

Y Master 1941

Chapter 1941 The Ten Strongest Heirs

"Oh no! I haven't handed over the demon crystals!"

Back at his residence, Ye Fan realized that he hadn't submitted his demon crystals at all, and the white-haired City Lord hadn't mentioned anything about them. Could he have forgotten?

"Don't worry, not only have you not handed them over, but all the returning contestants haven't either. Right now, the City Lord doesn't have time to check the quantity and quality of your demon crystals. If that Evil Corpse breaks into the Ancient Demon City, the entire city will be in great trouble," Zi Xiaoyi said at the side.

Most of the contestants had already returned before Ye Fan came back.

Just as Ye Fan thought, after escaping life-threatening situations, they all remembered the Transmission Array Platform and directly invoked it to traverse through the void to return.

Speaking of this, Ye Fan couldn't help but feel a wave of regret; he was so foolish to not think of traversing the void, making Bai Yan wolf look down on him and worrying Zi Huan greatly.

The Demon Beast Forest was filled with dangers. Although she was very confident in Ye Fan, seeing most people return while he hadn't yet, she couldn't help but worry and shed tears.

If Zi Xiaoyi hadn't stopped her, she probably would have gone to the Demon Beast Forest to look for Ye Fan three days ago.

"So, has the selection competition been postponed?" Ye Fan inquired.

"I think it has been. Such an incident, the Evil Corpse must be dealt with first before the selection competition can continue smoothly. Otherwise, if the Evil Corpse attacks during the competition, it will be troublesome!" Zi Xiaoyi confirmed.

"By the way, Brother Ye, did you encounter Mo Family's strongest heir, Mo Yangwang?" Zi Huan asked Ye Fan from the side.

Everyone else had returned, and now even Ye Fan was back, but Mo Family's strongest heir, Mo Yangwang, hadn't returned. This matter had shocked the entire Mo Family.

"Yes, I met him. He tried to kill me, but I killed him instead," Ye Fan said calmly.

"Just as I expected!"

Zi Huan had a look of unsurprised expression; she had long since thought that Mo Yangwang, though strong, was definitely not a match for Ye Fan. If he foolishly attacked Ye Fan, the result could only be death.

"Boom!"

Suddenly, a loud explosion was heard, shaking the entire Ancient Demon City. Many buildings were collapsed, only a few important ones revealed mysterious runes to offset the tremor and remain intact.

"What's going on?" Zi Xiaoyi said in panic.

He had lived here for decades, always very peaceful, never had such a change occurred.

"Could it be that Evil Corpse has attacked?" Zi Huan said, subconsciously gripping Ye Fan's big hand tightly.

"Very likely. You all wait here, I'll go check it out!" Ye Fan said solemnly.

He was well aware of the Evil Corpse's power; in the entire Ancient Demon City, perhaps only the white-haired City Lord could stand against it, and even the City Protection Array might not keep it at bay.

"I'll go with you!"

Zi Huan's expression was resolute. During the month-separated from Ye Fan, she suddenly realized what important place Ye Fan held in her heart.

After the selection competition, Ye Fan might go to another world, and they would be separated forever.

This was the last time before their separation; she no longer wished to part from Ye Fan.

Seeing her resolute plead in her expression, Ye Fan's heart softened, and he sighed.

Emotional debts are hard to repay!

"Alright, but don't stray more than a yard from me, or I can't ensure your safety!" Ye Fan nodded, agreeing.

He couldn't refuse; Zi Huan was using her life to accompany him through the final moments in this world!

"Rest assured, I won't leave you; even if you chase me away, I won't go."

Zi Huan smiled sweetly, holding Ye Fan's arm tightly, walking with him towards the city outskirts.

Along the way, Ye Fan saw many strong people rushing towards where the sound came from; some flew, some walked, all were very fast.

Ye Fan didn't fly into the sky, but held Zi Huan's small hand and swiftly moved through the crowd like a fish.

Many people were squeezed to the sides; Ye Fan exploited the Chasing Star Step to its fullest, able to pass through dense Array Patterns, let alone crowds.

Soon, they reached the outskirts of the city, where a dense crowd filled the area, even the sky was full of people.

Ye Fan immediately spotted nine people from the Ten Great Families, as one of them was a familiar face—Xingtian!

These nine were at the edge, closest to the battlefield.

Ye Fan also saw the thousand-foot tall Evil Corpse, which had reached the edge of the Demon Beast Forest, battling a silver-haired middle-aged man.

This silver-haired middle-aged man was the City Lord of the Ancient Demon City, also the Peak Combat Power in the entire Demon World—the Ancient Demon King!

The Ten Great Families were all present, one of the factions exuded intense killing intent, everyone looking grim.

"That's the Han Family, ranked last among the Ten Great Families. Their strongest heir, Han Zhan Tian, fell in this elimination contest, now they're eager to kill!"

Zi Huan whispered to Ye Fan's ear.

Others returned before Ye Fan; their deeds had spread throughout Ancient Demon City, so Zi Huan knew more than Ye Fan.

"Tell me about the Ten Great Families' matters. I'll encounter them sooner or later; knowing more would help me be prepared." Ye Fan said calmly to Zi Huan.

"Who is this kid? So arrogant."

"Another clueless country bumpkin. The strongest heirs of the Ten Great Families are all heavenly prides. How can a country bumpkin challenge them?"

Ye Fan didn't deliberately lower his voice, so his words were heard by those around him, and many cast astonished glances his way.

"Isn't this that strongest heir of the Purple Demon Family, Zi Yefan? No wonder he's so confident!"

Soon, someone recognized Ye Fan and couldn't help being surprised. They originally thought Ye Fan had died in the Demon Beast Forest, yet unexpectedly, he appeared again before everyone.

Because Ye Fan returned three days later than everyone else, people all assumed he'd fallen prey to the beasts.

Unexpectedly, he returned safely, which struck everyone hard.

Seeing Ye Fan inquire about the Ten Great Families, everyone felt relieved.

Here was a fearless man who dared to rebuke even Xingtian, the strongest heir of the Xing Family, ranked third among the Ten Great Families; what wouldn't he do?

After recognizing Ye Fan and a brief moment of surprise, many deliberately distanced themselves from him, reluctant to stand too close.

"Boom!"

In the battlefield afar, the fierce battle was raging, with the white-haired City Lord, Ancient Demon King, clearly possessing the combat power of a Supreme Holy Master, each strike was enough to destroy the heavens and the earth.

The battlefield repeatedly exploded with horrific destructive aura and dazzling light.

Despite his size being disproportionate, the Ancient Demon King wasn't at a disadvantage, instead pressing the Evil Corpse hard.

Ye Fan possessed the Martial Arts Heavenly Eye, not in use, but his eye power was unmatched by ordinary people, except the clan leaders and elders of various families, perhaps only he could see everything on the battlefield clearly.

The Ancient Demon King's combat power was boundless, showcasing all kinds of mighty martial arts, driving the Evil Corpse continually back, roaring in anguish.

Though the Evil Corpse had a huge body, possessing overwhelming dominance, his mind remained dull, actions clumsy.

Their battle reminded Ye Fan of an ancient fable he once saw on Earth, the story of the lion and the mosquito.

Now, the Evil Corpse was that proud lion, though large in size and more powerful than the Ancient Demon King, his clumsy actions placed him in a position of passive beating.

On the contrary, the Ancient Demon King took advantage of his smaller size, frequently attacking, the death energy full of devouring and corroding properties striking the Evil Corpse, bursting into brilliant light clusters.

The Evil Corpse also had extreme resilience, his body comparable to Immortal Gold, the Ancient Demon King struck for half a day, yet couldn't break his defense.

This battle captivated Ye Fan, teaching him much from the Ancient Demon King.

The Ancient Demon King had exceptionally rich combat experience, controlling his Power of Death to perfection, often using one part of energy to exert ten parts of force.

"That gray-haired youth is the strongest heir of the Tu Family, ranked first among the Ten Great Families, Tu Sihai. This person is extremely powerful, ruthless, reportedly reached the Peak of Demon Master Realm, potentially breaking the Venerable Level barrier, challenging strong people of Demon Venerate Realm..."

While Ye Fan watched the battle, Zi Huan was also introducing the strongest heirs of the Ten Great Families to him.

After Zi Huan's introduction, Ye Fan couldn't help but focus a bit on Tu Sihai.

This person had a medium build, seemingly unremarkable, only his gray hair was eye-catching.

At this moment, he stood in the void, the most forward position, within three meters of his side, no one approached.

"That youth shrouded in purple light is the strongest heir of the Luo Family, ranked second, Luo Yifu. Behind him are wings comparable to Holy Weapons, his strength very terrifying."

Zi Huan continued introducing.

Meanwhile, the battlefield witnessed changes, the Evil Corpse spewing dense Corpse Qi, resembling a Demon King, slamming the void with a palm that cooled the hearts of distant spectators.

Such a horrific attack, with a single blow, could flatten a clan, within an hour reducing an Ancient City to ruins.

The Ancient Demon King exhibited Absolute Techniques, eyes projecting two beams of Death Light, breaking through the Evil Corpse's defense, leaving two transparent small holes on him.

"This is..."

Ye Fan's eyes tightened, pupils instantly narrowed, he thought of the Heavenly Demon Eye, also known as the Death Demon Eye secret technique obtained from the Purple Demon Family.

This secret technique was remarkably similar to the one the Ancient Demon King had just used.

Ye Fan secretly simulated in his mind, deducing, gradually finding some clues; two strands of Death Energy separated from the purple crystal above his Dantian, coursing along both sides of his body, converging, colliding at the pineal gland on his brow.

Ye Fan felt the pineal gland location on his brow throbbing, Death Energy faintly showing signs of breaking out.

"Succeeded!"

Ye Fan inwardly moved, this was the correct way to activate the Death Demon Eye, two strands of Death Energy, divided into two routes, advancing side by side, then colliding at the pineal gland location on the brow, bursting forth with terrifying Power of Destruction.

Though he hadn't tested the Death Demon Eye's power, he believed the power must be extremely terrifying.

This would be his trump card, if necessary, during the competition, he'd let his opponents experience being shot by the glow of the Death Demon Eye.

"You've already known Xingtian, I won't introduce him more; that youth shrouded in black mist is the strongest heir of the Qi Family, ranked fourth, Qi Motian. His strength is most mysterious, allegedly skillful in Curses, can kill invisibly, most difficult to defend against..."

Zi Huan didn't know Ye Fan's thoughts had wandered off, still continuously introducing.

Chapter 1942 Pre-Competition Assessment

The epic battle has concluded!

The Ancient Demon King displayed unparalleled might, decisively slaying the Evil Corpse.

As the colossal body of the Evil Corpse fell, the entire Demon Beast Forest shook.

The rumbling sound was endless!

Inside the Ancient Demon City, many buildings suffered misfortune and collapsed due to the shockwave, affecting many ordinary Demon Clan civilians without cultivation.

After slaying the Evil Corpse, the selection tournament did not commence.

It was not until three days later that Ye Fan received the notification to go to the square to submit the Demon Crystals, in order to select the top hundred eligible to participate in the tournament.

Accompanied by Zi Huan and Zi Xiaoyi, Ye Fan arrived at the square.

At this moment, many young people were already present on the square, accompanied by many strong people from the older generations.

Although nearly a third of the Demon Clan's young elites were lost in the Demon Beast Forest, the square was still crowded with people.

"Don't rush, line up properly, one by one, those who accompany, please wait aside."

An elderly man with a fierce appearance stood on the giant stone platform at the front of the square, his voice like a great bell.

After a period of commotion, people gradually calmed down.

Ye Fan noticed a large Taishi Chair on the stone platform, covered with beast skin, appearing extremely soft.

"Begin!"

With the sound of a lazy voice, the silhouette of the White-haired City Lord appeared on the Taishi Chair, no one knew when he arrived.

Ye Fan was startled; he realized that his current strength was nowhere near comparable to the White-haired City Lord's.

"I must become stronger quickly!"

Ye Fan secretly clenched his fists.

The higher you stand, the more you encounter in terms of levels, and thereby you recognize your own inadequacies.

Unless you ascend to the absolute peak, overlooking the Nine Heavens and Ten Earths, becoming an Emperor Level strong person, only then can you truly protect what matters to you!

During these three days, Ye Fan fully understood the strongest heirs of the ten great families and their domains of expertise.

