

## Grasping 271

### Chapter 271: Mortal Severance and Divine Transformation (Part 2)

The north wind blew gently. It was winter and countless leaves piled up on the ground below the trees. The sky gradually rose and the first ray of sunlight shone across the village. On the footpath between the paddy fields, a lot of farmers were already busy planting seeds.

A boy adjusted his shirt which was made of hemp and continued on his way while carrying a basket of eggs. His face reddened due to the extreme coldness of the weather.

“I’m actually afraid of cold temperature?”

The little boy felt surprised. He kept having the feeling that it had been hundreds of years since the last time he felt cold.

There was a forest of red birch trees within the village and within that forest, there was a thatched cottage which was a private school for children.

Voices of children reciting which were childish and tender could be heard from that old house from far away.

“Immortal at birth, have no nature. Ascending the Heaven’s path, entering the Four Oceans. Beings with massive magic power shan’t be admired. Only beings with strong Dao Heart can walk far...”

The boy stopped in his tracks right outside the school. He did not push open the door but quietly stood still for a while.

What the children were reading aloud was the “Three Character Immortal Classic<sup>1</sup>” written by the teacher of the school himself.

It was meant to impart rudimentary knowledge to the young children. The boy had already heard this lecture seven times. Every month, his mother would ask him to gift a basket of eggs to the teacher in order to plead him to keep her son as a student. Seven months. Seven times. Each time he came, he

would stand outside the school listening to the children's recitation. Now, he had nearly memorized the entire "Three Character Immortal Classic".

The boy was certain that his intelligence was not any weaker than the other kids of the village. But unfortunately, the teacher would not accept him no matter what.

"Why? Why does the teacher refuse to keep me as his student..." The boy did not understand. He faintly felt that the reason behind it must be related to the things that he had forgotten.

When the boy appeared outside the school, another child who was around one year younger than him immediately shouted excitedly within the school.

"Mister Purple, Big Brother Ning Fan had come again. This time, Mister must take him into the school considering his sincerity in coming every single month for the past seven months!"

That child who shouted was called Ning Gu. In the Ning Village, Ning Fan had only a handful of friends and he was one of them.

After he spoke, the rest of the children stopped reciting after one another. Their gazes penetrated the casement windows and affixed to Ning Fan who was standing outside.

"Today is the seventh month. But it's just the seventh day for him. However, he still could not understand why he is unable to enter the school. Without that realization, he is not suitable to remain in this world..."

Within the old cottage, a purple-robed mister faintly smiled.

This man's hair was long like waterfall. His appearance was handsome. Above his glabella, there was a purple-golden mark which seemed to be imprinted by a burning rock.

"But Mister Purple, Big Brother Ning Fan truly wants to take Mister as his teacher from the bottom of his heart..."

“He is different from the rest of you... Let him stand! As for you, read well...”

The mister gently knocked Ning Gu’s head using the purple-golden flat ruler in his hands with a benevolent and tender look on his face.

He didn’t choose to beat the child’s palm. He would never do such a thing to children.

Providing education to everyone without discrimination. Teaching the young ones with precepts and examples. Never punish or discipline somebody to teach them a lesson. They were the reasons why Mister Purple had become so well-known in the village.

Moreover, rumor has it that even the magistrates from the counties and cities outside of the village would also bow and salute Mister Purple when meeting him.

That man did not yearn for reputation nor benefits. Even so, most of the disciples who listen to his teachings were the government officers of Yue Country.

In the land of Yue Country, Confucianism flourished. Other teachings like Daoism, Mohism, military science, law and so on were also learnt by lots of scholars.

As for what the school of thought conducted by Mister Purple was... it was Purple’s Philosophy.

After being softly admonished by the teacher, Ning Gu touched his head and awkwardly sat down. A brief moment later, the school was filled with the voices of the children reading the “Three Characters Immortal Classic” again.

As for Ning Fan, he grudgingly clenched his fists while standing outside the school.

“He is different from the rest of you... Let him stand!”

Recalling the words uttered by the mister within his mind, Ning Fan gently gnashed his teeth.

I think I'm going to fail again this time...

But why the teacher refuses to keep me? Why am I different from the other kids in this school? Why...

On top of the Dao Asking Cliff, Meng Xuanzi looked at Ning Fan who was standing amidst the purple mist with a frown.

"Today is the seventh day. Countless Peak Nascent Soul Realm would stop at this point of time... I wonder if this kid is able to stride this threshold... In the past, this old man's illusory realm of the Dao Heart was about marriage. This kid's seemed to be seeking knowledge... Seeking knowledge, will he be able to obtain any of it..."

Outside the old cottage, Ning Fan had stood there without knowing how much time had passed.

He could not stop pondering the reason why Mister Purple was not going to keep him. Mister Purple said that he was different from the others but he could not figure out in what aspects he was different from the rest of the children.

Gradually, his eyes flashed with a trace of abstruseness. That look on his face did not suit his age at all. In fact, it was not supposed to be on the face of a child.

But at the moment his expression experienced changes, the purple-robed young man within the cottage made a wee smile.

"This kid is starting to awaken..."

Different? Which part of me is different...

Dark clouds began to fill the sky. Eventually, frigid cold rain fell from the clouds in a continuous pattern.

Ning Fan stood below the eaves of the cottage, looking at the raindrops which joined together like chains of pearls. His gaze became even more mysterious. When it reached a certain level afterwards, they began to sparkle with clarity.

“Different. Yes. Of course I’m different from the rest of them... There is no one alike in the world in the first place. The same goes for the rain... Each raindrop is different from each other, not because of their shapes but mainly because of the path they took... The path the other children chose is to learn reading and writing in the Ning Village of Yue Country and then attain the scholarly honors or official ranks by passing the examination to become a government officer. As for me, my aim isn’t really about that... I want to seek for more knowledge and question the Dao but my ultimate purpose isn’t just becoming a government officer in the Yue Country... However, I can’t recall my purpose...”

In the seventh month, Ning Fan finally gained some insights from that mister’s words.

The purple-robed mister’s eyes crinkled, revealing a satisfied smile. He pushed open the door but he did not receive the eggs from Ning Fan. He lifted his hand and patted Ning Fan’s head gently instead.

“Bring this basket of eggs home. Let you mother consume them to replenish her body... As for you, you are now qualified to be enrolled into the school. But before that, there is still one more test...”

“Test?” Ning Fan raised his head, staring at the young man.

“Precisely. A test... My mortal name begins with the surname of Sun. But you don’t have to know about it. My immortal name is Purple Dou... They called me Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign...”

“Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign?!”

Ning Fan staggered a few steps backwards. As the young man’s voice fell, his previous memories came flooding back into his mind like an overflowing river that crushed the embankment.

Yes. I am in the illusory realm to question the Dao...

Yes. This place is the illusory realm...

But the purple-robed young man in front of me is called Purple Dou and he was crowned as the Immortal Sovereign!

All this while, am I seeking knowledge from the Immortal Sovereign?

“May I ask Immortal Sovereign...”

“Call me mister...”

“Yes. May I ask Mister if you are a real being or just an illusion?!” Ning Fan’s eyes turned stern.

“I am neither real nor illusory. In fact, I’m beyond the realm of reality and illusion. I’m at the end of the holy path... The Fourth Step! If you are lucky enough, you will discover it in the future. Now, there is only one thing that you have to do... Go home and show filial piety to your mum. You will only be qualified to attend the school after your mother has a comfortable life. If you can’t be a dutiful son, you aren’t qualified to be a human. If you aren’t qualified to be a human, you will never be qualified to ascend the mountain of Dao and become an immortal... Go now...”

“Yes!”

Ning Fan gave him a deep bow and left the place with the basket of eggs being pelted by the rain.

The rain originated from the sky and fell upon the earth. But when the raindrops approached his body, they abnormally altered their routes, avoiding him.

The purple-robed mister’s gaze lingered on Ning Fan who was walking in the rain and nodded his head.

“He is the descendant of Ancient Chaos? He’s really a man of great potential...”

As he was passing through the rain, his head slowly became clear.

In this illusory realm conjured by the purple mist - the Ning Village of Yue Country, he had been staying for seven months already. In the real world, it was just seven days.

The seven days that passed by had caused his magic power to increase to 1085 units from 1015 units. Yes. It was his magic power, not his demon power...

“Spending one month within this realm would be equivalent to increasing 10 units of magic power, huh...”

He remained silent for a moment.

That purple-robed mister is Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign, the expert whom the True Immortals can't possibly look up to, the teacher of Ancient Chaos Emperor.

But I can't even discern whether he is a true being or just an illusion due to my current cultivation realm. I'm just so weak that I can't even distinguish the illusions created by the purple mist...

The only thing that I am able to notice is his poised and graceful demeanor. He told me to learn how to become a human before becoming an immortal. And to become a human, I must first be a dutiful son.

The word “filial piety” is rarely mentioned by anyone in the cultivation world. Moreover, some sects would erase their disciples' memories immediately after they join them. Even if they can't wipe out their memories, they will instruct their disciples to abandon their relations in the mortal world...

As for the Immortal Sovereign, comparing to cultivation level, magic power, potential and the comprehension of Dao, he placed much more importance on internal feelings and sentiments.

Thus, he gave me the chance to show filial piety to my mother...

“Mum...”

Ning Fan's felt a hint of warmth within his heart. On the Ten Steps Bridge, he saw his mother's appearance. In the Bell of Samsara, he saw Zhihe's previous life. On the Dao Asking Cliff, the Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign now granted him the opportunity to remedy the regrets he had for his mother and Zhihe.

As such, the pain and regrets he experienced in his previous and current mortal life could be fully rectified in this illusory realm.

As such, his heart could become stronger due to the absence of emptiness.

"But is this truly correct..."

Ning Fan buried the thought deeply within his heart.

When he arrived at the bamboo fence outside his house, he stood there and looked at his mother who was busy driving the chicks back to their coop. Secretly, he pointed his finger to the sky and muttered, "Stop!"

"Hmm? It is such a strange rain. It comes and goes so fast... Eh? Fan Er is back! How was it? Did you manage..."

Before Ning Qian could finish her words, her beautiful eyes turned gloomy.

"Why did you bring the eggs back?! You didn't go to see the teacher, did you?!"

"No. The teacher has already accepted me. However, he said that I am still young and he wanted me to learn how to become a good person first... It was also him who asked me to bring these eggs back."

"Becoming a good person? Only you? Then why are the other kids who are at the same age as yours could attend the school and study?" Ning Qian asked, feeling skeptical at Ning Fan's words.

"It's because I'm different from all of them!" Ning Fan's eyes flashed with a hint of pride.

In a blink of an eye, eight years passed by.

Within the eight years, Ning Fan had never once mentioned anything about attending the school. He only stayed at home and helped out with the house chores and agriculture activities.

He did everything himself and took up responsibilities for every work. He had never once let Ning Qian feel tired because of overexertion.

He did not try to brag about his work nor did he waver in carrying out his work, just like any common mortal beings that remained quiet and peaceful in Ning Village.

Currently, he was already 16 years old. His body noticeably looked weak and feeble. However, he had managed to open up an excellent farmland which was a hundred mu\* wide by himself. Besides, he alone was enough to plough and sow the entire land.

The wealth of his family was sufficient. Gradually, Ning Qian no longer worked anymore. During her free time, she would then hang out with the women of her neighborhood.

Eight years were equivalent to 96 months. In the real world, it was 96 days.

On the ninety-seventh month, a rich man with the surname Wu from the county town had come to Ning Village following a matchmaker. He had come to seek a marriage alliance from the Carpenter Wang for his daughter!

Zhihe was already 14 years old. She grew into a slim and graceful young girl. In fact, she began to grow famous in the Ning Village and the county towns surrounding the village.

Although her family was poor and she would not be chosen by the families of the government officers, there were quite a few local rich men who wanted to marry her as their concubine.

Among them, the rich man Wang had the highest status. His name was Wu Dongnan. His family could barely be considered as a literary family as he attained his scholarly honor using his wealth.

To the villagers, it was a good thing that such a person with high status and abundant wealth would want to marry Zhihe as his concubine. Besides, even Zhihe's father, Carpenter Wang did not show any signs of rejection.

To Zhihe, however, it was a completely different story. Because of their sudden arrival, she hastily hid in Ning Fan's house. Her action caused Ning Qian to feel pity for her.

"Auntie Qian, Zhihe doesn't want to marry that man! I want to marry Brother Fan!"

"Silly girl... That Wu Dongnan has good status and lots of wealth. What's wrong with him? Why don't you like him but the poor little boy of my family..."

"Who says Brother Fan is poor? He manages a hundred mu\* of fine farmland. He can be regarded as a local rich man too. If I marry him, I can also rely on him to get my good food and good life too!" Zhihe curled her lips in annoyance. But her words made Ning Qian simmer with laughter.

In this girl's mind, is marrying Ning Fan equivalent to having a new money bag...

However, Ning Qian knew that this silly girl didn't like Ning Fan because of his money. Otherwise, why didn't she marry Wu Dongnan who was way richer than her son? Instead, how would she still hang out in their house without being concerned about her own reputation and integrity.

"Silly girl. You are really blinded by love... Fine. Let's wait for Fan Er to return. Then I will instruct him to prepare gifts to make a proposal for marriage to your family! As for Mister Wang, if he still pesters you and creates troubles, I will come up with some ideas to handle him."

"It doesn't need to be so troublesome..."

The shadow of Ning Fan riding on a cow loomed at the doorstep. His hand held a whip made of willow and his long hair hung down loosely. Even though he was wearing a shirt made of hemp, he seemed to be floating in the air like a celestial being.

“Wu Dongnan will never dare to create troubles in front of me. He won’t!”

“Zhihe is my wife and no one can lay a finger on her!”

On the ninety-seventh day, Meng Xuanzi’s eyes had never been so focused before.

