

Y Master 1931

Chapter 1931: Xingtian Pays a Visit

Time flashed by like a white steed galloping past a crack, gone in an instant.

In the blink of an eye, three days had passed.

In these three days, Ye Fan had learned a lot about the overall situation and trends in the entire Ancient Demon City.

As the selection competition drew closer by the day, young strong people from the various clans of the Demon World arrived one after another, turning this Elder Gu Holy City into a gathering center of storm and clouds.

This day, Zi Xiaoyi paced back and forth in his room like a trapped beast, his heart restless and anxious.

Xingtian had said that three days later, he would come to see Zi Huan, and today was the appointed day.

Yet—

He still hadn't settled things on Zi Huan's side, and he couldn't imagine what would happen when they met!

Yet—

Even though he was burning with anxiety, there was nothing he could do now; he could only wait uneasily, just like a condemned prisoner waiting for the moment of execution, agitated and on edge.

What was bound to come would come in the end; there was no hiding from it!

At Noon, amid a sudden clamor outside the door, Xingtian strolled into Ziyi Square with a few attendants, commenting as he walked, looking every bit the posture of a grand connoisseur.

Upon learning that Xingtian had arrived, Zi Xiaoyi instead stopped worrying, feeling a strange sense of release. It was like this anyway—whether to live or die, he had to face it in the end.

Ye Fan also knew Xingtian would come today, so he hadn't gone out and had stayed by Zi Huan's side the whole time.

Seeing the two figures together, Zi Xiaoyi sighed inwardly and stepped out to greet them.

He had already agreed on this with Xingtian, so naturally he couldn't flee at the last moment. Even if he knew perfectly well the meeting would be anything but pleasant, he still had to bite the bullet and go up.

"Hahaha... A man of his word—Young Master Xingtian truly is a man of faith."

Before the person appeared, Zi Xiaoyi's slightly flattering voice sounded first.

"Cut the bootlicking. You know why I came. If it weren't for the beauty, this dump of yours—I wouldn't set foot in it in my entire life."

Xingtian's arrogant voice floated over, making Zi Huan knit her brows.

This was entirely the bearing of an overbearing, domineering wastrel from a rich clan. She really didn't know what her uncle was thinking, actually wanting her to marry such scum as a concubine.

"She's waiting for you in the living room!"

Being so harshly belittled by Xingtian in front of so many people, even someone as thick-skinned as Zi Xiaoyi couldn't quite take it; his tone became much stiffer.

Xingtian didn't notice the change in Zi Xiaoyi's tone at all, or if he did, he simply didn't care.

In Xingtian's eyes, Zi Xiaoyi was nothing but an ant. The fact that he deigned to set foot here was already him giving an enormous favor.

"Tell her to come out and see me. This place is like a dog kennel—is it fit for people to stay in?"

Xingtian casually sat down on a stone stool in the small courtyard, frowning as he spoke.

"This..."

Zi Xiaoyi was put on the spot. Zi Huan hadn't wanted to see Xingtian to begin with, and now even he was starting to feel disgusted with this self-satisfied second-generation good-for-nothing.

"This young master is already here, yet she still refuses to show herself. What's the meaning of this? Does she expect this young master to personally invite her out?"

Xingtian's face instantly darkened, a faint killing intent spreading out from him. Typical dog-face—changes in a flip.

"Please wait a moment, Young Master Xingtian. I'll go call her."

Zi Xiaoyi took a deep breath, forced down the displeasure in his heart, and quickly walked toward the living room.

Before long, Zi Huan, dressed in black, appeared in the small courtyard with Ye Fan accompanying her.

"Indeed a beauty capable of bringing down a nation and a city. She's in no way inferior to those so-called top ten beauties of Ancient Demon City—perhaps even a notch above!"

That was Xingtian's assessment in his heart the first moment he saw Zi Huan.

Although he had already seen Zi Huan's image before, that was only an image. The instant he saw the real person, he was still stunned.

However, as the strongest heir of the Xing Family, he maintained his pride, merely nodding slightly.

"Not bad. A proper little beauty. Although slightly inferior to the top ten beauties, for some backwater clan to have such looks... it's like a golden Phoenix flying out of a chicken coop."

Then his gaze fell on Ye Fan beside Zi Huan. He frowned and said with displeasure, "Zi Huan, is this person your attendant? Why is he so ignorant of the rules? An attendant should stand where an attendant belongs. Standing next to you—doesn't that smack of overstepping? With such insolence, in our clan he'd have long since been fed to a Demon Beast!"

"Watch your mouth!"

Zi Huan's face turned ashen, her eyes almost spitting fire as she said coldly, "Ye Fan is my big brother, not some attendant. Keep your filthy mouth in check."

She could tolerate others speaking of her, but she would never allow anyone to belittle Ye Fan in the slightest—not even the strongest heir of the Xing Family, ranked third among the Ten Great Families.

"Oh ho... quite a fiery temper. I like that. The more fiery a woman is, the more fun she is to tame. Once you marry me, I'll take my time 'training' you."

Xingtian completely treated Ye Fan as air, wantonly teasing.

"Who said I'm going to marry you? Just you? You're not worthy."

Zi Huan went straight to the point, stating her stance outright, without the slightest room for maneuver.

"What did you say?"

Xingtian's expression changed. He had originally thought Zi Huan would be begging to marry him; he hadn't expected a scene like this.

"I will not marry you!" Zi Huan made her attitude clear.

"Your uncle has already promised you to me as a concubine. Even if you don't agree, it's useless. I didn't come to seek your opinion."

Xingtian's voice turned cold, a terrifying aura spreading out from him, clearly trying to use power to crush her.

"That was my uncle acting on his own, without asking for my opinion. I said I won't marry you, and I absolutely won't. Give up on that idea." Zi Huan's stance was firm, allowing not the slightest change.

"Zi Xiaoyi, are you fucking kidding me?"

Xingtian was rejected again and again, and instantly flew into a rage, his voice icy cold as he questioned Zi Xiaoyi.

"This... Young Master Xingtian, listen to me, it's not what you think..."

Zi Xiaoyi was stammering, not even knowing what he was trying to say himself.

It was obvious he couldn't afford to offend Xingtian, but Zi Huan was like a turtle swallowing a weight, dead set on not marrying. He was at his wits' end.

He spluttered for half the day without managing a single complete sentence, so anxious that sweat was beading on his forehead.

"No need to explain! After the selection tournament I'll come to take my bride. If you haven't persuaded her by then, you know the consequences!"

Xingtian's eyes shot out a chilling light, his words dripping with threat.

"It's over!"

Zi Xiaoyi's legs went weak and he almost collapsed to the ground; the thing he dreaded most had still come.

For a moment, everything before his eyes turned gray; he couldn't see the slightest bit of hope.

Offending the Xing Family, ranked third among the Ten Great Families—he only needed his heel to think of how terrifying the consequences would be.

He'd worked so hard, originally thinking that as long as he could rely on Zi Huan's beauty to climb onto the tall branch that was the Xing Family, the clan's revival would be just around the corner.

He'd never expected things to turn out like this. Now it was completely over; the Purple Demon Family would forever become history, with no chance of rising again.

Right now, there was still a sliver of hope, and that was Ye Fan crushing all rivals in the selection tournament and breaking into the top ten.

As long as Ye Fan could enter the top ten and gain the favor of strong people from the Upper Realm, the Purple Demon Family would still have a glimmer of hope; otherwise, they would truly be doomed for all eternity.

"Save your effort. Let me be clear: even if I die, I will never marry you. You can give up that idea!" Zi Huan stepped forward, staring straight at Xingtian as she spoke.

"That's not up to you!"

Xingtian let out a vicious laugh and said, "Anything I, Xingtian, set my eyes on, I've never failed to get. You want to die? I won't let you die. I'll make you twist and writhe in pleasure under my crotch, make you fall hopelessly in love with me, and only then toss you away, turn you into a slut that every man can fuck!"

"What the fuck are you supposed to be? What gives you the right to decide Zi Huan's life?!"

Ye Fan took a step forward, abruptly unleashing a fierce aura.

"Boom!"

Invisible killing intent condensed into tangible substance and blasted Xingtian flying in an instant. That dense killing intent had been accumulated over hundreds and thousands of life-and-death battles—it was terrifying to the extreme.

That line about making Zi Huan a **** that every man could enjoy instantly ignited Ye Fan's rage!

Ye Fan already felt guilty toward Zi Huan. Just now she had scolded Xingtian on his behalf, letting him see her unyielding side, and at the same time making him deeply feel his place in Zi Huan's heart and that deep, deep love.

"It's over, this time it's completely over!"

Zi Xiaoyi felt like the sky was collapsing. He dropped to the ground at once, eyes vacant, muttering "it's over" over and over.

"You..."

Xingtian was greatly shocked. Looking at Ye Fan's age, he didn't seem much older than himself, but that body full of evil aura made his heart tremble. Just how many living beings had he slaughtered to accumulate such terrifying evil aura?!

"Get lost, or die!"

Ye Fan was domineering to the extreme. At this point, Zi Huan had completely offended Xingtian; the two sides had already torn the mask off.

"Kid, you've got guts!"

Xingtian climbed up from the ground, staring at Ye Fan with hatred, as if wanting to burn his face deeply into his memory.

"Scram!"

Ye Fan didn't even want to say one extra word, killing intent surging all over him. If he weren't forcing himself to hold back, he truly wanted to smash Xingtian to death with his fist right now.

However—

He knew he couldn't, not yet. The selection tournament hadn't started, and he had yet to be noticed by any big shot from the Upper Realm. If he killed a strongest heir of one of the Ten Great Families for no reason, it would stir up a chain of trouble.

"You little bastard, you've offended our Young Master Xingtian, you're dead for sure!"

"Hmph! Dying is too cheap for him. Young Master Xingtian will make him live worse than death."

Xingtian's attendants put on a brave front with empty guts, shouting threats at Ye Fan with feigned ferocity.

"Noisy!"

Ye Fan's eyes were sharp as blades. He strode forward and said coldly, "Either get out, or I'll personally kick every last one of you out!"

Thump!

The few attendants shuddered all over. From Ye Fan's tone they heard resolve; if they didn't leave now, this young man really dared to throw them out one by one. That kind of humiliation would be huge.

They had come in high and mighty, arrogant and overbearing. If they were thrown out like garbage when they left, not only would they lose face, the Xing Family's face would be utterly trampled as well.

Feeling Ye Fan's overwhelming aura, Xingtian burned with rage inside. He really wanted to throw caution to the wind and strike, killing Ye Fan on the spot to avenge his earlier humiliation.

But thinking of the purpose of this trip, he still endured.

Otherwise, even if he killed Ye Fan, once the matter spread, it would still make him lose all face—he, the dignified strongest heir of the Xing Family, had been rejected by some unknown girl!

"You little ****, after the selection tournament, I'll make him live worse than death, and you'll be kneeling, crying, begging me to favor you!"

Xingtian restrained his killing intent and shouted harshly.

Chapter 1932: Sitting at Home, Disaster Descends from the Skies

"Get lost!"

Hearing this, Ye Fan squinted his eyes, his voice thunderous like spring lightning, and coldly shouted, "If you don't get lost now, I'll send you on your way right now!"

"Kid, just wait, we're leaving!"

Xingtian uttered harsh words, managing to salvage some dignity, so as not to completely lose face, and then hurriedly departed from Ziyi Square with his entourage.

"I really want to slap him to death."

After Xingtian left, Ye Fan muttered to himself.

"Brother Ye, you have no idea how awe-inspiring you were just now, scolding Xingtian like he was a little chick!"

Zi Huan jumped up, hugged Ye Fan tightly, and planted a bright "strawberry" on his cheek.

"It's all over, completely over now!"

Zi Xiaoyi hadn't quite come to his senses yet, still collapsed on the ground, muttering unceasingly, clearly frightened.

"Uncle, get up, it's alright now, Xingtian and his men have already left."

Upon hearing this, Zi Huan pursed her lips and said to Zi Xiaoyi.

She was speechless at her uncle's lack of courage.

But there was nothing she could do; Zi Xiaoyi was habitually cautious, otherwise, the clan wouldn't have sent him to the Ancient Demon City.

It took Zi Xiaoyi a while to come back to his senses, and with a defeated expression, he said, "We've completely offended the Xing Family now; our family will never have the hope of rising again, and it will be hard to avenge our great hatred."

"Uncle, don't be so pessimistic, okay? Don't we still have Brother Ye? I'm sure Brother Ye will certainly make it into the top ten; our family still has hope." Zi Huan said.

"At this point, we can only hope so. Ye Fan, our family is now completely relying on you; make sure you enter the top ten! Otherwise, not only will our family be finished, but even Zi Huan will be in danger!"

Zi Xiaoyi grasped Ye Fan's hand like he'd found a savior, almost pleadingly.

"Don't worry, I will certainly make it into the top ten."

Ye Fan nodded. He didn't have much affection for Zi Xiaoyi, but for Zi Huan's sake, he agreed to help.

