

Y Master 1961

Chapter 1961: Ye Fan vs Xingtian (5)

In the void, Xingtian had disheveled hair, looking like an Evil Ghost.

Suspended above his head was a sparkling Bone Mirror, radiating an ocean-like terrifying power!

At this moment, Xingtian looked down on the world, exuding confidence and superiority.

Upon witnessing this scene, Luo Yifu and Tu Sihai could not help but change their expressions; even they found it difficult to withstand the onslaught of such a Holy Artifact, and they dared not be caught by the Death Light.

Xingtian unexpectedly brought such a powerful Holy Artifact to this competition, with a clear intent to target the two of them. However, he didn't anticipate Ye Fan's strength, which forced him to reveal his trump card ahead of time.

Not only them, but even their clansmen were astonished with fear, secretly grateful that Xingtian exposed the Death Light Mirror in advance; otherwise, their heirs would have suffered greatly.

"Sir Xing, you're playing dirty, aren't you? Alright, we'll play along." The Clan Leaders of the Tu and Luo families looked towards the Xing Family's camp and said viciously.

"Give the Nine Demon Tower to Sihai!"

Following the Tu Family Patriarch's command, a Supreme Elder within the clan flashed a light in his hand, producing a nine-tiered Bone Tower emitting terrifying pressure, and handed it to Tu Sihai.

"Bring out the Heavenly Sound Funeral Bell!"

The Luo Family Patriarch also spoke up.

Soon, a bone bell the size of a fist appeared in his hand. He solemnly gave it to Luo Yifu, saying, "If you encounter an invincible opponent, activate this bell!"

Hua!

Suddenly, there was an uproar among the onlookers, as the three families handed their Clan Treasures to their heirs, ensuring that this competition would be exceptionally fierce.

"You damn Zi-branded scum, if you can survive this time, it would definitely be a miracle!"

In the void, Xingtian's venomous voice resounded again.

Ye Fan frowned. Facing the Death Light Mirror, he indeed felt his life threatened; it was definitely an extremely terrifying Holy Artifact.

The scene was silent, with many people not daring to make a sound, intimidated by the power of the Death Light Mirror.

"The Death Light Mirror is too terrifying, no one can block it!"

Some people whispered, completely avoiding the direction that the Death Light Mirror was facing.

A vacuum formed behind Ye Fan, and this vast area was empty of people; even some of the older generation strong people from various families distanced themselves.

"May the Demon Lord bless..."

Zi Huan prayed softly, her expression filled with tension and immense worry. She hadn't anticipated that Ye Fan's competition would be so difficult, full of twists and turns.

Can Ye Fan have a chance of winning against the Xing Family's Clan Treasure, the Death Light Mirror?

Don't even mention winning; it's hard to say whether he can even escape the onslaught of the Death Light Mirror, especially since he doesn't have a Holy Artifact that can match it, or even a secret technique.

In this situation, unless the Ancient Demon King intervened in their competition, Ye Fan would likely find it hard to survive.

At this moment, almost everyone believed Ye Fan was doomed; he would dissolve under the Death Light Mirror's beam, with not even a corpse left.

"Heavenly King, should we terminate the competition?"

The mighty elder hesitated for a moment and approached the Ancient Demon King slightly, suggesting in a low voice.

"Why terminate the competition?" the Ancient Demon King asked back.

"Don't you think this competition is too unfair to the young man from the Purple Demon Family?" the mighty elder cautiously proposed after some deliberation.

"This world is one of survival of the fittest, with no fairness to speak of, and any so-called fairness is also won by strength."

The Ancient Demon King said plainly, "I'm growing increasingly curious about this Zi Yefan. His potential seems endless; pressure merely detonates his corresponding potential."

"But..."

"There's no 'but'. If you don't believe it, I'll bet with you that the one still standing at the end will definitely be Zi Yefan, not Xingtian. Do you believe that?" The Ancient Demon King said with a half-smiling expression.

"What? How is that possible?"

The mighty elder was shocked; he had never seen the Ancient Demon King have such confidence in a young junior before.

Could it be... that this Zi Yefan is hiding something?

If that's indeed the case, then his scheming, depth, and strength would be too terrifying, making him a prime candidate among the young generation and even capable of contending with the Tu Family's top candidate, Tu Sihai.

However, is that possible?

He is up against the Death Light Mirror, which even the strong people of the Demon Venerate Realm find difficult to resist!

"Let us wait and see!"

The Ancient Demon King smiled slightly, reclining on his soft chair without saying anything further.

Since the City Lord said so, he didn't press further.

The mighty elder silently stepped aside, deeply focusing his gaze on Ye Fan, seemingly wanting to see through him.

However, to his shock, Ye Fan seemed to be shrouded in a layer of mist that even his strength and insight couldn't penetrate.

"There truly is something unusual..."

The mighty elder was deeply shaken, silently pondering whether he could really defy destiny.

"Die!"

Under the crowd's gaze, Xingtian moved, unwilling to delay further. With a loud roar, he activated the Death Light Mirror, emitting a deadly light towards Ye Fan.

The battle's stalemate had surpassed his expectations, and he wasn't willing to allow any more issues to arise.

Ye Fan's strength had already exceeded his expectations, catching him off guard and wasting a precious Death Replacement Talisman.

Now, he'd lost his patience, no longer wanting to cripple Ye Fan and let him watch himself play with Zi Huan.

Moreover, he realized that crippling Ye Fan was nearly impossible; as long as he could kill Ye Fan, nothing else mattered.

Originally, the Clan Leader gave him the Death Light Mirror intending for him to use it unexpectedly against Luo Yifu during the race for the top three positions.

Not seeking to kill Luo Yifu, just defeat him, the Xing Family was sure to leap to second place among the Ten Great Families.

However—

He hadn't anticipated that a seemingly insignificant Ye Fan would force him to reveal his trump card ahead of time, and offend both the Luo and Tu families. If he couldn't kill Ye Fan, he might as well smash his head to death.

"Buzz!"

Light like water, the Death Light Mirror emitted a large area of death light, enveloping Ye Fan instantly and submerging him within it.

"What?"

"How could this be?"

"Isn't the young man from Zi clan known for his unparalleled speed? Why didn't he dodge?"

Many people were stunned, their faces blank with disbelief.

In their eyes, even if Ye Fan could not withstand the power of the Death Light Mirror, he should have been able to dodge the first strike no problem, given his extraordinary speed.

However, people watched as Ye Fan was engulfed by the brilliance of the Death Light Mirror, as if struck dumb, without moving at all.

"Hahaha..."

Xingtian laughed wildly, his complexion pale, feeling exceptionally pleased. He hadn't expected to slay this troublesome opponent in a single strike; had he known, he would have unleashed this move sooner, avoiding wasting so much time.

Despite the Death Light Mirror's great power, it wasn't easy to activate, and this time consumed a full eighth of Xingtian's energy. If he attempted it a few more times, he feared he himself might be overwhelmed.

"Once more!"

Just as Xingtian was laughing wildly, a cold voice sounded not far away, Ye Fan's figure appearing in the void, his eyes like lightning.

"This..."

"How is this possible?"

Many gasped; they clearly saw Ye Fan engulfed by the Death Light Mirror's brilliance, how had he escaped?

Some senior strong people were also puzzled, unable to perceive how Ye Fan escaped the range of the Death Light Mirror.

Only the Ancient Demon King saw everything clearly, equally shocked in his heart.

As it turned out, just as Xingtian activated the Death Light Mirror, Ye Fan had already escaped its range, moving so quickly it seemed as if he traversed space itself, leaving behind an illusory image.

This image was so solid that no one realized that before the Death Light Mirror emitted its light, Ye Fan had already left the spot.

Xing Family members felt a chill in their hearts, a faint sense of ominous foreboding.

This Zi Yefan might not be so easy to handle after all.

Yet, soon they felt relieved!

No matter how strong Ye Fan was, breaking through the Death Light Mirror's blockade to defeat Xingtian seemed nearly impossible; can human speed ever surpass light?

They believed that with the Death Light Mirror activated, Xingtian was undoubtedly unbeatable among the younger generation, and eventually Ye Fan would be slain by the Mirror.

"Kill!"

Xingtian's smile froze on his face, then it became terribly livid as he forcefully activated the Death Light Mirror once again, shooting it at Ye Fan.

Just now, Ye Fan had actually mocked him, causing Xingtian to be extremely angry, recklessly unleashing the Death Light Mirror at Ye Fan.

"Boom..."

"Boom..."

"Boom..."

The brilliance of the Death Light Mirror pierced the void, shattering some distant buildings, some even vanishing into emptiness, creating a massive commotion.

Ye Fan, like a lone leaf on a raging sea, flashed patterned lines beneath his feet, quickly dodging in the void, narrowly escaping the Death Light Mirror's light each time.

The spectators watched Ye Fan in the void, hearts hanging in their throats, each time convinced he couldn't avoid it, yet each time he emerged unscathed.

For a moment, their emotions were like a roller coaster, exhilarating many to shout out audibly.

Zi Huan had already closed her eyes, silently praying for Ye Fan's safety in her heart.

Six beams of death light illuminated all around, tearing the skies apart, yet couldn't even brush Ye Fan's clothing, as he moved like a fleeting image, too fast for the eye to follow.

"Huff... huff..."

Xingtian's face was pale as paper, breathing heavily, having activated the Death Light Mirror seven times after the initial attempt, his internal energy nearly depleted.

"Continue!"

As the light of the Death Light Mirror vanished, Ye Fan appeared in the void, smirking playfully at the disheveled Xingtian.

"Ah..."

Xingtian was furious, his hair standing on end, using forbidden power to activate the Death Light Mirror once again, shooting it at Ye Fan.

Yet...

"Swoosh!"

At that moment, Ye Fan's brow suddenly split open, revealing a sinister vertical eye, from which a deathly beam shot directly at Xingtian.

Eye of Death!

Ye Fan had unleashed the Eye of Death!

At that moment, time seemed to stand still.

Xingtian's Death Light Mirror only glowed momentarily, without emitting any light, before quickly dimming.

"Clang!"

A sudden sound aroused the crowd's awareness.

The Death Light Mirror fell to the ground, rolling twice before quietly resting on the Heavenly Demon Platform.

Xingtian's brow showed a transparent hole about the size of a finger, his gaze quickly dimming, pupils dilating, his vitality rapidly waning.

"Bang!"

Xingtian's head exploded first, then his body shattered, turning into a puddle of blood mud and bits of flesh, leaving no trace of his divine soul!

Chapter 1962: Irreconcilable Enmity

Time, at this moment, stood still!

The scene, in this instant, became set in place!

No one expected that it would result in such an outcome.

For a moment, the whole world seemed to quiet down.

Wow!

After a brief silence, the scene erupted, people were in an uproar!

"This is impossible!"

"How... how could this happen?"

"Can someone tell me, what on earth happened?"

Many of the cultivators with weak power couldn't clearly see what exactly happened; they only saw a light flash by, and then Xingtian shattered completely.

The scene was too bloody, too shocking, making them find it unbelievable!

In their opinion, Xingtian had already used the Clan Treasure "Death Light Mirror," Ye Fan, no matter how demonic, was definitely doomed.

No one can be faster than the speed of light; under the "Death Light Mirror" no one can escape.

However—

Ye Fan used his actual actions to fiercely slap their faces, leaving them dizzy.

They were all in disbelief.

Some Demon Clan maidens even cried, thinking he was tragic; originally with the makings of invincibility, but encountered a stronger opponent, ultimately falling in a pool of blood.

"Is this... the 'Eye of Death'?"

Some well-informed older strong people recognized Ye Fan's ultimate killing move and were all shocked!

"Senior, what is the 'Eye of Death'? Could it be more powerful than the 'Death Light Mirror'?"

Some young Demon Clan cultivators with weak powers respectfully asked the older generation cultivators beside them.

The 'Eye of Death', also known as the 'Heavenly Demon Eye', is the ultimate skill of the Purple Demon Family's Clan Treasure; do you think it's powerful?"

The elder looked at the young cultivator beside him as if he were an idiot.

"This..."

The mighty elder was also stunned; he did not expect Ye Fan actually had another trump card.

The Eye of Death!

Even he, under unprepared circumstances, would find it hard to escape, let alone Xingtian.

Xingtian's death was not in vain!

"Dead?!"

The Ancient Demon King was shocked, standing up abruptly, his eyes shooting out two terrifying demon lights.

He was heartbroken!

Nurturing a young strong individual like Xingtian required unknown amounts of effort and resources, yet he was killed just like that, how could he not be heartbroken.

This was also his mistake; he couldn't blame anyone else.

He guessed Ye Fan certainly had another trump card, but he did not expect it to be the legendary 'Eye of Death.'

