

Y Master 1951

Chapter 1951: Ye Fan vs. Mosi

When Ye Fan stepped down from the Heavenly Demon Platform, a gigantic skull suspended in the void began to flicker with light.

Then, two beams of light shot forth from the hollow eye sockets, landing on two young contestants amid the eyes of the crowd, disappearing in a flash.

"It's actually them?"

"Blue-clothed King Luo Landu? Yesterday he was overpowering his opponent, with the Holy Demon Seal invincible, rarely meeting an equal among the younger generation."

"That one called Ma Mingde is not to be underestimated either, claiming Ma Treading the Long Sky, undefeated since his debut."

"Two strong forces meeting, this match is destined to be incredibly exciting, perhaps even recorded in the annals of history!"

Witnessing this scene, many around were excitedly discussing, believing that the strengths of these two were very similar, and it would definitely be a wonderfully fierce battle.

"Boom!"

The soaring War Intent erupted from the two, both releasing their killing intent without reservation to break into the top ten.

"Whoosh!"

The crowd's vision blurred, and the two had appeared on the Heavenly Demon Platform, separated by a hundred meters, coldly staring at each other.

"Give up; I don't want to kill you. My goal is to break into the top ten, and those who block my way will die!"

Blue-clothed King Luo Landu was straightforward, his words carrying a sharp killing intent.

"Well, that's quite a coincidence. My goal is also the top ten, so you give up; I'll spare your life."

Ma Mingde smiled, yet the killing intent in his smile was undisguised, clearly a smile hiding a dagger.

"Then let's see the truth in our hands!"

Luo Landu opened his mouth, spraying a burst of Innate Primordial Demonic Qi, from which a deep blue Big Seal surged out, emanating a powerful pressure, pressing down on Ma Mingde.

Both wanted to break into the top ten, with no possibility of compromise; only one battle, the winner progresses, the loser is eliminated, it's that simple.

"Boom..."

The battle erupted, with Blue-clothed King Luo Landu and Ma Treading the Long Sky Ma Mingde fiercely clashing, both fighting recklessly and heedlessly there.

Demonic Qi pervaded, the Holy Demon Seal, like a great mountain, swept the skies, invincible, directly pressing down on Ma Mingde.

The Holy Demon Seal was densely packed with runes, flashing dazzling light, exuding terrifying pressure, as though the hand of a Heavenly Demon pressing down.

"Roar..."

Ma Mingde roared, ancestral imprint instantly activated, transforming into a Heavenly Horse, wings sprouting from his ribs, slapping the Holy Demon Seal away, turning into a stream of Flowing Light to strike Luo Landu.

Luo Landu showed no fear, his eyes shot out chilling rays of light, hands sealed, a gigantic fist like a mountain ridge soared, striking Ma Mingde.

"Break for me!"

Ma Mingde's hands emerged together, tearing apart the mountainous fist, his gray hair flying, descending like a Demon God, palm striking Luo Landu.

Void crumbled, gigantic palm overshadowing the sky as if Heavenly Punishment descended, Demon Cloud rolled, engulfing the entire Heavenly Demon Platform.

Pang Pang Pang...

The Demon Cloud resonated with intense clashes and angry roars, showing that the battle had entered a fever pitch, neither holding back, both going all out.

"Holy Demon Awakening, destroy heaven and earth!"

An hour later, a loud shout erupted from the Demon Cloud, a fierce aura of destruction ripping through the Demon Cloud, the Holy Demon Seal shrinking to the size of a bean, beam of Death Light piercing Ma Mingde's brow.

"I'm unwilling..."

Ma Mingde's body trembled violently, struggling to mutter his last sentence, and then his eyes quickly dimmed, falling backward, life severed.

"What a pity!"

On the battlefield, Luo Landu shook his head, sighing. His clothing was tattered, wretched, with his right arm gone, shattered into Blood Mud, blue long hair scattered, eyes projecting resolute light.

"No..."

"Child..."

In the crowd, many shouted, the Ma Family members went insane, crying sorrowfully, heartbroken to the extreme.

Ma Mingde was the strongest of the Ma Family's younger generation, the hope for their clan's rise, but now, this hope was utterly extinguished with Ma Mingde's death in battle.

"Swish!"

Several elders rushed onto the Heavenly Demon Platform, carrying down Ma Mingde's cold corpse, the erstwhile Heavenly Pride now turned into a cold corpse, rendering them grief-stricken, weeping loudly.

"Competition is this cruel!"

Luo Landu murmured softly, walking down the Heavenly Demon Platform towards his own clan.

This battle was a narrow victory for him; had he not fully activated the ancestral imprint at the last moment, it would have been him who ended up bleeding.

"I didn't kill him; he wanted to kill me!"

As he passed by the Ma Family camp, Luo Landu spoke coldly.

The Ma Family members were silent, knowing that what Luo Landu said was the truth.

In such a circumstance, everyone would go all out, no one would hold back.

Because—

Defeat means death!

Though he won, Luo Landu's expression was somewhat desolate, knowing that in the ultimate battle, he probably wouldn't be able to defeat Ye Fan.

This battle left him severely injured, his body nearly fractured, the Power of Death nearly exhausted, his final trump card was exposed, what could he use to defeat the unfathomable Ye Fan?

Luo Landu's steps were slow but resolute, his whole body exuding a strong evil aura, the crowd gave way, leaving a path for him to return to his clan.

Ma Mingde, unbeaten in life, now fell bleeding on the Heavenly Demon Platform, leaving people lamenting deeply!

The next match would be the highly anticipated battle, Ye Fan facing Mosi.

The two had long been at odds, once the battle commenced, it would inevitably be fought to the death!

No suspense at all!

Two beams of light descended from the sky, landing on Ye Fan and Mosi, indicating that the battle between them was about to begin.

"You insignificant ant, your luck has run out!"

Mosi let out a sinister laugh, his voice sharp and piercing, as a vicious light shone in his eyes.

Although he was quite wary of Ye Fan deep down, he knew he couldn't show weakness, otherwise it would be hard to win.

"Ignorant fool!"

Ye Fan snorted coldly, his eyes brimming with murderous intent.

"Today, I will surely cripple you on behalf of Young Master Xing, making you crawl before me like a dog and beg for mercy!"

Powerful aura erupted from Mosi's body, his voice like an evil ghost, full of resentment.

Being forced by Ye Fan to kneel and admit fault was a lifelong humiliation for him, and it had become his Heart Demon. If he didn't completely defeat Ye Fan, he would never be able to move past this shadow.

There was nothing left to say between them, only a fight!

"Swish!"

With a flash of light, they both appeared on the Heavenly Demon Platform, facing each other from a distance. A fierce killing intent erupted from their bodies, sweeping across the platform.

"Kill!"

Mosi, well aware of Ye Fan's terror, wasted no time on words and attacked first without any reservations, wanting to seize the initiative.

"Buzz!"

Mosi opened his mouth and spewed out a stream of Innate Primordial Demonic Qi, like a river stretching across the sky.

Within the Demonic Qi, a Killing Sword radiated fierce killing intent, piercing the sky like a Serpent Dragon, aiming to strike Ye Fan's Dantian to destroy his cultivation in one blow.

"Swoosh!"

Ye Fan flicked his finger, and a sharp Purple Light collided with the Killing Sword, shattering it instantly. The Finger Beams shot skyward, disappearing from people's sight.

"Oh my god, it's terrifying!"

"What kind of power is this? A mere Finger Beam shattered a Demon Artifact!"

Ye Fan's finger flick was terrifying, leaving the spectators wide-eyed and dumbfounded.

"Awoooo..."

Mosi knew that without using his trump card, it would be difficult to defeat Ye Fan, so at the moment the Killing Sword was launched, he activated the imprint of his ancestor within him, transforming into a massive Heavenly Dog.

"Awooo... Woof!"

Mosi howled like a wolf and barked like a dog, his gigantic body turning into lightning as it charged towards Ye Fan.

"Swish!"

Ye Fan moved his feet, leaving a shadow in place, sliding across ten meters before swinging his Iron Fist, luminescent like a Purple Diamond, aiming a fierce blow at Mosi's dog head.

"Clang!"

The Punch Ray Ye Fan unleashed tore through the void, striking Mosi's dog head with a metallic clang, failing to break Mosi's defense, leaving Ye Fan slightly surprised.

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

Ye Fan snorted coldly, stepping on the Chasing Star Step, transforming into a streak of Flowing Light, appearing beside Mosi as if traversing space. His purple fist, like the Thunder God's Hammer, slammed fiercely into Mosi's body.

"Boom!"

Mosi's massive body was sent flying a dozen meters away by Ye Fan's punch, crashing heavily into the ground, stirring up a cloud of dust.

"Argh..."

Mosi roared furiously, his shout scattering clouds in the sky. His enormous body quickly shrank but didn't return to human form, remaining in the shape of a Heavenly Dog, increasing his speed considerably, almost matching Ye Fan.

"Swish!"

The light flickered as Mosi appeared beside Ye Fan, his bloodthirsty maw aimed viciously at Ye Fan's neck.

"Bang!"

Ye Fan swung his large hand, slapping Mosi's dog head hard, making his palm sting, yet he didn't manage to crush its skull.

"Hiss!"

Mosi's dog head, transformed, turned and bit into Ye Fan's hem, tearing off a strip of his clothing to reveal the purple-golden skin beneath.

"Swish!"

Ye Fan opened his mouth and spewed an Innate Primordial Death Qi, which condensed into a silver stick that fell into his grasp.

"Take this!"

Ye Fan swung the silver stick, aiming it fiercely at Mosi's dog head.

"Clang!"

Sparks flew, and another metallic clang sounded as Ye Fan's silver stick was jolted high, nearly splitting the tiger's mouth.

However, the effect of this strike was significant, directly sending Mosi flying.

"Awoooo... Woof!"

Mosi was furious, letting out a dog-like bark, rolling on the ground, and continuing his assault towards Ye Fan.

"Uh..."

The spectators below were dumbfounded, never expecting a seemingly exciting match to turn into a man versus dog battle.

After activating the ancestor's imprint, Mosi transformed into a Heavenly Dog. Although it was his strongest state, it was somewhat unseemly.

"Dog Beating Stick Technique, First Move—Smash the Dog's Head!"

At that moment, Ye Fan recalled an amusing scene from a bestselling novel on Earth. He shouted, lifting the silver stick, and smashed it down on Mosi's head!

Chapter 1952: Mosi, Dead!

"Uh..."

The crowd below the stage was first dumbfounded, then erupted in laughter like a tidal wave.

"Beating the dog's head, the name of this move is simply brilliant!"

Someone said, laughing so hard they couldn't catch their breath. A serious and brutal match turned out like this, which was beyond everyone's expectations.

"Hehe!"

Zi Huan covered her mouth with laughter, shaking like a blossoming branch!

Brother Ye was too humorous, able to mock his opponent in such a brutal battle.

Xingtian's face turned livid, his hands tightly clenched, his knuckles turning blue, a fierce glint flashed in his eyes.

No matter what, Mosi was his top dog subordinate, being teased like this was a disgrace to his face.

"Clang!"

Sparks flew, Mosi was smashed down again by Ye Fan's stick, feeling dizzy and seeing everything double.

"Heavenly Dog Swallowing Dragon!"

Immediately, Mosi stood up shakily, shook his head forcefully, and roared, the huge dog head with a strong stench lunged at Ye Fan.

"Beating the lazy dog!"

Ye Fan swept the silver stick in his hand horizontally, like a mountain ridge crossing the sky, fiercely striking Mosi again, sending him flying, not allowing him to get close.

Bang!

A dull sound echoed as Mosi was sent flying again.

This time, his defense was broken, his body cracked, and blood spurted wildly.

"Zi Yefan is too powerful, simply unfathomable!"

"Mosi is completely no match, the gap is too big!"

"It's clear that Zi Yefan hasn't even used his true power, otherwise Mosi would have long been defeated and dead."

Everyone was shocked, marveling at Ye Fan's strength, all believing that Ye Fan's true capability far surpassed Mosi, they were not even on the same level.

"Zi Yefan, you're amazing, I want to marry you!"

Many female cultivators screamed with passionate eyes below the stage, wishing they could immediately take off their clothes and rush up to the stage to indulge with Ye Fan extravagantly.

Demon clan women are like this, lacking much shame, coupled with their worship of strong people, they could shout such words in front of so many people.

"Hmph!"

Listening to the blatant words from the nearby female cultivators, Zi Huan snorted coldly.