In the past, ninety days was my limit. I was then stopped from comprehending the Dao.

Is this Ning Fan able to stay longer than 97 days and surpasses me?!

What was difficult to understand for Meng Xuanzi was the purple mist that was coiling around Ning Fan’s body. It would occasionally give out rays of purple-golden light.

In fact, the rays of purple-golden light carried a trace of immense aura force which stirred the false feeling within Meng Xuanzi to prostrate himself in worship.

“How strong exactly is that purple mist? What is the level of that immortal’s prestige... Don’t tell me it belongs to the Immortal Sovereign!”

Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign!

Chapter 272 (1): Early Divine Transformation Realm, Wind Mist Finger!

Zhihe stayed at the Ning Family’s house and Ning Qian accompanied her in the room.

Outside the house, Ning Fan was sitting slantingly on the back of a black ox while holding a willow whip in his hands. His gaze was calm and tranquil.

His physical body might look weak and thin, but his presence made the black ox not dare to show any resistance nor frustration towards him.

Having the royal bloodline of Fu Li had made every demon to evade him. The black ox which was not even a demon naturally would not dare to provoke Ning Fan.

Carpenter Wang knew about his daughter's decision. After letting out a few sighs, he gave up the intention of stopping her.

However, the Wu's family seemed to have sent quite a lot of ruffians and rascals from the local county town to the Ning Village with the intention of causing trouble to the village in a large group.

Most of them carried weapons and they surrounded the bamboo fence that encircled the Ning Family's house. They even had someone carry fire torches and claimed that if the Nings does not release Zhihe, they would then set the house on fire.

“Hehe, if you still do not release the person we want, we will deal with you using the hard way... I heard that this Ning Fan's mother, Ning Qian was once a peerless beauty of this village. Although her age has exceeded 30, her charm still remains. The Lord wants Zhihe so we dare not lay a finger on her. But for this Ning Qian...hehe”

Each and every one of the ruffians was unruly in nature.

Nevertheless, they did not know that they were nothing in front of Ning Fan who was truly a lawless person.

Every insult they spat made Ning Fan's gaze become colder. At the moment when his eyes shone with cold-piercing light, he charged forward with the black ox and wielded the willow whip in his hand!

The shadow of a whip being wielded was cast over the ground, but it seemed to be divided into hundreds of shadows in an instance, whipping on the bodies of the gang of scoundrels at the same time.

It was clearly a whip made of willow and yet, the pain inflicted on one's body by it was more intense as compared to an iron bar!

\*Ah!\*

The ruffians' screams of agony reverberated to the whole village. making all the livestock in the village make noise and cry out of that sudden surprise!

Ning Fan did not kill any person... For the past eight years, for the past 96 months, he was living a dull and harmonious life just to cultivate the heart to ask for the Dao. If he kills someone and allows bloodshed to influence his mind, his heart of asking for the Dao would shatter due to his intent to kill. He then could no longer stay in this illusory realm.

The time to spend with his mum would then come to an end...

Moreover, Ning Qian is just a mortal female in this mirage. If she sees me killing people, will she fear me afterwards...

“In order to stay with my mother for a few more days, I'll spare your inconsequential lives for now... Interesting. It's really beyond my expectation that there will be a day when I, Ning Fan will choose not to kill someone! However, even if I don't kill you, I want you all to feel fear and remorse!”

Ning Fan's gaze fell on the scoundrel who assailed his mother with obscenities just now and his eyes flashed with absolute ferocity.

With a flick of his finger, he crushed the willow whip splitting the leaves from its body. Each of them turned into green, razor-sharp blades and pierced right through their mouths and cut off their tongues!

\*Ah!\*

Every ruffian felt excruciating pain as if it was drilling into their hearts. Moreover, none of them was able to utter a single word anymore because every single one of them had become mute, losing their ability to speak after having their tongues cut!

All the ruffian looked at Ning Fan's direction in unison afterwards and confoundedly prostrated themselves on the ground before Ning Fan. The technique that Ning Fan used to cut their tongues using only the willow leaves had made them be stricken with fear!

It's a demonic technique! This Ning Fan isn't a person! He is a demon!

No! We must not provoke him... even if we have a thousand guts! How can we, the humans fight a demon monster like him?!

Moreover, every single member among the gang of ruffians had never seen any demon who could kill someone using just willow leaves before despite living for countless years.

Even if there were some little demons that occasionally appeared in the rural county, they could at most possess one's spirit, create some minor disturbance in the residence or just cause one to feel uneasy to sleep or eat.

Those who could act outrageously and kill people at his whim must be a competent expert with powerful means!

Unfortunately, even though they had known the secret about Ning Fan being a "demon", they would not be daring enough to spread the news even if their ability to speak still remains.

The gang of men quickly ran away and went back to the country town as if their lives depended on it. Seven days later, at the Wu's House in the eastern county, Wu Dongnan's expression was seething with anger when he looked at 47 ruffians who was personally kept by him had their tongues cut off!

"What happened?! Weren't you guys supposed to rob the bride? Why did all of you end up losing your tongues? Who is so audacious to offend me, Wu Dongnan in the land of the eastern county!"

Each and every one of the ruffians was completely terrified by Ning Fan's demonic technique. The only ruffian among the gang who knew how to write a few words managed to write nine words on a piece of paper with much effort.

Ning Fan is a demon. Do not offend him!

“Demon? Ridiculous! A decent man will never talk about supernatural or superstitious things. It is impossible to have so many demons in the world. Alright, maybe Ning Fan is an expert of martial arts. Rumor has it that if a martial artist has cultivated to a very profound realm, he would also be able to kill people using leaves... Hmmph, this time I will personally invite Coach Hong to go into action. It won't be difficult to bring down this Ning Fan... However, I shall also invite Immortal Master Zhuge as well to join him. Just in case if he is really a demon, that Taoist master will be able to handle him...”

Three days later, after paying them a visit, treating them a feast and giving them some gifts, Wu Dongnan managed to get help from Coach Hong and Immortal Master Zhuge who were very prominent in the county.

The former who was in his forties was a martial arts expert. He had strong inner force while his temple was high and bulging. His mastery in using hidden weapons was so profound that he had reached the stage of killing people by just using leaves. When he heard that there was a young expert in Ning's village, he immediately replied in a scornful tone.

“Mister Wu, you can rest assured. This person might have good talents and understand the secret technique of 'Flying Leaves Murder' but he is still just a 16-years-old boy. No matter how good his talent might be, it is impossible for him to have stronger inner force than me. In other words, he might be good when he fights against normal people but in front of me, he isn't even worth mentioning!”

Immortal Master Zhuge snorted coldly and sneered.

“So what if one is an expert in the world of martial arts if he does not know there are actually immortals in the world... Although I am just a 4th Level Vein Opening Realm cultivator, I can eliminate three to five mortal experts with ease...This matter does not need Coach Hong to act. I alone will suffice ! With just a fire talisman, he will be turned into ashes!”

The words that Coach Hong and Immortal Master Zhuge spoke were clearly directed against each other. Apparently, they must have some conflicts prior to this.

When Wu Dongnan noticed that the conversation was growing more intense, he immediately soothed the atmosphere with some kind words. Even so, his words were filled with the intention to kill. .

“Coach Hong and Immortal Master Zhuge, please remember that Ning Fan is truly a demon!”

Wu Dongnan insisted Ning Fan’s identity as demon. Therefore, it would not be going against the law of the Yue Country if Ning Fan is killed.

Upon hearing his words, Coach Hong and Immortal Master Zhuge immediately caught the underlying meaning of his words and they coldly smirked as they exchanged glances with each other.

For promising to help Wu Dongnan out, the two of them were given a hundred silver coins each.

It was just a custom to help one mitigate his ill fortune after receiving the pay. Now, after insisting that Ning Fan was a demon, they felt delighted and relieved since it would not be guilty to kill him!

In a formidable array, a group of men went out from the county town in the name of eliminating demons.

When they reached the entrance of the Ning’s village, they saw Ning Fan riding an ox out from it with a willow whip in his hands. His frigid cold gaze scanned through the crowd.

“This person is Ning Fan!” A young manservant who was responsible in leading the way pointed at the young man riding on the ox and yelled.

As soon as Coach Hong and Immortal Master Zhuge heard that, they stared at Ning Fan from top to bottom. After confirming that this young man was only fifteen or sixteen years old, they revealed a greedy look and each of them wanted to become the first person to kill him and obtain the merits.

At the end of the day, Coach Hong’s steps were still bigger and faster than Immortal Master Zhuge. With a fearsome and frightful appearance like that of a tiger, he reprimanded with a big knife in his hand.

“Demon Ning Fan, come down and die!”

“Just you?”

Ning Fan’s gaze became even more cold-blooded. Suddenly, rays of blood light encircled his body and his killing intent surged drastically.

At this moment, those whose eyes met his gaze felt their knees weaken and knelt on the ground, trembling and shivering in fear.

Immortal Master Zhuge’s countenance changed. At the same moment, he was 100% sure that Ning Fan, the young boy in front of him was a cultivator! In fact, he was a cultivator who was countless times more powerful than he was! By just displaying his aura force, he made all his 16 immortal veins break.

\*Puff!\*

He spat out a mouthful of blood while using his fly-whisk to support his body on the ground. Within seconds, he was already overwhelmed with fear and he shifted his gaze to Wu Dongnan angrily.

What a nasty Wu Dongnan! He told me that he was just puny, small thief but it turns out to be such a powerful senior... He is literally luring me to death!

Coach Hong was standing much closer to Ning Fan. As such, he was more sensitive towards Ning Fan’s aura force.

When the power of the blood light charged onto him, his ringed-sword that was forged with fine steel was crushed into powder! Moreover, one of his arms had even been pulverized, turning into blood mist. The agony he felt was utterly unbearable!

His dantian was destroyed and his five main internal organs seemed to be scorched by fire. Coach Hong felt that his chest seemed to be struck with a heavy blow causing him to fly backwards and crash to the ground. Afterwards, he could not stand up from the ground anymore. Incessantly, he coughed up blood and his gaze also shifted to Wu Dongnan with hatred.

What is he?!

He is certainly not a martial art practitioner! That attack is not inner force as well. This person really is a demon, a demon that I don't even dare to provoke even if my life is threatened to do so!

“Who dares to snatch my wife?!”

Ning Fan uttered in a soft tone but his voice blew up in their ears like countless thunderstrikes. All of them quickly lied prostrating on the ground.

Chapter 272 (2): Early Divine Transformation Realm, Wind Mist Finger!

As for Wu Dongnan, he completely ignored the hateful stares from Coach Hong and Immortal Master Zhuhe. He only stared at Ning Fan in disbelief. Deep inside, he felt that he had seen that face before. However, prior to this event, he had never expected that Ning Fan was that person!

The owner of that appearance emerged within his dreams every single night!

In that dream, Wu Dongnan was an immortal who could fly in the sky or travel underground. However, he would always be killed by that person with ease every single time!

No...I can't...I can't mess with this man!

If I've known that he is the person who took Zhihe, I would never have displeased him even if I have a million guts!

So what if he had a mountain of wealth... So what if he was a high-status person who came from a scholarly background...

Wu Dongnan believed that even if Zhihe has fallen into the hands of the king of the Yue Country, Ning Fan would certainly be bold enough to kill his path into the king's palace and bring his beloved woman away.

“I beg you, Revered Ning! Please spare my life!”

Wu Dongnan knelt on the ground and desperately kowtowed to Ning Fan. Using the method of how he addressed Ning Fan in his dreams, he called out “Revered Ning”.

“I don't want to see your faces in my whole life again... Get out of my sight!”

In the old cottage, the purple-robed young man who was in the middle of teaching had a pleased look on his face.

“This kid is ferocious in nature and he has a liking to killing. That isn't a bad thing. But if one only knows about killing and slaughtering, it would be difficult for him or her to go far in the path of immortals... To have more time to spend with his mother, this kid chose not to kill so that the atmosphere within this illusory realm will not be destroyed... This Sovereign likes a dutiful son the most... It has been 97 days. It's about time to pass him some insights about the Dao...”

With a face full of dirt, Wu Dongnan turned around and left hastily, followed by the rest of his men. The matter in the Ning Village gradually calmed down.

Ning Fan rode his ox and returned. The smell of cooked dishes spread from within his house.

Mum, Zhihe and me...

It was the tender feelings that Ning Fan yearned for even when he was dreaming...

He slowly closed his eyes and his lips curved into a contented smile, despite knowing that everything before his eyes was just an illusion.

When it was late at night and the two women had gone to bed, Ning Fan rode his ox and went out from the village, heading north.

There was a mountain in the northern direction but it was just five hundred zhang\* tall. On the peak of the mountain stood a purple-robed young man, gazing upon the earth. It was as if he could turn heaven and earth into nothingness with just a look!

Ning Fan leaped down from the black ox, patted its head and bid farewell to it.

The black ox turned around and walked. However, it seemed to be unwilling to leave Ning Fan as it would turn back and look at him every few steps it made. But it knew it could not stay there because Ning Fan had ordered it to return.

With a leap, Ning Fan's body transformed into a cloud of purple smoke and appeared at the mountain peak. Standing a step behind the purple-robed young man, he cupped his fists and greeted, "Junior Ning Fan has come to see Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign!"

"En!"

At this moment, the eyes of the purple-robed young man were filled with loftiness. He was on the mountain top, therefore, he was no longer the Mister Purple who taught in the school of the mortal world. Instead, his current identity was the Immortal Sovereign!

"I suppose there is a special affinity between the two of us, child! You've passed the test designed by me and you will receive a Dao enlightenment... But before that, I have some questions to ask you... You chose to scare off the evil thieves with just your valiance. You restrained the intention to kill so that you can stay longer in this illusory realm. Why don't you spend more time with your mother and wife but come looking for me in such a hurry?!"

"I need to improve my cultivation level so that I can reunite with them in the real world!"