If he had known in advance that Ye Fan's ultimate move was the 'Death Demon Eye', he surely would have intervened; he couldn't let Xingtian fall no matter what.

However—

Now it's too late to say anything!

In the void, a figure stood quietly, purple hair flying, his body enveloped in a layer of Divine Radiance, like a Demon Lord awakening, overwhelming a thousand miles like a dragon.

At this moment!

He became the sole existence in this piece of heaven and earth, suppressing the Nine Heavens and Ten Earths.

"Brother Ye..."

Zi Huan smiled with tears, her emotions were in turmoil; although this battle was difficult, with twists and turns, it finally ended, and the heart she had been gripping could finally be completely relieved.

"Ancestors bless us!"

Zi Xiaoyi was also filled with emotion; he never thought Ye Fan could counterattack desperately and succeed in a comeback.

After this battle, Ye Fan could definitely rank among the top three in the top ten, and the Purple Demon Family could also rise with him, basking in the glory.

"This is impossible, this is absolutely impossible..."

The Mo Family Patriarch was in shock, filled with fear in his heart.

Even Xingtian was dead, who else could defeat Ye Fan?

According to the competition rules, once two strong people do not meet, Ye Fan will no longer encounter a stronger opponent.

In this situation, revenge is completely hopeless; he could only pray that after the Purple Demon Family rises, they have enough magnanimity not to trouble them, and it would be a blessing.

The Moss family members were like eggplants hit by frost, thoroughly wilted.

Xingtian wasn't even this Zi Yefan's match; Mosi's death was not in vain!

Thinking of the impending revenge from the Purple Demon Family, the Moss family members were in even greater fear day and night.

"Tian'er!!"

The Xing Family Patriarch wailed sorrowfully, his entire body exuding intense killing intent, his eyes blood-red as if oozing blood; with a clang, he drew out a long blood-red sword, tapped his foot, and his whole person like a Flowing Light rushed towards the Heavenly Demon Platform.

Xingtian shall not die in vain!

This was his firm belief; he must avenge Xingtian, even if it meant offending the Ancient Demon King, he couldn't care less.

"You little brute, come and meet your death for me!"

The blood-red long sword slashed through the void, like a blood-colored Divine Dragon, with claws and teeth bared, slashing towards Ye Fan.

The entire firmament was smashed apart, the lethal sword light carrying overwhelming killing intent, directly slashing towards Ye Fan's head.

If this sword were to strike true, even if Ye Fan defied the heavens, Ye Fan would undoubtedly die. The sword light had already locked the void, and even Chasing Star Step could not be performed.

"How dare you!"

A furious roar followed, and with sharp eye beams, the Ancient Demon King shattered the sword light.

Swish!

Then he waved his hand, and a boundless force of death instantly blew the Xing Family Patriarch away, shattering the blood-red long sword in his grasp.

"Ah..."

The Xing Family Patriarch screamed, flying out of the square, heavily crashing into a distant building, creating a human-sized hole.

"Ugh..."

He spat out a mouthful of fresh blood, barely alive as he landed.

"Heavenly King..."

"Heavenly King, is my family member Xingtian going to die in vain like this?"

"We refuse, please Heavenly King uphold justice and avenge Xingtian for our family!"

The Xing Family members, with fierce eyes, glared at Ye Fan, full of murderous intent.

If looks could kill, Ye Fan would have already been executed a thousand times by their gaze.

"In a competition, life and death are up to fate. Are you trying to bully the small with the big?"

Faced with an enraged Xing Family, Ye Fan remained unmoved, slightly squinting his eyes coldly.

"You..."

"My Xing Family and you are sworn enemies!"

A Xing Family elder, a vicious expression across his face, said fiercely.

Xingtian was the future hope and pride of their family, expected to support the clan, only to die at Ye Fan's hands. How could they not be driven to rage?

"We've long been sworn enemies; no need for your nonsense!"

Ye Fan responded sharply, not losing any ground in momentum.

Though he was now heavily injured, the death energy greatly consumed, he was indeed very weak.

At this moment, even a mid-stage Demon Master could easily kill him.

"Alright, alright, let's see how long you can be arrogant!"

The Xing Family elder was nearly enraged to death by Ye Fan, but dared not act in front of the Ancient Demon King.

Earlier, the Patriarch was a lesson; acting rashly would be challenging the authority of the Ancient Demon King.

"Master, count me in. If the Xing Family dares to defy the rules, my Luo Family will not sit idly by!"

After Ye Fan returned to the crowd, the Blue-clothed King Luo Landu stepped forward, standing in front of Ye Fan. Coldly surveying the Xing Family members, his expression was like a loyal guard dog, ready to protect his master fearlessly at a command.

At this moment, Luo Landu's clan also silently came behind Ye Fan, Zi Huan, and Zi Xiaoyi, becoming their strong support.

Luo Landu thought clearly, now was the time to show loyalty; if they didn't step forward now, they would never be valued by the Purple Demon Family in the future.

Offering help in adversity is always more valuable than adding flowers to a brocade; this logic they understood well.

Not only them, other small families with similar thoughts stood behind Ye Fan as well.

Soon, thousands gathered behind Ye Fan, even some old, white-haired elders stood unwaveringly on Ye Fan's side.

They were old rogues who lived for countless ages, naturally understanding the value of living allies over dead ones.

Clearly now, the Ancient Demon King favored Ye Fan, and picking the wrong side would mean the clan might not exist in the upcoming Demon World restructure.

They didn't want to be on the side that ceased to exist.

Ye Fan's side momentarily gained great prestige, even with the Mo Family and the Moss family standing alongside the Xing Family, they were still inferior to Ye Fan's small family alliance, losing in momentum.

"Enough talk, this incident is just an accident, and will never happen again."

The Ancient Demon King glared, his determined gaze silencing everyone instantly.

Then turning to the Xing Family crowd, he coldly said: "This is a competition with its own rules. Xingtian's death was unexpected, but it's not a reason for you to retaliate against Zi Yefan."

"Exactly, when Zi Yefan was in danger just now, I remember you shouting for joy, each more excited than taking Elixir Pills. Why didn't you speak then?"

A mighty elder also came forward, staring at the Xing Family crowd.

"..."

These words silenced the Xing Family camp, each face flushed, unable to say anything back.

"This is just a competition, regardless, the Zis shouldn't have made a Killing Move!"

The Xing Family's old Clan Leader finally said quietly.

"Pfah!"

Luo Landu spat, "Have you no shame? You're aged like a Demon Beast, if anyone made a Killing Move, it was Xingtian first, and he was too pathetic to be a match for my master. Deserved death!"

Hmm?

Ye Fan looked at Luo Landu in surprise, not expecting this cool-looking guy to have such sharp eloquence, almost rivaling Bai Yan wolf.

"Enough, stop speaking!"

Seeing the scene start to chaos again, the Ancient Demon King had to use the Supreme Sound Technique, the rolling sound waves causing many people to faint, even elders with strong cultivation had their consciousness disturbed, temporarily deaf.

"Let this matter end here; no dissent will be tolerated, or face the consequences!"

Once the scene calmed down, the Ancient Demon King continued, "For the coming matches, I will supervise to avoid death. Moreover, precautionary measures dictate that after ten to five matches, this tournament ends, with everything judged by the Judges."

Chapter 1963: Each Shines in Their Own Way

Are the Judges already here?

Many people were shocked!

In their eyes, Judges were synonymous with mystery and power!

How many people dream of seeing the Upper Realm, wondering what kind of world it is.

Every Judge that descends from the Upper Realm is extremely powerful, even the Ancient Demon King treats them with utmost respect.

However, the Ancient Demon King's next words shattered their dreams!

The Judges have not arrived!

Everything must wait until the competition ends. The Ancient Demon King will personally use the Forbidden Technique to contact the Upper Realm, and only then will the Upper Realm send down the Judges to escort the top ten young strong people to the Upper Realm.

Moreover, the Judges are extremely mysterious, and even in the Lower Realm, only the Ancient Demon King and the ten Young Supremes can see them.

Ordinary people like them simply have no right to see the Judges.

"Cough, cough, cough..."

The Xing Family Patriarch was carried back from the ruins, constantly coughing up blood, indicating how terrifying the Ancient Demon King's casual strike was earlier.

"Little beast..."

The Xing Family Patriarch's face was filled with resentment, his eyes fierce, like an Evil Ghost, his voice a deeply venomous hiss.

"Enough!"

The Ancient Demon King coldly swept a glance at the Xing Family Patriarch and said indifferently, "If you dare to disrupt the competition again, you will be dealt with according to city regulations!"

"Hiss..."

These words of the Ancient Demon King made many people draw a sharp breath, and the people from the Xing family were so shocked that their livers and gallbladders almost split, immediately silencing themselves.

The regulations of Ancient Demon City are very strict, and upon violation, at least all assets are confiscated and the violator is expelled from Ancient Demon City. At worst, the entire clan is exterminated, erased from this world.

No one dared to provoke bad luck at this time!

If caught as an example, with the Ancient Demon King's nature, he would absolutely erase the entire clan from this world in the most ruthless way.

"Young Master Fan, this is a Holy Pill for Strengthening the Foundation and Nourishing the Essence. Take it first to recover some Primordial Qi!"

An elder from the Luo Landu family approached Ye Fan, took out a pure white Elixir Pill, and offered it to Ye Fan with both hands.

Ye Fan looked at the elder, knowing this was a token of loyalty from the Luo Family. If he did not accept it, they might have other thoughts. Furthermore, he did indeed need to recover, so he accepted it unceremoniously.

Seeing Ye Fan accept the Elixir Pill offered by him, the elder from the Luo Family breathed a sigh of relief and immediately smiled.

Just as Ye Fan thought, this was indeed their token of loyalty.

Though not a valuable item, this Elixir Pill is still extremely rare, particularly effective in Strengthening the Foundation and Nourishing the Essence.

Ye Fan had just gone through a great battle, surely depleting his Primordial essence considerably. Offering a Holy Pill for Strengthening the Foundation and Nourishing the Essence at this moment was undoubtedly a wise choice.

In the future, when Ye Fan is selected by the Upper Realm, the Purple Demon Family will inevitably soar to great heights and become a hot commodity, and their family can also ride the wave being the first to pledge loyalty.

"Thank you, Luo Clan Patriarch, for your generous assistance. We will remember this favor."

After Ye Fan accepted the Elixir Pill, Zi Huan walked over and spoke earnestly to the elder from the Luo Family.

"A small token, not worth mentioning!"

The Luo Family Patriarch laughed heartily and said, "It is our honor as a Vassal Family to contribute to the Master's clan."

"Flatterer!"

"Shameless!"

"Brazen!"

"..."

Seeing this scene, many strong people from other families who wanted to take this opportunity to curry favor with Ye Fan rolled their eyes at the Luo Family Patriarch and secretly criticized him.

However, they had to admit that the Luo Family Patriarch was adept at climbing the social ladder. A single Holy Pill for Strengthening the Foundation and Nourishing the Essence had invisibly brought their family much closer to the Purple Demon Family.

"Swoosh!"

"Swoosh!"

At this moment, the Holy Skull in the void once again descended two beams of light, falling upon two contestants in the waiting area.

The competition continued.

"Boom!"

The two contestants simultaneously erupted with a vast, terrifying aura, and then their figures flashed, appearing on the Heavenly Demon Platform.

One contestant was the strongest descendant of the Sixth Family, and the other was the strongest descendant of the Fifth Family. With little difference in strength, they fought fiercely.

The Heavenly Demon Platform shone brilliantly, and murderous intent filled the air. Both erupted with extremely strong Combat Power, fighting intensely and captivating the audience, prompting continuous shouts of applause.

The City Lord, the Ancient Demon King, was closely watching the battle between the two, as he did not want to suffer any more losses.

The lessons from Xingtian's case made him realize that all ten finalists this time were extremely powerful, and if he wasn't careful, someone might fall.

Soon, the victor was decided. The strongest descendant of the Fifth Family, covered in blood and exuding a strong evil aura, emerged successfully.

The strongest descendant of the Sixth Family, however, was half-kneeling on the ground, with a terrifying scar in the center of his brow, dripping black blood continuously.

It was clear that he was the loser in this match.

However, it was enough. Even if he lost, he and his family's position should be secure, for there would be no more matches beyond this round.

Next was the third match, featuring the strongest descendant of the Eighth Family against Qi Motian of the Fourth Family.

"Brother Qi, I hope you'll show some mercy!"

The strongest descendant of the Eighth Family cupped his hands toward Qi Motian and said.

"I won't hold back, so good luck to you!"

After saying that, Qi Motian's eyes instantly turned silver-white, and demonic patterns appeared on his face as he chanted strange syllables.