Although she was very confident in her figure and looks and knew Ye Fan wouldn't be interested in any other woman, she still felt a bit uncomfortable.

"Ah ah ah..."

Meanwhile, Mosi felt incredibly stifled, he had activated the imprint left by his ancestors within him and exhibited a phenomenon of reversion, able to exert part of his ancestor's combat power yet still was no match.

What made him most indignant was that Ye Fan never treated him as an equal opponent, nor even considered him a peer, but rather treated him like a wild dog to be beaten, how could he possibly endure this?

"Stop whining, face the stick!"

Ye Fan showed no mercy, wielding a long silver rod in his hand, dancing it wildly, creating a flurry of silver stick shadows, attacking Mosi again ferociously.

"Beating the dog's leg!"

"Intercepting the dog's rump!"

"Stick poking the mangy dog!"

"Drunken beating of the foul dog!"

"..."

With every move Ye Fan made, he shouted out a name, each hit connecting, driving the Heavenly Dog from Mosi had taken to run with its head hugged in desperation.

Bang!

Finally, Ye Fan swung the stick against the back of Mosi's head, causing him to stagger forward several steps, eventually collapsing to the ground with a thud, his head nearly shattered, his body drenched in blood.

"How about this move, a hungry dog grabbing feces?"

Ye Fan stood proudly in the air, looking down at the previously arrogant Mosi.

"Pfft..."

"Hahaha..."

The crowd below almost went mad with laughter, having never seen such a "spectacular" match, this truly opened their eyes and broadened their horizons.

"This Zi Yefan, truly..."

The Ancient Demon King City Lord shook his head with a smile.

The selection competition was always considered very brutal and serious, yet Ye Fan played with his opponent in such a manner, not even considering Mosi as an adversary, leaving him bewildered.

"It's unbelievable!"

"Mosi appears as nothing more than a clown, completely unable to pose any threat to him!"

"After this battle, there is no suspense, Ye Fan is destined to break into the top ten!"

After the laughter died down, people were amazed by Ye Fan's strength, believing he had the power to compete with the strongest offspring of the Ten Great Families, even able to reach the top five.

"You forced me to this..."

Mosi's voice was shrill and chilling like an Evil Ghost, he slowly crawled up from the ground, his entire body erupted with a sense of destruction, inducing fear.

By now, he realized he had been toyed with, Ye Fan never treated him as an opponent!

"Boom..."

Mosi ignited the Death Core, his combat power soared rapidly, his aura skyrocketing, although still in the Heavenly Dog form, it was entirely different from before, filled with intense evil aura.

"Is he mad? He actually burned the Death Core, even if he manages to defeat his opponent, he is still doomed."

"Is he planning to take his opponent with him to destruction?"

Seeing this scene, people exclaimed, but unable to prevent it.

Once the Death Core is ignited, there's no stopping it, although it can dramatically increase combat power briefly, it's a suicidal attack that ends in mutual destruction, finally dying as the Death Core is depleted.

"Roar..."

At this moment, Mosi emitted a mighty roar, the rolling sound wave pained many people's eardrums, some weaker Demon Clan Cultivators even bled from their seven orifices, fainting directly.

So powerful!

At this moment, almost everyone sensed a significant increase in Mosi's power.

"Zi surnamed scum, this ends here!"

After the furious roar, Mosi stared sinisterly at Ye Fan, with the Heavenly Dog form's evil aura surging, a terrifying murder intent formed a storm, sweeping towards Ye Fan.

"It indeed ends here!"

On the battlefield, Ye Fan was utterly fearless, confident and calm like a walking Demon Lord in the world, his eyes glaring, exuding a strong presence.

"Heavenly Dog Swallowing Dragon!"

Mosi roared towards the sky, the terrifying sound entered everyone's ears, then he transformed into a Heavenly Dog, opening a bloody mouth as if it's real, lunging at Ye Fan.

Although Mosi had used this move before, with the burning of the Death Core, his power increased significantly, this move's power also intensified.

In an instant, the sky was enveloped by thick evil aura, the Heavenly Dog's big mouth resembling a black hole of evil aura, releasing a terrible suction, attempting to draw Ye Fan in.

"Let's end this!"

Faced with such a terrible scene, Ye Fan appeared calm, the Death Energy in his body surged crazily.

Whoosh!

In full view of the crowd, he launched himself towards the rolling evil aura of the Heavenly Dog's mouth.

Heavenly Demon Fist!

This is one of the deepest martial arts of the Purple Demon Family, and it's an incomplete martial art, only able to exert maximum power up close.

Ye Fan swiftly reached the forefront of Mosi's transformed Heavenly Dog form, then charged into the Heavenly Dog's mouth.

"It's over, Zi Yefan is doomed!"

Witnessing this scene, the vast majority of people made this judgment.

"Brother Ye..."

Zi Huan's consciousness trembled, face full of concern, hands clasped in prayer.

And the Supreme Strongmen including the Ancient Demon King were focused attention.

Boom!!

At this moment...

A terrifying Death Energy surged out like a tide, carrying forward with bold Fist Intent, smashing heavily onto Mosi's transformed Heavenly Dog form.

"Uh..."

The sudden scene caused everyone to halt.

The next moment.

Before the crowd could recover, the evil aura-filled Heavenly Dog form suddenly vanished, the thick evil aura dispersed as if blown by a hurricane.

"Pfft—"

Within the evil aura, Mosi's body exploded, flesh flew in all directions!

Then, his injured Divine Soul was swept by the terrifying Fist Intent, vanishing.

One punch!

Mosi, dead!

Chapter 1953: Another Dark Horse

Silence!

Silent as death!

The battlefield was filled with a pungent scent of blood!

On the Heavenly Demon Platform, limbs and flesh were flying, a scene of utter chaos!

The once-mighty Mosi, even after activating the ancestral imprint and burning the Death Core of the cultivator's primordial, was no match, and was shattered by Ye Fan's fist, the scene was utterly shocking.

Many people's eyelids twitched violently, barely daring to believe their eyes.

"Too... too... too fierce!"

Someone stammeringly expressed the thoughts of the crowd.

Indeed, too fierce!

Just one punch, that purple diamond-like Iron Fist was like a purple sun, deeply imprinted in the minds of everyone, impossible to erase.

Absolute shock!

After all, Mosi's combat power doubled after burning his primordial, capable of fighting the strongest heirs of the Ten Great Families.

However—

Under Ye Fan's Iron Fist, it was like a chicken and dog, unable to withstand a single blow.

This result shocked everyone, many sighed that Ye Fan was indeed too strong, with an unstoppable rise and invincible posture.

On the Heavenly Demon Platform!

Ye Fan's clothes were unstained by blood, his gaze cold, walking in the void like a Demon Lord in the dust, exuding a matchless formidable aura.

"Hiss!"

He pointed a finger, a flame fell, burning Mosi's limbs and flesh clean, a pungent smell of char filled the air, nauseating to inhale.

Afterward, under the shocked gazes of everyone, Ye Fan walked step by step off the Heavenly Demon Platform, returning to Zi Huan's side.

"It's over!"

The Clan Leader of the Moss Family felt as if his nerves had been pulled out, slumping to the ground, his face a lifeless gray.

He knew, after this battle, Ye Fan would undoubtedly break into the top ten, becoming one of the strongest ten.

No chance for revenge against Mosi in this life or the next, and perhaps even suppressed by the City Lord.

Similarly, the Mo Family's Family Head also softened all over, slumping into the seat behind him, eyes shooting out a look of despair.

Both his sons died at Ye Fan's hands, the grudge as deep as the ocean, the hate towering to the skies.

However—

Once Ye Fan enters the top ten, it would mean the Purple Demon Family would also become one of the Ten Great Families, the Mo Family would be fortunate enough not to be oppressed by the Purple Demon Family before even thinking of revenge.

"Zi Yefan..."

Xingtian bit his steel-cold teeth, his complexion exceedingly dark, eyes flashing with a hint of vicious anger.

Mosi was his top henchman, killed just like that, without even forcing out Ye Fan's true strength, making him angry and also subtly uneasy.

"I refuse to believe you can defy the heavens!"

Xingtian secretly clenched his teeth, eyes fierce, deciding to personally act and kill Ye Fan with the most brutal methods in the top ten rankings match to repay the previous humiliation.

He could not allow Ye Fan to survive, even if Ye Fan enters the top ten, there is still a chance to kill him.

The dead have no value!

Once Ye Fan dies, naturally someone else will replace him.

By then...

Thinking of the exquisite Zi Huan yielding under himself, allowing humiliation as he pleased, Xingtian's lips curled into a cruel smile.

The battle concludes, many looked at Ye Fan with eyes filled with complicated emotions!

Some smaller families naturally hoped Ye Fan would win, thus changing the existing pattern, only amid turmoil could these small families possibly benefit.

However, those families who lost heirs blamed Ye Fan for it.

Ye Fan's strength exceeded everyone's expectations, definitely capable of killing most of the contestants.

And their heirs perished in the Demon Beast Forest, they naturally suspected Ye Fan was the one who killed their heirs.

With such complex feelings, many looked at Ye Fan with eyes filled with deep hostility.

"The selection match is cruel, if you are not prepared to die in battle, then do not participate."

The mighty elder's voice was like rolling thunder, echoing every corner around the Heavenly Demon Platform, shaking the hearts of many weaker cultivators, their ears ringing.

"If you lack such awareness, then why participate in the selection match, go home!" The mighty elder's beard and hair all bristled, voice like a lion's roar, instantly suppressing the discussions below the platform.

"As the two from the tenth group have just finished their match, a break is needed to restore and recover, the next match will start with the ninth group." The mighty elder's eyes were like copper bells, cold gaze swept over the crowd, announcing icily.

Holy artifacts have a short memory function, the aura of every contestant will be recorded, no longer needing the City Lord to personally activate them.

"Hiss!"

"Hiss!"

Two beams shot from the eye sockets of a gigantic skull, landing on Mu Tianhe and the young man named Baili Han.

"Swish!"

Mu Tianhe moved underfoot, transformed into a beam of light ascending the Heavenly Demon Platform like a Demon God, exuding strong aura.

"Come up and die!"

"The one to die is you!"

Baili Han showed no fear, directly opposing, arms spread like a Giant Roc, gracefully landing on the Heavenly Demon Platform.

"Surrender, or die, tell me your choice!"

Mu Tianhe's voice was icy, devoid of emotion, that cold tone seemed to come from Hell, carrying piercing killing intent.

"Go to hell!"

Baili Han's gaze became entirely cold, turning all his inner worries and fears into dense killing aura.

Fear is useless, only by battling to the death might there be a shred of hope, but if cowardly, certain death awaited.

"Whoosh!"

Both moved at once, turning into two streaks of lightning, violently clashing together.

"Boom!"

A burst of fierce radiance erupted between the two, like a burning sun, overshadowing the real sun in the sky.

In an instant, everyone's gaze was focused on the Heavenly Demon Platform.

Both were at the Peak of Demon Master realm, with equal cultivation level and similar combat power.

Who will emerge victorious?

"Ah..."

"My eyes..."

Some weaker cultivators screamed miserably, their eyes tearing non-stop, unable to stare directly.

"Boom!"

Suddenly, like thunder and lightning, the Demon Cloud surged on the Heavenly Demon Platform, Death Qi permeated the air, and beams of deathly light tore through the heavens and earth, slashing in all directions.

Both were as swift as lightning, touching and dividing in an instant, continuously bursting with dazzling light, various Martial Arts Secret Skills emerged one after another.

"Crane Shriek Nine Heavens!"

Amidst the rolling Demon Cloud, Mu Tianhe's long roar echoed across the sky, scattering the Demon Cloud.

Immediately, a gray Demon Crane swooped through the sky, its sharp beak diving down like a Heavenly Sword, carrying an unmatched murderous intent.

"Kill!"

Baili Han wielded a pitch-black Big Spear, stirring up a trail of gun light to meet Mu Tianhe's crane beak.

"Clang!"

The Big Spear collided with the crane beak, emitting a clanging sound, like metal clashing against metal.

"Sky Splitting Ten Strikes!"

Blocking Mu Tianhe's attack with one spear, Baili Han's confidence soared, the Big Spear in his hand transformed into ten thousand paths of gun light, unleashing vortex-like fierce rays.

This was the Baili Clan's strongest Secret Skill; those vortex-like fierce rays could easily penetrate the Protective Demon Gang of a cultivator.

"Bang bang bang..."