Even if not for the Purple Demon Family, he would definitely give his all to enter the top ten for Zi Huan's promise!

"Among the younger generation, I fear no one, but I worry the Xing Family might send older strong people to retaliate; we don't have enough power to handle that." Ye Fan said, frowning.

He himself was not afraid; if he couldn't win, he could escape, but Zi Xiaoyi would be in danger. He could escape with one person, Zi Huan, but with two, it would be impossible.

Moreover, who knows if the Ancient Demon City, which has stood for millions of years, has any powerful Forbidden barriers? If they cut off the Void, it would be impossible to traverse it, turning them into sitting ducks.

"You can rest assured about that!"

Zi Xiaoyi said, "Over the years, an unwritten rule has formed in the Ancient Demon City to ensure fair competition; before the tournament, older strong people are never allowed to attack contestants, or else the family will be wiped out, even the Ten Great Families are no exception."

Upon hearing this news, Ye Fan was immediately relieved.

As long as the older strong people don't intervene, among the younger generation, he fears no one!

"Uncle, I'd like to ask you to investigate something for me."

Ye Fan deliberated for a while and decided to ask Zi Xiaoyi to help him investigate a way to leave this world. He thought there must be an altar in the Demon World for traversing the Star Domain, but he didn't know where it was.

This ancient altar had no fluctuation; unless you were right in front of it and saw it with your own eyes, you could even walk over it and not notice it.

The Demon Clan are the original inhabitants of this world, having lived and reproduced for countless generations. If there were such an altar, it would surely have been discovered.

His only concern was Zi Xiaoyi's identity and status being too low to reach the core secrets of this world, ending up wasting efforts.

"What is it? If it's within my power, I will certainly do my best!"

Now Zi Xiaoyi viewed Ye Fan as the only savior, so he dared not neglect his requests.

"I want to ask you to investigate how one might access the depths of space and leave this world." Ye Fan said calmly.

"This... is very difficult, but I will try my best!"

Zi Xiaoyi frowned. As a native of this world, he had heard many ancient legends from a young age, but had never heard of anyone crossing the Star Domain to leave this world.

Of course, those like the ancestors of the Purple Demon Family who once ventured into space are exceptions, and those people did not leave directly from this world; they entered a higher world before embarking on the journey through space.

After promising to help, Zi Xiaoyi buried himself in ancient texts, searching for clues about leaving this world.

Meanwhile, at the Heavenly Treasure Palace of the Xing Family, Xingtian's face was gloomy, like a volcano ready to erupt.

A chaotic scene surrounded him; teacups and teapots were smashed on the ground, and a fine table had been smashed into pieces.

The entourage stood at a distance, not daring to breathe, fearing Xingtian might take out his anger on them.

"Withdraw the order to protect Ziyi Square; from now on, Ziyi Square's safety has nothing to do with the Xing Family!" Xingtian roared.

The news of Xingtian's humiliation at Ziyi Square couldn't be contained and spread widely, astonishing many!

Suddenly, business at Ziyi Square became booming; many cultivators used the pretext of buying Demon Artifacts, indirectly hoping to get some inside information.

However—

They were disappointed; people at Ziyi Square kept their mouths shut, remaining incredibly tight-lipped, and regardless of the method used, everyone ultimately gained nothing.

Meanwhile, Zi Xiaoyi's investigation yielded results in those few days.

After going through a mountain of ancient texts, Zi Xiaoyi concluded the Demon World is like a natural prison; there's no way to leave it. Unless embarking on a space expedition, the only way out is to enter the top ten in the selection contest and be taken by people from the Upper Realm; otherwise, there is no way!

"Since this is the only way, we must ensure entering the top ten!"

Upon learning this news, Ye Fan was resolute.

Firstly, to fulfill the promise he made to Zi Huan, and secondly, to leave this world and continue to train in the vast cosmos, sharpening himself to become stronger.

Meanwhile, the entire Ancient Demon City was anything but peaceful, with undercurrents surging and young strongmen from various clans continuously arriving.

The arrival of each young strongman would provoke a commotion.

Because, the quality of this year's young strongmen was generally higher than in previous years; each young strongman was exceptionally powerful.

So many people pouring into this ancient city injected vitality into it, yet simultaneously brought many variables.

However, ordinary citizens didn't care about these things; they were concerned with their own food, clothing, shelter, and transport.

In the entire Demon World, the vast families numbered in the tens of thousands, and it's impossible for each family to have its own industry in the Ancient Demon City.

Therefore, those who arrived early could stay in inns and taverns, while those arriving late could only rent residential houses.

This selection competition probably benefited the ordinary people in the Ancient Demon City the most, as the prices of various materials soared, changing once or even several times a day.

A large influx of cultivators into the Ancient Demon City allowed the ordinary people in the city to make a fortune.

But Zi Xiaoyi's days weren't going well.

Due to Xingtian withdrawing protection from Ziyi Square, some suspicious people kept lingering around the entrance these days.

Years of experience told him that trouble wasn't far away; without the protection of the Xing Family, the Mo Family definitely wouldn't let matters slide.

Knowing was one thing, but he had no way out; previously, Ziyi Square couldn't suppress these people, and now that the Purple Demon Family was just a name, it was even harder to keep them in check.

In fact, since Xingtian left, several groups had already come to stir up trouble, but he hadn't told Ye Fan.

To avoid trouble, Zi Xiaoyi decisively shut the shop's doors, quietly waiting for the selection competition to begin, as business wasn't much anyway, and they didn't care about the money.

However—

Even if they wanted to close doors and avoid trouble, it wouldn't work!

Sitting at home with the doors closed, trouble came from above!

That day, Ye Fan was meditating in his small building when he was suddenly awakened by the sound of violent door pounding.

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

"Crash!"

The sound of the door being smashed open was particularly harsh.

Afterward, a large group of young cultivators rushed into the shop like madmen, smashing anything they saw, quickly reducing a well-kept shop to ruins.

"Zi Xiaoyi, get the hell out here, I'm here for revenge!"

The speaker was Mo Yangsheng, who was previously beaten into a pulp by Zi Huan. After some time of recuperation, along with his family using various Heavenly Materials and Earthly Treasures to heal him, he was now fully recovered, with slightly improved cultivation.

Having suffered such a great loss here, he naturally wouldn't leave things be; as soon as his injuries recovered, he led a large group of house servants to smash the shop.

Previously the Mo Family received warnings from the Xing Family to not retaliate against Ziyi Square, and he thought that this revenge would never be exacted.

Unexpectedly, barely four days later, the Xing Family withdrew protection from Ziyi Square and claimed that Ziyi Square's safety had nothing to do with the Xing Family.

In this scenario, what was there to fear?

Mo Yangsheng couldn't sit still at the time; if not for his unhealed injuries, he would have come long ago.

Even so, he had already instructed some ruffians among the cultivators mingling in the Ancient Demon City to cause trouble, hoping for a big commotion.

However, Zi Xiao Member was too clever, giving them no pretext, which led to today's confrontation.

In the entire Ancient Demon City, apart from the City Lord and the Ten Great Families, who did the Mo Family fear?

Everyone knew, in the entire Ancient Demon City, the Mo Family was considered the local bully; even those ranked lower among the Ten Great Families had to show them some respect.

A small Ziyi Square was nothing he paid any mind to.

"In broad daylight, you dare to forcefully invade a residence and rampantly loot and smash, do you have any regard for the law?"

Ye Fan appeared, blocking these people, and said with righteous indignation.

"Law? I'll show you what law is; in this Ancient Demon City, we are the law!"

A self-important lackey cursed and swung a slap at Ye Fan's face.

He was new this time and hadn't seen the methods Ye Fan used to teach lessons previously.

In his mind, even if Ye Fan's strength was greater than his, he wouldn't dare retaliate, or he would never leave the Ancient Demon City alive.

However—he was wrong, and gravely wrong!

"Bang!"

Just as his hand was about to reach Ye Fan, his head suddenly exploded, blood mixed with brain matter, like countless peach blossoms blooming.

"Hiss..."

Everyone present couldn't help but inhale sharply; they hadn't seen how Ye Fan made his move, and their companion's head was suddenly blasted apart—it was astonishing!

Chapter 1933: Too Many Lice to Itch

The entire shop was in chaos, deathly silent.

Ye Fan's ruthless and bloody methods instantly shocked everyone.

No one expected he truly dared to strike without restraint—this was too surprising for them and deeply instilled fear!

To them, this was someone who didn't follow the rules, showed no apprehension, and completely disregarded the forces behind them.

Faced with such a reckless and fierce person, these people felt their legs tremble, with fear spreading among them like an infectious disease.

"Get out!"

Ye Fan's icy voice echoed in their ears, sending a chill down everyone's heart.

"You're asking for death!"

Mo Yangsheng was furious, a flash of light appeared in his hand, and a Bone Blade Demon Artifact appeared, which he fiercely slashed towards Ye Fan.

So many had come for revenge, only to be intimidated by one person—this was a huge humiliation.

"Bang!"

Ye Fan pointed out a finger, his sharp Finger Beam instantly shattered the Bone Blade Demon Artifact, and then, like a phantom, he advanced and slapped Mo Yangsheng, sending him flying seven or eight yards out of the shop.

Half of Mo Yangsheng's face instantly swelled into a pig head, nearly all his teeth were knocked out, his face contorted in pain.

"Kill him, kill him for me!"

Mo Yangsheng shouted loudly, completely unaware of the discrepancy between him and Ye Fan.

"Everyone attack, I don't believe he has three heads and six arms; a hero can't withstand many people."

One of the house servants unwisely shouted, flipping his hand to reveal a blue, venomous Bone Spur.

"Hoo-rah!"

More than ten house servants brandished their Demon Artifacts, shouting as they charged towards Ye Fan, attempting to overwhelm him with sheer numbers.

However—

What awaited them was a beautiful Bhiran flower!

Ye Fan's figure moved like lightning, his Purple Diamond-like fist pierced through eternal void, with nothing able to stop it.

Even though their Demon Artifacts were coated with lethal poisons, they couldn't even pierce Ye Fan's skin, rendering them useless.

"Bang!"

Ye Fan swung a punch, one Mo Family house servant was shattered into pieces, blood splattering without even making a sound before dying unexpectedly.

Immediately following, Ye Fan attacked again, his Purple Diamond-like fist smashed the Demon Artifact blocking his way into powder, and then his fist rapidly enlarged in front of his eyes.

"Bang!"

A thousand blossoms bloomed, the person's head suddenly exploded, his Divine Soul directly erased.

"Ah..."

The remaining people finally screamed in terror, realizing Ye Fan's speed was too fast and their attacks couldn't keep up with him.

Moreover, his body could rival Demon Artifacts, a punch shattering their Demon Artifacts, such strength was truly terrifying.

Ye Fan moved like a leisurely stroll, graceful in posture, each strike could reap a life.

Though it was killing, it carried a beauty, an ethereal quality, as if demonstrating an art.

This was the art of killing, like flowing clouds and running water, like a deer hanging its horns, very natural, hauntingly beautiful, almost pleasing to the eye.

In a blink, more than a dozen Mo Family house servants had become cold corpses!

Accurately, being able to preserve a corpse was considered fortunate by now, as more were just scattered flesh, impossible to discern their original appearance.

"Demon, you're a demon..."

Mo Yangsheng was extremely terrified, nearly wetting himself, seeing Ye Fan approaching with a smile, he retreated in terror, completely losing his previous arrogance.

"Your last words!"

Ye Fan stood before him, his cold eyes looking at him, as if staring at an Yan stone without any life, such a gaze made his heart palpitate.

"No... don't kill me, killing me will do you no good, as long as you don't kill me, I promise I'll not trouble you again."

Facing death, Mo Yangsheng completely cowered, howling repeatedly.

At this moment, he regretted deeply; if he knew Ye Fan was this fierce, he wouldn't have come for revenge.

Even if he did, he would've brought strong people from his clan, rather than just a few house servants.

But it was too late to say anything now, Ye Fan clearly had no intention of letting him go.

"Where were you before? Now you want to beg, but it's too late!"

Ye Fan slowly raised his hand, his Purple Diamond-like looming hand looked like the death god's to Mo Yangsheng.

"Don't kill me, I beg you, don't kill me, killing me won't let you live, my father won't let you go!"

Utterly helpless, under the threat of death, he dragged out his entire clan.

"Even if I don't kill you, will your clan let me go?"

Ye Fan didn't believe the Mo Family would be so magnanimous. The feud had already been established, and being soft-hearted would only bring endless trouble. It was better to cut the grass at the roots and eliminate future problems.

"They will, they definitely will. I swear, our family will absolutely not seek trouble with you, or I won't die a good death!" Mo Yangsheng swore fiercely, yet a deep-seated hatred hid in the depths of his eyes.

Having struggled on the line between life and death countless times, Ye Fan knew all too well what that look meant.