This was all due to Zi Huan's merit; she frequented various occasions, relying on her beauty and allure to acquire much hidden information.

Ye Fan saw everything Zi Huan did for him, keeping it in his mind and heart.

The Demon Clan is not entirely devoid of feelings, at least Zi Huan isn't.

"Before leaving this world, I will definitely protect you from any harm!"

Looking at Zi Huan's encouraging and caring gaze, Ye Fan secretly vowed in his heart.

Ye Fan is not a person without feelings; Zi Huan did too much for him, even if he had a heart of stone, it would still be softened.

"The elimination assessment starts now; players, please prepare yourselves, step up in sequence, and present the Demon Crystals obtained from hunting Demon Beasts for evaluation by the City Lord himself!"

The fierce-looking elder glanced at the crowd and continued: "Since only the top hundred people with the most and best quality Demon Crystals submitted can qualify for advancement, we will record the number and quality of Demon Crystals submitted by everyone, and finally, the City Lord will announce the list of players who advance. Now, commence; submit Demon Crystals in sequence!"

After speaking, the fierce elder stepped aside, silently observing the queue to maintain order.

As his words fell, the young person at the front of the line stepped up lightly, bowed to the White-haired City Lord and said, "I've seen the City Lord, I am Situ Buren from the Situ Family in the west."

The White-haired City Lord slightly nodded, indicating his acknowledgment, urging him to quickly display the acquired Demon Crystals without delaying others.

Situ Buren wasted no words, promptly taking out a skull, and with a flick of his hand, a small pile of Demon Crystals fell out, shining with various colors, exuding a strong Death Aura.

"Low-grade Demon Crystals: three hundred pieces, Mid-Grade Demon Crystals: ninety pieces, of which thirty pieces were obtained over a month ago and will not be counted. Anyone caught cheating will have their qualification canceled!"

The White-haired City Lord merely glanced over and directly gave the verdict.

Situ Buren dared not breathe, sweat pouring over his body like a stream, humbly bowed before jumping off the platform with a flushed face.

"Swish!"

The White-haired City Lord waved his hand and the Demon Crystals on the platform vanished instantly, no one knowing what he stored them in.

With eyes like lightning, the White-haired City Lord could even discern the time of acquisition of the Demon Crystals, extinguishing any hope of padding numbers with previously acquired Demon Crystals.

This change made many people's expressions bitter; most had family stockpiles of Demon Crystals, hoping to promote to the top hundred, many families resorted to cheating, using family treasures to pad the count.

Unfortunately, this trick simply did not work in front of the White-haired City Lord. If discovered, direct disqualification follows, leading to more loss than gain.

Because the submitted Demon Crystals are non-returnable, once discovered, not only is the hope of advancement dashed, but the Demon Crystals are also forfeited.

For a moment, the entire square descended into chaos as many players yet to present hurriedly checked their Demon Crystals, separating out any old Crystals mixed with newly acquired ones.

Seeing this scene, Ye Fan could not help but smile; it seems that the act of cheating is widespread not only on Earth but even in the depths of the endless starry sky in the Demon World.

The White-haired City Lord remained as languid as ever, having anticipated this scene.

Given the selfish and self-interested nature of the Demon Clan, not cheating in such an evaluation would indeed be strange.

"Brother Ye, do you have any Demon Crystals obtained over a month ago? Be sure to take them out!"

Zi Huan anxiously transmitted a voice inquiry to Ye Fan.

The stakes were high; if Ye Fan were eliminated in this first round, the consequences would be dire.

Although a third of the competitors were lost in the Demon Beast Forest, there were still a terrifying ten thousand remaining.

However, only one percent can advance, with ninety-nine percent being eliminated.

One out of a hundred – this elimination rate is incredibly daunting.

After the chaos subsided, everything returned to normal; the second person stepped up, bowed, registered, and then revealed the Demon Crystals he acquired.

The White-haired City Lord still just glanced at them, announcing their quantity and quality.

On the side, a person was diligently recording, their pen writing non-stop, busy yet enthusiastic.

As more and more people took the stage, the audience occasionally gasped in astonishment, as the quantity and quality of the magic crystals some obtained were quite impressive, likely enough to make it into the top hundred.

There were both rejoices and sorrows, as most people turned in only a pitifully small pile of magic crystals.

Under the sharp gaze and precise judgment of the City Lord, it was impossible to pass off fish eyes for pearls.

Therefore, in the next few participants, the submitted magic crystals were pitifully few and of very poor quality, drawing many jeers.

Those whose submitted magic crystals in quantity and quality were superior naturally beamed with smiles, confident they would make it into the top hundred without a hitch.

While those whose magic crystals obtained were neither ideal in quantity nor quality hung their heads in despondence.

As time passed bit by bit, people continuously came and went on the stone platform, with piles of magic crystals appearing and disappearing.

In the end, people became numb, unless someone brought out an enormous quantity of magic crystals, or exceptionally high-quality ones, which would draw attention and discussion, but the buzz would quickly die down as well.

"City Lord, greetings! My name is Wu Liangxin, from the Wu Family. These are the magic crystals I acquired this time."

On the stone stage, a slender figure bowed to the City Lord with his back to the crowd.

Ye Fan's spirit was lifted, as this individual was the strongest heir from the fifth-ranked Wu Family among the Ten Great Families. Surely the quantity and quality of the magic crystals he presented would be eye-catching.

Others were also anticipating, for when he took the stage, people recognized him and wanted to see how many magic crystals he could obtain.

It was known that magic crystals were the primordial source of Demon Beasts, and Demon Beasts would never offer them willingly, nor would they stand there motionless waiting for him to collect them.

Thus, the quantity and quality of magic crystals obtained could roughly indicate a competitor's strength.

Wu Liangxin stood proudly, shaking his wide sleeve, and with a clatter, a large pile of magic crystals fell onto the stone platform, shimmering with a colorful glow, as a dense and overwhelming aura of death energy permeated, causing many Demon Clan cultivators to jolt in spirit.

"Heavens! How could he acquire so many magic crystals?"

"So many, it's likely in the thousands! And most of them are of decent quality, mid-grade magic crystals."

"The reputation of the Ten Great Families is well-deserved, they indeed have the corresponding strength."

"This selection's ten strongest young generation will likely still be monopolized by the Ten Great Families."

"That might not be certain, don't forget, the strongest heir of the Han Family, Han Zhan Tian, is already dead, surely someone will fill his spot."

"If only the strongest heir of the Mo Family, Mo Yangwang, weren't dead, he would have been the hopeful one, but alas, he will never return!"

Upon seeing the magic crystals submitted by Wu Liangxin, many started discussing, there were those who were amazed, and those who envied.

Gradually, people shifted the topic to the upcoming selection competition, speculating who could succeed in replacing the Han Family in the tenth position.

"I think the strongest heir from the Liu Family is very powerful, perhaps he has a chance. If it really happens, then the Han Family's position among the Ten Great Families won't be secure."

"Nonsense, I believe, the strongest heir of the Xia Family has the best chance!"

"The strongest heir of the Gou Family is the most promising!"

"The strongest heir of the Ji Family..."

"..."

In order to solidify their judgment, many people started arguing, even rolling up sleeves, about to get into fights.

"Silence!"

A powerful elder shouted, instantly overpowering everyone's voice, bringing the entire square to silence.

"Not bad, forty low-grade magic crystals, fifty mid-grade magic crystals, and two high-grade magic crystals!"

The white-haired City Lord finally revealed a slight smile, nodding in approval.

Wu Liangxin, full of vigor, walked down the stone platform with his head held high, greeted by the cheers of his family and the congratulatory remarks of those around him.

"Just lucky!"

Wu Liangxin modestly said, but from his expression and tone, one couldn't detect even a shred of modesty.

With Wu Liangxin's mountain standing in front, many competitors' magic crystals failed to captivate the public's interest.

Because compared to the magic crystals presented by Wu Liangxin, theirs seemed too shabby.

The evaluation continued, but it was as dull as water, with hardly anyone paying attention, as there were simply too many participants, and the vast majority were destined to be eliminated.

At this moment, in front of Ye Fan, there was still a long line, it would be quite some time before his turn came.

"How many should I take out?"

Ye Fan pondered, as he had a vast quantity of magic crystals; even compared to those hunters specifically targeting competitors, he had several times more.

If he were to reveal them all, many jaws would surely drop.

For he had hundreds of top-grade magic crystals from Demon Beasts at the peak of the Demon Master realm, let alone the mid-grade and low-grade crystals, which were countless.

If he were to bring them all out, they would cover the entire stone platform completely.

However, he couldn't reveal them all because he needed to save some; leaving this world, it might not be easy to obtain such pure death energy-infused magic crystals again.

"Brother Ye, it's your turn to get on stage!"

Just as Ye Fan was lost in thought, Zi Huan's voice suddenly reached his ear.

He looked up and saw that there was no one ahead, and unnoticeably, it was already his turn!

Chapter 1943 Far Beyond Expectations

"Actually got distracted..."

Ye Fan chuckled, realizing that if this had happened during a crisis, it could have cost him his life.

Swish!

As Ye Fan snapped back to reality, numerous eyes turned towards him.

Those gazes were filled with confusion and curiosity...

Although Ye Fan had been in Ancient Demon City for not long, and was a nobody before, he had recently reprimanded Xingtian, forcing him to leave in frustration, and then killed a member of the Mo Family, making him a rising star.

By now, his fame might not match the strongest progenies from the Ten Great Families, but he was surely a renowned genius among the younger generation.

At this moment, everyone was puzzled about what advantage Ye Fan had to offend both the Xing Family and the Mo Family, two powerful entities, and curious about how many Demon Crystals he could produce.

From Earth to Xuan Realm, Ye Fan was accustomed to being at the center of attention, now facing the multitude of gazes with composed confidence as he walked forward.

"How many Demon Crystals do you think this guy can produce?"

"Since he managed to kill Mo Yangsheng, his strength must be considerable, and he likely holds a fair amount of Demon Crystals; entering the top hundred shouldn't be a problem."

Watching Ye Fan step by step towards the stone platform, faint discussions erupted among the crowd, many speculating on how many Demon Crystals Ye Fan could produce.

"Heh, Mo Yangsheng was nothing but trash! Killing him signifies nothing! Moreover, it's already remarkable that he could emerge alive from the Demon Beast Forest; expecting him to produce many Demon Crystals is foolish."

As discussions grew, a cold sneer rang out, loud enough to reach everyone's ears on-site.

Hmm?

The abrupt sneer stunned everyone.

Clearly, no one anticipated such a change when Ye Fan was about to step onto the platform.

Yet, Ye Fan remained calm.

Having offended Xingtian and killed Mo Yangsheng, being targeted was perfectly normal.

Conversely, if no one targeted him, that would be odd.

For a moment, the entire square fell silent, so quiet that even a pin drop could be heard, as all eyes concentrated on a young man within the crowd.

This individual wore a blood-colored robe, displaying cold arrogance. Despite being watched, he showed no concern, his expression unchanged.

"What did you say?"

Ye Fan looked indifferent, but Zi Huan couldn't stand it; she stepped forward, questioning coldly.

"Heh, you little ****, having Young Master Xing show interest in you is like your ancestor's grave exuding green smoke, a blessing accumulated over generations, yet you refuse to cherish it; you'll regret this sooner or later!"

The blood-robed youth glanced at Zi Huan mockingly, as if she were the world's stupidest woman, giving up the best chance for a life-changing leap.

"You..."

Zi Huan's face changed, wanting to respond, but was drowned out by the crowd's voice.

"So she's the woman Xingtian is interested in."

"According to my sources, she's from a remote region, an heir to a small clan."

"A beauty like that emerging from a remote area is astonishing!"

"Heh, so what about beauty? Haven't you heard what Mosi said earlier? That woman called Zi Huan refused to be Xingtian's concubine, sheer foolishness!"

...

In a short time, many shifted their focus onto Zi Huan, discussing her matter, markedly losing interest in Ye Fan's Demon Crystal evaluation.

"Seems like a lapdog from the Xing's family!"

Seeing Zi Huan silenced, Ye Fan halted, sneeringly said.

"What did you say?"

Mosi's expression changed, glaring at Ye Fan angrily.

As Ye Fan mentioned, he was the leading lackey around Xingtian, his earlier comments targeting Ye Fan and Zi Huan were entirely to curry favor with Xingtian.