"Buzz!"

The void rippled, and a mysterious force suddenly appeared, directly enveloping the strongest descendant of the Eighth Family.

"Heavenly King, save me, I admit defeat!"

No one knew what had happened; they just saw a pale gray gas envelop the strongest descendant of the Eighth Family, followed by his piercing scream.

"Oh my god, Qi Motian is too powerful. He didn't even move, and his opponent already admitted defeat!"

"What kind of attack is this, so bizarre?"

"What on earth happened? I didn't see anything!"

Many cultivators from remote areas were astonished. They had no idea what had occurred, only seeing a gray mist descend, and the strongest descendant of the Eighth Family surrendered, which was too bizarre.

"This is the Qi family's curse technique, killing invisibly, extremely powerful."

"Indeed, it seems Qi Motian has cultivated the family's surrounding techniques to an extremely profound level, otherwise, it would be impossible to force the opponent to admit defeat with just one strike."

Some elders who knew of the Qi Family's secret techniques couldn't help but express their amazement.

This mysterious curse technique communicates with the Power of Heaven and Earth, crushing the opponent, leaving them clueless and defenseless.

Seeing this scene, Ye Fan was also shocked. He had deciphered the Death Curse Technique before and knew the horror of the Death Curse, which directly devours a person's vitality and is almost insoluble.

If it wasn't for his Pure Yang Body, he wouldn't have been able to resist the attack of the Death Curse, as such attacks are too bizarre and undefendable.

It's really incredible how the Xing Family could have defeated the Qi Family back then, ranking higher than the Qi Family; it's simply unbelievable.

For the other spectators, this match was the most dull; there were no exciting collisions, no feeling of blood boiling.

But for those elders and strong people, this kind of battle is truly terrifying.

It was unfortunate for the strongest descendant of the Eighth Family, who could have faced anyone but happened to encounter Qi Motian, who excelled in curse techniques; isn't that extremely unlucky?

"Swish!"

As the strongest descendant of the Eighth Family cried out for help, the Ancient Demon King turned into a streak of flowing light, rushing into the gray mist and pulling him out.

Only then did people realize that the strongest descendant of the Eighth Family was already ashen-faced, his eyes hollow, and his whole body trembling uncontrollably, clearly on the verge of collapsing.

"Buzz!"

The Ancient Demon King's eyes shot out two beams of demon light, penetrating his eyes, and instantly, a faint gray mist emerged from his head, forcing out the Curse Power.

"Thud!"

The strongest descendant of the Eighth Family went limp, collapsing to the ground. Although no longer in mortal danger, he was severely depleted, without the strength even to stand.

"Poof..."

Qi Motian's face also changed suddenly; he spat out a mouthful of black blood, and his body wobbled.

Evidently, using such a curse technique took a heavy toll on himself too, a typical case of harming the enemy a thousand and hurting oneself eight hundred.

"Swish!"

Members of the Qi Family quickly came on stage to support him down.

Meanwhile, members of the Eighth Family rushed over to carry their critically injured strongest descendant back.

The fourth match up next was also fought fiercely, with blood flying and terrifying Death Energy permeating the air; the void seemed like a tattered cloth, constantly shaking.

However, under Luo Yifu's formidable attack, his opponent lasted only a few minutes before surrendering to avoid falling here.

The competition ended so hastily, drawing much dissatisfaction and boos from the crowd.

But there was no other way. The Luo Yifu Family ranked only second to the Tu Family, and his strength was also recognized as the second strongest, whereas his opponent was the strongest descendant of the Seventh Family, far inferior.

Luo Yifu, displaying his overwhelming power, crushed his opponent in merely ten moves, leaving them critically injured and near death, with no choice but to concede.

When life is threatened, the dignity of a strong person, the honor of the clan, all become unimportant.

Luo Yifu, with the demeanor of a strong person, walked off the Heavenly Demon Platform, exuding dominance and confidence.

Meanwhile, his opponent was bloodied all over, carried off by his clan members in tears.

After a brief rest, the final match commenced!

Unfortunately, Tu Sihai's opponent turned out to be the dark horse of the ninth group—Baili Han!

When the fourth match began, Baili Han could only smile bitterly; he never expected his luck to be so "good," running into Tu Sihai from the First Family.

As the Ancient Demon King announced the start of the match, Baili Han barely had time to react, only feeling a massive force slam into his chest.

"Crack!"

He even heard the sound of his chest bones breaking, immediately coughing up fresh blood mixed with shattered internal organs, and fainted.

"Not worth a single blow!"

Tu Sihai stood on the Heavenly Demon Platform, casting his gaze towards Ye Fan below, saying in a deep voice, "Actually, I would love to have a grand battle with you."

"No need!"

Ye Fan said flatly, "I am no match for you."

"Damn, this kid dares to challenge on his own, really impatient with life. If only he could use Human Race's martial arts and secret techniques, he'd take him down in an instant!"

The Bai Yan wolf, in the Virtual Space, was grumbling.

Chapter 1964: Rewards

The competition has come to an end!

The audience is in an uproar, everyone is discussing this spectacular match.

The Ancient Demon King smiles, watching the blood-boiling crowd below, feeling tremendously gratified.

This is exactly the effect he wanted!

Only by worshipping the strong can true strong people be seen as targets for pursuit and surpassing, motivating one to cultivate harder and transcend themselves.

A moment later.

The Ancient Demon King presses his hands downward and the venue instantly quiets down.

Facing the blazing gazes, the Ancient Demon King slowly says, "This competition is now concluded, and three days later, the awards ceremony will be held at the Holy Demon Hall."

As his words fell, the Ancient Demon King's figure flashed and disappeared from the crowd's view.

"Let's leave too!"

After the Ancient Demon King left, everyone began discussing and departing.

"Shua!"

"Shua!"

"Shua!"

In an instant, figures turned into streaming lights and scattered in all directions.

Three days passed in the blink of an eye.

In the morning, Ye Fan arrived early at the Holy Demon Hall located within the City Lord Mansion.

By then, quite a few people had already gathered in front of the Holy Demon Hall, each emitting the unique vibrant spirit of youth.

Not only do the top ten strong people receive various rewards, but those who made it to the top hundred also receive substantial rewards.

However, due to the brutal preliminary matches, more than half of the top hundred contestants were injured or killed, so only about forty people came to claim their awards.

A group of young Demon Clan cultivators stood quietly under the morning sun, silently waiting.

Looking at Ye Fan and Baili Han, who were among the top ten, some people couldn't help but have unusual glances.

They are the dark horses that emerged victorious in this selection competition, defeating the strongest heirs of the Ten Great Families, impressively.

However—

They couldn't voice any comments, only feeling secret admiration, jealousy, and resentment in their hearts.

Because...

This was achieved through pure strength!

The Holy Demon Hall.

It is the most imposing building in the entire Ancient Demon City, with each foundation stone weighing at least a million pounds, etched with various intricate mysterious runes.

Soon, a majestic elder resembling a wild lion came out of the Holy Demon Hall.

Surveying the group before the hall, the majestic elder said, "Except for the top ten contestants, the others follow me to the side hall for your awards!"

Whoosh!

The crowd quickly dispersed more than half, leaving only Ye Fan and nine others still waiting quietly.

Not long after, the silver-haired Ancient Demon King appeared, calmly scanning the crowd, and said, "Follow me!"

Finishing his words, the Ancient Demon King turned and walked into the main hall behind him.

The time for the awards presentation had finally arrived!

Many were thrilled, eager to follow him in.

Ye Fan and Baili Han exchanged a glance and followed the others into the Holy Demon Hall.

Upon entering, Ye Fan instantly noticed that the Death Energy inside the Holy Demon Hall was at least three times denser than outside, like mist or dew.

In the center of the Holy Demon Hall stood a tall altar, exuding an ancient aura.

At this moment, the Ancient Demon King stood upon the altar, facing them.

The Holy Demon Hall was extremely silent, no one spoke, even the sound of breathing became mild.

"You all are the pride of our Demon World. When you reach the Upper Realm, you must strive to cultivate, aim to become stronger for yourselves, your clans behind you, and the entire Demon World—to bring glory!"

The Ancient Demon King's voice was like the clash of metal and stone, forceful and powerful, eyes filled with sternness, but also care and anticipation.

"Bring glory to the Demon World!"

The crowd shouted in unison, their bodies held straight, eyes emitting a steadfast light.

"Very good!"

The Ancient Demon King said with satisfaction, "I'm glad I didn't misjudge you. If you can march out into the Star Domain of the Human Race, be sure to chop off a few heads of the human strong people, showcasing the might of our Demon Clan, letting the strong of the Upper Realm see that our Demon Clan can also produce unparalleled strong people."

"Showcase the might of our Demon Clan!"

The crowd shouted, their momentum soaring.

Ye Fan raised his brows slightly, remaining composed.

The purpose of inspiring had been achieved, so the Ancient Demon King wasted no more words, and started distributing rewards!

Since the placement matches for the top ten were not completed, there naturally wasn't a way to distribute rewards according to the previous rankings.

Therefore, the Ancient Demon King decided on a unified reward standard for Ye Fan and the other top five, while Baili Han and the other five would have a different reward standard.

The top ten ranking would be assessed personally by the Judge upon arrival, determining each person's rank.

"Tu Sihai, thirty thousand High Grade Demon Crystals, five thousand top-grade Demon Crystals, choose any three martial arts or secret techniques from the True Demon Pavilion."

The Ancient Demon King spoke, Tu Sihai beamed with joy, stepped forward, bowed, and in front of him appeared a large pile of Demon Crystals, emitting colorful light, the dense Death Energy almost forming a mist.

"Shua!"

With a wave of his sleeve, a large pile of Demon Crystals instantly vanished, collected by him.

Then, he strode towards the direction of the True Demon Pavilion, quickly disappearing from everyone's sight.

Next was Luo Yifu from the Second Family, Qi Motian from the Fourth Family, Zheng Wuji from the Fifth Family...

"Zi Yefan, thirty thousand High Grade Demon Crystals, five thousand top-grade magic crystals, any three martial arts or secret techniques from the Martial Demon Pavilion." The Ancient Demon King gave Ye Fan a deep look and said with a smile.

"Thank you, Heavenly King!"

Ye Fan suppressed the intense killing intent in his heart, bowed to the Ancient Demon King, then collected the Demon Crystals and made his way towards the Martial Demon Pavilion.

The Martial Demon Pavilion was filled with various top-grade martial arts and secret techniques, considered the pinnacle of all martial arts and secret techniques in the Demon World.

The Ancient Demon King knew well that Ye Fan's strength was indeed not weak, indicating that not only was his talent extraordinary, but he also cultivated top-grade Demon Techniques.

In this case, Cultivation Techniques were not of much use to him; as long as he had powerful martial arts and secret techniques, he could unleash terrifying destructive power.

In his view, Ye Fan was a treasure trove, only lacking the key to unlock it, and top-grade martial arts and secret techniques were the best key to unlock this treasure.

Entering the Martial Demon Pavilion, Ye Fan was instantly dazzled by the vast array of various martial arts and secret techniques!

The entire Martial Demon Pavilion was vast, holding bone slips of various martial arts and secret techniques, each emitting a faint glow.

With the ability to choose any three martial arts or secret techniques, Ye Fan naturally wanted to select some powerful top-grade secret techniques.

As he wandered through the Martial Demon Pavilion, Ye Fan examined each martial art and secret technique, finding them all extraordinarily powerful but with fatal flaws.

Finally, Ye Fan chose a martial art called the Six Demon Holy Fist. This martial art only had six forms, but it was extremely terrifying, second only to martial arts created by the Great Emperor.

Moreover, it had some compatibility with his incomplete Heavenly Demon Fist; Ye Fan intended to use this Six Demon Holy Fist to complete his Heavenly Demon Fist.

Additionally, he chose two more extremely powerful top-grade secret techniques before leaving satisfied!

Meanwhile, the Purple Demon Family also received generous rewards, acquiring a large amount of Cultivation Resources.

Under the intervention of the Ancient Demon King, the territories originally belonging to the Moduu Family and the Sword Demon Family were now entirely within the sphere of influence of the Purple Demon Family.

The status of the Purple Demon Family in the entire Demon World skyrocketed, quickly entering the ranks of the Ten Great Families.

Many families and forces, previously unrelated, now came with lavish gifts to offer their congratulations.

For a time, Ziyi Square was bustling with people, extraordinarily lively, leaving Zi Xiaoyi filled with emotion.

Before the selection competition, no one had high hopes for their family, and many families that once had good relations with them distanced themselves, fearing to be implicated.

Now, these people returned, tearfully begging for Zi Xiaoyi's forgiveness, enacting a dramatic scene of reality.

