinister, often exhibiting anomalies, and hardly anyone leaves alive, yet Ye Fan still wants to go. It's uncertain whether he's brave or recklessly ignorant!

"Of course, how could one miss such a great place!" Ye Fan radiated strong confidence, speaking calmly.

"Alright then, if anything happens don't blame this old servant for not warning you!"

The old servant sighed, recounting the anomalies that occurred at the ancient battlefield to Ye Fan.

Legend has it, that it is an ancient battlefield left from the battles between Ancient Gods and Demons, very sinister. Some have heard the sounds of battle at midnight, others have witnessed the phenomena of the battles.

And shortly after seeing these anomalies, those people became a pool of pus, even their Divine Souls dissolved, leaving nothing behind.

The Purple Demon Family has also sent strong people to investigate several times, but in the end, all were inconclusive, not discovering anything, even losing two important family members.

Since then, the cultivation holy land has been ignored, despite being within Zi Tianmo's territory, no one is willing to cultivate there, as it equates to courting death.

"What, you want to go to the ancient battlefield?"

When Zi Huan returned and heard Ye Fan's decision, she widened her eyes in amazement, appearing incredulous.

The ancient battlefield is a relic left from the battles of Ancient Gods and Demons, time passes, tens of thousands of years have gone by, it has long since become barren.

"You cannot go there, countless clan members have died there over time, none has ever gained anything, it is a dead land!"

Zi Huan firmly opposed, possessing a devilish figure, *****, standing gracefully, enchanting red lips, a refined nose, eyes as blue as the ocean, mesmerizing, emitting a deadly allure, standing opposite Ye Fan with a faint fragrance wafting in.

"I spoke to my father about giving you Death Lake or White Bone Ridge, places perfect for cultivation and twice as fast as others, with intertwined Heaven and Earth Tao Markings." Zi Huan hastily explained.

Hearing Zi Huan's explanation, Ye Fan understood clearly, it must be Zi Tianmo causing trouble behind the scenes, being the first genius of the entire Purple Demon Family, his words carry weight, even the Clan Leader would consider his proposal.

"No need to change, I want to see what's so special about that ancient battlefield." Ye Fan said with a smile.

"Tens of thousands of years have passed, countless clan members gained nothing, residing there led to disaster, why risk it?"

Upon hearing this, Zi Huan's **** heaved intensely due to emotional fluctuation, tumultuous waves.

"I have my own discretion!"

Ye Fan did not change his mind, claiming he was merely observing and would not stay long, nothing would happen.

"You saved my life, intending to repay you, but such an incident has occurred."

Zi Huan sighed softly, taking out a Purple Jade Bottle and handing it to Ye Fan.

The Purple Jade Bottle, even sealed, still emits a dense death aura, absolutely harmful to ordinary human cultivators.

However——

For the demon clan's cultivators, it's a supreme tonic, their favorite, able to enhance their power, purify impurities in their death qi, and improve their physique.

"Death Spirit Divine Liquid!"

Zi Tianmo suddenly appeared, eyes widened in shock.

Chapter 1905: Show of Force

Death Spirit Divine Liquid is a kind of divine liquid born from the extreme of death, rare even in the entire Demon World, extremely precious, and greatly beneficial to the body of cultivators, improving the Demon Clan's physique.

Seeing the greedy light in Zi Tianmo's eyes, Ye Fan's heart stirred. Is this person harboring ulterior motives, intending to target the Death Spirit Divine Liquid?

Thinking of this, Ye Fan smiled slightly and directly unscrewed the bottle cap, pouring it into his mouth.

The rich aura of death filled the entire small courtyard, a drop of crystal liquid the size of a dragon's eye, flowing with Five-Colored Divine Light, a strange fragrance wafted by, intoxicating down to the bones, falling into Ye Fan's mouth.

He savored it briefly and then directly swallowed it, muttering to himself, "It doesn't taste like much, does it?"

"This..."

The others nearby collectively went faint, even Zi Huan didn't know what to say, such a precious Demon Treasure, others carefully refine it, bringing out the full effect of the Death Spirit Divine Liquid, but he just ate it outright.

"Brother Ye, it's not just me saying this, but you are really... profaning heaven's objects, it's really... too wasteful!"

Zi Tianmo watched from the side, feeling heartache.

This is not an ordinary thing, just swallowing it in one gulp, even if it's not his, it makes him tremble with heartache!

Nearby, the elder servant opened his mouth, completely speechless, if given to him, he would definitely refine it to the utmost without the slightest waste.

"Brother Ye, quickly find a place to meditate, once the Death Spirit Divine Liquid is completely refined, it can restore your Primordial Qi."

Zi Huan smiled wryly and then turned and left.

In the small courtyard, people dispersed, leaving only the rustling sound of wind blowing tree leaves, casting a large shadow on the ground, Ye Fan sat cross-legged under the tree, silently circulating Mystical Skill.

He possessed the highest-level death aura circulation method, Mystical Skill, this Mystical Skill was definitely higher-level than any Mystical Skill in the Demon World.

Honestly, he did not care much about the Death Spirit Divine Liquid, what he did earlier was just to convince Zi Tianmo to give up.

However—

As he refined the Death Spirit Divine Liquid, he was surprised to find that there was an extremely pure Life Aura contained within.

Extreme opposites meet, when the path is exhausted it transforms!

At death's extreme, rebirth begins!

The Death Spirit Divine Liquid contains fragments of the Primordial Law of life and death, which he completely absorbed during the refining process.

Cultivation is fundamentally a process of understanding and mastering the Primordial Law of the heavens and the earth, the more one comprehends, the stronger one's strength becomes, this is an everlasting truth.

"You must not act recklessly, don't stay long there, my seclusion place is not far from the Ancient Battlefield, and I will visit you when I have free time." Two days later, Ye Fan planned to depart for the Ancient Battlefield, Zi Huan came to see him off.

"Don't worry, I know what I'm doing!"

Ye Fan nodded, this Zi Huan is different from other Demon Clan cultivators, at least he knows how to care for others, which is commendable in the selfish Demon Clan.

After bidding farewell to Spirit Master Zi Huan, Ye Fan set out, transformed into a Flowing Light, and soon disappeared into the mountains and forests.

"Really unaware of the danger!"

Atop a distant mountain peak, Zi Tianmo stood facing the wind, the fierce mountain wind causing his robe to flap loudly, watching Ye Fan's distant figure, he sneered repeatedly.

Indeed, the territory of the Purple Demon Family is vast, tens of thousands of miles, Ye Fan flew continuously for three days before approaching the edge of the Ancient Battlefield.

In front was a silent area, Demon Cloud swirling, Death Qi spreading, such a place is a dead land for ordinary Human Cultivators, but for Demon Clan cultivators, it is undoubtedly a Holy Land for cultivation, the biggest difference between the Human Race and Demon Clan.

Ye Fan circulated Mystical Skill, death aura continuously moved through the opened meridians, his whole body emanating a faint death aura as he swiftly flew to the Ancient Battlefield.

Standing in the void and looking down, the Ancient Battlefield spans a thousand miles, surrounded by steep rocks, the ground cracked, white bones everywhere, no sign of life, especially desolate.

Along the edge of the area were some simple buildings, a tall city wall encircling the entire Ancient Battlefield like dividing land.

Ye Fan flew down, landed on the ground, and walked straight into the Ancient Battlefield, preparing to officially take over this Holy Land.

The simple stone buildings were extremely dilapidated, about to collapse, the walls were covered in various marks, exuding the vicissitudes of history.

"Stop, who are you?!"

On the cracked ancient city wall stood a dozen or so soldiers, their armor in disarray, holding iron spears and rusty long knives, very arrogant, shouting at him.

"I'm the owner here, coming to take over this Ancient Battlefield!"

Ye Fan spoke, simultaneously a thought arose, this ruinous wall actually has strange power fluctuations, not as weak as he imagined, most likely engraved with powerful Array Patterns, seemingly existing for countless ages.

