

Villain 841

Chapter 841: A world where humans and barbarians coexist, barbarian princess Barbara

This was a secluded and lonely world, lacking a well-established cultivation system and a scarcity of spiritual energy from heaven and earth. The primary ethnic groups were the human race and the barbarian tribes, with various other exotic races scattered along the endless coastlines. The vast land had extensive mountain ranges and hills, hosting ancient tribes and massive cities.

The barbarian tribes worship the Barbarian God, drawing power from ancient totems through the force of their beliefs. The mighty among them can communicate with heaven and earth, possessing unpredictable and formidable powers.

Similarly, the practitioners cultivate by absorbing mist and refining essence to transform into divine beings capable of traversing the skies, moving mountains, and boiling seas.

They establish sects and schools in cities and mountains, spreading their influence. However, in this world, for several million years, no new Barbarian God had appeared.

Since the disappearance of the previous Barbarian God, the entire barbarian world had been dramatically affected, and the strongest among them was far from reaching the realm of the Barbarian God, leaving it a distant goal.

Contrarily, the human race practicing Dao-building experts methods had grown increasingly robust and unaffected by these changes. The region once known as the human race was gradually occupying the Barbarian God Continent, and the ancient barbarian tribes had hidden in the deep forests and mountains.

As the barbarian tribes decline, they slowly fade from the view of this world and have long lost their former glory. While the immortal path thrives like an immortal sun illuminating the vast sky, the cultivation methods of the barbarian tribes had gradually become obscure side paths. Even quite a few barbarians had switched to practicing Dao-building experts methods.

The Barbarian God Sect was a powerful sect jointly founded by barbarians and human cultivators, making it one of the most potent forces in this world. Within the denomination, there were not only powerful barbarians who worship the Barbarian God and communicate with totems but also human cultivators practicing Dao-building experts methods.

Endless mountain ranges stretch without end, shrouded in mist, with palaces and pavilions hidden within. Birds are singing, divine lights are disappearing, and cultivators are traversing the rainbow.

Many humans and barbarians, eager to join the Barbarian God Sect, spare no effort or expense. The sect only accepts less than a thousand disciples each year, yet countless figures continue to line up outside the mountain gate, hoping for a chance.

As long as I secure a top-three position in the intra-peak competition this month, I can obtain a Sun-Seizing Flower with an age of eighty thousand years. With the Candle Yin mental method, I can break through the fourth level of the Barbarian Art

After breaking through the fourth level of the Barbarian Art, even cultivators in the God Realm, who have entered the fourth stage, won't be my opponents.

At this moment, in a relatively quiet mountain peak within the Barbarian God Sect, a young girl was whispering to herself.

She looks young, wearing the attire of an inner disciple of the Barbarian God Sect. Despite appearing only fifteen or sixteen, her facial features were lovely.

With luminous eyes, bright and large, featuring some distinctive traits of the barbarian race, a particularly high and straight nose, and exceptionally fair skin, her gaze appears much deeper than that of an average person. Her physique was equally striking, with long and slender legs, appearing robust and agile, reminiscent of a sleek cheetah.

Moreover, her expression carries extraordinary resilience and self-confidence, far beyond the ordinary. The girl's name was Barbara, hailing from an ancient barbarian tribe nestled within the vast mountain ranges. It is the largest surviving barbarian tribe in this world, ruled by her father, the tribal chief, who governs tens of thousands of tribal members.

As the most talented prodigy within the tribe, she had been heavily relied upon since childhood, hoping to lead her people and the entire barbarian race to rise once again, restoring the former glory of the barbarian tribe.

Barbara had indeed lived up to these expectations, entering the Barbarian God Sect through her efforts and innate talents and becoming an inner disciple of the sect.

Even among the many geniuses in the Barbarian God Sect, she stands out, showing no inferiority compared to other outstanding talents.

In numerous previous intra-peak competitions, she achieved commendable rankings. This time, her goal was to secure a position within the top three, as one of the rewards is the Sun-Seizing Flower, with an age of eighty thousand years, a rare treasure born in perilous volcanic craters containing the power of extreme yang. It requires a formidable cultivator to harvest.

In everyday life, such a treasure was rarely seen by the public. Barbara needs this eighty-thousand-year Sun-Seizing Flower to compliment her Candle Yin mental method, aiding her in breaking through the fourth layer of the Barbarian Art.

The Barbarian Art was a formidable technique passed down through generations in their tribe, enabling the practitioner to tap into the power of the barbarian god in heaven and earth.

Upon reaching the ninth layer, one could even condense the proper form of the barbarian god and become a god. However, for millions of years, no one has been able to cultivate the ninth layer. Even Barbaras father, the tribes chief, only reached the sixth layer and found it difficult to make further progress. There was no hope of getting the next layer in this lifetime.

At a young age, Barbara had already broken through the third layer and was now on the verge of breaking through the fourth layer. She was undoubtedly the fastest cultivator in the tribe for thousands of years. Therefore, she embodies the hopes of the entire tribe.

To safeguard the tribe, I must break through to the sixth layer of the Barbarians Art before the age of twenty. Otherwise, my father will not be at ease to search for the barbarian god

The tribe will eventually be swallowed by other forces. Our people will be enslaved and oppressed

Speaking softly to herself, Barbaras eyes are filled with determination.

According to the traditions of the barbarian tribe, if the tribal chief had not broken through to the seventh layer of the Barbarians Art before the age of fifty, it means there is essentially no hope for advancement in this lifetime.

In the days to come, vitality would gradually wane, succumbing to the passage of time. Many chieftains of the barbarian tribes embarked on a journey to seek the Barbarian God when they reached a certain age.

And naturally, this Destiny befell upon the father of Barbara, who was now forty-six years old. According to tradition and rules, in another four years, he would leave the tribe to search for the Barbarian God, bringing hope to the numerous barbarian tribes.

So, I must become a true disciple of the Barbarian God Sect before that. The sects scripture repository contains many ancient texts related to the barbarian tribes, and perhaps, there might be clues about the disappearance of the Barbarian God.

And, my grandfather is getting old. I must find the God-viewing Grass to cure his long standing ailment and extend his life.

As Barbara contemplated these thoughts, her small hands couldnt help but clench, feeling the urgency of time. Despite her diligent cultivation since joining the Barbarian God Sect, trouble still found her.

As the princess of the barbarian tribe, Barbara became the target of unwanted attention, not only due to her status but also because of her striking beauty. The son of a peak master in the Barbarian God Sect had set his sights on her and continuously sought her affection. Simultaneously, this romantic pursuit had stirred discontent in the childhood friend of the peak masters son.

In the past few days, this situation had led to multiple confrontations. Things might not have been resolved so quickly if it werent for her current mentors intervention. However, fate had a twist in store for her this morning.

Her mentor had to leave the mountain to gather crucial ingredients for a special elixir. Consequently, Barbara was left alone on the vast mountain peak, and it seemed some peak masters were not pleased with her mentors solitary occupation of the resources.

I hope that Song Qinger wont come looking for trouble these next few days. Even if shes the daughter of a peak master

Barbara, born and raised in the wilderness of the barbarian tribe, was not one to be trifled with, having been accustomed to the harsh realities of life. The repeated provocations and insults from Song Qinger had kindled a fierce fire within her.

However, just as Barbara uttered those words, a sudden commotion and the sound of things being smashed emanated from outside the courtyard. Her expression darkened, and with furrowed brows, she briskly pushed the door open.

Chapter 842: Cruel and heartless girl, who are you?

An arrogant and wonderful young woman wielding a silver whip led a group of servants toward this place. She used the whip to smash nearby bricks, tiles, pots, and even medicinal herbs along the way.

What do you want, Song Qing'er?

Observing the destroyed medicinal fields in the distance, Barbara asked gloomily. These fields represented her mentor's hard work; if Song Qing'er's actions were discovered, it would undoubtedly lead to severe consequences. Barbara couldn't afford to anger her mentor if she wished to continue practicing in the Barbarian God Peak.

Hehe, just some annoying things in the way. Why are you so nervous?" Song Qing'er, the girl with the whip, sneered dismissively, showing no concern for the destruction around her.

Ah, Man gazed at her without expression. Behind Song Qing'er was a peak master, a well-known second-generation figure in the Barbarian God Sect, who was notorious for being arrogant and domineering. Moreover, Song Qing'er and Zhao Xuan, who had been pursuing her, were childhood friends.

Ah, Man only had her mind set on cultivation and reviving the barbarian tribe, paying no attention to Zhao Xuan. However, he pursued her relentlessly, leading to Song Qing'er causing trouble for her.

Using your somewhat attractive appearance to seduce Brother Zhao Xuan. I must admit your face is quite pretty. If I have to cut you a few times today, I'll reluctantly forgive your offense...

Song Qing'er's gaze lingered on Barbara's delicate features, and a hint of jealousy flashed across her finely crafted facial features. She then shifted her attention to Barbara's exceptionally slender legs, struggling to conceal her envy.

Zhao Xuan indeed had good taste; compared to ordinary human females, Barbara's appearance and figure stood out like a crane among chickens.

Never mind, I might as well break your legs too. Otherwise, I won't be able to ease the hatred in my heart. Song Qing'er sneered coldly.

Ah, Man continued to stare at her expressionlessly, her eyes assessing the several servants behind her. She contemplated how to deal with this trouble today. She would have found a way to eliminate Song Qing'er if it were outside the Barbarian God Sect. However, even if her mentor were present within the sect, she couldn't harm Song Qing'er.

"Hehe, stop looking. I know your mentor left the Barbarian God Sect this morning to search for medicinal ingredients in the outside world. At the latest, she won't be back for ten days or half a month. Now, who can shelter you?"

"You're just at the third realm, while the two servants behind me are both at the fourth realm. If you're smart, don't resist. Otherwise, I'll make you wish you were dead. These servants of mine haven't had the pleasure of a taste of a barbarian princess yet."

Song Qing'er, unable to detect any panic or fear on Barbar's face, felt increasingly annoyed. She couldn't help but taunt with a threatening tone.

Barbara stared at her expressionlessly, contemplating a course of action. If it were an ordinary person, they might have already panicked, but not her. Regardless, Song Qing'er could, at most, humiliate her. Openly harming her within the Barbarian God Sect was not something Song Qing'er would dare to do.