"Are you not Xingtian's lapdog?" Ye Fan teasingly asked.

"You... you're courting death!"

Mosi was beside himself with rage; although a top lackey of Xingtian, he was strong himself, having reached the Peak of Demon Master, nearly comparable to the strongest progenies among the Ten Great Families.

With formidable strength and a prestigious master...

Wherever he went before, he dominated, who dared to repeatedly humiliate him publicly?

"I scolded your master, and I'm still alive and kicking, yet scolding a lapdog like you means death? What's the logic in that?" Ye Fan's smile unwavering, filled with mockery.

"You..."

"Mosi, why waste words on someone destined to die?"

Just as Mosi was about to explode, Xingtian spoke, his tone calm but words dripping with lethal intent.

"Young Master Xing is right!"

Despite Mosi's fury within, upon hearing Xingtian, he forcibly suppressed his anger.

"That's the spirit, obediently listen to your master, otherwise, if I produce a pile of Demon Crystals, wouldn't your master be embarrassed?"

Ye Fan completely ignored Xingtian's threat, spoke teasingly then continued towards the platform.

"You... if your Demon Crystals rank in the top fifty..." Mosi couldn't resist retorting.

"If my Demon Crystals rank in the top fifty, you kneel to Zi Huan calling her grandmother, and apologize, how about it?"

Ye Fan halted, his gaze piercingly fixed on Mosi. His repeated humiliations aimed to stand up for Zi Huan.

After all, Zi Huan refused Xingtian's proposal because of him!

He couldn't let Zi Huan continue to suffer due to him!

"What if you don't enter the top fifty?" Mosi, red-eyed, huffed angrily.

"I'll kneel to you, call you grandfather, and apologize. How about that?" Ye Fan stated word by word.

"Deal!"

Mosi didn't even think about it and agreed directly, as he simply couldn't believe Ye Fan could produce so many Demon Crystals.

On the side, Xingtian frowned. His reason and intuition told him that Mosi might lose this wager, but since it had come to this, he couldn't say anything.

"Everyone, bear witness. If the number of my Demon Crystals can rank in the top fifty, he'll kowtow to Zi Huan, call her grandmother, and admit his mistake!"

Ye Fan cupped his hands to the crowd, then strode towards the stone platform.

"Can his number of Demon Crystals really rank in the top fifty?"

With Ye Fan's words echoing in their ears, everyone looked at Ye Fan's proud back, almost all posing this question to themselves in their hearts.

Crash——

The next moment, with a wave of Ye Fan's large hand, one by one, Demon Crystals filled with Death Energy appeared out of thin air, piling up the entire stone platform.

"Uh..."

Seeing this scene, everyone, including the Ancient Demon King, widened their eyes!

Because the number of Demon Crystals Ye Fan produced at that moment exceeded everyone before him!

And it exceeded by far!!

"My god, are my eyes deceiving me?"

"How can he have so many Demon Crystals??"

"Yeah, even the Ji Family didn't have this many Demon Crystals, not even half!"

...

After a brief silence, the huge square boiled over like a pot of boiling water.

Exclamations continuously rang out, filling the entire square!

The geniuses participating in this competition looked at those Demon Crystals, their eyes full of shock and nothing but shock!

The strongest inheritors of the nine major families, including Xingtian, were no exception!

Even the strong people of the Ten Great Families and the Supreme Strongmen such as the Ancient Demon King were all astonished!

What they didn't know was that the Demon Crystals Ye Fan brought out were not even half...

"Brother Ye, you are my pride!!"

Zi Huan's eyes sparkled as she stared at the stone platform piled high with Demon Crystals, exclaiming excitedly, her eyes full of love, her heart filled with emotion!

The emotion was because she knew Ye Fan did this completely to help her vent her anger!

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

Mosi was dumbfounded, he never imagined that it would turn out to be such a result.

"No...no, he couldn't have that many Demon Crystals, he must be using old Demon Crystals as a substitute!"

After being dumbfounded, Mosi suddenly thought of something and shouted hoarsely.

Hmm?

As Mosi's words came out, the originally noisy square quieted down, almost everyone turned their gaze toward Ye Fan, seemingly wanting to verify if Mosi's speculation was true.

"Please, City Lord, verify!"

Facing the doubtful gazes, Ye Fan's expression remained calm and collected. He slightly bowed to the Ancient Demon King, inviting verification.

"Okay!"

The Ancient Demon King was also very curious, wanting to know if Ye Fan's Demon Crystals were all obtained from the Demon Beast Forest. Hearing Ye Fan's words, he immediately stepped up to verify.

Swoosh!

As the words fell, two beams of Demon Light shot from the Ancient Demon King's eyes, covering the entire stone platform.

Hmm?

The next moment, under the watchful eyes of everyone, the Ancient Demon King's expression suddenly changed!

"Haha, I knew it, he was substituting old Demon Crystals!!"

Seeing this, Mosi thought his speculation was true, he immediately laughed heartily, his laughter full of pride and arrogance, "Ant, kneel and call me grandpa already?!"

"Shut up!"

What greeted Mosi was a cold shout from the Ancient Demon King.

Mosi's Divine Soul trembled, almost collapsing to the ground.

Meanwhile, the Ancient Demon King's eyes returned to calm as he announced loudly, "After verification, all the Demon Crystals Zi Yefan brought out were obtained from the Demon Beast Forest!"

"This...how can this be?!"

Mosi was dumbfounded again, his legs weakened, almost collapsing to the ground.

"How could he alone obtain so many Demon Crystals??"

At the same time, everyone once again turned their gaze toward Ye Fan, their hearts filled with curiosity.

"Zi Yefan, the Demon Crystals you brought have the aura of other contestants. If I'm not mistaken, you got your Demon Crystals from them, right?"

Amidst everyone's curiosity, the Ancient Demon King spoke with surprising words.

"Uh..."

In an instant, everyone froze again, once more widening their eyes at Ye Fan, waiting for Ye Fan's answer.

"Yes, City Lord."

Under everyone's gaze, Ye Fan spoke, his voice echoing across the square, "Someone led a group to kill me, but I counter-killed them, and their Demon Crystals became my spoils of war!!"

Chapter 1944 Flying Into a Rage for a Beauty

Spoils of war!

In an instant, Ye Fan's voice echoed throughout the square, and the words "spoils of war" shook everyone's heart.

"So that's how it is. I was wondering how he could have obtained so many magic crystals by himself. Turns out they were snatched from others!"

Quickly, someone snapped out of the shock, a look of sudden realization on their face.

"Even if they were snatched, this is too much—how many people did he really kill?"

Then, someone else spoke up, pointing out the crucial issue.

"You little beast, you killed my Yang Wang, didn't you?"

At this moment, a strong member of the Mo Family spoke, with eyes like knives focused on Ye Fan, thick with murderous intent, as if ready to strike Ye Fan if he dared nod in agreement.

"Heaven wants to rain, and mothers to marry off—if he wants to die, I'll send him on his way!"

Facing the questioning from the Mo Family member, Ye Fan was not afraid; instead, he replied forcefully.

According to the contest rules, participants can kill each other and vie for magic crystals—his actions did not break the rules!

Under such circumstances, the Ancient Demon King could not punish him.

And those clansmen wanting revenge need to ask whether the Ancient Demon King would allow it!

"You... you're courting death!"

Hearing Ye Fan's response, the Mo Family strongman roared angrily, waving his large hand, creating a palm filled with Demonic Qi in mid-air, descending towards Ye Fan.

"Bold!"

As expected, the Ancient Demon King bellowed, his eyes widened, two streaks of Demon Light shot out, instantly shattering the palm filled with Demonic Qi.

"Hiss~"

Seeing this, the Mo Family strongman gulped a breath of cool air, then realized his rashness, hastily stepped back, too scared to even glance at the Ancient Demon King.

"Zi Yefan's magic crystals were indeed snatched from other contestants, but didn't break the rules. If anyone dares break the rules again, don't blame me for being unkind!"

With a cold glance at the Mo Family strongman, the Ancient Demon King swept his gaze over the crowd, scaring those elder strongmen who originally wanted to act or speak into abandoning their thoughts, but all glared murderously at Ye Fan.

Clearly, they only temporarily abandoned the thought of killing Ye Fan. If Ye Fan does not make it into the top ten to receive the favor of the mysterious figure from the Upper Realm, they will surely kill him.

Noticing those piercing gazes filled with killing intent, Ye Fan remained calm, not concerned at all.

As they say, too many lice don't itch.

When he and Xingtian tore their facade, it was destined he couldn't stand in the Demon World!

He feared not the Xing Family, let alone the Mo Family and others?

Facing the naked killing intent from many elder strongmen, Ye Fan remained unfazed, prompting the Ancient Demon King to secretly nod, while looking at Ye Fan with deep meaning, as if reminding him of something.

Ye Fan understood the meaning in the Ancient Demon King's eyes, slightly nodded, expressing gratitude.

Swish!

Suddenly, the Ancient Demon King's figure darkened, retreating from the stone platform, floating in the air, continuing to oversee the pre-contest assessment.

"Zi Yefan, one thousand five hundred Low-level Magic Crystals, three hundred two Intermediate Magic Crystals, and six High-level Magic Crystals, currently the most among all contestants!"

As the Ancient Demon King departed, the formidable elder responsible for verifying quantity and quality looked curiously at Ye Fan, then loudly announced.

"Next!"

After announcing, the formidable elder spoke again.

"Senior, please wait a moment!"

Upon hearing, Ye Fan quickly bowed and cupped his hands, indicating to the formidable elder to pause, "Before I took the stage to present the magic crystals, I publicly bet with Xingtian's lackey—please allow me to delay for a moment, let him fulfill the bet publicly!"

The formidable elder hesitated briefly, then nodded silently—Ye Fan and Mosi's bet was made publicly, witnessed by all, Mosi can't escape!

"You..."

Seeing the formidable elder nod, Mosi's face turned pale instantly, filled with resentment and terror as he looked at Ye Fan.

"Do you think the number of magic crystals I presented is insufficient for the top fifty?"

Ye Fan interrupted Mosi's words, asking coldly.

"__"

Mosi opened his mouth, unable to respond.

Ye Fan's previously presented magic crystals were more than twice the number of the highest count from the Ji Family heir—let alone the top fifty, it's likely to be the highest!

"You're silent, that means you're admitting." Ye Fan opened his mouth again, coldly saying: "According to the previous bet, if the number of magic crystals I presented can rank in the top fifty, you publicly kowtow to Zi Huan, call her grandma, admit your mistake..."

"Don't even think about it!!" Mosi angrily interrupted Ye Fan's words.

He knew well that earlier, he arrogantly berated Zi Huan, thinking her foolish for giving up the best chance to leap up in life.

And now, he must publicly kowtow to Zi Huan and admit his mistake...

He couldn't accept this!

"As the saying goes, the dog follows its master. Xingtian, your dog doesn't dare to honor the bet, do you fare any better?"

Ye Fan seemed to anticipate this result, didn't flare up, but looked mockingly at Xingtian and said.

"Mosi!"

Upon hearing, Xingtian's eyes flashed with killing intent, then coldly shouted.

"Xing... Mr. Xing..."

Mosi seemed to realize what Xingtian was about to say, and was so frightened that his tongue twisted, his voice trembling uncontrollably.

"A man pays the price for his bets!"

Xingtian's face was expressionless.

"Xing... Mr. Xing!"

Mosi looked at Xingtian with a pleading expression, hoping Xingtian would take back those four words.

"If you can't do it, I'll kill you!"

Xingtian's tone was cold and brutal; between losing face publicly and killing his lackey, he could only choose the latter.

Thud!

Hearing Xingtian's icy words again, Mosi's heart trembled, and then he turned his head in despair to look at the girl he had previously belittled as worthless.

He involuntarily clenched his fists, his eyes filled with unwillingness!

Yet—

When he recalled Xingtian's words, the unwillingness in his eyes vanished without a trace, replaced by an unprecedented humiliation.

Slap!

Slap!

Slap!

...

Immediately, he walked stiffly towards Zi Huan like a controlled corpse, his footsteps particularly clear.

Step one, step two, step three, after ten steps, he reached the front of Zi Huan.

The scene was silent!

Bang!

In the next moment, a clear noise rang out as Mosi bent his body, his knees striking the ground hard, cracking the ground.