"Nonsense, we already have a lord here! If you know what's good for you, leave quickly, or don't blame us for being rude!" A very fierce soldier impatiently shouted.

"A lord?"

Ye Fan was stunned, then said, "Then let me see him, hasn't he received the Clan Leader's order?"

"What order? Simply nonsense, if you want to see our lord, wait outside first, we'll report." One of them shouted.

Hmm?

Ye Fan paused, he just arrived here, these people actually want to give him a hard time?

But he said nothing more, standing outside the city, waiting patiently.

However—

An hour passed, yet no one appeared, the soldiers on the wall started drinking old wine, leaving him hanging.

It seems these soldiers have been instructed, deliberately making things difficult for him.

Thinking of this, Ye Fan laughed, these people only slightly understand cultivation, an ordinary Demon Clan, not even a cultivator, dare to disrespect him like this, simply seeking their own death.

He soared into the air, directly breaking into the Ancient Battlefield, ignoring these people, only by killing them could this Ancient Battlefield truly belong to him.

"Enemy attack, quickly activate Array Patterns, kill the invading enemy." Several fierce soldiers shouted.

"Buzz!"

With a flash of light, mottled walls emitted beams of death light, and array patterns surfaced on the wall, sending a curtain of light soaring toward Ye Fan.

"Kill him! He dares to attack our city; he must be sent by the Moduu Family!" someone shouted.

"Bang!"

Ye Fan swung his purple crystal-colored fist, shattering the killing light, forcibly charging into the battlefield. Not even the killing light from the ancient array patterns could stop his steps.

Ever since his energy and blood completely withdrew internally, his skin turned a purple crystal color, yet its firmness remained unchanged.

"Quickly, call the Demon Master! This person is too powerful!"

Seeing Ye Fan's extraordinary bravery, smashing the killing light with his bare hands and breaking into the ancient battlefield, the soldiers finally lost their composure, shouting in panic.

"No need to call. I'm already here!"

With the voice, a middle-aged Demon Clan strongman in his forties appeared on the wall, shooting two beams of silver light from his eyes, punching toward Ye Fan.

"Boom!"

Ye Fan clashed with him once and then stepped back, silently observing the other party. This man was tall and strong, with a head full of purple hair. Though middle-aged, his face remained handsome, bearing a five or six-point resemblance to Zi Tianmo.

Seeing this, Ye Fan instantly understood. This place originally belonged to Zi Tianmo's faction. No wonder these people were so hostile, giving him a warning shot right from the start.

"Are you trying to betray the clan? Here is the clan leader's decree, are you seeking death?" Ye Fan shouted.

"Nonsense! Don't try to put false charges on us. This is claimed land. Show me the clan leader's decree," the middle-aged man sneered coolly.

"You better take a close look!"

Ye Fan shook his hand and threw a White Bone Token over.

The man caught it without looking and forcefully shattered it, saying, "This is fake. Activate the array patterns and kill him for me!"

"Boom!"

The wall lit up dazzlingly, with crisscrossing patterns weaving outward, menacingly crushing toward Ye Fan. The power was extremely great, not something ordinary people could set up.

Just arriving here and encountering such a situation, Ye Fan was furious, sneering coldly: "Looks like I need to take down this ancient battlefield myself. Since you treat me this way, don't blame me for being ruthless!"

Whoosh!

As his words fell, Ye Fan activated the Chasing Star Step, swift as a flowing light, moving through the gaps in the killing light as if walking on flat ground, punching through anything unavoidable.

In the blink of an eye, he passed through the killing light, ascending the wall.

"You..."

"How can this be?"

"What happened?"

The wall fell into chaos. The soldiers never expected the killing array, capable of blocking Demon Venerable-level strongmen, couldn't do anything to a Little Cultivator with only a Demon Master Realm. This was completely illogical.

Ye Fan was not going to be polite with them. Even if they weren't Demon Clan, just because of their previous attitude, they should die a hundred times over, not to mention these were Demon Clan.

"Bang!"

Ye Fan's large hand came down, directly smashing a soldier into meat paste, blood flying everywhere, a ghastly sight!

"This is the Clan Leader's secluded cultivation ground given to my elder brother. Are you trying to seize it?"

The middle-aged man shouted.

Ye Fan couldn't be bothered to waste words with him. His purple crystal fist crossed the void like a divine mountain, directly striking toward him.

"Buzz!"

The middle-aged man shouted loudly, summoning a Bone Tower. The white bones glowed with a powerful aura, meeting Ye Fan's fist!

However, the outcome shocked him beyond belief. This weapon was his life-bound Spiritual Treasure, immensely powerful and exceptionally sturdy.

"Crack!"

The Bone Tower was smashed on the spot, turning into bone powder that scattered to the ground. The middle-aged man staggered back, showing an expression of utter disbelief.

Ye Fan's Nine Heavens Profound Body had already been cultivated to the Fifth Level. His body was incredibly solid, capable of shattering even Holy Weapons, let alone this Spiritual Treasure.

"Slap!"

Ye Fan swung his palm, sending the middle-aged man flying, crashing heavily into the wall, with broken bones and tendons. He couldn't get up again.

"No... don't kill me!"

The middle-aged man screamed in terror, finally realizing he had provoked a killing star, someone he couldn't afford to provoke.

"Give me a reason not to kill you!"

Ye Fan's face was expressionless, his voice icy, looking at the middle-aged man as if he were a lifeless stone.

Chapter 1906: Untouchable!

In the ancient battlefield, the middle-aged man and the soldiers who guarded this place were unfortunate; all were severely injured by Ye Fan.

"Do you think a ragtag group like you can intimidate me?"

Ye Fan swept his gaze over the crowd with a cold smile, his eyes openly displaying murderous intent.

Ever since coming to this world, he had been holding back a strong urge to kill, and now it finally erupted. The fierce murderous intent made everyone feel fear.

"Spare us, we didn't mean to offend, we were ordered by our master, we had no choice!"

Many were afraid and begged, fearful that Ye Fan would kill them in a fit of anger.

"Who dares to come to my territory and cause trouble?"

Just then, a dignified voice sounded, and a terrifying wave surged from the ancient battlefield, with a beam of divine light flying swiftly.

"The master is here, we're saved!"

Many simultaneously sighed in relief, knowing their master's strength at the peak of the Demon Master Realm, ready to step into a higher domain anytime, believing he could surely kill the young intruder.

"Don't you think you're happy too soon?"

Ye Fan flicked his fingers repeatedly, and beams of death light shot out from his fingertips, directly piercing the soldiers' foreheads!

"No... don't kill me, big brother save me!"

As Ye Fan struck, screams and pleas for mercy were heard again and again.

"Shing!"

A palm-length bone arrow, like a killing light, sharp and coldly gleaming, transformed into a lightning bolt, slashing at Ye Fan's neck.

The trajectory it cut through was blurred; the void twisted, showing its incredible speed and immense power, making people panic.

"Clang!"

Ye Fan met it bare-handed, punching the bone arrow with the sound of metal clashing, sparking a brilliant firework. The bone arrow wailed, plummeted down, and he clamped it with both hands, shaking it vigorously.

"Crack"

A spiritual treasure repeatedly refined and infused with devotion was destroyed, turning into bone powder.

"Is this... still human? How can his body be so powerful?"

The brother of the ancient battlefield's master gasped, his face turning pale, eyes filled with light of fear.

His brother's cultivation was at the peak of the Demon Master Realm, ready to break into higher territory anytime, and the bone arrow was his life-bound spiritual treasure. Unexpectedly, it was destroyed as soon as it was used, the young man in front of them was terrifying.

"Swish!"

Immediately, a flash of light, a middle-aged man appeared not far from Ye Fan, he had an evil appearance, extremely similar to the previous middle-aged man, clearly brothers.

At that moment, he looked serious as water, coldly saying, "This is my territory, I won't allow you to cause trouble here. Do you want to be my enemy?"

"Be your enemy? You're mistaken; you're not qualified!"

Ye Fan coldly said, "From now on, this place belongs to me. Don't act ignorant; otherwise, my fists will enlighten you!"