"Hmm. Your answer is barely satisfactory... Well, I can't blame you for not being able to see through the truth and falsity at your current realm... The external realm might be real but this illusory realm isn't

necessarily fake... Perhaps, one day, you will have a clearer understanding about samsara and you will know..."

The purple-robed young man did not utter any more words. His body gradually became ethereal and eventually turned into purple mist, scattering all around.

Just as the purple mist encircled the whole area, the hill which was supposed to be five hundred zhang\* tall grew taller suddenly, soaring high up into the sky until it reached a height of seven million zhang\* tall.

Ning Fan was greatly shocked. At the current moment, be it his physical body in the outside world or his consciousness in the illusory realm, both of them were at the peak of a mountain of the same height!

"From the Endless Sea, you entered the Broken World. Your consciousness entered the Sea of Clouds from the Broken World and your Dao Heart entered the illusions of heart from the Sea of Clouds. Among them, are you able to tell which one is true and which one is fake?"

"The diligent and industrious you may not necessarily be fake. The merciless and ruthless you in the Rain World may not necessarily be true... Reality and fantasy is just the difference of a single thought!"

"This Sovereign will conjure the purple mist using my power of Samsara. Within the purple mist, try to comprehend it with caution. As for how much understanding you can get, it depends on your luck!"

As Purple Dou's voice fell, traces of purple qi flowed into Ning Fan's body like endless streams.

Ning Fan closed his eyes, while standing firmly despite the strong northern wind blowing at the peak of the seven million zhang\* tall mountain, carefully feeling the flow of the mist.

There was no way he could see through samsara with his weak cultivation level. Currently, he was just at the First Step of cultivation whereas the Immortal Sovereign claimed that he had attained the Fourth Step!

The True Immortals in the Four Heavens were just at the Second Step. That is to say, the reason why the True Immortals could not even look up to the Immortal Sovereign was because they were far from reaching the Third Step. Before attaining the Third Step, how should one even think about the Fourth Step...

This is the opportunity granted by the strongest being of the ancient times.

I must never let it go to waste!

With the endless flow of purple qi, one might seem to be able to grasp the true meaning of samsara in just an instance and display the technique of samsara that could cause even Meng Xuanzi to feel dreadful.

However, too much purple qi was drifting away from the tips of his fingers, just like imperishable fine sand that could not be held, the never-ending time that could not be stopped.

“I have yet to fully complete my Divine Transformation. My current level is not enough to comprehend the power of Samsara... But it may not necessarily be impossible for me to just imitate the purple qi and create a new technique... Even if I could just partially model the power of Samsara, this technique will be imbued with a trace of the power of Samsara. When my cultivation realm attains the suitable level, I will definitely be able to master the meaning of samsara based on this technique!”

His eyes flashed with determination. His hands began to move to design a certain pattern of hand seals, inventing his own technique.

98th day, 99th day... In a flash, Ning Fan had been standing there for 247 days!

On 248th day, he opened his eyes. Condensing his latest hand seals, the purple mist surrounding his body broke away like crystals, turning into sparkling dust.

Each particle of dust was golden purple. The particles were so fine that they looked just like a cloud of smoke or a pile of sand that was blown by the wind.

Ning Fan failed to comprehend the true meaning of samsara but he managed to invent a brand new technique.

In the Sea of Clouds, he reopened his eyes and turned around, staring blankly at Meng Xuanzi's direction. He then performed his hand seals.

At this moment, Meng Xuanzi's face was filled with surprise.

248 days! This kid has actually stayed 248 days within the illusory realm of Dao Asking!

Besides, from the look on his face and his hand seals, he seemed to have learnt a new technique.

It was not a big deal if he just created a new technique. However, I can't identify the grade of that technique!

“Without a grade?! There is only one possible reason why this technique does not have a grade... It's because the power of this technique is extremely great to the point where it could not be gauged by any grade... His current cultivation level has not completely reached the Divine Transformation Realm. Therefore, he could only unleash the Mid Divine Transformation Realm power of the technique when he displays it. If he breaks through to the Void Refinement Realm, the technique will then become a Void Technique! If he becomes an immortal, this technique will then improve and evolve, becoming an immortal technique! The truth of why it does not have a grade is its level is too high and he can't comprehend all of it in one go!”

Meng Xuanzi's eyes became stern. The technique that was newly invented by Ning Fan was not complete at all. In fact, it had quite a lot of flaws. With his current cultivation level, he could only bring out the power equivalent to a Mid Divine Transformation Realm technique. However, the potential residing within that technique was able to cause Meng Xuanzi, an Immortal Emperor to feel troubled...

As Ning Fan's hands were moving, his eyes gradually filled with golden purple color.

At the same time, traces of power of samsara transformed into golden purple sand that blew towards heaven and earth like a cloud of smoke. However, everything including the mountain rocks, grasses and

trees that were caught by the golden purple smoke withered and disintegrate at an unimaginable speed!

“I might not know much about samsara... but I do understand the feeling of rush and haste due to time constraints. Aiming to attain the Void Fragmentation Realm within a hundred years is like placing giant boulders on my shoulders. That stress, that pressure almost makes me unable to move... That is the bit of understanding that I know about time...”

He took in a deep breath, completely forgetting himself as he was trying to perfect this technique that he had just comprehended.

Nine Steps: Sky Treader. Black Tempest Rupture Art. Each of them was his ultimate trump cards.

As for this technique which would be his third ultimate technique, it had to be much stronger than the previous two! Because it was comprehended from the opportunity given by the Immortal Sovereign!

“What is time? What defines time... Time is just like flowing sand and old age is just a period of time which has passed. This technique can erode time and cause all things to age and decay. I will name it as - Purple Technique, Wind Mist!”

“I will make all of my enemies decay into soil and disintegrate into ashes under my Wind Mist Finger!”

When Ning Fan completed the hand seals and made a touch in the air, the cloud of golden purple smoke moved at Meng Xuanzi's direction.

His expression was filled with shock. Lifting his finger, he conjured a ray of golden light which transformed into a gust of whistling breeze, intending to offset the incoming golden purple smoke.

Although it's just a gentle breeze, it's more than enough to cancel a High Grade Mid Divine Transformation technique.

But when that breeze collided with the golden purple smoke, it could not hinder its movement at all. In stark contrast, the power of his breeze was weakened and slowly dispersed into nothingness!

There was not a single thing that could escape aging, including wind!

The golden purple smoke went past Meng Xuanzi. With the strength of his immortal body, he of course came out unscathed.

However, even though he had no injuries, he could clearly feel that his physical body had slightly aged, as if his life force had been taken away...

With just a brief moment of contact, a mere Mid Divine Transformation Realm technique could actually hurt me? Although it only took away a trace of my life force, it's just too ridiculous!

If Meng Xuanzi was not wrong, the power that seized his life force was imbued with the power of Samsara... The modified version of the power of Samsara...

“This kid has really learnt a trace of the power of Samsara! If this kid is at the same cultivation level as me, that technique he displayed would be enough to defeat me on the spot!”

The Third Step of Mortal Severance ended!

Chapter 272 (3): Early Divine Transformation Realm, Wind Mist Finger!

Ning Fan's eyes turned completely clear as he smiled bitterly.

I actually attacked Meng Xuanzi while I was in the middle of comprehending the technique. But luckily, this Immortal Emperor does not seem to be blaming me for it.

Deep inside, he was feeling glad because of the power of that technique.

By displaying it, Ning Fan was confident that he could eliminate a Mid Divine Transformation Realm expert with just a finger. Besides, he would even have a slight chance of killing an expert at the Late Divine Transformation. That technique was capable of turning his enemies into flying ashes within the smoke!

248 days passed by. His magic power had increased by 2480 units, amounting to a total of 3495 units!

Besides, after a course of enlightenment, he felt that he could almost complete his Divine Transformation. Now, he was only left with the final step - engraving his name on the Divine Tablet.

“Thank you, Mister Purple Dou...”

Facing the cloud of purple mist in the distance, Ning Fan cupped his fists and muttered.

The Immortal Sovereign should have already died. The master-disciple relationship between Ning Fan and him within the illusory realm was just for the inheritance of a technique.

That is a power that I can't comprehend for now. But some day, I will surely be able to comprehend it, discern reality from fantasy and grasping the true meaning of samsara.

“Young man, are you interested in ascending to my Void Realm and join my Tablet Master Palace...”

For the first time, Meng Xuanzi took the initiative to offer to keep someone as his disciple!

“Junior already has a master...”

“Really... Then, it's too bad...” Meng Xuanzi shook his head and sighed. After all, it was more than enough to make that offer once for someone like him. It would be impossible for him to speak the same line for a second time as he would seem to be forcing someone into becoming his disciple.

Without uttering any more words, he held Ning Fan's shoulder and vanished with a flick of his sleeve. Heaven and earth trembled. The next moment, both of them appeared below the three Divine Tablets.

Since Ning Fan was attaining the Divine Transformation Realm in the aspect of his demon power, he would of course have to carve his name on the demon tablet.

“This is the technique of ‘Congealing Luck into Pen’. Carving your name using this technique would allow you to obtain the blessing from your luck...”

With another flick of his sleeve, a piece of jade slip appeared in front of Meng Xuanzi. Ning Fan grabbed it with his hand and placed it on his glabella.

Within seconds, he had learnt about the technique mentioned by Meng Xuanzi.

As a matter of fact, his luck had already been receiving blessings from the Bell of Samsara. Therefore, he did not think he would need to go through extra steps.

Moreover, there was a trace of purple luck camouflaged by his black-colored luck.

With that first-class luck, if Ning Fan was willing, he could simply carve his purple name on the tablet. However, that straightforward action might receive attention from the True Immortal who plotted against him in the past and allow the latter to know about the secret regarding the change of his luck. If that happens, he would definitely suffer huge losses...

It isn't worth the candle...

“Condense!”

Ning Fan flicked his sleeve and conjured a golden pen. Holding it in his hand, he made a step forward, appearing in front of the Demon Tablet. He lifted his hand, landing the tip of the pen onto the tablet!

A black-colored name emerged - Ning Fan!

“Black-colored?” Meng Xuanzi felt slightly surprised. But a brief moment later, he shook his head, laughing.

“For common beings, if their luck is black in color, they would definitely have no hopes in becoming immortals. But you’re different... Your talent is monstrous and your potential is immeasurable. Even if your luck is black, it might be enough for you to attain immortal ascension... This old man will be waiting for the day when you become an immortal at the Black Tortoise Star. Go now! Hurriedly return to the mortal world and complete your Divine Transformation!”

With a wave of his hand, Meng Xuanzi sent Ning Fan’s consciousness back to the mortal world.

However, just as he was waving his hand, a thought struck him. He took out an item and gave it to Ning Fan as a present.

“Take this item. Treat it as an item from this old man to establish a good relation with you!”

Below the Dragon Pond, Ning Fan had been slumbering for eleven years!

The black dragon which was nearly bored to death was capturing the dark beasts and swallowed them to assimilate them.

As for the partially-decayed dragon corpse of the royal member of the Black Dragon Race, he had already consumed it with great sufferings.

In the past eleven years, he had almost hunted down all the dark beasts of the Dragon Pond. His power was on the verge of breaking through to Half-Step Void Refinement Realm1! When he was consuming the royal bloodline, he had one chance of reawakening the royal bloodline himself. But sympathetically, there was a thin layer of barrier which rendered his one and only attempt a failure...

Within his body, there was still a big chunk of pure demon blood from the dark beasts. The poison contained inside the blood was removed by the black dragon. After eleven years of continuous refinement, he had managed to condense it into a faint golden blood ball the size of a fist.

The black dragon was very confident that he could truly advance into Half-Step Void Refinement Realm once he completely assimilates the entire blood ball!

When the time comes, even if his qi is unstable, even if he does not have a royal bloodline nor a demon body, he would still be regarded as a Half-Step Void Refinement Realm being, isn't he?

He might appear weak among the experts at the same realm as him, but the chances of him defeating a Peak Divine Transformation Realm expert aren't slim too...

Hehe. The Half-Step Void Refinement Realm is a big cultivation gap from that malefic being who is just at the Half-Step Divine Transformation Realm...

"Once this Elder Brother breaks through to the Half-Step Void Refinement Realm, it will be the time for me to try breaking free from the Demon Seal!"

The black dragon sneered coldly.

When I break free from the Demon Seal, I will then be truly free! I don't have to be afraid of him anymore.

"Then, I will surely subdue this malefic being on the ground, trample upon him and torture him with my Half-Step Void Refinement Realm power!"

"Hey, you, malefic guy, you wait and see. Wait for your Grandfather Black Tooth to erase the Demon Seal and then eat you!"

The black dragon wore a malicious smile on his face. However, at the next moment, that expression on his face hardened, just like a fool who had just woken up from his world of fantasy.

In a lotus position, Ning Fan had been sitting above countless skeletons in silence for a long time.

At that moment, his aura rose drastically. Besides, he emanated a blast of aura force that was overwhelming even for the black dragon, greatly frightening the latter.

It was a Half-Step Void Refinement Realm aura force. Moreover, there was a trace of True Immortal's prestige within it, which made the black dragon's heart beat with fear.

“This malefic being has succeeded in his Divine Transformation?! How can it be so coincidental?! Aside from that, why has his aura force become Half-Step Void Refinement Realm despite his cultivation level being at the Divine Transformation Realm!”

From just the impact of his aura force, the black dragon felt pain in his dragon body and his breathing became irregular.

The black dragon's eyes flashed with astonishment. Because at this moment, Ning Fan stabilized his aura and suddenly rose up from the skeletons around him. He kept the gift from Meng Xuanzi and shifted his gaze towards the black dragon in a cold manner.

“You want to subdue me on the ground, trample upon me and torture me?”

His current demon power was at 14750 units while his magic power was at 3495 units with his spirit sense which was now at the Mid Divine Transformation Realm!