Mu Tianhe's face turned ashen, he alternated punches, and fierce Punch Ray collided with the gun light, sounding like iron being struck.

"Swish!"

A flash of light; Mu Tianhe's hand appeared with a treasure sword emitting light like peacock feathers, instantly delivering hundreds of slashes.

He moved gracefully like a feather, weightless, maintaining the advantage of striking from above, channeling his entire weight into the long sword, every strike carrying immense force.

"Die!"

Baili Han stood firmly on the Heavenly Demon Platform, like a sturdy pine tree, a rocky stone, unmoving, the Big Spear in his hand sparking fierce gun light.

"Let it end!"

Mu Tianhe's eyes shot out a cold light, his long sword slid along Baili Han's spear shaft, aiming directly for his brow.

"Yes, it should end!" Baili Han smiled strangely, appearing with victory assured, causing Mu Tianhe's heart to skip a beat.

Not good, it's a trap!

When Mu Tianhe noticed the fierce gun light massing around him, it was already too late.

No Spear Formation!

The strongest move in Baili Clan's Sky Splitting Ten Strikes, and the hardest to defend against; once unleashed, the opponent is bound to suffer.

At this moment, Baili Han wasn't holding a Big Spear at all, yet he exuded the aura of a Supreme Strongman.

"Shh!"

As Mu Tianhe's Sword Radiance appeared before him, Baili Han moved; a pitch-black Big Spear suddenly sprang from his shoulder, like a dormant serpent launching its strongest attack.

The black spear moved like a dragon, shattering the Sword Radiance, seemingly traversing space, appearing before Mu Tianhe, piercing through.

The scene froze instantly!

Baili Han held the spear single-handedly, pointing diagonally to the southern sky, blood flowed down the spear shaft, gathered at his finger, and dripped down.

The strongest Mu Family descendant, Mu Tianhe, was pierced through the brow, hung on the spear tip, his eyes scattered.

At this moment, everyone was stunned.

No one expected such an outcome, the heir of the ninth major family, pinned dead in the Void by a single spear.

"Clatter!"

The treasure sword fell to the ground, sparking a splash of Mars.

"Bang!"

Baili Han shook his right hand, directly shattering Mu Tianhe's head, the headless corpse fell heavily.

"Incredible!"

"Is the Baili Clan rising?"

"The young strongmen this generation are indeed formidable; without supreme strength, even the Ten Great Families can't maintain their status."

People were shocked, discussing fervently, all feeling extremely surprised; Mu Tianhe showcased the Ultimate Demon Form yet still met a tragic end.

"No..."

Mu Family members rushed forward, grief-stricken, lenses cracking, retrieving Mu Tianhe's corpse sorrowfully.

Mu Tianhe's fall signified the Mu Family's disassociation from the Ten Great Families, falling from grace.

Not only would their cultivation resources significantly decrease, but they would also endure ridicule and sarcasm from other families, something they had long held above.

In contrast, the Baili Clan was jubilant, the Clan Leader beaming, personally welcoming Baili Han from the Heavenly Demon Platform.

"Our Baili Clan is destined to flourish!"

This was the shared sentiment of all Baili Clan members at this moment.

"Another dark horse, uncertain whether he or Zi Yefan is stronger."

Many pondered inwardly.

Chapter 1954: Aggressive and Overbearing

The seed player has fallen!

What does this mean?

It means the rise of other families.

It also means that seed players are not the strongest; they too face the risk of falling.

In the tournament, there are always dark horses that emerge, cutting down seed players, and successfully advancing.

At this moment, the entire square was in shock; everyone couldn't believe their eyes.

Ye Fan defeating Mosi was surprising to many, but he is after all a seed player, so having such strength is not unexpected.

But Baili Han was just the strongest heir of a small and remote clan, yet he also had such terrifying combat power, which was shocking.

"I remember three days ago, Baili Han instantly killed his opponent to advance; his strength is truly terrifying!"

"That's right, now that you mention it, I recall his opponent didn't even make a move that day before he was instantly killed."

"After this battle, the whole world is bound to undergo major upheaval."

"The power dynamics will undergo an earth-shattering change!"

After Baili Han stepped down from the Heavenly Demon Platform, people were discussing and predicting a change in the sky.

The strongest heir of the tenth family had already fallen in the Demon Beast Forest, which is not noteworthy; perhaps he encountered a powerful demon beast or was besieged to death by many attackers.

However—

Mu Tianhe, on the other hand, was killed in a fair competition, with no possibility of cheating — purely a demonstration of strength.

"Hmm, not bad!"

The Ancient Demon King of the City, half-reclined in a soft chair, nodded with satisfaction.

The Demon World has been calm for too long, a stagnant pond needing fresh blood introduced, and the Purple Demon Family of Ye Fan and the Baili Clan that produced Baili Han are both excellent, with amazing potential, making him very satisfied.

This result also shocked the other seed players, making them feel that their status was threatened.

A person they initially saw as an ant could actually threaten their status, causing these seed players to feel especially angry and shocked.

"I protest, Baili Han must have used some sinister means, otherwise Mu Tianhe would never have lost!"
An elder from the Mu family shouted loudly with reddened eyes.

"Protest denied."

The Ancient Demon King's eyes narrowed slightly, shooting out two demon lights, coldly saying, "I only look at the results, not the process. Do you doubt my fairness?"

"This... the younger generation dares not!"

The elder from the Mu family trembled all over, feeling an immense pressure, lowered his head unwillingly.

No matter how strong he was, he did not dare to question the authority of the Ancient Demon King, otherwise, his fate would surely be cruel annihilation.

This kind of thing had happened before; the strong person who questioned the fairness of the Ancient Demon King, along with his clan, vanished from this world the next day.

With such a precedent, how could he dare to be presumptuous?

The competition continued.

The Holy Skull is absolutely fair, completely random in selecting opponents, giving everyone an equal chance.

This time, randomly chosen were two very strong contestants, fighting brilliantly, with rounds of applause and cheers erupting from the audience.

Eventually, a young man with a pale face and blood-red eyes, after using the ancestor's imprint, killed his opponent and won.

However, he also suffered heavy injuries, with his whole body cracking, almost perishing along with his opponent.

After killing his opponent, he spent half a stick of incense time healing on the Heavenly Demon Platform before staggering off.

Mu Tianhe's unexpected death in battle made Baili Han the dark horse, becoming the seed player of the ninth group.

The next match was between him and the opponent who previously had a bye.

Before going on stage, Baili Han secretly swallowed three elixir pills, instantly restoring his condition to its best.

"I will defeat you!"

The opponent who previously had a bye spoke with a cold face, his voice chilling, with his whole body bursting out with intense killing intent.

"I am one of the top ten, and you are merely a stepping stone for me to reach the top ten position."

Baili Han remained unfazed, his eyes as cold as ice, and with a flash of light, a black pitch-black big spear appeared in his hand, pointing straight at the opponent, with killing intent surging towards the opponent like furious waves.

"Stop the nonsense, see the spear!"

"Swish swish!"

The big spear, like a Black Dragon, shot out fierce and unmatched gun light straight towards the opponent's brow.

He was already injured in previous battles, and at this moment, entirely relying on the secret family inheritance elixirs to suppress the injuries, forcibly raising his strength to the peak, he could not last long and needed to finish quickly and resolve his opponent swiftly.

Therefore, as soon as he started, he exploded with his strongest combat power, without any reservation, directly executing the sky-splitting Ten Strikes with the big spear in his hand.

The gun light split the sky, demonic Qi rampant, and the entire battlefield was entirely engulfed in demonic Qi, people could only see two figures clashing like lightning, occasionally bursting out dazzling light.

Can Baili Han continue his glory?

This was the common question lingering in everyone's minds at the moment.

Undoubtedly, Baili Han is very strong; otherwise, he wouldn't have been able to kill the seed player.

But after all, he had just battled the seed player, and this competition was unfair to him.

"Die!"

Just as everyone was speculating, the voice of Baili Han, cold as ice and full of killing intent, came from the Demon Cloud.

Shortly thereafter, a heart-rending scream came from the Demon Cloud.

The Demon Cloud dispersed, revealing Baili Han covered in bloodstains, his eyes incredibly cold, with a cold corpse pierced on the black spear in his hand.

"Boom!"

With a powerful shake, the cold corpse exploded, spraying blood over him from head to toe, making him look like a Demon God with Qi Rushes to the Sky.

This battle cemented Baili Han's position in the top ten; only one person remained in the ninth group, completely unable to defeat him.

Under the shocked gazes of the crowd, Baili Han slowly walked off the battle platform, greeted by deafening cheers.

Next were the eighth group, seventh group, sixth group...

Each exciting match evoked rounds of applause from the audience.

Of course, where some laugh, others cry.

The families of those competitors who died were full of sorrow, as if the sky had fallen.

The competition continued, with constant victories and defeats, extremely tragic to behold.

Unknowingly, several hours had passed, nearing afternoon, yet the fight did not cease.

Soon, it was time for the third group, which included Xingtian.

Looking at his opponent, Xingtian showed a disdainful smile, extending two fingers and coldly said:
"Surrender, or die!"

The opponent was very stubborn, his eyes shining with fervor as he firmly declared: "Only death in battle, no surrender."

"Fine, I'll grant your wish!"

Xingtian replied indifferently, murder flashing quickly in his eyes.

"Kill!"

The opponent, aware of Xingtian's strength, unleashed his full power from the start without any reservations.

"Clang!"

With the sound of a sword, a golden bone sword appeared in the young competitor's hand, stirring a mass of Sword Radiance, weaving a large net to envelop Xingtian.

"Ssssss..."

In that instant, the sky was filled with fierce Sword Radiance, piercing through the Void, murderous intent infinite.

"Rice grain pearls shining too?"

From within the Sword Radiance came Xingtian's contemptuous voice, cold and filled with scorn.

"Clang, clang, clang..."

Xingtian casually waved, shooting sharp rays from his fingertips, completely shattering the Sword Radiance; none could break through his blockade.

"Is this the extent of your skills? Truly unchallenging!"

Xingtian spoke disdainfully, coldly.

"You..."

His opponent was shocked and angry, his strongest move easily broken by a mere gesture, inducing fear.

"Sending you on your way!"

Xingtian's indifferent voice echoed across the Heavenly Demon Platform.

Suddenly, before anyone's eyes, Xingtian appeared behind his foe with a palm strike, blood splattering, brain matter bursting, reducing a perfect head into a smashed watermelon.

Strong!

So strong!

The sight tightened everyone's Consciousness, looking at Xingtian like seeing a Demon King who would kill without blinking.

"Bang!"

The headless corpse fell at Xingtian's feet, making him appear even more extraordinary, like a Demon God exuding a terrifying aura.

"Provoke me, and die!"

Xingtian's domineering energy was boundless, looking down upon the world, radiating pride while glancing towards Ye Fan incidentally, making his intentions very clear.

Ye Fan remained expressionless, indifferent.

Xingtian sneered, then stepped down from the platform.

The subsequent matches were equally captivating, though knowing breaking into the top ten was impossible, competitors fought fiercely.

Because, even if unable to reach the top ten, persisting until the end earned considerable Rewards, benefiting the entire clan greatly.

Otherwise, knowing top ten was hopeless, who would fight so desperately?

Such a reward system forced all competitors to strive relentlessly, for themselves and their families.

Soon, the next match concluded, where the person who drew a bye faced Xingtian.

"Surrender, or die!"

Just like before, Xingtian was arrogantly superior, disdainfully overlooking his opponent, giving him two choices.

"I... I surrender!"

Under threat to life, the competitor who had drawn a bye begrudgingly chose to surrender.

"Hold on!"

As the competitor prepared to step off the platform, Xingtian's mocking, cold voice reached him.

"You think you can leave like this?" Xingtian said.

"What do you want?" the embattled competitor asked in confusion.

"Nothing much," Xingtian responded with a wicked grin: "Since you chose to surrender, crawl beneath my crotch then."

"You... crossed the line!"

The competitor was furious, his face turning red, feeling humiliated.

"Crawl, or die!"

Xingtian chuckled coldly, resolute in tone, while his gaze swept towards Ye Fan, exuding an aggressive stance.

"Let's hope you don't meet me in the competition."

Ye Fan narrowed his eyes slightly.

This was a sign of impending killing!

Chapter 1955: When One Prospers, All Rise

Too deceitful!

The young generation below the stage angrily discussed, all feeling that Xingtian was too much; killing a person shouldn't involve this kind of humiliation to one's opponent.