As the words fell, Ye Fan directly rushed over, saying, "Weren't you trying to intimidate me? Let me show you; some people can't be provoked!"

"Bang!"

Ye Fan's form was like a dragon, swinging a purple crystal fist that directly smashed over, pure death aura like a raging sea dragon, piercing the void, unparalleled in force, causing the void to collapse where it passed, terrifying beyond compare.

"Crash!"

"Bang..."

That middle-aged man was shocked, quickly using various spiritual treasures, yet under Ye Fan's fist, it was all in vain, all turned to shreds, leaving a large ground of bone powder.

Demon World cultivators generally use hard holy bones to refine their spiritual treasures, only a few use various rare metals and other materials.

The middle-aged man was completely stunned; where had he seen such a powerful body? He thought he encountered a Demon Venerable level character, forgetting even to dodge.

"Bang!"

Ye Fan's speed was immense, instantly arriving close, punching the middle-aged man's cheek, suddenly blood splattered and teeth flew, he flew out like a puppet for hundreds of meters.

"Thunk!"

The middle-aged man crashed into the city wall on the spot, half of his face was shattered, multiple parts of his body were cracked, lying there unable to move, eyes filled with terror.

"Overwhelmed with a single blow!"

Ye Fan shook his head, killing intent flashing in his eyes!

At that moment, both brothers were terrified; such a character was not someone they could deal with, having such power at a young age, he could certainly contend with the top geniuses of each clan's young generation.

Thinking about the arrogance earlier, trying to intimidate others, their faces all turned pale, losing all color, trembling uncontrollably.

"No... please don't kill me, I beg you, don't kill me!"

The brother of the ancient battlefield's master screamed in fear as Ye Fan walked towards him again.

"Seems there's no reason not to kill you!"

Ye Fan pointed a finger, and a fierce killing light instantly pierced his forehead, erasing his divine soul.

"I'll fight you with all I've got!"

The master of the ancient battlefield glared with fury, his entire body bursting with a terrifying War Intent. In an instant, he ignited his Death Core, and his Combat Power surged drastically. His hands transformed into black holes, attempting to drag Ye Fan along to die together.

However —

He still underestimated Ye Fan's Combat Power. At this moment, there were no other people here; only the two of them remained at the barren edge of the Ancient Battlefield, and Ye Fan no longer needed to disguise himself.

"Boom!"

Vigorous energy erupted like an ocean, Ye Fan regained his original strength, the golden energy resembling a burning oven, and his hands were wrapped in purple Thunder Power.

"You..."

The master of the ancient battlefield fell into utter despair, never imagining that Ye Fan possessed such vibrant energy; it seemed utterly impossible.

"Boom!"

Ye Fan punched out, the terrifying Thunder Power annihilating everything, being the nemesis of all evil forces, directly obliterating him into flying ashes, wiping out the Divine Soul completely!

The magisters of the Demon Clan compare to Lord Realm cultivators of the Human Race.

The master of the ancient battlefield was a Peak of Demon Master Realm strong person, yet could not even withstand a single move from Ye Fan.

Whizz!

After slashing down everyone, Ye Fan made no pause, heading alone towards the central area of the Ancient Battlefield!

This ancient battlefield spanned thousands of miles, very expansive, many places reduced to wasteland by battles, with mountains fractured, lakes dried up, and the earth crisscrossed with deep and endless fissures. Each fissure was several hundred meters wide, clearly forming into gorges.

No one knew how many tens of thousands of years this Ancient Battlefield had existed, yet not a single blade of grass grew, and a desolate aura filled the air between heaven and earth.

Ye Fan sensed with his heart, discovering that the Primordial Law of heaven and earth here was all chaotic, filled with God and Demonic Qi.

"Is this... the Divine Race's aura?"

Ye Fan's heart trembled, catching a trace of the Divine Aura, entirely identical to the aura of the Divine Race and even purer, being the primordial source of the Divine Race's path.

In the Xuan Realm, where the Divine Race gathers, it forms its own space, and without knowing the portals, outsiders cannot enter!

Thinking of the Divine Race, he suddenly remembered Divine Lady Tongtong from the Divine Race; it had been a long time since he had seen her. Now that the Divine Race should emerge, he wondered if she would tread on Xing Kong Gu Road!

"Kid, are you thinking of that girl Tongtong?"

At some unknown time, Bai Yan wolf emerged from Virtual Space, watching Ye Fan's dazed look, sneeringly said.

"Who let you out? If we get discovered, we'll have to flee; all my previous efforts will be in vain." Ye Fan, to cover up his embarrassment from being seen through, angrily shouted at Bai Yan wolf.

"Don't start; how come you weren't worried about being discovered when you used energy and Thunder Power just now? There's no one within ten thousand miles around here, no secrets will be leaked."

Bai Yan wolf rolled his eyes, looking as if he had already seen through Ye Fan's little thoughts.

In the coming days, Ye Fan measured every inch of land in the Ancient Battlefield, gaining inspiration from the Primordial Law of heaven and earth in this battlefield.

Bai Yan wolf couldn't survive for long in such an environment and could only helplessly return to Virtual Space.

On this day, Ye Fan was measuring the vast ancient battlefield with his steps when he suddenly sensed a strong fluctuation, the most sacred aura, completely different from the Death Aura of this world.

"This is..."

Ye Fan's heart stirred, employing the Chasing Star Step, swiftly heading towards the direction of the fluctuation, almost shrinking the land into inches, like a Flowing Light.

The sacred aura grew more intense, Ye Fan could almost be certain it was the aura of the Divine Race, could there still be people from the Divine Race in this Ancient Battlefield?

Soon, Ye Fan noticed something peculiar; not only was the sacred aura growing dense, but the Death Aura was also growing thicker.

"What kind of place is this?"

Ye Fan wondered in confusion, this ancient battlefield had been abandoned for millions of years, the powerful who perished here too numerous, the dense Death Aura was reasonable, but what was the sacred aura about?

As he pondered this in confusion, he suddenly saw at the end of the earth ahead a gigantic lake appearing, shimmering, with sacred and Death aura simultaneously surging forth from this big lake.

"Divine Demon Lake?"

Ye Fan was astonished, not expecting such a forbidden land to exist in this Ancient Battlefield, this was definitely naturally formed by the mighty forces of heaven and earth.

The Divine Demon Lake recorded in the Dragon Seeking Formulas was among the Ten Forbidden Lands, not to be approached by gods or demons, a death forbidden place for any cultivator.

This kind of terrain was extremely rare, formed under exceedingly harsh conditions, requiring endless Divine and Demon races to irrigate it with life and blood to create such a forbidden land.

He originally thought it was just legend recorded in the Dragon Seeking Formulas, impossible in reality, yet unexpectedly in the Demon World, in this Ancient Battlefield, such terrain emerged.

The Divine Demon Lake is unsolvable, cannot be approached, otherwise will surely turn to puss and die, even inhaling a bit of God Demonic Qi leads to certain death.

Ye Fan didn't approach, stopping from afar, sitting cross-legged on a smooth Stone, beginning cultivation.

He inherently possessed both Divine Race and Human-shaped creature's aura within his body, thus, the destructive aura within the Divine Demon Lake not only was harmless, but could be utilized to enhance his strength.

This he hadn't anticipated before, one might say it was purely by accident!

Chapter 1907: Divine Demon Lake

Life and death balance!

The Divine Demon Lake is an absolute balance of life and death, with both divine and deathly auras surging, causing the forces of life and death within Ye Fan to operate simultaneously.

Above the Dantian, the crystal formed by death energy gradually turned purple, emitting a sparkling, dazzling light, like a purple diamond.

Meanwhile, the crystal formed by Pure Yang Qi also gradually transformed from a silvery white to a golden hue, the surface of the crystal emitting a faint golden light.

The crystals formed by Pure Yang Qi and death energy chased each other like two Yin Yang Fish, forming a natural Tao map, exuding a mysterious aura.

The death energy in the Divine Demon Lake is not pure, containing many toxic impurities, but within Ye Fan, the absorption and transformation by the death energy crystal expelled all impurities, leaving behind only the purest death energy.