In front of everyone, Mosi knelt at Zi Huan's feet!

"Grandmother, I'm sorry, please forgive me!"

Then, under everyone's gaze, Mosi spoke with difficulty, his tone sullen and angry.

Ah!

After finishing his words, he jumped up violently, quickly retreating back to Xingtian.

Bang!

His knees hit the ground again, like a lapdog, prostrate on the ground, hugging Xingtian's foot, pleading, "I'm sorry, Mr. Xing, I embarrassed you!"

"Zi Ye Fan, are you satisfied?"

Ignoring Mosi's plea, Xingtian stared at Ye Fan with murderous intent.

"Your dog listens well."

Ye Fan responded boldly, unyielding.

"You'd better pray that you don't meet me in the competition or manage to enter the top ten, or else I'll make it impossible for you to live or die!"

Xingtian's suppressed murderous intent erupted like a volcano.

"Mr. Xing, he's not worthy to be your opponent. Leave him to me, I'll tear him apart in the competition!"

Hearing this, Mosi turned his head sharply, eyes reddening as he stared at Ye Fan, like an Evil Ghost demanding a life.

"Good, if you encounter him in the competition, cripple him in front of that slut for me!"

Xingtian lifted Mosi, his tone low, "After the competition, once I've had my fun with that slut, I'll hand her over to you, do as you wish!"

"Thank you, Mr. Xing!!"

Xingtian's promise dispersed some of the resentment in Mosi's heart, making him seem invigorated. The terrifying murderous intent directed at Ye Fan was like a sharp sword.

"Zi Ye Fan is finished!"

"If he can't avoid Xingtian and enter the top ten, he's certain to die!"

"Not only him, that woman called Zi Huan is finished too; Xingtian and Mosi will definitely not let her go!"

...

Once Xingtian and Mosi, master and servant, finished speaking, the originally quiet square erupted in whispers again.

In their view, at this point, Ye Fan's only path to survival was to successfully enter the top ten, be valued and taken away by a mysterious person from the Upper Realm, otherwise certain death awaited!

"Before the competition ends, I will protect your life without worries. After the competition, I will give you a lifetime of glory!!"

Beside the stone platform, Ye Fan turned his gaze to Zi Huan, speaking slowly, as if responding to everyone, yet also making a promise to Zi Huan.

Zi Huan trembled all over, tears streaming down her face.

Chapter 1945 A Tree Standing Out in the Forest

A man's promise is worth a thousand gold!

At this moment, Ye Fan was filled with boundless heroic spirit, like a Heavenly Emperor descending, overlooking the world and gazing down upon all beings.

"Brother Ye, whether in life or death, Zi Huan will stay by your side, fighting alongside you until the very end, never leaving!"

Tears glistened in Zi Huan's eyes, and her heart was filled with deep emotion as she walked step by step towards Ye Fan.

In her gaze, love was as surging as the tide.

At this moment, she felt she was the happiest woman in the world!

Death?

Ye Fan laughed!

"I will not die!"

Ye Fan's voice was like metal striking stone, ringing with power. His gaze was cold and firm, carrying the momentum of freezing thousands of miles and swallowing the vast world.

Zi Huan's eyes sparkled with brilliance, her heart full of happiness.

In her eyes, Ye Fan's image became even grander, like a towering mountain, giving her an unparalleled sense of security.

"His martial arts will is so strong, as if invincible!"

"Swallowing the miles and sweeping the world, such a powerful aura is said only to exist in legends, isn't it?"

Feeling Ye Fan's invincible aura that dared to challenge the world, many onlookers expressed their amazement, completely shocked by Ye Fan's momentum.

"His martial arts will is like divine gold, unshakable. This young man will undoubtedly have a bright future. The small Demon World cannot contain him; his future will be the vast cosmos..."

The Ancient Demon King nodded silently, intrigued by how such an outstanding heir could be cultivated in a small Purple Demon Family.

It seems the Purple Demon Family has significant potential and must not be cut off from their heritage, or it would be a huge loss for the entire Demon World.

"This person cannot be left alive..."

A glimmer of ferocity flashed in Xingtian's eyes as he muttered to himself, sensing a great threat.

Ye Fan's aura was too strong, unsettling him — if Ye Fan wasn't eliminated, he would surely become a stumbling block on his path to cultivation, or even his Heart Demon. He could not allow such a thing to happen.

"The tree that stands out in the forest is sure to be toppled by the wind!"

A sinister smile appeared on Xingtian's face.

"The evaluation continues, those who are finished can return, the results will be communicated to you by a designated person."

On the platform, a mighty elder spoke, his voice like a lion's roar, echoing throughout every corner of the square.

"Let's go, we should just wait for the news back home!"

Someone sighed and shook their head as they left the square, clearly having little hope of successfully advancing.

Where there is a first, there will be a second, and then a third...

Soon, more than half of those who had finished their evaluations had left the square, making it appear much emptier.

"Kid, just you wait. The day the selection ends is the day you meet your death!"

A strong member of the Mo Family threatened Ye Fan viciously as he departed.

Mo Yang was the Mo Family's future star, yet died tragically at Ye Fan's hands, filling him with unrelenting rage.

If not for the City Lord's intervention, he would have killed Ye Fan in the cruelest manner just now, avenging Mo Yang and his brothers.

But now, he had to suppress his overwhelming anger and burning hatred, and wait for a few days.

He had no intention of risking his own life for Ye Fan.

In his view, Ye Fan's life was far less valuable than his own.

"Wishes are beautiful, but you'll never realize them!"

Ye Fan responded with a lukewarm remark, nearly causing him to cough up blood in anger.

"Fine, fine, fine, let's see how long you can boast!"

The Mo Family strongman, furious, threw out a harsh parting remark and hurriedly left.

He had no choice but to go; if he stayed any longer, he feared he would be directly angered to death by Ye Fan.

"Let's go too!"

Ye Fan smiled indifferently, walking towards the outside of the square, completely unconcerned with the murderous gazes behind him.

After the competition, he was set to leave this world, so there was no need to care about anything!

Two days later...

Within the Xingtian's family, inside a garden in the Heavenly Treasure Palace.

Birdsong and the fragrance of flowers, death aura lingered like water, strange stones stood, spring water tinkled, all exuding an air of harmony!

"Tomorrow's competition, I'll arrange for you to be in the same group as him. Make him kneel down and beg like a dog in front of everyone, can you do it?"

Xingtian sat in a soft chair, holding a skull-shaped cup, sipping leisurely, looking composed.

"Young Master Xing, rest assured!"

Beside Xingtian, Mosi's eyes shot out venomous rays. The humiliation of publicly kneeling and admitting fault was like a venomous serpent constantly gnawing at his heart, making him eager to finish Ye Fan off with his fists.

"Very good!"

Xingtian drank the wine from his cup in one gulp, his eyes shooting out two sharp beams of light as he coldly said: "Don't kill him for now, just destroy his cultivation. I want to toy with his woman in front of him, let him watch without even being able to die!"

As he continued, Xingtian's voice turned cold and vicious, like the screech of a night owl or the wailing of an Evil Ghost, sending chills down the spine.

"Hehehe..."

Mosi let out a ghostly dry laugh, licking his lips: "Zi named, in the competition, I'll let you know what it means to wish for death! I truly hope the competition starts soon, I can hardly wait any longer."

He didn't ask Xingtian how he managed to arrange for himself and Ye Fan to be in the same group, because there was simply no need.

It was not a difficult task for Xingtian to arrange for him and Ye Fan to be in the same group.

Those in power in Ancient Demon City, except for the City Lord, Ancient Demon King, are intricately linked to the Ten Great Families.

Some people even came from the Ten Great Families.

And the Xing Family coincidentally has a Supreme Elder working beside the Ancient Demon King, although not in charge of allocating contestants, it's easy to manipulate things a bit.

"Everything is destined!"

Xingtian looked at the empty glass, murmuring softly.

Over ten thousand surviving contestants, after three days of assessment, the top one hundred were finally selected.

Ye Fan was among them and received a notification to gather at the Heavenly Demon Platform before sunrise tomorrow morning for the first round of the competition.

No one dares to question anything!

Because, this was the result of the City Lord's personal assessment; questioning would mean distrust in the City Lord's evaluation.

The authority of the City Lord is indisputable, no one dares to touch this bad luck.

...

The next day.

At dawn, a deep horn sounded long and mournful, as if a war horn awakened Ancient Demon City from its slumber.

Every contestant who received the notification got up, some with clansmen accompanying them, some alone, all heading to gather at the Heavenly Demon Platform.

The Heavenly Demon Platform is an eternally ancient battle platform in Ancient Demon City, and no one knows how many millennia it has existed, seemingly older than the city's history.

On the Heavenly Demon Platform, it's cold and hard, filled with a strong aura of warfare, even if one hasn't stepped onto it, they can sense the atmosphere of brutal battles of the past.

The entire Heavenly Demon Platform is carved from an unknown meteorite, vast and imposing, as if telling the sorrow of the Demon Clan geniuses who fought on it since ancient times.

On the Heavenly Demon Platform are mysterious runes, shining like brilliant stars in the galaxy.

It's precisely these runes that never allowed this ancient battle platform to be destroyed; even the Ancient Demon King fought on it without causing any damage.

When Ye Fan arrived at the Heavenly Demon Platform accompanied by Zi Huan, many were already present, and others were arriving one after another.

The strongest heirs of the Ten Great Families occupied favorable positions at the forefront.

Each of them emitted a sharp aura, like a sword being drawn, filled with killing intent.

No one dared to approach within three meters of them, as if it was a forbidden area.

Unfortunately, there were only nine from the Ten Great Families present; the strongest heir of the Han Family, Han Zhan Tian, could never appear.

Seeing Ye Fan's arrival, many spontaneously made way for him, allowing him to smoothly reach the forefront alongside the strongest heirs of the Ten Great Families.

The reason is simple!

Ye Fan is a fearless, fierce man, daring to offend even the Xing Family, the Third Family. In their hearts, they've long regarded him as a deadly beast.

Not to mention, in the Demon Beast Forest, he alone killed countless contestants. His iron-willed mentality and unparalleled strength are beyond their reach.

The moment Ye Fan appeared, he sensed several gazes filled with killing intent directed at him, yet he didn't mind at all.

To not be envied is to be mediocre!

So many people want to kill him, which precisely proves his extraordinariness and strength.

Soon, everyone arrived, and a hundred young strong individuals quietly waited beneath the Heavenly Demon Platform for their unknown fate, each emitting powerful war intent.

What awaits them will be brutal battles concerning their destiny, they must adjust their state to the best, strongest condition to face the battles.

"Very well, you're all punctual, now we begin the grouping, step forward when your name is called."

On the stone platform, a mighty elder appeared, with a voice like a lion's roar, fiercely scanning the crowd, and said expressionlessly.

"You are all the elite of the elite among the younger generation in the Demon World, but we only select the ten strongest, so strive hard, young men."

With a calm voice, the silhouette of the Ancient Demon King appeared on the Heavenly Demon Platform, surveying the crowd with a faint smile, then sat on a chair to the side.

Ye Fan was surprised because he saw that there was a chair covered with soft demon beast skin at the main position on the Heavenly Demon Platform, yet the Ancient Demon King didn't sit there.

Could it be that the Judges from the Upper Realm are coming?

Not only Ye Fan, but others also noticed this scene, all shocked.

The Judges from the Upper Realm!

To them, that was synonymous with mystery, no one had truly seen what the Judges from the Upper Realm look like.

"Chen Shaochong, Zhong You, Huang Tian, Ge Tianhao..."

While everyone was shocked, the mighty elder started reading from a list he held.

Soon, nine people stepped out from the crowd and stood behind the strongest heir of the Ninth Family, the Mu Family's Mu Tianhe.

The mighty elder glanced at the ten people and then continued to read: "Ma Mingde, Ye Fan, Long Tianxiang, You Shaocong, Mosi..."

"Heh heh..."

Seeing himself indeed grouped with Ye Fan, Mosi licked his lips, laughing cruelly.

"Surname Zi, we are truly enemies meeting on a narrow road, didn't think you'd expect this, huh?"

Mosi's voice was grim and venomous, like an Evil Ghost demanding life.

"If it's destined to rain or a mother destined to marry, if you want to die, I'll send you off!"

Ye Fan's expression was calm.