However, Song Qing'er's father was a powerful cultivator in the seventh realm. The Barbarian God Sect was one of the most terrible immortal forces on the continent, with enigmatic figures such as peak masters, sect leaders, and elders.

There were rumors of super-strong individuals close to reaching the ninth realm, comparable to the Barbarian God himself. Therefore, Barbara needed to find out if Song Qing'er possessed any powerful treasures. To be cautious, she didn't plan to confront her directly.

"If you truly have the ability, then kill me. I don't believe your father can dominate the entire Barbarian God Sect single-handedly," Barbara finally spoke, her tone icy, like a refreshing spring dropping onto a jade plate, carrying a chilling aura.

“Hehe, I indeed dare not kill you, but I have ways to ruin you. The current situation of the barbarian tribe isn’t great, and you know it too. My father is a peak master of the Barbarian God Sect, with numerous influential friends. A few words from him, and he can effortlessly destroy several barbarian tribes. If you’re smart, just cooperate. You can’t match my strength,” Song Qing’er continued to smirk, witnessing the anger flickering on Barbara’s face, feeling even more satisfied.

Song Qing’er, you are truly despicable...

Barbara’s face showed a trace of anger, her small hands clenched tightly, seemingly harboring intense hatred.

Who allowed you to have such a beautiful face, attracting the admiration of my beloved? Can you blame me for that?

Song Qing’er still wore a cold smile, observing the fury that crossed Barbara’s face, finding it thoroughly enjoyable.

“Smart ones should behave. Maybe you’ll have an easier time later...” she added, still carrying that condescending smile.

“Is that so?” Before she could finish her sentence, Barbara interrupted her, the anger on her face disappearing, replaced by indifference.

You...

Song Qing’er’s expression changed suddenly. She realized something was wrong as her throat became incredibly itchy, like a heavens and earth of centipedes crawling within. She grabbed her neck, attempting to vomit, but the sensation only worsened. She even resorted to using her nails to scratch her throat, tearing her skin apart.

Her eyes bulged, resembling a vengeful spirit. The same torment befell the servants beside her, writhing in agony on the ground.

This is a poison I developed, called Throat-Severing Fragrance. When you spoke just now, you inhaled it. Without my antidote, you'll keep tearing at your own throat until it snaps. You can try finding your father, see if he has a solution...

"But you must guarantee that you'll leave alive."

Barbara's voice remained cold and unfeeling. Her calm and indifferent words echoed, carrying a sense of detachment on her exquisitely beautiful face.

In reality, she was gambling, betting that Song Qing'er valued her life too much to play games with it. While speaking, she tossed a white porcelain bottle directly before Song Qing'er.

With a contorted and agonized expression, Song Qing'er, fearing for her life, hastily poured out a small pill and swallowed it. Only then did the unbearable itchiness subside. She felt as if she had survived a calamity.

Don't blame me for being ruthless. You wanted to ruin me, so should I await my doom? You can go find your father later to deal with me, but rest assured, you'll end up looking worse than me. You won't get a second antidote. I only want to cultivate peacefully, and you repeatedly disturbed me. If you truly want to die, I have a hundred ways to make it happen.

Barbara declared as she observed Song Qing'er, who was now lying on the ground, pale and gasping for air.

Watching Song Qing'er, now in a state of terror and panting heavily, Barbara approached her, crouched down, and then grabbed her hair. On her calm face, there was a bone-chilling coldness and indifference.

You... spare me. I won't dare anymore...won't dare...

Song Qing'er, having grown up in a sheltered environment, had never experienced anything like this before. Her expression was full of fear as she hastily promised, afraid of being too slow.

"Leave with your people," Ah Man said, releasing her hair. "And make sure to fix the destroyed medicinal fields for me."

Barbara let out a sigh of relief only after Song Qing'er and her entourage hurriedly left. However, looking at the wrecked pottery and herbs around her, she couldn't help but furrowed her brows with a hint of helplessness.

She could only use this method to intimidate Song Qing'er. Thanks to the knowledge passed down by her tribe's elder, who was well-versed in various medicinal principles, Barbara excelled in understanding different herbs' properties and had remarkable poison-crafting skills.

Who's there?

However, as Barbara returned to her courtyard, her expression suddenly became alert, staring at the closed door.

Indeed, not bad.

The next moment, accompanied by a clear and warm male voice, the courtyard seemed to enter a peculiar state. Wind, time, and space appeared to freeze.

The door opened independently, revealing a young man wearing a simple, azure silk garment. At this moment, everything seemed to come to a standstill in the presence of this man, as if the world itself paused in acknowledgment of his existence.

The young man in the simple green silk clothes smiled gently, his eyes profound. He looked at Barbara and said, "I am just a passerby. You don't need to be alarmed. I sensed a commotion and came to see if anyone needed help."

Chapter 843: Cruel future, what a poor guy

At this moment, the courtyard fell into silence, and the usual sounds of insects and birds faded away like a receding tide. The flow of time and space seemed to freeze, leaving only the young man in front, and the vast world appeared to shrink to just this moment.

As the princess of the barbarian tribe, Barbara displayed remarkable courage from a young age. At a tender age, she accompanied the tribe's hunters, venturing into the mountains to hunt and face fierce beasts in combat. Confronted with numerous challenges and crises, she remained calmly composed.

However, today, she was genuinely stunned, her pupils contracting at the sight of this strange scene she had never witnessed before. The mysterious man before her had appeared without her notice, causing the entire world to fall into a quiet stillness.

What kind of terrifying means were these? Barbara couldn't even fathom it. The strongest beings she had encountered were the elders of the Barbarian God Sect, yet even they couldn't achieve such a level. It was truly beyond comprehension.

"Who are you, and why are you here in my courtyard?"

With her extraordinary intellect, Barbara quickly composed herself and focused on the young man before her, asking.

At this moment, she resembled a poised young cheetah, vigilant and wary.

"Indeed, you possess courage and skills at such a young age," the young man calmly remarked, paying no mind to her caution or questions. Wearing a faint smile, he continued, "There's no need to use poison against me; such methods won't work."

His gaze casually swept over Barbara's sleeve, noticing her quietly opening a small white jade bottle. At his words, Barbara stiffened, surprised that her discreet action had not escaped the young man's notice.

"Who are you? What is your purpose?" She couldn't help but ask again, feeling increasingly uneasy. When he glanced at her, it seemed all her secrets were bare, with nothing left to hide.

"Who am I?" The young man chuckled, "You can consider me your benefactor. I came here to save you."

Barbara's pupils once again contracted at this revelation.

My benefactor? Did he come here to save me?

"Of course, you can also interpret it as destiny. I came here in search of a suitable successor," he continued with a casual smile. "And coincidentally, that suitable person happens to be you."

The young man, naturally, was Gu Changge. He had arrived in this world some time ago, first understanding its origins before seeking out the appropriate tool – a successor.

Having traversed various universes and countless lower realms, he finally found an anomaly with a misty destiny, far surpassing the so-called heirs of Qi and era. She carried the fog of the Great Dao-building expertise, her aptitude transcending the limitations of innate talent, and she was inherently magical, possessing a demonic heart.

Gu Changge thought no one was more suitable than her as a successor. The young girl before him was destined to become one of the most powerful sorcerers in the world.

Searching for a successor? A suitable candidate?

Ah Man's pupils contracted again, a surprise appearing on her face. She was somewhat familiar with some peculiar records in the world, knowing that there were instances where ordinary people, due to fortuitous circumstances, were chosen by passing immortals and taken as disciples, subsequently soaring to great heights.

However, these were just accounts, and their authenticity was uncertain. Could such a thing happen to her? She found it hard to believe, approaching the situation with great caution.

Barbara never believed in windfalls dropping from the sky or unexplained good fortune. Even towards her current master, she harbored some wariness and skepticism, not wholly trusting. The young man of unknown origin, uttering these words, was certainly not going to make her believe.

Gu Changge paid no mind to her doubts. With his current strength and abilities, discerning a person's past and future was trivial. Although Barbara was enveloped in a considerable fog of the Great Dao-building expert, he clearly understood her numerous past experiences. So, her cautious and suspicious nature didn't surprise him; he found it somewhat admirable.

"You need not worry so much. If I harbored ill intentions, you wouldn't have any recourse right now. If I wanted to harm you, it would be much simpler than what happened to that girl just now," Gu Changge remarked casually.

"Why me?" Barbara acknowledged the truth of his words, recognizing their strengths' vast differences. She remained silent momentarily before questioning, "Why would it be me?"

Gu Changge answered indifferently, “Because, like me, you are inherently a sorcerer possessing a demonic heart.”

As the Demon Lord, he possessed an innate demonic heart during his travels across the heavens. So, his statement held a certain degree of truth.

Inherently a sorcerer?

Barbara was stunned, her expression one of disbelief. Before this, she had heard of demonic cultivators, but they were often depicted as cultivators who caused harm and chaos, not necessarily inherently demonic individuals. Despite her occasional cold and ruthless actions, she was not a demonic cultivator who indiscriminately slaughtered the innocent. How could she be inherently demonic, as Gu Changge claimed?

And what exactly was a demonic heart? She had never heard of it before.

“You will understand in the future. Inherently demonic individuals are destined to be unwelcome in this world. Moreover, your close family and relatives are fated to encounter misfortune, face ominous entanglements, live in solitude for a lifetime...” Gu Changge said with a faint smile.

“You’re talking nonsense. That’s impossible. Grandfather, Father, how could they possibly...” Barbara found it hard to believe and was unwilling to accept it. How could her father and grandfather suffer because of her?

Throughout her life, she had always seen her duty of protecting the tribe and her family, including her father and grandfather, as a source of motivation for her mission and cultivation.

“That’s why I said I am your benefactor. I am here to save you,” Gu Changge continued with a calm smile. “Four years from now, your foster father will embark on a journey to find the so-called Barbarian God. On that path, he will discover some truths and meet a tragic end.”

Foster father?

How is that possible?

Barbara's eyes displayed disbelief, her silver teeth biting down tightly. Gu Changge casually mentioned events four years into the future, giving her an eerie feeling, as if he were narrating an impending occurrence.

Furthermore, how did Gu Changge know about future events? Could he predict the future?