Ning Fan stared at the black dragon with his cold piercing eyes. Ferociously, he activated the Demon Seal and immediately, the black dragon felt the excruciating pain which caused him to wriggle and howl in agony. All the pride and arrogance he had dissipated and what was left within him was just the intention to ask for mercy.

“Master, please have mercy! Please have mercy! This little brother was just joking. I'm just joking...Argh!”

“Joking?”

Ning Fan snorted coldly. With a beckon of his hand, he brought the massive black dragon before him. His eyes sparkled.

This black dragon certainly has excellent natural potential. After devouring the dark beasts and the royal dragon corpse, his cultivation level has improved to the peak stage of the Divine Transformation Realm and he nearly awakened the royal bloodline of his race too. However, there seems to be a barrier that hindered him from the breakthrough. Otherwise, his combat power would have increased by a large margin...

In his body, there is also a glob of dark beasts' blood essence that has been purified with great effort and care. However, it is still yet to be assimilated... If I consume it, not only could I further improve my demon power but also stabilize my new cultivation realm.

Such a great nourishing item is truly hard to find.

“Give me the blood essence of the dark beasts!” Ning Fan ordered indifferently.

“Wha...What?! You want to seize my thing?!”

The black dragon revealed a sorrowful look on his face. But before he could even talk back to Ning Fan, he let out a painful cry.

It was the Demon Seal.

Most likely, the black dragon could not keep the blood essence anymore...

Chapter 273 (1): Turbulence of Luo Yun

Showing no clemency, his hand smacked the body of the black dragon. The strength he exerted was not strong. However, he initiated the restrictive effect of the Demon Seal at the same time, causing the black dragon to let out a shriek of agony and eventually coughed out a glob of black blood. Within it, there was a dark red crystal the size of his palm.

That crystal was the blood crystal condensed by the black dragon after spending eleven years in refining the blood essence of the dark beasts with much effort.

Ning Fan's eyes glittered.

“Blood crystal! Rumor has it that only the True Spirits of the Dragon Race could congeal such crystal due to the power of their royal bloodline when they were in their Wild Beast forms... This sinful dragon might not possess the royal bloodline but he was capable of producing the blood crystal. At the end of the day, this dragon was still quite useful...”

“However, this dragon is too tyrannical in nature. He even harbors rebellious intention. It would be good to just use him once. If I allow him to stay by my side for a long period of time, he might bump into some kind of opportunity that could enable him to break through to the Void Refinement Realm in one go. When there is a big gap between our cultivation levels, he will surely break free from my Demon Seal and turn against me...”

“Killing him is a waste whereas keeping him invites troubles... The only method to put things right once and for all is to refine that creature into a corpse puppet!”

His eyes flashed with a hint of cruelty. At the same moment, the black dragon which was immobilized after being bound by the Demon Seal was gripped by the feeling of horror for no reason.

This malefic being must have thought of some dreadful methods to deal with me...

It's over, it's over... My words were too aggressive and they have provoked him for real...

“Big...Big Brother... This little brother has already given you the blood crystal of the dark beasts... Erm... So... Could you please let this little brother go back to the golden flame chariot? From now onwards, this little brother will surely devote my heart and soul to pull the chariot for you and never dare to betray you, not even harboring those thoughts anymore...”

“Pull the chariot? The chariot will of course have to be pulled by you. However, it won't be the 'living' you. Instead...it will be the 'dead' you!”

When Ning Fan had captured the black dragon, he was already aware that the black dragon would be difficult to truly subdue. At the end of the day, the Demon Seal was just a precarious means.

To him, it would be a waste to kill the black dragon while keeping it by his side would be equivalent to letting cancer grow into one's body. The best solution was to refine that creature into a puppet. If he is turned into a puppet, Ning Fan would then be able to control the dragon's movements and actions at his will. Most importantly, the sinful dragon would never have the intention to commit treason...

Since Ning Fan had the Corpse Devil Record which was a devil technique, it was not impossible for him to turn that dragon into a refined corpse. Besides, after the process of refinement, the cultivation level of the dragon would be fused with his body, enhancing his combat power. As a living dragon, he was a failure. Among the members of the same level as him, he was considered feeble and frail because he had lost the overbearing aura of the Dragon Race. But as a corpse puppet, his dragon corpse would be a peerless thing.

However, there were two difficulties in turning the black dragon into a corpse puppet.

Firstly, this dragon was just in the form of a soul. Thus, the first thing that needs to be done was to recover his physical body.

Secondly, the memories within the Sea of Consciousness of the dragon must be erased. But in the past, Ning Fan was not able to peek into the dragon's memories, let alone wipe out his memories.

However, after attaining the breakthrough to the Divine Transformation in the Sea of Clouds, there was an extra seed within his heart - the seed of samsara. It stored all his understandings towards the power of samsara.

The comprehension he had towards it was very miniscule. In fact, it was not enough to enable him to search the dragon's memories. However, its terrifying properties were sufficient to wipe out his memories!

Samsara! The power of samsara was capable of seizing everyone's memories. Moreover, it was a power that even the Immortal Sovereign could not fully control.

“You will be...a fine corpse puppet...” The corners of Ning Fan’s lips curled into a smile. However, that smile made the black dragon feel the chills penetrating into his bones.

What? It’s impossible!

This malefic being intends to turn me into a corpse puppet?! How dare he?!

The next moment, an unbearable agony as if his mind was splitting apart hit his Sea of Consciousness, causing him not to doubt Ning Fan’s decision.

If the black dragon behaves obediently, he would have been in a fine condition. But since he was successfully turned himself into a potential threat, it just made Ning Fan more determined to eliminate him.

“I curse you, malefic being, you’re going to die very horribly! You won’t die a natural death!”

“This Elder Brother is the young master of the Black Dragon Race. I am a heaven-defying dragon which nearly awakened the royal bloodline. I refuse to obey you! I refuse!”

“You don’t ever think that you can refine me into a corpse puppet! Because you won’t be able to erase my memories at all, haha!”

The black dragon laughed in a frantic manner. Afterwards, he started to forcibly break the Demon Seal within his Sea of Consciousness, struggling to break free with all his might even if it might cost his life.

“Exactly. Unless you are correct this time...”

The coldness within Ning Fan’s gaze dissipated and the color of his eyes varied radically.

It was as if a seed began to sprout. Sometimes, his eyes were filled by complete blackness whereas sometimes they became pure white and that two extremely contrasting colors abnormally interchanged with each other from time to time.

That bizarre change of colors within Ning Fan's eyes had caused the black dragon to feel puny and insignificant for the first time.

He was startled and his body began to shiver without his control.

“What...What is that look...”

“No, it can't be! It's the power of samsara!”

Before samsara, all living creatures were equally lowly without exceptions.

As Ning Fan placed the tip of his finger on the head of the dragon, a gust of golden purple mist encircled the dragon. In a flash, the creature's memories vanished like mist and clouds.

All his former glory and rancor were turned to naught by that finger.

“What divine ability is this...” After muttering the final line, the black dragon emitted a painful howl. His memories were wiped out and his Sea of Consciousness was emptied.

Moreover, that Wind Mist Finger had even erased the Demon Seal that was planted earlier.

Ning Fan narrowed his eyes in seriousness.

The Mental Seal and Demon Seal aren't reliable means after all. Ultimately, the most reliable dependable factor is still my own power.

Other than eliminating enemies, the Wind Mist Finger was capable of erasing one's memories including the Mental Seal or Demon Seal that was planted within them or even the seals that were imprinted on magical treasures by other cultivators with ease.

If there comes a Void Fragmentation Realm expert who had been planted a Mental Seal by someone else, Ning Fan might also be able to help him or her break free from it and then receive rewards for his deed...

Well, it was just an idea that Ning Fan briefly thought about. He did not know whether such an idea would come true somewhere in the Internal Endless Sea...

Currently, he looked at the dragon soul which was giving him a vacant stare after having his memories erased and muttered, "Next, I'm going to rebuild the dragon's body..."

He inserted different kinds of heavenly materials and earthly treasures into the dragon soul, forming a flickering dark orb. Gradually, the physical body of a dragon formed.

What made Ning Fan feel strange about it was that at the moment the demon body of the dragon was growing, the demon bloodline which seemed to be dead and inactive within the black dragon simmered.

It was inching forward to the level of the royal bloodline, as if it was trying to evolve.

But that advancement was eventually obstructed by a vague barrier.

A while later, the dragon's body was fully congealed but its bloodline had yet to achieve the breakthrough. Every time, it would stop right before the point of breaking through to the grade of the royal bloodline, as if there was something lacking.

"What's missing..."

Ning Fan brought his eyes back to focus. When the purple star within his left eye emerged, he finally understood.

"It lacks...the spirit!"

He might not know what a spirit was to the demons, but he was aware that the Fu Li Race possessed it.

He then injected a trace of his own demon power into the dragon corpse.

As soon as his demon power circulated within the corpse, the demon bloodline began to seethe more vigorously at that very instance.

At the same time, a frail, shimmering black ray surrounded the dragon corpse. If Ning Fan was not wrong, this dragon corpse had already possessed the royal bloodline of the Dragon Race, even though there was only a fine, thin strand of it...

Ning Fan's eyes flashed with surprise.

My Fu Li demon power actually has the ability of helping the True Spirit Races reawaken their royal bloodlines!

“If it wasn't because this sinful dragon has nearly awakened his royal bloodline, if it wasn't because I decided to erase his memories, I would not have discovered such fascinating ability hiding within my Fu Li demon power...”

He immersed himself in his thoughts for a while and then withdrew his previous expression, wearing back the calm look. This time, he landed another slap on the head of the dragon corpse without showing mercy anymore, and completely shattering his Sea of Consciousness.

The Demon Soul disintegrated!

As such, this dragon would only be just a Peak Divine Transformation Realm dragon corpse which was a hair's breadth away from the Half-Step Void Refinement Realm.

In Ning Fan's right eye, a dark-colored star emerged. It was the Earth Controlling Star.

It was a devil star. As for the devil cultivation method that Ning Fan practiced, it was the Corpse Devil Record. The Corpse Refinement technique contained within the record was definitely not weak.

The only unfortunate element was that there were only a total of 11 traces of the devil intent and corpse qi accumulated within the right eye. In other words, he only possessed 11 units of devil qi in total.

As the devil star blinked, a cloud of corpse qi enveloped the dragon, and it transformed into a devil flame which began to burn the whole dragon corpse. At the same time, it was fusing his corpse qi and devil intent into the dragon corpse, making it into a true refined corpse.

Three days later, when the process of corpse refinement was only halfway through, it was unable to continue.

The 11 units of devil qi that Ning Fan had could only refine the corpse up to that point. It was because he did not have sufficient devil qi to proceed to the next step in corpse refinement.

As such, he had to temporarily bring the process to a halt. As he lingered his gaze at his semi-finished work, he scanned through the surrounding black dragon pond and his eyes sparkled.

The corpse qi of this place is very concentrated. It's the perfect place to cultivate the Corpse Devil Record as well as increasing my devil qi.

There isn't just an ancient dragon corpse lying down here, but also countless Peak Nascent Soul Realm cultivators who lost their lives here for the past thousands of years. Other than that, there are also thousands of dark beasts that were hunted down by the black dragon, leaving a deep and strong unresolved resentment at this place.

“Absorb!”

The Earth Controlling Star within his right eye rotated rapidly, as if it had formed a black vortex, sucking every last trace of the corpse qi found in that area.

The fallen dark beasts and demon cultivators were at least at the Nascent Soul Realm. Besides, since they were dead beneath the abnormal landscape of the Dragon Pond, the yin qi and resentment left by them were intensified.

Thousands of traces of yin qi were absorbed into his eye and eventually turning into not more than a hundred units of devil qi.

They only managed to make up 98 traces of devil qi... Adding together with the previous 11 traces, Ning Fan now only had 109 traces of devil qi, which were equivalent to 109 units devil power.

Devil Qi, 109 units, Mid Nascent Soul Realm...

With Ning Fan's current perspective, a hundred units of devil power was no longer able to excite him.

There should be tens of thousands of cultivators including Peak Nascent Soul Realm cultivators and even Divine Transformation Realm cultivators buried down here. However, there is only this little amount of devil intent. I'm afraid it would be very difficult to amass ten thousand traces of devil intent and reach the Divine Transformation Realm... Unless there is a burial mound which is as large as the Internal Endless Sea with at least hundreds of millions of cultivators being buried beneath and the yin qi is protected by the landscape of that place... Only then could I attain the Divine Transformation Realm...

Speaking of which, how is it possible that such a place would exist?

...

No. Perhaps, a place like this really does exist!

“The Ancient Heavenly Court!”

Ning Fan's eyes brightened up. The Ancient Heavenly Court had fallen after being assaulted by someone, leaving only a desolate wasteland. However, no one knew how many True Immortals were buried there and how strong the yin qi and resentment of that place was.

If I am able to enter the Ancient Heavenly Court, not to mention the opportunities that I might bump into, the yin qi of the deceased alone will be enough to allow the cultivation of my Corpse Devil Record to attain a terrifying level...

Clearing off his thoughts, he continued burning the dragon corpse with devil flame using his newfound devil power.

## Chapter 273 (2): Turbulence of Luo Yun

Three days later, the dragon corpse was successfully turned into a corpse puppet!

After all, a Wild Beast would only be strong and powerful when it had its own physical body. After smelting hundreds of types of spiritual minerals and using them to fortify it, the dragon corpse completely reformed while its aura had gone a step further, reaching the Half-Step Void Refinement Realm when the Peak Divine Transformation Realm dragon blood was fused with it.

The black dragon's dream had finally come true. He had finally broken through to the Half-Step Void Refinement Realm.

However, he would never feel happy or delighted anymore because he was already dead. Since he was no longer alive, what's the point of having strength?!