Similarly, the divine aura was filtered by the crystal formed from Pure Yang Qi, transforming into the purest Origin Power.

It was unknown how long had passed, but Ye Fan felt that he couldn't absorb any more death energy or divine aura, so he stood up and left.

At this time, another Heaven and Earth Tao Mark appeared above his Dantian, engraved during this period, representing the primordial law of Heaven and Earth.

Strands of Heaven and Earth Tao Markings, like Divine Dragons, interwove into an intricate pattern above the Dantian.

Within the Dantian, the Holy Embryo sat poised, exuding immense majesty, like a divine embodiment of Heaven and Earth.

Surrounding his three hundred and sixty acupoints, the Holy Embryo Illusions were exceptionally solidified, each posing differently—some lying on their backs, gazing skyward, others raising fists to the heavens—each illusion embodying the Tao.

Ye Fan employed a secret technique to completely conceal his vitality and blood, his golden skin turning purple crystal, his face pale, eyes emitting a silver death light, and even his hair turning purple.

"It's time to go!"

Ye Fan murmured to himself. This Ancient Battlefield is indeed suitable for Demon Clan cultivation, yet it harbors terrifying lethality.

For him, this truly was an ideal Holy Land for cultivation, capable of enhancing both death energy and divine power.

During this time, Ye Fan repeatedly studied the remnants of the Mystical Skill's essential truths, gaining many valuable insights.

His realm, however, remained stagnant at the Mid-Stage of Lord Realm, unable to break through. He was unsure if it was due to the world's suppression of his realm or because it was not yet time for a breakthrough.

Though this might be better, accumulating steadily until he could break through this barrier in one go—as long as his power continued to grow without stagnating, he had nothing to fear.

The Ancient Battlefield was strewn with debris, its land barren, no plants growing—everywhere there were traces left by great battles, a desolate ruin.

If it weren't for the dense death energy here, it might have long been forgotten!

Walking on this hard ground, Ye Fan felt deeply moved. This Ancient Battlefield was undoubtedly a battleground where the Human Race, Divine Race, and Demon Clan jointly fought against the Demon Clan—the ancient ancestors once spilling their blood, sacrificing everything in battle here.

However, as time passed, the Human Race had long abandoned this ancient Star Road, while the Demon Clan had re-emerged and flourished.

...

When Ye Fan walked out of the Ancient Battlefield, it was already dusk. The sunset was like fire, cloaking the lifeless Ancient Battlefield in a blood-red shroud, appearing extraordinarily bleak.

At this moment, several figures broke through the sky, led by a green-clothed elder. Though dressed richly, he was clearly a servant.

Hmm?

Ye Fan felt a movement in his heart, narrowed his eyes, and a chilling murderous intent quietly spread from him!

These people were clearly from Zi Tianmo's lineage of the Purple Demon Family, seemingly having not received news, coming specifically to see if he was dead.

For these Demon Clan servants, he felt no goodwill, especially since they were from Zi Tianmo's line, which made him even more disgusted.

On the desolate land, Ye Fan's shadow was cast long by the setting sun, the dusk behind him highlighting him like a Death God.

"You aren't dead?"

Seeing Ye Fan standing ahead, the leading green-clothed elder's mouth gaped in astonishment, unable to believe his own eyes.

"I'm not dead, are you surprised?"

Ye Fan stated calmly.

Concealed within this calmness was a towering killing intent, which, though he tried to control it, these people could still sense.

"Where are brother Zi Yingchuan and the others? What did you do to them?" the green-clothed elder exclaimed, feigning authority.

In truth, upon seeing Ye Fan unharmed, he had a bad premonition. Brother Zi Yingchuan was instructed by Zi Tianmo to deliberately make things difficult for Ye Fan, attempting to kill him here.

Yet now, with Ye Fan unharmed and brother Zi Yingchuan and the family soldiers nowhere in sight, it was clear they had met a grim fate.

However—

He had his doubts too!

Ye Fan's cultivation was only at the Mid-stage of Demon Master, supposedly no match for Brother Zi Yingchuan, let alone the ancient city's powerful array patterns, which, once activated, could kill even strong people at the Demon Venerate Realm. How did Ye Fan manage it?

"I killed them!"

Ye Fan said expressionlessly, his voice unwavering, as if discussing something unrelated to himself.

"What? You killed them? Do you know who they were?"

The green-clothed elder was unimaginably shocked. Even though he had suspected it, hearing Ye Fan's admission left him utterly horrified.

"I don't care who they were. This is my territory; they attempted a rebellion, and of course, I couldn't leave them alive." Ye Fan sneered.

"Audacious, do you know the consequences of this? Brother Zi Yingchuan was a relative of the Heavenly Demon. Killing them will incur a deadly vendetta! The entire Demon World will have no place for you."

They were intimidating with a hollow bravado, secretly fearful.

"Noisy!"

Ye Fan sneered coldly, stepping forward like traversing space, instantly appearing before the green-clothed elder, raising his hand and delivering a slap.

"Snap!"

With a crisp sound, the head of the green-clothed elder exploded instantly from Ye Fan's slap, not even a scream escaped, and the Divine Soul was completely obliterated.

"Treating us like this, you're courting disaster, you won't have a good end!"

Those people who accompanied the green-clothed elder shouted, their legs trembling with fright.

They were just servants of Zi Tianmo's lineage, possessing some cultivation, but in front of Ye Fan, they were not worth mentioning at all.

Seeing Ye Fan didn't even frown as he slapped their leader to death, these people were truly terrified, feeling they had provoked an unfeeling killer, someone they simply couldn't afford to provoke.

"I'm so scared!"

Ye Fan said mockingly, then stepped forward threateningly towards them, raising a purple crystal-colored palm, slapping them one by one, reducing them all to pieces, Divine Souls extinguished.

Looking at the ground littered with broken limbs and flesh, Ye Fan raised his head to gaze at the distant mountains, his eyes emitting two silver beams piercing the sky, he said lightly, "Since you've come, reveal yourself. Do you expect me to invite you out?"

Silent as the grave, on the other side of the ridge, a middle-aged man was sweating profusely, not daring to move, his eyes rolling around as if devising an escape plan.

He was also a strong member of Zi Tianmo's lineage, following the green-clothed elder to monitor them, for fear they might misuse their position for personal gain.

Yet—

He never expected to witness such a shocking scene; Ye Fan nearly effortlessly slaughtered them all.

What surprised him even more was, the brothers Zi Yingchuan guarding this place were also slain by Ye Fan—they were at the Peak of Demon Master Realm and were standout figures in the entire Purple Demon Family!

Only when Ye Fan killed all of the green-clothed elder's men did he sense his own predicament was turning grim, preparing to sneak away when Ye Fan's voice timely resonated, scaring him so much he nearly wet his pants.

"Swoosh!"

Ye Fan, ghost-like, shot towards the middle-aged man's hiding place at lightning speed, the sound of breaking through the air sharp and piercing!

"Don't attack, I'm coming out, I'm coming out now!"

The middle-aged man, intimidated by Ye Fan's presence, was unable to utilize any of his cultivation as he trembled like a leaf, staggeringly walking out from behind a massive rock.

"Brother Ye, don't misunderstand, I'm just passing by!"

The middle-aged man smiled more painfully than if he were crying, trying to defend himself.

"Is that so? You've got a lot of spare time!"

Ye Fan sneered. This is the edge of the Ancient Battlefield; unless one has plans, no one would come here without reason.

Seeing Ye Fan's disbelief, the middle-aged man spoke again, "Brother Ye, rest assured, I saw nothing and will speak nothing."

"You think I'll believe that?" Ye Fan said mockingly.

"Uh..."

The middle-aged man's expression froze, then he lowered his head dejectedly; even he couldn't believe those words himself.

"Don't say I bully you, I'll let you use your full strength; as long as you can withstand a hundred moves from me without dying, I'll let you go!" Ye Fan said.

"Really?"

