

Grasping 376

Chapter 376 - The Former Rain Sovereign

The Former Rain Sovereign

The 49 layers of walls that were formed from 49 traces of void power were blocking the path in front of him, making him unable to advance or retreat freely.

There was hardly anyone below the Void Fragmentation Realm who could escape being sealed off by 49 Void Refinement Realm experts.

Ning Fan's eyes flashed with ferocity. If he couldn't destroy the walls in front of him, he would perish instantly.

He hurriedly performed a hand seal and aggressively channeled his magic power into his Eastern Ocean Bell. The golden bell started to grow and trembled, suddenly emitting a clear ancient bell ring.

Layers of golden sound waves spread toward all directions. When the walls made up of void power came into contact with the sound waves, they immediately shattered and vanished.

"Huh?"

Among those 49 puppets, one of them actually made a sound of surprise. It obviously didn't expect that Ning Fan would be able to break free from the seals.

SWISH

Almost at the same time when the walls broke, Ning Fan vigorously thumped his chest, coughing out more than ten mouthfuls of blood essence. When he beat his Fu Li Wings again, his movement speed was close to the Mid Void Refining Realm. As he was retreating in a hurry, he managed to avoid the void power attacks from the 49 puppets. It was a narrow escape.

Despite that, a feeling of shock filled his heart.

That light hum of surprise did not escape Ning Fan's ears. He hadn't expected that one of those 49 puppets was actually... a living creature!

The 343 puppets guarding the eighth floor were definitely puppets without any spiritual intelligence. It couldn't be wrong! After all, if the Lost World Palace uses puppets with spiritual intelligence, some other changes might happen.

Ning Fan believed his senses... For some reason, one of the puppets was a living being!

This was definitely an encounter that was beyond Ning Fan's expectations. But still, it didn't stop him from escaping for his life.

Under the enhancement of one hundred and eighty thousand 'Speed' Spirit Seals and a few mouthfuls of his blood essence, his movement speed had already been boosted to its maximum. As long as he holds the group of puppets back for a second, he could then get out of there alive.

While he was flying, he was aggressively forming a series of hand seals while commanding his group of puppets. He placed his three Void Refinement Realm puppets at the frontline and positioned the black puppet and the black dragon corpse behind them as the second line of defense. As for his Divine Transformation Realm puppets, he commanded them to get into a circular defensive formation. Aside from that, he also activated his Inlaid Star Compass and laid out a massive star map. Thirty thousand star lamps emerged and the starlight of their formation lit up at once.

The light of this star formation was laid out by Ning Fan using five hundred million immortal jade. As long as the immortal jade was not exhausted, no one under the Mid Void Refinement Realm would be able to destroy this formation.

Among the 49 Void Refinement Realm puppets, 40 of them were at the Early Void Refinement Realm, 7 of them were at the Mid Void Refinement Realm while two were at the Late Void Refinement Realm.

As for the two Late Void Refinement Realm puppets, one of them was the puppet that made a light gasp of surprise just now.

"Oh? An Immemorial Divine Weapon in the form of a formation..."

That Late Void Refinement Realm puppet uttered a comment again. At the next moment, the other 48 Void Refinement Realm puppets launched countless punches with him on the starlight.

Bang! Bang! BANG!!!

Even though his Inlaid Star Compass had been fully activated which created a heaven-defying defensive formation, it could only withstand for a few breaths under the attacks of the puppets.

When the formation light broke, Ning Fan felt a sharp pain on his chest as if he had just received a heavy blow. There was a heavy backlash. However, he forcibly swallowed the blood in his throat and his eyes widened with ferocity.

The distance between the stone platform and the exit was just ten thousand zhang* (3.33 m per zhang). After breaking through the walls made of void power and defending the attacks of the 49 puppets using his star formation, Ning Fan was now only three thousand zhang* (3.33 m per zhang) away from the exit.

As long as he go through the final three thousand zhang* (3.33 m per zhang), he could then obtain this time crystal. He would then be able to attain the Peak Divine Transformation Realm by combining his three types of power!

“The thief of time shall DIE!”

The group of incoming puppets spoke again with an indifferent tone. After that, they raised their fists which were coiled with void power and got ready to blast them at Ning Fan which were powerful enough to destroy mountains and rivers.

If these punches are blasted at him, he would no longer have any means to defend himself even if he uses all of his puppets as shields.

“Grievance Technique, Life Imprisonment! Spiritual puppets from all worlds, every one of you who don’t follow my command will become my slaves! With one finger, I shall imprison your lives!”

Ning Fan’s eyes filled with unprecedented focus. This technique, Life Imprisonment, was his final method to keep himself alive. No matter what, he must create a distraction to the group of puppets and stop their attacks.

His eyes became more and more indifferent as he stared upon the group of puppets. Even True Immortals would not have a pair of eyes like these.

His black hair danced in the air even though there was no wind, his eyes as deep as a bottomless pool. After he pointed his finger, his black hair instantly turned white and his appearance grew older too.

Meanwhile, a cold black moonlight shot out from his finger. At the next moment, a black crescent appeared on the faces of the 49 Void Refinement Realm puppets successively.

CRUNCH

All 48 puppets fell into a trance and stopped in their tracks at the moment when the mark of the crescent moon emerged.

Only the puppet with spiritual intelligence’s face was filled with absolute shock as if he had seen something unbelievable and spoke in surprise.

“Grievance Technique! The Grievance Technique of the Ancestral Emperor of the Northern Heaven! It can’t be wrong. This is definitely the Grievance Technique!”

This puppet with spiritual intelligence actually recognized the origin of the technique that Ning Fan used!

Well, it was no surprise that he could recognize this technique. Ning Fan usually wouldn’t use this technique to its full potential, much less utter the chant of this technique.

At this critical moment of life and death, all he wanted to do was to maximize the power of this technique and not hide its origin.

With the help of this technique, the puppets seemed to have forgotten their objective and stood there absentmindedly. Ning Fan beat his purple wings again and was now only a thousand zhang* (3.33 m per zhang) away from the exit. With just a few more seconds, he could then escape from the eighth floor!

Since there were a total of 49 Void Refinement Realm puppets, Ning Fan’s Grievance Technique could at most hold them back for a short while. At the next moment, they regained their consciousness and continued swinging their fists.

Ning Fan had cast the technique a few times in the past, but none of them had such a heavy side effect like this time.

His black hair turned white and his face grew older. He finally realized why the technique could restrain puppets.

It was obviously a technique which seals a puppet's life by sacrificing the caster's life force in return!

None of the puppets that he used to deal with in the past had a Void Refinement Realm cultivation base. Therefore, he did not suffer such a significant side effect from using that technique.

The change in his hair's color and his face which had grown old like that of an elderly man were the price of casting this technique. Unless Ning Fan's life force recovers, he could no longer use the same technique or fend off the puppets' attacks with this technique anymore.

"It's the last one thousand zhang*(3.33 m per zhang)! I must get out of here!"

"Burst!"

Ning Fan's eyes glinted with resolve. While he was quickly retreating, his ten fingers were moving rapidly, forming patterns upon patterns.

He had 25 Divine Transformation Realm puppets in total with 10 of them at the Early Divine Transformation Realm, 7 at the Mid Divine Transformation Realm, 6 at the Late Divine Transformation Realm, 1 at the Peak Divine Transformation Realm and Half-Step Void Refinement Realm.

At this moment, Ning Fan commanded the 10 Early Divine Transformation Realm puppets to detonate themselves without any hesitation in order to delay the 49 puppets for a second!

Bang

The power of the self-detonation of 10 Early Divine Transformation Realm puppets were doubtlessly powerful. Even the fists of the 49 Void Refinement Realm puppets were slowed down for a second.

There are still five hundred zhang*(3.33 m per zhang) more!

Ning Fan's hand seal changed like lightning. This time, the technique he used was actually the Puppet Sacrificial Technique to fuse his puppets.

The incoming 49 puppets didn't show any signs of fusing into one which was good news to Ning Fan.

However, he wanted to fuse the puppets under his command into one using the sacrificial technique!

At the moment Ning Fan's hand seals were completed, the bodies of the 7 Mid Divine Transformation Realm puppets suddenly burned with black flames and turned into ashes at the next moment.

Black light covered the body of the Half-Step Void Refinement Realm puppet. All of a sudden, that black puppet's level rose to the Early Void Refinement Realm.

His eyes were filled with a bit of hesitation, but they immediately returned to their determined look afterwards.