"Haven't you ever sensed it or considered the possibility that you are not your father's biological daughter?" Gu Changge ignored her shock and disbelief, continuing with his calm tone.

The girl before him might not be aware that in the coming years, she would endure much pain and sorrow in this world. She was still distant from the world of magic, but it was a path she would inevitably tread as she transformed.

Gu Changge had no intention of stirring up more trouble. He didn't have the luxury of time.

Buzz!!!

With a casual swipe, the space before him blurred, forming numerous ripples like water's surface, becoming crystal clear, resembling a mirror.

Various scenes began to materialize within the mirror-like surface.

"Poor fellow, your revered master only saw you as a suitable cauldron, intending to wait until you matured before harvesting. Fortunately, you saw through his schemes early and retaliated with poison. Unfortunately, four years later, your tribe, due to your connection, will be exterminated by the Barbarian God Sect. All your people will perish, and your father, sensing some truths on his journey to find the Barbarian God, will also be killed. The murderer will be someone you are very familiar with – your respected grandfather. He taught you language, medicine, barbaric arts, and knowledge, raising you..."

"Do you still wonder about your biological parents, curious about your origins? Unfortunately, it's just as pitiful."

Gu Changge spoke indifferently, as if narrating events unrelated to himself, and his voice had no ripples.

“Who are you? How do you know all this?”

“These are all lies, all lies...”

Watching the numerous scenes reflected in the mirror, Barbara found it almost unbelievable. Bloodshot eyes and a trembling voice betrayed her disbelief.

“Who I am doesn’t matter,” Gu Changge smiled faintly. “What matters is how you choose.”

Chapter 844: The real devil, you won’t regret your choice

The void became blurry, and here, like a mirror, many scenes emerged.

Blood flew on the vast, brutal continent, and ancient forests and tribes vanished. Beams of divine light streaked across the sky; these were many cultivators dressed in the attire of the Barbarian God Sect. They soared on their swords, hovering in the vast sky, their eyes cold and cruel as they descended upon the Barbarian tribe below. Sword qi crisscrossed, resonating sharply, overwhelmingly powerful, descending to annihilate everything.

In an instant, vast numbers of Barbarian soldiers screamed in agony, blood spraying into the air. They were no match for these powerful cultivators. The fire quickly spread, casting the mountains in a fiery red glow. Soon, the area became desolate, filled with ruins, cries of agony echoing everywhere, resembling a hellish scene.

Xiao Hong, Uncle Lan, Aunt...

Barbara clenched her silver teeth, bloodshot eyes unable to believe this was the future she was about to face. In the mirror, familiar figures appeared: some childhood companions, some kind uncles and aunts from the tribe, and even nameless Barbarian warriors.

However, now, all were screaming, coldly slaughtered by the Barbarian God Sect cultivators. They spared no one, not even the young children. It was a tragic human tragedy, with the cultivators of the Barbarian God Sect high above, riding the wind, treating the Barbarian tribe as ants, slaughtering at will, leaving no survivors.

The raging fire consumed everything, thick smoke billowing, covering an area of thousands of miles.

Why does the Barbarian God Sect want to massacre my Barbarian tribe?

An elderly Barbarian man, tears mixed with blood, screamed in despair. However, the cultivators in the sky merely cast a cold glance at him. A sword light flashed, blood spurted, and the old Barbarian man fell, his eyes wide open even in death, filled with despair and anger.

If you must blame someone, blame your tribe's princess.

"She poisoned one of the elders of my Barbarian God Sect. With such hatred, if we don't cleanse the Barbarian tribe, how can we uphold the reputation of the Barbarian God Sect?"

A cultivator spoke indifferently, casually walking past, sword light slashing, and the strongest warriors of the Barbarian tribe were no match for a single sword.

In half a day, the once vast Barbarian tribe was obliterated, erased from existence.

This... this can't be real.

This can't possibly happen four years from now.

Watching the scenes unfolding in the mirror, Barbara's voice was hoarse, her eyes tinged with blood, desperately shaking her head, unwilling to believe.

"You don't have to believe."

"You can wait for four years to verify everything."

Gu Changge's tone remained unchanged, showing no emotional fluctuations even after witnessing the pain and tragedy of others. To him, the rise and fall of countless lives across the heavens and earth were like the ebb and flow of the tide.

The vast destruction and reconstruction of the heavens and earths didn't concern him, let alone the fate of a single being. He chose Barbara because she was suitable. If she weren't, Gu Changge wouldn't have descended to speak with her, let alone show her glimpses of the future.

Barbara's future pains and the kind of life she would lead had no bearing on him.

Four years...

Barbara's voice trembled, her eyes reddening, her hair falling disheveled over her face.

The mirror in the void did not vanish with the destruction of the Barbarian tribe. In it, Barbara saw another familiar figure—a robust silhouette clad in a fur robe, carrying a stone axe, walking alone on the vast desert of surging yellow sand.

He sought something, passing through one ruin after another, searching for the vanished Barbarian God.

Father...

Barbara's voice quivered, reaching out as if trying to touch the figure. However, her hand passed through the mirror as if grasping at a reflection in water, creating only faint ripples.

Though she was aware that the man who raised her was not her biological father, in her eyes, he was her actual father.

No...

In the next moment, blood spurted in the mirrored scene again. The sturdy figure carrying the stone axe fell, his face full of astonishment, disbelief, and deep despair.

Grandfather... How is this possible...

Watching the hunched figure that had just killed her foster father, Barbara's eyes widened again, turning red. She found it hard to believe, unwilling to imagine, and refused to accept this reality. This was the older man, the most respected elder in the tribe, who had taught her various knowledge since childhood. Why would he appear there and kill her foster father?

Please don't say that...

Stop talking...

Enough...

These words fell into Barbara's ears, carrying a terrifying undertone that made her involuntarily think about those scenes, her eyes filled with fear. She didn't know what to do. If this was indeed the future she was destined to face, she had no idea how to handle it. There seemed to be no solution, no way to cope.

It felt like this was the path she was fated to walk, a destiny already sealed.

But all she wanted was to live carefree in the tribal village, to restore its former glory and make sure that the world's cultivators dared not bully the tribe any longer.

Yet, why did such a simple wish become such a luxurious dream?

You... since you know all this, you must be able to help me, right?

At this moment, Barbara suddenly remembered the words spoken by Gu Changge at the beginning. Hope flickered in her eyes as she turned to look at him.

Like a drowning person grabbing hold of a life-saving straw.

Yes, I can indeed help you. After all, as I mentioned before, I am your benefactor.

Upon hearing this, Gu Changge smiled slightly, walked toward her, and crouched down. He took a clean and straightforward handkerchief from his sleeve and gently wiped away the tears on her face.

Barbara stared at him in a daze as he approached, catching a whiff of a pleasant fragrance.

This scent was natural, reminiscent of distant mountains, clear rivers, white clouds, and gentle breezes.

Her feelings of fear and unease gradually subsided.

Quite a delicate and beautiful young lady...

Ge Long wiped away the tears on her face, looking at her well-defined features and the unwavering gaze that seemed unshakable.

He couldn't help but shake his head lightly, thinking about Chan Hongyi. At the foot of the mountain, when he first met Chan Hongyi in his capacity as the Demon Lord, she also had a timid yet determined appearance. However, at that time, Chan Hongyi didn't have a future as tragic as Barbara's.

I... How should I address you?

Barbara still needed to become accustomed to Gu Changge's change in attitude. He had appeared cold and indifferent as if looking down on all living beings just a moment ago. Yet now, he gently wiped away her tears.

Barabra's character was complex. The visions of the future had shaken her, instilling fear and robbing her of the calm and composure she usually possessed. Now, as these feelings of anxiety started to dissipate, she gradually regained her composure. This world had no unearned blessings, and windfalls don't just fall from the sky. So, Gu Changge, doing what he did, indeed had his motives.

"Why should you address me?" Gu Changge chuckled and asked her, "How should you address me?"

Barbara suddenly fell silent, unsure of how to answer this question. Although Gu Changge looked very young, like the legendary Immortal Exile, it was difficult to judge his age based on appearance alone.

"Senior?" Barbara tentatively asked. Gu Changge chuckled, "Senior is fine. Just don't call me Master, I'm tired of that title."

Barbara nodded, somewhat bewildered and unsure if Gu Changge's words were casual banter or had a deeper meaning.

“You were intelligent and calm, and that’s something I appreciate. A truly clever person knows when to weigh the pros and cons.”

Gu Changge let her stand up, waving his sleeve to restore the surroundings to their previous state. The sound of wind, the chirping of insects, and the distant birdsong returned.

Earlier, did you stop time?

Barbara was astonished by such mysterious and unimaginable abilities. She had no idea if the legendary Barbarian God could achieve such feats, but the elders in the Barbarian God Sect were indeed incapable.

Stop time?

Gu Changge slightly laughed but did not answer her question directly. Instead, he spoke of his plans, “Next, I will awaken your true talents and powers, making you a true demon. You must think carefully. Once you step onto this path, there is no turning back.”

A true demon?

Barbara was stunned, feeling an immense and indescribable demonic aura in these four simple words. Gu Changge did not force her, knowing what Barbara would choose; she had no other options. However, if she decided to refuse, Gu Changge would find another way to make her accept.

“A true demon, what does that mean?” Barbara asked in a whisper, not understanding the implications.

“A true demon is just a term used by the world. In my eyes, there is no distinction between demons and immortals.” Gu Changge explained.

“I’ve made up my mind. As long as it can change my destiny, change my future, I’m willing to become anything.” Barbara didn’t hesitate for long; her eyes were filled with determination as she spoke, “Senior, please help me.”

Very well. Future you won’t regret today’s choice.

Gu Changge smiled faintly, and a vast dark light fell between his raised hands, condensing into an ink-black Dao rune. It seemed to contain countless mysteries as it flowed and interwoven. The Dao rune began to radiate, floating in the void, transforming into a seed and directly rushing towards Barbara's brow.

A seed?

Barbara made no resistance; instead, she widened her crystal-clear eyes, watching as the seed rushed toward her.

With a swoosh, the seed entered her brow, instantly disappearing from view. Barbara only felt a faint silhouette of a blurry vial appearing before her eyes, looming in her mind. It emitted a terrifying aura capable of crushing everything.