Even quite a few of the older cultivators secretly furrowed their brows, thinking Xingtian had crossed the line.

Facing the crowd's discussions, Xingtian remained unchanged, not giving it any regard.

"Grovel! Or die, tell me your choice!"

Xingtian stood high above, like a Demon God overlooking the ants below his feet, his expression cold, ruthless!

"I..."

The spare contestant shook violently all over, his face alternating between pale and flushed, showing an intense inner struggle.

Is survival or dignity more important?

"Do you think he will grovel?"

"Just fight, a warrior can die but not be humiliated!"

"That's right, anyone with even a bit of spirit would never endure such humiliation."

Below the stage, the crowd discussed incessantly, everyone's gaze focused on the spare contestant, unsure of what choice he would make.

"Thump!"

Under the eyes of everyone, the spare contestant knelt down in humiliation, his hands supporting the ground, inching his way between Xingtian's widely spread legs.

"Wh... what?"

"Did he really choose to kneel?"

"Humiliation, utter humiliation!"

The crowd was shocked, simultaneously feeling sorrow for the spare contestant.

For survival, all face and dignity were discarded, willing to endure such extraordinary disgrace.

A cultivator, losing their spirit, may find their future achievements halt at this point, moving forward no more.

"Hahaha..."

Xingtian laughed wildly, high-spirited, invincible.

He looked disdainfully at the trembling spare contestant crawling from beneath him, a face full of contempt.

"No spirit at all, what use is keeping you alive!"

Just as the spare contestant crawled beneath him, Xingtian suddenly changed his face, sneered harshly, and struck a fierce blow to the top of the spare contestant's head!

No one predicted that Xingtian would go back on his word, suddenly launching a deadly attack after his opponent already willingly conceded and endured the humiliation.

"Poof!"

Blood splattered!

The spare contestant groaned, his head exploded, divine soul destroyed, dying a wrongful death!

"Too much!"

"He already conceded, why do you go back on your word, suddenly launching a killing blow?"

Under the stage, many were filled with righteous indignation, demanding why Xingtian didn't hold true to his word, if he was going to end like this, why bother humiliating the opponent before.

"Once you step onto the stage, life and death are decided by me!"

Xingtian arrogantly glanced at the crowd below, coldly declared: "What? Unconvinced? Come up then, I'll send you all on your way together!"

Too much!

The crowd was agitated, almost eager to ascend the stage and give Xingtian a harsh lesson!

However—

They knew, this was a tournament, even if they were displeased, the City Lord would not allow interference with the match.

Ultimately, no one ascended the stage, the match concluded, Xingtian effortlessly walked off the Heavenly Demon Platform.

As he stepped down, he intentionally or inadvertently glanced at Ye Fan once more.

This time, Ye Fan squinted back, eyes undisguised in murderous intent!

Next, the Luo Yifu of the second clan and Tu Sihai of the first clan also won easily, showcasing an impressive might.

Each group now only had two contestants left, a random selection was no longer necessary.

Ancient Demon King the City Lord retrieved the Holy Artifact, coldly sweeping a glance over the competitors, casually declared: "The tournament continues, today we decide the top ten, then rest for three days and proceed with the ranking competition for the top ten!"

"Boom!"

A stir arises under the stage, the top ten ranking competition!

This will determine the ranks of the Ten Great Families, certainly another extremely fierce slaughter.

To know—

Those entering the top ten are not average people, to fight for the first position, everybody may reveal their bottom box Absolute Techniques.

The match three days hence is destined to be spectacular, people eagerly anticipate it.

As Ancient Demon King's words fell, Ye Fan's form flickered, standing proudly at the center of the Heavenly Demon Platform, serene and steady, without any aura, as if an ordinary person without cultivation.

Yet, no one dares to underestimate.

Now, Ye Fan has earned a nickname among everyone—Asura.

From the start of the tournament, anyone facing off against him has nearly never walked off the battle stage alive, all shattered, scenes blood-curdling.

However, this also thrilled the observing crowd.

Most cultivators from the Demon World are fearless and ferocious, accustomed to gore and slaughter.

In their eyes, Ye Fan seemed even more domineering, becoming the idol of many Loose Cultivators.

"Brother Zi, although I desire a duel with you, I don't wish to die, please show mercy!"

The Blue-clothed King Luo Landu ascended the Heavenly Demon Platform, clasping his hands towards Ye Fan, full of caution.

He clearly understood the gap between himself and Ye Fan, battling with strong people is his honor.

But if it cost him his life, he'd rather forego that honor, staying alive is of utmost importance to him.

Ye Fan smiled, casually replied: "Rest assured, I have once said, should we have a final duel, I would spare your life, my words will hold true."

"In that case, many thanks!"

Luo Landu's expression becomes solemn, he spewed out a long rainbow-like Innate Primordial Demonic Qi at Ye Fan fiercely.

In the Demonic Qi, a deep blue Holy Demon Seal sparkled with mysterious runes, enlarging rapidly, like a Holy Mountain, suppressing towards Ye Fan.

"Boom!"

Without hesitation, Ye Fan unleashed the Heavenly Demon Fist, fiery Punch Ray pierced the heavens, like a purple sun, shattering the Innate Primordial Demonic Qi.

"Holy Demon Awakening, Suppress!"

Luo Landu shouted loudly, activating the ancestral mark within his body. His entire being emitted a terrifying aura as he pointed with one finger. The Holy Demon Seal rapidly expanded, blotting out the sky and earth, exuding an aura of destruction as it descended directly toward Ye Fan to suppress him.

The Holy Demon Seal filled the void, runes flickering, imprisoning the void, pinning Ye Fan in the center of the Heavenly Demon Platform, unable to move.

Even the Chasing Star Step had lost its effectiveness. He seemed trapped in a quagmire, his movements sluggish.

"Too terrifying!"

"Such pressure! Few at the same level can withstand it!"

"Even the Tu family's strongest heir, Tu Sihai, from the first family, would probably have to avoid its sharp edge first!"

People marveled in unison, lamenting that Luo Landu was unfortunate. If he were in the eighth or ninth group, he would definitely defeat the seed contestants and advance successfully.

However, facing Ye Fan, his chances of winning were indeed slim.

"Tss!"

Ye Fan's eyes shot out two beams of silver light with a crackling sound. His figure swelled as he turned into a figure like a Demon God, emanating a dreadful aura of destruction.

"Bang!"

Ye Fan lifted one hand to the sky like a gigantic hand akin to the purple sun, boldly supporting the Holy Demon Seal that was like a sacred mountain.

"Crack!"

The Heavenly Demon Platform beneath his feet couldn't bear the weight, and amidst the flickering runes, it suddenly shattered, spreading a crack that extended far into the distance!

"Ssss..."

The crowd gasped, their eyes filled with terror as they looked at Ye Fan in the center of the Heavenly Demon Platform, their jaws almost dropping to the ground.

Everyone was already aware of how terrifying the power of the Holy Demon Seal was, capable of absolute destruction and devastation.

However—

Ye Fan had nevertheless held it up with one hand, preventing the Holy Demon Seal from descending. What kind of terrifying power was this!

Luo Landu was also stunned. He naturally knew the formidable power of his own Holy Artifact.

Usually, when this move appeared, even the older generation of strong people in the clan would evade it, not daring to take it head-on.

And at this moment, Ye Fan with just one hand had lifted the Holy Demon Seal. This power, this bodily strength, made his eyelids twitch violently.

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

"Bang!"

In full view of the crowd, Ye Fan acted as if nothing had happened, holding the Holy Demon Seal like a sacred mountain with one hand, stepping by step toward the petrified Luo Landu.

With each step, the Heavenly Demon Platform beneath his feet cracked more. In places he passed, he left behind a string of deep footprints and web-like fissures.

"Heh..."

Ye Fan shouted; with one hand, he hurled the Holy Demon Seal, which transformed into a stream of light, colliding with a distant mountain range.

"Boom!"

A loud explosion followed, dust rising in all directions. The massive Holy Demon Seal forcibly shattered a mountain range, sending rocks flying, dust billowing.

"Swish!"

Ye Fan, like a phantom, swept beside the stupefied Luo Landu, his purple diamond-like fist instantly piercing through his Protective Demon Gang.

"Buzz!"

The fist's wind instantly shattered Luo Landu's nose, blood flowing freely, while Ye Fan's fist stopped at the last second in front of his eyes.

"Gulp!"

Luo Landu's eyes widened further, then, flipping his eyes, he collapsed backward in fright and fainted.

"Ha ha..."

Ye Fan chuckled lightly, helping him up from the ground, simultaneously channeling a pure Death Energy into his body to aid his recovery.

"Thump!"

Upon awakening, Luo Landu, to everyone's astonishment, knelt directly before Ye Fan.

"Brother Zi, no, my benefactor, I, Luo Landu, surrender. From today onwards, I am just a dog by your side. Whoever you want me to bite, I'll bite without a word of opposition. From now on, the Luo family is a vassal family of the Purple Demon Family."

Luo Landu declared his allegiance to Ye Fan with sincerity, announcing from today, Luo Landu was Ye Fan's chief follower.

"Brother, stand up!"

Ye Fan's eyes were cold, his tone indifferent: "I don't need a follower. If you recognize me, then be my brother. In the days when I'm not around, support the Purple Demon Family with all your heart."

Saying this, Ye Fan deliberately glanced at Xingtian, and lightly said, "Unlike some people, I have no friends, only followers!"

"Hmph!"

Xingtian naturally understood Ye Fan was targeting him, but couldn't say a word in retort, only huffing coldly, the killing intent on his face growing stronger.

"Thank you, master, but I, Luo Landu, am a man of blood and bone. I will keep my word. You may not accept me as your subordinate, but I cannot overstep."

Ye Fan was at a loss; he hadn't encountered this before. When he took in Pan Jueming, he said he would be Ye Fan's follower, and now Luo Landu was saying the same thing.

It seems that the servile nature in some people's hearts is deeply rooted, and it's hard to change in a short time. Ye Fan could only tacitly agree.

"Luo Landu has backed a great tree!"

"With Zi Yefan as a patron, the Luo family's day of prosperity is not far off."

People discussed, and no one thought Luo Landu's surrender was disgraceful.

As one person attains Dao, his chickens and dogs ascend to heaven!

Ye Fan was destined to enter the top ten, to be noticed by important figures from the Upper Realm, and eventually soar skyward.

In their eyes, to follow Ye Fan was already an immense blessing.

The Luo family's members also secretly sighed in relief. They did not feel ashamed of Luo Landu's decision but rather felt it was immensely wise.

Not only did it dissolve the enmity with Ye Fan, but it also won Ye Fan's favor through lowering his own status.

In the future, when the Purple Demon Family rises to prominence, the Luo family will also greatly benefit.

"Brother Ye, thank you..."

In the crowd, Zi Huan felt deeply moved.

She knew.

Ye Fan had done all of this for her!

Chapter 1956: Manipulating Behind the Scenes

The scene fell silent!

No one expected that the match between Ye Fan and Luo Landu would end in such a way.

Without a doubt, regardless of the outcome of the match three days later, Ye Fan is destined to become one of the top ten of the younger generation.

And the Purple Demon Family is very likely to quickly rise and become one of the Ten Great Families because of this.

As Ye Fan's top henchman, the Luo Family's status will naturally rise as well, becoming one of the most sought-after top families.

After Ye Fan and Luo Landu left the platform, the competition continued.

Soon, people's attention turned to Baili Han of the ninth group.

Whether he can continue his glory and enter the top ten all depends on this ultimate battle. If he wins again, he will surely create another brilliance.

Under everyone's gaze, Baili Han and his opponent took the stage, without any unnecessary words, they began the fight directly.

On the Heavenly Demon Platform, Demonic Qi was pervasive, Death Light crisscrossed, gun light tore the sky, and Sword Qi soared horizontally. The battle was extremely brutal.

An hour later, the Demonic Qi dissipated, Death Light ceased, and Baili Han appeared before everyone, a black Big Spear pointed at Beidou.

At his feet lay a cold corpse, a penetrating wound at the throat, eyes wide open but turned gray.

"Pff!"

A soft crackle echoed, and the arms of eight hundred Arhats were severed at the root, with a clang, the Big Spear fell to the ground along with the arm.

"Rip!"

The sound of cloth tearing came, Baili Han's clothes splintered inch by inch, his body crisscrossed with deep wounds visible to the bone.

"Wow!"