"Your heart and words don't match. You plead for mercy with your mouth while your mind schemes on how to deal with me later. You cannot be spared!" Ye Fan raised his hand and, with a strike of his palm, smashed down on Mo Yangsheng's head.

"Ye Fan, no..."

An exclamation sounded from behind Ye Fan, but it was already too late; his palm had already struck, and Mo Yangsheng's head shattered, his spirit scattered.

"Sigh..."

Zi Xiaoyi hurried from behind, looking at Mo Yangsheng's ruined head, heaved a long sigh, and said, "You've caused trouble, you've caused big trouble!"

"No worries, it's just a small Mo Family. As long as the older generation doesn't intervene, the younger generation is useless."

Ye Fan smiled and said, "Besides, I dared to offend the Xing Family; am I afraid of a mere Mo Family?"

"You..."

Zi Xiaoyi was at a loss for words, Ye Fan's attitude was a classic example of not fearing itchiness from too many lice or worry from too much debt, throwing caution to the wind.

Since Mo Yangsheng was dead and nothing else could be done, Zi Xiaoyi had to work with the shop clerk to transport the corpses out of the store, cleaning up afterward.

"Destroy the evidence. When the Mo Family comes, deny everything; let him remain dead without evidence!"

Zi Xiaoyi was evidently skilled at this, setting fire to burn the bodies of Mo Yangsheng and the Mo Family house servants to ashes.

However—

Covering up the truth was impossible; many cultivators outside witnessed Ye Fan's actions.

In the following days, the Mo Family was furious, but due to the rules that the older generation couldn't act against the competitors in the selection, they had to endure it.

Yet everyone knew that if Ye Fan couldn't break into the top ten, he was as good as dead and would never leave Ancient Demon City alive.

In these days, Ye Fan remained in seclusion, cultivating the Heavenly Demon Eye in his room daily.

This was an ancestral secret technique of the Purple Demon Family, terrifyingly powerful. Anyone struck by the Heavenly Demon Eye's beam was almost certainly doomed.

Therefore, the Heavenly Demon Eye was also called the Eye of Death.

Yet because of the Heavenly Demon Eye's terrifying nature, it was extremely difficult to master. Even with Ye Fan's comprehension, he could only painstakingly fumble through.

Though he hadn't appeared before everyone, tales of him gradually spread throughout Ancient Demon City.

Rebuking Xingtian, the strongest heir of the Xing Family, ruthlessly killing the Mo Family's playboy Mo Yangsheng—these events became topics of discussion among many cultivators over meals, widely spread and even evolving into several different versions.

Some said Ye Fan rebuked the strongest heir of Xing Family because he wanted to steal his woman.

Others claimed it was because Ye Fan disliked Xingtian's arrogant demeanor.

Various stories circulated, causing a storm, vividly detailed, with storytellers passionately elaborating and listeners keenly engaged.

As time passed day by day, there were ten days left until the selection officially began, and more young strong people from various families arrived.

The whole Ancient Demon City seemed to become a haven for cultivators, with common people nearly invisible. Many ordinary folks rented out their homes, making a substantial profit, temporarily relocating to their relatives' rural homes.

However, during these days, Ye Fan sensed something amiss; at night, outside the city, in the Demon Beast Forest, the howls of those demon beasts had notably increased.

Lately, many cultivators had ventured out to the Demon Beast Forest to hunt demon beasts, acquiring demon crystals, skins, and flesh.

Many powerful demon beasts had delicious meat, their flesh containing pure death energy, beneficial both to cultivators and ordinary people.

Of course, humans weren't the only ones hunting demon beasts; demon beasts also hunted humans, and some powerful demon beasts possessed intelligence.

Standing on a small building, gazing into the distance, one could see a vibrant scene, making Ye Fan feel nostalgic as if returning to the Xuan Realm.

In the entire Demon World, apart from the lack of lifeblood and cultivation of death energy, they were no different from humans of the Xuan Realm.

He recalled many bits and pieces about the Xuan Realm, which was a beautiful memory in his heart!

He thought of Tong Qianchen in seclusion at the Cold Pond, thought of Yaling, whose love was sealed with a kiss, thought of comrades who fought side by side, thought of the Old Bastard, the Sloppy Elder...

Those familiar faces emerged in his mind, but regrettably, now they were worlds apart, in different Star Domains, in different worlds.

"Stay true to one's original aspirations, remain unwavering! I haven't forgotten my original aspirations..."

Ye Fan pondered deeply, then gently closed his eyes, silently affirming in his heart.

For the sake of past vows and promises, he braved thorns, unafraid of hardships, from Earth to Xuan Realm, then to Xing Kong Gu Road, and finally to the Demon World, consistently holding fast to his original heart.

It was precisely this perseverance that unleashed his intense potential during each life-and-death crisis, turning danger into safety, escaping from death.

"What's going on??"

Suddenly, Ye Fan keenly noticed a sense of unease permeating the Demon Beast Forest, and those demon beasts became increasingly manic!

Chapter 1934: Changing the Rules

"Awoooo..."

Just as Ye Fan was lost in thought, a roar from a demon beast suddenly echoed in his ears, as if it were right beside him, startling him so much that his expression changed slightly.

Immediately, Ye Fan saw that the entire Ancient Demon City seemed to awaken all at once, with many cultivators rushing towards the city gate like a tide.

"Brother Ye, what's going on?"

Zi Huan was also awakened by the roar of the demon beast and came to his side to inquire.

"I don't know, let's go have a look!"

Saying this, Ye Fan and Zi Huan flew into the air together towards the city gate.

Along the way, Ye Fan saw many powerful cultivators, some flying through the air and others sprinting on the ground, all heading in the direction of the city gate.

And from the direction of the city gate came the shouting of Demon World cultivators and the neighing of demon beasts, accompanied by screams that pierced the ears of everyone.

"What's going on? What exactly happened?"

A cultivator returning from the direction of the city gate was stopped by the crowd to inquire about the situation.

"Demon beasts, the demon beasts are rioting, with as many as millions attacking the city gate. If the gate breaks, ordinary people in the city will be in trouble!" the man said, out of breath.

"Demon beast riot?"

Ye Fan's heart was stirred, and in an instant, he recalled the time on Earth when he and other cultivators together quelled a mutant beast riot.

How similar is this scene?

One is mutant beasts, the other is demon beasts; essentially, it's the same. Who would have thought that in the Demon World, a demon beast riot would also occur.

Could it be that in the Demon Beast Forest, there is a king commanding these demon beasts?

Or have the Demon World cultivators hunted the demon beasts excessively, prompting the demon beasts from the forest to retaliate?

No one knows the cause; everything is so abrupt!

Under the gate, the cultivators of the Demon Clan were already fighting fiercely with the demon beasts, with countless Demon Clan cultivators exhibiting their skills, emitting Death Energy, and lines of Death Light crisscrossed, causing swathes of demon beasts to fall.

However—

These demon beasts were extremely fierce and fearless, causing great trouble for the Demon World cultivators. Several were directly torn apart by the beasts and devoured on the spot.

The entire doorway had already been stained with blood, and some of the older generations from the Ten Great Families had intervened.

These people were incredibly strong, each having the strength of a Supreme Holy Master, capable of capturing the moon with a lift of a hand and splitting the earth with a stomp of a foot, possessing supreme divine power.

However, those demon beasts were formidable as well, with a few of them nearly matching these individuals in strength, fighting to a draw.

Standing on the city wall, Ye Fan gazed into the distance and found the beast tide to be endless, directly connecting with the Demon Beast Forest in the distance, with no idea how many more demon beasts were coming relentlessly.

Demon beasts rioting, attacking a Demon Clan city; such events have happened before, each time being extremely brutal.

However, compared to historical large-scale beast tides, this time seemed more chaotic, as if these beasts weren't being commanded but driven by something within themselves, desperately trying to invade the Ancient Demon City as if something inside was luring them.

"Kill!"

The Demon Clan cultivators were also incredibly fierce, equally fighting and dying to fend off the demon beasts.

Ye Fan noticed that most people involved belonged to the older generation from various families, with very few of the younger generation joining the combat.

Other forces within the city also participated in fighting the beasts, engaging in a gruesome battle, almost throwing their lives into the fight just to hold back the demon beasts' assault.

"Activate the City Protection Array, slaughter the demon beasts!"

At this moment, a middle-aged man with a head full of white hair appeared above everyone's heads, speaking calmly.

"The City Lord..."

Many were shocked, not expecting the Ancient Demon King, the City Lord, to appear personally.

With the City Lord's presence, all the Demon Clan cultivators involved in resisting the beast tide grew even more excited.

However, no one blindly dashed forward anymore, because once the City Protection Array is activated, it attacks indiscriminately; whoever is below will suffer.

Upon hearing the City Lord say to activate the City Protection Array, those Demon Clan cultivators fighting the beasts below panicked and desperately unleashed their strongest strikes, pushing the demon beasts back before immediately flying up to the city wall.

"Whoosh!"

"Whoosh!"

"Whoosh..."

Silhouettes flew up from below the city wall, as the White-haired City Lord and the Ancient Demon King began activating the City Protection Array.

As he infused waves of vast, pure Death Energy into the city walls, an array of sharp lights suddenly flashed across the entire city wall.

What Ye Fan originally thought were blade and axe marks, now each became a Holy Weapon, radiating sharp killing intent, with Sword Radiance splitting the heavens, axes splitting the earth, and swords shattering the void.

The City Protection Array indeed was extraordinary, revealing its ferocious side as soon as it appeared, practically a life-consuming machine.

In just half an hour, the area around the city gate, aside from piles of flesh and blood, no longer held a single living demon beast.

Eventually, after leaving behind thousands of corpses, the demon beasts finally retreated, but no one dared relax; who knows if they're gathering strength, planning a deadly strike!

After waiting for nearly four hours, the City Lord, the Ancient Demon King, personally went down to investigate and found that the beasts had retreated completely, and apart from the corpses scattered around proving what had occurred, it was as if the million-strong beasts had never appeared.

In the end, a few hundred people stayed to keep watch, while the others gradually returned. This beast tide came rapidly and retreated just as quickly, as if it were merely a test.

Along the way, Ye Fan heard much discussion and speculation about this beast tide, yet all of it was unfounded, meaningless conjecture.

In this battle, the demon beasts left over ten thousand corpses, while over a hundred humans perished, indicating how fierce the previous fight was.

As the selection tournament approached, the demon beasts rioted and besieged the Ancient Demon City, casting an ominous shadow over the event.

"What exactly is wrong with these demon beasts? Why would they riot without reason? What has provoked them?"

Inside the City Lord Mansion, the White-haired City Lord Ancient Demon King paced back and forth with his hands behind his back.

He appeared to be around forty years old, with fair and delicate skin, utterly unlike the old monster who had lived for countless years.

In reality, this White-haired City Lord was a renowned figure as far back as a thousand years ago, and now he was at least fifteen hundred years old.

He still looked like a middle-aged man around forty, which was the benefit of having profound cultivation; time seemed to leave no trace upon them.

"We must find out what is happening in the Demon Beast Forest; otherwise, it could affect the selection tournament adversely."

The White-haired City Lord paced back and forth with his hands behind his back, his eyes emitting a deep and wise light. Suddenly, his eyes brightened as if he had thought of a brilliant idea.

"This time, over fifteen thousand members of different clans have registered. If we follow the normal elimination process, it can't be completed in a short time, so..."

The White-haired City Lord clapped his hands and laughed, saying, "This is truly a brilliant plan that kills two birds with one stone! Let's do it!"

...

Early the next morning, Ye Fan received notification that all registered contestants were to gather at the city's square for a task assigned by the City Lord.

"Brother Ye, be careful and stay safe!"

Zi Huan helped Ye Fan tidy his clothes and then watched him leave Ziyi Square, heading toward the square.

"I hope Brother Ye stays safe and sound..."

After Ye Fan left, Zi Huan silently prayed for him.

When Ye Fan reached the square, he was utterly shocked. The entire square was crowded with young cultivators full of vitality, their eyes fierce and rebellious.

Ye Fan casually found a place to stand, not talking to anyone, seeming somewhat out of place with those around him.

Other young people might have already gotten acquainted during these days or had some dealings, appearing very familiar as they quietly conversed.

Soon, all the young contestants arrived, filling the square with people, boundless and endless, merging with the sky.

Over ten thousand people, forming an endless crowd, not just fifteen thousand, looking over there was just a sea of heads.

After waiting for a while, the White-haired City Lord flew in, his sleeves fluttering like an immortal.

"Everyone, you are the outstanding people of your clan, the geniuses of the younger generation, but in this selection, we will only leave ten people..."

The White-haired City Lord spoke eloquently, saying a lot about the contest's rules and rewards, which made the crowd's blood boil.

Not to mention entering the top ten, even entering the top hundred would earn rich rewards and have a significant benefit for the entire clan.

And those who can enter the top ten will be selected by envoys from the Upper Realm and taken there to be taught stronger Cultivation Techniques, martial arts, and secret techniques.