A burst of dark light surged from this vial, falling onto her limbs and flooding her skin, blood, organs, and bones. Finally, it rooted itself in the position of her heart.

It hurts...

Barbara's face turned deathly pale, her small face contorted in pain, tightly furrowing her eyebrows. She felt as if her heart had stopped beating at this moment and then torn apart.

Thump, thump, thump!!!

At this moment, she could even distinctly hear her heart beating. Blacklight spurted out, covering and destroying the meridians she had previously cultivated.

My power...

Barbara's eyes widened, feeling her strength rapidly dissipating. The realms she had painstakingly cultivated over the years were vanishing instantly.

Gu Changge just stood by, watching without a ripple in his eyes.

Chapter 845: Barbara's determination: you only have half a month to take revenge

Barbara wasn't a savage, and the demonic heart within her hadn't yet stirred. She had yet to explore her potential. The progress she'd made in practicing the barbarian art over the years was a combination of luck and hard work.

"Do you think you can save your tribe and adoptive father if you can't endure this little pain?"

Gu Changge asked without any sympathy, unaffected by Barbara's youth. In his view, informing Barbara about her future and preparing her for it was an act of great kindness.

Barbara clenched her teeth, beads of cold sweat forming on her forehead. No color was left on her face as she struggled to hold her position, trembling. The pain felt like a thorough reconstruction of her meridians as if every internal organ had been crushed and then remolded.

"I'll endure it, senior. Please don't worry," Barbara said through gritted teeth. She was fully conscious during this agonizing process, feeling the pain acutely as if every part of her body was being brutally exposed.

This is the process of shaping your origin. Although it can't bring you back from the ashes, it can reshape your bones that have been wasted over the years to the original state...

How can the best uncut jade cultivate such crude skills?

Gu Changge, shaking his head, commented on the demonic heart of the skills being used. Seeing Barbara on the verge of fainting from the pain, he gently touched her forehead. This brought a momentary sense of drowsiness, but it was followed by an even more intense pain, almost a hundred times worse than before.

Even Barbara, known for her strength, couldn't help but groan in pain. She bit her lips until they bled, struggling to endure the excruciating process that felt like every bone and piece of flesh being torn apart and reassembled.

"It's a will much stronger than that of ordinary people. Even cultivators who have reached the seventh or eighth level in this world usually lose consciousness," Gu Changge explained. "But this girl remains clear-headed."

As the allotted time neared its end, Gu Changge patted Barbara, and a faint black light enveloped her again. “Senior... I can still endure,” Barbara insisted, feeling a sudden lightness as if she had transitioned from hell to heaven. Despite this, she gritted her teeth, determined to endure.

Gu Changge calmly explained, “Your body can only be reshaped to this extent for now. There’s no innate spirit in this world, and it won’t enable you to go against your inherent nature. However, through the demonic heart, you can reshape everything later. The physique is not the decisive factor, but for now, it’s sufficient for you.”

Barbara, though somewhat bewildered, grasped the essence of his words. Although her cultivation seemed to have vanished, her body brimmed with seemingly boundless power. “Is this the power of the demonic heart you mentioned, senior?” she asked.

Gu Changge didn’t elaborate, simply instructing, “Go wash up.”

Barbara then realized her body was stained with blood and unidentifiable black marks, emitting an unpleasant odor as if she had emerged from a foul ditch. The realization embarrassed her, being a teenage girl with a keen sense of cleanliness and modesty.

Turning to enter the house, Barbara cleaned herself and changed into fresh clothes. Meanwhile, Gu Changge, observing her, pondered how long he would remain in this world. His goal was to find a suitable successor, and once Barbara reached the point where she could stand on her own, he would depart.

Despite his incarnation managing affairs in the Immortal Domain and the Upper Realm, certain matters required his attention.

Particularly noteworthy was the information Gu Changge received from Xiao Ruoyin’s side. Chan Hongyi and Tao Yao had visited the Temple of Destiny and borrowed the Fateful Immortal Boat.

This development surprised Gu Changge, leading him to speculate that the duo intended to traverse the river of time to the Forbidden Era in search of secrets and truths.

However, the Forbidden Era had fractured in the river of history, making it challenging even for Gu Changge to pinpoint its exact coordinates. There needed to be more certainty about whether Chan Hongyi and Tao Yao could locate them by rushing forward.

Even if they did, these coordinates represented mere fragments of time, incapable of providing a genuine experience of the Forbidden Era. Moreover, unforeseen accidents and repercussions could occur during the process.

Contemplating the potential revelation of the so-called truth, Gu Changge considered using this opportunity to trap Chan Hongyi and Tao Yao in the past to safeguard his plans.

Meanwhile, in the secluded depths of the back mountain, Barbara, now in snug attire, moved like a graceful cheetah through the forest, eventually arriving at a well-concealed pool of water. This location, quite distant from her dwelling, took her considerable time to discover.

Previously, she used this spot for washing clothes and other tasks. Today, as she looked into the clear pond, Barbara was momentarily stunned, struggling to recognize the clean and refreshed girl before her. She immersed herself in the water with a splash for a quick rinse.

The pool sparkled with clarity, yet Barbara, exposing only her head, wore a somewhat dazed and contemplative expression. Although the recent events hadn't transpired over an extended period, Barbara perceived them as years gone by, leaving a profound and enduring imprint on her memory.

What in the world is a demonic heart?

Barbara couldn't help but murmur, her mind filled with countless doubts. Almost an hour later, Gu Changge observed Barbara's return to the courtyard. With wet hair and a loosely fitted robe, her petite and delicate facial features seemed to be the size of a palm.

The reshaping of her bones had given her a fair and light complexion, resembling flawless mutton jade. However, her stature was notably taller than ordinary women's, and her slender legs carried an air of ignorance akin to a princess.

Gu Changge nodded approvingly at her transformed appearance, then tossed her a Dao book.

"Senior, what is this?" Barbara asked, catching the jade slip. It seemed to be made of emerald bamboo, radiating a faint brilliance.

"A technique that can completely transform you," Gu Changge casually remarked. The exercise had no name yet, and he suggested Barbara could refer to it as the "nameless exercise."

No cultivation method suited the demonic heart in this world, so Gu Changge combined the Immortal Devouring Demonic Art and various Dao forbidden arts to create this technique for Barbara's growth.

Barbara, pondering the most mentioned word in the jade slip, noted the emphasis on "luck." However, she realized she could only grasp a superficial understanding for now, unable to fathom the obscure meanings that caused her eyes to hurt.

Expressing her gratitude, Barbara assured Gu Changge that she wouldn't disappoint him.

In response, Gu Changge dismissed the need for thanks, emphasizing that their interaction was a mutually beneficial exchange. He clarified that while he wouldn't harm her, she would have to pay a corresponding price for her choices, as he wouldn't assist without something in return.

Understanding the nature of their deal, Barbara nodded, acknowledging that nothing good came without a cost in this world.

On the contrary, Gu Changge's open and honest communication put Barbara much more at ease than before.

After all, you, senior, provided me with such an opportunity.

Barbara determinedly asserted. While she didn't fully grasp the meaning behind Gu Changge's talk about paying with her future, she sensed that he did not intend to harm her—a crucial point for her peace of mind.

Gu Changge had not only informed her about the future but also imparted Dao teachings and assisted in rebuilding her foundation.

"For cultivators, avoiding emotional decisions is crucial. Sometimes making up your mind isn't positive," Gu Changge cautioned. "Don't mistake me for a benevolent person. Perhaps, someday in the future, you may regret the choice you made today," he added cynically, seemingly aware of Barbara's thoughts.

Taken aback, Barbara lowered her eyes and expressed gratitude, saying, “I understand. Thank you for your guidance, senior.”

The mountain peak was relatively small, with lush greenery, ancient trees, and numerous medicinal fields. Usually, only Barbara and her master resided there. Even she needed her master’s permission to enter his courtyard.

The Barbaric God Sect had several elders, each a terrible cultivator surpassing the sixth realm, with some reaching the seventh. Despite her master’s low-key nature, the elders treated Barbara respectfully, knowing her master’s dual identity as both a sixth-realm powerhouse and a distinguished pharmacist capable of refining various ancient medicines, including some lost old pills.

Barbara had faced challenges joining the Barbarian God Sect due to her barbarian status, as her physique wasn’t conducive to Dao practice. Powerful barbarians in the sect were reluctant to accept her as their disciple.

Barbarians invested more resources in cultivation than human races, and the powerful barbarians struggled to secure enough resources for their progress, making it impractical to take on another barbarian disciple.

However, Barbara’s fortunes changed when her master, returning from herb gathering, noticed the need for a disciple to tend to the medicine fields. In a daze, Barbara was accepted and worshiped her master as her teacher.

Daily interactions between Barbara and her master were limited. The master dedicated most of her time to her courtyard, experimenting with medicinal herbs and refining elixirs.

Occasionally, bottles and jars filled with various brews were thrown to Barbara—some enhancing spiritual energy, others serving as healing remedies. Having grown up in the wilderness and learned from her grandfather, Barbara possessed natural proficiency in medicinal knowledge.

Initially, Barbara believed her master’s actions were well-intentioned. However, after taking several pills together and experiencing varied effects, she realized they had mind-controlling properties.

Initially attributing it to her master’s oversight, Barbara grew vigilant when she discovered that these seemingly harmless pills, if consumed over time, could lead to insanity and even turn her into an unwitting puppet.

Perplexed about why her master would seek to control her, especially considering her modest cultivation in the third realm, Barbara questioned the motive.

“No wonder—they used me as a pawn and planned to discard me once my cultivation succeeded,” she realized. Each breakthrough in cultivation seemed to bring joy to her master, leading Barbara to believe it was genuine happiness initially.

Reflecting on these realizations, a cold determination gleamed in Barbara’s eyes. Gu Changge’s insight into the future exposed the dark plot early on. Subsequently, the Barbarian God Sect’s massacre of her clan was a consequence of this revelation.

This time he went down the mountain, and it will take at least half a month before he comes back. Until then, I need to uncover whatever schemes he’s hatching.

Barbara resolved, aware of her master’s cunning methods. If her master were to poison her, it would be executed flawlessly, leaving no traces behind. The question loomed:

How did the Barbarian God Sect perceive these events in the future?