After a full day of busy activity, it wasn't until evening, after seeing off the last wave of congratulatory guests, that they finally had some peace.

Only Ye Fan, Zi Huan, and Zi Xiaoyi remained in the main hall of Ziyi Square.

"Xiao Fan, thank you. If it wasn't for you breaking into the top ten, how could our Purple Demon Family have today's glory?" Zi Xiaoyi said with immense gratitude.

"Third Uncle, you're overly kind; it's what I should do."

Ye Fan responded, without a hint of arrogance.

"No matter what, I should be grateful to you. After today, I wonder who will still dare to underestimate our Purple Demon Family!" Zi Xiaoyi's eyes sparkled with excited light.

Though the Purple Demon Family faced an unprecedented catastrophe, they rose from the ruins.

They had gambled everything on one throw!

They won the gamble, and Ye Fan indeed lived up to their expectations, successfully breaking into the top ten, and killing Xingtian.

According to the tradition of the Demon Clan, since Ye Fan killed Xingtian, the Purple Demon Family could take the position of the Xing Family.

This meant that before the new rankings are determined, the Purple Demon Family stood as the third-ranked family among the Ten Great Families.

Before the selection competition, Zi Xiaoyi dared not even dream that the Purple Demon Family could have such a glorious moment.

In his view, if Ye Fan could break into the top ten, it was already an act of divine mercy.

Unexpectedly, Ye Fan's potential surpassed everyone's expectations, defeating the third-ranked Xingtian in the final ranking competition.

After exchanging pleasantries for a while, the three of them dispersed.

Ye Fan returned to his bedroom, gazing up at the starry sky outside the window, deeply reflective.

Through this competition, he gained insights into various Demon World martial arts, secret techniques, and Cultivation Techniques.

If, in the future, a battle between the Human Race and the Demon Clan becomes unavoidable, these experiences will be invaluable.

As Ye Fan's heart was filled with feelings, he suddenly sensed Zi Huan approaching, causing his heart to stir.

"Brother Ye, have you rested?"

Soon, Zi Huan's enchanting and charming voice came in from outside the door, trembling somewhat, hesitant, as if troubled by something.

"No, come in!"

Ye Fan flicked his fingers, igniting the oil candle on the table with a spark of Demon Fire, its soft glow illuminating the entire bedroom.

The door opened quietly.

Zi Huan's alluring, curvy figure walked in slowly, her eyes misty like smoke, with a flowing gaze.

"Brother Ye, take me, Zi Huan..."

After a long while, Zi Huan finally spoke, trembling, with a fragrant breath, her body exuding an enticing aura.

Hmm?

Ye Fan was taken aback; though he had already accepted Zi Huan's love in his heart, he was leaving soon. To take her now, wouldn't that be irresponsible?

"Brother Ye, I don't wish to accompany you all my life, I just want to hold the most beautiful memory after you leave!"

Zi Huan spoke with tears in her eyes, her hands trembling as she unfastened her Yan Luo dress, slowly slipping away the gauzy Yan Luo dress, revealing a smooth, creamy white body...

Chapter 1965: The Initiative of Zi Huan

The cold wind howled outside the window, but inside it was warm like spring.

A unique aura filled Ye Fan's room.

Moonlight streamed through the window lattice, casting two hazy silhouettes on the wide bed!

"Brother Ye..."

Zi Huan murmured, her eyes blurred, leaning softly against Ye Fan, her fingers like jade softly tracing circles on his chest.

The phrase "ice skin and jade bones" could not suffice to describe Zi Huan's enchanting body. Her hair, as smooth as flowing blue silk, cascaded past Ye Fan, a sensation both cool and tickling.

At this moment, Ye Fan's clothes had also disappeared without a trace, revealing his translucent skin.

"Mm..."

It wasn't clear who initiated it, but suddenly their lips pressed tightly together, and their breathing became chaotic.

Zi Huan held Ye Fan's muscular body tightly, murmuring incoherent syllables, as if in discomfort, but also pleasure.

Their bodies pressed together as if they wanted to merge into one.

Ding Xiang entered silently, unlocking the gate.

Two Spirit Snakes entwined fiercely, producing soft, sucking sounds.

For a long time...

They then slowly separated, gazing deeply into each other's eyes.

Zi Huan took a deep breath, as if lacking air, and said coquettishly, "Brother Ye, let Zi Huan serve you..."

As she finished speaking, Zi Huan lightly pecked Ye Fan's forehead, her nimble fragrant tongue sweeping across, the scent like ginseng wafting to Ye Fan's ear, causing him to tremble involuntarily.

At that moment, it seemed the blood in Ye Fan's entire body gather in one place, hot as fire, solid as iron, standing at attention!

Zi Huan's lithe tongue softly brushed past Ye Fan's earlobe, gently sucking on it with a "chirp," startling the insects outside into silence.

You could hear Ye Fan's breathing become significantly heavier, as if suppressing something, yet also as if anticipating something.

As a member of the Demon Clan, Zi Huan's body temperature naturally ran a bit lower, the cool stimulation causing Ye Fan's hair to stand on end.

It wasn't that Ye Fan lacked resolve or couldn't resist temptation.

It was because he himself had a Pure Yang Body, and though his qi and blood were sealed with Heaven and Earth Tao Markings, his natural reactions were still more intense than a regular person's.

"Sss..."

Near his ear, Zi Huan's light laughter rang, and Ye Fan's whole body involuntarily shivered.

It turned out that Zi Huan's jade-like fingers had quietly slipped down, suddenly grabbing him, how could it not stir his emotions?

"It's so magnificent!"

Zi Huan said with a light laugh.

Ye Fan felt incredibly awkward, his embarrassment immeasurable, but he found it hard to control his natural reaction.

Moreover, right now he didn't want to control or suppress his body's needs at all.

Currently, he was completely passive, lacking the arrogance he'd wield on the field.

"Brother Ye, don't laugh at me."

Zi Huan whispered softly, her voice full of passion and allure, "Although I seem skilled, this is actually Zi Huan's first time doing this."

Ye Fan understood well that though the women of the Demon Clan were generally bold, Zi Huan was an exception, quite chaste.

However, in such an environment, despite her efforts to avoid such matters, she still heard a lot.

Through hearing and seeing, such things naturally became known.

But this was her first time using Ye Fan for practice.

However, it seemed to work quite well, judged by Ye Fan's reactions. Men do enjoy having their women do such things.

"I..."

Before Ye Fan could finish speaking, his words were sealed away by Zi Huan's tender lips.

"Don't speak, just feel it silently, our heartbeats are in sync!"

Zi Huan softly left Ye Fan's lips, then swept downward along his chin.

"Hiss..."

Before long, Ye Fan inhaled sharply, his pores opened widely, barely holding his qi and blood in check.

It turned out, Zi Huan had already buried her head beneath his abdomen.

Ye Fan felt a thrill, a burning heat coursing through him, nearly erupting like a volcano, he took two deep breaths to suppress the urge.

"I heard others say, that this feels very hmm... hmm!"

Zi Huan's head moved wildly, murmuring indistinctly.

Ye Fan trembled continuously, what on earth was this?

The pure Zi Huan, what had she learned in such an environment?

However—

He didn't protest, just quietly enjoying Zi Huan's service.

He knew, by now, interrupting Zi Huan wouldn't just be insincerely hypocritical, it would also hurt her deeply.

Zi Huan was doing this willingly!

Not far outside the window, Zi Xiaoyi finished practicing, opened the window, exhaled a turbid breath, and felt invigorated.

Suddenly, he noticed something, listened intently for a moment, then chuckled.

"Huan'er has finally achieved the happiness she's long desired..."

Zi Xiaoyi closed off his senses, silently blessing Zi Huan in his heart, blessing Ye Fan as well!

The night deepened, and aside from a few special places, the entire Ancient Demon City seemed to have drifted into dreamland.

Yet, in an inconspicuous little building, spring was in full bloom.

Soft jade and warm fragrance!

This was Ye Fan's sensation at that moment; his hands were enveloping a pair of soft jade that surpassed snow and frost, with a slight rise in the palms.

"Oh..."

Zi Huan's breath was like orchids, her starry eyes hazy, her delicate face vibrant and dripping, surpassing the blooming peach blossom.

The air was filled with a faint fragrance, seemingly carrying an unusual aura that made one's blood surge upon inhaling.

At this moment, Ye Fan was experiencing just that, feeling himself on the brink of boiling over.

"Awooo!"

Ye Fan's eyes burned with fierce flames, letting out a low roar as he flipped Zi Huan beneath him.

"Gentle... Please, I'm scared..."

Zi Huan's enchanting voice seemed to sound the horn of attack, capable of transforming a man into a werewolf even without a full moon.

However, Ye Fan was no novice; even cultivators are vulnerable in such matters, so he refrained from rushing forward.

"Hiss..."

Now it was Zi Huan's turn to suck in a breath of cold air, unable to suppress a shiver.

"Mmm..."

Gradually, Zi Huan found it unbearable, persistently approaching, her entire body itching as if gnawed by tiny insects.

"Brother Ye..."

"Mm!"

"Come in..."

"Into where?"

"You're so annoying!"

Zi Huan, terribly embarrassed, lightly punched Ye Fan's shoulder with a small fist, her legs entwining, hand reaching the point of their contact.

"Pffff!"

"Ahh!"

Ye Fan succumbed, while Zi Huan let out a startled cry, beads of sweat forming on her forehead, trembling as she said, "No... don't move, it hurts so much."

Ye Fan obliged, stopped moving, and leaned down to seal her fragrant lips.

With their cultivator physique much stronger than that of normal people, it didn't take long for Zi Huan to recover, twisting her body like a snake, softly whispering into Ye Fan's ear, "You can move now, but be slow."

"Slippery on rainy roads!"

Ye Fan responded, and his body began to slowly undulate.

"You're so annoying... Ah!"

Zi Huan's face flushed crimson, unable to finish her sentence before suddenly letting out a scream, then bit down on Ye Fan's shoulder.

...

Sometime later, the chirping of insects outside the window had ceased, leaving a serene stillness between heaven and earth.

That night was Zi Huan's happiest and most fulfilling; Ye Fan was brave and fierce, galloping wildly, pushing her into one dreamlike state after another.

In the end, Zi Huan's voice grew hoarse, yet she clung desperately, unwilling to let go.

Not until dawn did Zi Huan reluctantly surrender, utterly spent, her entire body drenched as if she had been fished out of the water, with fragrant sweat dripping.

"Bang!"

Ye Fan lay flat, skyward, his body seemingly plucked from the water as well.

In the crook of his arm, Zi Huan rested her head on Ye Fan's shoulder, tears trailing from her eyes. She felt, at this moment, that she truly was the happiest woman.

She was a woman now, no longer a girl!

"It's time to get up, it'd be awkward if Uncle San finds out."

After resting for a while, Ye Fan gazed at the lover beside him and said softly.

"If he finds out, he finds out. What's so awkward about that? Zi Huan is so tired; I want to sleep a bit longer."

Zi Huan blinked her large eyes at Ye Fan for a moment before closing them again, her limbs wrapping around Ye Fan like an octopus.

After a while, the two finally rose, as the world outside the window was already fully lit with dawn's glow spreading across the earth.

After washing up, they went downstairs and saw that Zi Xiaoyi had already left, so they said nothing more and walked out of Ziyi Square directly, heading towards a tea house in the distance.

Having spent a whole night, both were somewhat hungry, intending to eat something at the tea house and also check on the current public opinion.

To obtain the most comprehensive and timely information, taverns and tea houses are undoubtedly the best places.

Many cultivators gather in Ancient Demon City, with a flood of information, both true and false, circulating daily—one just needs to carefully discern.

Entering the tea house, the two found an empty seat at random, ordered some tea and snacks, eating while paying attention to the surrounding conversations.

To avoid being recognized, Ye Fan and Zi Huan altered their appearances a bit since stepping out would surely get them noticed otherwise.

It's not that they feared being recognized but wanted to avoid the trouble, as Ye Fan most disliked such socializing activities.

"This competition was truly spectacular; who would've thought two people would emerge, defeating the strongest heirs of the Ten Great Families."

"Seems like those so-called strongest heirs of the Ten Great Families aren't all that!"

Though the competition had ended a few days ago, its effects hadn't dispersed, and most people still discussed those spectacular matches.

Of course, Ye Fan and Baili Han were the most talked about.

They emerged as dark horses in this selection, taking everyone by surprise.

Especially Ye Fan, who made an improbable comeback, slaying the Xing Family's strongest heir, Xingtian, astonishing many people.

"When might the Upper Realm Guide arrive?"

Hearing the discussions around him, Ye Fan couldn't help but look up at the sky, musing silently.