Meanwhile, in the Upper Realm, Cultivation Resources will be much more abundant than in the Demon World, making this a leap akin to a carp leaping over the dragon gate.

Entering the top ten and being selected by the envoys from the Upper Realm will bring unimaginable benefits to the individual contestant and a tremendous boost to their entire clan.

As long as one can enter the top ten, the clan of the cultivator will receive support from the Upper Realm, earning respect across the Demon World and ascending to the ranks of the Ten Great Families, receiving resource tilts from the entire Demon World.

These are unimaginable benefits!

It is precisely because of this that the young contestants are full of passion and eager to start.

However—

What the White-haired City Lord said next extinguished much of their enthusiasm.

"Previously, we were using elimination matches, dividing into teams, taking a long time, and being unfair to the contestants, so this time, we will adjust the rules."

At this point, the White-haired City Lord paused, sweeping his gaze across the crowd, and then continued, "You all know about the demon beast riot last night, right? This time, our assessment will be based on investigating why the demon beasts in the Demon Beast Forest rioted."

"These demon beasts cannot riot for no reason, and attack our city, so there must be something happening deep within the Demon Beast Forest. You all need to investigate and report back to me."

"The elimination rule is simple: it's based on the number and quality of Demon Crystals each person submits. The top one hundred who submit the most Demon Crystals of the highest quality will enter the selection tournament, and the rest will be eliminated."

"If anyone can uncover the reason for the demon beast riot, they will be promoted directly as a seed contestant."

These words from the White-haired City Lord caused many contestants from small families to feel a chill in their hearts. Although they might be their family's strongest inheritor, compared to the strongest inheritors from the larger clans, the difference was quite significant.

Fifteen thousand plus people, but only one hundred can remain after the elimination, difficult to describe the cruelty.

Yet—

Since the City Lord has already made a decision, they can only comply, fighting for strength and luck!

With bad luck, some may even end up in the belly of a demon beast, becoming its meal.

"Alright, if there are no objections, let's depart now. I await your good news!"

The White-haired City Lord waved his hand and vanished from everyone's view.

Ka—

At the same time, the city gates slowly opened.

What awaits the contestants will be fierce battles and slaughter!

Chapter 1935: Good Dogs Don't Block the Way!

After the disappearance of the White-haired City Lord, the entire square suddenly plunged into chaos.

Many people were secretly whispering, discussing this unusual elimination tournament.

In the past, no matter how many young family elites participated in the selection, they were grouped and eliminated gradually.

This time, however, more than ninety percent of people need to be eliminated within ten days, an unprecedented brutality!

Moreover, these Demon Beasts hold a deep-seated hatred for the Demon Clan Cultivators who often hunt them, and they will absolutely show no mercy.

This also foretells that quite a number of people will perish under the claws of Demon Beasts, becoming their Blood Food!

Most importantly, the White-haired City Lord did not prohibit private fights between contestants!!

Instead, the selection is based on the quantity and quality of Demon Crystals submitted. Only one hundred people can successfully advance; all others will be eliminated.

Under such circumstances, the incidents of contestants ambushing each other, committing murder, and seizing treasures become hard to avoid.

However, this is the most effective selection method — if you have the ability, kill others and seize their Demon Crystals. If you're not strong enough, then you deserve to be killed; no one will have sympathy for you.

The benefits of successfully advancing in the elimination tournament are enormous, not only with generous rewards but also a share of a Cultivation Holy Land rich in Death Aura.

Simultaneously, the families of those who advance also gain significant benefits, enhancing their status and treatment throughout the Demon World.

When interests exceed one hundred percent, many will take desperate risks, let alone the inherently selfish Demon Clan.

Under the temptation of massive interests, everyone turns into a Demon, feeling no guilt or remorse for assaulting their companions.

This is also indicative of the broader environment of the Demon World.

In the Demon World, there is no such thing as fairness or justice, only bloodshed and slaughter. The law of the jungle, where the weak are eaten by the strong, is the only survival rule; if you're not strong enough, then you deserve to be killed.

Ye Fan quickly understood all of this.

The White-haired City Lord is clearly intending for these young demon elites to slaughter each other, eliminating most, leaving only the elite among elites.

Then, select the strongest ten among these elite of elites, who will undoubtedly represent the pinnacle strength of the entire young generation of the Demon Clan!

This is akin to a certain Poisonous Insect Cultivation Technique on the southwest border of Huaxia, where dozens of poisonous insects are placed in a jar without food, letting them bite and devour each other in extreme hunger, leaving the last one as the most toxic insect.

This poisonous insect is called the Poisonous Insect King, also known as the Golden Silkworm Poisonous Insect. After devouring dozens of poisonous insects, its bodily form will transform, becoming like a silkworm, entirely golden, impervious to swords or spears, with speed as quick as lightning.

Soon, others also came to this realization, their expressions turning grim.

Undoubtedly, this situation is advantageous for the powerful contestants. They can completely hunt down less capable participants to gain more Demon Crystals, ensuring they can smoothly advance.

Conversely, for those less capable participants, this scenario is undoubtedly adding insult to injury.

Not only must they face the ferocious Demon Beasts, but they must also guard against the assaults from other competitors.

Under such circumstances, everyone becomes unreliable, each person warily eyeing the competitors beside them.

In mutual vigilance, people began to move towards the city gate direction.

Fifteen thousand people forming a massive torrent surged towards the city gate.

"Stop!"

Just as Ye Fan was about to head out of the city, a deep voice sounded next to his ear.

Immediately, a gaunt, dried-up, and sinister-looking young man appeared before him, emanating a strong evil aura as if he were a Blood Saber that had killed countless people, making one particularly uncomfortable.

"What do you want to teach me?"

Ye Fan coldly glanced at the other person, asking in a deep voice.

"Are you Zi Yefan?"

The sinister-looking young man asked chillingly, with fierce light flashing in his eyes, resembling a Fierce Beast ready to devour people.

"Who are you?"

Ye Fan glanced him up and down twice, neither admitting nor denying.

"It seems correct, you're Zi Yefan."

The sinister-looking young man cackled weirdly, eyes streaming two lines of blood tears, shouting fiercely, "Zi, you killed my brother, today I will tear you to pieces, avenging my brother!"

Upon hearing these words, Ye Fan suddenly understood.

This gaunt, dried-up, and sinister-looking young man before him is unexpectedly the strongest heir of the Mo Family, Mo Yangsheng's brother Mo Yangwang, no wonder he harbors such hatred towards him.

After Ye Fan slew Mo Yangsheng, Zi Xiaoyi once told him all the Mo Family's details, warning him to be cautious of their retaliation during the selection tournament.

This Mo Yangwang is the strongest heir of the Mo Family and Mo Yangsheng's own brother, his strength extremely terrifying, absolutely capable of competing with the strongest heirs of the Ten Great Families in the Demon World.

Ye Fan didn't take it to heart at the time. Anyways, before the selection tournament, no matter how angry the Mo Family was, they could only stare furiously, unable to do anything to him.

And after the selection tournament, he is destined to enter the top ten, at which time there's no need to worry about retaliation from the Mo Family again.

Those who enter the top ten are the elite among elites in the entire Demon World, receiving the Demon World's attention and protection.

Let alone a small Mo Family, even the Ten Great Families wouldn't dare to touch him, otherwise, it would implicate the entire family, getting erased by strong people from the Upper Realm.

Understanding this point, it's no wonder Mo Yangwang is filled with hatred towards me.

"Done talking?"

Ye Fan asked calmly, not taking the other's threat seriously at all.

Hmm?

Mo Yangwang was stunned. He hadn't expected that after making threats full of grief and anger, Ye Fan would just casually respond, leaving him feeling like he had punched the air, his heart filled with frustration. He said resentfully, "I'm done, you..."

"If you're done, then get lost! A good dog doesn't block the path!"

Ye Fan's voice held the force of spring thunder, secretly employing the Divine Soul Resonance Sound Wave Technique to concentrate the sound into a line and blasting it into Mo Yangwang's sea of consciousness.

"Buzz!"

Mo Yangwang felt as if struck by lightning, as though a thunderclap had exploded in his mind, causing his consciousness to waver. He involuntarily stepped back three or four steps before stabilizing, his face turning pale.

"This..."

This scene shocked many of the surrounding young elites who were watching.

No one expected that after Ye Fan casually uttered "a good dog doesn't block the path," Mo Yangwang would obediently make way for him. It was simply unbelievable!

Everyone knew that Ye Fan had killed Mo Yangwang's younger brother. Even if he couldn't openly act within the city, he definitely wouldn't let Ye Fan pass.

But the current situation stunned them completely; Mo Yangwang seemed unable to help himself and indeed stepped aside for Ye Fan.

"What's going on here? Am I seeing things?"

"Is this... still the ruthless, arrogant Mo Yangwang?"

"Could it be that the one named Zi has an evil technique? Controlled Mo Yangwang's consciousness; otherwise, how could he make way for his brother's killer?"

The onlookers discussed endlessly, each rubbing their eyes vigorously, hardly believing what they were seeing.

Compared to the disbelief of others, Mo Yangwang's heart was in even greater shock.

Ye Fan's simple sentence just now felt like a heavy blow to his Divine Soul, and this evil technique terrified him.

"Zi, you just wait, if I don't tear you limb from limb today, I won't be human!"

Watching Ye Fan's departing figure, Mo Yangwang's eyes practically spat fire as he swore through gritted teeth.

"I advise you, don't mess with me, or I won't hesitate to send you to reunite with your brother!"

Ye Fan did not look back, coldly replied as he resolutely walked towards the city gate, leaving a tall and straight silhouette for Mo Yangwang and everyone else.

"That brat is too arrogant, he doesn't even take Mo Yangwang seriously."

A young genius from a weak, remote family said in surprise, his mouth agape.

"You just figured it out!"

Another person said disdainfully, "He's a fearless character. Even Xingtian, the strongest heir from the third-ranked Xing Family of the Ten Great Families, dared to reprimand him directly, let alone anyone else, he simply doesn't take them seriously."

"Is that so? I just arrived last night, what exactly happened before, can you tell me?"

The curious young genius from the remote area asked, his eyes blazing with the fire of intrigue.

"It's a long story, but one thing is certain, this young man Zi Yefan is definitely a maverick, probably won't even take the strongest heir of the top-ranked Du Family, Du Yuhao, seriously..."

After Ye Fan left, many people began to discuss, but most avoided talking about Ye Fan killing Mo Yangsheng.

Mo Family is the local tyrant of Ancient Demon City. Discussing the matter of his brother being killed in front of Mo Yangwang was somewhat inappropriate.

These participants are the leaders of the younger generation from various families; whether emotional intelligence or intelligence quotient, they are very high, naturally, they won't make such a low-level mistake.

Listening to the surrounding discussions, Mo Yangwang's eyes glimmered fiercely, the corners of his mouth twitching continuously, clearly ready to explode in anger.

Whoosh!

In the end, he seemed to have thought of something clever, an insidious smile appeared at the corner of his mouth, and with a move, he dashed out of the city like a streak of flowing light.

As he left, the remaining people also set off one after another, and the entire square suddenly became empty.

A month is neither long nor short, but if one falls behind from the beginning, it's extremely difficult to catch up.

Hence, no one wanted to lose at the starting line; all rushed towards the Demon Beast Forest first, launching a bloodthirsty hunting action.

"Aoooh..."

In the dense forest, the dying roars and screams of Demon Beasts continued to ring out, heralding the beginning of a brutal slaughter!

Chapter 1936: Demon Beast Forest

In the ancient Bone Wolf forest of the Demon Beast Forest, vines are everywhere, and thick foliage blocks out the sun, with many areas shrouded in poisonous miasma.

In the forest, apes cry and tigers roar, cranes shriek and wolves howl, clearly a barbaric world.

Even in seemingly peaceful places, deadly threats are often lurking.

Black leeches, a foot long, sway their soft bodies on the branches, appearing harmless. But once bitten, even Demon Clan Cultivators will be drained of their Primordial Death Energy and perish.

Some mutated leeches can directly consume a person's Divine Soul, and being adept at camouflage, they are simply undefendable.

"Hiss, hiss..."

A black and red venomous snake slithered into the grass not far away and vanished.

"Rustle, rustle..."

A two-meter-long golden centipede swaggered past Ye Fan, its golden claws as sharp as a Divine Weapon, slicing through hard rock wherever it passed.

Hmm?

Ye Fan secretly marveled, indeed this Demon Beast Forest is no safe place; having merely entered the outskirts, who knows what dangers lie deep within?

"Awoo..."

Soon after entering the Demon Beast Forest, Ye Fan was attacked.

A massive creature with a bloody maw, lined with rows of white fangs, lunged at him like a bolt of lightning.

This was a Bone Wolf, two to three times larger than a typical wolf, over one zhang long, with ghostly green eyes and sharp bone spurs covering its body, standing erect like swords.

If not for its vague wolflike appearance, Ye Fan might have mistaken it for a giant porcupine.