Barbara considered that her master might have undisclosed means to communicate covertly with the Barbarian God Sect. Beyond that, she couldn’t fathom any other explanation.

“I’ll give you half a month to seek revenge on your own terms. If you can’t accomplish it by then, I’ll intervene, wiping your relevant memories and returning everything to normal. What follows won’t concern me,” Gu Changge declared in a matter-of-fact tone.

It wasn’t cruelty on his part but rather a recognition that if Barbara couldn’t handle such a task, she had no right to demand his time. In this expansive world, there will always be a second suitable candidate.

Chapter 846: Early investment, you have to pay back double

In the ultimate analysis, Barbara was merely a convenient tool for Gu Changge. If it malfunctioned, it would be repaired, and if irreparable, it would be replaced—it sounded harsh, but it was undeniably the reality.

This fortnight served as a trial for Barbara. If she could endure it, her future days would likely improve.

Even though Barbara couldn't fully grasp these circumstances, she acknowledged that Gu Changge's statements were severe, not mere jests.

A half-month for retribution?

She was determined not to allow Gu Changge to erase her memories, as that would inevitably lead to a cruel and unalterable future.

I comprehend. I won't disappoint you, senior.

Barbara affirmed cautiously. Now without her cultivation, despite harboring potent energy within her, effectively channeling and utilizing it remained a challenge that demanded adaptation.

Furthermore, the two-week timeframe was tight. Her master, a formidable sixth-realm powerhouse with significant influence in the Barbarian God Sect, loomed large. Mishandling the situation might result in her tribe's extermination, mirroring the grim future she had glimpsed.

Every subsequent move required meticulous consideration. After imparting these instructions, Gu Changge's figure vanished as if blending into the very fabric of heaven and earth, leaving no trace.

Barbara caught off guard, attempted to call out to her senior but received only silence in return. It was eerily quiet, and had it not been for the palpable reality of the recent events, she might have questioned whether it was all a hallucination.

Gu Changge's image seemed to fade away, concealed beneath a thick layer of mist.

According to the nameless exercises bestowed upon me by my predecessors, I can gradually tap into the strength within my body and sense the aura of the surrounding heavens and earth.

Previously, envisioning such a scenario was beyond my imagination. The barbarians, unable to absorb the aura of heaven and earth like the human race, missed out on much. Now, however, I sense the overwhelming presence of the celestial energies.

It's as if I've become a colossal black hole myself.

Upon returning to the courtyard, Barbara's immediate focus was to sit cross-legged and delve into the mysteries of this nameless exercise. In an instant, she was astonished by the unprecedented speed of improvement. Even to the naked eye, a whirlwind enveloped her, resulting from the vigorous boiling of the spiritual energy of heaven and earth.

Had anyone observed the mountain peak from a distance, they would have witnessed auras of heavens and earth gathering like mist permeating the air. Fortunately, this location was secluded, with few cultivators venturing here on ordinary days.

Overwhelmed by the revelation, I swiftly composed myself, recognizing this as my chance to absorb the newfound energy.

Simultaneously, her body's pores emitted a glow, and golden vortexes materialized, resembling vessels capable of containing and devouring the spiritual energy between heaven and earth.

This is the initial stage of cultivation, bordering on the second realm... all in just one afternoon.

As twilight settled beyond the courtyard, she opened her eyes. Crystal-clear pupils reflected surprise, shock, and profound joy. The cultivation speed exceeded all expectations, akin to soaring atop the clouds. The experience was intoxicating and challenging to articulate.

Back in the tribe, practicing the Barbarian Art, it took over a decade to reach the second level, comparable to the second level of the human race. Even then, she was hailed as the most exceptional barbarian genius in millennia.

Senior, what is his origin?

The exercises he crafted were both formidable and unfathomable. Could he be not of this world—perhaps the true legendary immortal?

Brimming with astonishment, Barbara stepped out of the courtyard, hoping to spot Gu Changge in the serene night. The moonlight bathed the surroundings in a silvery glow, casting a tranquil ambiance with the pleasant chirping of insects.

Perhaps half a month is sufficient.

Barbara mused, scanning the peaceful landscape. Yet, Gu Changge's figure eluded her, leaving a sense of disappointment in her heart. She had initially hoped that breaking through to the first level or approaching the second would earn her senior's commendation.

However, she swiftly dismissed such naive thoughts. This was a transaction between two individuals, and getting overly emotional seemed inappropriate, given Gu Changge's earlier assertion.

Over the following days, Barbara dedicated herself to rigorous training. In the initial days, she witnessed a ridiculously swift cultivation pace that gradually tapered off.

Nevertheless, she soared to the level of the fourth realm, surpassing the strength she had previously cultivated through Barbarian Art. The unimaginable speed didn't faze Barbara, and she remained focused on building a solid foundation, mindful of the age-old adage about tall buildings rising from sturdy ground.

In the Barbarian God Sect, many heavenly-favored individuals lingered in a single realm for years to fortify their foundations. Despite her rapid ascent, Barbara recognized the necessity of avoiding a hollow foundation. She deliberately regulated the speed of her cultivation.

Song Qing'er refrained from troubling her during this period, and Gu Changge remained conspicuously absent. Alongside her intense training, Barbara delved into ancient texts and sought information on other peaks of the Barbarian God Sect.

Preparing to face her terrible master required significant effort. Ordinary means wouldn't suffice, prompting Barbara to contemplate poisoning her. Additionally, she needed to uncover how her master relayed information to the Barbarian God Sect.

Boom!!!

On this day Barbara, deeply engrossed in her cultivation within the courtyard, was suddenly jolted by a resounding noise from outside. Startled and on high alert, she swiftly directed her gaze toward the yard, only to be astonished.

A bronze four-legged square tripod, standing as tall as half a person, had materialized in the courtyard. Its surface bore intricate carvings featuring ancient sacrificial depictions of human ancestors, terrible savage beasts, landscapes with mountains and rivers, and an array of birds, beasts, insects, and fish.

Adjacent to the square tripod were several menacing and peculiar-looking beasts that, even in death, emitted a chilling malevolence capable of terrifying ordinary individuals.

“This is Chilong’s horn...”

Barbara exclaimed, her small mouth slightly agape, aghast as she recognized one of the jet-black, simple horns made of an unknown metal. She had only encountered this item in ancient texts—a fearsome beast comparable to a cultivator in the eighth realm of the human race, with a horn that can split the sky.

Initially a legendary object, it had never been witnessed first hand until now, still bearing fresh bloodstains, indicating it had recently been severed.

As for the other exotic beast parts, rare spirit stones, and divine medicines, Barbara couldn’t identify them. However, the amalgamation with Jiao Chilong’s unicorn elevated their value to unimaginable heights.

Senior, these are...

Barbara’s surprise couldn’t be contained as she glanced at the slender figure standing beside the square tripod, seeking an explanation that seemed almost too unbelievable.

During the past few days, when Gu Changge disappeared, he had been these formidable beasts and gathered these rare materials. Barbara had initially assumed that Gu Changge had vanished without a trace.

I’ve scoured the world in the past few days and managed to find these items. They should be sufficient to refine a cauldron of precious blood to establish your foundation.

Gu Changge remarked casually, glancing at Barbara.

Given Barbara's origins in this world and her connection to its laws and aura, Gu Changge reasoned that using materials from this world to build her foundation would mitigate potential adverse effects.

Relying solely on Barbara to gather these materials would have been time-consuming, so he took it upon himself to procure them.

"Refining precious blood? Senior, you went to such lengths for me?"

Barbara inquired with astonishment. She knew that disciples of great sects often had abundant resources at their disposal, with families providing precious blood for refinement during cultivation.

In her barbarian clan days, her experience involved using the blood of mortal beasts and some thousand-year-old spiritual herbs, which couldn't indeed be deemed as precious blood.

These materials are extraordinarily valuable. Leaving any one of them outside could cause a major upheaval. I doubt the Barbarian God Sect could produce something like this.

Barbara admitted, struggling to contain her excitement. She had never anticipated such treatment.

Looking at Gu Changge with grateful and bright eyes, Barbara found herself at a loss for words. Gu Changge responded nonchalantly, "The Barbarian God Sect can still produce one, and the cold god grass is taken from its treasure house." It seemed like a trivial effort for him.

Barbara's gratitude exceeded Gu Changge's expectations. However, he remained firm in his intention to minimize emotional attachments, even with Barbara.

The Godly Cold Grass from the Barbarian God Sect?

Barbara's eyes widened as she spotted the exquisite herb amid the pile of materials. The plant was a stunning shade of blue, emitting a radiant cold aura as if crafted from hard jade.

Senior, you actually went to the Barbarian God Sect's treasure house?

Barbara blinked in surprise, struck by both admiration and envy. If only she possessed the power of her predecessor, she could freely access the treasure house, securing an abundance of cultivation resources.

Gu Changge, noting her reaction, offered a casual response, “You don’t have to thank me. Consider it an early investment in you. If you fail to meet my requirements, you’ll have to repay double for everything you’ve received.”

His words carried a weight of expectation and a stern reminder of the terms involved.

Chapter 847: It’s just the beginning of love, but the way he looks at her doesn’t change much
I will not let seniors down and will not disappoint seniors’ expectations.

Barbara declared, her expression turned earnest. Fully aware of the value of these divine materials, she understood that even selecting one at random could cause a major sensation in the outside world. She was determined to pay attention to the significance of this opportunity.

Gu Changge wasted no time. With a wave of his hand, a misty light spread, enveloping the entire courtyard. Subsequently, a burst of golden flames ignited under the bronze tripod with a resounding bang.

Barbara observed in surprise. While not an expert in pharmacology, she could tell that Gu Changge tossed the materials into the cauldron without following any complex pharmacological principles to maximize their effects. It seemed more like a stew.

Feeling distressed, Barbara watched as the divine materials were randomly thrown into the cauldron, bubbles rising, and intense sunlight spraying out. This was a spectacle of luxury she had never witnessed before.

Before long, each divine material descended, emitting various gorgeous lights.

A dense haze enveloped the area, accompanied by an incredible divinity, as if refining a pot of peerless medicine. Visions and phantoms emerged in the virtual space—majestic palaces, ferocious beasts, and divine chains forming an intricate net.