A Half-Step Void Refinement corpse puppet!

With this dragon corpse puppet in tow, while Ning Fan might not be completely unrivalled in the Second World, he would at least have the capability to overpower most of the tribes there!

After casting a spell on the black dragon corpse, it immediately shrunk into a tiny black snake with glossy scales and kept it into his storage pouch.

The problem with that dragon was solved. However, what Ning Fan did next was not to immediately stabilize his cultivation level.

He flicked his sleeve and fished out a piece of silver luopan<sup>1</sup>.

This luopan was called the Star Luopan. It allowed one to traverse into the Void Realm. In fact, it was a treasure that was commonly used by cultivators in the Four Heavens Immortal Worlds which aid them in flying through the Void Realm.

Besides, it also stored a map of a star domain within.

The map was labelled as the star domain of the Void Realm. Even though it was just a piece of star domain, its size was nearly tens of thousands of Rain World combined.

The size of the Rain World was considered as a chiliocosm.

This Void Realm however, was a medium dichiliocosm, which was a thousand times larger than the former universe.

Void Realm. Black Tortoise Star. The reason why the Tablet Master Immortal Emperor gave me this item is because he wants me to search for him when I ascend to the immortal world in the future.

“Establishing a good affinity, huh... Whether his intentions are kind or evil, without the power to defend myself against people like him, I will never risk entering that place rashly...”

After keeping the Star Luopan, he swallowed down the blood crystal of the dark beasts and began to assimilate it with his eyes closed.

His cultivation realm was in the midst of stabilizing. Moreover, under the nourishment of the blood crystal, it gradually improved.

The amount of demon power contained within this blood crystal which had been painstakingly refined by the black dragon for eleven years from the poisonous blood of the dark beasts was at the very least on par with a Divine Transformation Realm Dao Fruit.

When it was fully digested, Ning Fan gained an increase of 700 units in his demon power, totaling to 15450 units.

To any Nascent Soul Realm cultivator, that enhancement would be unimaginable. To cultivators who had attained the Divine Transformation Realm, it was just a common phenomenon.

The standard level for an expert to attain the Early Divine Transformation Realm was to accumulate ten thousand units of magic power.

For the Mid Divine Transformation Realm, fifty thousand units.

For the Late Divine Transformation Realm, one hundred and fifty thousand units.

For the Peak Divine Transformation Realm, three hundred thousand units.

Lastly, for the Half-Step Void Refinement Realm, five hundred thousand units!

When one has one million units of magic power, he or she would then advance into the...Void Refinement Realm!

Therefore, for a cultivator who wants to attain a million units of magic power, an increase of 700 units of magic power was really too little...

He remained silent as he shut his eyes but his mind was deep in thought.

It's truly a good thing to have obtained an extra 2480 units of magic power from the Third Step of Mortal Severance in the trip to the Sea of Clouds. Even so, there is still one thing unfortunate about it. When my magic power broke through to the peak stage of the Nascent Soul Realm, the Heavenly Tribulation of blood lightning did not befall me as it was blocked by the Sea of Clouds. As such, I've lost a chance to enhance my Spirit Crushing Whip using the Heavenly Tribulation.

After all, there are bound to be some losses among gains. It's unavoidable.

Moreover, it's a little depressing that advancements in demon power aren't going to cause the Heavenly Tribulation since magic power is still the core of my cultivation...

After breaking through to the Divine Transformation Realm, his spirit sense had attained the Mid Divine Transformation Realm. With just the technique of incarnation, he was peerless among the Mid Divine Transformation Realm experts. Besides, when taking his Second Level of Jade Life Body Refining Realm into consideration, Ning Fan was confident that he could even put up a fight with the Late Divine Transformation Realm experts!

Moreover, if he displays the Wind Mist Finger, he might also have the chance of killing them!

But I'm afraid I alone wouldn't be able to win against an expert at the peak stage of the Divine Transformation Realm. However, it might be a different story if I can use the Half-Step Void Refinement Realm dragon corpse puppet as my fighter. It is much more powerful than Peak Divine Transformation Realm cultivators...

As for the demonic technique - Parting Sun Spear, I could barely display its full form with all my effort. It's a technique that requires more practice.

In terms of speed, I could already display the Instant Shift, though I'm still not very proficient in it. Under the blessing of the demon wings of Fu Li, my speed should be able to compete with a Late Divine Transformation Realm expert's.

“What would happen if I augment the “Speed” Spirit Seal on both of my wings?”

Ning Fan's eyes gleamed with determination.

Before leaving the Dragon Pond, why don't I engrave the Spirit Seal now under the aid of the abundant demon power here?

The wings need Spirit Seals and so do the Separation Slayer Sword as well as the Spirit Crushing Whip!

Then, my goals of coming to the Luo Yun Province would all be accomplished except for obtaining the map of the World Passage from Lu Daochen!

“Soul Extraction!”

This time, the scope of area he chose to extract the soul from was rather small as it only involved the Dragon Pond.

Even so, the demon power was seemingly endless as it flowed into his body in a continuous flow, allowing him to have more than enough demon power to perform the engraving of Spirit Seals!

The calamity had finally fallen upon the Luo Yun Tribe.

Within the Encompassing Heaven Hall, Lu Daochen sat up straight on a higher seat in front of a hall with his eyes closed.

Below him, there were two different forces occupying both sides of the hall. One of them was led by a purple-robed belle while the other one was commanded by a golden-robed young man with a frosty look.

The two of them were asking for the map from Lu Daochen.

But Lu Daochen did not have the intention of submitting to any one of them.

“Prince Qu Shun, Empress Zi, this old man has already promised to give the map to someone else. I can’t break my promise. Therefore, there is no way I can hand it over to any of you...”

“Oh? So you are going to hand it over to Lu Bei, huh? Hmmph! A mere Nascent Soul Realm ant who is still in the midst of breaking through to the Divine Transformation Realm... Not to mention if he fails, even if he succeeds, what right does he have to possess this map?!”

Demon Imperial Concubine Zi's face darkened. If it was not because of Demon Imperial Concubine Wu Yan who had been dissuading her all this while, she would have directly acted against Lu Daochen and seized his map.

With her Peak Divine Transformation Realm power, she of course did not place Lu Bei in her eyes at all, even though Demon Imperial Concubine Wu Yan had been warning her multiple times already that Lu Bei was not a person she could offend...

“Lu Bei? So he is the one who killed Li Ban and Jin Qun, isn't he? When that matter was spread to the Upper World, they seemed to have been extremely infuriated. Besides, they even blamed that incident on me and I had to take quite a censure from them... I will definitely kill this person and make him pay! The map in his hands will fall into my hands sooner or later. As for yours, if you are planning to give it to him, I would suggest that you might as well give it to me now... Because that Lu Bei is going to die no matter what! So what's the point of giving it to him?!”

The prince of the Demon World, Qu Shun said. He was the son of Sovereign Qu of the Demon World. Although he was just 1200 years old, he was already a Peak Divine Transformation Realm expert. His outstanding potential was able to put him on par with the Daoist child of the Black Tortoise Star, Yi Qing. Moreover, in the Upper World, he was considered as one of the first-class experts.

He was a person who had a promising future of ascending to the Immortal Demon Realm; a true powerful expert who could travel the Demon World unhindered, defeating almost every outstanding being in that world.

His combat power was stronger than Demon Imperial Concubine Zi but his background was slightly weaker than hers.

It was because his identity was just the prince of the Demon World in the mortal Demon World whereas Demon Imperial Concubine Zi was an important person of the Spirit King Palace in the Immortal Demon World.

Therefore, he did not dare to put up a fight against her in the Second World.

Although he eagerly wished that he could immediately seize the map from Lu Daochen's hands, he was forced to restrain himself against the Luo Yun Tribe as the latter had Demon Imperial Concubine Wu Yan as his backer.

Qu Shun's eyes turned gloomy. But the next second, he hid his feelings, no longer revealing a single trace of coldness in his eyes and shook his folding fan which shone with golden light. With a smile on his face, he said.

"Fine. This prince who represents the Pure Flame Tribe holds three pieces of the map. As for Empress Zi who came on behalf of the Spirit King Palace, she holds 2 pieces. You, the Luo Yun Tribe, have 2 while the Second Division, the Thunder Water Tribe and the Third Division, the Feng Yun Tribe hold one each. It'll be very troublesome if we continue to fight in this manner. I have an idea. Why don't we just make use of this opportunity and set up a platform here in your Luo Yun Province and adopt the teachings of my Demon Ancestor, 'Anything that doesn't have the agreement of everyone will be decided with strength'! The nine pieces of the map must be assembled into one. Only then will the World Passage to the Third World could be opened. Besides, since it is unfair to have the people allowed to enter the World Passage be occupied by a single tribe, we will share it together. However, the sequence of going into the Third World has to be decided based on the outcome of the fight..."

"Prince Qu Shun is trying to say..." Lu Daochen's eyes became stern.

This Qu Shun isn't simple. Since he knows that he can't take the map by force, he adapts to the circumstances and changed his way of obtaining it.

"If the World Passage to the Third World is opened with enough blood offerings of the demon beasts, it won't be difficult to let 50 Divine Transformation Realm experts in! After this battle, the World Passage will surely be opened. The nine pieces of the map will be held by the winner of the fight and only contestants who are ranked within the top fifty are qualified to enter the Third World!"

"Good. This old man has no objections!"

Lu Daochen's eyes flashed with determination, thinking that it was a good method of sorting things out.

From his perspective, even if Ning Fan completes the Divine Transformation successfully, it would be nearly impossible for him to seize everyone's maps especially after the intervention of the forces from the Demon World and the Land of Demons.

However, he was confident that it should not be difficult for Ning Fan to get into the top fifty after attaining the power of Divine Transformation Realm...

Demon Imperial Concubine Zi's eyes turned cold. She disliked this suggestion. After all, in her expectation, the trip into the Third World should be dominated by the members of the Spirit King Palace. Besides, she clearly knew that her power was slightly weaker compared to Qu Shun. In the fight, she would at most get the second place while the first place would without a doubt belong to Qu Shun!

Prince Qu Shun sneered inwardly.

Because he knew that he had the greatest power in the entire Second World and no one could rival him...

No matter how many people from the Pure Flame Tribe participate in the fight, the first place will still be mine.

"This Empress has one condition. I would only agree to your suggestion if Prince Qu Shun promises to fulfill a condition!"

"Speak your mind! What's the condition?!" Qu Shun's eyes narrowed with seriousness.

"Peak Divine Transformation Realm experts shall not participate in the fight! Late Divine Transformation Realm is the highest cultivation level allowed in the ring!"

Demon Imperial Concubine Zi smirked. She might not be able to compete with Qu Shun but she knew that Demon Imperial Concubine Wu Yan had few opponents among the Late Divine Transformation Realm. If she is sent to participate in the fight, perhaps she would be able to get the first place.

Having Demon Imperial Wu Yan winning the nine maps would be equivalent to have Demon Imperial Concubine Zi winning them. Once the nine maps fall into her hands, it would be hard to tell whether she would still obey the promise and allow people other than the members of the Spirit King Palace to enter the Third World.

If I have the power to dominate, why don't I? Besides, even if I choose to disobey the agreement, is that Qu Shun daring enough to act against me?!

“Very well. This condition is acceptable!”

Qu Shun's expression changed.

As such, there are some variables for the outcome of the fight.

Other than the Honorable Demon General of the Pure Flame Tribe, Lu Jiefen, there are still the Honorable Demon Generals of the Thunder Water Tribe and the Feng Yun Tribe who are at the Late Divine Transformation Realm. Of course, there is still Wang Xiao who is trying hard to reconstruct his demon body... At the side of the Spirit King Palace, there are two Late Divine Transformation Realm demon imperial concubines.

“If Wang Xiao can recover his demon body, the chances of him to get the first place would not be slim...” Wang Xiao muttered to himself.

Each and every one of them harbored their own thoughts.

The news about the grand and massive tournament swept across the entire Second World from the Luo Yun Province.

To those tribes who had lost their maps, it was an opportunity...A golden opportunity to enter the Third World!

To Ning Fan, it was also a chance!

## Chapter 274 (1): The Cloud Platform

It was another windy season.

Seven months had passed and in the sky above the Luo Yun Province, there was an enormous platform floating in mid-air, just like a massive cloud except that it was as hard as steel.

The Cloud Platform! It was a platform congealed from the grand formation which was established to protect the province. It used to be the place where the Demon Generals of the Luo Yun Tribe were officially promoted.

Today, however, it was turned into a battle arena for the contenders of the map pieces of the World Passage!

Many experts from the nine divisions flocked to the Luo Yun Province with a single intention in mind - to strive for the map pieces of the World Passage!

Assembling nine pieces of the map into one and obtaining a spot within the top fifty. Most of the experts did not dare have any hope of achieving the first place and obtain all the map pieces by participating in the fight as it was just too far from their reach. Instead, they only wished that they might get a spot to enter the Third World.

If there really was a Demon Marshal slumbering in the Third World, they might get a bestowal from the Demon Marshal when they wake him up. For them, it was a rare opportunity.

Furthermore, rumor has it that the Demon Marshal, Lu Wu was once the guardian of the Celestial Emperor's medicinal garden. If one is lucky enough, they might get half a piece of the remaining ancient medicinal leaves.

Aside from that, the Demon Marshal, Lu Wu was said to have gouged out one of the demon stars in the Celestial Emperor's left eye... If one could enter the Third World, it meant that they would even have the chance to obtain that star.

In short, the World Passage connecting the Third World was like a door to a world full of tempting opportunities that could entice just about anyone regardless of what their true intentions were.

A minority of the demons might have already heard about the shocking unforeseen event that had occurred in the Third World... The Demon Marshal was dead and a Star Palace emerged!

But it did not dampen the feeling of excitement among the experts of the nine divisions. The war between the nine divisions was stopped for the moment and nearly every Demon General from every tribe had come and gathered at the Luo Yun Province!