He made a pattern with his fingers and the black puppet which had just attained the Early Void Refinement Realm dauntlessly rushed towards the forty-nine Void Refinement Realm spiritual puppets, confronting their punches and detonated itself with a loud bang!

At the same moment, all of his remaining puppets including those at the Void Refinement Realm threw out their fists at the incoming puppets.

Boom

With the help of the self-detonation of a Void Refinement Realm puppet and the combined attacks of another three Void Refinement Realm puppets, the force of the forty-nine Void Refinement Realm punches was offset, dispersing in all directions within the palace.

The power of this force was greatly reduced but when it swept across the area, Ning Fan and his puppets could not avoid being hit by the leftover force which seriously injured them.

The surviving six Late Divine Transformation Realm puppets and the Peak Divine Transformation Realm were all severely damaged.

The three Realm Beast puppets, however, just suffered minor injuries.

As for Ning Fan, his condition was the worst. After being hit by the remnant power of the 49 puppets' attacks, he took so much damage that he nearly died despite having a physical body which was comparable to the Fourth Level of Jade Life Body Refining Realm.

With the aid of the dispersed power between the clash of fists, Ning Fan led his group of puppets and went through the last five hundred zhang* (3.33m per zhang)!

Finally, he managed to come out alive!

At the moment he got out of the spatial barrier, the forty-eight puppets still desperately chased after him without regard for anything, trying to retrieve the crystal.

That puppet with spiritual intelligence looked at Ning Fan and sighed with emotion. It seemed to be extremely difficult for him to control the body of the puppet. After inflicting damage on himself, only then could he extend his five fingers into the shape of a claw and condense a black jade slip using void power. Then, he shot it towards Ning Fan's direction with a flick of his finger. The jade slip flew out from the spatial barrier.

Along with the jade slip was a silver token.

Then, the spatial barrier closed!

Ning Fan held a golden crystal in his hand as a voice echoed in his ears. The words it said made him stare at the eighth floor in disbelief.

“This young friend is indeed extraordinary... Even I have failed to steal the crystals and ended up being trapped in the eighth floor. You, on the other hand, have succeeded. Ashamed. I’m truly ashamed of myself! You truly deserve to be regarded with respect...”

These words were no doubt uttered by that puppet with spiritual intelligence.

Now, Ning Fan finally had the time to contemplate the mystery of that puppet.

What he saw earlier should not be wrong. The spiritual puppets truly had no spiritual intelligence. That particular puppet with spiritual intelligence was probably not a pure puppet creature, but a puppet which some kind of expert had attached his primordial spirit into.

Judging from those words, that expert seemed to have also tried to steal the crystals like Ning Fan. But he did not possess those powerful means like the Eastern Ocean Bell and the Grievance Technique that Ning Fan had. Thus, he was trapped to death within that floor...

“Who was that person...?”

Ning Fan reached out his hand and took the black jade slip which was given to him by that mysterious expert.

After making sure that there was no hidden trap in the jade slip, Ning Fan placed his spirit sense into the jade slip. Old and fragmented memories which were imprinted in the jade slip began to flow into his mind.

All of a sudden, Ning Fan's expression became extremely strange.

It was because the mysterious expert who was trapped in the eighth floor was not just any other person, but was actually the former Rain Sovereign!

In the current Rain Palace, the person with the highest seniority was the Rain Sovereign. After him was Void Fragmentation Realm experts such as Yun Tianjue, Yun Bushu and others.

However, the mysterious expert who was trapped within the eighth floor was a senior being who was three generations older than the current Rain Sovereign.

His title was... 'Red Cloud Rain Sovereign'!

Since the formation of the Rain World, there had been more than one thousand generations of the Rain Sovereign ruling the world. But only those who had broken through to the Sixth Heavenly Layer of the Void Fragmentation Realm and above would be crowned with this title.

The current Rain Sovereign still had yet to have one. Since that mysterious expert carried the title of 'Red Cloud Rain Sovereign', his cultivation realm was certainly at the Sixth Heavenly Layer of Void Fragmentation Realm or above.

Even though Ning Fan did not know the history of the Rain World in detail, he more or less knew some of it after travelling to many places.

He once heard from someone that said that the Red Cloud Rain Sovereign which was the Rain Sovereign three generations ago had once cultivated in the Lost World Tower but he eventually disappeared without leaving a trace. Many people began to speculate that he must have failed to achieve a breakthrough and died inside the tower...

No one would be able to figure out that the dignified Red Cloud Rain Sovereign would actually commit the same crime as Ning Fan which was to steal the crystals in the Lost World Tower.

The Red Cloud Rain Sovereign did not have Ning Fan's Wind Mist Finger. After staying within the seventh floor of the tower for more than ten thousand years which was roughly one hundred years in the outside world, only then was he able to create a hole on the spatial barrier connected to the eighth floor using his Sovereign Rain.

In practicality, it should not be difficult for Red Cloud Rain Sovereign who had a Sixth Heavenly Layer of Void Fragmentation Realm cultivation base to steal one of the crystals. However, he was much greedier than Ning Fan. He had planned to take all of the seven crystals with him. As a result, he was besieged by three hundred and forty-three Void Refinement Realm puppets due to his carelessness...

In the end, his physical body was completely destroyed. He did not have any choice. As such, he forcibly attached his primordial spirit to a Void Refinement Realm puppet and seized its body. In that manner, he managed to conceal himself from those puppets and escape from their attacks.

It was really a pity that the former Rain Sovereign with a reputable name would die with such an unclear reason. Even though his consciousness still remained, his primordial spirit was now too weak as he could barely control the body of the puppet.

He had mustered all of his strength and energy just to give Ning Fan this jade slip.

Ning Fan had just done something successfully that even the Red Cloud Rain Sovereign failed. It was definitely enough to feel proud of himself.

However, he did not reveal the slightest trace of pride on his face.

Looking at the golden crystal in his hand, he could not help but feel bad for his loss.

As he held the crystal in his hand and felt the massive energy stored within it, he was even certain that it would be enough to help him break through to the Peak Divine Transformation Realm.

However, in order to obtain this crystal, he had sacrificed a lot too.

He had lost eighteen Divine Transformation Realm puppets which also include the Half-Step Void Refinement Realm puppet.

Besides, his remaining puppets suffered varying degrees of damage and the person who suffered the most injuries was himself.

After inflicting damage on himself to perform the self-harming technique, his injuries were already serious. What's more serious was losing a great portion of his life force after using the Grievance Technique.

Fortunately, he had learned the Black Star Healing Technique. He only needed to rest in the Lost World Tower for around one and a half years and his injuries would heal completely.

There were still three more years before he would exit the tower. However, since the crystal controlling the flow of time on the seventh floor had been taken away, the seventh floor had lost its time distortion effect. Ning Fan had no choice but to return to the sixth floor to rest.

Now, he still had one and a half years since the period of three years was halved.

This period of time was barely enough for him to treat his wounds and refine the crystal.

However, he could only hope that he would be able to refine this massive amount of energy within the crystal before leaving.

Ning Fan created a new abode on the sixth floor. Then, he summoned the black star and began healing himself.

Looking at the black jade slip in his hand, he laughed bitterly.

Well, it was impossible for the Red Cloud Rain Sovereign to just tell Ning Fan a story by giving him this jade slip.

At the end of his message, he had a request... He hoped that Ning Fan could bring the news about his existence in this world to the Rain Palace and request them to save him.

Chapter 377.1 Peak Divine Transformation Realm

His blood essence gradually replenished. His white hair turned black and his appearance returned to its original.

After spending a few months healing his wounds using his five natal black stars, Ning Fan completely recovered despite the severity of his injuries.

“The Black Star Technique is indeed profound. Without this technique, it would have been very difficult to recover my blood essence and injuries, let alone my life force that has been greatly depleted this time...”

Ning Fan exhaled a mouthful of foul breath and loosened up his muscles. After making sure that everything was alright, he revealed a pleased smile.

His gaze fell upon the golden crystal. He no longer hesitated this time and was determined to consume it.

This crystal was brimming with the power of time which could cause distortions in time.

Its power was so strong that it could never be absorbed in one go. Instead, it would need to be harmonized using different kinds of spiritual herbs.

This technique of harmonization was rarely mentioned in the Emperor Ancient Chaos' memories. However, the pill refinement techniques which Xi Ran gave him happened to contain a number of methods to harmonize this power.