A mouthful of fresh blood sprayed out, Baili Han swayed, severely injured, even his Death Core had cracks.

"Swish!"

A blur passed everyone's eyes, and the Ancient Demon King appeared beside him, his large hand pressing on Baili Han's shoulder, infusing a mighty and immeasurable Death Energy into his body to stop the worsening of his injuries.

At the same time, the Baili Clan Patriarch and several elders also rushed onto the battlefield.

"It's not a problem anymore, just rest for a few days!" The Ancient Demon King handed Baili Han over to the Baili Clan Patriarch and spoke blandly.

"Thank you for your help, Heavenly King, the Baili Clan is deeply grateful!"

The Baili Clan Patriarch clasped his hands in gratitude to the Ancient Demon King, and then with the assistance of the clan elders, carefully carried Baili Han off the platform.

The Ancient Demon King's action caused a huge stir, and people began to discuss.

"The Ancient Demon King never acts to cure anyone, it seems he values Baili Han greatly!"

"That's for sure, although Baili Han narrowly defeated his opponent, he still won, and despite being injured in previous battles, he managed to defeat his opponent under such circumstances—his potential is astounding. How could the Heavenly King not value him?"

"Another rising star is emerging!"

"That's called the river pushing the waves forward, and the waves die on the shore!"

...

At evening, the competition finally ended in Great Perfection, except for Baili Han unexpectedly entering the top ten, no other seed players were eliminated, successfully advancing.

It's worth mentioning that the third group's opponent, Xingtian, directly forfeited and did not participate in the final match.

He was scared, admitting defeat meant death, not admitting also meant death, so it was better to forfeit directly and at least keep his life.

Although this action would surely be ridiculed by the world, he couldn't care less, as preserving life was crucial.

The sunset urned the world a bleak crimson.

Due to the intensity of today's competition, many players advanced but were greatly exhausted.

Therefore, the Ancient Demon King decided the top ten ranking matches would be held three days later, allowing this time for the top ten participants to heal and recover.

"The matches three days later will certainly be more exciting; I must come early and get a good spot."

Many people said as they walked out.

"Nonsense, no need for you to say, who doesn't know the collision of the top ten will definitely explode amazing sparks. Remember to call me, let's go together."

People left the square with emotions, each returning to their residence.

Soon, the surroundings of the Heavenly Demon Platform seemed empty.

Ye Fan and Zi Huan also left together, heading towards Ziyi Square.

On the way, Ye Fan kept meeting young cultivators greeting him, he responded with a smile each time.

Ye Fan knew clearly that in the near future, he might have to leave this world, and to fulfill his promise, he must build good relations with the strongest inheritors from these weak clans.

In the future, even if he leaves, with the care of the Ancient Demon King and the support of these weak clans, the Purple Demon Family will surely rise rapidly and thrive.

With a powerful clan as a backing, Zi Huan's safety is secured.

This is Ye Fan's promised commitment!

"You've finally returned!"

As Ye Fan and Zi Huan walked into Ziyi Square, Zi Xiaoyi greeted them with a beaming face, his old face smiling like a blossoming chrysanthemum.

"Third Uncle, look at you smiling so much, even your wrinkles are stretched. What's making you so happy?" Zi Huan teased.

"You dead girl, what's with your talk? Are you cursing me to die?" Zi Xiaoyi laughed and bantered, not taking it to heart.

"Is it because Moduo and the Sword Demon Family have been wiped out? Our great revenge is avenged!" Ye Fan said calmly.

"Uh..."

"How did you know?"

Zi Xiaoyi looked puzzled, blinking his small eyes at Ye Fan.

He had just learned this news as well, so how could Ye Fan have known in advance?

"Oh, I see, it must have been that old Ancient Demon King who told you, right?" Zi Xiaoyi suddenly realized, asking Ye Fan with a smile.

"I guessed!"

Ye Fan responded calmly. He had already anticipated such things, so it was nothing surprising.

"Ah..."

Only then did Zi Huan react, letting out a scream, wrapping herself around Ye Fan like a beautiful snake, kissing his face non-stop like a little chick pecking at rice.

"That's great... woo woo... that's great!"

Zi Huan laughed and cried at the same time, tears streaming down her face, and then cried and laughed again, unable to calm the excitement in her heart.

"Brother Ye, thank you!"

Zi Huan actively kissed Ye Fan's moist lips, her tongue, like a spirit snake, voluntarily prying open Ye Fan's teeth and exploring inside.

"Chewy... chewy..."

The sound of sucking was heard, and Zi Huan's breath unconsciously became disordered and heavy, her eyes blurred, a tender emotion flowing, exuding a strong sense of love.

Ye Fan sighed secretly, knowing he wouldn't be in this world for long, so he simply opened his heart, allowing Zi Huan to kiss him passionately.

In a moment, their bodies grew hotter and hotter, an unnamed fire burning in their Dantians, the air filled with a confusing aura.

"Ahem..."

Zi Xiaoyi stood awkwardly on the side, unable to hold back any longer, and had to cough lightly twice to remind them to pay attention to the occasion, with elders present.

"Uncle, disappear immediately!"

Zi Huan released Ye Fan's lips, panting heavily, issuing an order to Zi Xiaoyi to leave.

Uh...

Zi Xiaoyi was very embarrassed, wryly smiling. "Can't you be patient for a while? I still have something to say!"

"Zi Huan, listen to what Uncle has to say!"

Ye Fan patted Zi Huan's shoulder, signaling her to pause and listen to what Zi Xiaoyi had to say.

Since he chose to bring it up at this time, it must be something very important.

Otherwise, he wouldn't have interrupted their intimacy so inappropriately, and would have quietly slipped away.

"Xiao Fan, Uncle knows you are strong, but that Xingtian is no ordinary person. In the ranking match three days later, you must be extra careful!" Zi Xiaoyi warned seriously.

"Maybe I won't even run into him, right? One in ten chance, how could it be so coincidental?" Zi Huan interjected.

"What do you know!"

Zi Xiaoyi said sternly, "In the match three days later, the Xing Family might play some tricks. Better safe than sorry!"

"Tricks? What tricks can they play? Isn't the probability equal?" Zi Huan looked at Ye Fan and then at Zi Xiaoyi, asking curiously.

"This is a piece of insider news I secretly uncovered, but it is said to be very reliable!"

Zi Xiaoyi looked worried and said, "This competition is deliberately arranged by the Xing Family, which is why Mosi is in the same group as Xiao Fan. Otherwise, how could a hundred people divided into ten groups be so coincidental? Mosi just happened to have a grudge with Xiao Fan, so they ended up in the same group?"

Ignoring Zi Huan's shocked expression, Zi Xiaoyi continued, "According to the insider information, this time the Xing Family wants to use Mosi to kill Xiao Fan, allowing him to advance, but they didn't expect Xiao Fan to kill him instead."

"Next, the Xing Family will likely arrange for Xiao Fan and Xingtian to be opponents, taking this opportunity to kill Xiao Fan and avenge the previous humiliation."

"Shameless, so shameless, how can they do this?"

Zi Huan was extremely angry, her pretty face flushed red, her magnificent chest heaving rapidly, exuding an astonishing allure.

"All the better, I'll send him on his way!"

Ye Fan said coldly, emanating a chilling killing intent.

That Xingtian had provoked him several times, did he really think of him as a pushover?

At the same time.

Inside the Heavenly Treasure Palace of the Xing Family, the elderly man cloaked in black appeared again, wearing a conical hat.

"That damn Zi has repeatedly offended me, he cannot be allowed to continue living!"

This was Xingtian's voice, filled with malice and fierceness, like a ghost howling, making one's heart chill.

"Dear nephew, this matter is not easy to handle!"

The black-robed old man shook his head, "The top ten competition may use a Holy Artifact to select opponents, making it difficult for me to manipulate."

"This matter is easy!"

The Xing Family Patriarch coldly sneered on the side, "After all, the Holy Artifact is an inanimate object. As long as Tian'er's aura and that Zi kid's aura are linked together, once randomly selected, they will surely be put together."

"The Clan Leader is wise, I'll go take care of it now!"

The black-robed old man was moved, quickly leaving the Heavenly Treasure Palace.

Chapter 1957: Ye Fan vs. Xingtian (Part 1)

"Heh heh..."

Watching the black-robed elder depart, Xingtian's eyes flickered with a trace of malevolent light, and a cruel smile stretched across his lips.

In his view, Ye Fan was already prey on the chopping block, and the competition in three days was a foregone conclusion.

"Everything is already destined!"

He murmured to himself, believing victory was firmly in his grasp.

...

"Boom!"

In the Virtual Space.

Ye Fan moved like a dragon, launching a punch, the intense Death Energy condensed into a purple Punch Ray, which blasted a distant mountain peak into dust.

"Awooo..."

The Bai Yan wolf ran over angrily from afar, covered in dust, with a bump on its head.

"I say, can't you take it easy for a bit? In the last couple of days, you've almost destroyed this Virtual Space beyond recognition." Bai Yan wolf said angrily.

Earlier, it was napping in the thatched hut on the hillside, but calamity struck from above, buried alive by falling rubble, completely disoriented.

"You arrived just in time, practice with me!"

Ye Fan said nothing more, directly unleashing a Heavenly Demon Fist towards it, the fiery Punch Ray filled with corrosive and devouring traits, ripping through the Void.

"I # ¥ % * ..."

The Bai Yan wolf was shocked, quickly waving its claws to counter.

"Boom!"

The violent Thunder Power met the Punch Ray, suddenly exploding with dazzling light, obliterating space.

"If I, the King, don't show my power, you'd really think I've been training in vain all this time?"

The Bai Yan wolf flared up, grinding its teeth while lunging at Ye Fan.

"Boom!"

"Bang bang bang..."

The Virtual Space erupted into chaos, not knowing how long it lasted before finally calming down.

"I, the King, can't take this suffering!"

The Bai Yan wolf lay on the ground, tongue hanging long, panting heavily while baring its teeth.

Ye Fan was covered in bite marks, his clothes were torn to shreds, looking incredibly miserable.

If his body wasn't as robust, comparable to a Holy Weapon, what was torn mightn't just be the clothes.

"I should head out!"

After resting for a while, Ye Fan changed into clean clothes and walked out of the Virtual Space.

"Farewell, no see-off!"

The Bai Yan wolf's voice called from behind.

Ye Fan staggered, almost falling, then took a step, appearing back in his room.

In these three days, whenever he had time, he would enter the Virtual Space to cultivate, gaining a lot, refining his understanding of the Heavenly Demon Fist by another level.

...

Outside the window, stars dotted the sky, casting a chilly Starlight, illuminating this ancient city.

Tomorrow is the top ten ranking match!

The night was tranquil, many cultivators were quietly meditating, adjusting their state, waiting for tomorrow's competition!

As dawn broke, a distant, ancient horn sounded, piercing the night's tranquility.

"It is finally starting!"

People were excited, rising, and heading towards the Heavenly Demon Platform, to witness this contest with profound impact on the entire Demon World.

Soon, crowds thronged around the Heavenly Demon Platform, bustling with activity.

"Swish!"

A figure flickered on the Heavenly Demon Platform, the City Lord, Ancient Demon King appeared, his figure towering, eyes like silver stars, exuding majestic power, his terrifying aura enveloping the entire square, causing everyone to feel a chill in their hearts.

The Ancient Demon King glanced at the contestants, including Ye Fan, in the waiting area, stating calmly, "The top ten ranking match will determine your own and your family's status in the entire Demon World, I hope you take it seriously..."

After a lengthy encouragement and urging speech, the Ancient Demon King finally moved to the main topic.

"This competition is of utmost importance; in the spirit of fairness, justice, and transparency, the match will first determine the top five, the rules are simple, by Holy Artifact to decide the opponents and the order of appearance."

After speaking, the Ancient Demon King released the Holy Skull, fixing it in the Void, emitting powerful aura.

"Let the Holy Artifact select the first-round opponents!"

The Ancient Demon King solemnly, reverently saluted the Holy Artifact, then performed Sealing, releasing a Demon Light into the skull.

"It's finally starting, who will be the first to appear?"

"If the tenth-ranked Zi Yefan faces Tu Sihai from the top family, wouldn't that be too unfair to Zi Yefan?"

"You're overthinking, there is never absolute fairness in this world, participating in the ranking match should come with this understanding."

The crowd excitedly discussed, anticipating which two individuals the Holy Skull would choose for the first-round match.

The Holy Artifact's choice was random, filled with many possibilities and uncertainties, nobody knew who would appear in the first round until the result emerged.