Chapter 1966: Upper Realm Guide

Although the tournament is over, its impact has far from disappeared; instead, it seems to be gaining momentum.

Many people are talking about it, believing that the Demon World is about to undergo a transformation.

The original power structure will be broken, and resources will be redistributed.

It is foreseeable that in the near future, the Demon World will usher in a glorious and dazzling period.

"The Demon Clan will rise!"

"Our Demon Clan will definitely rise, unstoppable!"

Throughout the Ancient Demon City, similar voices can be heard everywhere, as people are engaged in discussions.

During this competition, many extraordinary young people emerged, giving hope for rejuvenation.

Especially Ye Fan and Baili Han, who are the focal points of people's discussions!

They are not from the Ten Great Families, with no abundant resources, no top-level Cultivation Techniques, martial arts, or secret techniques.

However—

Driven by their own talent, comprehension, and tenacious efforts, they charged into the top ten, writing a legend, a myth!

"The Judges have descended to the Lower Realm!"

At this moment, a groundbreaking message spread like a hurricane, swiftly permeating the Ancient Demon City.

The entire Demon World was in an uproar, and Ancient Demon City boiled over.

Countless people rushed to the City Lord Mansion, hoping to catch a glimpse of the Upper Realm Guide.

In no time, the entrance of the City Lord Mansion was crowded, teeming with people, completely blocked.

If it weren't for the barriers around the City Lord Mansion rising into the air, the entire mansion would be surrounded, even the light wouldn't pass through.

"If only the Guide could appear in person!"

"Yes, even seeing them from afar would be nice!"

Outside the City Lord Mansion, the crowd was noisy, with many excitedly discussing, hoping the Guide would make an appearance.

However, they were disappointed as the Guide did not appear, only having the City Lord deliver a message.

Tomorrow, he will lead the ten young strong people into a mysterious realm for training to assess their talent, comprehension, and strength, then rank them.

Upon learning that seeing the Guide was hopeless, the crowd gradually dispersed.

At the same time, Ye Fan and others received the notification.

Gather in the City Lord Mansion tomorrow morning.

A night of indulgence!

The next morning, Ye Fan quietly rose, covered the sleeping Zi Huan with a thin blanket, and exited Ziyi Square, heading directly to the City Lord Mansion.

En route, he encountered no obstacles and smoothly entered the City Lord Mansion.

At this moment, others also arrived in unison, quietly waiting at the small plaza within the City Lord Mansion.

Before long, the Ancient Demon King, with hair white as silver, arrived.

"Follow me!"

The Ancient Demon King wasted no words, glanced at everyone, and directly led them to a section of the Ancient Hall situated amidst the clouds.

This Ancient Hall has existed for eternity, claimed never to fall, known as the Forbidden Land of the Ancient Demon City, where ordinary people lack even the qualification to approach, let alone enter.

Upon nearing this Ancient Hall, Ye Fan sensed a terrifying pressure, even stronger than that emanated by the Ancient Demon King.

It was an intimidation from the Divine Soul, disregarding all lives, striking fear into hearts.

"Such powerful energy!"

"I feel like my Divine Soul is about to shatter!"

Others also chimed in, displaying terrified expressions.

It's hard to imagine how powerful the being inside the Ancient Hall truly is, for even its emitted aura is so terrifying.

Facing this pressure, for the first time, they felt incredibly insignificant, akin to ants looking up at a giant.

"Buzz!"

Everyone's Demon Technique automatically began to operate, their bodies exuding Demon Gang, resisting this terrifying pressure.

"The Guide is inside, go in yourselves!"

The Ancient Demon King cast a deep glance at everyone, standing before the Ancient Hall doors, speaking solemnly.

Everyone's hearts skipped a beat!

Could it be that even the Ancient Demon King lacks the qualification to enter the Ancient Hall?

"Swish!"

Tu Sihai shot out two beams of blood light from his eyes, surrounded by a thick evil aura, his gaze steady and fearless, stepping into the Ancient Hall.

Others also performed secret techniques, withstanding immense pressure as they entered the Ancient Hall.

Inside the Ancient Hall, the pressure instantly vanished, leaving everyone feeling alleviated.

At the center of the Ancient Hall was an old altar covered in intricate, mysterious runes that flickered with light.

In the altar's center stood a tall figure, hands behind his back, like a mountain, exuding an intimidating aura.

Clad in a black cloak, like a true demon, with black fabric concealing his true face, imparting a mysterious and powerful presence.

However—

Ye Fan felt a familiar aura from him, causing his heart to quake.

It was the unique mix of evil and death aura of Human-shaped creatures!

He finally understood what entity this so-called Upper Realm Guide truly was.

Human-shaped creatures!!

The beings responsible for endless massacres of life, originators of dark turmoil.

Never expected, the so-called Upper Realm turned out to be the lair of Death Creatures.

This discovery made Ye Fan's heart race!!

"What's going on? Isn't it supposed to be ten people? Why are there only nine?"

The Judges spoke, their voice very rigid, without the slightest emotion.

"Report to the Judges; during the ten-to-five competition, one person was killed in battle!"

Outside the hall, sweat abruptly appeared on the Ancient Demon King's face.

He had actually overlooked this point. From the ten young strong people, Xingtian died in battle, naturally leaving only nine, and he hadn't selected a replacement yet.

"Immediately select one from the top hundred to fill the tenth spot."

The Judges ordered, their tone very firm, leaving no room for objection.

"Yes, I will do it right away!"

The Ancient Demon King discreetly wiped off a cold sweat, quickly summoned a mighty elder, and the two conferred for a moment, deciding to promote Luo Landu to fill the tenth strong spot.

The reason was simple, Luo Landu's strength was well recognized; although he lost to Ye Fan, it was not disgraceful.

In terms of strength, Luo Landu was undoubtedly the strongest beyond the top ten. Promoting him would likely meet no opposition.

Upon receiving the notification, the Luo Landu Family was ecstatic, urging him to report to the City Lord Mansion quickly; this was a blessing from heaven.

At the urging of the clan elder, Luo Landu soon arrived.

After thanking the Ancient Demon King, he activated his secret technique, easily passed the test, and walked into the Ancient Hall.

Then, under everyone's gaze, he calmly stood slightly behind Ye Fan, indicating his identity.

Ye Fan was very surprised; he didn't expect the Ancient Demon King to promote him to be one of the top ten.

But after thinking about it, he was relieved.

Luo Landu's strength was undoubtedly formidable, likely able to compete with Baili Han. In this situation, the Ancient Demon King's promotion to supplement the top ten was naturally reasonable.

"Very good!"

The Judges coldly glanced at them, saying, "I assume you already know that I will soon lead you to a mysterious place. How much you gain depends on your fortune. All of you, ascend the altar and prepare to depart."

The altar was very large, and even with all ten of Ye Fan's group on it, it did not seem crowded.

"Everyone prepare, let your fresh blood spill to activate the altar!"

The Judges' dry and hard voice sounded, and Ye Fan and others cut their wrists, letting their blood spill onto the altar.

Among them, Ye Fan deliberately wrapped his blood with death aura to avoid exposure.

The various colored blood flowed in the runes on the altar, like they embodied life, emitting an astonishing aura.

"Buzz!"

With a flash of light, the blood on the entire altar connected into one, forming an ancient and mysterious giant rune.

No one spoke, and the Judges chanted a series of peculiar syllables, unexpectedly using spells to activate the altar.

"Crack!"

The top of the Ancient Hall suddenly opened, spreading apart to reveal the sky.

"Boom!"

At this moment, a gigantic beam of light shot out, piercing the sky, tearing open a broad spatial passageway leading to the unknown ahead.

"Whoosh!"

Ye Fan and the other ten people, along with the Judges, entered this special spatial passageway, advancing forward.

This was a special passageway leading to an unknown destination; Ye Fan sharply noticed the time was in chaos, as if a moment spanned a hundred years, resembling the fleeting nature of eternity.

This scene was somewhat akin to traversing a Star Domain, yet not entirely, as if a new path was forged.

"Could this altar be the one that can traverse the Star Domain? No wonder it wasn't found elsewhere. But what kind of world lies ahead?"

Ye Fan was shocked. Since arriving in this world, he had been searching for an altar capable of traversing the Star Domain but had found nothing, unexpectedly seeing it here.

Occasionally, the passage walls were transparent, revealing stars being left behind, as they pierced through the universe, arriving at extremely distant places.

No one knew how much time passed, but everyone felt a shock as they burst out of the passage into a cold Star Domain, reaching the end.

Starlight flickered, empty and desolate, their Ancient Demon City unknown distances away, likely no longer within the Demon World.

This scene was stunning!

Ye Fan was relatively calm; after all, he was accustomed to traversing Star Domains for years. Such grand scenes were familiar to him.

However, the others were witnessing this for the first time, leaving the Demon World and arriving in the distant Star Domain, bringing them unparalleled shock.

"Look, what's that?"

Luo Landu excitedly pointed ahead, exclaiming.

Just ahead lay a massive island—not a celestial body or a meteorite, but a mysterious giant island.

It was very expansive, although not one-tenth the size of the Demon World, still very spectacular, quietly floating in the void; it had mountains and rivers but no life, not a single tree or blade of grass, filled with dense death aura.

"This island was originally a world, later abolished, only this piece remains preserved..."

Through the Judges' introduction, Ye Fan and the others gradually learned that the island was called Tian Zang Island, the ancient battleground where they once fought with the Human Race's strong people.

Countless strong people of the Human Race and Demon Clan fought and died here, leaving endless corpses and their so-called Spiritual Artifacts and Holy Weapons.

Over endless years, through repeated trials, they finally discovered a secret technique to allow these corpses of Human Race and Demon Clan strong people to produce massive death energy, for their cultivation needs.

This time, bringing Ye Fan and others here was precisely to let them absorb the death energy on this Tian Zang Island, enhancing their strength.

"Crunch crunch..."

After hearing the introduction, Ye Fan's face was gloomy, his fists clenched, joints cracking, yet he fiercely suppressed the cold and harsh killing intent bursting within him!

Chapter 1967: Tian Zang Island, Unyielding Heroic Souls!

The mysterious Tian Zang Island is shrouded in demon clouds, filled with deathly aura.

Ancient and timeless, time flows like a knife, leaving mottled marks upon it.

In the cold universe, starlight flickers, as Ye Fan and nine others follow the Upper Realm Guide to the shores of Tian Zang Island.

"Enter, within a month, this will be your world. How much you gain will depend on your own comprehension and effort."

The Guide spoke, his voice cold, carrying no emotional fluctuations.

"Hu~"

Ye Fan took a deep breath, his eyes shooting out a determined light, striding into the void, landing on Tian Zang Island.

The ten did not go together; instead, each chose different regions to avoid being disturbed during cultivation.

Tian Zang Island is vast and boundless, the ten within are like scattered grains of sand on the earth; without deliberate search, they hardly had the chance to meet.

"Sasha..."

The chilly wind stirred the bone powder on the ground, like a sky full of snowflakes.

The desolate Tian Zang Island finally had a bit of movement, breaking the deathly silence, sand everywhere, Ye Fan gazing far away, a scene of desolation.

Among the sand, occasionally, some gigantic skeletal remains could be seen, half-buried in the yellow sand.

These skeletal remains were definitely not Human Race bones; they should belong to the Demon Clan, some already weathered, some still glowing faintly.

Knocking on them with hand, they resonated with metallic sound, showing how terrifying the strength of the deceased had been during life.

However, they ultimately died in battle on this land, leaving behind a song of unyielding sorrow.

Mountains and rivers shattered, great rivers fractured, a scene of desolation.

This is an Ancient Battlefield, devoid of life, filled only with thick death aura and slowly flowing demonic qi.

Ye Fan's eyes were heavy and firm, his steps slow yet exceedingly steady.

With his own feet, he measured this battlefield where unyielding Battle Souls of ancient predecessors remained.

"Corpses!"

In front of a shattered valley, he paused, his eyes shooting flames of anger.

He saw, ahead, several ancient corpses scattered, exuding a strong death aura.

Beyond doubt, these ancient corpses were the fallen Human Race strong people.

Their bodies covered in blood, limbs shattered, died in horrific manner.

In the valley's hollow, a pool of fresh blood emanated a startling killing intent, sharp as a blade.

This is the ever-undying battle blood of Human Race ancestors, though bodies are dead, souls have faded, yet War Intent remains unyielding.

Beside these corpses were broken Holy Weapon Fragments, long destroyed, Artifact Spirits gone, only immortal Divine Energy emitted a sacred light.

However, even the Divine Energy contained within these Holy Artifact fragments has dissipated, the sacred glow somewhat dim.

"Ah..."

Ye Fan's purple hair fluttered, his eyes shooting cold lightning, piercing through the void, a strong killing intent emanating from his body.