Ning Fan patted his storage pouch and took out a jade bowl and tens of types of spiritual ingredients. He ground them into powder and turned them into medicinal liquid. After that, he submerged the crystal in it.

The crystal gave off a faint golden vapor and slowly melted in the medicinal liquid.

At first, that medicinal liquid was deep green. But after the crystal melted, it turned pure gold.

Ning Fan lifted the jade bowl and stared at the liquid with his keen eyes which were bright like torches. He then gently took a sip of the medicinal liquid and immediately put down the jade bowl to refine its power.

Even though he had just taken a sip of it, a burning sensation instantly ran across his body as if his entire body was on fire and his blood veins boiling violently.

The heat waves in his body increased without stopping and his skin turned reddish violet.

Ning Fan could not help but feel rather shocked. He was very familiar with this situation. It was clearly an indication of consuming too much medicinal power which caused his body to be on the verge of exploding!

He merely took a sip of the medicinal liquid but this sip contained at least ten thousand units of magic power which was equivalent to consuming one hundred pellets of Thunder Profound Pills!

Despite having a total of nearly one hundred and eighty thousand units of power from his three types of power, his immortal veins were almost destroyed by the power contained within the medicinal liquid he had consumed.

Fortunately, before the power he absorbed nearly exceeded the amount he could take, it stopped and his body did not burst in the end. After all, Ning Fan still had a sense for the proper limit on refining how much medicinal liquid at one time.

“Refine!”

Ning Fan closed his eyes, trying his best to absorb the golden power of the medicinal liquid.

He finally realized that he had completely underestimated the power of the crystal that was controlling the time flow on the seventh floor.

Seven days later, Ning Fan absorbed all of the medicinal power within the first sip he took and had gained 11400 units of magic power in total.

He then took a big mouthful of the medicinal liquid and began the assimilation process for another seven days. His magic power increased by another 12200 units.

After that, he took the third sip, the fourth sip...

Two months later, Ning Fan completely assimilated the last drop of the medicinal liquid and his magic power had increased by 109400 units in total.

When he was consuming the golden crystal in the form of medicinal liquid, he did not grow immune to its effect like how he did after consuming pills excessively in the past and his magic power also did not turn illusory in the end.

After all, this crystal contained the purest power of time which not any kind of pill would be able to compare.

Looking at the remaining viscous liquid on the jade bowl, Ning Fan stuck out his tongue and licked it clean without considering his image. That little amount of liquid raised his magic power an additional 500 units.

Putting away the jade bowl, Ning Fan examined his inner body and his eyes twinkled with excitement.

After assimilating the crystal, his magic power rose from 28320 units to 138220 units!

A single crystal had helped him raise more than one hundred thousand units of magic power. That thing was indeed heaven-defying!

A humongous cloud of silver flames suddenly appeared in the void space above him. A cluster of flames rushed towards him.

This Heavenly Tribulation of Flames which could send chills down the spines of ordinary Divine Transformation Realm cultivators was literally devoured by Ning Fan in a gulp, serving as nourishment for his Stele of Sun and Moon.

After examining his inner body again, a frown appeared on his face.

He noticed that there was something else residing inside his immortal veins.

It was... a trace of golden blood!

The streak of golden blood was extremely delicate. If Ning Fan had not observed his inner body closely, he definitely would not have noticed it in his veins.

He tried to study that trace of golden blood more deeply. However, as soon as his spirit sense went close to the golden trace of blood, it immediately vanished, as if it had melted in his blood. Then, it was nowhere to be found.

“What was that?!”

Ning Fan knitted his brows even more tightly and repeatedly circulated his magic power. However, he did not feel any side effect or extra ability after experiencing such a tremendous improvement in his magic power.

This is strange.

Doubtlessly, this trace of golden blood appeared after I assimilated the power of the crystal. I wonder if it's something good or bad...

“Could it be a mark that the Lost World Palace planted in the crystals?!”

Thinking of this possibility, a tingling sensation ran across his scalp. He did not enjoy being pursued by a group of immortal beings.

After making sure several times that the golden blood that disappeared in his body did not look like a mark, only then did he start to feel a little calmer. However, his mind was still unsettled.

Having a great boost in his magic power was a joyous matter, but he could not feel happy about it at all. If he couldn't get a clear idea of what the golden blood was, he would not be at ease.

When he began to ponder about the trace of golden blood, he was absorbed in his own thoughts for ten consecutive days. From the beginning until the end, he was checking his inner body, waiting for that trace of golden blood to appear once again.

On the tenth day, that trace of golden blood reappeared in his immortal veins.

This time, Ning Fan did not give the golden blood the opportunity to dissipate again. He directly coiled it with his spirit sense and expelled it from one of his fingertips.

He gazed thoughtfully at the trace of golden blood on his fingertip. His expression gradually turned calm and composed.

“So it turns out that this golden blood is a trace of the power of time that had dissolved in my blood. Let's temporarily call it the 'Blood of Time'. This streak of blood should bring no harm to me but benefits instead. With this blood, I can use a trace of time power...”

Ning Fan let out a sigh of relief. His eyes turned solemn and at the next moment, a trace of golden purple mist revolved around his fingertips.

He looked at the mist in silence. In the past, he did not understand why the mist was golden purple. Now, however, he seemed to have found the answer.

The color of purple remained unchanged but the color of gold had become slightly deeper.

The color of purple represented the Immortal Sovereign's Dao while the color of gold was the power of time!

It was a technique that Ning Fan comprehended on his own by imitating the power of Samsara.

Now, only then did he realize that he created this technique by imitating the power of Samsara from the perspective of time. The power that weathered out everything depended on the power of time which was gold in color.

An interval of time is worth an ounce of gold...

He then absorbed the Blood of Time into his body. He now concluded that the Blood of Time was something useful that would enhance the power of his Wind Mist Finger. As such, it was a blessing to him.

That crystal had increased his magic power by one hundred thousand units and gave him a trace of Blood of Time. For a moment, it really urged him to steal the other six crystals too.

He finally understood the reason why the dignified Red Cloud Rain Sovereign would try to steal the crystals. Perhaps what Red Cloud Rain Sovereign wanted was not the power of the crystals, but the power of time.

Although the crystals were good, one needed to stay alive to enjoy them.

Not to mention Ning Fan who was not able to steal the remaining six crystals for now, it was definitely an unwise move even if he had the capabilities.

The seventh floor of the Lost World Tower lost its time distortion effect due to the loss of the crystal. However, since it was rare for Void Fragmentation Realm experts to come to the Lost World Tower, who would find out about the missing crystal?

If the time distortion of the first six floors of the tower are also ruined, the matter about Ning Fan stealing the crystals would be immediately exposed.

It was obviously unwise.

Setting all thoughts aside, Ning Fan calmed his breathing, trying to adjust his condition to its best.

His magic power which used to be the weakest of all the three types of power he possessed had been improved. Now, all three types of power: magic power, demon power and devil qi had attained the Mid Divine Transformation Realm.

Right afterwards, Ning Fan would try to merge these three types of power together, just like how he combined his three kinds of divine intents.

In the past, he had merged his Divine Intent of Rain, Devil Intent of Evil Luo Mountain and the Demon Intent of Fu Li into a portrait. That brand-new intent realm was his longing for his past in the Seven Apricot City, a determination to freeze all of his past in Samsara.

With the experience of merging his intent realms beforehand, it would not be too difficult for him to combine his three powers.

Ning Fan's goal was to break the restriction of race and wipe out all the traces of the divine cultivators, demon cultivators and devil cultivators.

From now on, he was neither a member of the divine race, the demon race nor the devil race...

He was just Ning Fan!

Three days later, Ning Fan's eyes beamed with energy as he bellowed.

"Condense!"

As soon as he uttered that word, black snow began to fall in the vicinity of ten thousand li* (500m per li). Ning Fan's body was coiled with violet light, as if he had put on a purple robe. A plum tree with bloody plum blossoms and dark trunks appeared behind him.

This portrait was formed with three kinds of divine intent. They were completely different from each other and their natures contrasted among themselves. Despite that, they were integrated into one and it was done depending on Ning Fan's stubbornness and memories.

He was never stubborn over his race. What mattered to him the most was whether he had the capabilities to protect his family or not.

Be it being a divine cultivator, a demon cultivator or a devil cultivator... Whichever path he chose, he was still Ning Fan after all.

"Combine!"

The three types of powers started to combine together. After Emperor Ancient Chaos's death, no one could perform such a pioneering act. It was really unexpected that someone like Ning Fan who cultivated all three types of power would appear in later generations!