In Barbara's eyes, every drop of precious blood medicinal liquid held supreme medicinal properties, laden with countless mysteries.

Gu Changge's expression remained unchanged; he hadn't invested much thought into it. Considering Barbara's current cultivation level, absorbing all of it was impossible, but the process was intended solely for her foundation.

Before Gu Changge, Barbara removed her outer shirt and walked into the cauldron with a determined expression, wearing only a tiny coat. Despite the violent boiling of the precious blood and the intense heat, she endured, sitting cross-legged in the cauldron.

The boiling precious blood sprayed thinly, creating a fine mist that enveloped Barbara, leaving only her head visible, now reddened by the intense heat.

Aware that this was the optimal moment for the medicine to take effect, Barbara couldn't afford to miss this opportunity.

In the cauldron, the precious blood not only fortified her foundation but also tempered her soul and strengthened her soul power.

The moment she sat cross-legged, Barbara felt her skin as if being torn. Every pore seemed pierced by red-hot silver needles, the pain threatening to overwhelm her. Undeterred, she gritted her teeth and endured.

Initiating the nameless technique taught by Gu Changge, Barbara began absorbing the essence of the precious blood. This talent had been specially identified for her, and she was determined not to let Gu Changge down.

Observing Barbara's appearance, beads of sweat covered her delicate and flawless face, resembling boiled prawns. Gu Changge couldn't help but shake his head, marveling at her tenacity.

The divine fire he employed for refining the blood in the cauldron was not an ordinary flame—it possessed a ridiculously high temperature. Yet, Barbara displayed a remarkable lack of concern for her physical well-being, seemingly unfazed by the intense heat.

This earned her a measure of appreciation from Gu Changge.

Boom!!!

The spectacle in the courtyard was astonishing. Lightning struck down, runes appeared, and a radiant glow soared into the sky, creating a chaotic display.

Barbara utilized the precious blood to build the foundation of her physical body, and diverse divine lights shimmered brightly. Her originally crystal-clear and fair skin underwent a remarkable transformation, imbued with newfound vitality through absorbing the precious blood.

For Barbara, this was the pinnacle of good fortune, and she was unwilling to let go of any ounce of energy, diligently absorbing it all.

Gu Changge covered the sky outside the courtyard with his hands, preventing the spectacular vision from spilling out.

This remarkable situation endured for a full day and night. On the evening of the second day, Barbara gazed at the gradually clarifying precious blood liquid.

After completing the absorption, she stood up from the cauldron, her eyes shining brightly as if two divine lightning bolts pierced the air.

Her entire being looked increasingly flawless, with a fair and delicate complexion, exquisite facial features, and an exceptionally slender and tall figure resembling immortal jade.

She said, "By breaking the foundation, my cultivation has surged to the fifth level. The foundation is much deeper than before, which is incredible. Moreover, I haven't fully refined the medicinal power I absorbed."

Barbara felt a surge of terrifying power coursing through her as if a vast sea were surging within. She believed she was now utterly fearless of human cultivators in the sixth realm.

Senior...

Barbara murmured, her eyes brimming with hope. However, Gu Changge offered no extensive commentary; he shook his head, tossed her a moon-white coat, and promptly vanished.

Sensing something odd in her body, Barbara realized her face was quickly reddening. Hastily, she retracted into the cauldron, revealing only her shy head.

In the past few days of absorbing the precious blood, her initial clothing had turned to ashes, leaving her in a state of complete undress.

It dawned on her that Gu Changge had seen her just now, leading to a profound shame. However, after tossing her the moon-white coat, Gu Changge's figure disappeared without a word, as if he hadn't witnessed anything.

Senior must have seen it just now... What a shame.

Barbara's face burned with embarrassment, even more so than when she sat cross-legged in the cauldron, absorbing the refined blood. The memory of standing up so joyfully and excitedly lingered, making her wish she could retreat into the cauldron.

It took her a while to regain composure from the overwhelming emotions. She picked up the moon-white coat that Gu Changge had thrown and covered herself, reflecting on the unexpected turn of events.

This must be a senior's garment...

Barbara examined the soft-textured coat, unable to identify the material but sensing warmth and a delightful fragrance. It emanated a scent akin to a clear immortal spring.

Caught in a daze, Barbara was unsure what to make of her thoughts. A glow of confusion appeared on her face, and she shook her head vigorously as if attempting to expel these contemplations from her mind.

A transcendent immortal like a senior shouldn't entertain such mundane thoughts. What am I thinking?

She muttered, shaking her head again as if trying to distance herself from unwarranted notions.

Despite being exceptionally tall and possessing slender legs, Barbara's appearance stood out within the Barbaric God Sect.

However, Gu Changge's gaze towards her remained largely indifferent, akin to looking at a stone or a weed by the roadside. Even in the recent intimate situation, there was a noticeable lack of acknowledgment from Gu Changge.

Chapter 848: Are you also a vulgar person? Her heart is already cold

At the age of fifteen or sixteen, Barbara, despite her early wisdom and maturity, appeared noticeably more composed than her peers.

However, she needed to be more informed about her prevailing emotions and their significance.

During her cultivation, unwarranted distractions plagued Barbara's mind, with the spirit of her predecessors would appear involuntarily.

Initially, she attributed this to her deep admiration for their terrible strength. Unexpectedly, it induced a warmth in her face and a prolonged difficulty settling her emotions.

Remarkably, their companions spanned just a few days, with minimal conversation exchanged. Nevertheless, Barbara sensed an inexplicable attraction to Gu Changge, finding herself drawn to him. Especially in his presence, her heart raced, possibly influenced by the demonic essence they both possessed.

Whether their shared demonic hearts or an affinity for beauty prompted her emotions, Barbara pondered the complexity of her feelings. She noted Gu Changge's flawless appearance despite his apparent age in his twenties.

In a moment of mediation, Barbara questioned herself, "Does this make me a commonplace person?"

Eventually, her tumultuous emotions settled. Her focus returned to the breakthrough she achieved, ascending three realms with the aid of the precious cauldron blood—an accomplishment deemed unimaginable.

Facing her Master, a sixth-realm powerhouse, Barbara felt assured of her capabilities without resorting to deception. Furthermore, she harbored confidence in reaching the sixth realm upon her Master's return to the mountain.

With a speed that once seemed unimaginable, Barbara now regarded her recent achievements as easily attainable, akin to a dream. Upon returning to her residence, she promptly changed her attire and carefully stored the moon-white coat bestowed by Gu Changge.

Intending to wash it before returning it, Barbara was concerned that its prior contact with her body might cause discomfort for Gu Changge, known for his pristine appearance.

Gu Changge remained elusive in the ensuing days, leaving Barbara initially perplexed. However, as she immersed herself in cultivation, the absence became less unsettling. She gradually found tranquility in her routine glances into the courtyard, focusing wholeheartedly on her cultivation.

During this time, Barbara utilized a previously administered poison on Song Qing'er, providing the antidote as a pretext to inquire about the destiny cards of various peak elders.

Song Qing'er, having grown up sheltered, readily cooperated, attaching great importance to her own life. Barbara successfully obtained valuable information, prompting her confusion.

Having always been aware of life cards held by the Barbarian God Sect's elders, Barbara understood their function in notifying immediate news of an elder's demise.

However, she also knew that these cards provided no details about the circumstances surrounding the death. Despite her meticulous erasure of evidence after killing her Master, the Barbarian God Sect seemingly acquired information about the incident.

Puzzled by this revelation, Barbara contemplated an alternative explanation for the sect's knowledge.

For instance, could someone else have been privy to the fact that she killed her Master and then informed the Barbarian God Sect?

Contrary to the future screen, the destruction of the clan supporting her happened shortly after her father left the tribe, not immediately following her act of killing her Master.

A chilling realization struck Barbara, prompting her to consider the possibility that she had confided in someone about her actions. That person had betrayed her trust by divulging the information to the Barbarian God Sect.

A shiver ran down Barbara's spine as she contemplated the most unsettling possibility. Given her nature, she would have only shared such sensitive information with those closest and most trustworthy, perhaps her father or grandfather.

Father... Grandpa.

Barbara mused, weighing the potential culprits. However, she realized that her father ultimately met his demise at her grandfather's hands, raising the unsettling likelihood that her grandfather, the one she trusted most, might have been the informant.

Barbara's gaze turned icy as she connected the dots. Her grandfather, the person she believed to be the epitome of trust, had not only orchestrated her father's death but had also betrayed the tribe by collaborating with the Barbarian God Sect.

Having pieced together these revelations, Barbara's heart hardened. With the imminent return of her Master, she resolved to prepare a significant gift for him. Beyond seeking retribution against her grandfather, she vowed not to let the Barbarian God Sect escape consequences.

Without Gu Changge, the tribe supporting her would have faced destruction at the hands of the Barbarian God Sect, sparing no one, including the vulnerable young and elderly.

At noon the following day, divine light descended from the mountain's exterior.

A pale, bloodless middle-aged man emerged, seemingly frail and lacking vitality. Clad in a Confucian shirt, his hollow eye sockets suggested a profound depletion of energy and blood.

Upon returning to the mountain peak, the middle-aged man closed his eyes, sensing the familiar aura of the place. Detecting no intruders, he nodded and proceeded towards his courtyard.

Barbara...

Noticing the slightly chaotic state of the nearby medicine field, the middle-aged man furrowed his brow and called out.

Master...

Master, you're back!

Startled, Barbara, as if realizing his presence, hurriedly approached from her courtyard, wearing a surprised expression.

The middle-aged man observed Barbara, nodded, and inquired, "What happened to my medicine fields?"

Barbara, visibly anxious, explained, "Master, on the day you departed, Song Qing'er came and caused trouble for my disciple again. She had people destroy the medicine fields. I've been trying to find a solution these past few days..."

Impatiently waving his hand, the middle-aged man dismissed the details, saying, "Understood, you only bring trouble to your teacher."

He knew of Song Qing'er's previous disturbance and Barbara's response to protect her cultivation.

Unperturbed by the explanation, he downplayed the significance, knowing that the fields didn't contain any particularly precious medicinal materials.

As a teacher, I need to refine an elixir; it may take four or five days...

Indifferently stating this, the middle-aged man paused, sensing something that brought a trace of happiness to his expression.