"Boom!"

Under the pull of the aura, Ye Fan suddenly sensed strands of indestructible residual thoughts, seemingly telling him something.

Gradually, Ye Fan calmed down, and strands of divine consciousness flew out, interacting with these indestructible residual thoughts.

"Buzz!"

Suddenly the scene before his eyes changed drastically, Ye Fan seemed to follow the river of time, returning to the ancient era.

The location unchanged, yet the surroundings turned lush and vibrant, Heaven and Earth Primordial Qi swirling like water, mountains and waters clear and beautiful.

Suddenly, he saw, a mass of dark crowd descended from the sky, bringing intense evil and death aura.

Human-shaped creatures arrive!

"Boom!"

A fierce battle erupted instantly, many Human Race strong people soared into the sky, employing celestial means, fighting to death against the human-shaped creatures.

Blood sprayed like rain, countless battled to death, bodies shattered by strong people among the human-shaped creatures.

"Boom!"

Human-shaped creatures were exceedingly powerful, their dark green scales reflected ghostly light under the sun, with one strike, a Human Race city turned to dust, countless ordinary people slaughtered.

"I'll fight you to the death!"

A young strong person with black hair flying cried out sadly, tears of blood streaming from his eyes, charging toward a human-shaped creature.

However...

Before he got close, the human-shaped creature pointed, a Death Light instantly pierced through his brow, extinguishing his Divine Soul.

"Bang!"

The young strong person's voice abruptly halted, his eyes quickly scattered, head exploded, headless body falling.

This is a song of sorrow, no matter the bitterness, in the face of absolute strength, all resistance is futile.

"You heartless beasts!"

An elderly man with white hair cried out sadly as he attacked, a Divine Sword slicing through the void, slaughtering a human-shaped creature, chopping it into minced meat.

Yet he himself was sneak-attacked by another human-shaped creature, his body pierced with a large hole, blood and flesh flying.

As countless beings died in battle, slaughtered, the Death Aura they spilled instead became the evolution and strengthening source for human-shaped creatures.

As one wanes and another waxes, human-shaped creatures grew ever stronger and more vicious, many originally weak human-shaped creatures strengthened through the Death Aura spilled in countless beings' death.

"You beasts!"

A burly strong person shouted, a punch shattering a human-shaped creature, corrosive dark green blood flying.

Then, he let out a roar, voice like thunder, rolling sound waves shaking several human-shaped creatures before him to death.

"Boom!"

A beam of death light shot out, striking him heavily and nearly knocking him down into the void.

"Roar..."

The burly man let out a roar, revealing his true form, which turned out to be a gray wolf, emanating a metallic glow.

"Awoo..."

The gray wolf howled at the moon, spewing a light sphere from its mouth that instantly enlarged, becoming a true full moon, radiating a terrifying oppression as it rolled directly toward the gathering place of human-shaped creatures.

"Puff, puff, puff..."

Each human-shaped creature covered by the moonlight exploded and vaporized, leaving no corpses behind.

"Swish!"

At this moment, a strong figure among the human-shaped creatures appeared, with silver wings on the ribs, gleaming like metal.

He crossed the sky, and the silver wings directly shattered the full moon.

Then, he dashed forward, with a "clang," slicing the metal-glossed gray wolf into two halves, spilling vast blood rain.

This, however, is just a snapshot of the global war. Countless strong people from the Human Race and Demon Clan joined the battle, resisting the slaughter of human-shaped creatures.

However, the human-shaped creatures were too terrifying. Wherever they passed, grass and trees withered, and all life became their slaughter targets.

With the increasing deaths of humans, Demon Clan, and various beasts and birds, the death aura grew stronger.

The human-shaped creatures absorbed this Death Qi, becoming more powerful, even able to contend with the Human Race's Supreme Holy Master.

Cities where humans gathered were destroyed, areas where the Demon Clan resided also suffered devastating blows, rivers dried, fish and shrimps died, and the entire world was shrouded in ominous shadow.

"Grandpa, wake up, I'm scared..."

A little girl lay on the blood-soaked body of a white-haired elder, crying heartbreakingly, her immature voice filled with fear and helplessness.

However, her voice soon vanished as a human-shaped creature appeared, cruelly grabbing her and tearing her apart, drenching the creature in blood.

"Ahhhhh..."

Ye Fan shouted at the sky, his eyes bloodshot.

Consumed by hatred, he swung his fist like a Purple Diamond toward that human-shaped creature.

"Swish!"

He passed through the air like a ghost, piercing through the human-shaped creature's body without causing any harm.

"Calm down, you must calm down!"

Ye Fan forced himself to calm down; these scenes had passed countless ages, and he was merely a spectator unable to change anything.

At this moment, he understood it was indestructible remnants conveying information to him, cruel but factual, events that had already transpired.

These were merely fragments of the battle, disjointed, and it seemed even the indestructible remnants lacked complete memory.

In fact, he hadn't moved much, just from the edge of the valley to its bottom.

The scenes continued, and Ye Fan gradually calmed down, knowing that no matter how angry he got, it would be futile.

He had experienced this kind of situation before, knowing he couldn't change anything, only passively accepting the information.

"Boom!"

The Thunder Sea roared, and in the battle, someone broke through. The violent Heavenly Tribulation instantly enveloped hundreds of human-shaped creatures and other Human Race and Demon Clan cultivators.

"Ah..."

The human-shaped creatures screamed, turning into ashes in mere moments, while those Human Race and Demon Clan cultivators weaker than the creatures remained unharmed, though battered their lives remained intact.

"Heavenly Tribulation, Heavenly Tribulation is their nemesis!"

In the Thunder Sea, many Human Race and Demon Clan cultivators shouted, conveying this discovery to the outside world.

In an instant, countless people underwent tribulations simultaneously across the land, lightning flashing blindingly, countless human-shaped creatures were struck dead by the Heavenly Tribulation.

However, the time limit of the Heavenly Tribulation was finite; although it harmed many human-shaped creatures and purified the Death Aura, it was not the true combat power of the Human Race and Demon Clan.

Finally, the Domain Gate opened, and countless strong people from the Human Race and Demon Clan gathered from across the universe, participating in this grand battle.

Even some formidable creatures wandering in the universe arrived, turning it into an epic showdown between human-shaped creatures and other entities.

Ultimately, Ye Fan saw this place become the main battlefield, countless strong people from the Human Race and Demon Clan, and Star Beasts from the starry sky, all fighting bloodily to the death against human-shaped creatures.

No one knew how long it took, and the entire planet could no longer withstand such powerful combat and shattered into pieces.

Yet, some weaker Human Race cultivators were not killed but captured by human-shaped creatures.

This land, due to the abundance of strong people, formed a unique force field, not completely torn apart, drifting in the cosmos.

"We are not resigning!"

When the last strong person of Human Race roared and fell, this battle finally ended, and the scenes stopped here.

The human-shaped creatures paid a heavy price, but they destroyed a world, and the concentrated Death Qi not only didn't weaken them but made them even stronger, with many human-shaped creatures evolving and their power doubling.

And here, it became the burial ground for the sleeping strong people of the Human Race and Demon Clan.

Tian Zang Island!

Unyielding Heroic Souls!!

Ye Fan sighed, deeply bowing to pay respect to these indefatigable Battle Souls.

Chapter 1968: Emperor Weapon Restored, Elder Xuan Awakens!

Within Tian Zang Island, the death energy is dense, making it a sacred ground for the cultivation of the Demon Clan and human-shaped creatures.

In other directions, Luo Landu and the others are all looking for the places where the death energy is most concentrated.

Only by cultivating in the places with the densest death energy can they achieve twice the results with half the effort.

Soon, they each found places where corpses piled up like mountains, and they sat cross-legged on layers of corpses, operating demon techniques and drawing death energy into their bodies.

Ye Fan did not absorb this dense death energy, instead, he collected those broken Holy Weapon Fragments and continued on.

He neither wants to nor can he absorb the death energy produced from the corpses of the ancestors of the Human Race.

Because, that would be disrespectful to the ancestors of the Human Race!

Everywhere there is a death aura, there's no light, but it's not completely dark either; the surroundings are dim, shrouded in band-like black mist—this is a realm of death.

Thick demon clouds, like mountains, press down on the sky, filling every inch of space, completely sealing off this world, leaving no sunlight, no moonlight, no stars.

This is a black and white world, devoid of life and vibrant colors, only a dim sky, with the ground covered in corpses and skeletons everywhere.

When the wind arises, bone powder drifts with the wind, permeating the entire space.

What surprised Ye Fan was that there were no death creatures on Tian Zang Island; despite so many corpses and skeletons, only a rich death aura was produced.

This is very different from the death zone on Thunder Star.

In the death zone of Thunder Star, the scene is similar to here, with white bones everywhere, but not as many corpses.

However, in such an environment, many death creatures were produced, and even powerful creatures like Skull Venerable existed.

The death aura here is thicker than in the death zone of Thunder Star, but it did not produce death creatures, not even ghost fire.

As he moved forward, Ye Fan continuously collected some Holy Weapon Fragments, silently operating the Nine Heavens Mysterious Crown, absorbing the divine energy from the fragments.

These Holy Weapons were refined with various divine materials, containing divine energy and the law inspirations of their Holy Weapon masters.

Days later, Ye Fan had already reached the central area of Tian Zang Island, where the death energy was even thicker, almost liquefying.

Along the way, he continuously operated the Nine Heavens Mysterious Crown to absorb some divine energy from the Holy Weapon Fragments.

By now, even he didn't know how much divine energy the Nine Heavens Mysterious Crown had absorbed.

Unfortunately, many Holy Weapons were destroyed during battle, and the divine energy within is really limited.

Moreover, some fragments not made from divine materials have been completely eroded by time, turning to powder upon the slightest touch.

"This is..."

On a dried riverbed, Ye Fan saw a relatively intact weapon—it was an ancient tower, covered with cracks, as if a slight external force could shatter it.

The weapons of the Human Race and Demon Clan are fundamentally different lifeforms; the materials of Human Race's weapons are rare divine gold, but not Undead Holy Gold, making them unusable by either human-shaped creatures or the Demon Clan.

That's why they abandoned these precious divine gold items, letting them lie here, uncollected.

Firstly, they can't use them; to them, these items are no different from hard stones.

Secondly, they do not believe any strong people from the Human Race or Demon Clan can reach here, so these items are safe here.

Ye Fan walked up and picked up the cracked ancient tower, finding it still had some weak fluctuations, the divine energy not entirely lost.

This discovery thrilled him greatly!

Without a doubt, this ancient tower must have been the weapon of a supreme strong person, perhaps even a Quasi-Emperor Weapon.

This ancient tower was refined from a divine gold second only to Immortal Gold, possessing earth-shattering power; if its master hadn't died and could prove Dao, this ancient tower might have hoped to grow into an Emperor Weapon.

Unfortunately, it fell here, even the Artifact Spirit had disappeared, becoming masterless.

Ye Fan, without hesitation, operated the Nine Heavens Mysterious Crown, lines of divine energy flowed like water, absorbed by the Nine Heavens Mysterious Crown.

"Bang!"

An hour later, the ancient tower emitted a light crack, turning into dust and dissipating into the sky and earth.

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

During these ten days, Ye Fan traversed many areas, but only managed to absorb the divine energy from about a dozen Holy Weapon Fragments.

After all, a Holy Weapon is already considered a very powerful weapon, other Spiritual Artifacts barely have any divine energy left, some have even turned to dust under the erosion of time.

The Nine Heavens Mysterious Crown remained calm, without any fluctuation, like a bottomless pit that could never be filled with divine energy.

This left Ye Fan somewhat uneasy; it seems the Nine Heavens Mysterious Crown is indeed severely damaged, the energy consumption is too great.

Otherwise, with so much divine energy absorbed, Elder Xuan should have awoken long ago.

But now, he remains asleep.

Fortunately, Tian Zang Island is large enough; it's unknown how many strong people from the Human Race and Demon Clan died here, leaving a large number of Holy Weapon Fragments.

Ye Fan wandered like an ascetic monk, never stopping, moving from one place to another, climbing over broken mountains, crossing dried rivers.

On this day, he came near a cliff and suddenly stopped.

Because he heard the sound of flowing water!

Tian Zang Island is a realm of death, devoid of any signs of life, why would there be flowing water?

For half a month, he traveled through countless regions, seeing nothing but desolation, whether rivers or lakes, all dried up, some riverbeds and lake bottoms cracked with terrifying Big Rifts.

Suddenly hearing the sound of flowing water, how could he not be astonished?

"Flowing water does not rot, household hinges do not rust!"

As long as there's flowing water, there should be signs of life; at this moment, he longed to see a touch of green, even if it were just a piece of moss.