The middle-aged man perked up; though he didn't have confidence in escaping Ye Fan's grasp, he thought he should manage a hundred moves, after all, he was in the Early-Stage of Demon Master Realm; if he went all out, defeating Ye Fan might be impossible, but he should be able to protect himself.

"Of course, I've never gone back on my word!"

Ye Fan stepped back three paces, granting the middle-aged man the opportunity to unleash his full power!

"Boom!"

The middle-aged man knew his chance was slim, decisively burning the Death Core, his combat power surged dramatically, a powerful aura spreading from his body.

"Death Spear!"

The middle-aged man shouted fiercely, forming Dharma Seals with his hands, a death spear manifested in his grasp, flickering with bluish light, piercing the void, aimed at Ye Fan's throat.

Ye Fan's eyes shot out two silver beams, carefully observing the trajectory of the opponent's Dharma Seal, then his figure blurred ghost-like, evading the fierce spear.

"Kill!"

The middle-aged man was very decisive, knowing he couldn't match Ye Fan's power, so he put all his effort into wielding the Death Spear, each gun light like a summons from the Death God, fiercely stabbing towards Ye Fan's vital points.

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

Whoosh!

Ye Fan navigated through the gun lights like a fish in the tumultuous waves; regardless of the middle-aged man's spear's fierceness, he could never truly strike him.

Every time, Ye Fan would evade at the very last moment the spear light approached, appearing dangerously close yet he managed with ease, his step technique not disturbed at all!

Chapter 1908: A Maiden's Awakening

In the blink of an eye, ten moves had passed, and the middle-aged man's fierce gun light hadn't even touched the corner of Ye Fan's clothes!

Fifty moves had passed, the middle-aged man's gun light split the sky, and death energy erupted like flames, laying waste to everything nearby.

"Walking with ghosts!"

The middle-aged man shouted violently, his gun stance changed, and he exhibited an all-or-nothing absolute technique, a reckless approach seeking only to kill the enemy.

However, Ye Fan's movement technique was enigmatic; even with the middle-aged man's full effort, he still couldn't touch Ye Fan in the slightest. Each time he seemingly struck, it ended up as a mere afterimage.

"How... how can he be this strong?"

The middle-aged man grew more alarmed the more he fought, unable to discern Ye Fan's depth. Up till now, it was only him, appearing crazed, shouting desperately.

Meanwhile, the other party seemed composed, not even defending, solely relying on speed and movement technique to neutralize his fierce assault.

The disparity in power between them was truly vast; if Ye Fan were to attack, the middle-aged man likely wouldn't last even one move.

What he didn't know was that Ye Fan was doing so purely to deduce his secret technique cultivation method through combat.

Ye Fan moved like lightning, his eyes blasting strong light, silently deducing the trajectory of his secret technique and the operation method of the death energy.

Eighty moves had passed, and Ye Fan gradually grasped the secret technique. Although he couldn't masterfully perform it, and even if he could, without a complete mental method, its expected power couldn't be unleashed.

However— —

Ye Fan possessed an unknown secret technique, the Ten Thousand Transformation Saint Technique, which could evolve various divine arts and fully unleash the power of said secret technique.

"It's time to end it!"

Ye Fan's cold voice echoed in the middle-aged man's ear.

The next moment, the middle-aged man felt a sharp pain in his back, his body involuntarily flew away, the heart-wrenching death aura like blade destroyed his internal meridians completely.

"Ah..."

The middle-aged man screamed miserably, spitting out fragments of black-blooded internal organs, his eyes dim, even his death core shattered, clearly he was not going to survive.

"Brother Ye, spare him!"

Just as Ye Fan was about to finish off the middle-aged man, a charming voice rang out from the sky.

Hmm?

Ye Fan saw a graceful figure flying in mid-air under the blood-like setting sun, with an impressive bust resembling two proud mountains, quivering and captivating, and a slender waist that could be held in a single hand, with blue hair flowing like ocean waves.

This girl was the Spirit Master Zi Huan from the Purple Demon Family, now she appeared anxious, barefooted, resembling a Dunhuang flying fairy stepping out of a mural.

Although Ye Fan had seen various breathtaking beauties, the gentle and dignified Su Yuxin, the charming and unruly Su Liuli, the graceful and sensible Tong Qianchen, the national-talented Yaling, the spirited Princess Yue Bai, yet compared to Zi Huan these beauties lacked enchanting allure.

Zi Huan was definitely a calamity-level beauty, capable of making a monarch abandon his realm for her.

"Spirit Master Zi Huan, save me!"

Seeing Zi Huan, the middle-aged man instantly appeared as if he saw a savior, shouting with all his might, fearing Ye Fan might ignore Zi Huan's sentiment and kill him.

He could tell from Ye Fan's previous decisiveness in killing Green-clothed Elder and others that Ye Fan was a ruleless master, who when angered would kill him regardless of who came.

"Brother Ye, for the sake of little sister, spare his life!"

Approaching Ye Fan, Zi Huan ignored the middle-aged man entirely and pleaded with Ye Fan instead.

"They're treacherous, wanting to harm me, why should I spare him?"

Ye Fan frowned, knowing well this middle-aged man must be sent by the Zi Tianmo line.

This ancient battlefield belongs to their lineage territory, besides them, no one else would come here casually.

"No matter what, they're part of the direct lineage of our Purple Demon Family; Brother Ye, please show generosity and don't stoop to their level, okay?"

Though Zi Huan disliked the arrogance and madness of the Zi Tianmo lineage, as they were of the same clan, unwilling to see him killed, she still pleaded with Ye Fan.

"Alright!"

Ye Fan pondered for a moment before nodding, giving the middle-aged man a cold glance and said grimly: "Get lost, don't let me see you again, also convey my message to Zi Tianmo, if he dares any more sneaky actions against me, I will slice him!"

The middle-aged man felt like he was granted amnesty, scrambling away limping.

Though Ye Fan didn't kill him, the shattered death core meant losing half his life, without ten years of healing, there was no hope of recovery, even returning to previous peak conditions was uncertain.

One could say his life was ruined, unless by some extraordinary chance he could repair the damaged meridians and death core, but the odds of that were minuscule, negligible.

"Why have you come?"

Once the middle-aged man was far away, Ye Fan seated himself on the ground facing the setting sun, casually plucking a blade of dry grass, he asked Zi Huan.

"You dislike me coming here?"

Zi Huan feigned annoyance before bursting into laughter: "I was worried about you, this ancient battlefield is sinister, many who closed their doors here mysteriously met with accidents, I fear you..."

"Fear I might meet with accidents too?"

Ye Fan lazily lay on the ground, casting her a sidelong glance, and said.

"Yes!"

Zi Huan nodded in affirmation, and then said: "You're my savior, I haven't had a chance to repay you, yet such things happened, my heart is uneasy!"

It seems that not all members of the Demon Clan are bad!

Ye Fan pondered secretly. At least, he heard sincerity in Zi Huan's voice; she was genuinely worried about him.

"Don't worry, I have a tough life and won't die easily!" Ye Fan said half-jokingly, half-seriously.

"Nonsense! You can't continue cultivating here. I've already spoken to my father to arrange another Holy Land for you to train in," Zi Huan said.

"There's no need to go to such trouble, is there? After all, nothing unexpected has happened here, and the environment is quite good. The only issue is there aren't even any demon beasts, making food a problem," Ye Fan replied.

During this period, he had been consuming the meat of Star Sky Profound Beasts. Throughout his battles, he had collected a large number of their corpses, enough to feed him for years.

"You don't need to refuse. I really can't rest easy with you cultivating here!" Zi Huan said, her eyes flickering with charm, filled with allure.

"Besides, my father wants to meet you. Let's return to the clan together tomorrow; we didn't even have a welcome ceremony last time, so let's make up for that this time."

Zi Huan leaned her wave-like smooth blue hair against Ye Fan's chest, breathing out fragrant air.

Feeling the deadly allure emanating from Zi Huan, Ye Fan almost couldn't control his own emotions, nearly exposing a flaw. He quickly calmed himself by focusing on his breathing and mind.