Chapter 1946 One Strike, Divine Soul Obliterated!

As a seed player, there are no strongest descendants of the Ten Great Families in Ye Fan's group.

Because, the strongest person is him.

Seeing themselves in the same group as Ye Fan, many people are ready to surprise Ye Fan.

In their view, Ye Fan comes from a small clan in a remote area, so he couldn't possibly have any strong power.

The reason he was able to delve into the core of the Demon Beast Forest with nine of the strongest descendants before, and discover the cause of the beast riot, was likely due to luck.

Or perhaps Ye Fan has some kind of secret technique that allows him to escape thousands of miles in an instant, dodging the attacks of strong demon beasts.

However—

On the Heavenly Demon Platform, there isn't much space for him to escape; once he steps out of the platform's range, he loses, and he must confront his opponents directly.

In a direct confrontation, they firmly believe they can defeat Ye Fan, perhaps even kill him under their fists.

Soon, the hundred people present were grouped, with nine of the strongest family descendants each in one group, avoiding each other.

This is also for fairness!

The strongest descendants of the Ten Great Families are extremely powerful, and if they clash too early, someone's fall would be a loss too great for the Demon World to bear.

Deciding the strongest ten and then proceeding with the top ten ranking matches isn't too late.

Some rejoice while others worry!

Those in the same group as Ye Fan are eager to start the match.

Those in other groups, however, look worried, with only a few remaining calm!

Whether they advance to the top ten or not, they plan to fight with all their might; even if they fail, there won't be any regret.

The strongest descendants of the Ten Great Families feel like a mountain, pressing on their hearts, leaving them breathless.

"As per custom, the competition will randomly select opponents, with the seed player up first and the rest random. During the match, you can fight freely; life or death is up to fate, and no personal vendetta is allowed. Now, the City Lord will activate the Holy Artifact to select opponents for the contestants."

After grouping, the vigorous elder announced the competition rules, then respectfully requested the Ancient Demon King to activate the Holy Artifact.

The silver-haired Ancient Demon King stood up, glanced at the groups, and calmly said, "The competition will be conducted in ten groups, in sequence, starting from the tenth group. The contestants below the ten groups should prepare; I'm about to activate the Holy Artifact, and whomever it selects will face the seed player first."

As he spoke, the Ancient Demon King's hands moved, and a giant skull appeared in the void, emitting a terrifying pressure.

"Please, Holy Artifact, choose the battle opponents!"

With a reverent attitude, the Ancient Demon King saluted the giant skull, then sealed his hands, sending a beam of demon light into the skull.

"Boom!"

A surge of ocean-like intense waves emanated from the skull, which then turned ink black, its eye sockets like black holes that captivated souls.

"Swoosh!"

"Swoosh!"

The skull's eyes shot out two beams of dark light, landing on Ye Fan and another person, and quickly vanished.

Normally, random selection shouldn't coincidentally select Ye Fan first. However, as he is a seed player, the Ancient Demon King introduced a trace of his aura when activating the Holy Artifact.

With the pull of the aura, the skull will inevitably cast the first beam on Ye Fan, irrespective of whom the second beam chooses.

"Is it me? Is it really me?"

A slightly chubby young man looked at himself with delight, seemingly unable to believe his good fortune.

"Of course it is you; how unfair for you to catch a break, you dead fatty!"

A nearby young man with a sinister face said enviously.

"Great! Watch me, Wu Zhongtian, showcase my divine power and defeat this so-called seed player!"

Wu Zhongtian's eyes gleamed excitedly, as if he had already seen Ye Fan defeated by him.

Simultaneously, he flicked his sleeve, and a tall warhorse covered in black scale armor appeared before everyone—a Flame Demon Horse, with fiery hooves, majestic and imposing.

"Swipe!"

Wu Zhongtian mounted the warhorse, wielding a pitch-black Demon Blade, exuding a strong evil aura, unknown how many lives it had claimed to become such a blade.

"Being surnamed Zi, step forward to meet your fate; my Demon Blade is itching for a kill and cannot wait!"

Wu Zhongtian flicked the reins, and the Flame Demon Horse instantaneously hopped onto the battle stage. He carried the blade single-handedly, its edge menacingly pointed at Ye Fan.

"Ignorant!"

Ye Fan coldly snorted, moved his feet, and suddenly appeared on the battle stage, facing Wu Zhongtian from a thousand meters away.

"No delays; there are no referees in the selection match, and unless one party dies or willingly surrenders, the match won't be stopped," the vigorous elder said.

"Hehe... perfect!"

Wu Zhongtian sneered, sitting on his horse, looking down on Ye Fan, provoking: "Being surnamed Zi, I'll give you a chance: kneel and surrender, call me 'grandfather' three times, and crawl under my crotch, I'll spare your life."

Evidently, he intends to destabilize Ye Fan through verbal jabs, causing him to lose composure and inhibit his actual combat power.

"Hahaha..."

Wu Zhongtian's arrogant words sparked laughter from the audience below; everyone mocked while watching Ye Fan, anticipating his response.

Three days ago, he looked down on the world and stole the spotlight; now it was finally time for actual combat, to see what performance he truly offers.

"Shameless!"

Zi Huan's eyes shot fire, clenching his elegant fists tightly, with veins popping on the back of his hands.

Faced with ridicule, Ye Fan remained calm, asking Wu Zhongtian coolly: "Have you finished your last words?"

Ah?

Everyone was stunned. No one expected Ye Fan to remain calm in the face of such humiliation.

This person is terrifying!

"You're courting death!"

Wu Zhongtian was furious. He spurred his warhorse, and the Demon Blade in his hand instantly slashed out a hundred fierce sword lights, directly cutting towards Ye Fan.

"Die!"

Suddenly, Ye Fan let out a loud shout, like a bolt from the blue, shaking the hearts of many contestants who weren't strong enough.

Immediately afterward, they witnessed a scene they would never forget for the rest of their lives!

Ye Fan transformed into a Flowing Light, charging towards the fierce sword lights and Wu Zhongtian. His Purple Diamond-like fist emitted a dazzling radiance, overflowing with a terrifying aura of Destruction.

"Boom!"

Ye Fan's fist collided with the sword lights, and instead of the imagined scene where Ye Fan was chopped into Blood Mud, Wu Zhongtian's sword lights were instantly shattered.

"Clang!"

Ye Fan forged ahead, like a Killing God, crushing a hundred sword lights. His purple hair flew, and his Purple Diamond-like Iron Fist directly shattered the black Demon Blade.

Then, in Wu Zhongtian's terrified and desperate gaze, Ye Fan's fist rapidly enlarged.

"Puff—"

The scene froze, with Ye Fan's fist fiercely pounding Wu Zhongtian's head, instantly blasting it apart. White brain matter and red blood burst open like fireworks.

One strike!

Divine Soul extinguished!

Arrogant Wu Zhongtian originally thought he had gotten a good deal, but ended up being killed by Ye Fan without blocking even a single move.

This result shocked many people. Many within Ye Fan's same group were trembling with fear, feeling deeply uneasy inside.

Even though Wu Zhongtian was merely Peak of Mid-stage Demon Master, a realm difference from Ye Fan, being instantly killed with one move was already telling.

At this moment, many people were like chickens grabbed by the neck, making meaningless clucking sounds from their throats.

Swish!

Mosi's face turned pale, cold sweat rolling down his forehead, his heart filled with deep fear.

He could tell that Ye Fan had not gone all out and had kept some reserves.

However—

Even so, Ye Fan also instantly killed Wu Zhongtian. What does this indicate?

This indicates Ye Fan's true strength is unfathomable, absolutely capable of standing shoulder to shoulder with the strongest scions of the Ten Great Families. Can I really defeat him?

At this moment, Mosi lost his confidence!

"So powerful!"

"With this kind of strength, few people of the younger generation can defeat him!"

"Judging by his demeanor, he seems to have held back some power. How strong is his actual Combat Power?"

As Ye Fan led the Flame Demon Horse off the Heavenly Demon Platform, people recovered from their shock and began whispering among themselves.

No one announced the victory because it was already unnecessary.

The once-arrogant Wu Zhongtian now transformed into a cold corpse, with his upper body completely turned into Blood Mud.

The selection is so brutal, each match filled with gore, accompanied by death.

No referees, no one stops. Only the strong qualify to walk off the battlefield alive, with no mercy for the defeated.

The Demon World is just so realistic!

"The Flame Demon Horse belongs to our Wu Family, you can't take it away!"

Just as Ye Fan was walking off the Heavenly Demon Platform, a burly old man rushed over, shouting.

"This is my spoils of victory. If you want it, bring treasure to redeem it!"

Ye Fan paid no heed, came straight to Zi Huan, and calmly said, "Pack it up, this is our first spoil of war in the selection, meaningful as a memento."

"You..."

The Wu family's old man was almost furious to the point of spitting blood, but did not dare to act rashly, having to cast a pleading glance at the City Lord.

With the precedent of the strong members of the Mo Family, he dared not act rashly against Ye Fan; otherwise, if he angered the City Lord, he would lose his old life.

"City Lord, I beg you to uphold justice, let Zi Yefan return the Flame Warhorse to us Wu Family, the old man would be forever grateful."

"Since Flame Warhorse participated in the competition, now it is the spoil of war of Zi Yefan, I have no right to decide its ownership."

The Ancient Demon King said expressionlessly, "As for all those who die or are defeated, their belongings are for the victor, this is our Demon World's tradition, do I need to remind you again?"

As soon as this statement was made, the old man of Wu Family suddenly became speechless, retreating helplessly.

The Ancient Demon King was right, the belongings of the defeated belong to the victor, this has always been the tradition of the Demon World, known by virtually everyone.

"Next group!"

After the dust settled, a vigorous elder ascended the platform and announced loudly.

With his voice, the large skull head in the Void once again shot two beams of light from its eyes, landing on the other two people in Ye Fan's group.

Chapter 1947 Strong People Rise from the Han Family!

The square was silent, with a faint scent of blood in the air!

Everyone cast peculiar glances at Ye Fan.

To kill an opponent in one move, how powerful must one be to accomplish this?

Especially Ye Fan's indifferent demeanor, it left everyone in shock.

Unless one has struggled on the edge of life and death, and slaughtered countless beings, how could one achieve this?

Although they all possessed strong mental fortitude, killing to them was as ordinary as a daily meal, with no psychological burden whatsoever.

But to be like Ye Fan, who could remain nonchalant after killing an opponent, as if it wasn't even him who acted just now, such ease is something very few could achieve.

"This is an extremely dangerous opponent!"

At this moment, the top inheritors of the Ten Great Families began to take this young expert seriously, one who emerged from a weak, remote family.

At first, due to Ye Fan's rebuke to Xingtian and his furious slaying of Mo Yangsheng, causing tumultuous waves, making headlines,

these people didn't regard Ye Fan as an equal opponent, merely as a madman.

In the Demon Realm, there are many such madmen, but they often meet tragic ends; very few can truly rise.

After all, the Ten Great Families are deeply rooted, with very strong bloodline legacies; otherwise, they couldn't have a place in the fiercely competitive Demon Realm.

Moreover, the Ten Great Families occupy more than forty percent, nearly half, of the entire Demon Realm's cultivation resources.

The remaining resources are distributed among the tens of thousands of other families in the Demon Realm.

Among these remaining families, some top-tier families also occupy a large amount of resources, first-rate families take up much too, leaving very few resources for truly weak families.

The top inheritors of the Ten Great Families have been high and mighty from birth; to them, an inheritor from a weak family is but an ant.

And now, someone they deemed an ant has acquired power equal to theirs, even surpassing theirs, this stirred some peculiar feelings in the top inheritors of the Ten Great Families.

Could the entire power structure of the Demon Realm be about to break?

This would be a tremendous shift affecting many people's interests; the Demon Realm is about to change!

But they were not concerned about their status and interests being threatened.

Because the Han Family is at the bottom; the strongest inheritor, Han Zhan Tian, has already fallen, implying the Han Family will be delisted from the Ten Great Families.

Even if Ye Fan is strong, at most he could only break into the top ten, unlikely to threaten their status.

However, the top inheritors of the eighth and ninth families wore worried expressions.

They admitted they couldn't kill a top-tier family's top inheritor in one strike like him.

The Han family produces strong people!

Those top inheritors from small families, they cannot compare to these people in cultivation resources, but they often have strong resolve, decisiveness, and ruthlessness.