Turning the cliff, Ye Fan was stunned!

Before him appeared a rushing great river, winding its way into the distance.

But on both banks of the river, there was no sign of life.

Because...

This was a corpse river!

The river water surged, exuding a strong stench of corpses. It turned out to be corpse water, murky yellow water rushing endlessly, like the Netherworld's Yellow Spring.

In the torrents of yellow water, ancient dressed bodies could occasionally be seen floating and sinking, their entire bodies swollen from soaking, emitting a strong stench.

What kind of massacre could cause such an astonishing river of corpses?

Ye Fan gritted his teeth, fiercely suppressing the anger in his heart, as he walked upstream along the corpse river.

Where is the source of so much corpse water?

There must be corpses piled up like mountains, otherwise, after millions of years, there wouldn't still be so much corpse water surging.

The roaring of the surging corpse river was deafening, with both banks barren, nothing but gray rocks as far as the eye could see.

Three days later, Ye Fan finally approached the source of the corpse river.

From afar, he saw a mountain made of bodies and bones piled up, as high as several hundred meters.

Endless streams of corpse water flowed out from the gaps between the bodies, occasionally washing away one or two rotting bodies and bones.

The Death Aura here was denser, with demon clouds wrapping around the entire corpse mountain in bands.

Mixed in the layers of corpses were some fragments of Holy Weapons, but they had long been polluted, dull and lackluster.

"Swish!"

Ye Fan's figure flashed, arriving above the corpse mountain, activating the Nine Heavens Mysterious Crown to start absorbing the divine energy hidden in the Holy Weapon fragments beneath the bodies.

"Buzz!"

At this moment, the corpse mountain suddenly shook violently, and a broken weapon suddenly burst out, floating in front of Ye Fan.

This was a bell, neither gold nor wood, neither copper nor iron, surprisingly refined from jade.

But, this jade bell was also incomplete, missing a piece of the bell wall, far from able to exert its true power.

However, the divine energy within it was still present, currently flowing out, enveloping Ye Fan.

"Another Quasi-Emperor Weapon!"

Ye Fan was shocked, sensing from the laws embedded in this jade bell that it was yet another Quasi-Emperor Weapon.

This indicated that yet another Quasi-Emperor had fallen here; the losses of the Human Race and Demon Clan were too great.

Quasi-Emperor!

In the years when the Great Emperor was absent, Quasi-Emperors were the strongest combat power, standing as the strongest under the cosmic starry sky.

However—

Two Quasi-Emperor realm strong people had fallen here, showcasing how tragic that battle had been!

No wonder, an Ancient Star of Life had been shattered, forming the current Tian Zang Island.

Another hour passed, the jade bell silently turned into powder, its inner divine energy completely absorbed by the Nine Heavens Mysterious Crown.

This time, the Nine Heavens Mysterious Crown seemed to have a slight fluctuation but quickly quieted down again, no longer reacting.

Even Ye Fan felt it was his overwhelming desire for Elder Xuan's resurrection causing hallucinations, momentarily dazed.

Without Elder Xuan by his side, he always felt a lack of security, especially in such perilous environments, he longed for someone to assist him.

It's not that Ye Fan is not strong enough, but rather a habit formed over a long time.

After a while, Ye Fan sighed deeply, continuing onward.

Soon, he was far from the corpse mountain.

Thousands of miles away, he once again encountered vast bodies and many broken Holy Weapon fragments.

"Buzz!"

As he activated the Nine Heavens Mysterious Crown to absorb the divine energy from these fragments, an unexpected event occurred.

A golden big seal soared into the sky, exuding a trace of Quasi-Emperor's power, surprisingly being a Quasi-Emperor Weapon with a remaining sliver of Artifact Spirit.

Though this golden big seal was also full of cracks, thankfully it was still intact, without any missing parts.

Ye Fan was overjoyed, promptly activating the Nine Heavens Mysterious Crown to absorb the divine energy from the golden big seal.

This big seal was refined from the legendary Sun God Gold, definitely Immortal Material!

Although it looked small, the quality difference between Immortal Material and Divine Material was an entire level, with the divine energy within Immortal Material being even more vast.

An hour passed!

Four hours passed!

Three hours passed!

Until five hours later, the golden big seal finally dulled completely, its divine energy depleted, yet it hadn't turned to powder, still retaining its shape.

"Buzz!"

At this moment, a vast wave centered around Ye Fan swirled through the land.

Elder Xuan, who had been sleeping...

Awakened!

"Swish! Swish! Swish!"

Elder Xuan quickly sealed with both hands, naturally concealing the Emperor Weapon's aura that the Nine Heavens Mysterious Crown emitted upon full restoration.

Although the Emperor Weapon's aura was vast, due to Elder Xuan waking in time, quickly concealing it, it didn't catch anyone's attention.

"Elder Xuan, you finally woke up!"

Ye Fan was thrilled.

Chapter 1969: The Origin of the Demon Clan (Make-up 1)

The vast aura surged out and then was instantly withdrawn, without causing the slightest ripple.

Ye Fan was overwhelmed with excitement. After absorbing so much Divine Energy, Elder Xuan had finally awakened again.

"What's going on? Where did you get so much Divine Energy?"

After restraining the aura of the Emperor Weapon, Elder Xuan questioned Ye Fan.

Last time, when they pierced through the Heavenly Prison, the energy of the Nine Heavens Mysterious Crown was almost exhausted, and Elder Xuan thus fell into slumber. Without a hundred years, it would have been absolutely impossible for him to awaken on his own again.

However——

Elder Xuan was astonished to find that at this moment, the Nine Heavens Mysterious Crown had fully recovered, Divine Energy overflowing, emanating wisps of Emperor's Might.

This shocked him to the core!

"Here's how it went..."

Ye Fan recounted the entire course of events to Elder Xuan without leaving anything out, and in the end asked Elder Xuan what he should do.

"The Ancient Road before the Primordial Era, huh!"

Elder Xuan sighed endlessly. He had never expected that Ye Fan would accidentally break into the long-abandoned Xing Kong Gu Road from before the Primordial Era, and then follow this Ancient Road all the way to the Demon World.

"Do you know what the Demon World is?"

The two communicated with their consciousness. Elder Xuan never manifested from beginning to end, and only questioned him within Ye Fan's sea of consciousness.

Ye Fan was taken aback, then shook his head and said, "I don't know!"

He truly didn't know. These kinds of creatures had no blood and Qi, used Death Energy as the source of their Cultivation, yet in appearance they were no different from the Human Race. This situation was far too bizarre.

"The Demon World is actually the main body of this Tian Zang Island, a world evolved from a shattered Ancient Star of Life."

Elder Xuan spoke slowly and in detail, telling Ye Fan the entire origin and history of the Demon World without omission, leaving Ye Fan dumbfounded.

It turned out the Demon World was a gigantic world cage, a place for breeding and researching Human-shaped creatures.

Back then in that great war, countless elite strong people of the Human Race fell in battle, but some did not die. They were captured as prisoners by the Human-shaped creatures.

After the war ended, the most powerful among the Human-shaped creatures used heaven-piercing Mana to gather several shattered Ancient Stars of Life together, forming a new Ancient Star.

However, on this Ancient Star there was no life at all—no vegetation, no water, nothing.

After tens of thousands of years of natural evolution, signs of life finally appeared on this Ancient Star, but there was not the slightest aura of life.

This was the result of interference by the Human-shaped creatures. No matter what animals or plants appeared, all took Death Energy as their Primordial source.

At this point, the rough framework of the Demon World had initially taken shape.

And at this time, those Human strong people of the Human Race captured by the Human-shaped creatures, after mating with them, gave birth to some mixed-blood descendants.

The ambitions of the Human-shaped creatures were enormous. They wanted to dominate the entire universe, and the Human Race and Demon Clan were their greatest obstacles.

As for the Demon Clan, the Human-shaped creatures hadn't found any particularly effective methods yet, but the Human Race and the Human-shaped creatures were already quite similar in appearance.

They took this as a breakthrough point, attempting to create an entirely new kind of life, something between the Human Race and themselves, yet obedient to their will.

Thus, these first-generation mixed-bloods were placed in this world, allowed to evolve on their own, to see if they could discover the weaknesses of the Human Race.

In order to prevent them from breaking through this world, the Human-shaped creatures imposed a Forbidden on this world, making it impossible to traverse the Star Domain.

It was just like the Human Race penning livestock, setting these first-generation mixed-bloods loose on this Ancient Star and letting them slaughter each other to accelerate the pace of evolution.

What they wanted was a brand-new lifeform that could Cultivate the martial arts and secret technique of the Human Race, possess the blood and Qi of the Human Race, and at the same time absorb Death Energy to Cultivate their martial arts.

If their experiment succeeded, they could infiltrate the planets of the Human Race at any time to gather intelligence.

In the end, they still failed!

The Demon Clan they created, although extremely powerful and in appearance indistinguishable from the Human Race, had a fatal flaw—they lacked the blood and Qi of Humans!

This was an incomplete failure. The Human-shaped creatures were unwilling to accept it, yet they were helpless and could only acquiesce to this fact.

Every once in a while, they would select some elites from the Demon World and take them back to their own world for careful training, preparing them for future campaigns into the Star Domain of the Human Race.

In the previous few dark uprisings, the shadows of the Demon Clan could be seen everywhere. They were the vanguard of the Human-shaped creatures' army, commonly known as cannon fodder.

"Elder Xuan, then how can I leave?"

After understanding all this, Ye Fan was filled with anxiety.

If he followed the Judges to the lair of the Death Creatures, he feared that some Super Strong Man there might see through his disguise.

Once exposed, in the lair of the Human-shaped creatures, it would almost certainly mean death.

"There's no way. The Demon World, including this Tian Zang Island, has no channels leading out. Only by going to the lair of the Human-shaped creatures can you leave—that place connects to other parts of the universe. For now we can only pray for luck and take it one step at a time." Elder Xuan said.

"What comes next will be very dangerous!"

Ye Fan could only helplessly accept this reality, while also feeling an immense sense of crisis.

After all, that was the lair of the Human-shaped creatures!

Who knew what would be there...

In the days that followed, Ye Fan did not absorb a single wisp of Death Energy for Cultivation. Instead, under Elder Xuan's guidance, he once again Sealing his own blood and Qi.

Very soon, a month passed.

Deathly radiance coiled all over Ye Fan's body. Like a bolt of lightning, he shot into the sky and rushed out of Tian Zang Island.

At the same time, the others also burst out one after another, gathering near Tian Zang Island.

"Very good. Compared to a month ago, all of you have made great progress. This shows that your talent and comprehension are both quite good!"

The Judges stood high above, overlooking the crowd and said, "Based on your respective performance and degree of improvement, I will now announce your ranking order. If anyone is unconvinced, you may directly challenge someone ranked above you. As long as you can defeat them, their position will become yours."

"Tu Sihai, first place."

"Luo Yifu, second place."

"Zi Yefan, third place."

"..."

"Luo Landu, tenth place!"

The order of the ten was quickly set. No one was unconvinced, and no one challenged those ranked above them. These rankings were carved out with strength; they were very clear about the gap between themselves and the others.

"No one has any objections?"

The Judges said coldly, "Good, then we depart immediately. We'll return to Ancient Demon City first. You have ten days to reunite with your clansmen. Ten days later, I will take you into the Upper Realm."

As he spoke, two beams of light shot out from the Judges' eyes. The Void split open at once, and a special altar appeared before everyone, only the size of a house, hanging suspended in the Void.

Under the guidance of the Judges, Ye Fan and the others stepped onto the altar, then, just like when they had come, they sprinkled fresh blood to activate the altar.

The Judges uttered strange syllables, using the Nameless Spell to start the altar. A beam of light shot out, piercing through the Void.

Ye Fan and the others set foot on the road of return.

No one knew how long had passed when everyone suddenly shuddered, rushing out of the Void Channel and landing on the altar within the Ancient Hall.

Looking at the familiar scene around them, everyone felt as if they had just woken from a dream. They could hardly believe that this past month had actually been spent on a mysterious Tian Zang Island.

"Remember, you only have ten days. Ten days from now, assemble here!"

The icy voice faded away, and the Judges had long since vanished without a trace.

"Everyone, come to the Holy Demon Hall!"

They walked down from the Ancient Hall in the Void, and before they could leave, a majestic voice rang in their ears.

It was the voice of the Ancient Demon King!

The ten did not dare neglect the summons and went directly toward the Holy Demon Hall.

Entering the Holy Demon Hall, they saw that the Judges were already there. He stood on a stone platform in the middle of the great hall, back to everyone, like a carved statue.

The City Lord, the Ancient Demon King, stood to the side. Even though there was a seat behind him, he did not sit.