The night gradually darkened, starlight dotted the sky, and the distant roars of demon beasts echoed, showcasing the cruel survival of the fittest law of this world.

"Brother Ye, I don't know why, but you seem different from others?"

Zi Huan's delicate body slowly leaned toward Qin Feng, her voice dreamy and full of irresistible temptation.

One could say that any male creature would find it hard to resist such an alluring woman throwing herself at them, seeking pleasure. What's more, Ye Fan, with Pure Yang Qi, had desires stronger than ordinary people, making this moment a massive test for him.

In an instant, the faces of Su Yuxin, Su Liuli, and Yaling flashed through Ye Fan's mind. He tried hard to restrain himself, softly asking, "How am I different?"

"Brother Ye, others are only attentive because of my body, but not you. I think I've fallen for you..."

Zi Huan blinked her long eyelashes, her eyes shimmering like a girl awakened to love, pure yet seductive.

Ye Fan knew his struggle alone.

Facing such temptation, he needed immense willpower to restrain his intense impulses, which was a unique test and training for his resolve.

That night, Ye Fan went through hell-like trials. Fortunately, his will was as firm as Immortal Gold, unwavering, allowing him to endure this test.

The next morning, Zi Huan awoke from her sleep, rubbed her sleepy eyes, then tidied up her clothes. She took out a Jade Bottle from her arms, poured out some clear water, and freshened up.

Ye Fan kept it simple, ruffling his messy hair, casually tidying his clothes, preparing to set off.

Upon coming, he flew for three full days. To return, he naturally had to hurry on his journey.

However, Zi Huan wasn't in a rush to leave. Instead, she hunted a demon beast from the nearby forest, cleaned it with the clear water she carried, and roasted it over a plume of Demon Fire.

After having this unusual breakfast, Zi Huan shook her lotus-like arm, and an octagonal Array Platform flew out from her sleeve, engraved with ancient runes, shimmering with a crystalline glow.

This is...

Ye Fan's heart moved. Isn't this a Transmission Array Platform?

Although it looked very different from the Transmission Array Platforms of the Xuan Realm, one could still see the lineage connection.

Such Transmission Array Platforms might not be precise, but they are absolutely effective. The Transmission Array Platforms of the Xuan Realm likely evolved from these ancient platforms.

"Come on, let's go home!"

Zi Huan smiled as she stepped onto the platform, waving at Ye Fan. The two stood together on the Array Platform.

"Buzz!"

The void split open, and Ye Fan and Zi Huan vanished from their spot, crossing the void!

The gathering place of the Purple Demon Family couldn't be described as a beautiful scenic spot; it wasn't a place favored by the heavens. But the thick Death Aura made it a blessed cave for the Demon Clan, greatly beneficial for their cultivation.

Apart from a few young geniuses, most clan members resided in this ageless city.

It is said that in a long-distant Desolate Age, this place was once bustling, with pristine mountains and clear waters, heavenly omens, and abundant sweet springs from the earth.

But after an apocalyptic battle, the entire world changed dramatically, with all living beings perishing, leaving the world almost shattered.

The Demon Clan emerged and rose from such a wasteland, with many ancient cultivation techniques still bearing traces of the Human Race, though fundamentally different.

"What did you say? Say it again!"

In a quiet courtyard, Zi Tianmo looked thunderous as he stared at a middle-aged man kneeling before him, filled with disbelief.

"It's true, Young Master Tianmo. Your uncle Zi Yingchuan and the servants you sent were all killed by that Ye fellow. If it weren't for Zi Huan Lingzhu's plea, I might not have escaped his deadly grasp!"

Kneeling before them was none other than the middle-aged man who narrowly escaped from under Ye Fan's fist. He spoke with lingering fear.

"That Ye fellow, I will not rest until one of us is dead. In this clan, it's either me or you!"

Zi Tianmo's handsome yet sinister face was twisted as he vowed through gritted teeth.

At that moment, he suddenly sensed a spatial fluctuation; someone had crossed the void and returned!

"Swish!"

Zi Tianmo crashed through the roof above him, charging into the sky, directing his venomous gaze toward the origin of the spatial fluctuation.

Chapter 1909: Fulfilling the Wish to Court Death

In the morning glow, Zi Tianmo suddenly witnessed a scene that almost drove him mad with jealousy.

Zi Huan, with a blissful smile, was arm in arm with Ye Fan, walking through the air as if she were a true Heavenly Demon, heading towards the towering building where the Clan Leader resides.

Zi Huan's face was adorned with a happy smile, and it was evident that her heart had already been captured by the outsider, Ye Fan.

"No..."

Zi Tianmo held his head in agony, his sinister eyes shooting out rays of fiendishly vicious light.

"Ye, you just wait, I will make sure your dignity is utterly trampled before Zi Huan. I will grind your bones to dust! No, grinding your bones to dust is too lenient. I will extract your Life Soul and eternally imprison it within my Ten Thousand Soul Banner, hoping you'll become the most despicable slave in my hands!"

Zi Tianmo swore to himself through gritted teeth.

Ye Fan knew nothing of this. Although he saw Zi Tianmo leap from the rooftop, he paid no attention to him!

In his view, Zi Tianmo was not a concern at all—if Zi Tianmo were indeed foolish enough to provoke him, he wouldn't mind offering him release!

Zi Tianmo was merely at the Lord Realm Peak, which, although remarkable among the younger generation, was nothing to Ye Fan.

He had even slain an Ancient Prince who surpassed his own realm; in terms of bloodline, the Ancient Prince was far superior to some ordinary genius of the Demon Clan.

Watching Ye Fan ignore him completely, Zi Tianmo was almost exploding with rage.

This was disregard, blatant disregard!

At a distance of five hundred meters from the city's edge where the Purple Demon Family resides, Ye Fan and Zi Huan descended, walking along the ancient road towards the city.

Upon entering the city, Ye Fan felt a bustling atmosphere. Everywhere in the Ancient City was decorated with lanterns and streamers; many adults and children of the Demon Clan took to the streets as if celebrating a special festival.

"Why is it so lively today?" Ye Fan asked casually, observing the festive scene around them.

"Do you remember the Death Black Lotus I once picked?" Zi Huan teased with a charming smile at Ye Fan.

"Of course I remember. Has the Death Black Lotus taken root and sprouted?" Ye Fan replied.

"You're really humorous!"

Zi Huan covered her mouth with a laugh, her body quivering as though to burst—a beguiling allure emanated alluringly.

"Here's the thing: my great-grandfather, the Supreme Elder of the Purple Demon Family, used the Death Black Lotus, along with various precious Spiritual Medicines, to create a batch of Treasure Liquid. It greatly enhances a cultivator's physique and purifies our Death Aura, making it even more refined. To celebrate, the family is hosting a major gathering to discuss the allocation of Treasure Liquid test slots."

Zi Huan explained in detail, and it dawned on Ye Fan that the Treasure Liquid had been completed. With it, the Purple Demon Family could surely elevate the younger generation's strength to a higher level, which was undoubtedly significant for the family.

The two continued walking along the broad street, chatting and laughing, when suddenly a commotion arose ahead—a burly young man stood at the center of the street, vaguely blocking their path.

"Zi Quankun, what do you want? Why are you blocking our way?"

Zi Huan frowned, her expression instantly turning cold as she asked sharply.

"Greetings, Spirit Master Zi Huan!"

Zi Quankun bowed in greeting to Zi Huan, then coldly turned his gaze to Ye Fan, saying, "This is a gathering of our family. What right does an outsider have to participate? Tell him to leave. For the sake of Spirit Master's friendship, I won't kill him!"

Ye Fan chuckled, turning to Zi Huan, "It seems your clan members aren't very welcoming of me! I better not join in the fun, farewell!"

"Brother Ye, please wait!"

Seeing that Ye Fan was really about to leave, Zi Huan grew anxious, her face turning cold as she addressed Zi Quankun sharply, "Brother Ye is my savior and has done great favors for our entire clan. If he isn't qualified to attend this gathering, then no one is. If you don't know what's good for you, don't blame me for not considering our kinship."