The devil qi merged with the demon power and the demon power overlapped with the magic power.

Occasionally, Ning Fan's body would seethe with thick devil qi, radiate the light of divinity and give off immense demonic qi.

Three distinct temperaments eventually disappeared without a trace.

One month later, Ning Fan opened his eyes. There wasn't the benevolence of the divine cultivators, the thirst for blood of the devils and the treacherous demeanor of the demons.

What he had on his face was just an easygoing expression like before.

"I am who I am!"

He suddenly rose to his feet. After the combination of the three types of powers, his magic power had become dominant.

Additionally, this magic power had 293130 units in total. It had already broken through to the Late Divine Transformation Realm and was just a hair's breadth away from the Peak Divine Transformation Realm!

Besides, this amount of magic power could be turned into devil qi or demon power at will.

The path he took was not the path of divinity, the path of demons or the path of devils. It was a completely different path. Someone had chosen this path before Emperor Ancient Chaos. After Emperor Ancient Chaos died, all the great emperors in the ancient times perished. Since then, no one had walked this path again.

It was an ancient path of cultivation!

Above the sky, clouds of flames appeared again. This time, before the clouds could even condense, they were pulverized by Ning Fan with a swing of his palm and he then swallowed all of the silver flames of the Heavenly Tribulation.

The Heavenly Tribulation that occurred this time was powerful enough to severely injure a Late Divine Transformation Realm expert. However, how would Ning Fan care about this degree of damage with his current power?

“It’s just a small step away from achieving another breakthrough in my cultivation realm again. I might as well just press on and go straight for the Peak Divine Transformation Realm in one go!”

Chapter 377.2 Peak Divine Transformation Realm

Ning Fan patted his storage pouch and fished out a Peak Void Refinement Realm Dao Fruit.

Wei Xuan gave him five Dao Fruits in the past. One of them was at the First Heavenly Layer of the Void Fragmentation Realm while the other four were at the Peak Void Refinement Realm.

If Ning Fan were to consume this Dao Fruit with his Mid Divine Transformation Realm cultivation base in the past, his body would explode due to the excessive amount of power which would be beyond his body’s capacity to hold. On the other hand, if he consumes it at the Late Divine Transformation Realm, he could still absorb at least one-third of the medicinal power of the Dao Fruit.

A Peak Void Refinement Realm Dao Fruit contained at least fifty thousand units of magic power. With Ning Fan’s current cultivation base, it would be a waste to consume this level of Dao Fruit. It would be best if he consumes it when he attains the Void Refinement Realm at the very least.

However, as the matter of achieving another breakthrough took precedence, he did not care how much of it he would waste.

After blending tens of types of spiritual herbs with the Dao Fruit to harmonize its power, Ning Fan swallowed the Dao Fruit down and his magic power skyrocketed, gaining nearly twenty thousand units.

When his magic power reached 312500 units in total, Ning Fan broke through the bottleneck of his cultivation base. His body began to emanate the vigorous aura of the Peak Divine Transformation Realm. Even the star beneath his feet was trembling.

Finally, he attained the Peak Divine Transformation Realm!

The Heavenly Tribulation of Silver Flames took form once again above the hollow space.

The power of the flame tribulation this time was comparable to a fatal attack at the Half-Step Void Refinement Realm. It should not be underestimated.

Moreover, it was powerful enough to put experts at the same level as Dong Xu in terrible shape!

Ning Fan no longer relied on the Stele of Sun and Moon to fend off this Heavenly Tribulation.

Black devil flames coiled around his body. He extended his fingers wide to draw in the soul of the star and devoured it.

After performing the Soul Extraction Technique, his aura rose to the Half-Step Void Refinement Realm.

In the past, he was a person who was capable of killing experts beyond his cultivation realm. Currently, his strength was absolutely on par with the Venerated Seven of the Internal Endless Sea. The improvement in his strength and power was no trivial matter.

“Samadhi Fire Palm!”

Ning Fan pushed one of his palms out towards the sky. A one thousand zhang* (3.33m per zhang) large fire palm took form and soared into the sky, rushing towards the fire clouds.

One-tenth of the so-called Heavenly Tribulation of Bloody Cloud directly vanished after being struck by his palm attack.

Ning Fan did not intend to rely on a magical treasure to resist the Heavenly Tribulation. Instead, he condensed all of his magic power on his palm. His expression showed not the slightest hint of fear.

He recalled the force of Yan Zhongze’s palm and the palm attack that destroyed the Southern Prison Country. His heart was filled with new insights...

At first, he could only create one palm imprint when he displayed that attack. But when he infused more of his magic power, the second palm imprint appeared. He then put his palms together.

“Crush!”

This palm imprint was two thousand zhang* (3.33m per zhang) large.

At the moment it struck the cloud of Heavenly Tribulation, the remaining clouds immediately dispersed into nothing.

This palm attack had nearly exhausted Ning Fan’s energy. It was an attack that could not be displayed without having Void Refinement Realm level of strength.

Evidently, Ning Fan’s application of the Samadhi Fire Palm was much better than Revered Flame’s.

With Revered Flame’s innate talent, it was absolutely impossible for him to create the second palm imprint.

“It truly deserves to be a Mortal Void Realm magical technique.”

Ning Fan opened his mouth wide and took a deep breath, drawing in all the scattered flames in the sky. Then, he sat down with his legs crossed to restore his magic power.

There was not much time left before he had to leave the tower. Rather than having any further training, it was better to stabilize his Peak Divine Transformation Realm cultivation base that he had just obtained.

After spending 126 years in the Lost World Tower, Ning Fan’s bone age was now close to five hundred years old.

That is to say, he managed to attain the Peak Divine Transformation Realm within five hundred years. Ning Fan would not dare to say that his innate talent was peerless, but it was an achievement that was absolutely worth feeling proud.

However, after arriving at this step, the more Ning Fan realized the difficulties of breaking through to the Void Refinement Realm... As his cultivation base had reached the Peak Divine Transformation Realm, the effect of consuming Early Divine Transformation Realm Dao Fruits was reduced by nearly half.

In order to advance from the Peak Divine Transformation Realm to the Half-Step Void Refinement Realm, one would need two hundred thousand units of magic power. Perhaps it would be very difficult for him to gain such a tremendous amount of magic power in a short period of time.

To cultivators, a single year was extremely short.

But during this year, Lu Qing had done one thing that filled him with utmost regret.

Since he found out that Bei Xiaoman had an ambiguous relationship with Ning Fan, he made a decision by himself and reported this to the Lost World Palace.

He did not expect that as his words spread to the Lost World Palace, it would cause such a huge trouble to his mistress.

In the southern tower, Lu Qing looked at a group of wild and uncontrollable cultivators in the main hall, feeling guilty of his actions.

“Lu Qing! Are you the one who let them come?” Bei Xiaoman’s gaze was cold. She disliked the feeling of being betrayed by others.

“Fourth Young Mistress, it’s my fault for making such an inconsiderate decision. If I knew that this would happen, I would never have dared to report it to the Lost World Palace... I truly regret my inconsiderate act!” Lu Qing was ashamed and his voice was full of guilt. The reason why he reported the relationship between Bei Xiaoman and Ning Fan to the Lost World Palace was because he did not want to see his mistress fall deeper and deeper into their relationship. However, he had never thought that it would cause this much trouble...

“What’s the use of regretting?! Get rid of them for me!” Bei Xiaoman clenched her fists. If it wasn’t because she knew Lu Qing was acting for her own good, she would have never let him go.

Her eyes glanced across the hall. The group consisted of forty-nine cultivators in total and every one of them was at the Divine Transformation Realm.

The leader of the group was a young man in black robes and his name was... Ximen Ye!

This was the person that Bei Xiaoman loathed the most. Her aversion to him came straight from the bottom of her heart which was completely different from the kind of hatred she had for Ning Fan.

“Ximen Ye, I won’t go with you!” Bei Xiaoman spoke indifferently.

“Hehe. You’re my fiancée. Do you think you are allowed to say ‘no’ when I have come to bring you home? Bei Xiaoman, let me be frank with you. With your unruly personality and inferior innate talent, I, Ximen Ye, would have never set my eyes on you. Our marriage contract is merely a condition to form an alliance between the Ximen Aristocratic Family and the Lost World Palace. Moreover, I’ve obtained the Great Elder’s consent to descend to the mortal world today with my incarnation. You should understand that if the Great Elder gives the approval, even your mother can’t protect you!”