Just because of this, everyone was even more eager.

"Buzz!"

Dark light flashed; a vast fluctuation erupted from the Holy Skull, sweeping the heavens and earth.

Immediately, runes flickered on the skull, like Ghost Fire, flickering intermittently.

"Sizzle!"

"Sizzle!"

Under everyone's watchful eyes, two dark rays shot from the skull's eyes, landing on Ye Fan and Xingtian, then vanished.

The first match, Ye Fan versus Xingtian!

"They actually met!"

"There has been deep-seated animosity over the past two days, and now that they've encountered each other, it's likely a fight to the death scenario!"

"Yes, there will be a good show to watch!"

...

When Ye Fan and Xingtian were chosen, the originally quiet square suddenly became noisy. People talked endlessly, their gazes constantly shifting between the two.

"Heh!"

Xingtian looked at Ye Fan with a triumphant smile, as if to say: Weren't you taunting me? Today, I'm going to beat you like a dying dog in front of everyone, and then make you watch helplessly as I ravage your woman!

"A descendant of a small family from a remote area dares to provoke our Xing Family, truly clueless about the meaning of death!"

Not only Xingtian, but other members of the Xing Family also wore cold smiles.

And the families led by the Mo Family, wishing they could grind Ye Fan's bones to dust, wore eager smiles, as if they couldn't wait to see Xingtian kill Ye Fan.

"Indeed..."

Meanwhile, Zi Xiaoyi's expression was unsightly.

He had previously heard that the Xing Family had arranged Mosi in Ye Fan's group and suspected that the Xing Family would play tricks in the top ten competition, and now his suspicion had become reality!

"Utterly shameless!"

Zi Huan was especially furious, glaring angrily at the Xing Family members, clenching his fists tightly together.

Seemingly aware of Zi Huan's gaze, Xingtian gave a cold smile, his eyes intentionally or unintentionally resting on Zi Huan's ample chest, as if he was impatient to grope it!

"Who do you think will be the final victor between Zi Yefan and Xingtian?"

Suddenly, someone in the square raised this question.

"Isn't it obvious? Of course, it's Xingtian!"

"Exactly, even though Zi Yefan is strong, he comes from a remote family and cannot compare to Xingtian in terms of Cultivation Techniques, martial arts, and secret techniques!"

"I bet Zi Yefan will be defeated within thirty moves, and he might even lose his life on the platform!"

Following the person's words, the people in the square expressed their opinions, with the majority favoring Xingtian's victory.

"Xingtian is the heir of the Xing Family, extremely powerful, there's no doubt about that. But don't forget, until now, Zi Yefan hasn't revealed his true strength—who knows how strong he really is?"

"Yes, before the real results come out, one cannot hastily conclude that Zi Yefan will surely lose!"

A minority favored Ye Fan, but they were too few, and their voices were quickly drowned out by those favoring Xingtian.

"Do you think that Zi Yefan has a chance?"

Not only the younger generation but the older generation of strong people were also very interested in this battle, and one elder spoke up to inquire, clearly not optimistic about Ye Fan.

"No chance at all!"

"He is doomed to die!"

"If he can last ten moves, that's already a victory!"

Following the elder's remarks, many older strong people shared the same view, almost all believing Ye Fan had no chance.

"Ancient Demon King, what do you think?"

Just then, an elder suddenly asked the Ancient Demon King.

Swish!

Upon hearing the elder's inquiry, other older strong people turned their gaze towards the Ancient Demon King.

The Ancient Demon King is the City Lord of Ancient Demon City and one of the overlords of the Demon World.

"I think it's fifty-fifty."

The Ancient Demon King pondered for a moment and spoke.

"Wha... what?"

"Ancient Demon King, why do you favor that boy named Zi Yefan?"

"Ancient Demon King, you have always had excellent judgment, but this time, I think you might be mistaken."

The Ancient Demon King's words caused a stir.

"We'll know the result soon enough."

The Ancient Demon King gave a faint smile. In his heart, he actually favored Ye Fan to win but worried that being too honest would upset others, so he said fifty-fifty.

"Next, the first match of the top ten competition: Zi Mo Family's Zi Yefan against the Xing Family's Xingtian, please both parties take the stage!"

Then, just as the discussions were dying down, a burly elder spoke up, his voice reverberating throughout the square.

Whoosh!

Upon hearing the burly elder's words, Xingtian's figure flashed, leaving an afterimage where he stood, then appearing on the platform.

"Brother Ye..."

Seeing Xingtian eagerly take the stage, Zi Huan looked at Ye Fan with some concern.

Hearing this, Ye Fan did not give an assertive statement, but just turned his head to give Zi Huan a confident smile.

Swish!

After smiling, Ye Fan turned around and stepped onto the platform.

"Little bastard, I told you, you better not encounter me during the competition, or I'll make it so you can't live, can't die!"

Seeing Ye Fan take the stage, Xingtian's whole body burned with War Intent, exuding intense killing intent. The terrifying killing intent transformed into a sword of killing intent, locking onto Ye Fan.

"I also said, if you're seeking death, I'll send you on your way!"

Ye Fan squinted, spoke slowly, his voice like distant thunder.

Chapter 1958: Ye Fan vs. Xingtian (Part 2)

On a collision course!

Ye Fan's words were powerful and sonorous, his slightly squinted eyes flashing with a firm light, exuding an aura as if swallowing mountains and rivers, astonishing everyone with a presence no less than Xingtian's killing intent.

"The aura of Zi Yefan is so strong!"

"I feel a shiver from my soul."

"In terms of momentum, Zi Yefan is in no way inferior to Xingtian!"

"If not for the undeniable fact that he comes from the Purple Demon Family, it's truly hard to believe."

After a brief shock, the onlookers were in an uproar, whispering and discussing among themselves.

Everyone believed that in terms of aura, Ye Fan was in no way inferior to Xingtian.

This made them vaguely feel that this would be an evenly matched and exciting battle!

"Hahahahaha..."

Xingtian laughed wildly, each strand of hair dazzling, like a Demon God, his cold eyes shooting out a chilling light, coldly saying, "Sending me off? Are you dreaming?"

"You'll soon know whether it's a dream!"

Ye Fan's face was calm, his words indifferent, not carrying the slightest emotional ripple.

"You damned Zi, I admit you are strong, in the same realm, perhaps you indeed have the qualifications to fight me, but I won't give you this opportunity!"

Xingtian spoke coldly, "You are merely at the late-stage Demon Master, whereas I have already reached the peak of Demon Master, just half a step away from a leap to become a dragon, advancing to the Demon Venerate Realm, so what will you use to fight me?"

"For me, killing you is as simple as crushing a bug!" Xingtian had a condescending attitude, regarding others as ants.

"Realm does not mean anything!"

Ye Fan spoke lightly, "True combat power is above realm, and this is something you will never understand."

"Well said!"

A cheer erupted from the crowd.

A burly bald man said in a straightforward manner, "True strong people have the ability to fight across realms, a realm really means nothing!"

"Could he have hidden cards?"

Many strong elders exchanged glances, Ye Fan's overly calm demeanor made them have some doubts about their previous assumptions.

Impossible!

In their view, even among geniuses, a difference in realm was like an unbridgeable chasm, Zi Yefan, no matter how much of a demon he was, could not defeat Xingtian, also a demon-level genius, across realms.

"Good, good, good!"

Xingtian laughed in rage, uttering three good words in a row, his eyes chilling, "I want to see how your combat power is above realms!"

"Aren't you strong in physical strength? I'll crush you in terms of physical strength, to let you know what true strength is."

Xingtian's face was cold, full of mockery, "There are some people you shouldn't offend; otherwise, you will pay a great price, sometimes a price you cannot afford."

"You talk too much, come and meet your death!"

Ye Fan squinted slightly, his purple hair dancing wildly with the wind, his body exploding with strong killing intent, sweeping across the Heavenly Demon Platform.

"You're courting death!!"

Xingtian shouted angrily, moving in an instant, turning into a black light and rushing over, using a lethal strike right from the start, with no holding back at all.

"Hiss!"

Xingtian punched out, intense death energy condensing into a blazing Punch Ray, covering the front, as if heaven and earth were collapsing!

Whoosh!

Ye Fan wielded the Heavenly Demon Fist, striking out like a Demon God, his purple diamond-like fist like a brilliant star, crossing the sky, directly meeting Xingtian's fist.

"Boom!"

A loud explosion, like thunder, resonated, causing everyone's eardrums to ache, many screamed, covering their ears.

The Heavenly Demon Platform was filled with dazzling light, like a sun exploding, the blinding Demon Light making many feel a sting in their eyes, closing them involuntarily.

"Crack!"

The sound of bones shattering came from the Heavenly Demon Platform, making many people's eyelids jump.

"What, neither of them defended, are they going for mutual destruction?"

"It's just the beginning, could victory or defeat be decided in one blow?"

All around, everyone exclaimed, their mouths agape, ignoring the sting in their eyes, fully operating their Demon Techniques to resist the blinding Demon Light, watching closely.

Ye Fan's punch carried his invincible Martial Arts Will, unstoppable, as if piercing through the Nine Heavens.

Pure death energy swirled on his purple Iron Fist like Tao Marks, emitting a destructive aura.

Xingtian was equally powerful, with his realm at the peak of Demon Master, giving him a physical body far exceeding others.

Having tempered his body with Death Spirit Divine Liquid in the past, he was also very confident in his physical strength.

In previous matches, Ye Fan rarely used martial arts and secret techniques, solely relying on formidable physical strength to defeat his opponents, which made him very indignant.

This is why he didn't use any martial arts or secret techniques; he wanted to defeat Ye Fan in his strongest domain, shattering Ye Fan's Martial Arts Will, demonstrating his own power.

However —

The result shocked Xingtian!

Because...

Ye Fan remained unscathed, his purple diamond-like fist punching through all obstructions, directly blowing up Xingtian's fist.

The horrifying Power of Destruction spread upward along the arm, Xingtian could clearly hear the sound of his arm bones fracturing.

"Ah..."

Xingtian screamed miserably, his face twisted, he couldn't believe that even in pure strength combat, he was not Ye Fan's opponent, and by a far margin!

The light dimmed, Ye Fan stood proudly in the center of the Heavenly Demon Platform, like a War God, still maintaining the posture of a punch out, enveloped in a layer of Divine Radiance, as if the Demon Emperor was awakening, with an aura that swallowed mountains and rivers.

Meanwhile, Xingtian rapidly retreated, his right arm completely turned into blood mist, exploding in the air, his originally handsome but evil face now entirely twisted.

"What?"

"This is impossible!"

The Xing Family members were shocked, standing up abruptly, looking at Xingtian and Ye Fan on the platform with astonishment and disbelief on their faces.

They knew well how strong Xingtian's body was, even Tu Sihai, the strongest heir of the first family, dared not to fight him in close combat.

However—

Ye Fan actually blasted Xingtian's arm with a single strike, how could they accept this?

"Xingtian actually got his arm blasted, it's too incredible!"

"Has this Zi Yefan actually refined his body into a Holy Artifact?"

People were completely stunned, strong people from each family and loose cultivators all boiled over, not daring to believe it all.

Xingtian came from one of the top-tier of the strongest Ten Great Families in the Demon World, whether in cultivation technique, martial arts, or various cultivation resources, they were far beyond what a small family in a remote area could compare to.

Even in the rankings of the strongest of the younger generation, he could definitely rank in the top three.

But in pure physical combat, he could not match Ye Fan, the heir from a small family in a remote area, shocking people.

"Crack!"

The sound of bones growing was heard, as Xingtian operated the Demon Technique, his shattered right arm swiftly regrowing, restored in an instant.

At their level, as long as the Divine Soul was not destroyed, even if only a drop of Essence Blood was left, they could recover in a short time.

"You bastard with the surname Zi, you really exceeded my expectations!"

Xingtian said with a twisted expression, filled with resentment.

"This is just the beginning!" Ye Fan coldly smiled.

"Is it? I've said, to suppress you in physical might, I definitely will suppress you in physical might!"

Xingtian shouted, quickly swallowing an Elixir Pill, a vast terrifying aura emanating from him.

"No..."

Seeing this scene, many Xing Family members exclaimed.

"Tian'er, just use martial arts to defeat him directly, there's no need to clash with him physically!"

The Xing Family Patriarch's face changed dramatically, he urgently shouted, but it was already too late.