Master, it seems your cultivation has greatly improved?

Unable to accurately gauge Barbara's strength due to the different cultivation systems, the middle-aged man remained silent but appeared somewhat pleased. Barbara, seizing the opportunity, shared, "To be honest, Master, last night, your disciple broke through to the third realm."

A genuine smile adorned Barbara's face, reflecting joy and excitement. The middle-aged man, pleased with the news, responded, "Good, good, good... As expected of a commendable disciple. Take this pill; it's a gift from your teacher."

Upon receiving the confirmation, the middle-aged man couldn't contain his delight, displaying a pleased smile. He then retrieved a bottle of elixir and tossed it to Barbara.

"Thank you, Master," Barbara expressed gratitude outwardly, all the while aware of the actual effects of the pills. Continued consumption would render her a puppet under the control of the middle-aged man.

"Very good, very soon," the middle-aged man nodded in satisfaction, his gaze revealing a hint of greed and desire as he turned and departed.

Barbara kept her head bowed, not lifting her gaze. Once the middle-aged man vanished from sight, a coldness filled her eyes. Despite possessing the cultivation base of the sixth realm, she opted to bide her time, waiting for a 100% chance.

If you enjoy using alchemy to harm, then you shall experience it this time.

Barbara's eyes harbored intense killing intent as she meticulously planned her revenge.

Having quietly added a carefully crafted powder to the materials prepared by the middle-aged man for his elixir, Barbara ensured it had no discernible scent.

Even if they counteracted each other, the mixture would create confusion about the elixir's efficacy, leading to unexpected consequences.

The middle-aged man's purpose for venturing out was to secure a precious material, as the cost of the elixir he intended to refine was exorbitant, promising significant enhancement to a cultivator's blood.

Reluctant to have Barbara test the pill, he went out in search of the material.

In the end, when he consumed the drug, the sudden chaotic aura caused the rupture of his internal organs, leading to instant death. Barbara's revenge had been executed with meticulous precision.

Chapter 849: I came to this world to help you turn things around

Are you certain it's okay?

To Barbara's amazement, Gu Changge, absent for several days, suddenly appeared in her courtyard. Seated beneath a somewhat withered old tree, he wore a gracefully simple long dress and had loose black hair, giving off an immortal glow.

He looked exceptional, toying with a delicate jade wine glass between his slender fingers. Gu Changge gazed at Barbara, his eyes hinting at a mysterious thought.

I won't claim it's entirely safe, but I am completely confident in eliminating my master.

Senior, rest assured.

Barbara was momentarily surprised, not grasping the depth of Gu Changge's words, but she expressed confidence nonetheless.

Gu Changge chuckled, stood, and approached Barbara. "You're quite sure of yourself," he remarked, shaking his head.

Barbara, puzzled by his comment, wondered if something was amiss. Yet, Gu Changge didn't elaborate. He advised, "Stick to your plan, and don't disappoint me."

A sense of foreboding crept over Barbara like Gu Changge had foreseen something. She suddenly wavered confidently and whispered, "Senior, am I overlooking something?"

Gu Changge smiled, focused on her, and said, "Since you've discovered that your grandfather orchestrated the massacre of your tribe, consider how he arranged for you to join the Barbarian God Sect."

Hearing this, Barbara was stunned, realizing her oversight. Cold sweat broke out on her back.

She had indeed forgotten or dismissed the fact. Initially thinking that by discreetly poisoning and eliminating her master, the Barbarian God Sect wouldn't trace her, she neglected that her grandfather, by secretly contacting the sect, was entangled in the disappearance of the Barbarian God.

His background was undoubtedly complex. Therefore, when her master succumbed to poison, her grandfather might use cunning tactics to incite suspicion from the Barbarian God Sect. Ironically, her grandfather had become her foremost adversary.

"Grandfather intends to manipulate the Barbarian God Sect to annihilate the tribe. But why would he do such a thing?" Barbara couldn't fathom his motives.

"He doesn't want the Barbarian God Sect to slaughter the tribe behind your back; he wants to use you," Gu Changge explained with a somewhat pitying gaze. "It's all laid out; can't you see it?"

"Use me?" Barbara furrowed her brow, a smug expression suddenly appearing on her pretty face.

He wants me to bear the guilt and pain, making me believe that the tribe was destroyed because of me?

She couldn't comprehend why her once kind and amiable grandfather would commit such a heinous act.

"Because you're inherently a devil. Your grandpa is merely forcing you into this path," Gu Changge remarked casually.

So, he's doing all this just to ensnare me in a web of despair?

Barbara's expression turned pained. Memories of carefree childhood days clashed with the grim future she envisioned.

Everything in this world is most taboo. I thought you wouldn't make such a mistake.

Gu Changge shook his head. Not everyone could consider all possibilities and ensure nothing leaked. Yet, he attributed Barbara's error to her youth and the need for growth. It wasn't a fatal mistake.

“Senior, what should I do?” Barbara’s expression conveyed deep anguish, with hostility and coldness brewing in her eyes, like a fierce beast on the brink of breaking free from its cage.

“It’s admirable to harbor kind thoughts, but sometimes it’s wise to keep them to yourself,” Gu Changge advised, extending his hand to rest on Barbara’s head, his tone steady.

His gaze fixed on Barbara’s heart, where tendrils of black light emanated, twisting like mist, seemingly carrying an evil curse that gradually eclipsed some of the remaining light.

Even when witnessing the future firsthand, a glimmer of fantasy and hope for others persists...

That’s unnecessary.

Sleep, wake up, and leave behind the bygone days, those ephemeral, bubble-like illusions.

The next morning, sunlight streamed through the window, bringing warmth. Barbara’s long lashes closed, and when she opened her eyes, a slightly bewildered expression crossed her face as if she hadn’t fully emerged from a hallucinatory dream.

“Did I fall asleep yesterday?”

Barbara wondered aloud, realizing she was now lying in bed, covered by a quilt.

The warm sunlight made her squint involuntarily.

What happened yesterday?

Her memory felt hazy, recalling that the senior had spoken to her and conveyed something important.

In a daze, she had succumbed to the splitting headache and pain, ultimately being carried back to the house by her senior.

So, the senior covered me with the quilt?

Barbara mused, a bit dizzy. Then, a recollection struck her, and she pulled out the moon-white coat Gu Changge had tossed to her earlier.

Much like the quilt, it carries the predecessor's aura, providing reassurance.

Barbara buried her head in the coat and started murmuring.

As anticipated by Barbara, seven days later, her master fell victim to poisoning.

After consuming the carefully crafted elixir with great enthusiasm, he crumpled to the ground instantly, blood oozing from all seven orifices. His eyes bulged, presenting a dreadful and terrifying appearance akin to a vengeful spirit.

Beneath his skin, blood vessels seemed to burst, and blackened blood spewed continuously from his mouth. Barbara observed the scene impassively from outside the cave, her small face devoid of emotion.

How can this be...

How could the potion go awry?

The middle-aged man, now vomiting blood, stared in disbelief. Crawling desperately on the ground, he fumbled for an antidote among the bottles and jars scattered around him.

Barbara entered the cave, indifferent as ever, and gazed down at him. Like a drowning man grasping at the last straw, the middle-aged man let out a desperate roar.

"Barbara... Barbara, save me, please..."

"Help me... help me find an antidote."

Save you?

Barbara merely shook her head, her indifference terrifying the middle-aged man. It was a stark contrast to the once obedient apprentice he knew.

“I spared you the direct act of my hands; that’s kindness enough. Right now, I’d like nothing more than to end you with a sword, but that would be too merciful. To die slowly and painfully may be a more fitting fate for you.”

Barbara spoke with softness, but her eyes remained devoid of emotion.

You, you...

Terror filled the middle-aged man’s eyes as a realization dawned on him. He understood why the refined elixirs had gone awry.

It dawned on Barbara that she had been aware of his intentions to harm her, but he had been foolishly oblivious.

“So, it turns out... you already knew.”

His voice, a mix of desperation and regret, conveyed his realization. However, his guilt wasn’t for poisoning the elixir but for allowing Barbara to catch on beforehand.

At this moment, Barbara no longer acknowledged him. Her gaze focused outside the cave, seemingly awaiting something. Gu Changge’s figure emerged, calmly observing Barbara.

“Have you made your choice?” he inquired.

Barbara nodded and replied, “I’ve made my choice. Since it was destined to be unsolvable from the very beginning, why bother worrying?”

“From the start, I never really had a chance to turn things around.”

These past days, she had come to terms with the harsh reality. Strategies were futile against absolute power. Even if she eliminated her current master and mitigated the threats from the Barbarian God Sect, she couldn't escape her grandfather's manipulations.

Everything was destined, and she felt like a struggling fish in the river of fate, destined to return to her original path.

Gu Changge chuckled suddenly, reaching out to touch her head. He spoke softly, "No, who said you have no chance of turning things around. I came to this world to help you do just that."

Chapter 850: Who interfered with my plan, you finally showed up

Within the cave, a putrid smell lingered as the middle-aged man clawed at his face, resembling a ghost breaking free from hell. Unwillingly, he roared, desperately crawling on the ground in search of an antidote.

Who the hell are you...

He assumed Barbara's revenge was the cause, yet to his surprise, a second person was in the cave. This stranger, unseen before, appeared as if from another realm.

Gu Changge paid him no attention, not even a glance.

"Let's go." Placing his palm on Barbara's head, Gu Changge spoke, his tone both relaxed and active.

Um.

Though Barbara was taller than girls her age, she only reached Gu Changge's shoulders. She raised her crystal-clear eyes to him, emotions swirling within. Grasping his sleeve, she followed silently as they exited the cave.

"Help me... save me..."

"Barbara, save me... I am your master..."

The middle-aged man's body rapidly decomposed, black blood gushing out. He screamed in despair, desperately pleading for Barbara's help. Yet, only the two figures could be seen, gradually disappearing from the cave.

The Barbarian God Sect sprawled across tens of thousands of miles, a terrible force with the words of its elders capable of sealing the fate of many. For cultivators and barbarians, it stood as a supreme ruling power.

Senior, what should I do next...

Standing atop a mountain with Gu Changge, Barbara observed the vast mist drifting. The distant tolling of a bell resonated through the air. The death of an elder had alerted all peaks, signifying a momentous event within the Barbarian God Sect.