As she spoke, Zi Huan's entire being radiated a powerful aura, a chilling intent spreading out as she was determined to stand against her clan for Ye Fan's sake.

"Spirit Master Zi Huan, I meant no offense, but... for an outsider to attend our gathering, he should first prove himself in terms of strength. If he can defeat me, I will acknowledge his qualification, otherwise, he should leave,"

Zi Quankun was very assertive, seemingly apologetic but in essence cornering Ye Fan into a situation where he had no choice but to fight, otherwise, even with Zi Huan's interference, his participation in the Purple Demon Family's gathering would be seen as relying only on Zi Huan's influence.

"Are you sure you want to challenge Brother Ye?"

Zi Huan laughed; others might not know Ye Fan's true power, but she did.

When she first met Ye Fan, he had effortlessly slain an extremely powerful Demon Master from the Moduu Family. Although Zi Quankun was remarkable among the younger generation, he was not a match for Ye Fan.

"Of course, if he can't even get past me, he's not qualified to attend this gathering."

Zi Quankun still had no idea what kind of formidable figure he had provoked, continuing to speak heedlessly of the consequences.

"Brother Ye, go on, give him a good lesson so he knows there's always someone better, a reminder of the vastness beyond his understanding!" Zi Huan smiled as she spoke to Ye Fan.

"I don't want to fight him."

Ye Fan shook his head and did not accept Zi Quankun's challenge, which surprised Zi Huan greatly.

"Why?"

"Because I'm afraid I might accidentally kill him. I don't want to make it difficult for you," Ye Fan said.

"Such an arrogant boy. Come on, come on, I'm standing right here. Let's see how you kill me."

Zi Quankun said recklessly, "If you can really kill me, I promise no one will trouble you."

Zi Huan raised her eyebrows and said to Ye Fan, "Brother Ye, go ahead, he asked for it, you can't be blamed. I'll vouch for you."

"That's right, Zi Huan Lingzhu witnesses this battle. Any death or injury is their own responsibility, and there will be no complaints."

Zi Quankun glanced at Ye Fan disdainfully and said.

The more Ye Fan didn't respond to the challenge, the more Zi Quankun believed that Ye Fan's only talent was running away, and his real combat power wasn't strong at all, making him even more arrogant.

"Quankun, this child is becoming more and more outrageous, this is no way to treat a guest!"

On a restaurant not far away, two elders of the Demon Clan sat by the window, watching the scene happening on the street. A robust elder shook his head and said.

"That kid with the surname Ye isn't simple. He's intentionally showing weakness to provoke Quankun. Once he makes a move, Quankun is bound to meet his doom. Should we intervene?" Another elder said.

"No need, don't forget, our Purple Demon Family thrives on survival of the fittest. If this arrogant kid Ye Fan truly has great potential, maybe we can recruit him, focus on training him, and make him into a secret weapon for our family." The robust elder shook his head and said.

"You have a point there. Let's just watch, but I'd bet you anything that Zi Quankun is no match for that kid named Ye. He's already lost psychologically."

Another elder kept his eyes fixed on the street where Ye Fan and Zi Quankun were facing each other, not looking away as he spoke.

"No way, I'm not falling for that. You're always winning your bets. Last time, you tricked me out of a treasure. I'm not letting you get away with it this time."

The robust-looking elder laughed and cursed, raising a bowl of wine, drinking while watching the situation unfold on the street.

"Since you wish for death, I'll fulfill your wish!"

A glint of cunning flashed in Ye Fan's eyes as he suddenly struck, throwing a punch at Zi Quankun's chest. The blazing Punch Ray emitted a towering aura of destruction.

"Puff!"

Zi Quankun had no time to react before Ye Fan's punch penetrated his heart. The destructive Death Energy erupted violently within him.

"Ah..."

Zi Quankun looked at his chest incredulously, then let out a scream as his entire body exploded instantly, his Divine Soul unable to escape, completely corroded by the Death Energy.

"This..."

The surrounding crowd couldn't help but gasp. Although Zi Quankun wasn't the strongest of the younger generation, he was a rare genius. They didn't expect him to be instantly killed by Ye Fan without lasting even a single move.

This result left them in shock!

At the same time, in a house in the distance, Zi Tianmo's face was livid. He had seen the entire scene through the window and was utterly shocked.

Instantly killing someone equivalent to a late-stage Lord Realm Demon Master, such strength was truly terrifying, chilling him to the bone and leaving a bitter taste in his mouth.

No wonder both of his uncles died at his hands. This Ye is simply terrifyingly strong.

He now had no confidence in defeating Ye Fan but couldn't help but try. He believed that Zi Quankun was killed purely due to his overconfidence; if approached cautiously, such a shocking result would never have occurred.

Zi Huan's small mouth also formed an 'O', deeply shocked despite having seen Ye Fan instantly kill strong people at the Demon Master Level before.

"Hiss!"

After the shock, Zi Huan flicked her finger, conjuring a burst of Demon Fire that instantly ignited, turning Zi Quankun's remains to ashes.

"This is..."

Upstairs, the two elders of the Purple Demon Family exchanged glances, seeing surprise and disbelief in each other's eyes.

"Such pure Death Energy..."

"An Innate Death Body..."

Both elders exclaimed simultaneously, "This time we've found a treasure! An Innate Death Body with extremely pure Death Energy, rare among billions, has come to our clan! Could it be destiny blessing our Purple Demon Family, leading our family to prosperity??"

Chapter 1910: The Dreams of Demon Clan Cultivators

The excitement of the two elders from the Zi Mo clan is well-founded!

After all, the Innate Death Body is extremely rare, appearing only one in a billion. In the entire history of the demon world, less than three have emerged, each a formidable existence.

Without accident, the Innate Death Body can at least reach the Heavenly King Realm, and the strongest combat power in the demon clan now is only the Heavenly King Realm. Those who surpass the Heavenly King Realm are taken away by people from above.

The demon world is actually quite pitiful. They are like livestock raised in a world; as soon as there is a strong person capable of breaking this world, they are inevitably taken to another world.

However—

The identity of the Innate Death Body is extremely special and noble. Once it appears, it inevitably becomes the core secret of the family, kept hidden before it has the ability to protect itself.

Generally, only those families with strong bloodlines, or families that have produced Demon Emperors, have a chance of an Innate Death Body appearing. It's almost impossible among ordinary people.

This physique is extremely rare throughout the demon clan. If cultivated properly, it is bound to shine brightly in the future, even elevating the status of the Zi Mo family greatly, allowing them to compete with top families.

The two elders of the Zi Mo family exchanged a glance, seeing the light of excitement in each other's eyes.

In their view, this matter must be kept confidential, without any leaks. Otherwise, it would attract the covetousness of other large families. With the strength of the Zi Mo family, they absolutely cannot protect an Innate Death Body.

Ye Fan had no idea that he was already being watched by two high-level members of the Zi Mo family.

After dealing with Zi Quankun's body, he walked with Zi Huan towards the ancestral shrine.

"They are coming to find me; accompany me to take a look so as not to misjudge." The robust elder smiled at the other elder across.

"It's an honor to meet the Innate Death Body with the clan leader, an honor for me, Zixiao Fei!" the other elder said.

"Enough of that, go if you want. If not, forget it. Stop flattering me."

Clan leader Zixiao Yu laughed and cursed, disappeared from the spot.

Then, the other elder Zixiao Fei and Ye Fan disappeared as if they had never appeared, while the other people in the inn were accustomed to it, not surprised.

The Zi Mo family's ancestral shrine is very tall, with each pillar reaching the clouds, requiring dozens of people to encircle it. The whole ancestral shrine is built with hard obsidian, engraved with various strange patterns, including flowers, birds, fish, insects, various demon beasts, and innate runes.

The entire ancestral shrine appears solemn and sacred, exuding a sense of the vicissitudes of time. Even the demon clan retains some human race habits.

Ye Fan discovered a large number of ancient human race texts on the wall. Although he didn't understand the meaning, he vaguely guessed that the demon world might have intricate connections not only with humanoid creatures but also with the human race!