Lu Sheng and the other generals who guarded the borders were also called in to maintain public security and order in the province while preparing themselves for the fight.

A few demon cities were built outside the province for the occasion to provide a temporary shelter for cultivators from the foreign tribes.

The atmosphere was filled with noises and it was rare to find a moment of peace and quietness... In the province, there was a constant wave of people walking in and out everywhere.

Buying spiritual minerals, forging magical treasures and demonic weapons, purchasing spiritual equipment and pills, being busy in enhancing their own cultivation level; gathering materials, exchanging them for immortal jade, spending the immortal jade in the Scripture Tower for demonic techniques and cultivation methods...

The auction, the demon workshop, the Scripture Tower... Everywhere was crowded with busy figures.

There was still half a month left before the actual day of the fight! All the experts from the nine divisions who were supposed to come had already arrived!

Among all the places in the province, only one was still able to maintain its serenity under the special order from Lu Daochen - the Dragon Pond!

At the side of the pond, the Wind Demoness with purple hair and the Flower Demoness in red robes were keeping watch on the pond while holding a copper basin filled with clean water, a towel and a bowl of vegetarian food.

After eleven years, these two women's cultivation level had reached at the Late Gold Core Realm.

Ning Fan once said that he would complete the Divine Transformation in 10 years. Therefore, from the beginning till the end of that period of time, they had been staying there waiting for him. Now, it seemed like Ning Fan was slightly late from the time he had promised.

But it was not an unusual thing because matters regarding advancements in cultivation levels were hard to tell after all.

"11 years, 7 months and nine days... Master still hasn't returned... The fight is going to commence soon... Is Master going to be alright?" The Wind Demoness twirled her purple long hair with the tip of her finger while wearing a worried look.

"I heard that this Dragon Pond is full of dark beasts. Hopefully Master will be safe and sound..." The Flower Demoness put her palms together devoutly and silently prayed.

They had been waiting and waiting but Ning Fan still did not emerge from the pond.

When the two women gently turned around, they could see another woman walking towards them.

That woman was clad in green feathered robes. Her appearance was charming and every move she made was enchanting. Her eyes curved into flirty smiles but her presence still emanated a noble majesty that would keep everyone away for a thousand li\*.

"Greetings to Empress Demon Imperial Concubine..."

“No need for politeness... Has Lu Bei come out from the pond...”

“No. He hasn’t...”

The two demonesses hurriedly curtsied. The woman right before their eyes was one of the imperial concubines from the Spirit King Palace - Wu Yan. They had never imagined that they would have the chance to look at a significant personage like her, let alone meet her in person.

Besides, a great personage like her would never have bothered to cast the two demonesses a glance in the past, not to mention give them a friendly smile.

The Wind Demoness and the Flower Demoness realized that the reason why Demon Imperial Concubine Wu Yan was treating them in that manner was because she was giving face to their master.

“Please excuse us, Empress...”

The two demonesses left with a hint of regret.

Demon Imperial Concubine Wu Yan was one of the few people who obtained permission from Lu Daochen to visit the Dragon Pond. During Ning Fan’s seclusion which was seemingly endless, she had been here for a few times.

Perhaps this demon imperial concubine is a close friend to master... The two demonesses guessed while feeling a little dispirited.

After the two of them disappeared in the distance, Demon Imperial Concubine Wu Yan got closer to the black pond. But when she tried to take another breath, a strong bloody stench assailed her nostrils, causing her to immediately cover her mouth and nose with her sleeve.

With her brows tightly knitted together, she blamed, “Stinky thief, how could you stay in such a disgusting place for more than 11 years and not come out? Don’t tell me that you have been choked to death by the stench under the pond...”

“Do you know that the fight is going to begin soon? Why haven’t you come out...”

Wu Yan seemed to be talking to herself but at the same time, she looked like she was talking at the black pond instead. However, no one replied to her. The silence in the atmosphere was occasionally broken by the sound of the blowing breeze which would give anyone an uneasy feeling, as if a chaotic event was going to happen.

A brief moment later, Wu Yan gently squatted down with her eyes staring at the viscous black pond and started talking more to herself.

In a way, she seemed to be pouring her heart out to Ning Fan. But she knew that the liquid of the pond was able to block one’s spirit sense. Therefore, Ning Fan who was below the pond would not be able to listen to anything she said.

Loneliness. Exhaustion. The burden of her identity. She literally recounted everything of her past at the pond.

This was not the first time...

“Anyways, you little thief won’t be able to hear. So what if I tell you about it...”

Eventually, she stood up and tidied her sideburns which was messed up by the wind before she quietly left.

But just as she walked out from the Dragon Pond, she suddenly realized that Lu Wan’er was staring straight at her with a strange expression outside.

“Elder Sister Yan, you’ve come again?”

“Yes. I want to check whether this Lu Bei has already ended his seclusion or not. I want to know whether he is able to catch up to the fight. If he hasn’t, I’m afraid he can’t participate in the fight anymore. But whether he is going to participate or not, it won’t affect the outcome of the fight. He might possess one out of the nine pieces of the map, but his cultivation level isn’t strong, be it Prince Qu or Demon Imperial

Concubine Zi, both of them are confident that they could seize his piece after obtaining the rest of the eight pieces...”

“Why does Elder Sister have to explain so much to me? It’s not like I am unaware of it. Could it be that...Elder Sister is feeling afraid of being found out and trying to cover up something?” Lu Wan’er’s eyes sparkled as they mischievously blinked a few times and her lips curved into a broad smile.

“Pah! The little girl who has broken through to the Late Nascent Soul Realm seems to have gained some guts. Now, she’s daring enough to tease this Elder Sister!”

Wu Yan’s expression turned sulky.

Cover up? What did she have to hide? She did not even have any good feelings towards Ning Fan other than...hatred...

After that, Lu Wan’er’s face revealed a serious look.

“Elder Sister, could Wan’er ask you for a favor...”

“Speak. If it isn’t difficult, this Elder Sister won’t refuse to help.”

“If Lu Bei is able to make it in time and participate in the fight, could you please have some mercy on him...Don’t, don’t hurt him please...”

“Silly girl, even if he fails in his Divine Transformation, it won’t be easy for me to hurt him. This little thief’s bewitching technique is extremely powerful...” Demon Imperial Concubine Wu Yan’s ears turned pink, as if she had just recalled the incident that had happened in the Scripture Tower where her wrist was held by Ning Fan and she was teased by him after being invaded by the power of the Yin Plucking Finger...

“Little thief? Bewitching technique?” Lu Wan’er asked in a doubtful manner.

“It’s nothing... You go and accompany your sweetheart. Elder Sister is going to make a move first. Since the fight is just around the corner, I’m afraid Demon Imperial Concubine Zi is going to assign some tasks to me...”

As she finished speaking, she left hastily as if she was hiding something up her sleeve.

Looking at Demon Imperial Concubine Wu Yan’s back, Lu Wan’er seemed to have understood something and let out a faint sigh.

“Elder Sister Wu Yan is really a woman with a bitter life... Although she is an imperial concubine, she has no freedom at all... Besides, she must be very lonely after marrying the Spirit King whom she has never even met before...”

Gradually, she walked into the Dragon Pond, passing by the creeping weeds and autumn dew.

The wind has blown, the weather has gone cold, why haven’t you returned...

“The night is getting dark, the night is getting dark, yet why haven’t you returned...”

Lu Wan’er really wished to dive into the pond to see whether Ning Fan was still alright. However, she did not act so recklessly.

She might be a person who preferred cleanliness, but she was not afraid of the stench of the pond nor the danger of the dark beasts. She was only worried that she might disturb Ning Fan.

“You promised me that you will help me refine the phoenix’s wings... If you don’t return, who shall I fly for with that pair of wings...”

“Ning Fan... Ning Fan... The fight is going to start soon. All of them hope that you can return as early as possible. However, although I miss you a lot, I wish that you could come out slightly later. I don’t want to you to participate in the fight... You’re a person who is too eager to outdo others. Even though you haven’t completed your Divine Transformation, you chose to be enemies with the Demon Generals. Do

you know how dangerous that was? Do you know that while others might look up to you because of your achievements, I'm worried that you might get hurt instead?"

"There is just half a month left before the battle starts. My elder brother has also returned to the province. A fierce battle will soon unfold in the land of Luo Yun. Even though it appears to be a peaceful and fair fight, no one knows how much risk and danger are hidden within... For the map pieces, they will definitely resort to unscrupulous tactics... During that period of time, you must not come out, though I really long to see you..."

Lu Wan'er placed both her hands together and silently muttered some prayers, hoping that the Demon Ancestor would bless Ning Fan and allow him to succeed in attaining the Divine Transformation Realm.

After standing for a long period of time, the sky had gotten darker. Lu Wan'er reluctantly turned around, intending to leave the place.

But at the moment she was about to leave, a comforting voice suddenly echoed from below the pond.

"Don't worry. I am and I will be fine... If I've finished what I'm doing here, I'll help you refine the phoenix's wings..."

"Ning Fan!"

Lu Wan'er excitedly turned facing that pond. Her face reddened and her heartbeat raced. That voice was gentle and peaceful. It showed that Ning Fan's condition must be extremely well.

Even if he does not attain the Divine Transformation Realm, he's probably doing well down there...

"Wan'er, go back earlier. The wind will make one feel uneasy... The Luo Yun Tribe in recent days isn't going to be peaceful."

Lu Wan'er left. Meanwhile, deep inside the pond, Ning Fan's gaze was affixed to the two treasures in front of him with a light crease between his brows.

“A fight...”

Ning Fan muttered. In the past seven months, he had been engraving Spirit Seals on the two treasures as well as his demon wings. Due to the need of full concentration during the time he uses Soul Extraction, his mouth could not utter a single word. Even so, he was still able to listen to everything that everyone said.

An ordinary cultivator might not be able to hear it, but he could. It was because his Mid Divine Transformation Realm spirit sense was able to penetrate through the pond when it transformed into the form of sword sense.

Be it the concern of the Wind Demoness and the Flower Demoness or the passion of love from Lu Wan'er, everything was captured by Ning Fan's acute sense of hearing.

What he had really never expected was that the Demon Imperial Concubine Wu Yan was visiting him frequently and emptied out her heart at him.

She thought that Ning Fan would not be able to hear anything because of the effect of the pond but what she hypothesized was completely the opposite.

Now, Ning Fan had even known when she joined the Spirit King Palace, at what age she broke through the Nascent Soul Realm and Divine Transformation Realm...

It's true that some female cultivators from noble families and reputable clans would talk to themselves while facing a well or a springlet as they find no one to talk to due to the glory and missions they upheld.

But that woman was talking to the Dragon Pond despite knowing full well that I am inside. How interesting is that...

However, because of her, Ning Fan's understanding towards the fight that was going to be held in the outside world was probably more detailed and comprehensive than normal Demon Generals. After all, the information from the Demon Imperial Concubine Wu Yan was not something that ordinary Demon Generals would know of.

“This Wu Yan is really interesting... There is still half a month left? Good. I can still make use of this period of time to completely learn the Parting Sun Spear...”

## Chapter 274 (2): The Cloud Platform

A sword shadow which glimmered with starlight before him flashed gently but it easily cut open the Void Realm. If one takes a closer look at it, there were actually 15450 “Sharpness” Spirit Seals on it.

Separation Slayer Sword! The grade of this sword had not only broken through to the grade of a Spiritual Magical Treasure but its sharpness had also reached to a level where not even Mid-Grade Spiritual Magical Treasures could compare. With this Spiritual Magical Treasure, Ning Fan would never lose to a Mid Divine Transformation Realm demon cultivator when it comes to a battle using magical treasures.

The shadow of the blood lightning whip turned into a ray of dark red lightning revolving around Ning Fan.

Spirit Crushing Whip! This whip had been engraved with 15450 “Lightning” Spirit Seals. Even if he missed the opportunity to refine the whip using the blood lightning of the Heavenly Tribulation, this treasure was now at the level of a Mid-Grade Spiritual Magical Treasure. With just a hit, it would be able to inflict heavy damage on the demon soul of a Demon General who was at the Mid Divine Transformation Realm!

Striking one’s treasure and crushing one’s spirit or soul!

After Ning Fan’s demon power attained the Divine Transformation Realm, his nascent soul had transformed into a demon soul. However, his demon soul was different from the beast-like soul of most demon cultivators. Instead, his demon soul resembled the primordial spirit of the human race.

My main source of power in cultivation is still magic power. I’m afraid only when my magic power attains the Divine Transformation Realm would I be able to invoke the Heavenly Tribulation and turn my demon soul back into primordial spirit.

On his back, a pair of massive purple crystal wings stretched out. They were covered with ancient demon characters and each and every one of them was the "Speed" Spirit Seal.

While gently fluttering his wings, Ning Fan's face revealed a contented smile.

15450 traces of Spirit Seals. This pair of Fu Li's wings will be able to enhance my speed up to the standard of a Peak Divine Transformation Realm being!

It won't be difficult to travel a distance of thirty thousand li\* with just a single instant shift!

There was still half a month to go. Ning Fan must familiarize himself with Divine Transformation Realm combat skills. He must be proficient in his traverse technique, Instant Shift as well as his offensive technique, Parting Sun Spear.

"Congeal!"

He bent his hand and grasped. Amidst the darkness at the bottom of the pond, a golden spear slowly condensed. Its brightness and heat were comparable to that of the sun.

However, that was not the perfect version of the spear. Ning Fan directly crushed the golden spear itself and conjured it again.

Despite his failure, his countenance remained calm and unhurried.

Displaying this technique would consume a great amount of demon power. However, Ning Fan was not practicing it using his own demon power but the power he gained from Soul Extraction instead!

In the state of using Soul Extraction, his demon power was boosted up to fifty thousand units, making him be comparable to a Mid Divine Transformation Realm expert.