Because they bear the responsibility of revitalizing their families.

In such a lack of cultivation resources, they only rely on themselves; once they rise, they are unstoppable.

The position of the Ten Great Families is not unchangeable.

In fact, the elimination rate in the Demon Realm is very high; for a powerful family to remain for thousands of years is already miraculous.

The present Ten Great Families mostly emerged within five thousand years, originally coming from weak families.

This survival-of-the-fittest and meritocratic social mechanism ensures the prosperity of the Demon Realm.

As everyone harbored their thoughts, two young men from the tenth group took the stage!

No one announced the start, the two of them began a life-and-death battle as soon as they took the stage, the intense clash shattered the entire void.

"Kill!"

One young man in a black robe roared, like a dragon's roar, an innate primordial demonic qi pierced the sky.

Within the demonic qi, a Bone Tower rapidly enlarged, shimmering with a bloody light, pressing down on the opponent.

"Seeking death!"

The opponent was a young man in blue, emanating a faint blue light, dreamy and illusory.

With a loud shout, he also spewed out an innate primordial demonic qi, like a blue galaxy, striking across the sky.

Within the blue demonic qi, a large dark blue Big Seal traversed the sky, fiercely colliding towards the Bone Tower, densely etched with runes, shining like stars.

"Boom!"

The Bone Tower and the dark blue Big Seal collided, instantly exploding with dazzling Divine Radiance, collapsing the entire void, turning into a terrifying black hole, absorbing all energy.

The heavens trembled, the world turned upside down.

If it weren't on the Heavenly Demon Platform, the strike from these two could have sunk the entire earth.

This is the power of young Late-Stage Demon Masters, truly astonishing, far more exciting than the fight Ye Fan just showed.

Yet such excitement didn't bring immense shock; everyone believed that at this level, it's expected to display such power.

But the shock Ye Fan brought to everyone was unparalleled.

After all, Wu Zhongtian also had the Peak of Mid-stage Demon Master strength, and to survive the riot in the Demon Beast Forest demonstrated many capabilities.

However——

In front of Ye Fan, Wu Zhongtian's strongest strike didn't harm Ye Fan at all; Ye Fan didn't even use a Demon Artifact, just a single punch shattered the man and the Demon Blade entirely.

It seemed simple, without any flair, unlike the two on stage fighting so thrillingly.

But such a strike delivered an incomparable impact on the soul.

Ye Fan killed Wu Zhongtian as if squashing a bug effortlessly, seemingly without even breaking a sweat, which was far from what people had anticipated.

Being able to break into the top hundred, there was no doubt that both people on the stage were extremely powerful, with every move bearing the might to shatter heaven and earth.

Although neither of them was the strongest heir of the Ten Great Families, in terms of strength, they were not far behind.

They were all from the younger generation, with similar cultivation periods, differing only in the abundance of cultivation resources, the quality of their cultivation techniques, martial arts, and secret techniques.

And some seemingly declining Xiao families, perhaps a million years ago, were an incredibly powerful heritage, not much worse in techniques and martial arts compared to the Ten Great Families.

"Heavenly Demon Tower, suppress!"

The young man in black robes bellowed, and the blood-red ancient tower instantly expanded, covering the sky and earth, carrying a mysterious heavenly demonic aura as it roared down upon his opponent, as if Heaven's hand was coming down to suppress them.

"Holy Demon Seal, open for me!"

At this moment, the young man in blue also went all out, spraying a mouthful of blood from his heart, instantly causing the Holy Demon Seal to burst into a brilliant blue light, like a blue sun illuminating the heaven and earth, turning the entire Ancient Demon City blue.

"Boom!"

Another intense collision occurred, with countless runes flashing on the Heavenly Demon Tower, emitting dazzling brilliance that many people couldn't keep their eyes open.

"Crack!"

A crisp sound rang out, and the blood-colored Bone Tower, towering in the sky, was covered with cracks, then exploded with a bang.

"Slash!"

Taking advantage, the young man in blue held the deep blue Holy Demon Seal and directly smashed it at his opponent, completely overpowering him.

"Wait!" the young man in black robes hurriedly shouted, "I concede, I concede, I beg you to spare my life."

As he spoke, the young man in black robes simply knelt down, his face pale as paper, blood at the corners of his mouth, his eyes filled with terror.

It was evident that when the Bone Tower was shattered, he himself also suffered severe injuries, otherwise he wouldn't concede so readily.

However—

The young man in blue didn't care about that at all, as the Holy Demon Seal in his hand, carrying the destructive Demon Light, smashed brutally down.

"Puff!"

The young man in black robes struggled desperately to resist, even burning the Death Core, but couldn't withstand the power of the Holy Artifact, and was smashed into a pulp.

"I don't need you to concede!" the young man in blue coolly said, then his gaze, as icy as his demeanor, turned toward Ye Fan.

"I'm looking forward to battling you!"

Facing the provocation, Ye Fan smiled. He found this young man in blue quite interesting, at least not pretentious, very genuine.

"Don't worry, if we indeed end up fighting, I'll spare your life!" Ye Fan said earnestly.

He genuinely liked this young man; if they could become allies, he might be a significant help to Zi Huan in the days when Ye Fan isn't in the Demon World.

Similarly, no one announced the victor.

Nor did anyone announce the end of the match.

At the moment the young man in black robes was smashed into pulp, the match had already ended.

However, he wasn't like Ye Fan. Not only did Ye Fan kill his opponent, but he also gained a Flame Warhorse, whereas the young man in blue gained nothing.

The Bone Tower was a Demon Artifact, second only to a Holy Artifact, but it was shattered by the Holy Demon Seal, leaving nothing behind.

"The promotion match is too brutal; defeat means death!"

"At this rate, it seems that by the end, there will hardly be anyone left alive to leave the arena!"

"Competition is this cruel; if you're afraid of dying, you might as well concede directly, and not take the stage."

After the great battle, many were discussing, some ready to back out, thinking that this elimination mechanism was too brutal.

And some were eager to try, believing that they could hold on till the end and successfully make it into the top ten.

At this moment, even the heirs of the Ten Great Families couldn't remain calm, feeling a tremendous threat.

When a cultivator chooses to risk it all, they often burst with immense potential, sometimes dragging their opponents down with them.

The gigantic skull in the void didn't care what people thought; after the great battle ended, it began to glow again.

"Zz!"

"Zz!"

This time, no one announced the start, as the giant skull in the void directly shot down two beams of light, landing on two individuals in the tenth group.

"Buzz!"

The light flashed away, but the matchup above had already been chosen. It was Long Tianxiang and Mosi, the two were chosen.

"Heh heh..." Mosi let out a cold laugh, "Dragon boy, your luck is really not so good, to have run into me."

"It's still hard to say who will win; don't be happy too early!" Long Tianxiang coldly retorted.

He wasn't from a top-tier family, but he was the strongest heir from a first-class family. More importantly, his family, in ancient times, was also one of the Ten Great Families, producing formidable figures.

"Then let's not waste any time; let strength speak!"

Mosi's voice was as sinister as an evil ghost, giving a cruel smile, and landed lightly on the Heavenly Demon Platform like a giant bat, beckoning Long Tianxiang.

"Since you're courting death, I'll oblige you!"

Long Tianxiang showed no fear, shooting two beams of Death Light from his eyes. His figure shifted as he appeared like a ghost on the Heavenly Demon Platform, facing Mosi from a distance.

Chapter 1948 Mosi's Strength

The atmosphere beneath the Heavenly Demon Platform was somewhat heavy!

The consecutive deaths of two people on the Heavenly Demon Platform gave many people an ominous premonition in their hearts.

This match is unlikely to be peaceful.

Basically, as long as there's a fight, someone is bound to bleed on the Heavenly Demon Platform.

In just an hour, the tenth group was down to only eight people, and it's hard to say if the remaining ones can hold out until the end of the competition.

The nerve-wracking results left many clans deeply uneasy.

What kind of selection is this?

This is simply an arena of life and death!

Once you're on the stage, it's life or death; there's no third option.

Of course, unless someone shows great mercy and refrains from killing after winning.

However, in the Demon World, this possibility is virtually negligible.

Ye Fan didn't pay much attention to Mosi's match, but under Zi Huan's request, he watched seriously.

According to Zi Huan, every clan has its unique qualities; otherwise, they wouldn't have lasted long and would've been swallowed by other clans.

Though Mosi is just a dog, even dogs have their strengths, so Ye Fan shouldn't be careless lest he accidentally gets bitten.

Ye Fan responded to Zi Huan's words with a smile.

To be honest, he really didn't take Mosi seriously; just a barking dog after all, a biting dog doesn't bark.

Such arrogance clearly shows he doesn't have much ability.

"Boom!"

On stage, Mosi wasted no words, attacking directly before Long Tianxiang could stand firm. With a flash of light in his hand, he smashed a skull-like black hammer forward.

Long Tianxiang snorted coldly, shifting positions, leaving a shadow in place as he spread his hands. A seven-meter-long Dragon Spear appeared in his grasp, turning into a swimming dragon to stab at Mosi.

"Clang!"

A loud explosion as Mosi's black skull hammer impacted the spear tip, bursting into brilliant light.

Immediately, he shouted, abandoned the black skull hammer, grabbed the seven-meter Dragon Spear with both hands, and forcibly snapped it.

"Innate Divine Strength?"

Ye Fan was shocked, realizing he truly underestimated Mosi; just with this move, his true combat power was no less than the strongest heirs of the Ten Great Families.

Of course, he couldn't compare to the top five, but he was definitely not a negligible opponent.

"Is this Mosi really that powerful?"

Zi Huan was also stunned; this level of power, although not as strong as Ye Fan, was close to the top ten in the entire Demon World.

"No matter how strong, it's useless; today he must die!"

Ye Fan said calmly.

Others were also shocked by Mosi's performance, even the strongest heirs of the eighth and ninth families were horrified.

Such power indeed posed a threat to them.

Unexpectedly, Xingtian's mere dog possessed such terrifying combat power, making it hard for them to accept.

In fact, in the bones of the strongest heirs of the Ten Great Families, there's extreme pride; they never took other families' heirs seriously.

But now they realized, the words 'Ten Great Families' meant nothing; the strength lay in the Cultivator themselves.

Being snapped left Long Tianxiang extremely shocked; although not a precious Demon Artifact, the Dragon Spear was refined from strong people's bones, hard as Divine Iron.

Yet Mosi forcibly broke it, a display of Divine Power that terrified him.

However, he wasn't a pushover; the Dragon Spear was just one of his many means.

"Heavenly Dragon Fist!"

Long Tianxiang roared, and a layer of green Scale Armor instantly covered his arm and fist, punching fiercely at Mosi's chest.

"They say the Long Family has the bloodline of Ancient Demon Dragon; now it seems true."

Mosi howled, sinisterly stating, "But, you still must die!"

As he spoke, Mosi also launched a punch, his fist engulfed in purple Demon Fire, collapsing the Void.

"Boom!"

Scale Armor flew; their fists collided, knocking Mosi several meters back in the air, crashing onto the Heavenly Demon Platform with a thud.

Meanwhile, Long Tianxiang spat fresh blood, his entire right arm obliterated, turned to Blood Mud, the pain distorting his face.

"Ah..."

Long Tianxiang roared heavenward, his black hair standing upright, exuding a keen aura as if awakening ancient bloodlines.

"O imprint of the ancestors! Grant me the strongest power! War Ancestor returns!"

As Long Tianxiang's icy voice rang, he underwent a huge transformation, his bones surging in a crackling sound, and his lost right arm regenerating under a terrifying pressure sweeping the Heavenly Demon Platform.

"Roar..."

At this moment, Long Tianxiang transformed into a Demon Dragon, soaring across the Nine Heavens, swooping fiercely down on Mosi.

"Bang!"

Long Tianxiang swatted Mosi away ten meters, breaking many bones, scattering a trail of blood.

"You're mine to take!"

Long Tianxiang pressed his advantage; he couldn't maintain this state for long, and once reverted, his combat power would plummet. If he didn't kill his opponent now, when his foe recovered, he'd be the dead one.

Therefore, Long Tianxiang struck mercilessly, the massive Dragon Claw blotting out the sky, stirring up violent Gangfeng, smacking Mosi around like a rubber ball.

"Bang!"