On the mountain peaks nearest the incident, divine lights swiftly approached as elders and disciples flocked to witness the commotion.

Swish, swish, swish!

In the sky above, divine lights rapidly converged. When Barbara's Master met his demise, those guarding the life card detected it promptly, dispatching cultivators to investigate.

“Are you scared?” Gu Changge inquired, a smile playing on his lips.

Barbara shook her head and stated, “I am not afraid; I feel at ease when I am by Senior’s side.”

The experiences of the past few days had brought indescribable changes to her state of mind. Even facing the approaching elders and disciples, she remained remarkably calm, devoid of any emotional fluctuations—a startling metamorphosis.

Without much contemplation, Gu Changge suggested, “Since you are not afraid, we will kill them immediately. These people should be your nourishment. Only by killing them can you see the truth you want to know.”

A dark hostility gleamed in Barbara’s eyes as she gazed into the distance.

Kill them? I understand.

A cultivator rushed over from afar, noticing Gu Changge on Elder Zhu’s mountain. With vigilant eyes, he shouted, “Who are you? Why are you on Elder Zhu’s mountain...”

Other cultivators flew into the sky, their figures casting shadows as they looked at Gu Changge in shock. Such an unfamiliar figure hadn’t been seen in the vast Barbarian God Sect before. If encountered previously, they would have surely remembered.

The elder’s life card was broken, and it seems to be dead. It must have something to do with her.

Take this person down!

Numerous cultivators of the Barbarian God Sect shouted, intent on subduing Gu Changge.

Only the ultimate transformation can temper the invincible Dao-building expert and will.

Today, this place belongs to you, and no one can stop you.

Gu Changge disregarded the shouts of the Barbarian God Sect cultivators and merely offered a faint smile to Barbara. As his words hung in the air, an unquestionable iron-blooded will seemed to emerge, accompanied by a thunderous rumble that echoed through the world.

The Dao laws stirred, and myriad chains of order locked the immediate surroundings instantly. In the territory of the Barbarian God Sect, where specific directives and laws prevailed, the will of heaven and earth yielded.

Barbara couldn't fully comprehend the significance but sensed an instant surge of boundless power coursing through her body. She closed her eyes briefly and reopened them with an indifferent and cold expression.

Attack.

Barbara advanced, palms raised, condensing countless runes that transformed into heavenly swords, great blades, and spears. A brilliant divine light enveloped the vast expanse, creating a dense fog of divine weapons.

The group of cultivators rushing towards them remained oblivious to the impending danger. They were torn apart by the heavenly knives and large swords in an instant, exploding into a mist of blood.

For the Barbarian God Sect, it marked a terrifying day with the specter of death hanging over them. No one could have predicted that the end of an elder would unleash unimaginable disasters.

A terrified elder who arrived later witnessed the vast expanse of surging blood mist, recognizing Barbara's identity as Elder Zhu's apprentice, the princess of a barbarian tribe. Before he could react, he too was torn apart by a heavenly knife and exploded into mist.

Dressed in simple attire, with blue hair cascading like a waterfall, Barbara's flawless porcelain-like face betrayed no emotion. Descending the mountain step by step, her raised hand seemed to gather thousands of stars, intertwining into terrifying weapons that dropped.

The immense and dreadful power appeared like a catastrophic force for ordinary cultivators, striking terror even in seventh-realm elders. They never anticipated such terrifying power from a teenage girl. It was nothing short of incredible.

Moreover, the young man standing behind her smiled slightly, observing everything unfold without a hint of emotion in his eyes.

Stop!

A distant roar echoed, and terrible figures from the Barbarian God Sect rushed to intervene. However, Barbara's gaze remained unaltered, cold and indifferent. She strode through the blood mist, exuding a potent scent of blood, while strands of crimson light from the fallen cultivators converged toward her body.

The origin of the fallen turned into surging energy, absorbed and devoured by her. In her current state, Barbara resembled a collection of ever-changing crimson flowers, consuming all living beings in her path.

Her aura shifted like a terrifying tsunami with each step, seemingly poised to engulf the entire world.

Yet, in a primitive wilderness far from the Barbarian God Sect, within an ancient barbarian tribe, a figure in a black robe, face concealed by a hood, worked with various dried medicinal materials. Occasional coughs escaped him.

The people in the tribe, regardless of age or gender, greatly respected him. This elderly figure was the tribe's grandpa, overseeing sacrifices, medicine, and other affairs. He had significant prestige, second only to the Patriarch.

Beside the older man in the black robe, a burly, bronze-complexioned middle-aged man engaged in discussion.

Less than four years are left, and I am about to embark on that road. I fear I may never reach the seventh realm in this life. Barbara has only four years left, and I wonder how she is faring in the Barbarian God Sect.

The middle-aged man was the clan's Patriarch, responsible for all its members. Worry etched his face as he gazed into the distance—the direction of the Barbarian God Sect.

Cough, cough, cough...

Barbara has been clever since childhood. Even in a place like the Barbarian God Sect, no one would dare to bully her.

Patriarch, rest assured.

The stooped older man coughed a few times, shook his head, and smiled reassuringly.

However, I'm still worried. Barbara is only in her teens, but she has to bear such a significant responsibility. The middle-aged man sighed.

"Especially recently, I can faintly sense the call of the previous barbarian god. It seems he wants to say something to me... it's like a warning or guidance, but there's something obstructing it, preventing me from hearing clearly."

Upon hearing this, the black-robed older man paused to arrange medicinal materials, quickly recovering.

Shaking his head with a smile, he remarked, "Patriarch, have you not been sleeping well lately? The last barbarian god vanished hundreds of thousands of years ago, leaving no traces or legends. How could you hear his call?"

Undeterred, the middle-aged man insisted, “I can’t be mistaken. Lord Barbarian God truly wants to convey something to me. It’s his guidance. I must uncover the reason behind Lord Barbarian God’s disappearance—the only way to save the barbarians.”

The older man in black fell silent, shaking his head without offering much response, though a subtle light flickered in his eyes.

Suddenly, he sensed something, and his brows furrowed. Unintentionally, the medicinal herbs before him were crushed due to his uncontrolled strength.

Patriarch, what’s wrong with you?

The middle-aged man, noticing the black-robed older man’s expression, was taken aback. It was the first time he saw such a dark and unpleasant look on the Patriarch’s face, making him feel incredulous and uneasy.

It seems there are variables... Who interfered with my plans?

The Patriarch didn’t answer directly, muttering to himself. A cold light glinted in his cloudy eyes.

The pawns he had strategically placed within the Barbarian God Sect were silently annihilated, their life force extinguished, and all connection with him severed.

The middle-aged man, witnessing this, was startled. In the next moment, the Patriarch before him shook his robe, transforming into a black mist with a resounding bang, disappearing from the spot.

This is...

How can this be?

His eyes widened in disbelief. In his understanding, the Patriarch, injured in his youth, had diminished cultivation and dried blood—no different from an ordinary person. Yet, just now, the Patriarch vanished before his eyes. He couldn't fathom how such a feat was possible.

Within the Barbaric God Sect, an unstoppable wave of evil energy permeated the air, staining every mountain peak with blood. Barbara moved slowly, each step leaving a trail of blood in her wake.

Her eyes took on a slight crimson hue, her once slightly immature face now cold and indifferent, viewing the cultivators before her as mere ants.

A faint blood glow emanated between her brows, adding a layer of bloody grace to her delicate and flawless face.

Who the hell are you...

She can't possibly possess that kind of power.

A terrified elder of the Barbarian God Sect gazed at Gu Changge, who followed Barbara closely, his expression was filled with terror.

The elder could discern that Barbara's transformations were attributed to Gu Changge behind her. This enigmatic young man, merely his gaze, sent a shiver through his blood and threatened to extinguish the fire of his soul.

"The true deity, is it about to show up?" Gu Changge responded with a faint smile, paying no heed to the perturbed elders.

Within the main hall of the Barbarian God Sect, a middle-aged man met a tragic end, his widened eyes reflecting fear and despair. As the mightiest figure in the sect, his cultivation approached the eighth realm, earning him the reputation of a peerless expert worldwide.

Yet, a sword finger pierced the center of his brow, rendering him transparent from front to back, and his soul obliterated in an instant.

Patriarch...

Many older disciples gazed at the deceased middle-aged man with sorrow and terror. With a single casual finger, the most vital member of their Barbaric God Sect had met instant demise. They dared not fathom such a terrifying method.

"Barbara, why is there such a terrifying existence behind her..." Song Qing'er's voice trembled with despair.

Gu Changge's gaze traversed each person before him, finally resting on Barbara.

“This level alone is far from enough. To become a true demon requires an opportunity,” he remarked, shaking his head.

She still needs to sever the karma of the past.

While the events at the Barbarian God Sect accelerated Barbara’s awakening to the demonic nature within her, Gu Changge deemed her current state insufficient. In terms of the state of mind, he believed Barbara still had a long way to go.

His goal was to mold Barbara into a suitable successor. Amidst the impending chaos, he intended for her to acquire the fortune to ascend to the upper realm. However, Barbara must cast aside numerous elements Gu Changge perceived as weaknesses and flaws to achieve this.

An odd number that is hard to find for thousands of years.

“Then you are an odd number. Why do you call it an odd number? Let me see,” Gu Changge softly remarked.

Barbara stood in front of the main hall of the Barbarian God Sect, a shroud of bloody mist enveloping her body. Her once plain clothes now bore the stain of blood, and she closed her eyes as if anticipating something.

An imperceptible vortex surrounded her, greedily absorbing energy from the heavens and earth into her being.

Within the surging demonic heart, a ghostly shadow ascended into the sky, weaving into a vague ancient figure seated in meditation.

In this moment, she exuded an indifference akin to an ice fragment gathering millennia of dust.

Buzz!!!

The entire world quivered, a fluctuation saturating the air. The mightiest aura descended upon the scene, intent on tearing heaven and earth.

Black mist filled the air, swiftly absorbed into a figure—the older man in the black robe from the barbarian tribe, Barbara’s referred grandpa.

You finally showed up...

Simultaneously, Barbara opened her eyes abruptly, an immortal chill seeming to flow within her gaze.