Evidently, although swallowing this Elixir Pill could temporarily increase a cultivator's physical strength, it must have some kind of terrible side effect.

"Roar..."

Xingtian roared, his voice like muffled thunder, resounding across the Heavenly Demon Platform, shattering the clouds in the sky.

Immediately after, his eyes turned red, emitting a fierce bestial light, pouncing towards Ye Fan.

"Buzz!"

Xingtian struck a palm, causing the void to collapse, forming a terrifying black hole, crazily devouring everything around, and lingering for a long time.

"Hmph!"

Ye Fan snorted coldly, his expression calm and indifferent, still meeting the attack with a punch, not even using the Heavenly Demon Fist, relying solely on physical strength to counter.

"Clang!"

They clashed with fist and palm, producing a resounding clang like metal striking metal, the void completely shattered, erupting with brilliant rays of light, a destructive aura spread out from between their fists and palms.

Ye Fan was enveloped in Divine Radiance, like a Demon Emperor, completely unaffected by the destructive aura.

Yet Xingtian retreated once more, his hand hidden in the sleeve trembling, with a shocked expression, emitting a dark light that also blocked the destructive aura's invasion.

This time, Xingtian's arm was not shattered again, not even a scar could be seen, signifying a huge change compared to before.

Even so, Xingtian felt a bitter self-awareness, although his arm wasn't shattered again, the powerful force left his arm numb and trembling uncontrollably.

On the other hand, Ye Fan seemed untouched, making it difficult to imagine just how powerful his body was.

At this moment, Xingtian's confidence took a massive hit!

Originally he thought, with a realm difference, he himself was the supreme Demon God, while Ye Fan was nothing but an ant beneath his feet, easily defeated, even able to humiliate Ye Fan as he did to the idle player three days ago, and then abolish his cultivation, letting him live out his life in shame and pain.

However, who would've thought that Ye Fan's body would be terrifying to this extent, not even the Body tempered by Death Spirit Divine Liquid stood a chance, and even after swallowing a pill to enhance physical strength, it was still not enough!

"In pure physical power combat, Xingtian is completely not a match!"

"More than just not a match, he is utterly crushed! No chance to retaliate at all!"

Seeing this scene, the crowd around discussed, all thinking that in terms of pure physical strength, Ye Fan could compare to Demon Venerable level strong people, Xingtian was simply not a match, even with secret medicine to temporarily boost physical strength, it was useless.

Listening to the crowd's discussions, Xingtian's face gradually became hideous, a strong evil aura suddenly erupted.

"Boom!"

A blood-red lightning suddenly struck down around him, creating six blood-red large holes in the void, like a purgatory blood sea, emitting a terrifying aura.

Chapter 1959: Ye Fan vs. Xingtian (Part 3)

"Boom!"

The world changed drastically, blood-colored lightning struck down, as if the apocalypse had arrived!

"Six Yin Blood Prison!"

Xingtian shouted loudly, and six blood-colored holes slowly rotated, turning into six seas of blood, devouring all living creatures.

The six seas of blood filled the sky, emanating a terrifying aura, pressing down upon Ye Fan!

In a purely physical confrontation, he suffered a great loss, almost unable to retaliate, being suppressed by Ye Fan's strikes, driving him to rage.

Now, he couldn't care about anything else, as long as he could defeat and disable Ye Fan, even if it meant going back on his word.

He was really afraid!

Ye Fan's terrifying physical strength made him feel fear; such a body was comparable to a Holy Artifact, unmatched among his peers, only absolute martial arts and secret techniques could kill it.

"Hiss..."

The surrounding people gasped, looking at the six terrifying blood holes in the void with horror, chills running through their bones.

Such terrifying secret techniques, how many among the younger generation could resist them?

Perhaps only Tu Sihai from the first family and Luo Yifu from the second family could resist it?

As for Ye Fan, it would be difficult to withstand the onslaught of the Six Yin Blood Prison!

After all, this was one of the strongest secret techniques of the Xing Family, with terrifying power, even threatening strong people in the Demon Venerate Realm.

Can Ye Fan withstand the Six Yin Blood Prison?

Under the expectant gazes of the people, Ye Fan moved!

"Swish!"

His figure was like a dragon, deploying the Heavenly Demon Fist, as if pushing six worlds, with an unwavering momentum smashing towards the blood sea, the blazing punch ray illuminated all directions.

"Boom!"

Ye Fan was invincibly brave, the Heavenly Demon Fist, although an incomplete martial art with only six moves, was extremely powerful, each punch seemed able to shatter a world.

In these days, Ye Fan's comprehension of the Heavenly Demon Fist improved another layer, although he still couldn't unleash the true power of the Heavenly Demon Fist, it was not to be underestimated.

"Bang!"

One slice of the blood sea was shattered by Ye Fan's punch, blood waves soaring to the sky, the void perished, and the light on Ye Fan diminished significantly.

This strike consumed a large amount of his Death Energy.

"Buzz!"

The crystal formed by the Death Energy in Ye Fan's body spun rapidly, flowing out pure, ocean-like Death Energy.

Under the surface of his body, the Tao Marks of heaven and earth flickered, sealing his vigorous blood energy, the silver Pure Yang Qi crystal also rotated, forming a perfect Tai Chi.

"Five Yin Blood Prison!"

After Ye Fan crushed a blood sea, Xingtian sneered sinisterly, shouting loudly again.

"Boom!"

Five blood seas emitted dazzling blood light, rapidly changing from a six-pointed star to the position of the Five Elements, simultaneously spewing out surging blood waves towards Ye Fan.

"Terrifying!"

"Strong when encountering strong, how can one fight this?"

"The Six Yin Blood Prison truly deserves to be one of the family's secret techniques, exceedingly terrifying, its power increased after a blood sea was shattered."

"Once this move is deployed, even those stronger, without corresponding secret techniques, might find it hard to escape unscathed!"

The surrounding people exclaimed, one after another, amazed, Xingtian was indeed too strong, although suppressed in physical confrontation, his comprehensive strength was truly peerless among his peers.

At least when the Six Yin Blood Prison was unleashed, it could almost sweep through the generation, except a limited few, almost no one could retreat unscathed under the Six Yin Blood Prison.

"Zi Yefan is in trouble!"

People cast sympathetic glances towards Ye Fan, all believing under the strong-when-encountering-strong Six Yin Blood Prison, Ye Fan couldn't possibly retreat unscathed.

As strong as the body is, without corresponding martial arts and secret techniques, it's all in vain.

Were it not for the competition, perhaps Ye Fan could rely on his world-topping speed to escape calamity.

But now it's in the competition, although the Heavenly Demon Platform is big, it's not limitless, giving him little space to maneuver, otherwise, with speed alone, Ye Fan could wear down any opponent.

In fact, Ye Fan was indeed in a dangerous situation, although the Five Yin Blood Prison had one less than the Six Yin Blood Prison in number, its power had increased, posing a faint threat to him.

In terms of real combat power, Ye Fan was not inferior to anyone in the young generation of the Demon World, unfortunately, his human race martial arts and secret techniques couldn't be deployed, binding his hands and feet.

His mystical skill was indeed top-level cultivation technique in the Demon World, yet lacked corresponding martial arts and secret techniques.

Only a set of Heavenly Demon Fist remained incomplete, significantly impacting the power play, even with Ye Fan's talent and comprehension, he could only comprehend seven to eight achievements.

No other choice, only a desperate battle remains!

Ye Fan swiftly calmed down, deploying the Heavenly Demon Fist, secretly activating it with the mental method of Triple Waves, the Death Energy within divided into three waves, striking out like lightning!

"Boom!"

Blood waves surged upon the Heavenly Demon Platform, this terrifying blood water, upon contact, flesh and blood dissolved, even able to corrode a cultivator's Divine Soul, extremely terrifying.

Faced with a blood wave, Ye Fan struck three punches in a row, pure Death Energy surged, the power of the three punches combined, pierced the void, directly penetrating the blood wave.

"Bang!"

Ye Fan was invincibly courageous, solely using physical strength to resist secret techniques, advancing towards the sky, like a Banished Immortal storming into a blood sea.

"Five Domains Combined, refine it for me!"

Xingtian coldly snorted, his hands combining, the five blood seas quickly overlapping, power soared, at once trapping Ye Fan in the blood sea, the foul blood within burning.

"No..."

Zi Huan was shocked, cried loudly and sorrowfully, tears suddenly flowed!

She was very clear that Ye Fan only had the incomplete Heavenly Demon Fist as a martial art, with no other martial techniques or secret techniques. Although there was the Eye of Death, how could he have mastered it in such a short time?

At this moment, she was filled with regret. If she had found some powerful martial techniques and secret techniques for Ye Fan earlier, they wouldn't be in this predicament now.

Ye Fan had a profound Death Energy, yet no corresponding martial techniques to maximize its potential.

"If you die, I won't live alone!"

Zi Huan wiped away her tears, and in her self-reproach, vowed that if anything happened to Ye Fan, she would follow him to the underworld.

"It's over, Zi Yefan is doomed this time!"

"No one has ever escaped from the Five Yin Blood Prison intact, let alone five prisons combined!"

Seeing this scene, many people secretly lamented. Ye Fan's strength and potential were rarely seen even in a millennium, perhaps even in several millennia, and now he had fallen like this.

"Five Prisons Combined, invincible in the world!"

"Tian'er truly is the extraordinary genius of our Xing Family, destined to shine brightly and bring glory to our family name."

The Xing Family members were ecstatic, wiping away the gloom from when Xing Tian was being suppressed by Ye Fan, showing cruel smiles.

"Brother Xing Tian is mighty!"

Many of the younger generation of the Xing Family were excited, shouting loudly, their momentum astonishing.

"Young Master Xing, refine that scum into ashes in revenge for Mosi!"

Mosi's clan members were also jumping and shouting, faces full of excitement and joy, washing away the previous sorrow and despair.

"Just an ant from a weak family, even if he made it into the top ten by luck, he could never contend with the Demon Dragon. Death is his final destination."

The Mo Family Patriarch wore a sinister smile, as if he already saw Ye Fan struggling in the Blood Prison, unable to escape, being refined into ashes.

Many older strong people nodded while stroking their beards, praising Xing Tian, a true leader of the younger generation in the Demon World, rich in strength and combat experience. When falling behind in physical combat, he immediately changed tactics to turn defeat into victory.

The Ancient Demon King, City Lord, frowned slightly. He could sense Ye Fan desperately struggling in the Blood Prison, but whether he could escape was still uncertain.

The Xing Family's secret technique was truly terrifying, borrowing the power of heaven and earth to crush opponents.

Ye Fan lacked corresponding secret techniques. Though his body was extremely strong, breaking free would not be easy.

Furthermore, Xing Tian was currently using his hands to Seal, chanting a spell, fully activating the Blood Prison's power to refine him!

Beneath the Blood Prison, Xing Tian sat cross-legged, chanting an odd spell, continuously Sealing with his hands, surrounded by a faint Demon Light, like an ancient demon, full of domineering energy!

"So domineering, Xing Tian, I love you!"

In the crowd, a young female demon cultivator screamed, her expression excited.

Evidently, she was quite young, only having eyes for Xing Tian's handsome and wicked appearance, caring little for his character.

Beside her, several other young girls echoed her sentiments.

At this moment, on the Heavenly Demon Platform, a massive Blood Sea was slowly closing in, the blood light towering, exuding a terrifying aura.

Should Ye Fan fail to break through before the Blood Prison vanished completely, he would likely never emerge.

"Xing Tian is truly so handsome and domineering; the Six Yin Blood Prison refines all opponents, who can compete?"

Many female cultivators in the crowd were gazing longingly at Xing Tian on the Heavenly Demon Platform, wishing they could throw themselves into his arms.

In truth, Ye Fan was indeed in great peril, surrounded by burning foul blood, emitting terrifying high temperatures, trying to refine him.

"All things come from Chaos, return to Chaos, Chaos births the Dao, the Dao births One, One births Two, Two births Three, Three births all things, all things come from One, and return to One..."

A section of the Mystical Skill's general outline echoed in Ye Fan's mind, the general outline of the Nine Heavens Profound Skill, explaining the Dao of all things, transcending beyond, overlooking the universe and its beings.

At that moment, an epiphany arose within Ye Fan, he began moving subconsciously, soothing his body, his purple diamond-like body exuding a crystalline luster.

Though he hadn't used the Xuandi Fist, all techniques were interconnected; with newfound understanding, Ye Fan executed the Heavenly Demon Fist effortlessly.