Due to its bone spurs resembling a porcupine too much.

This Bone Wolf's strength had reached the Early-Stage realm of a Demon Master, which is relatively strong among Demon Beasts.

Unfortunately, it encountered Ye Fan. The moment it attacked Ye Fan, its fate was sealed!

"Bang!"

Ye Fan did not dodge, but met it head-on, his hand shining like a purple diamond, smashing its head to a pulp with a slap.

"Clatter, clatter..."

A finger-sized Demon Crystal rolled out from the shattered head of the Bone Wolf, emitting a ghostly glow.

Unfortunately, it had cracked, almost shattered by Ye Fan's slap, losing much of its contained Death Energy and appearing somewhat dim.

In every Demon Beast's head is a Demon Crystal, the source of its power, containing its essence.

As the Demon Beast's strength increases, the size and quality of the Demon Crystal also rise, the contained Death Energy becoming purer and more robust.

"Even a mosquito is still meat!"

Ye Fan chuckled to himself as he collected the cracked Demon Crystal and ventured deeper into the Demon Beast Forest.

Meanwhile, other young elite contestants were rapidly advancing towards the depths of the Demon Beast Forest.

To avoid elimination, they had to hunt high-level magical beasts and gather a large number of superior quality Demon Crystals.

These young elite contestants were the strongest heirs from various clans, with their pride, unwilling to be eliminated.

However, to stand out among over ten thousand competitors, merely hunting low-strength, low-level magical beasts on the outskirts was clearly impossible. They had to delve deeper into the Demon Beast Forest to hunt stronger, high-level magical beasts.

"Screech..."

A resounding bird cry echoed through the skies, shaking the mountains, as a black figure swept over Ye Fan's head like a dark cloud.

"Black... Black... Black Phoenix?"

Ye Fan gasped in shock, wide-eyed.

No one could have expected to encounter a Black Phoenix, king of all birds, a creature akin to a Divine Beast in this Demon Beast Forest!

"Boom!"

With a loud crash, the Black Phoenix shattered a distant peak, grabbing a colossal Primordial Species rhinoceros over ten meters long, and returned to perch on a cliff.

There lay a large bird's nest, over ten zhang in width, occupying the entire cliff, made entirely of black sycamore wood, glowing with a dark sheen and exuding a fresh scent.

This enormous Black Phoenix was majestic, its body shining with a dark luster like Dark Immortal Gold, exuding an overwhelming sense of power.

At this moment, it was tearing into the over ten-meter-long Primordial Species rhinoceros, blood flowing profusely.

Chunks of flesh were pulled off as it fed the young bird, a Little Black Phoenix nearly ten meters long, its body glowing like Black Gold.

The cliff had already been stained dark red, soaked with blood, indicating it had lasted some time.

Ye Fan nearly bit his tongue, initially judging that this adult Black Phoenix's strength was definitely comparable to a Demon Venerate Realm strong person, perhaps even stronger.

Such an Exotic Bird equivalent to a Divine Beast, even the Supreme Elder of the Ten Great Families would probably steer clear, not daring to provoke it.

Ye Fan dared not provoke it either, and he had a special feeling for Phoenixes, stemming from a sense of sentiment for Huaxia legends.

Although the Black Phoenix may no longer be considered a Divine Beast, it was still a type of Phoenix.

He quietly slipped away, circumventing the cliff, avoiding the Black Phoenix, and continued exploring deeper into the Demon Beast Forest.

He firmly believed that Demon Beasts wouldn't riot for no reason; there must have been some external stimulus. Otherwise, why would they riot after so many years of calm?

Demon Beasts possess intelligence, especially high-level ones, their intellect no inferior to the Demon Clan Cultivators.

In such a scenario, why would they choose to riot when all the young elite of the Demon World are gathered in Ancient Demon City?

If they truly wanted to retaliate against the Demon Clan Cultivators, they could choose any other time much more easily than these few days.

"Huh... there's a bird's nest ahead, glowing in a dark sheen, definitely a top Exotic Bird; let's take a look, maybe we'll capture a nestling to take back for training."

Not long after Ye Fan left, having finished feeding, the Black Phoenix flew away, and several young elite contestants arrived, eyes wide with amazement as they flew towards the Phoenix Nest on the cliff.

These young people are all very powerful, the strongest heirs of each major clan, each with their own legend.

"Is this... the Divine Bird Phoenix?"

As they approached, they discovered the Little Black Phoenix in the nest. The young elites participating in the competition were dumbfounded; they never expected to see the legendary Divine Bird Phoenix.

Then, their greed surged. The Divine Bird Phoenix is the master of the Fire Domain. If they could capture a young bird and raise it, they could definitely sweep through a region.

"Chi chi..."

One among them suddenly attacked, Death Light flashing, instantly killing his companions. He then snorted coldly and said, "The Divine Bird Phoenix is mine; no one else can think of taking it from me."

After speaking, he quickly looted the demon crystals from their bodies and snapped his fingers, a stream of demon fire turning the corpses on the ground to ashes.

"Little darling, don't be afraid. I will treat you well and won't let you suffer a bit,"

The person, eyes shining with greed, stepped closer to the Little Black Phoenix in the nest.

"Chirp chirp..."

The Little Black Phoenix screamed, spewing a black flame as thick as a water tank, brimming with terrifying destructive power, towards him.

"Buzz!"

He waved his hand, casting a sheet of Death Light, forming a barrier that completely blocked the black flame.

He then snorted coldly, "You refuse a toast only to be forced to drink a forfeit. Don't think just because you are a Divine Bird, I won't dare to kill you!"

As he spoke, he spat out a stream of Innate Primordial Death Qi, condensing it into a sharp sword aiming at the Little Black Phoenix's wing.

Just then, a sharp phoenix cry echoed from the distant sky, a beam of black light plummeting like lightning.

"Whoosh..."

A black flame, as massive and terrifying as a mountain range, shot straight at him, moving with incredible speed, leaving him no time to react.

"Ah..."

He shrieked in pain, turning to ashes on the spot, leaving nothing behind.

Similar scenes played out throughout the Demon Beast Forest.

In an instant, half a month passed.

During this half month, Ye Fan was constantly vigilant against Mo Yangwang's retaliation.

However, after half a month, there was no movement from Mo Yangwang, which puzzled him.

According to Mo Yangwang's character, he should have immediately retaliated as soon as Ye Fan entered the Demon Beast Forest. Why was there such a prolonged silence?

Standing atop a mountain peak, Ye Fan pondered for a long time, finally realizing a possibility.

Mo Yangwang was waiting, waiting for him to kill more demon beasts, collect more demon crystals, and then, near the end, he would suddenly strike to kill him.

This way, not only would the benefits be maximized, but it would also create a false sense of security for Ye Fan, making him lower his guard.

"What a cunning plan!"

Ye Fan sneered.

The Demon Beast Forest was fraught with danger; many powerful demon beasts could bring these young elite competitors to disaster.

However, the real danger came from fellow competitors. Some powerful participants specialized in hunting down other young elite competitors to seize their demon crystals and martial arts or secret techniques.

Every clan, to survive in the fiercely competitive Demon World, had their ace up their sleeve.

And what these powerful hunters were after were these items and the demon crystals on them.

At this moment, in this barbaric Demon Beast Forest, everyone was on edge, every move had to be made with extreme caution; otherwise, they might become someone else's prey.

Even the strongest heirs of the Ten Great Families were not exempt from being hunted, though unsuccessfully, and some had met their end.

Of course, their demon crystals and seized martial arts or secret techniques then fell into their opponent's hands.

"Puff!"

A flash of black light swept through the dense forest. A young man who had just killed a powerful demon beast, before he could retrieve the demon crystal, slowly fell, a flower of blood blooming from his forehead, his eyes lifeless, dying with unfulfilled wishes.

From the depths of the forest, a tall man walked out, cleaned out the demon crystal from the beast's corpse and the demon crystals and other miscellaneous items from the deceased. Then, with a snap of his fingers, a demon fire fell, reducing the corpse on the ground to ashes, leaving nothing behind.

Then the tall man nonchalantly left the place, disappearing into the vast jungle.

Such incidents happened frequently and were not isolated cases but had become the norm, making this barbaric Demon Beast Forest extremely dangerous.

At this moment, it was already the harvest season, and everyone became like a frightened bird, over-sensitive and wary of every movement.

In these past half a month, Ye Fan had witnessed too many deaths; the presence of powerful demon beasts was just one reason, but more deaths were caused by the mutual assaults among the competitors.

A Treasure Medicine over ten thousand years old could cause a bloody massacre, while a high-quality demon crystal might trigger a life-and-death brawl.

In just half a month, more than a few hundred people had died unnatural deaths, a considerable portion killed by assaults from their fellow competitors.

Ye Fan, naturally, had also been coveted by others and was ambushed several times.

In response, Ye Fan showed no mercy, directly sending those people on their way, continually increasing his demon crystals!

"It's about time, right?"

On this day, after again killing a young genius who ambushed him, Ye Fan looked towards the depths of the Demon Beast Forest, feeling a sense of anticipation.

Chapter 1937: Can't Wait Any Longer!

In the Demon Beast Forest, monkeys scream and cranes screech, wolves howl, presenting a scene of wilderness!

With the entry of the elite young generation strong people, bloodshed occurs almost every moment.

A large number of Demon Beasts have died tragically at the hands of these young elites, contributing their primordial power.

However, the rebellion of Demon Beasts becomes more and more obvious, with many going mad in terror and anxiety.

Once they encounter a cultivator from the Demon Clan, it's a fight to the death, causing heavy losses to the young elites of the Demon Clan.

Over the past twenty days, Ye Fan has seen too much bloodshed, and it's a common sight for him now.

As long as these people don't provoke him, he doesn't go on a killing spree.

But if someone recklessly provokes him, he will show no mercy—sending them all on their way!

It is the golden autumn season, many plants in the Demon Beast Forest are weighed down with fruitful bounty, exuding intoxicating fragrance.

"The harvest season has arrived..."

Ye Fan stands on a hill, gazing at the distant mountain ranges that stretch like dragons, and the branches bent with heavy fruits, a cold smile appearing at the corners of his mouth.

Recently, he continuously senses people secretly watching him, knowing that some can't wait any longer.

A month's time is almost up, and if they don't act now, there won't be such a good opportunity again once leaving the Demon Beast Forest.

Ye Fan is also waiting for these people to arrive; troubles will need to be solved sooner or later, solving them early allows him to enter the core area of the Demon Beast Forest sooner and see what exactly caused the large-scale rebellion of Demon Beasts.

Three days ago, he arrived here and carved endless killing arrays on the ground, arousing the death qi within the Earth Vein Dragon Corpse.

Although mountain ranges stretch across here, there isn't a single living Dragon Vein, it's all death Dragon Veins filled with endless corpse qi.

This hillside where he stands is precisely the convergence of eighteen Dragon Veins, beneath it lies endless death energy, it is also the center of all the killing arrays he carved.

This will be his main battlefield, once entering the killing arrays, no one can escape.

Once the killing arrays are activated, they will lock down a radius of thousands of miles, even crossing the void is useless, as it has been completely cut off.

"They are here!"

Standing there, Ye Fan's eyebrows move slightly, a cold smile emerging at the corners of his mouth.

He senses at least thirty powerful auras approaching him rapidly from all directions, one of these is the strongest successor of the Mo family, Mo Yangwang, who had once threatened him in the square.

"Can't wait anymore, can you?"

Ye Fan laughs silently, he has been waiting here for an hour just for these people to show up.

A moment later, thirty small black dots appear on the horizon, coming through the air like lightning, standing in the void, encircling him in the middle.

"The pigs are fattened up, now it's time to slaughter."

Mo Yangwang, dressed in black, with a resentful expression, eyes burning with flames of hatred, strides forward in the void, step by step approaching, stopping on a solitary rock not far from Ye Fan.

"You've lost your nerve!"

Ye Fan smirks, saying coldly.

"You're talking nonsense, how could I lose my nerve? I just don't want to dirty my hands!"

When Ye Fan pointed out his sore spot sharply, Mo Yangwang looked like a cat stepped on its tail, jumping up and defending excitedly.

As Ye Fan said, he really felt cowardly; knowing that several strong people specializing in hunting other contestants had all perished at Ye Fan's hands, he feared that he alone was not Ye Fan's match. Hence, he utilized the power of his clan, both recruiting and threatening, gathering twenty-nine strongest successors from powerful families in remote areas, planning to exhaust Ye Fan with their hands, then strike himself to kill him and avenge his brother.

"But a strongest successor from a weak family in a remote area, there's really no need to go to such great lengths." The young man to Ye Fan's front left said discontentedly.

Ye Fan stood on the hillside, looking at him, finding he was surprisingly already at the Peak of Mid-stage Demon Master level, definitely a Saint Child-level strong person in the Xuan Realm.

"Mobilizing so many to kill such a waste, it's really a bit overblown."

Another person said, full of disdain on his face.