Besides, under the help of the secret art, it also increased his confidence in fighting against a Late Divine Transformation Realm expert.

Aside from that, Soul Extraction, the technique of borrowing demon power from heaven and earth, was a shortcut for him in mastering certain magical or demonic techniques in normal times.

Most if not all cultivators at the same level as him would not have that technique. Therefore, it would of course be impossible for them to continuously display a Mid Divine Transformation Realm technique in order to master it.

With just half a month, Ning Fan had high confidence that he could cultivate the Parting Sun Spear to the same level as Jin Qun's or probably even stronger.

Since there isn't any Peak Divine Transformation Realm expert participating, it might not necessarily be impossible for me to win the first place.

In a flash, half a month flew by. There was still no signs of Ning Fan.

On the Cloud Platform which was ten thousand li\* wide above the sky of the province, the seats in all directions were already occupied by the experts from the nine tribes.

Those who were permitted to enter the Cloud Platform were cultivators at least Late Gold Core Realm or above. The number of cultivators who fulfilled that requirement had exceeded one hundred thousand. All their gazes were focused on the platform!

Among the nine tribes of the Lu Clan, there were a total of 107 Divine Transformation Realm Demon Generals. Of course, that calculation had excluded the four Demon Generals of the Second World that had been eliminated personally by Ning Fan.

The Seventh Division, Luo Yun Tribe, was comprised of eight Divine Transformation Realm experts, excluding the Honorable Demon General. As for the tribes which were ranked higher than the Luo Yun Tribe, they normally had more than 10 Divine Transformation Realm experts.

Adding in the 12 demon imperial concubines from the Spirit King Palace and 17 Divine Transformation Realm experts from the Demon World and the Upper World including Wang Xiao, there were a total of 145 Divine Transformation Realm experts gathered in the Second World. Therefore, placing in the top

50 was not easy to do. Without Divine Transformation Realm cultivation level, one would definitely have no chance of getting into the top fifty at all.

For Nascent Soul Realm cultivators, there was no need for them to even think about it.

But in the first preliminary match, there would be a great opportunity which the Nascent Soul Realm cultivators could strive for.

Raising blood in the Spirit Platforms!

The design of the Cloud Platform was extremely profound. It was created by Lu Daochen who had spent nearly his entire life on it. The Cloud Platform was established with a grand formation which was a circular secret formation. The power of the formation was able to summon clouds and mist which would eventually solidify into mini platforms floating in the air. They were called as Spirit Platforms!

The cloud which formed the Spirit Platform could be consumed and it had the effect of enhancing one's demon blood... The higher the grade of the Spirit Platforms, the greater the enhancement!

General Promotion on the Cloud Platform! It was not just a kind of glory. In the past, the Divine Transformation Realm experts who were promoted to Demon Generals were even granted a purple grade Spirit Platform to consume and improve their bloodlines!

In the fight that was about to unfold, no Nascent Soul Realm cultivators were prohibited from taking part. There was only one rule: as long as you have enough strength, your cultivation level will be a secondary factor.

That regulation was set up by Lu Daochen in order to show consideration for Ning Fan's unique circumstances. If Ning Fan did not manage to complete his Divine Transformation, he would only be a Nascent Soul Realm cultivator. If he comes with that cultivation level, he would still be qualified to participate in the fight.

The objective of the first preliminary match was to select 200 participants from vast number of cultivators. These 200 people would without a doubt include the 107 Demon Generals from the nine tribes and even the Honorable Demon Generals who intended to participate in the fight.

As for the preliminary match, it would be a 1-on-1 battle which would determine the one hundred people who would remain in the fight. Then, among the one hundred people, another 50 people would be selected as the top fifty. This group of people would be qualified to enter the Third World and their sequence of entering the World Passage would be based on their rankings.

The method of conducting the first preliminary match was about fighting for the Spirit Platforms. One would seize another's Spirit Platform in order to upgrade their own Spirit Platforms.

For this match, Lu Daochen had congealed 200 purple grade Spirit Platforms and continuously scattered them into 25600 white grade Spirit Platforms.

Each of them were as white as the clouds and could support the load of a single person. If another person stands on it, it would disperse.

Ten thousand demon cultivators would first have to get ready at their own seats. Only when the preliminary match is officially commenced could they strive to get a white grade Spirit Platform by moving from their respective places.

Those who fail to get any of them would be disqualified and those who manage to obtain a white grade Spirit Platform would have the chance to upgrade their Spirit Platforms through the fight.

Only those who have upgraded their Spirit Platforms up to the purple grade could pass the first preliminary match. Besides, they could consume the purple qi of the Spirit Platforms to enhance their bloodline afterwards.

This was the truly captivating part that moved the Nascent Soul Realm cultivators. There would be 200 people who could pass the first match. 145 of them would certainly be the Divine Transformation Realm experts while the remaining 55 would be among the participating Nascent Soul Realm cultivators. If any of them could stand out from the crowd and become one of the 55 people, they would then be able to consume the purple grade Spirit Platform to further improve their bloodlines. Apart from that, some Nascent Soul Realm cultivators would have the possibility of breaking through to the Divine Transformation Realm due to the enhancement of their demon bloodlines after consuming the purple qi.

Therefore, for an opportunity like that, it was truly worth it for the Nascent Soul Realm cultivators to give it a try!

Breaking up 200 purple grade Spirit Platforms into 25600 white grade Spirit Platforms. That is to say, one could only turn their white grade Spirit Platforms into purple grade Spirit Platforms again by achieving seven upgrades.

In order to upgrade the Spirit Platforms, one should knock down their opponents and seize their platforms. When one stepped on two Spirit Platforms of the same grade, they would then automatically fuse together into one and evolve. The first grade was white color. The colors for the following upgrades would be red, orange, yellow, emerald green, jade green, blue and purple. Seven colors, seven upgrades. At the end of the match, there would be at most 200 purple grade Spirit Platforms. However, if some Spirit Platforms are destroyed in the process of fighting and struggling, perhaps the number of people who qualify for the next round would be less than 200.

The participants had already been informed about how one could be qualified in the first match but it had yet to start.

Lu Daochen's expression remained calm and indifferent but deep inside, he was feeling slightly anxious. The person whom he was waiting for, Ning Fan, had yet to show up.

Lu Wan'er had already told Lu Daochen that Ning Fan would come. As such, he was not willing to start the match before he comes.

The demon cultivators above the Cloud Platform could all be considered old monsters<sup>1</sup>. Each time they went into seclusion, it would normally take them at least a few years to tens of years. So none of them minded waiting for a few more days.

However, during that period of time, some gossips were still inevitable.

“Brother Chen, may I ask why hasn't the match begun... This little brother is feeling worried now after waiting for so long.”

“My dear brother, do you know who Lu Bei is?”

“Lu Bei? The Eighth General of the Luo Yun Tribe? The Nascent Soul Realm expert who was capable of eliminating Divine Transformation Realm Demon Generals on his own? He’s extremely famous. How would this little brother not know about him?”

“Lu Bei has not arrived yet. I suppose the Cloud General is probably waiting for him. Rumor has it that he entered the Dragon Pond more than ten years ago to break through to the Divine Transformation Realm. He once said that he is going to complete Divine Transformation within 10 years. But I heard that he has yet to come out from the pond until today...So I guess that perhaps this Lu Daochen is not going to start the match without having him here.”

“What?! Breaking through to the Divine Transformation Realm in just 10 years? How is such a short period of time enough for a breakthrough? This Lu Bei will definitely fail! Speaking of which, it’s just a trivial matter whether he could attain the Divine Transformation Realm or not. For us, it’s really a waste of time to pointlessly wait for him!”

“Shhhh. Speak softer! Even if Lu Bei fails to attain the Divine Transformation Realm, he is still not someone we, Nascent Soul Realm cultivators, could mess with... Since the Demon Imperial Concubine Zi from the Spirit King Palace and Prince Qu Shun from the Demon World didn’t show any discontentment towards Lu Daochen’s decision in waiting for him, I think we might as well be more patient and wait a little longer... It’ll be pointless in raising our objections...”

Within the area of the arena, countless people whispered to one another, discussing about the cause of the delay. But eventually, all of them chose to remain still at their places and waited as they found no other options other than waiting.

Among the seats of the Pure Flame Tribe, Wang Xiao snorted coldly, expressing his impatience.

I, a dignified Late Divine Transformation Realm Demon General, have to stay here to wait just for Lu Bei?! He is such an arrogant brat!

“Deliberately trying to make things look mysterious! How dare a Nascent Soul Realm ant make us Divine Transformation Realm experts wait here?! He really does not know how to appreciate favors!”

“General Wang, please calm down... Since we’ve set up the fight in the Luo Yun’s territory, we have to pay Lu Daochen some respect...” The silver-armored Demon General who was standing beside him advised.

“Respect...” Wang Xiao sneered coldly.

“If this Lu Daochen does not have the support from the Spirit King Palace, why should I even give him face?! As for the vile creature who was audacious enough to kill General Li Ban and General Jin Qun - Lu Bei, there is no need for me to pay him any respect anymore! Besides, I am a reputable Demon General from the Upper World. Although my cultivation level is not as good as Qu Shun, his status is not on par with mine at all... How dare he give me orders to obtain the first place in this fight?! It’s really detestable! I, of course, will get the first place in this fight but I’m not doing it on his command!”

Wang Xiao was simmering with rage. At the moment when he arrived at the Land of Slumber, he lost his demon body due to the collapse of the World Passage.

After reconstructing his demon body with great difficulty, he now had to suffer the cold detachment from the prince of the Demon World.

Prince of the Demon World?! What a ‘scary’ name! At the end of the day, he is still just a little demon from the mortal world. There’s nothing he should be proud of!

As for that Lu Bei, though I don’t know what cunning tricks he used to murder Li Ban and Jin Qun, he is indeed a detestable nuisance!

“General! For the map, please exercise patience for a while more!” The silver-armored Demon General advised once more.

“Exercise my patience?! Fine!”

Wang Xiao’s cold-piercing gaze swept across the seats occupied by the Luo Yun Tribe and eventually paused at a purple-robed woman who had a youthful face and large bosom. Immediately, one corner of his lips curved upwards into a malicious grin and pointed at her.

“Zhu Qin! Is she Lu Bei’s woman, Lu Wan’er?!” Wang Xiao’s eyes sparkled.

Chapter 275 (1): I’m Willing to Take His Place!

Time flew by rapidly and with a blink of an eye, three days had passed. Even so, Ning Fan still had yet to arrive.

There was finally a hint of worry flashing within Lu Daochen’s eyes. According to his understanding of Ning Fan, he knew that the latter would not be late if he said he would come.

However, he had waited for three more days and Ning Fan still had yet to appear...

Perhaps he is being held back by something else.

“Is it possible that he only found out the bottleneck of the Divine Transformation Realm and began his advancement at this point of time?”

Lu Daochen bitterly smiled. It could not be said that there was no such possibility.

Since there was no appearance of the Heavenly Tribulation, he definitely had no idea whether Ning Fan had succeeded in breaking through to the Divine Transformation Realm or not. However, he could tell that something important might have happened which caused Ning Fan to be unable to participate in the first-round selection.

Imperial Concubine Zi and Prince Qu Shun were running out of patience.

They had already given enough face to Lu Daochen as they had waited for three additional days without making a single complaint. Since Lu Bei did not seem to be coming for the match, it would be meaningless to delay any longer.

“Lu Daochen, if you don’t start the battle right now, this fight will be considered cancelled. I will then wipe out the whole Luo Yun Province and seize the map from you with force!” Imperial Concubine Zi’s phoenix eyes<sup>1</sup> turned gloomy and her tone was menacing.

“She’s right! Too much time has been wasted in waiting for a mere Nascent Soul Realm ant...” Qu Shun’s uttered coldly.

When the two prominent Peak Divine Transformation Realm experts finally spoke, it immediately caused an uproar among the huge crowd of experts surrounding the arena who took their side.

Lu Daochen gritted his teeth.

Judging by the situation, the only wise choice I am left with is to announce the commencement of the first match to ease the crowd.

But if Ning Fan is unable to participate in the first match, he would definitely lose his place to enter the Third World. If he can’t enter the Third World, there is no way my hope will be fulfilled. If my lifelong hope will still end up being dashed, what’s the point of doing all this?

Lu Daochen did not compromise!

All of a sudden, the atmosphere was filled with hostility, as if a war was about to start.

However, at that critical moment, a cold voice reverberated through the air.

“I have a solution. I wonder whether everyone will be willing to listen!”

The person who talked did not have a loud voice. However, at the very moment the voice echoed, it made all the cultivators who were below the Mid Divine Transformation Realm feel a heavy thump in their Sea of Consciousness, causing everyone’s ears to buzz. His voice resounded without receding for quite a long while.

Countless demon cultivators’ countenances changed and their gazes were all focused at the person who talked. To them, the person who possessed such means was by no means ordinary!

The direction of their gaze was at the seats of the Pure Flame Tribe.

A white-haired demon general who was clad in silver robes was standing with pride and his body emanated a Late Divine Transformation Realm aura force. In a cold tone, he uttered.

“I am Wang Xiao, a Demon General from the Ice Owl Clan! I have a suggestion and I hope that everyone will listen!”

His delivery was straight-forward and decisive, not giving others a chance to retort. In spite of that, he was qualified enough to say those words because of his status!

“What?! He is the leader of the ten generals coming from the Immortal Demon World this time - Wang Xiao, who is also known as General Wang?! He is also a member of the Ice Owl Clan, which is one of the True Spirits Race!”

“I wonder what he will suggest...”

The sounds of discussion filled the crowd. However, after Lu Daochen let out a dry cough, the atmosphere gradually became quiet.

With a frown, Lu Daochen looked at Wang Xiao secretly guessing in his heart what tricks Wang Xiao were trying to play. Since he was not certain, he decided to hear him out.