This was a tempering that strengthened his Martial Arts Will, clear and stainless, glowing like an Immortal Stone!

"Boom!"

Ye Fan's purple hair stood on end, his gaze imposing and far-reaching, like a Demon Lord across time, the six forms of the Heavenly Demon Fist shattered the ancient heavens, breaking the Five Prisons Combined Blood Prison, emerging like a Demon God killing his way out.

"Bang!"

Upon stepping out from the Blood Prison, Ye Fan's first move was to use the Chasing Star Step, appearing as if traveling through the Void, in front of the cross-legged Xing Tian at the center of the Heavenly Demon Platform, smashing his head with one punch.

"Ah..."

Xing Tian let out a miserable scream, his skull shattered, body broken, blood splattering, under Ye Fan's fierce punch, turning into Blood Mud.

"Hiss..."

Everyone around couldn't help but gasp, looking terrified at Ye Fan on the Heavenly Demon Platform like a Demon God, barely believing their eyes.

Just moments ago, people thought Ye Fan was surely doomed.

Unexpectedly, in a sudden reversal, Ye Fan broke through the Five Prisons Combined Five Yin Blood Prison, charging out like a Killing God, shattering Xing Tian with a single punch.

"Xing Tian... was killed?" someone exclaimed, breaking the silence.

"Oh my god! Am I seeing this right?"

"I must be seeing things; how could Young Master Xing, full of heavenly charisma, possibly be dead?"

The previously excited young demon girls were now completely petrified, unable to believe their eyes.

"Impossible, this can't be possible..."

A demon girl was beyond shocked, her eyes soulless, staring blankly at Ye Fan's towering figure on the Heavenly Demon Platform.

The scene was too shocking, leaving everyone dumbfounded!

Chapter 1960: Ye Fan vs. Xingtian IV

The scene fell silent, as a bloody stench spread in the air.

On the Heavenly Demon Platform, a towering figure stood proudly!

Ye Fan's hair shone brilliantly, his body shrouded in a layer of Purple Light, like an eternal Demon Lord crossing realms to descend, with an air of swallowing mountains and rivers, overlooking the world.

Everyone thought Xingtian was doomed. Even his head had been blown apart; no matter how strong his physique was, it was impossible for him to survive.

However—

Ye Fan knew that Xingtian was not dead.

When he struck Xingtian's head, he had felt a strange ripple—Xingtian's Divine Soul seemed to have been swept away by something!

At this moment, he stood proudly atop the Heavenly Demon Platform, pushing his spiritual sense to the limit and covering the entire Heavenly Demon Platform!

Without a doubt, as long as Xingtian resurrected, he would definitely appear on the Heavenly Demon Platform. Otherwise, it would count as losing the match, and this was something he could not tolerate.

Besides, Ye Fan also understood that the reason he had been able to blast Xingtian with one punch was mainly because he had caught the other party off guard, without giving him any time to react.

Once Xingtian reacted, relying on his endless stream of martial arts and secret techniques, the battle would become extremely difficult.

Sure enough!

From the northwest direction came an abnormal ripple in the Void, as if something was about to emerge from it.

"I really didn't expect that a mere ant would actually make me waste a Death Replacement Talisman, but I will never give you another chance."

A deep roar came from the Void, like an Elder Gu Evil Spirit returning, breaking its chains and charging out of Hell.

"Buzz!"

The Void split open, and Xingtian, covered in blood, walked out from within.

His hair was disheveled, blood light shot from his eyes, and a thick evil aura surged from his body, truly like an awakened Demon.

"No wonder he could come back from the dead. So he used a Death Replacement Talisman!"

Seeing this scene, everyone suddenly understood.

Just now, when Xingtian was killed, the Xing Family member had not been particularly worried, not even showing any reaction. It turned out they had long known that Xingtian carried a Death Replacement Talisman on him that could block a single killing calamity.

However, Xingtian felt a great pang of heartache as well. The Death Replacement Talisman was incomparably precious; the entire Xing Family only had three, and they had been bestowed by an envoy from the Upper Realm in appreciation of the Xing Family's potential.

In the Demon World, no one could forge Death Replacement Talismans.

It was a one-use consumable. Once used, it was gone, equivalent to a Cultivator's entire life.

"Have you decided how you want to die?"

Xingtian spoke, his voice low and deep.

"If I can kill you once, I can kill you a second time!"

Ye Fan replied coldly, while readying himself for battle. The Death Energy within him boiled, and two beams of silver light shot from his eyes, piercing through the Void.

"Blood Demon Slash!"

Xingtian roared, looking like a mad demon. He raised his palm like a blade and slashed at Ye Fan, a fierce sword light stirring up a boundless tide of blood.

"Boom!"

Ye Fan moved, still using the Heavenly Demon Fist. Aside from the Heavenly Demon Fist, he had no other martial arts.

Yet the blazing Punch Ray still shattered Xingtian's sword light. The two streams of Death Energy collided, annihilating the Void.

"I don't believe I can't kill you!"

Xingtian's face twisted ferociously as he unleashed all kinds of martial arts and secret techniques in succession, attacking Ye Fan!

In the face of that endless barrage of martial arts and secret techniques, Ye Fan instantly fell into disadvantage, danger looming at every step. Relying solely on the six incomplete moves of the Heavenly Demon Fist, he simply could not contend with Xingtian.

"Pff!"

Under Xingtian's fierce offensive, Ye Fan suffered grievous injuries. A sharp sword light split open his chest, purple blood spraying into the air, nearly tearing him open from chest to belly!

"Ah..."

Zi Huan cried out in alarm, then hurriedly clamped both hands over her small mouth, tears welling in her eyes.

Zi Xiaoyi's face was also full of worry. He knew very well that Ye Fan was suffering because of his lack of martial arts and secret techniques. If Ye Fan possessed the same martial arts and secret techniques, this situation would never have happened.

At this moment, everyone else also understood. Ye Fan only had those few moves that he cycled through again and again. Although their power was immense, once the opponent grasped their pattern, danger abounded.

"What a pity. If he had corresponding martial arts and secret techniques, he would never have ended up like this!"

"The Xiao family still lacks deep foundations. They may have great strength, but without matching secret techniques, they are destined to fall!"

"I dare bet that if Zi Yefan had powerful martial arts or secret techniques, the final victor would definitely be him, not Xingtian!"

Many people sighed and lamented, feeling that Ye Fan's fate was unfair and regrettable.

He had not lost in terms of strength, but in the severe lack of martial arts and secret techniques. With only those six moves to use over and over, how could he possibly withstand Xingtian's endless martial arts and secret techniques?

"Gate of Death!"

The more Xingtian fought, the more excited he became. With a loud shout, he unleashed another secret technique. A pitch-black hole appeared in the Void and instantly swallowed Ye Fan.

"No..."

Zi Huan cried out, tears pouring down like rain. This time she no longer restrained her emotions and burst into loud sobs.

"We've wronged him!"

Zi Xiaoyi's face was also wet with tears, as he murmured under his breath.

He understood clearly in his heart that if the Purple Demon Family had acknowledged Ye Fan's potential a little earlier and given him some of the clan's powerful martial arts and secret techniques, the situation might have been completely different.

Now, no matter what anyone says, it's already too late.

"To hell with clan honor, to hell with dignity—I don't want any of it. I just want Brother Ye to live, as long as he can be safe and sound. I'm willing to die in his place!"

Zi Huan cried her heart out, her voice choked and broken, but it clearly laid bare her heart, making many people turn to look at her.

The Demon Clan was an extremely selfish race by nature; for their own利益, they could sacrifice everything—even the lives of their own kin.

To have such a lover, willing to give up her own life for the one she loves, was truly rare and precious among the Demon Clan.

Inside the Gate of Death, Ye Fan ran into an unprecedented crisis. The Power of Death was like steel blades, bit by bit consuming his Life Force. If it had been an ordinary person, they'd probably have turned to pus and blood in an instant.

In the Void, the Gate of Death was like a black hole, devouring all things, spreading a terrifying pressure that filled many hearts with fear.

Even some older generation strong people wore grave expressions. This kind of secret technique was too heaven-defying; even for them, once they fell into the Gate of Death, it would be extremely hard to escape.

"It's over, this time Zi Yefan is dead for sure!"

"The Gate of Death connects to the Death Realm. No one can survive after being swallowed by it."

"What a pity, such a youth with limitless potential. If he hadn't run into Xingtian, his future achievements would have been immeasurable—he might even have been acknowledged by strong people from the Upper Realm!"

People discussed in succession; they all felt Ye Fan was doomed this time. The fact that he had broken through the Six Yin Blood Prison of Five Prisons Combined had already exceeded many people's expectations.

However, the goddess of luck could not possibly always favor him.

If he could still break free from the Gate of Death, then that would truly be a miracle.

A miracle, huh?

"Boom!"

A terrifying evil aura surged out, and the Gate of Death in the Void shattered in an instant, erupting with dazzling light, like a blazing sun exploding.

"Ah..."

"My eyes..."

Many people had blood streaming from their eyes from the sudden intense light, screaming miserably as they hurriedly shut their eyes.

Even some older generation strong people squinted their eyes, not daring to look directly at that blinding radiance.

"What's going on?"

The distant crowd was stunned. After the strong light faded, they all raised their heads to look toward the Void...

They saw, amid the ruins of destruction, a lone figure standing proudly. Though he looked battered, his whole body covered in wounds, he had nevertheless appeared.

In that instant, everyone was stunned, each of them dumbfounded.

Ye Fan's life was too hard to snuff out. He had broken out of desperate deathtraps twice in a row; even the Gate of Death had been shattered by him. It was simply horrifying—if you told this story, people might not even believe it.

"A genius among geniuses, a demon among demons!"

Even the Ancient Demon King was shocked at this moment, staring in disbelief at Ye Fan, who looked like an eternal Demon Lord, murmuring under his breath.

Even he had thought earlier that Ye Fan would have a hard time surviving—the Gate of Death was an extremely terrifying secret technique. If it had been cast by a strong person at the Demon Venerate Realm, even he would have had to avoid its edge for a time.

Yet—

Ye Fan actually endured it. Not only did he endure it, he even shattered the Gate of Death!

"How can this be?"

The Xing Family member was shocked, for the first time revealing a solemn expression.

They felt uneasy—Zi Yefan's Life Force was too tenacious; even the Gate of Death hadn't been able to completely grind him away.

The people of the Mosi clan and the Mo Family member were shocked to an unimaginable degree; their jaws nearly hit their feet. Looking at Ye Fan in the Void, they felt despair for the first time.

"Brother Ye..."

Zi Huan once again burst into tears, but this time it was from excitement. Ye Fan had once more escaped from peril, making this Witch, who had never feared anything, start to believe from the bottom of her heart that there truly was a destiny in the dark.

"Swish!"

The moment Ye Fan shattered the Gate of Death, Xingtian shot away like a startled bird, fleeing at top speed. He no longer had a Death Replacement Talisman; he absolutely could not allow himself to be killed by Ye Fan again.

"You really have a hard life, don't you!"

Xingtian's face twisted ferociously as he said viciously, "If you had died in the Gate of Death, that would have been so perfect."

"Killing me isn't that easy! The one who should die is you!"

Ye Fan circulated his Mystical Skill, and his injuries recovered in an instant. He spoke coldly.

"Kill me? You think that's possible?"

Xingtian threw his head back in wild laughter and said, "Even if you managed to break free of the Gate of Death, in the end you still have to die!"

As he spoke, a flash of light appeared above Xingtian's head, revealing an ancient, simple Bone Mirror, seemingly polished from the forehead bone of some peerless strong person. It was crystal clear, emanating terrifying waves as vast as an ocean.

"The Death Light Mirror?"

"Not good, back off, now!"

Directly in front of Xingtian, many onlooking Cultivators cried out in alarm. Chickens flew and dogs jumped as they quickly opened up a path.

"The Death Light Mirror is a Holy Artifact that the Xing Family ancestor brought back when he led an expedition to the Human Race's Lin Xian Star Domain. It's extremely terrifying."

"They say he killed a Supreme Holy Master of the Human Race, then used that Human Supreme Holy Master's forehead bone to polish and perform Sacrificial Refinement on this mirror. It contains his Law within. Once activated, it can emit Death Light that dissolves all things—its terror is beyond words!"

The moment they saw that Bone Mirror above Xingtian's head, many people turned pale with fright. Those Cultivators who knew of this Holy Artifact began to discuss it in shock as they scrambled to get away.