The black-robed young man’s eyes were cold. He actually did not care about Bei Xiaoman at all. But when he heard that his fiancée was messing around with another man in the mortal world, he had the feeling of being cuckolded and a murderous intent rose within him, urging him to immediately kill Bei Xiaoman.

“If you follow me back obediently, I will forgive you. But if you disobey, I will break your limbs and drag you back to the Northern Heaven. You decide!”

“Impudent!”

Lu Qing and Stone Warrior were both furious upon hearing those words. Even though it was a marriage contract made by the Great Elder for Bei Xiaoman, even though it was a significant matter related to the future of the Lost World Palace, even though the Ximen Aristocratic Family was extremely powerful... Both of them would never allow their mistress to be insulted like this!

They made a step forward and their Divine Transformation Realm auras spread across the hall. Their auras were showing signs of merging with each other.

Especially Stone Warrior's aura which became extremely vigorous after his cultivation base was raised by Ning Fan to the Mid Divine Transformation Realm.

Among the forty-nine experts of the Ximen Aristocratic Family, 30 of them were Early Divine Transformation Realm experts. When they were hit by Stone Warrior and Lu Qing's auras, their breathing instantly became chaotic.

Their eyes were filled with astonishment. However, they were not surprised by Lu Qing but Stone Warrior instead.

Isn't the spiritual puppet protecting Bei Xiaoman an Early Divine Transformation Realm puppet? How could it be a Mid Divine Transformation puppet?!

As for the other nineteen experts, their expression remained calm. Among them, there were nine Mid Divine Transformation Realm experts, five Late Divine Transformation Realm experts, three Peak Divine Transformation Realm experts and two Half-Step Void Refinement Realm experts.

That black-robed young man, Ximen Ye, was one of the Half-Step Void Refinement Realm experts and this Half-Step Void Refinement Realm body was just a part of his soul.

This person wasn't the likes of Zi Chuan and Lin Su... His innate talent was peerless in the Northern Heaven. He was one of the Four Top Geniuses of the Northern Heaven in this generation.

He named himself Emperor Xi!

After being struck by the auras of Stone Warrior and Lu Qing, Ximen Ye kept a straight face. His demonic dark eyes flashed with a hint of disdain.

"Bei Xiaoman, my patience is wearing thin. I heard that the person you have fallen in love with in the mortal world is a Mid Divine Transformation Realm cultivator and his combat power is comparable to a Half-Step Void Refinement Realm cultivator... His name is Zhou Ming, isn't it? Well, if you don't come with me, I will... kill him!"

“Who has fallen in love with that stinky Zhou Ming?! Wait! You can’t kill him!”

All of a sudden, anxiety and fear filled her entire being. She knew how cold-blooded and scary Ximen Ye was.

“Indeed, you care about him very much...”

Ximen Ye’s eyes turned colder. He was even certain that her fiancée was having an affair with another man.

He took a quick scan on Lu Qing and Stone Warrior, as if he was watching buffoons playing tricks.

His eyes were filled with magic power that was gloomy like the night sky. By just darting a single glance at Lu Qing and Stone Warrior, both of them flew backwards while coughing out blood as if they received a heavy blow. They were severely injured by Ximen Ye with just a gaze!

Injuring Stone Warrior with a single gaze? What exactly is this man’s true cultivation base?!

Suddenly, Bei Xiaoman felt her body becoming powerless.

“You...have attained the Void Fragmentation Realm...”

Indeed. Ximen Ye’s original body had already broken through to the Void Fragmentation Realm.

Even though his incarnation only had Half-Step Void Refinement Realm power, he must not be belittled. With his current power, he could even fight against an Early Void Refinement Realm expert.

“Hmph! Who do you think I am? Will I be like you who only have Divine Transformation Realm cultivation base?! Among the four young mistresses of the Bei Family, only your eldest sister and second elder sister are slightly worth noticing. The rest are nothing!”

Ximen Ye's tone was cold. He stepped forward and reached out his large hand, trying to grab Bei Xiaoman.

Bei Xiaoman dodged but her eyes met Ximen Ye's glance in the process. Blood moistened her throat and flowed out from the corners of her mouth. Her eyes were full of resentment.

No one can bully me! No one!

"Young Mistress!"

Stone Warrior and Lu Qing were in great shock. Especially Lu Qing who was feeling the most remorseful for his action.

If he had foreseen that his mistress would have to suffer such humiliation, he would never have reported this matter to the Northern Heaven.

The dignified Fourth Young Mistress is being bullied by the Ximen Aristocratic Family as they wish. Moreover, it's the idea of the Great Elder. What is the Great Elder thinking?!

Is he trying to send the Young Mistress back to the Ximen Aristocratic Family and be treated like a human cauldron?

Boom

At the moment Ximen Ye's claw-like hand was about to land on Bei Xiaoman, an eerie shadow of a white-robed man suddenly emerged in the main hall. He held Bei Xiaoman's waist in his arm and moved sideways, avoiding Ximen Ye's hand.

"Who are you?!" Ximen Ye looked at the white-robed young man who had just appeared out of nowhere with a cold expression. If he was not wrong, the white-robed young man's speed was at the level of the Early Void Refinement Realm.

“I’m Bei Xiaoman’s consort... Zhou Ming.”

Ning Fan replied with a calm tone. There was a streak of blood on his face. Even though his speed was at the level of the Early Void Refinement Realm, he still did not manage to avoid Ximen Ye’s claw.

This man is strong... He is different from all the geniuses that I have met before!

Chapter 378.1 I Won By Half A Move!

“Stinky Zhou Ming, let go of me. Let go- Mmm...”

Ning Fan held her waist tightly. He also did it in front of so many cultivators. Even though they had some intimate contact before, Bei Xiaoman was still filled with embarrassment and anger.

However, the more she struggled to break free, the more tightly Ning Fan hugged her as if he was bullying her on purpose.

He even secretly moved his fingers and touched the sensitive parts of her waist, causing Bei Xiaoman’s body to feel tingly all over. Because of that, she let out a soft moan. But she then felt shy and very angry.

Fortunately, all the cultivators there thought that Bei Xiaoman moaned because of the pain from her injuries and did not know that her sensitive parts were being touched. Otherwise, Bei Xiaoman would definitely go nuts on the spot.

“You’re shameless!” Bei Xiaoman could not voice out her complaint. She did not dare to yell in front of so many cultivators that she had been molested by Ning Fan.

Yes, he is the most shameless person in this world.

I hate him. I hate him the most!

But why am I feeling so happy to see him here to save me?

Bei Xiaoman's mind was utterly confused and perturbed. Then, she thought of how powerful Ximen Ye was and her face immediately turned pale.

"S-Stinky Zhou Ming, you have to run now... He's very powerful..."

"I know."

Ning Fan gently let go of Bei Xiaoman and pushed her to his back. He then wiped off the blood on her lips with his fingers. It made her blush again.

Long before he acted, he had sensed that this Ximen Ye was not ordinary.

One part of this Ximen Ye's soul possesses the power of the Half-Step Void Refinement Realm.

Even if this person's main body isn't at the Peak Void Refinement Realm, I suppose he will be at the... Void Fragmentation Realm!

If he was just an ordinary Half-Step Void Refinement Realm expert, Ning Fan was confident to put up a fight with him. But this Ximen Ye had a Void Fragmentation Realm consciousness in combat. As such, his actual combat power might be at the Void Refinement Realm.

Saving Bei Xiaoman was nothing but bringing more trouble to himself. But before he could finish weighing the advantages and disadvantages of saving her, his body acted out of his control and showed up, blocking in front of her when she was in danger.

Perhaps he did that for Yuan Yao's sake.

Perhaps it was his sense of responsibility as a tower lord of the Lost World Tower.

Perhaps it was because of him being a consort in the relationship between him and Bei Xiaoman which arose from a joke.

Perhaps it was because he did not want anyone else other than him to bully Bei Xiaoman.

“With me here, you won’t be able to take her away.” Ning Fan’s tone was flat but his presence emanated an aura which was not inferior to Ximen Ye.

He would never be intimidated by Ximen Ye. Even if the latter had his Void Fragmentation Realm true body, he would still face him with the same attitude.

Anyways, he had already offended quite a number of Void Fragmentation Realm experts!

“With just you?” Ximen Ye reacted as if he had just heard something ridiculous. He gave a meaningful glance to the three Peak Divine Transformation Realm experts beside him and lazily closed his eyes after that, waiting for Ning Fan’s blood to splatter everywhere.