“I wonder what solution General Wang has in mind?”

“Hehe, I’ve been observing the conflicts that were troubling everyone! The main cause for the conflict is just because of Lu Bei... Cloud General wants Lu Bei to participate in the battle. There is nothing wrong with that. However, it’s impossible for the one hundred thousand of us to continue waiting endlessly for him who is just a Nascent Soul Realm cultivator... Therefore, I hope that Cloud General must really comply with my suggestion!”

Wang Xiao's tone was aggressive and forceful, making Lu Daochen's brows to be more tightly knitted together.

"What's your suggestion then?"

"Since Lu Bei can't attend the fight himself, his wife or children can participate on his behalf... According to the Demon Ancestor's teachings, it also said that 'If a demon breaks the law, it can be atoned by his wife and children'. Similarly, since this Lu Bei himself can't come, his family members or relatives can participate in the fight on his behalf. After Lu Bei arrives, he can then take over in place of his family members. In this way, it can save us some time waiting for him!"

Quite a lot of demons nodded their heads in agreement secretly. This was because there was indeed a tradition like that in the demon clan.

A brief moment later, voices of cultivators who agreed with Wang Xiao's idea began to reverberate in the sky one after another.

"General Wang is right! We have already waited for Lu Bei for three days. We've already shown enough respect to the Luo Yun Tribe. Since Lu Bei isn't coming, let his relative take his place!"

"Please start the first match quickly and stop wasting time! Who is Lu Bei's relative? Please show yourself quickly! Otherwise, we should just disqualify him!"

Besides, there were many demons of the Luo Yun Tribe who agreed with that suggestion too.

However, nobody was coming forward to replace Ning Fan to participate in the fight.

Only a few among the crowd who understood Lu Bei's family well, knew that Lu Bei of the Northern Desert City didn't have any wife or children...

Lu Daochen frowned deeply.

This Wang Xiao's words seem to be reconciling the disagreement between us but in actuality, he must be up to something...

However, there was not enough time for Lu Daochen to think about Wang Xiao's intention. It was because the moment his suggestion was voiced out, even Imperial Concubine Zi agreed with him.

As for Qu Shun, he gave Wang Xiao a long look. There was neither joy nor anger on his expression other than a look of disdain.

"Wang Xiao is a person who has an impetuous mood. A person like him would find it difficult to become a powerhouse...Although my status is not as high as him, I'll be strong enough to compete with experts of the Upper World when I ascend to the Demon World in the future...However, that group of experts will obviously not include Wang Xiao..."

Qu Shun had an unbreakable pride, as if he had been victorious from a thousand wars!

He was the son of the Demon Sovereign in the Demon World. Along his growth, he had been continuously challenging powerful experts and trampling upon their bones after successfully defeating them and moving towards a higher goal.

He was proud, strong and an arrogant person. He looked down on Wang Xiao and also Lu Bei. In fact, there was not even any person in this Land of Slumber who could make him put them in his eyes!

“Prince, this Wang Xiao seems to be a little reckless. The ulterior motive of his plan is unknown. Should we reject his suggestion...” A Divine Transformation Realm servant communicated with Qu Shun using telepathy.

“Never mind! No matter what purpose Wang Xiao has and who his target is, we don’t need to worry ... Moreover, his suggestion is quite good. Let Lu Bei’s relative participate in the fight on his behalf, so that we don’t need to waste anymore of our time waiting for him!”

“However, from what I’ve heard, Lu Bei does not have any relatives...”

“It is none of my business whether he has relatives or not!”

Qu Shun suddenly rose up from his seat and released his aura force showing his intention to rob the map if the match is not going to be started right now.

It was an act of intimidation. He wanted to compel Lu Daochen to obey him!

Lu Daochen heaved a deep sigh.

Although the suggestion that was mentioned by Wang Xiao was good, Lu Bei had no relatives to take his place...

“Master, please be at ease. Lu Bei actually has a wife...”

Lu Wan'er who wore a purple robe walked towards Lu Daochen with her sleeves dancing in the air while giving out a whiff of fragrance.

“Huh, you are talking about the two Gold Core Realm demon servants he left in his residence? You want to let them replace him in the battle?” Lu Daochen helplessly shook his head. The Wind Demoness and the Flower Demoness did not have sufficient cultivation level to participate in the match. It was pointless for them to come at all.

“No, they don't have sufficient cultivation level but I, Lu Wan'er have... I am Lu Bei's wife!”

Lu Wan'er smiled and flew into the air as if she was walking on lotuses. On her back, a pair of attractive phoenix wings burning with purple flames grew.

Every footstep she made was light and delicate. Fragrance permeated the air while purple flames glowed on her back.

Originally, the beauty of her appearance was already able to cause the world to topple. However, after she activated her phoenix wings, her presence was enhanced with a touch of elegance startling every demon cultivator present.

What a beautiful woman! She's just like a phoenix fairy that descended to the mortal world!

Despite her magnificent appearance, she also has the affectionate look of a fox fairy!

It was a kind of contrasting beauty. She had a baby face with a temperament of a matured woman. While her expression was frigid cold, an inextinguishable passion which was blazing like wild flames hid beneath it. Her eyes did not glance at any other men, as there was always a figure hidden in her heart...

"Lu Bei has a wife and that person is me. I am willing to take his place to participate in the first match!"

Chapter 275 (2): I'm Willing to Take His Place!

Her Late Nascent Soul Realm aura gradually dispersed. Her Peak Profound Earth Grade phoenix wings had sparked the interest within countless experts. Qu Shun and Imperial Concubine Zi were surprised by the spiritual equipment she possessed!

Because even they would find it difficult to obtain such high quality spiritual equipment. Perhaps not even Divine Transformation Realm experts would be able to hurt her when she is equipped with those pair of phoenix wings...

Only the Earth General of the Lie Tu Tribe was seething with anger.

At first glance, he already realized that that pair of phoenix wings once belonged to the general of his tribe, Xu Ri...

Lu Bei murdered Xu Ri and he gave my general's wings to his wife as a gift to make spiritual equipment... Hehe. What a "romantic" Lu Bei... He shall die paying for it!

Lu Wan'er had no idea how many eyeballs she had attracted at the moment she revealed herself, how many people coveted her phoenix wings and her alluring body nor whether someone harbored hatred towards her and trying to scheme against her...

At the same time, Lu Wan'er did not have any idea that she had caused innumerable men to admire Ning Fan to have such beauty as his wife when she said 'I'm Lu Bei's wife'.

With a wife as beautiful as her, what else would the husband ask for?!

However, she was not concerned about them at all. Deep inside her, she still had a hint of embarrassment. After all, it was her first time admitting that she was his wife in front of one hundred thousand demon cultivators...

The women of the demon clan were always bold. But this time, Lu Wan'er seemed to have acted overly courageous.

Lu Sheng laughed while gently shaking his head. Since his sister was head over heels in love with Lu Bei, he would not stand in the way. The only worry he had was whether it would be risky for Lu Wan'er to participate in the fight representing Ning Fan.

There are only 55 places for Nascent Soul Realm cultivators to compete. But the number of Peak Nascent Soul Realm cultivators participating are too many...

With the Peak Profound Earth Grade phoenix wings, Lu Wan'er's speed is now comparable to that of a Divine Transformation Realm expert. In other words, she should not be facing any life-threatening danger in the fight. However, she is still just a Late Nascent Soul Realm cultivator. Being able to move fast does not mean that her attacks are strong. As such, it's still uncertain whether she could seize the platforms from other Peak Nascent Soul Realm participants and upgrade her own...

On the contrary, Lu Daochen did not worry much about her.

When he caught sight of the phoenix wings, he immediately wore a relieved look but in the next second, he let out a sigh, feeling ashamed of himself.

"What an excellent pair of wings. They are actually a combination of the attack, defense and speed enhancements. It's beyond my capabilities to forge such equipment... With this pair of wings, Wan'er would be able to withstand a Divine Transformation Realm expert and protect herself... Besides, with the help of the other seven Demon Generals of my Luo Yun Tribe, it won't be hard for Wan'er to upgrade her Spirit Platforms to the purple grade..."

Lu Daochen secretly passed down a command to his seven generals and permitted Lu Wan'er's action.

With that spiritual equipment, she was qualified to compete and strive for the chance to enter the second round!

As such, even if Ning Fan was late, he would still be qualified to participate!

In the middle of the arena, 25600 white grade Spirit Platforms floated in midair like flowing clouds.

Some of the cultivators began to rub their hands in excitement while some slightly bent down their back, as if they were getting ready for a sprint because the first match was finally going to begin!

As long as Lu Daochen uttered “start”, all demon cultivators would have to dash towards the center of the arena and get on a white grade Spirit Platform.

In other words, when the match starts, only the first 25600 demon cultivators would be able to obtain a white grade Spirit Platform while the remaining cultivators would be disqualified!

“Start!”

Lu Daochen’s voice reverberated across ten thousand li\* away! Meanwhile, his body transformed into a cloud of green smoke and floated above.

When his voice was heard, one hundred thousand beams of light dashed towards the arena. The Divine Transformation Realm experts displayed their Instant Shift and almost immediately, every one of them were already standing on a white grade Spirit Platform.

Among the 145 traces of Divine Transformation Realm experts, Lu Wan'er moved in a trace of purple fiery cloud. Her speed was not any weaker than them and she also managed to occupy a white grade Spirit Platform for herself.

Inwardly, she felt a hint of joy.

As long as I have the phoenix wings, I will surely be able to help Ning Fan preserve his right to participate.

However, there was something she did not tell anyone else... The phoenix wings were indeed strong. That spiritual equipment could be said to be her best creation in her entire life. But it was also because of its strong power that she was unable to completely refine it by herself...

She had been waiting for Ning Fan to help her refine the pair of wings. Unfortunately, before the day Ning Fan come out from his seclusion, she had no choice but to activate this spiritual equipment in order to maintain his place in the match.

She felt a sharp pain in her heart and her face turned pale. No one knew how painful it would be to forcibly activate the phoenix wings...

However, she did not back off because of the pain she felt. Her current identity was Ning Fan's wife. She might not have an idea of how much bitterness and agony he had experienced in his previous journeys,

but she understood that if she could not endure that pain, she would not be qualified to become his woman...

One breath, two breaths... When ten breaths had passed, the 25600 white grade Spirit Platforms were all occupied by demon cultivators.

Among them, there were 145 Divine Transformation Realm experts, 1900 Peak Nascent Soul Realm cultivators and the remaining were all Late Nascent Soul Realm cultivators!

After everyone had set their feet on their respective Spirit Platforms, a light formation was activated at the center of the arena and stretched to a radius of five thousand li\* long, encircling the cultivators within.

At the moment when the light formation emerged, the demon cultivators who were not standing on Spirit Platforms were instantly teleported outside the arena.

Each of the demon cultivators were stunned as they stared at the light formation after being sent outside of the arena.

Some of them refused to give in as their Spirit Platforms were seized by others due to carelessness and tried to break the light formation in order to dash into the arena again. But no matter how they attacked the formation, every single one of their attacks were easily deflected.

Any Nascent Soul Realm attack would not be able to even shake the formation. Even if it was a direct attack from a Late Divine Transformation Realm expert, the formation would not be completely shattered.

“A Mortal Void Realm formation! This Lu Daochen actually established such a terrifying formation on the Cloud Platform!”

Qu Shu’s eyes widened for the first time and began to have a different opinion towards Lu Daochen.

This person’s cultivation level might not be high, but his mastery in the Dao of Formations is far beyond my imagination.

Rumor has it that he is a brilliant man of wide learning. Formation, pills, divination, spirit augmentation, equipment refinement and so on. He is extremely proficient in every aspect. The rumor is really true after witnessing his capabilities myself. It’s no wonder this person was chosen by the Spirit King Palace... Apparently, I’ve underestimated him earlier.

To the cultivators within the arena, the emergence of the light formation meant that the first match had finally begun!

The 25600 participants must go through a chaotic fight and seize each other’s Spirit Platforms. By the end of the match, there would only be 200 participants left in the arena with purple grade Spirit Platforms!

Just as the light formation appeared, each and every one of the demon cultivators floating in midair of the arena initiated attacks at their opponents beside them!

Outside the Cloud Platform, a shadow of a man flashed past. When the mist in the air gradually dissipated, a young man who was clad in white robes revealed himself. His appearance was quiet and stealthy, not drawing any attention from the crowd.

Looking at the fights happening on the Cloud Platform, he put on a forced smile.

“I really didn’t expect to accidentally ignite the power of True Yang while mastering the Parting Sun Spear and caused my second divine star, Eroding Yin, to gradually become completely full. Because of that, I was delayed for three days and missed the first match... Judging by the looks of it, Wan’er is participating on my behalf...”

The corners of his lips curved into a heartwarming smile.

Lu Wan’er treats me really well.

After witnessing Lu Wan’er’s techniques, he felt a little less worried.

That spiritual equipment made from the fire phoenix’s wings did not just enhance one’s ability to fly. It also enhances one’s offense and defense. The rapid speed of the wings would produce a wall of flames for protection while at the same time creating a sea of flames to inflict damage on her enemies.

A few Peak Nascent Soul Realm experts were already knocked out from their Spirit Platforms due to the attack of the sea of flames...

“After eleven years, Wan’er has gotten stronger...”

Ning Fan smiled. But in the next second, his smile faded and his eyes turned solemn.

A gust of wind blew past and it made one feel uneasy...

Among the participants, there was a silver-armored Demon General who shot Lu Wan’er a quick glance.

Although it was just a glance, his eyes were filled with ... killing intent! At the next moment, his eyes became indifferent as usual.

“That man seems to be one of the Demon Generals from the Upper World under Wang Xiao’s lead... That look... Is it just a wrong impression...” Ning Fan frowned and muttered to himself.