In the final hit, Mosi was almost crushed into a pancake, vomiting blood wildly, his whole body flying a hundred feet away, nearly falling off the Heavenly Demon Platform.

"Hehehehe..."

Nobody expected that at this moment, Mosi would actually laugh, his voice resembling an Evil Ghost crying, exceptionally unpleasant.

"Has he gone mad?"

"Getting beaten like this, you would go mad too!"

"It seems this Mosi doesn't have much ability, he's destined to fall."

Witnessing this scene, many below the stage were discussing, thinking Mosi was doomed to die, not even qualified to face Ye Fan.

However, Ye Fan did not think so. He believed Mosi must still have an ace up his sleeve, simply enduring all this while. Truly a person with great patience, even beaten like this, he still refuses to show his trump card.

It seemed that he was saving it to deal with him, only unexpectedly forced to this point ahead of time, having no choice but to use his ace in the hole.

Sure enough!

After Mosi finished laughing, he slowly stood up from the ground, wiped the bloodstain from the corner of his mouth, and looked coldly at Long Tianxiang in the sky, saying, "Originally, I kept this move for that little mutt with the surname Zi, but I never thought I would be forced to this point by you. You can die now!"

Feeling Mosi's change, Long Tianxiang's heart jumped, he didn't reply, directly swooping down, wanting to kill Mosi before he could explode.

"Roar..."

Mosi suddenly opened his mouth, letting out a huge roar, the rolling sound waves making many people's eardrums ache, also halting Long Tianxiang's dive.

Then he shouted loudly, his body rapidly expanding and transforming, becoming unbelievably large in the form of a dog.

"Heavenly Dog Swallowing Dragon!"

Mosi's sinister voice entered everyone's ears, then the Heavenly Dog he had transformed into opened its bloody mouth, biting Long Tianxiang's body in half.

"Ah..."

Long Tianxiang screamed miserably, losing half his body, quickly fleeing far away in fear, wanting to escape the battlefield.

However!

Mosi gave him no such opportunity, roaring fiercely, chasing after him like lightning, swallowing his upper body as well.

"No..."

"Don't..."

Long Tianxiang and his clan members shouted simultaneously, full of despair, but unable to change anything.

A generation's Heavenly Pride, Long Tianxiang, the strongest offspring of the Long Family, the legend and pride of the Long Family, hailed as possessing talent comparable to the distant ancestor, lost his life on the battlefield, swallowed alive.

"Crunch, crunch..."

The sound of teeth chewing bones came, sending chills down the spines of every contestant who made it into the top hundred.

This was an extremely terrifying opponent, and other groups were thankful Mosi wasn't in their group, as facing such a ferocious individual, no one would feel at ease.

Ye Fan's eyes narrowed, realizing this was an anomaly, not Mosi's true form growing so large, but the phenomenon was extremely real.

Moreover, once swallowed by the Heavenly Dog that Mosi transformed into, all the Death Essence would be absorbed, turning into his Primordial.

This was a very terrifying Demon Technique, arguably no less powerful than a Cultivation Technique created by a Quasi-Emperor strong person!

Furthermore, due to the unique nature of this Demon Technique, it might even be stronger than standard Quasi-Emperor Level Cultivation Techniques.

"Hehe..."

Mosi's body shrunk, reverting to human form, the corner of his mouth stained with fragments of flesh and blood, grinning coldly, appearing extraordinarily terrifying.

"The flesh of strong people of the same level is incredibly delicious!"

Mosi said.

Then he turned his head towards Ye Fan, his voice shrill and chilling, "I'm looking forward to your flesh, but I won't eat you. I'll just cripple you, letting you watch helplessly as Young Master Xing plays with your woman."

"Of course, when Young Master Xing gets tired of her, I can also have a taste! I'm very much looking forward to that moment."

"You won't live to see that day, I will ensure you die in the most brutal way."

Facing Mosi's provocation, Ye Fan suppressed his overwhelming killing intent, calmly speaking.

"Do you think the one with the surname Zi can defeat Mosi?"

"I think it's unlikely, Mosi's final secret technique is too powerful, capable of devouring almost anything."

"But Zi Yefan is also very powerful!"

Seeing this scene, many below the stage were discussing, curious whether Ye Fan could truly defeat Mosi's Heavenly Dog Swallowing Dragon Secret Technique.

After all, when Mosi used this secret technique just now, its powerful display was evident to all.

Long Tianxiang had already activated the mark left by his ancestors in his body, but what happened in the end? He was still swallowed alive!

Under the envious and fearful gazes of people, Mosi walked down from the Heavenly Demon Platform, the battle ending in a complete victory on his side.

Despite being in a dire situation earlier, once the Heavenly Dog Swallowing Dragon Secret Technique was unleashed, the tide instantly turned, and he now felt incredibly well.

Having devoured Long Tianxiang's Death Essence Origin, he just needed to refine it well, and his strength would certainly rise another level.

At that time, when he unleashes the Heavenly Dog Swallowing Dragon Secret Technique again, its power will be greater, and it will be even more adept.

At this moment, he regained confidence, believing that although Ye Fan is strong, without a corresponding secret technique, relying merely on physical strength, he poses little threat.

Chapter 1949 Fulfilling the Promise

The competition continues!

The skull in the void flashed again, casting down two beams of light, selecting two people as opponents.

Both erupted with intense War Intent and then flew onto the platform, engaging in a fierce battle.

Divine Radiance split the sky, Death Qi spread, Demon Light dazzled, and the aura of Destruction permeated the entire Heavenly Demon Platform, making it impossible to see the figures of the two.

Only Ye Fan and a few others could see the scene through the Demon Cloud.

The two fought desperately for a full thirty minutes, the heavens and earth were battered, the Heavenly Demon Platform glowed brightly; if it weren't for a mysterious Forbidden barrier blocking the aftermath, those around the Heavenly Demon Platform might have had to use Demon Techniques to defend themselves.

"Bang!"

One of them flew across, their eyes quickly dimmed, and then their body was torn apart, dying a violent death!

Defeat means death!

This selection trial is extremely cruel and bloody, leaving one horrified!

Soon, the first round of Ye Fan's group came to an end, with the original ten now down to only five!

Among these five, apart from Ye Fan, each exuded a strong evil aura, as if Asuras emerged from the underworld.

Ye Fan remained calm and unperturbed, caring little for the upcoming competitions!

Influenced by him, Zi Huan also brimmed with confidence in the following matches!

She firmly believed no one could stop Ye Fan's steps towards the top ten.

"Group ten, take a break, next is group nine, please City Lord initiate the Holy Artifact!"

After the blood-stained battle-armored You Shaocong calmly stepped down from the Heavenly Demon Platform, the voice of the formidable elder sounded again.

Whoosh!

The City Lord, Ancient Demon King, smiled slightly and flicked his fingers, sending a beam of Demon Light into the massive skull in the void.

Whoosh!

The massive skull flickered with Black Gold-like light, and then two beams fell, landing on the strongest scions of the Ninth Family, Mu Tianhe and another young man.

The light flashed and disappeared, and Mu Tianhe immediately exuded an imposing aura, sharp as an unsheathed sword, filled with murderous intent.

At the same time, another young strong person also unleashed a fierce aura, as if a Wilderness Fierce Beast had awakened.

"Swoosh!"

The two appeared almost simultaneously on the Heavenly Demon Platform, their fierce War Intent materialized, clashing viciously, as if a hurricane swept across the platform.

Even before the match began, they had a confrontation of invisible War Intent.

Mu Tianhe stood still, eyes unblinking, maintaining his sharp edge, his gaze like an eagle's, fixed on his opponent.

Meanwhile, his opponent's face changed, stepping back two steps to steady himself, his expression turning ugly.

Without a hand raised, just in the pre-fight War Intent clash, he had already fallen behind, making this battle extremely tough, likely with no good outcome.

The reason was simple; at their level, genuine martial arts techniques and secret techniques made little difference — the quality of martial arts and secret techniques between opponents was quite similar.

The real battle was about momentum, War Intent, psychology, and Martial Arts Will. Once you've fallen behind, defeat is almost certain.

Unless a miracle happens, reversing a losing battle is nearly impossible.

However, if there were exceptionally powerful Secret Skills, they could still make a huge impact in battle, possibly even reversing the situation.

"Finish it within three moves!"

Mu Tianhe laughed, his gaze icy, voice chilling, looking at his opponent with utter contempt.

Outcome determined from the start!

At the beginning of the War Intent clash, his opponent had already fallen behind, making this match devoid of suspense.

"Arrogant!"

Mu Tianhe's opponent took a deep breath, forcibly gathering War Intent, ready for a desperate fight.

For the sake of his clan, for his future, he had no choice.

Standing at the center of the Heavenly Demon Platform, Mu Tianhe was like a War God, exuding a fierce War Intent.

"Boom!"

The two struck simultaneously, clashing instantly, exploding with dazzling brilliance, the aura of Destruction spread between them.

"Woo woo woo..."

The dark Demon Cloud engulfed the entire Heavenly Demon Platform, from which ghostly wails occasionally erupted, sharp and piercing.

"Bang!"

Mu Tianhe struck with a palm, a black hand like a Ghost Claw, sending out Demon Light that tore through the void, wrecking his opponent's defenses and slamming into his chest, sending him flying.

"Puff!"

The young man spat out a mouthful of blood, his face turning pale as paper, his breath becoming erratic, his organs shattered, clearly beyond survival.

"Hahaha..."

Mu Tianhe laughed wildly, saying, "I said it, finish the battle in three moves, just three moves are enough!"

With his words, the young man's eyes dimmed rapidly, he wobbled and fell to the ground with a thud, dead.

"Mu Tianhe is indeed powerful, worthy of being a seed contestant, overshadowing his generation in strength!"

As Mu Tianhe walked off the platform, murmurs arose from the crowd, all in awe of his strength.

To know, his opponent, in terms of realm, is not much worse than him, yet was killed within just three moves.

This level of combat power is astonishing!

The competitions proceed one by one, amid fierce battles erupting with waves of applause. Except for the seed contestants, the strength among the other contestants is evenly matched, with spectacular performances showcasing various unheard-of secret techniques and absolute techniques, leaving many amazed and thoroughly entertained.

The five matches of the ninth group quickly ended, with only four walking away from the Heavenly Demon Platform, while six remained eternally on stage, becoming cold corpses.

The kin of the fallen contestants are heartbroken, but can only accept fate, as sacrifices are necessary to obtain better positions and resources.

As the fallen contestants' kin collect their shattered bodies and leave the Heavenly Demon Platform, the competition resumes.

Group Eight...

Group Seven...

Group Six...

Each group fights intensely, especially the seed contestant of Group Eight, the strongest heir of the Eighth Family, who was nearly killed by his opponent, causing gasps from the audience.

The people of the Eighth Family are extremely anxious, hearts in their throats, palms sweaty.

Finally, the strongest heir of the Eighth Family became furious, activating the imprint left by his ancestors within him, unleashing part of his ancestor's power, reluctantly managing to kill his opponent, but suffering severe internal injuries, coughing up blood constantly.

This scene made the people of the Ten Great Families feel an unprecedented crisis!

This year's young generation overall quality is far superior to previous years, each contestant's strength is extraordinarily formidable.

If not for the Heavenly Demon Platform being built with special materials and protected by countless runes, it would have been reduced to dust in the fierce battles long ago.

"This generation of young people is truly unexpected!"

Exclaimed an elder from the Ten Great Families.

"Indeed! Compared to our generation, they are truly the Heavenly Pride among Heavenly Pride, the Demon Clan's rise seems promising!"

Another elder, Ye Fan, shook his head and sighed.

In their generation, having one at the peak of mid-stage of a Demon Master was enough to sweep the young generation, but nowadays, young strong people at the peak of a Demon Master are everywhere, and even a few have fallen after showing terrifying strength, how can they not be shocked?

After the fifth group's competitions concluded, selecting the five winners, it was already noon, with the cold sun hanging overhead, shedding faint warmth.

The entire Heavenly Demon Platform is filled with a fierce atmosphere and a strong smell of blood, with almost every stone, every rune soaked in blood.

"Take a brief rest, competitions will resume in an hour!"

The mighty elder stood out, announcing loudly, then directly left.

It wasn't until now that people surprisingly discovered that the Ancient Demon King had disappeared from his seat long ago, no one knew when he left.