Immediately, the three Peak Divine Transformation Realm experts understood his signal. They sneered and turned into three traces of smoke, dashing towards Ning Fan from three different directions.

“Despicable!” Upon seeing Ning Fan being attacked by three Peak Divine Transformation Realm experts, Bei Xiaoman’s expression immediately changed.

The Ximen Aristocratic Family was proficient in combined attack techniques. The power of these three Peak Divine Transformation Realm experts combined was almost as strong as that of an ordinary Half-Step Void Refinement Realm expert.

Moreover, they were cultivators of the immortal world. Their techniques were, of course, more powerful than the likes of Revered Flame in the mortal world. Bei Xiaoman could not help but feel worried about Ning Fan being at a disadvantage.

Ximen Ye stood aside with his eyes closed. Clearly, he was confident that his people would bring him victory.

From his perspective, if there was only one Mid Divine Transformation Realm expert, that expert would never be able to withstand the attacks of three of his servants even if that person had combat power that was comparable to that of a Half-Step Void Refinement Realm expert.

“Get lost!”

Ning Fan’s eyes turned cold. He made a step forward and a regal sword qi spread across the hall.

Before the three Peak Divine Transformation Realm experts could approach Ning Fan, they were jolted by the vigorous force of his sword qi and revealed themselves. All of them felt as if they had been struck in the chest and flew backwards while coughing out blood. Immense surprise filled their eyes.

“The Immortal Entrapping Sword Intent! Aside from that, it’s a sword intent that has attained Large Accomplishment!”

The three of them had jointly killed countless Divine Transformation Realm experts. Currently, however, they could not even get close to Ning Fan’s body. By just uttering two words and a single step, Ning Fan congealed a sword, hurting the three of them to the point of vomiting blood.

Even Ximen Ye kept his eyes open now. They turned slightly grim. He immediately realized that Ning Fan was not a Mid Divine Transformation Realm expert from the information he got. Instead, he was a Peak Divine Transformation Realm expert through and through.

“A Peak Divine Transformation Realm expert? A Peak Divine Transformation Realm expert with bone age below five hundred years old? Your innate talent is extraordinary. But you have to know that in this world, you can’t reach the pinnacle of power with innate talent alone. In my eyes, you’re just an ant!”

When one’s cultivation base attains a certain level, their innate talent would become less important.

If one doesn’t have a powerful backer and countless resources for cultivation, breaking through to the True Immortal Realm, Life Immortal Realm or even Void Fragmentation Realm would just be a fantasy.

In Ximen Ye's eyes, Ning Fan was just a junior who had a passable innate talent.

After all, Ximen Ye was an expert who had already broken through to the Void Fragmentation Realm. In the Four Heavens, he was one of the few significant beings among the geniuses of this era.

As for Ning Fan, he was just a Peak Divine Transformation Realm cultivator. It was still unknown whether he could break through to the Void Refinement Realm, let alone the Void Fragmentation Realm. Innate talent was not everything!

"You. Kill him."

Ximen Ye looked at the silver-robed elderly man beside him. The old man instantly understood him and stepped forward. This elderly man was also an expert with a Half-Step Void Refinement Realm cultivation base.

Sparks of electricity flashed around this silver-robed elderly man which buzzed terrifyingly.

At the moment he unleashed his aura, all the cultivators from the Ximen Family distanced themselves from him except for Ximen Ye. All of their faces were filled with dread upon seeing the arcs of electricity.

"Is Elder Lei¹ going to act this time? Elder Lei is a practitioner of thunder techniques. He has nearly no rivals among the experts at the same level as him. Especially his thunderbolt, it's a Sixth Grade Void Thunderbolt. Its power is extraordinary..."

"I heard that there are the so-called 'Seven Venerated of the Internal Endless Sea' in this Endless Sea of the mortal world. I suppose if the so-called 'seven venerated beings' were to be placed in front of Elder Lei, they wouldn't amount to anything!"

Whispers and murmurs began to spread in the crowd. However, their words were unable to stir up any changes in the state of mind of the elderly man even though he had overheard them. Thus, it was enough to show how mentally strong this expert was.

Elder Lei glanced at Bei Xiaoman. As he saw the latter's face which was now slightly pale, he felt a little uneasy.

He owed the four mistresses of the Lost World Palace quite a lot of favors. Today, if he kills Ning Fan, he would definitely make Bei Xiaoman sad.

He let out a sigh inwardly. He currently had no command over himself. Since he was a member of the Ximen Aristocratic Family and was being paid by them, he had to be loyal to them and carry out whatever command they gave him.

His gaze turned to Ning Fan. His eyes revealed a hint of mercy as he spoke coldly.

"Zhou Ming, if you surrender without offering any resistance, I will leave your soul intact for samsara as a sign of respect for the Fourth Mistress!"

"There's no need for that. You aren't my opponent."

"Humph! You will regret boasting without shame!"

Elder Lei's eyes turned merciless. Since he was already an expert who was half a step away from the Void Refinement Realm, how would he be afraid of a Peak Divine Transformation Realm expert?

He was already being merciful to let Ning Fan's soul return to samsara. Since Ning Fan did not know what was good for him, there was no need to show any mercy.

When he stepped forward, silver arcs of electricity flickered around him. He moved his hands to form the shape of a semi-circle in the air. At the next moment, thunderbolts turned into an eight trigrams palm imprint and dashed towards Ning Fan.

"Eight Trigrams Thunderbolt!"

As he pushed the palm imprint towards Ning Fan, eight arcs of lightning appeared at the cardinal directions as well as the inter-cardinal directions. They took the form of a snake which was as thick as a large bowl. When they charged at Ning Fan, they buzzed instead of hissing.

This palm imprint was not an attack that damaged a large area. Instead, the user of this technique had to condense his entire power on his palm in order to display it. Since it was the silver-robed elderly man who displayed this technique with his Half-Step Void Refinement Realm, each of the lightning snakes was strong enough to eliminate a Peak Divine Transformation Realm cultivator easily.

“Your thunderbolt is not bad. It will be mine!”

Ning Fan suddenly placed his finger on his glabella and took out one of his Peak Grade Spirit Treasures – Spirit Crushing Whip. He then lashed each of the eight lightning snakes one after another.

Although his opponent’s thunderbolt was a Sixth Grade Void Thunderbolt, Ning Fan’s was the thunderbolt of the Heavenly Tribulation.

Eight shadows of his whip which seemed to have turned into eight blood-red dragons flashing with lightning collided against the silver thunderbolts. Upon collision, a blinding light illuminated the entire hall.

After seeing the immense power of their thunderbolts, Lu Qing and Stone Warrior hurriedly activated the defensive formation of the southern tower in order to prevent the power of their fight from bringing destruction to the outside world.

If the power of the blinding light spread outside of the tower, perhaps the entire Xuan Wu City would be razed to the ground.

Rumble

As their thunderbolts met, Elder Lei’s expression instantly changed. He had sensed that his Sixth Grade Silver Thunderbolt was actually showing signs of fear and did not dare to resist the blood-red thunderbolt.

After Ning Fan made eight strikes with his whip, the light snakes disintegrated and their lightning power was devoured by his blood-red lightning.

Right in front of everyone's eyes, he used his Spirit Crushing Whip to devour all of Elder Lei's spiritual thunderbolts, upgrading his weapon to a Half-Step Void Treasure!

"The Blood Thunderbolt of the Heavenly Tribulation! Among the seven cultivation realms in the cultivation world, this thunderbolt is basically the strongest type!"

Elder Lei's expression was solemn. He finally realized that even though Ning Fan was a Peak Divine Transformation Realm cultivator, his means were definitely not weak. It would be very difficult to win against him!

Elder Lei glanced over his shoulders and saw Ximen Ye was looking at him gloomily. All of a sudden, Elder Lei figured that it was not a good sign. If he fails to take Ning Fan's life, then Ximen Ye would definitely take his.

"I have to go all-out! Thunder Dividing Swords, appear!"

Elder Lei flicked his sleeve and eight silver swords appeared in the air.

Each of the swords was Peak Grade Spirit Treasure. When the eight of them combine into one, its might would certainly not be any weaker than a genuine Void Treasure!

"Look! They are the Thunder Dividing Swords! It's Elder Lei's most famous weapon. Countless Divine Transformation Realm experts have died under that sword!"