He was also a strongest successor from a powerful family, cultivation between the peak of Mid-stage Demon Master and Late-Stage Demon Master. Such strength, coupled with the special attack characteristics of death qi, could definitely instantly kill most Saint Heirs in the Xuan Realm.

Ye Fan looked at them one by one; these thirty people were the strongest successors from powerful families, each capable of dominating a domain, towering above the young generation of their entire clan, each having their own legendary and immortal stories.

It could be said, this was an extremely terrifying assemblage, each emitting a fierce killing intent, transforming heaven and earth seemingly into a cold winter, with piercing killing intent icy to the bone.

"Killing him with so many people, really no sense of achievement. How do you all plan to torture him?"

The third person spoke up, full of contempt and arrogance in his voice, as if Ye Fan was already fish on the chopping board, ready for their slaughter.

"Just a successor from a declining family, no need for so much trouble, just kill him directly." The fourth person said with a sneer.

"Don't underestimate him."

Mo Yangwang frowned, speaking to those surrounding Ye Fan: "He can kill strong people specializing in hunting other contestants, he must have something remarkable; everyone together, don't give him any chance!"

"Is there really a need for this?"

The fifth person spoke, with a cold voice: "I alone am enough to kill him!"

"Indeed, is there a need for such commotion, any one of us can kill him." Another person stood out, a cruel smile appearing at the corner of his mouth.

These few had Peak Demon Master cultivation, among the young generation, they were certainly top existence, even most older strong persons weren't their match.

So many strong people gathered together, putting immense pressure on Ye Fan. He felt endless killing intent and bore a great burden.

"You really think highly of me!"

Ye Fan laughed, looking mockingly at Mo Yangwang, "To actually incite so many people to surround and kill just me."

"Ye, you will soon kneel at my feet begging for mercy. I'm looking forward to this scene." Mo Yangwang's face was venomous, his voice like an evil ghost, and his tone was extremely malicious.

"Hahaha..."

Ye Fan laughed madly at the sky, not taking the looming danger seriously at all.

After laughing, he stood with a proud posture, his presence declared dominion over all lands, as if he alone reigned supreme, confidently declaring: "Aren't you just thirty top strong people of the younger generation? Even if there are thirty more, I'd still be able to cut them down without error."

"What is he saying, is he out of his mind, wanting to kill all of us? Hahaha..."

Someone laughed wildly, their eyes flickering with fierce light, filled with cruelty.

"Is he intentionally trying to make us laugh?"

Another burst into laughter, his eyes filled with cruelty and disdain.

"He doesn't know life from death!"

Sneers rang out continuously.

They were all top strong people from various clans, the strongest heirs, all commanding fear over their regions.

Now, with so many people gathered, even the Supreme Elder of the Ten Great Families would have to avoid them. Yet Ye Fan actually said he would kill them all, making them feel humiliated.

Facing the wave-like killing intent from the crowd, Ye Fan looked at them calmly, "If I said I was waiting here just for you, would you believe me?"

"You're waiting for us?"

One person was shocked, incredulously asking.

Previously, they had already confirmed that Ye Fan stayed here for three days, but didn't know what he was doing. They thought there was some Heavenly Materials and Earthly Treasures here, which was why Ye Fan lingered without leaving.

"Is it strange?"

Ye Fan stood proudly, calmly saying, "I was waiting for the trash of the Mo family, just didn't expect so many of you to come."

"Whether or not you were waiting here for us, if you can survive today, it would surely be a miracle!" Mo Yangwang's eyes shot out with hatred, speaking venomously.

"Hey, to me, you're nothing more than some pathetic creatures. As long as I take action, you'll all turn to dust, killing you doesn't bring any sense of achievement."

Ye Fan's voice was calm, without any ripple, as if he was discussing a trivial matter.

Then, his momentum explosively increased, his eyes shooting out two silver rays, with a momentum that looked down upon all others, he said: "Come on, let me send you on your way!"

"Hahaha..."

All around Ye Fan, everyone was laughing, some with mockery, some full of disdain and scorn, others revealed killing intent, expressions varied.

All thought Ye Fan was indeed joking. Among these thirty people, who wasn't a young top strong person commanding fear over their region?

Ye Fan expected to single-handedly kill all of them, which was utterly unrealistic. Among them, many were not even inferior to Ye Fan, some even stronger in realm.

They believed Ye Fan was surely frightened silly by being encircled by such a tremendous lineup, otherwise, he couldn't possibly say such words.

"Do you really think you can kill all of us alone, are you dreaming?"

Mo Yangwang sneered.

This time he rallied so many of the strongest heirs from each family, simply to give Ye Fan no chance, to absolutely kill him, to avenge his brother.

"Too much dreaming leads to long nights, everyone, attack together, kill him. As for the demon crystals on him, everyone can divide them. I only want to kill him with my own hands." Mo Yangwang said venomously.

His own brother was slain by Ye Fan, with not even a corpse left, burned to ashes. He wished to immediately kill Ye Fan, to avenge his brother.

As for the demon crystals on Ye Fan, he didn't care. With his strength, entering the top one hundred was just a plaything, he also didn't care about those demon crystals.

"Boom!"

Thirty young elites erupted with ocean-like killing intent, each unleashing their demon artifacts aimed at Ye Fan in the center.

The crowd quickly closed in, killing aura emanating from all directions, knife light and sword radiance, each demon artifact was suspended in the void, exuding terrifying ocean-like killing intent.

At this time, Mo Yangwang instead retreated, standing in the void, not participating in the surrounding kill of Ye Fan, just looking venomously at the besieged Ye Fan, with a cruel smile on his lips.

"Didn't you say one person was enough to kill me? Isn't there anyone who wants to duel me, to showcase their powerful strength?"

Ye Fan was not afraid at all, teasingly speaking to the crowd.

He arranged a killing array, confident of victory, now just wants to measure the strength of these so-called strongest heirs.

Chapter 1938: Begging for Mercy Too Late

"Clang!"

A streak of Killing Light burst out from the Void beside Ye Fan, silently cleaving toward him, slashing straight for his head.

"Puff!"

Ye Fan didn't even look back. One punch shattered the Killing Light, then his palm became a blade, incomparably sharp as it cut into the Void, chopping the black-clothed ambusher cleanly in half. Blood poured down like a torrential rain.

Throughout the whole process, he remained extremely calm, without the slightest ripple. Only when the corpse hit the ground did he speak coldly: "If you want to kill me, just come openly. Why bother hiding your head and showing your tail?"

"Hiss~"

Everyone around drew in a sharp breath, each face growing solemn.

This man was the one they'd sent to test Ye Fan. If Ye Fan's strength had been lacking, that strike just now would have been enough to seriously injure him.

However——

Ye Fan's performance left them shocked. The entire sequence flowed like water, as easy as slaughtering a chicken!

"What? No one wants to duel me? Then I'll send you all on your way together!"

Ye Fan didn't want to waste any more time and decided to directly activate the Killing Array and commence a great slaughter.

"I admit you have some strength, but saying you'll send us all on our way together... heh, did a Demon Beast kick you in the head? Even if that person from the Du Family came, he couldn't do that..."

A young expert at the Peak of Demon Master Realm sneered.

However——

Just as his voice fell, the entire ground shook violently. Strands of Death Qi burst up from underground like Heavenly Swords, sealing off the sky.

"Boom!!"

The Killing Array activated. Heaven and earth boiled. Beams of Killing Light crisscrossed like a celestial net, sealing and trapping the world, shrouding everyone within the array.

Heaven and earth lost their color, wind and cloud roiled!

Endless patterns surfaced in this section of the Void, enveloping everyone within. The formless killing intent made the entire world tremble.

The first-generation Earth Master's cultivation pierced the heavens, his strength comparable to a Great Emperor. The Killing Array he created in his later years was really no weaker than an Emperor Killing Array, it was just that Ye Fan's attainments in Array Patterns were unbelievably poor.

Only under the guidance of the Bai Yan wolf did he barely set up one-tenth of it, and even that was practically a four-no-like, because the Bai Yan wolf excelled in the Emperor Killing Array. Though the two had commonalities, they were by no means identical.

Even so, this Killing Array was exceedingly terrifying. Its peerless slaughter aura stirred the Primordial Law of heaven and earth itself, as though it could cut down all living beings under the sky.

"What's going on?"

"What happened?!"

In an instant, everyone panicked. They had never witnessed the power of a Killing Array before, and this one was created by an Earth Master, able to borrow the Power of Heaven and Earth to grind everything to dust.

"I'll send you all on your way together!"

Ye Fan's cold voice echoed, like a Death God pronouncing their fate.

"Such arrogant boasting. Just you, and you want to kill us all? You really don't know life from death!"

Someone shouted, still wildly arrogant, unaware he was already in a desperate situation.

"Chi!"

A streak of Killing Light shot out, piercing straight through that person's glabella and grinding his Divine Soul to nothing.

"Bang!"

He toppled straight back, eyes to the sky, a blood flower blooming at his brow. His eyes were wide open, filled with disbelief, then gradually dimmed, dying with his eyes unclosed.

"This is..."

Many people sucked in a breath of cold air, terror filling their eyes. That man's strength was by no means inferior to any of them, yet he was killed in an instant. It chilled their hearts; cold seemed to seep out from between their bones.

Mo Yangwang, in particular, was ashen-faced. The instant the Killing Array activated, he sensed something was wrong, but because he knew nothing about arrays, he hadn't fled in time. Now, even if he wanted to run, it was too late.

Even if he had tried to escape the instant Ye Fan activated the Killing Array, unless he possessed some secret technique to flee thousands of miles in a single step, he still wouldn't have gotten away.

Ye Fan could spare anyone, but he would never spare him. He would definitely kill him here.

Leaving no hidden dangers for himself—this was Ye Fan's consistent nature, and it would never change.

At this moment, invisible killing intent surged, as if a great world were collapsing and disintegrating. Slaughter aura filled the air, as though it intended to cut down every living being in existence!

"Awooo..."

Demon Beasts in the distance howled in terror. They were especially sensitive to changes in heaven and earth and had sensed the Earth Master's Killing Array devouring the Death Qi between heaven and earth, sealing heaven and earth within a ten-thousand-li radius.

Countless Demon Beasts were ground to nothing by the Killing Array, their Demon Crystals shattered. The pure Death Qi within was devoured by the great array and transformed into even more terrifying Killing Light.

"What the hell is this thing? How can it be so terrifying?"

The crowd was horrified, as if they had fallen into Senluo Hell. Every inch of flesh felt like it was being scraped by steel blades, blood seeping out; every bone trembled, cracking and popping.

In this moment, whether the strongest heirs from powerful clans or elites from some Xiao family, each and every one of them was utterly despondent, feeling as if doomsday had come, their hearts full of despair.

The Killing Array created by the first-generation Earth Master was comparable to an Emperor Killing Array, boundlessly terrifying. Don't even mention them; even the strongest heirs of the Ten Great Families, once shrouded by this array, would be doomed to die. No one could escape.

"Zi brat, I'll spare your dog life for half an instant!"

Mo Yangwang took out a Transmission Array Platform, intending to traverse the Void—escape first, talk later.

There were still four or five days left before the elimination round ended, enough time. If he missed today, he could fan up another group at any time to kill Ye Fan.

However——

The Void here had long since been sealed. No one could traverse the Void within the Killing Array, much less escape from it.

"Buzz!"

A flash of light, and Mo Yangwang vanished from where he stood. Just as he was inwardly rejoicing, the Void Channel suddenly shattered, and he fell straight out of the Void.

"Whoosh!"

At the same time, Ye Fan moved like a ghost, roaming freely within the Killing Array as he began his slaughter.

"Bang!"

Ye Fan swung out a punch, his fist like Purple Diamond, directly blasting a young elite who was desperately resisting the array into bloody mist, flesh and blood flying.

"Boom!"

A ray of Killing Light fell, and that man's corpse was directly blasted into flying ash, body and soul annihilated!

"Rush out, we have to rush out!"

Everyone was stunned, then an uproar erupted. After witnessing this scene, not a single person wasn't terrified.

Just one Killing Array alone was enough to grind them all to dust, and on top of that there was Ye Fan, like a Death God walking the world, constantly harvesting their lives. Who could possibly stay calm?

"You want to die? I 偏 won't kill you now. I want you to watch with your eyes wide open as I slaughter everyone you hired, and only then will I kill you!"

Ye Fan's icy voice entered Mo Yangwang's ears, sending her into abject terror.

If he had known Ye Fan had such a trump card, he would never have acted rashly, but now, no matter what he said, it was already too late.

There is no "if" in this world, and no regret medicine to take. Everyone has to bear the consequences of their own choices and actions!

"Swoosh!"

Several strands of Killing Light appeared, shooting quickly into Mo Yangwang's body, completely locking him down.

At this moment, even if he wanted to commit suicide he couldn't. Right now, aside from his eyeballs, nothing else could move. Even the Death Energy was locked within the Death Core, making it impossible for him to self-destruct.