Humanoid creatures indeed resemble the human race in appearance, but their bodies are covered with dark green scales, some with double horns on the head, some with wings on the back, some with pig heads on human bodies, and others with human heads on snake bodies.

Yet the demon clan in the demon world is no different from the human race, except they lack vitality and cultivate death energy, thus resembling the human race, an important reason for Ye Fan daring to impersonate a demon clan.

With death energy, as long as he carefully gathers his vitality, he wouldn't be exposed.

Of course, many martial arts secret skills cannot be performed, such as Xuandi Fist, Mountain and River Seal, Soldier Control Technique, Divine Soul Resonance Sound Wave Technique, etc.

These martial arts can only be activated through divine power.

Once divine power is activated, his identity will be exposed, posing severe danger!

In such a situation, unless facing life-threatening moments or ensuring to kill witnesses, he absolutely cannot use these martial arts, or divine power, only using death energy and martial arts activated by death energy.

This is why he deliberately didn't kill that middle-aged man earlier, instead deduced the opponent's martial arts—he was eager to learn a martial art from the demon world!

Only then can he maintain his disguise better in the demon world.

Having been in this world for many days, he has been keeping an eye on the altar for traversing the star domain, but hasn't found any clues.

Perhaps it's because his current status isn't high enough to access some core secrets of this world.

But he believes that given time, he can stand at the pinnacle of this world, finding out what kind of relationship exists between this world and humanoid creatures.

The demon world is a source of disaster, especially with the ancient Xing Kong Gu Road still passable, likely leading them to the Linxian Ancient Star.

"You are Ye Fan, who saved my daughter, indeed young and promising!"

A loud voice interrupted Ye Fan's thoughts.

Looking up, Ye Fan found himself already inside the ancestral shrine, seeing a row of memorial tablets not far from him, with a mighty, unparalleled elder sitting in front, with leopard eyes and sword-like whiskers.

"The clan leader overpraises me, I dare not accept!" Ye Fan calmly said, neither humble nor arrogant.

"I heard you went to the Ancient Battlefield, did you gain anything?" Zixiao Fei, sitting beside, smiled and asked Ye Fan.

"It is indeed a cultivation holy land; I have greatly benefited from it."

Ye Fan's words were true; he indeed gained immense benefits by the Divine Demon Lake on the Ancient Battlefield.

"That's good, I see you seem to have great potential. Would you like to join our Zi Mo family? If you join, I promise all resources will tilt toward you, free for you to use, and Zi Huan can accompany you," the robust clan leader Zixiao Yu smiled at Ye Fan.

This is an irresistible temptation for ordinary demon clan cultivators; all resources tilting represents a family's will to cultivate him as a seed strong person!

"Thank you for your kindness, better to follow your command!"

Ye Fan naturally wouldn't refuse such a good deal and nodded in agreement.

"Great, fantastic, our Purple Demon Family has gained another promising individual! In the future, during the selection in Demon City, our Purple Demon Family will surely make a name for itself!" Zi xiao Fei said with a loud laugh.

"Transmit my clan leader order, host a three-day banquet to welcome Ye Fan joining our Purple Demon Family!"

Clan Leader Zixiao Yu casually tossed a Purple Gold Token and instructed.

"I'll go announce this news!"

Zi xiao Fei picked up the Purple Gold Token, strode out of the ancestral hall, and went to announce Ye Fan's participation in the Purple Demon Family.

"Congratulations, Brother Ye!"

Zi Huan excitedly hugged Ye Fan and kissed him on the cheek, startling Ye Fan nearly to reveal his qi and blood.

"Hmm?"

How sensitive was Clan Leader Zixiao Yu's perception?

Ye Fan had only a slight fluctuation of qi and blood, which was immediately noticed by him.

In an instant, his expression became grave, and sharp Divine Radiance shot from his eyes, looking towards Ye Fan as though seeing through him.

Ye Fan was startled in his heart but remained calm and continued to suppress his qi and blood, his body filled with pure Death Aura.

After observing for a while, Zixiao Yu couldn't perceive any abnormalities and asked curiously, "I clearly felt a fluctuation of qi and blood earlier, why is it gone now? Could it be that your body has actually generated qi and blood?"

Ye Fan's heart stirred, and the use of the term "generated" by Zixiao Yu instantly gave him a countermeasure.

Sighing, Ye Fan gently pushed Zi Huan away from his embrace, then said, "You weren't mistaken, my body seems to have indeed generated a trace of qi and blood."

"How is this possible? Tell me more about it in detail."

Such a matter is no trivial issue, even for someone like Clan Leader Zixiao Yu, who must treat it cautiously.

"The course of events is as follows..."

Ye Fan spoke eloquently, weaving a tale of lies and artistically detailing the events that occurred in the Ancient Battlefield.

According to Ye Fan's account, he saw a strange phenomenon in the Ancient Battlefield, and then pursued the anomaly to a mysterious place, where there was endless Divine Aura; it greatly harmed the Demon Clan, so much so that even a Heavenly King Realm's strong cannot stay there for long.

He thought he was certainly going to die, but after a long time, nothing happened, and there seemed to be some peculiar fluctuation within his body. He didn't know what it was, and after thinking for a long time, he suspected it might be the legendary qi and blood but didn't dare approach it again and retreated.

He always wasn't certain, so he didn't mention it earlier, but since you've sensed it, I have nothing to hide anymore.

This talk mixed truth with falsehood, false with truth, dizziness mixed with clarity, soon left Zixiao Yu bewildered.

"Heaven must be watching over us; for millions of years, no one in our Demon Clan has ever generated qi and blood within their body, and even a trace of qi and blood means certain death. Is Heaven truly allowing our Purple Demon Family to rise from now on?"

Zixiao Yu was nearly on the verge of kneeling down to thank Heaven, overcome with excitement.

The generation of qi and blood within one's body is the dream of all cultivators in the Demon Clan for millions of years, and even the greatest significance of the Demon Clan's existence, yet it has never been realized. How could he not be extremely excited now that it has appeared in Ye Fan?

"This matter must be kept secret; only the three of us should know, no fourth person should find out. Do you understand?"

After the excitement, Zixiao Yu quickly calmed down and realized the importance of secrecy in this matter. If other family members knew that Ye Fan not only had an Innate Death Body but also mutated, to the extreme of death, having generated a trace of qi and blood, they might spare no effort in seizing him.

When that time comes, the Purple Demon Family absolutely couldn't protect Ye Fan against so many powerful families, so secrecy becomes particularly crucial.

If Zi Huan weren't his biological daughter, he might even consider killing to silence her; knowing fewer people means greater safety.

That evening, the city where the Demon Clan congregated was filled with dazzling lights and bonfires, more brilliant than the stars in the sky, and the air was filled with the aroma of alcohol and meat.

"Fellow clansmen, taking this opportunity of the gathering, I have an announcement to make to everyone."

With these words, the imposing and burly Clan Leader Zixiao Yu appeared before the crowd, accompanied by his brother Zi xiao Fei.

Suddenly, the entire square fell silent, as everyone watched the Clan Leader, wondering what big announcement he was about to make. Meanwhile, not far away, Zi Tianmo's heart sank with a sense of foreboding.

Sure enough, next, Clan Leader Zixiao Yu announced: "A few days ago, Ye Fan, who saved our Zi Huan Lingzhu from the Demon Lord of the Duomu Family, officially joins our Purple Demon Family! I declare that from today, Ye Fan will replace Zi Tianmo to become our Purple Demon Family's seed contestant, preparing for the Demon City selection. Everyone, give your support and applause."

"Wow..."

Instantly, applause erupted like thunder.

"Ye Fan, I want to challenge you, to prove with strength that I am stronger and more suitable as the seed contestant for the Demon City selection!"

As soon as Clan Leader Zixiao Yu's voice fell, Zi Tianmo immediately stepped forward, aggressively challenging Ye Fan, aiming to use strength to prove he is more fitting as a seed contestant.