"Humph! That Zhou Ming is certainly dead. Although his blood-red whip is strong and can restrain thunderbolts, it is still a Half-Step Void Treasure after all. It can't withstand the might of these Thunder Dividing Swords!"

Even though Ning Fan had the upper hand in the fight, the cultivators of the Ximen Family believed that Elder Lei was more likely to win.

As Elder Lei formed a hand seal, the eight swords shone brightly like meteors and gave out an ear-piercing screech. Suddenly, all of them disappeared without a trace. In the next second, each of them flickered to half a zhang* (3.33 m per zhang) away from Ning Fan. They shot out their sword qi, forming eight lightning swords which swept towards him.

When these eight lightning swords combine into one, it could even kill a Half-Step Void Refinement Realm expert.

As he saw the eight lightning swords coming towards him, Ning Fan's eyes narrowed coldly. He made a step forward and swung the blood-red whip in his hand so fast that countless afterimages were formed. In an instant, he made one hundred lashes in total.

As the one hundred times of whip attacks struck the eight swords, they seemed to have been struck by a massive thunderbolt and disintegrated from the middle of their bodies.

As for the eight traces of sword lightning, they were also wiped out by his Spirit Crushing Whip.

After seeing his eight swords being crushed in an instant, Elder Lei's eyes were filled with disbelief. He had never thought that the Spirit Crushing Whip would be such a powerful magical treasure.

However, what happened next surprised him even more. At the moment his eight swords were destroyed, one hundred rays of blood-red lightning appeared within his dantian, brutally blasting at his primordial spirit.

Puke

Blood drained from Elder Lei's face. He was already in terrible shape. Besides, he could feel that if Ning Fan had not been merciful to him, his primordial spirit would have been destroyed immediately and he would have died under the blood-red lightning!

"Retreat! Otherwise, I will not show any mercy anymore!"

Ning Fan held the blood-red lightning whip in his hand. His eyes were cold like a devil's as his hair danced wildly in the wind.

If Elder Lei did not offer his kind intention earlier to keep Ning Fan's soul intact for samsara, Ning Fan would have definitely not spared him.

However, if Elder Lei still insists on fighting him, he would not spare him again... The only way he would deal with Elder Lei was to finish him off!

Chapter 378.2 I Won By Half A Move!

Hiss

A cold blast of air rushed towards the cultivators of the Ximen Family.

Despite having powerful means like the Sixth Grade Void Thunderbolt and Thunder Dividing Swords, Elder Lei was nearly killed by Ning Fan after just exchanging two moves.

Anyone with a discerning eye would notice that Elder Lei would have died if Ning Fan had not shown him mercy!

This Zhou Ming is powerful! He might not be as strong as Ximen Ye, but he could be considered as a genius who could terrorize a domain in the Northern Heaven.

Under Ning Fan's cold piercing eyes, the Ximen Family's Divine Transformation Realm experts who were initially haughty and disdainful avoided direct eye contact with him. No one there actually dared to look him in the eye at all.

"Ximen Ye, I told you. If I'm here, you won't be able to take her away!"

Boom

Ximen Ye's face darkened. Ning Fan's words were no different than a slap on his face.

He then swung one of his palms forward without any hesitation. Elder Lei's physical body which was already grievously injured instantly turned into a cloud of blood mist, leaving only his primordial spirit intact.

"Trash! I will deal with you once I finish this man off!"

Elder Lei's primordial spirit was terrified. He did not even have the guts to resist Ximen Ye, much less the capabilities to do so.

Ximen Ye was too strong. Crushing him to death would only take a single second.

Ximen Ye's gaze fell upon Ning Fan. He had already realized that Ning Fan was indeed not ordinary. At least, among the cultivators below the Void Refinement Realm, there was nearly no one who could defeat him.

He was unbeatable. However, that fact only applied to cultivators below the Void Refinement Realm.

Ximen Ye's incarnation might just have a Half-Step Void Refinement Realm cultivation base, but his original self was a genuine First Heavenly Layer of the Void Fragmentation Realm expert!

"Do you like Bei Xiaoman?"

"..." Ning Fan did not reply.

"Humph! I am a person who doesn't like deceiving others. If you are able to win against me by just half a move, Bei Xiaoman will be yours!"

Chi

Ximen Ye waved his hand in the air. Immediately, the air in front of him was split into two by the force of his palm, revealing a new heavenly dwelling space.

“Creating a heavenly dwelling space with a wave of his hand!”

Ning Fan was slightly stunned. Only Void Fragmentation Realm old monsters were capable of doing that. With Ning Fan’s eyesight, he could tell that this man had exceedingly profound means even though the heavenly dwelling space that he had casually created was just ten thousand li* (500m per li) wide.

In addition to that, this Ximen Ye seemed to be quite self-conceited. He disdained defeating Ning Fan inside Xuan Wu City. After all, the aftereffects of their battle would affect other cultivators if they fight in the Xuan Wu City which would distract Ning Fan.

Ximen Ye wanted to bring Ning Fan down to his feet in a legitimate and fair manner!

“Come inside this heavenly dwelling space and fight me. If you win against me by half a move, you can then have Bei Xiaoman! If you lose, you’re dead!”

Ximen Ye stepped forward and entered the space without any delay.

As for Ning Fan, he paused and pondered for a bit.

With my Wind Mist Finger, it will be a piece of cake to erode a mere heavenly dwelling space. If there are any changes, I can get out of it anytime. Besides, this space has just been created. It’s impossible for it to have any formations for an ambush aimed at me.

“Xiaoman is not an object.”

Ning Fan turned his head and darted a glance at Bei Xiaoman. He gave her a calm smile and then moved forward, entering the heavenly dwelling space. After his disappearance, the entrance leading to the space closed up.

Thump

His words made Bei Xiaoman's heart pound hard, as if a tiny rock had fallen into the lake of her heart.

Not an object... He said that I'm not an object...

Be it my mother or my sisters, all of them saw my marriage contract with that man as a bargaining chip to establish a friendly tie with the Ximen Aristocratic Family. They treated me just like an object. But he... He said that I'm not an object.

Bei Xiaoman had always thought that Ning Fan was very detestable.

Every time she saw him smiling at her, she would get angry for no reason.

This time, however, she felt that his smile was especially charming, so charming that it made her heart feel sad.

He clearly knew how strong Ximen Ye is but he still insists on fighting him.

Doesn't he like to bully me the most? Why is he willing to stand up for me?

"Don't go..."

Bei Xiaoman's heart was suddenly filled with fear. She knew Ximen Ye's capabilities very well. She tried to persuade Ning Fan to stay but he had already entered the heavenly dwelling space.

She wanted to enter too. However, Ximen Ye was the one who created the heavenly dwelling space. Other than Void Fragmentation Realm experts, who else could enter with ease?

Rumble

Without giving too much time for Bei Xiaoman to think, an earthshaking wave of force spread out from within the moment Ning Fan entered the heavenly dwelling space... When both of them engaged each other, they would be going all-out!

The impact of their fight had nearly caused the heavenly swelling space to collapse!

Chi

A spurt of fresh blood shot out from a crevice of the entrance, splashing on Bei Xiaoman's face.

Bei Xiaoman gently touched the blood. How could she not recognize the qi of the blood?

It was Ning Fan's blood...

What exactly was going on inside?

Why would Ning Fan's blood spurt out from within as soon as the fight began?

"Please, don't die! You must not die!"

Bei Xiaoman could no longer hold back her tears. Ning Fan stepped up and fought for her but she did not even know whether he was alive or not right now.

Then, she finally realized that her heart could already not let go of him, not knowing when it had started...

In the heavenly dwelling space, Ning Fan was covered in his own blood from head to toe. His eyes were cold and brutal. Ximen Ye who was in front of him was no better. His fists and bones were crushed and his expression was filled with astonishment.

His current incarnation possessed the Peak Level of Jade Life Body Refining Realm while Ning Fan was just at the Third Level of Jade Life Body Refining Realm.

However, after exchanging hundreds of blows, although Ning Fan was bathed in blood, he did not seem to be a lot weaker than Ximen Ye.

As for the latter, he did not seem to have truly grasped victory over this fight as the bones of his fists were crushed by Ning Fan.

“You are strong. But your strength is only unrivalled among Divine Transformation Realm cultivators. I am an expert who has attained the Void Fragmentation Realm and I have seen far too many geniuses. To be honest with you, the strength of my current incarnation is a complete copy of my strength when I was at the Divine Transformation Realm. You aren’t my opponent!”