"Zi Yefan, Brother Zi, we were forced, I'm begging Brother Zi to spare us..."

Seeing Ye Fan walking toward him, a top descendant from a powerful clan instantly shrieked in terror, begging Ye Fan bitterly.

"Chi!"

Ye Fan was unmoved, expressionless as he pointed a finger and ended his life, taking all the Demon Crystals from his body, then drew in a ray of Killing Light that instantly blasted his corpse to pieces.

"Brother Zi, spare me... I know I was wrong..."

Another young strong person at the Peak of Demon Master realm begged Ye Fan for mercy. To survive, things like face and dignity could all be discarded.

Right now, both his hands were shaking a White Bone Banner, struggling bitterly to endure. Cracks covered the banner, and it looked like it would shatter at any moment.

Once he lost the White Bone Banner, he would surely die within the Killing Array, so he could only beg Ye Fan to spare his life.

"Don't you think it's a bit late to beg now?!"

Ye Fan's eyes were icy. He had set up such a huge trap; how could he possibly stop here?

"Bang!"

Ye Fan swung the Bone Sword he had seized, cleaving the man and the White Bone Banner together into pieces. Blood sprayed everywhere.

"Rush out, we have to rush out!"

The remaining people swarmed forward, hoping to pave a path to survival with their corpses.

"Damn it, he actually schemed against us. As long as I survive, I'll kill him a hundred times over!" someone swore to himself.

"Rumble!"

It was as if a giant millstone was turning between Heaven and Earth, mercilessly grinding down. Blood light kept surging up as people were constantly turned into minced meat.

What surprised Ye Fan was that although the Demon Clan had no qi and blood, they still had flesh and blood like the Human Race, and most of their blood was also red. Only a minority had gray, purple, green, or silver blood.

The thirty people trapped in the Killing Array were the strongest descendants of each major clan, absolute elites, each one possessing extremely powerful strength.

If it were a normal battle, even if Ye Fan could slaughter them all, it would take a long time, and he himself might very well be injured, because every single one of them was strong.

With the competition imminent, Ye Fan would not allow any accidents. So he carved out this Killing Array, using it to grind all his opponents to dust, ensuring that when he entered the competition, he could maintain Peak Combat Power.

"Brother Zi, Grandpa Zi, spare me..."

They had never imagined they could be this close to death. Everyone was terrified to the extreme. Even without Ye Fan killing them, the Killing Array alone could erase them.

So when they saw Ye Fan appear before them, all their previous arrogance and pride vanished completely. Like dogs, they crawled at Ye Fan's feet, begging him to show mercy.

However, what they received was Ye Fan's merciless strike. One sword fell, chopping the man directly into chunks of meat, his Divine Soul shredded into nothingness.

"Since you came to kill me, then you should have been ready to be killed!"

Ye Fan moved through the Killing Array like a Death God. Wherever he passed, everyone felt their guts turn to ice, despair flickering in their eyes.

"Fight him, otherwise none of us will get out alive!"

A young strong people at the Peak of Demon Master Realm held a dull gray Earth Pot above his head, resisting the Killing Light of the array, shaking the pot and sending a streak of black light shooting toward Ye Fan.

"Boom..."

With a flash, a beam of Killing Light as thick as a water bucket swept across, directly obliterating the black light before rushing toward that man.

"Boom!"

The Killing Light struck from above, smashing the man to pieces on the spot. His body turned to ash, but his Divine Soul escaped the disaster and fled away in horror.

"Pop~"

Ye Fan flicked his finger. A strand of Death Light containing Thunder Power instantly shattered his Divine Soul.

"Hm?"

Just as Ye Fan was about to leave, he suddenly noticed an inconspicuous Earth Pot rolling on the ground, actually intact under the terrifying Killing Light.

Ye Fan hooked a finger, drawing it over. After a close inspection, he discovered that this dull gray Earth Pot was actually forged from flesh and blood, and its surface was covered with densely packed runes.

"This is definitely a treasure. Kid, send it into the Virtual Space, and this King will help you study it."

At this moment, Bai Yan wolf's voice sounded in Ye Fan's mind.

The Virtual Space and the real world were connected. Bai Yan wolf had always been well-behaved inside, yet today he actually spoke up for an Earth Pot. It was clear this Earth Pot was anything but ordinary!

Chapter 1939: The Mysterious Demon Can

The Bai Yan wolf was definitely the kind of guy who never got up early without a profit to be made. It had once followed the Thunder Venerable, whose power was no less than that of a Great Emperor, and its horizons were extremely high. Anything that could catch its eye was definitely no common item.

Ye Fan ignored it, instead holding the Earth Pot as he moved through the Killing Array, continuing to search for other survivors!

He hadn't deliberately activated the Killing Array to grind everyone to dust; he was only preventing them from escaping.

The power of the Killing Array was too great. Once he used its strength, these people might not even leave ashes behind, all erased by the terrifying force of the array.

Ye Fan needed the Demon Crystals and other Spiritual Treasures on these people!

So he decided to personally take action and kill all thirty of them.

"No... don't come over here!"

Seeing Ye Fan, looking like a murderous fiend, walking over holding the Demon Can, the foremost heir of a powerful clan instantly turned green in the face!

Ye Fan paid him no mind. With a casual punch, he shattered the seven or eight Demon Artifacts on the man's body.

Bang!

With the second punch, heaven and earth changed color, Purple Light tore the sky, and that man was directly blasted apart.

"No... ah..."

The man was scared to the extreme, as if he had encountered the most terrifying thing in the world. Then his Divine Soul turned into a Flowing Light and flew toward the Earth Pot in Ye Fan's palm.

"No... I don't want to fall into Purgatory..."

The moment his Divine Soul touched the Earth Pot, it began to struggle violently, and then a faint, indistinct cry came out. After that, everything sank into silence.

And on the body of the Earth Pot, a strange rune quietly appeared...

"This is..."

Ye Fan was shocked. Staring at this Earth Pot, it felt as if he was holding a piece of Hell in his palm.

This was a Demon Can!

That was the thought that flashed through Ye Fan's mind in an instant. He had never expected that this inconspicuous clay pot could actually seal Divine Souls—this was simply too demonic.

No wonder that man had been so terrified. Once killed, he couldn't even achieve soul-scattering; he would inevitably be sealed inside this Demon Can. That was far too horrifying.

However, toward these elite youths under the Demon Lord Xu Nianqing, who had come to besiege him, he didn't feel the slightest trace of pity.

His expression was calm, his gaze icy cold, like a Death God walking the mortal world, endlessly reaping lives!

"Brother Zi, this is a misunderstanding..."

"Pfft!"

Ye Fan's eyes were like ice. He gave them no chance to explain. Anyone he saw was killed with a single punch.

And all of their Divine Souls were autonomously sucked up by the Earth Pot and branded onto the pot's surface. The strange runes on the Earth Pot grew more and more numerous.

"Buzz!"

Ye Fan's palm moved, the Earth Pot spun, and every rune lit up. From the pot came faint, intermittent howls!

"What a fine treasure! This thing is absolutely a vicious weapon for dealing with Yin People!"

The Bai Yan wolf muttered inside the Virtual Space.

In the Virtual Space, it was unbearably bored, spending every day either in Cultivation or in deep sleep. It had finally waited until a lively scene unfolded, yet it itself still couldn't come out.

But even in the Virtual Space, it could, by communicating with Ye Fan's Divine Sense, obtain permission to sense the outside world.

Perceiving the demonic nature of the Earth Pot in Ye Fan's hand, the Bai Yan wolf was practically drooling.

Very soon, a thick stench of blood permeated the Killing Array. Aside from Mo Yangwang, who was still bound by the array, everyone else had been killed by Ye Fan.

These people were all the foremost heirs from the various clans. Each possessed extremely high talent, along with many Family Inheritance martial arts and secret technique.

If they weren't inside the Killing Array, even if Ye Fan could kill them all, he would have had to pay a tremendous price.

But within the Killing Array, these people hadn't even brought out one-tenth of their strength before being chopped down by Ye Fan like vegetables. It was truly stiflingly unfair.

At this moment, Mo Yangwang felt a deep, hopeless despair.

"Your last words!"

Ye Fan held the mysterious Earth Pot in his palm, his face indifferent as he appeared in front of him. There was not a trace of emotion in his gaze, as if he were looking at a lifeless corpse.

"You bastard Zi, you'll die a miserable death. At the selection tournament you'll definitely die even worse than me!"

Mo Yangwang gnashed his teeth, his face twisted with hatred.

He knew that even if he begged for mercy now, it would be useless. Ye Fan would absolutely not spare him.

He had watched everything that had happened before very clearly and had long since fallen into despair. Now he was smashing the pot after it broke, cursing like a shrew at the top of his lungs!

"You don't need to worry about my future. In any case, you won't be around to see it."

Ye Fan's will was like iron, his heart cold as ice, completely unmoved.

"Bang!"

With a loud explosion, Mo Yangwang's head flew, and his body was blasted apart by Ye Fan's punch, turning into a cloud of blood mist.

"No..."

Mo Yangwang's ferocious face was filled with terror, unwillingness, and despair as he cried out in horror!

He wasn't afraid of death, but the pain of his Divine Soul being eternally suppressed in Purgatory was something he absolutely did not want to endure. That was more terrifying than death.

"Sss!"

Ye Fan pointed a finger, and Mo Yangwang's skull instantly exploded. His Divine Soul fled in terror into the distance—he would rather die than face this outcome.

But in the end, he failed to get his wish.

"Whoosh!"

The runes on the unremarkable Earth Pot suddenly lit up, unleashing a terrifying suction that dragged Mo Yangwang's Divine Soul over, transforming it into a strange rune and sealing it onto the pot's surface.

"It's over!"

Ye Fan set a blaze, burning every trace to ashes, then turned and left without looking back!

This Killing Array can keep running for more than three days, until the Death Qi in the earth veins is no longer enough to sustain its operation.

During this period, no one can break in. Otherwise, they will definitely suffer the fierce slaughter of the Killing Array, and no one will be spared.

...

At the same time that Ye Fan was besieged, the strongest heirs of the Ten Great Families were also ambushed by others. After a bloody life-and-death battle, one heir of the Ten Great Families fell, and only nine managed to counterkill, slaughtering everyone who had ambushed them.

Three days later, Ye Fan arrived at the core region of the Demon Beast Forest. It was a vast desert, endless yellow sand, desolate yet grand.

Standing at the edge of the desert, Ye Fan was stunned. He had never expected that in the depths of this vast Primordial Forest there would actually be a desert. This was too bizarre.

At the same time, the other nine also rushed to the core region of the Demon Beast Forest from different directions and saw this boundless desert.

"Awooo..."

A dull roar came from within the desert, like muffled thunder rolling across the sky, exploding beside Ye Fan's ears!

Immediately after, Ye Fan saw, amidst the endless sea of yellow sand, a mountain ridge slowly heave upward, shaking the entire land.

"This is..."

Ye Fan's eyes narrowed. He saw that the rising ridge was actually reflecting dazzling Golden Light, and the ridge was covered in golden scale armor, each scale as large as a house.

"A sand dragon?"

That was Ye Fan's first thought, because ordinary creatures absolutely could not grow that huge; it was simply a mountain range lying across the desert.

As this terrifying monster revealed its true form, Ye Fan finally realized it was not a dragon but a Sand Python.

However, it was already evolving toward a dragon. Two fleshy bumps had appeared on its head, and four protruding lumps of flesh had appeared on its belly.

Once the evolution succeeded and the fleshy bumps on its head split open, they would definitely become dragon horns, and those four bulges on its abdomen would undoubtedly be Dragon Claws.

"Early-Stage Venerable!"

From the oppressive aura emitted by this Sand Python, Ye Fan immediately judged its strength. This was a Demon Beast that had just stepped into the Venerable Realm not long ago; its power should be about the same as that Skull Venerable he had slain on Lei Ting Gu Star.

"Awooo..."

The Sand Python also discovered Ye Fan standing at the desert's edge. In terms of size, Ye Fan wasn't even enough to fill the gap between its teeth, yet it still sensed from this tiny body an energy terrifying enough to threaten itself, and immediately let out a dull roar.

Serpents and the like do not have vocal cords. This is true on Earth, true in the Xuan Realm, and no exception in the Demon World; it is the nature of such creatures.

However, this Sand Python could actually let out a muffled roar. This alone was enough to prove that it had already gone very far on the path of transforming into a dragon.

"Buzz!"

The Sand Python launched the attack first. Its tail, as thick as a mountain ridge, suddenly swept across, kicking up a sky full of yellow sand; even the Void was lashed into collapse.

"Courting death!"

Ye Fan's gaze went cold. His blazing Death Aura condensed into a Punch Ray as he unfolded the Heavenly Demon Fist Technique, smashing fiercely toward the sweeping tail.

Although their sizes were completely disproportionate, Ye Fan was not afraid in the slightest. Back when he was in the Mid-Stage of Lord Realm, he had already slain Early-Stage Venerable strong people, let alone now?