Ye Fan and Zi Huan also left, since it was impossible to hold the second round of competitions today, staying here was meaningless.

"Brother Ye, there's a Xingtian's competition in the afternoon, aren't you staying to watch?" Zi Huan said, knowing the enemy well, to be invincible.

"No need!"

Ye Fan said: "I can guess the outcome of his competition without watching, he will surely slay his opponent within three moves, maybe even with just one move."

"Why are you so sure?" Zi Huan curiously asked.

"Isn't it simple? In the first match, everyone will show their strongest ability, striving to kill the enemy with one strike, lest others see through their tactics, this is something I've long been familiar with."

The two chatted while walking, threading through the bustling crowd, and soon arrived at the entrance of Ziyi Square.

Before entering, Ye Fan sensed a faint pressure in Ziyi Square, and his heart skipped a beat.

At this critical moment, have Mo Family members come to seek revenge?

To know, during competitions, no strong people from the older generation are allowed to attack contestants, but it doesn't mean they can't attack others.

Especially the Mo Family, their strongest heir couldn't even make it into the top hundred and was slaughtered by Ye Fan, now they are likely to act out of desperation, seeking revenge on Zi Huan's uncle, thereby disrupting his plans.

However——

Ye Fan quickly realized he was wrong, and wrong by a long shot!

Because it wasn't Mo Family members in Ziyi Square, but the City Lord—Ancient Demon King!

At this moment, he was having a joyful chat with Zi Xiaoyi in the living room!

Seeing Ye Fan and Zi Huan enter, Zi Xiaoyi happily greeted them, laughingly said to Ye Fan: "Xiao Fan, thanks to you this time, City Lord has decided to first help us revenge the Purple Demon Family."

"Really?"

Hearing this, Zi Huan burst into tears, she had waited too long for this day.

The silver-haired Ancient Demon King smiled and nodded at Ye Fan, saying: "Zi Yefan, well done, I didn't misjudge you, in this year's young generation of top ten greats, you will definitely have a place, I've come to fulfill my promise in advance."

"City Lord praises me too much, this junior is ashamed to accept!"

Ye Fan remained neither arrogant nor humble, maintaining calm even in front of the Ancient Demon King, equivalent to Supreme Holy Master Realm.

"Good, calm in honor or disgrace, with a mind for grand strategies, you will surely shine brightly in the future."

The Ancient Demon King laughed heartily, saying: "Rest assured, I assure the prosperity of the Purple Demon Family—as long as I, Ancient Demon King, am here, the Purple Demon Family will thrive forever!"

"And Mo Duo and Sword Demon families no longer have a reason to continue existing!"

The Ancient Demon King spoke lightly, yet had already decided the fate of the two families.

All this, simply due to Ye Fan's stunning performance!

Chapter 1950 Iron Fist Instant Kill

Brother Ye didn't attend the afternoon competition. Everything was as he expected; all seed competitors nearly defeated their opponents within three moves, without the slightest suspense.

Xingtian even dispatched his opponent in one move!

"Zi Yefan may be strong, but Xingtian is stronger!"

When Xingtian's match ended, most people believed this.

In their view, Ye Fan's amazing performance was an all-out effort to establish his reputation, but it didn't truly reflect his ability to contend with the strongest heirs of the Ten Great Families.

"If I encounter Zi Yefan in competition, within ten moves, I'll send him on his way!"

Xingtian even made such bold statements, showing extreme confidence in himself.

Regarding these comments, Ye Fan merely smiled faintly, without refuting.

By the day after tomorrow at the latest, all outcomes will be revealed. Let the facts speak, which is far better than trying to argue now.

That afternoon, Ye Fan did not practice cultivation, but instead sat quietly with Zi Huan at Fufeng Pavilion in Ziyi Square, enjoying a rare moment of tranquility.

Neither of them spoke; they simply sat quietly, able to hear each other's heartbeat, almost in perfect sync.

Zi Huan gently rested her head on Ye Fan's shoulder; her eyes were deep with love, yet she appeared less enchanting, resembling a pure-hearted young girl leaning beside her beloved, with a face beaming with happiness.

Yet within this happiness was a trace of subtle sorrow.

She knew her Brother Ye was not a creature bound by ordinary confines. Once the competition concluded, he would likely be led away to the Upper Realm by the Judges.

Henceforth, they might be eternally separated, unless Ye Fan could become powerful enough to shatter the barrier of the Great World or gain formidable strength in the Upper Realm, perhaps allowing them to meet again.

Otherwise, this farewell might be the final farewell.

"Brother Ye, Zi Huan wishes you a bright future filled with safety and happiness!" Zi Huan silently prayed for Ye Fan in her heart.

At this moment, Ye Fan's emotions were also very complex.

Regarding this world, Ye Fan could say he had no fondness for it, hardly any sense of belonging.

His sense of belonging was solely with Earth; only Earth was his true home in his heart.

However—

Regarding Zi Huan's affection, he couldn't reciprocate or provide an outcome, only capable of doing something for her before leaving.

The future is foreseeable; with City Lord's interference, Mo Duo and Sword Demon's clans are destined to become history, while the Purple Demon Family would inevitably rise strongly!

Silent throughout the night.

As dawn broke, the resounding horn echoed once more, awakening everyone from their slumber!

Each person rose silently, assembling towards the direction of the Heavenly Demon Platform, forming a dense gathering.

For the entire Demon Clan, such a competition was an unprecedented event, with everyone eager to witness the dragon and tiger clash.

Even if unable to participate personally, witnessing it was considered supreme honor, becoming a source of bragging.

Of course, many were here to learn, hoping to glean insights from watching competitors' battles, assisting them in breaking through barriers and advancing their cultivation.

At dawn, the surroundings of the Heavenly Demon Platform were already teeming with people, with heads of various colors swaying, showcasing the differing hair colors of the cultivators.

Cultivation techniques and styles greatly influenced a cultivator's appearance, as seen with Zi Huan, who had blue hair and blue eyes.

Other cultivators had black, brown, white, gray, and even purple hair.

Thus, gazing out, the entire area surrounding the Heavenly Demon Platform was a vibrant spectacle of color, forming quite a scene.

Hmm?

Some cold gazes swept over, sending chills down one's spine; Ye Fan turned around, discovering many were casting unfriendly looks towards him.

Among them, Xingtian's gaze held intense disdain, while Mosi's gaze was filled with violent killing intent.

Other elders had sharp eyes, emanating fierce killing intent.

Undoubtedly, these individuals blamed Ye Fan for the deaths of their strongest heirs in the Demon Beast Forest, whether or not he was the killer, harboring strong hostility towards him.

"Hmph!"

Seeing Ye Fan approach, Mosi sneered coldly, his gaze sinister and vicious, like a venomous snake eying Ye Fan.

Ye Fan remained unperturbed, smiling as he took his seat, completely ignoring Mosi's malevolent stare.

"Uh..."

Mosi was momentarily stunned, his face turning red; the opponent regarded him as nothing, like air, disregarding him entirely.

This feeling was akin to delivering a well-aimed punch into empty space, leaving him extremely frustrated and uncomfortable.

"Mosi lost face this time; they didn't even consider him at all!"

Within the crowd, someone mocked gleefully.

"Isn't that so? One is raging with anger, the other calm and indifferent, setting the disparity clear; they haven't even fought, yet Mosi has already lost three points." Another chimed in with a yin-and-yang tone.

These two sang in one voice, nearly driving Mosi to explode from anger, his gaze incredibly sinister.

Due to Ye Fan's astonishing performance yesterday, many focused their attention on him, watching to see if he could continue his remarkable feats.

It was crucial to note that, among the ten seed competitors, only he wasn't the strongest heir of the Ten Great Families; if he could endure to the end, he would create a legend, a myth!

As people eagerly anticipated, a powerful elder emerged, stepping across the sky from afar, descending onto the Heavenly Demon Platform.

As usual, after a round of encouraging yet provocative speeches, the competition officially began.

At this moment, the Ancient Demon King, City Lord, also took his seat on a soft chair, casually casting out the Holy Skull, letting it hover in the void.

"Sizzle!"

"Swoosh!"

Two beams of light shot out from the eyes of the skull, landing on Ye Fan and another competitor.

"Rustle!"

The crowd was momentarily dazzled, as the two vanished simultaneously from their original spots and appeared on the Heavenly Demon Platform, facing each other from afar. An intense war intent surged from them, sweeping across the entire Heavenly Demon Platform.

"Boom!"

The war intent seemed tangible, colliding fiercely like an avalanche, resembling a tsunami, shaking the entire space.

"Kill!"

The young competitor knew Ye Fan's terrifying strength, so he went all out right from the start, without any reservations.

"Buzz!"

A black demon hand descended from the sky, slapping fiercely towards Ye Fan, stirring up a gust of Gangfeng!

Ye Fan stood at the center of the Heavenly Demon Platform, unleashing his intense evil aura without restraint, instantly like a raging ocean, sweeping across the entire platform.

His black hair cascaded like a waterfall, his gaze like cold lightning. Despite standing alone there, he carried a commanding presence, supreme and peerless, overlooking the world.

"Boom!"

Ye Fan raised his fist, his Purple Diamond-like fist emitting dazzling light, one punch pierced through the massive demon hand instantly.

Then, with a shift of his feet, seemingly traversing space, he appeared before his opponent in the blink of an eye, the Heavenly Demon Fist swept across with an unstoppable momentum, fiercely striking forward.

"No..."

The young competitor was utterly shocked, instantly summoned seven or eight demon artifacts, some for defense, others for offensive, all aimed at Ye Fan's vital points.

He planned to force Ye Fan to defend himself, creating distance to then launch an attack with the demon artifacts.

However—

Before Ye Fan's Iron Fist, any measures were futile.

"Bang!"

The seven or eight demon artifacts shattered before Ye Fan's Purple Diamond-like fist, unable to withstand the blow.

The young man was horrified, as if he had seen a ghost, forgetting even to defend, Ye Fan's fist pierced through his chest.

"Bang!"

Ye Fan charged through, his clothes unstained by blood, the young man exploded with a bang, turning into minced meat, his Divine Soul annihilated.

"Hao'er..."

Below the platform, an old veteran cried out sorrowfully, his eyes on Ye Fan almost spewing fire.

Evidently, the young man killed by Ye Fan was his kin, either his son or his grandson.

But the competition is cruel, in the arena, it's impossible to show mercy; being kind to the opponent is being cruel to oneself.

Two moves!

From stepping on stage to the end of the match, Ye Fan used two moves. He did not employ any Secret Skill, nor used any demon artifact, merely relying on his Iron Fist, he instantly killed his opponent.

"Demon King, he's a Demon King!"

Many below the stage exclaimed, it was simply incredible, just two moves!

Though more than the first day by one punch, the first punch was completely meaningless, with Ye Fan's ghostly speed, the demon hand couldn't possibly hit him.

His opponent summoned seven or eight demon artifacts in succession, yet couldn't stop his pair of Iron Fists, it was shocking!

"Is his body a Holy Artifact? How can it be so indestructible?"

This was the question lingering in everyone's minds, Ye Fan's performance was truly astonishing, leaving them unable to comprehend.

How can one person's body be strong to this extent?

To ignore the demon artifacts, could it be he is extraordinarily gifted?!

On stage, the Ancient Demon King smiled and nodded. Though he couldn't discern why Ye Fan's body was so strong, he saw that Ye Fan was using the Heavenly Demon Fist Technique of the Purple Demon Family, long lost.

This is the most authentic martial arts of the Purple Demon Family, also the most powerful, not passed to non-direct lineage. Unexpectedly, Ye Fan cultivated this incomplete martial arts to such a degree, astonishing him.

Ye Fan's clothes unstained by blood, drifted like an Immortal, calmly walked off the Heavenly Demon Platform, came to stand by Zi Huan, silently waiting for the next match.

"How could he be so strong?"

Mosi was feeling a bit nervous, a little uncertain!

In two consecutive matches, Ye Fan defeated his opponents with absolute superiority, a bad sign, highly possible that he too isn't Ye Fan's match.

Thinking of this, Mosi was a bit uneasy.

Initially, he thought he could surely defeat Ye Fan, even cripple him, making him beg like a dog on stage, humiliatingly.

But now, his confidence was shaken, Ye Fan was too strong, completely unlike someone from a small clan, even compared to the strongest heirs of the Ten Great Families, he was not inferior, perhaps even stronger!