"The Judges has already told me your rankings. Now I announce that I will carry out the Judges' decision—the ranking list of the Ten Great Families will be delivered to your clans at the same time as you."

The Ancient Demon King swept his gaze over them and continued, "Your clans will benefit because of you. From now on, every year, a large amount of resources will be tilted toward your clans, fully supporting your clans!"

"Long live the Ancient Demon King, long live the Judges!"

The others burst into cheers, each of them incomparably excited. This was their glory, and also the glory of their clans.

Only Tu Sihai, Luo Yifu, and Ye Fan remained calm, showing no reaction.

Tu Sihai and Luo Yifu felt that their rankings were well-deserved; there was nothing to be particularly excited about.

As for Ye Fan, he was completely unmoved. All of this was within his expectations.

"All right, you may each go back now!"

The Ancient Demon King waved his hand, signaling that they could leave.

The others filed out of the great hall one after another, but Ye Fan did not move. Luo Landu gave Ye Fan a surprised glance and said calmly, "Master, I'll wait for you outside."

After speaking, he left the hall together with the others.

At this moment, only Ye Fan, the Ancient Demon King, and the Judges remained in the entire hall.

No, it should be said there were only two people, as the Judges could not really be counted as a person.

"Do you still have something?" The Ancient Demon King was in high spirits and asked Ye Fan with a smile.

"Heavenly King, I would like to ask you for something!" Ye Fan pondered for a moment and said in a deep voice.

He felt that the Purple Demon Family was weak. Even though they had leapt to become the third largest clan in the entire Demon World, to truly rise would still take a long time. He wanted the Ancient Demon King to look after them a little.

"What is it? As long as it's something I can do, I will definitely agree," the Ancient Demon King said.

His impression of Ye Fan could not be better. Relying on the resources of a Xiao family, to possess such Combat Power was simply a miracle.

He now already treated Ye Fan like a precious treasure.

"It's like this..."

Ye Fan said, "I'm sure you know as well that the Purple Demon Family has been weak for a long time and previously suffered a heavy blow. It's impossible for them to rise quickly. I hope that after I leave, Heavenly King, you can take care of them a bit and protect the rise of the Purple Demon Family."

"No problem. As long as I am here, I will definitely protect the Purple Demon Family so they can rise smoothly. You can completely rest assured on this point. I am still hoping that the Purple Demon Family will produce another Zi Yefan!"

The Ancient Demon King said with a hearty laugh.

"In addition, Heavenly King, after I leave, I hope you can support Zi Huan to become Clan Leader."

"That's absolutely no problem!"

The Ancient Demon King agreed readily. In his eyes, Ye Fan's potential was limitless; in the future he might very well grow into someone even he would have to look up to. To form a good relationship with Ye Fan now was nothing but beneficial!

Chapter 1970: I Want to Have a Child

Ziyi Square.

Inside a small, exquisite pavilion.

Ye Fan and Zi Huan stood shoulder to shoulder, like a pair of golden boy and jade maiden.

The breeze blew past, lifting their hair so that it fluttered and tangled together.

In the distance, rows upon rows of houses rose like waves of the sea, layer upon layer.

Beside them, the Purple Maple Tree swayed in the light wind, rustling with a soft clatter.

A faint dark fragrance drifted over with the wind, peaceful and serene.

The two of them leaned quietly against the railing, gazing into the distance. Neither spoke, yet both could sense the deep love surging in each other's hearts.

A gust of wind swept by, and a Purple Maple Leaf broke free from the constraint of its branch, drifting away with the free wind into the distance.

Ye Fan felt as if he were that leaf, flying with the wind, not knowing where his destination lay.

Dancing with the wind, it seemed free, yet in truth it was not its own master, unaware of where it would finally come to rest.

He felt that he was like a fallen leaf adrift in the winds of fate.

Only, this wind had blown for far too long; he had never yet found his true home.

Perhaps he was merely a leaf struggling in the gales of destiny, desperately trying to seize his own fate, and failing again and again.

In the eyes of others, perhaps he was a successful man, haloed with radiance, but he himself knew that as long as he had not truly Proved Dao and become Emperor Cheng, he could not truly take his destiny into his own hands.

Even a Great Emperor, he feared, would find it hard to truly defy fate. Otherwise, how could so many Great Emperors end in such dim, sorrowful fashion?

Zi Huan was likewise marveling at the wonder of destiny.

If she had not harvested the Death Black Lotus, if she had not been hunted down by people of the Mo Duo Family, if she had not met Ye Fan...

Too many "ifs" were but coincidences of fate; remove any one link in between, and the present scene would not exist.

"Ten days from now, I will be leaving."

Ye Fan looked toward the boundless distance and spoke calmly.

This was a farewell, and also his last trace of attachment to this world.

"Don't say it..."

Mist gathered in Zi Huan's deep blue eyes.

She gently pressed a finger against Ye Fan's lips and said somewhat sadly, "I don't want to hear words of parting in our final days. That would only make me grieve."

"Silly girl..."

Ye Fan sighed inwardly, endless tenderness in his eyes.

Yet beneath that tenderness, there lay a still deeper, unwavering resolve.

Nothing could halt his steps forward; he would grow stronger, ever stronger.

Only by becoming stronger would he have the strength to protect all that he loved. This was the belief to which he clung.

Below the pavilion, many people came and went, but no one came up to disturb their peace.

Watching the once desolate Ziyi Square gradually grow lively, Zi Huan suddenly recalled that day on the square of Ancient Demon City, the firm, ringing words Ye Fan had spoken...

"Before the competition ends, I'll keep you safe from death; after the competition ends, I'll grant you a lifetime of glory!!"

The words still echoed in her ears; the outcome had already come to pass.

Thanks to Ye Fan's outstanding performance, the Purple Demon Family had ascended to the seat of the third-ranked clan, taking the place of the Xing Family.

And she had become the youngest Clan Leader in the Demon World.

Moreover, she had done so as a woman, creating a precedent unseen since ancient times.

"A lifetime of glory... Do I truly need a lifetime of glory?"

Zi Huan turned around, gazing deeply into Ye Fan's eyes. Her voice trembled slightly as she said, "Compared to a lifetime of glory, I would rather bear you a child."

"After you leave, that will be where my feelings rest; it will be the witness and Crystal of our love. I want that..."

Yearning gleamed in Zi Huan's eyes—not desire of the flesh, but a longing born of deep affection.

"You..."

Ye Fan was deeply moved. Zi Huan was already his woman; though they were of different races, a love that crossed such a divide was all the more precious.

"Don't say it, I understand."

Zi Huan interrupted him once more—but this time, with her lips...

Their four lips pressed tightly together, temples brushing, breath mingling...

Only after a long while did they part. Zi Huan's breathing was disordered, her cheeks flushed; her large limpid eyes seemed on the verge of overflowing.

It took her quite some time to still the surge of impulse in her heart. Then she gave Ye Fan a calm smile and said, "Brother Ye, will you walk with me? I want to leave behind a few more beautiful memories."

Ye Fan nodded. "In the days to come, I'll be with you every day, until you grow tired of me."

"I won't grow tired. I only hate that heaven has granted us far, far too little time!"

Side by side, the two of them descended the stairs and walked out of Ziyi Square.

All along the way, many people automatically made way for them.

Luo Landu was busy, helping Zi Xiaoyi receive the guests who had come to visit and offer congratulations.

After leaving the Holy Demon Hall, Luo Landu strode forward and, without warning, dropped to his knees before Ye Fan.

"Master, whether I am one of the top ten or not, you will always be my master!" Luo Landu said in a deep voice.

Ye Fan was quite taken aback.

By rights, Luo Landu had already entered the top ten, and thus his clan naturally had become one of the Ten Great Families, albeit ranking at the bottom.

But after all, to be one of the Ten Great Families and yet cast off that identity, willingly becoming a vassal of the Purple Demon Family, required not only resolve, but also willpower and the courage to burn one's boats.

None of Luo Landu's clansmen had come, for they too were busy with all kinds of social dealings. After the tournament concluded, they had been promoted to one of the Ten Great Families, and were equally overwhelmed with affairs.

In just one day, they roamed all around the many places near Ziyi Square, buying a huge pile of things.

Every street, every alley, was filled with Zi Huan's happy laughter, clear and crisp like silver bells.

Night fell!

After dinner, Zi Xiaoyi directly found an excuse to slip away, leaving the two of them space to be alone.

"Brother Ye..."

In the candlelight, a graceful figure in Ziyi Square stood dazzlingly beautiful, her eyes moving with charm; in those big, watery eyes it was as if they could speak, pouring out boundless affection and endless desire.

"Come on, let's fulfill our promise!"

Ye Fan gently took her soft jade hand, pulled her into his arms, and walked toward his bedroom.

Little insects sang; the night was quiet.

From Ye Fan's room came that unique creaking of wooden furniture being rocked, very rhythmic.

Amid the creaking were mixed some strange gasps and soft moans.

The slightly hoarse sounds stirred up boundless sensual fantasies in others' minds.

After a long while, the sounds died down, and the night sky returned to silence.

However, this calm did not last long; the creaking started again, this time accompanied by "pa, pa" sounds of water...

All the way until dawn, those evocative sounds kept starting and stopping, never truly ceasing.

Only when the sky was just paling and figures had begun to appear on the streets did those sounds completely disappear.

At daybreak, after washing up, Ye Fan and Zi Huan went downstairs feeling refreshed, ate some breakfast, and headed out of the city.

For nine days in a row, every night they repeated the same rhythm; time and again, Ye Fan delivered the essence of his life into Zi Huan's body through that special way.

Although he did not know whether the Human Race and the Demon Clan could bear offspring, he still did it.

Since he was about to leave, he didn't want to leave any regrets for himself or for Zi Huan.

Tomorrow would be the day of departure.

That night, they were especially Feng Kuang.

Ye Fan labored tirelessly, sending Zi Huan up to one cloud after another.

No one knew how much time had passed when Ye Fan felt something inexplicable stirring deep within his body.

"Roar..."

He let out a shout, his body tensing.

"Ah..."

Zi Huan cried out wildly, her body convulsing with excitement; using all her strength, her four limbs wrapped around Ye Fan like an octopus, and tears of joy streamed uncontrollably from the corners of her eyes.

This time, she truly and clearly felt that intense impact; her head was spinning.

She didn't know whether it would succeed this time.

She also didn't know just how lucky she was.

On Earth, Su Liuli had not received such happiness.

In the Xuan Realm, Tong Qianchen was sunk in sorrow, Yaling was still waiting foolishly. And then there were Princess Yue Bai, Ling Ziyuan...

"Brother Ye..."

Zi Huan called out shyly, her whole body covered in fragrant sweat; her sensual lips found Ye Fan's lips and pressed into a heavy kiss.

Only at daybreak did the two of them finally separate from their entanglement, each putting on their clothes, washing up a bit, and heading downstairs.

Zi Xiaoyi didn't say anything, only told Ye Fan to go to the City Lord Mansion after eating to wait for departure.

Ye Fan merely nodded noncommittally, saying nothing.

This breakfast was eaten in a heavy mood; Zi Huan was almost nibbling one tiny bite at a time, her delicate head lowered very low, not looking at anyone.

Though the meal was eaten very slowly, it still had to come to an end.

Ye Fan stood up, gave a bitter smile, and said, "It's not like I'm going off to die; why are you all acting like this?"

"Xiao Fan, take good care of yourself on this trip!" Zi Xiaoyi patted Ye Fan's shoulder and turned to leave.

"Brother Ye, go take a bath, you're all sweaty." Zi Huan also stood up and spoke softly to Ye Fan.

Was that really necessary?

Ye Fan smiled bitterly. It wasn't like this was a forever farewell, yet they were making it so sentimental.

However, in truth, it really was a farewell of life and death!

Perhaps after this trip, he might never return, and might even fall in the Upper Realm.

In the backyard of Ziyi Square, there was a special room set aside for bathing.

In the end, Ye Fan still couldn't refuse Zi Huan; under her attentive service, he took a hot bath and changed into a set of neat, clean clothes.

"Master, it's time to depart!"

Just as Ye Fan had changed his clothes, Luo Landu's voice came from outside; he had actually come to fetch him.

"Alright!"

Regardless of whether anyone was around, Zi Huan suddenly rushed over, hugged Ye Fan tightly, and pressed her fragrant lips to his.

The two shared a passionate kiss for a moment before Zi Huan weakly let Ye Fan go, staring blankly as he and Luo Landu walked farther and farther away.

Two streams of silent tears slid down her cheeks...

Soon, Ye Fan and Luo Landu entered the City Lord Mansion and flew toward the Ancient Hall in the Void.

The road to the future began here!