"Clang!"

Dazzling white light illuminated heaven and earth. Ye Fan's Punch Ray slammed hard into the Sand Python's tail, producing a sound like hammering iron.

Scale armor flew, blood light burst forth!

This terrifying blow from the Sand Python was actually blocked head-on by Ye Fan, and he nearly smashed its tail in half, causing the Sand Python to let out another dull roar of pain.

"Pff!"

Stung by pain, the Sand Python suddenly spat a mouthful of white, misty Primordial Essence at Ye Fan. It was like the Milky Way hanging upside down, crashing fiercely toward him.

"This is..."

Ye Fan's eyes immediately bulged. He sensed the Primordial source of blood and life—this Sand Python was actually no ordinary Demon Beast; it possessed within its body the Primordial Essence that only Human Cultivators should have. This shocked him greatly!

However, Ye Fan was not afraid at all. The Sand Python's Primordial Essence was strong, but compared to his, it was still a bit lacking. After all, this was the Demon World, where all creatures had no blood Qi.

It was just that Ye Fan absolutely could not display martial arts and secret techniques belonging to Humans. Who knew if anyone was watching this place?

From the scattered bits of information he had gathered, he inferred that above the Demon World, there existed an even more terrifying world.

The Demon World was merely a place that supplied talent to that other world, essentially a base specifically for cultivating geniuses.

He had no idea how powerful the beings in that world were. If they could monitor the entire Demon World at all times, then if he rashly used Human martial arts and secret techniques, and mobilized Divine Power and Divine Soul, his Identity would definitely be exposed.

At this critical juncture, he absolutely would not allow such a thing to happen.

So...

Ye Fan turned and ran, fully displaying Chasing Star Step. His speed was as fast as piercing through space itself; in the blink of an eye, he had fled a thousand zhang away.

"Awoo..."

Just then, a tremendous roar exploded beside Ye Fan's ears like thunder, shaking his Qi and blood, and even his Divine Soul almost became unstable.

The Tao Mark that sealed his own Qi and blood loosened for a moment, nearly exposing the fact that he was of the Human Race.

"What is that?"

Ye Fan turned back in fright, only to see that the Sand Python which had just been swaggering in front of him was now like a little Chang chong, slipping dejectedly beneath the desert and fleeing far away.

"Could it be that some giant behemoth is about to be born?"

Ye Fan halted. With his world's fastest Chasing Star Step, as long as the enemy was not a Venerable Realm king with a secret technique movement art, it was basically impossible to catch up to him, so he wasn't too worried about his own safety.

The others had also heard this heaven-shaking roar. Several of them were almost shocked into directly rolling their Bai Yan, only recovering slightly after coughing up a mouthful of fresh blood.

Whoosh!

The strongest heirs of the Ten Great Families were frightened out of their wits and all rose into the high sky, staring toward the center of the desert!

Chapter 1940: Discovering the Cause

No one knew that the core area of the vast Demon Beast Forest turned out to be a desert.

This was too bizarre.

You have to know, the entire Demon Beast Forest has a warm and humid climate with a lot of rainfall.

Even if there are four seasons, there should absolutely not be a desert.

Unless...

This desert is a remnant from ancient times, created by a strong people during the world-ending battle.

Besides this, Ye Fan couldn't think of any reason to explain this phenomenon.

"Roar..."

Just as Ye Fan was amazed, a tremendous roar echoed through the heavens and the earth, making him dizzy and the other nine people at the desert's edge shocked beyond comparison, all soaring into the sky to see what was happening.

"Rumble..."

The earth shook, massive cracks extended far away, and an extremely frightening aura spread!

"Roar..."

All the Demon Beasts let out terrified roars, many rushed to escape, forming a terrifying torrent in the Demon Beast Forest.

Under the fear of death, these beasts became frenzied, destroying anything blocking their way.

Some weaker Demon Beasts died miserably under the fangs and claws of their fellows.

Ye Fan felt immense pressure, even greater than when facing a Quasi-Emperor.

"Could an Emperor Level Demon Beast be emerging in the desert center?"

Ye Fan was beyond shocked.

He had never met a real Emperor, nor did he know how strong the aura emitted by a true Emperor was.

But, he hadn't felt such terrifying pressure from the old bastard and others.

Faced with this gigantic creature, Ye Fan felt insignificant for the first time.

If even he felt so, the nine strongest heirs of the demon world's ten great families fared worse, swaying in the air, almost falling down headfirst.

The fierce aura was vast between heaven and earth, reaching up to the Nine Heavens and down to the Nine Netherworld!

Ye Fan saw, deep in the desert, a gigantic humanoid slowly crawling out from underground, shrouded in black corpse energy.

"This is..."

Ye Fan was shocked. The monster before him, apart from its humanoid features identical to humans, or rather to the Demon Clan, could not be considered human.

Because...

Its body was too large, standing a thousand zhang tall, like a giant mountain, emitting an overwhelming aura.

"Roar..."

The figure that stood up roared at the sky, its voice resonating through the Nine Heavens, eyes shooting two blood-colored divine radiance, opening its mouth to inhale endless Death Energy, which turned into a hurricane entering its mouth.

"A conservative estimate would be late-stage Venerable Realm, possibly a peak strong people!"

With its actions, Ye Fan gradually deduced that this giant's true strength was likely comparable to a Supreme Holy Master.

But the aura it emitted was too powerful, especially when it just emerged, the fierce evil aura seemed to have condensed by slaughtering billions of beings!

"This should be a true human strong people, but the corpse underwent some kind of corpse mutation, no longer the original self!"

Ye Fan made this judgment.

He felt a distinctly human aura from its body, but the aura was too faint and would likely soon vanish.

Yet Ye Fan was certain it wasn't a humanoid creature, as the body differed greatly in essence from humanoid creatures!

In an instant, the terrifying corpse energy spread over a hundred thousand miles, shadowing the sky.

Yet the body seemed just awakened, its mind not yet restored, its movements somewhat clumsy.

Whizz!

Ye Fan didn't linger, fully unleashing the Chasing Star Step, turning into a Flowing Light, retreating along the original path.

Since the cause of the Demon Beast riot was clear, there was no need to stay and take risks; he didn't believe this giant would spare him for being human.

Along the way, Ye Fan saw countless Demon Beasts trampling each other, fleeing in panic.

The bloody scent filled the entire Demon Beast Forest, and mutilated Demon Beast corpses could be seen everywhere.

These Demon Beasts saw Ye Fan but didn't attack him, for everyone was escaping for their lives!

"Roar..."

The thousand-zhang tall colossus, after a brief daze, caught up, moving with lightning speed, turning vast forests to dust beneath its feet.

Crash!

Crash!

Crash!

Every step the giant took felt like an earthquake, shaking the entire ground.

Soon, a group of powerful Demon Beasts were caught up to.

It didn't catch them but opened its mouth to inhale, turning its massive mouth into a black hole, creating a horrific suction, swallowing hundreds of powerful beasts along with some dirt and sand.

"Oh my..."

This scene horrified the nine strongest heirs of the demon world's ten great families, their faces turning pale, using all their strength, lamenting their families lacked faster step techniques and secret techniques.

If caught, there would be nearly no suspense, certainly devoured in one bite.

Not just them, even their Family Heads, or the Supreme Elders would struggle to handle this terrifying giant.

On the ground, other participating demon clan young elites faced misfortune, immediately devoured if they were ahead of the Demon Beasts.

Everyone fled desperately towards the Demon Beast Forest's edge.

At this point, no one held back, and the level of strength quickly became evident.

Although some wise demon clan elites never ventured into the core area of the Demon Beast Forest, instead hovering on the outskirts, they too were affected.

Even the sky was unsafe, with numerous flying Demon Beasts crashing about like headless flies, immediately tearing apart any demon clan cultivators they encountered.

"Help...!"

A scream came from the strongest heir of a weak family from a remote area, and in an instant, he was overwhelmed by the raging beast tide.

After the beast tide passed, only bloodstains remained on the ground, and not even a corpse could be found.

The demon beasts, although fleeing for their lives, still took bites when encountering food within reach.

Moreover, most of the demon beasts were so large that they could swallow a Demon Clan cultivator in one bite.

Nine strongest heirs from the Ten Great Families of the Demon World took the lead, flying rapidly through the air, each followed by a large group of young elites from other clans.

Among everyone, Ye Fan was the safest. His speed was so fast it seemed like teleportation; a single flash covered a thousand meters, and no demon beast could catch up to him.

Two days later, he had left everyone far behind.

Three days later, Ye Fan finally flew out from the depths of the Demon Beast Forest, reaching its outskirts.

Only then did he exhale a long breath, hunted a demon beast, and started a fire by a small river to roast the beast and satisfy his hunger.

"Are you stupid?"

As Ye Fan feasted, he heard Bai Yan wolf's mocking voice in his mind.

Ye Fan was taken aback and replied to Bai Yan wolf with divine consciousness, "What do you mean?"

"Why aren't you using the transmission array platform? Are you practicing your Chasing Star Step?" Bai Yan wolf said mockingly.

"Plop!"

The roast meat in Ye Fan's hand slipped, and his expression turned quite colorful.

"...You dead wolf, why didn't you remind me earlier?"

Ye Fan was extremely frustrated. He had transmission array platforms with him, and more than one, but hadn't thought to use them to traverse the void.

No doubt, others must have used their transmission platforms to return after avoiding the initial danger.

Only he was foolishly racing with the demon beasts using his Chasing Star Step.

"Did you think of it long ago and are you deliberately making fun of me?" Ye Fan questioned Bai Yan wolf fiercely with divine consciousness.

"Yes!"

Bai Yan wolf responded quite crisply, leaving him speechless.

He realized there was nothing he could do about this guy now, couldn't let it out, nor could he go into the Virtual Space to teach it a lesson.

Moreover, the time flow in Virtual Space is not synchronized with reality. He had been in this world for almost half a year now, and who knew how much this guy had grown in the Virtual Space?

He might go in only to fail to teach it a lesson and instead get taught by it; that would be counterproductive.

"Fine, you win. Just wait, you'll never get that demon can!"

Ye Fan declared fiercely.

After defeating Mo Yangwang, Bai Yan wolf had persistently wanted Ye Fan to send that Earth Pot into the Virtual Space for it to study, but he had never agreed.

Because he realized that this Earth Pot was quite extraordinary!

What kind of clay could make such an Earth Pot that even the Killing Light of a Killing Array couldn't break?

Ye Fan strongly suspected that this Earth Pot was made from the flesh and blood of some supreme strong person because he could feel a sky-high evil aura emanating from it.

...

After a brief stay, Ye Fan immediately returned to Ancient Demon City and walked straight to the City Lord Mansion, passing unobstructed along the way.

In the living room of the City Lord Mansion, Ye Fan met the silver-haired City Lord Ancient Demon King!

"City Lord, this is the reason for the demon beast riot."

Ye Fan didn't waste words and directly implanted his memories from encountering the Sand Python until he left into the Ancient Demon King's sea of consciousness.

What he had experienced, he had experienced, and memories do not lie. He believed the Ancient Demon King could discern the genuineness of this memory.

"Very good, you're the Zi Yefan reported by the Purple Demon Family, right? I remember you!" The white-haired City Lord said with a smile.

"Yes, City Lord!"

Ye Fan appeared neither overbearing nor servile, facing calmly, but his heart was in his throat, deeply afraid of being discovered by the powerful Ancient Demon King for the vitality within him.

"Not bad, you're a good seedling. I never thought the Purple Demon Family could cultivate such an outstanding heir. You may go now; from now on, you're a seed candidate."

The Ancient Demon King's eyes shone with strange light, and he waved Ye Fan away.

"Yes, City Lord!"

Ye Fan secretly exhaled and then turned to leave.

Watching Ye Fan's departing back, the Ancient Demon King fell into deep thought. He had been paying attention to Ye Fan for a long time, aware of the scolding of Xingtian and the killing of Mo Yangsheng.

This time, the elimination round in the Demon Beast Forest was actually his way of testing Ye Fan.

The Demon World has its own laws; growing up through bloody slaughter requires strength, wisdom, and luck, without exception.

If Ye Fan couldn't survive this brutal elimination and ranked among the top one hundred, he would be worthless.

Yet now, not only did Ye Fan survive, but he also became one of the ten who discovered the reason for the demon beast riot, which was quite unexpected for him.

What amazed him most was that when facing the giant python a hundred feet long, Ye Fan did not timidly retreat but courageously fought back!

Even the strongest heirs of the nine major families couldn't do that!

...

While the Ancient Demon King was astonished by Ye Fan's strength and courage, Ye Fan was also taking a long breath.

"Unless encountering strong people at the Quasi-Emperor Realm or above, my identity shouldn't be exposed!"

As he left the City Lord Mansion, Ye Fan thought to himself, "This way, as long as I smoothly make it into the top ten, I can leave this awful place!"