“Is that so? Then why are the bones of your fists broken?” Ning Fan wiped off the blood on the corners of his lips and his battle intent grew stronger.

It was his first time meeting such a strong opponent of the same generation as him. Moreover, this person was so strong that he felt instinctively nervous and his hands even trembled due to his intense emotion.

In the past, he had become a little proud of himself after defeating some geniuses.

However, people like Han Nietian and Ximen Ye who had broken through to the Void Fragmentation Realm were also those of the same generation as him!

“I will not lose!” Ning Fan said with determination.

“Humph! You will regret being shamelessly boastful. I am not going to show any more mercy when I display this move. Soul Extraction!”

Ximen Ye extended his fingers into the shape of a claw and sliced the soul of the vast land within the heavenly dwelling space.

Ning Fan's lips formed into a cold smirk and did the same thing, snatching away the soul of the vast land before Ximen Ye could.

The land only had a single soul. After Ning Fan snatched its soul, Ximen Ye would have no other soul to extract.

"You also know the Soul Extraction Technique? Apart from that you are even more proficient in it than me? This is not possible!"

Ximen Ye's countenance changed for the first time.

He only managed to comprehend the Soul Extraction Technique after he broke through to the Void Fragmentation Realm and he had yet to be proficient in using it. Originally, he planned on using that technique to boost his power to the Void Refinement Realm and finish off Ning Fan with a single move. However, he did not expect that Ning Fan would seize the soul of the land first.

When the soul entered Ning Fan's body, his magic power skyrocketed. All of a sudden, his power rose to the Half-Step Void Refinement Realm. He was now on par with Ximen Ye.

As he moved his body, his bones gave off loud and violent popping noises. His eyes were sharp like lightning as he stared Ximen Ye straight in the eye. Then, he condensed two layers of palm imprint within the center of his palm and pushed it towards his opponent.

At the next moment, a rolling mass of black flames turned into a fiery palm that was two thousand zhang* (3.33m per zhang) tall which fell upon Ximen Ye from above.

"A Mortal Void Realm magical technique? But so what if he has this technique?! Great Void Palm!"

As Ximen Ye swung his palm, a void power which was black like the starless sky turned into a black palm imprint which was also two thousand zhang* (3.33m per zhang) tall and collided against the fiery palm.

Bang

Both of the fiery and black palm imprints dispersed. Waves of force swept across the battleground, nearly causing the heavenly dwelling space to crumble.

Ning Fan retreated for more than ten steps while Ximen Ye only moved backwards for nine steps continuously before the both of them regained their balance.

Ximen Ye was inwardly shocked.

My Great Void Palm which I displayed with all my strength was actually parried by him.

What made him even more incredulous was that nearly at the same moment Ning Fan regained his footing, he stretched out his purple Fu Li Wings and held a sword in each of his hands. One of them glowed in shining starlight while the other emanated the vigorous blood qi of a dragon.

He did not seem to have wavered from the destruction of his fiery palm. Instead, he held two sharp swords and charged at Ximen Ye fearlessly, as if death did not matter to him.

“I will not lose!”

This time, Ximen Ye really felt the auras within Ning Fan’s swords to the core.

His eyes widened with surprise.

This man is certainly the most powerful of all the Divine Transformation Realm cultivators I have ever met.

“But you are still a Divine Transformation Realm cultivator after all... Void Congealing Sword!”

When Ximen Ye casually swung one of his hands, the void power condensed a jet-black sword which was nearly as powerful as a Void Treasure!

He wielded his black sword and pointed it towards Ning Fan who was charging at him with two swords. As their sword light clashed, the heavenly dwelling space began to collapse.

After slashing and parrying for more than ten times, Ximen Ye helplessly realized that he could not even get the upper hand against Ning Fan.

Moreover, in regards to swordsmanship, Ning Fan was far more skillful than him.

“A mortal ant actually beat me in the Dao of Swords?!”

A strong sense of displeasure rose within Ximen Ye’s heart.

He held his sword with one of his hands and forcefully slammed the other on Ning Fan’s Separation Slayer Sword.

The impact pulverized the crook of Ning Fan’s thumb and blood gushed out in torrents. However, he did not flinch and his eyes remained aggressive as usual. He sliced Ximen Ye’s neck with all his might using the Blood Dragon Demon Sword, not concerned about his injuries at all.

Ximen Ye was slightly stunned. This kind of fight where one fought with their lives gave him a huge sense of dread.

He hurriedly moved backwards to dodge the slash but he still could not avoid being struck by Ning Fan’s sword on his neck. A bloody line which was half an inch long appeared on his neck.

At the moment the Blood Dragon Demon Sword cut through his skin, there was a tearing force from the sword which drained away much of Ximen Ye’s blood essence. Because of his carelessness, he suffered a loss greater than Ning Fan suffered.

“What kind of demon sword is this?!” Ximen Ye burst into anger. He could not allow himself being hurt by a mortal ant.

“I’ve won by half a move.” Ning Fan teased.

“Shut up!” Ximen Ye seemed to have lost his sanity.

The promise he made earlier had been cast aside.

The only thought he had right now was to kill Ning Fan!

Chapter 379.1 Zhou... Zhou

Ximen Ye gently touched the cut on his neck, his eyes filled with killing intent.

However, he fiercely bit the tip of his tongue afterwards and suppressed that immense killing intent.

He was arrogant. Therefore, when he got injured by Ning Fan, he went crazy due to his reluctance to accept the truth.

He was self-conceited. Therefore, he would not allow himself to suffer any losses.

The sleeves of Ximen Ye’s black robes fluttered in the wind. Gradually, his heart became calm and composed. His deep black eyes no longer revealed any emotion. Four black divine stars appeared on his glabella. However, he lifted one of his hands and crushed two of them. Blood flowed out from the corners of his mouth while his expression remained cold and dignified.

He did not give any explanation and neither did he conceal his killing intent towards Ning Fan.

However, Ning Fan knew that the reason why he destroyed two of his divine stars himself was for the fairness of their showdown. He wanted to eliminate Ning Fan while having a similar strength.

“You are indeed very strong. If you were born one thousand years earlier, you would certainly have attained the Void Fragmentation Realm. However, you have to understand one thing. At the end of the day, you are not my match! Your injuries are too grave and you are now just like an arrow at the end of its flight...”

“I don’t think so.”

Ning Fan secretly activated the Black Star Healing Technique as faint starlight glowed around his body.

Since he did not directly summon his natal black stars, even Ximen Ye would not know that he had comprehended the Black Star Technique.

His injuries which were originally bloody and severe were quickly healed.

This scene shocked Ximen Ye once more. The self-healing technique that Ning Fan used closely resembled the Star Healing Technique.

“Your techniques are quite impressive. As such, I can fight without any restraint. If you are able to walk out of here alive, I can assure you on behalf of the Ximen Aristocratic Family that Bei Xiaoman belongs to you! If you can’t... your journey ends here!”

Ximen Ye no longer spoke any more words. His expression changed as his first divine star twinkled. All of a sudden, darkness engulfed every ray of light within the heavenly dwelling space.

As darkness fell, Ximen’s qi gradually turned ethereal. Eventually, his presence had literally disappeared from Ning Fan’s sight.

Ximen Ye’s first divine star was the Divine Star of Night, the master of darkness.

As long as he stayed within the darkness, he could completely conceal his presence including his qi which could allow him to perform assassinations or sneak attacks with ease.

Chi

Traces of sword qi which were as black as ink flew towards Ning Fan from all directions of the lightless space.

Ning Fan wielded both of his swords and parried each and every one of the attacks. The purple star in his left eye flashed which allowed him to see through the darkness. Almost in an instant, he located the place where Ximen Ye was hiding.

The baleful qi in his body seethed and flowed into his blood-red sword. Under the enhancement of his baleful qi, the blood-red sword emanated a bizarre and evil red glow amidst the dark.

He swung his sword and pointed at Ximen Ye's location. The vast land trembled and the mountains swayed as if millions of troops were trampling across this place. The tip of his sword seemed to have pierced through heaven and earth. In the next moment, countless ear-splitting roars of a blood dragon filled the entire heavenly dwelling space.

A blood-red sword light shot out from his sword. It split into ten and then split into a hundred. In a matter of seconds, there were already one million rays of sword light.

When his sword qi swept across the place, innumerable rifts appeared in the hollow space. Layers of darkness were literally torn off and Ximen Ye who concealed himself within it was forced to reveal himself with just a single sword attack from Ning Fan!

Puke

After coughing out mouthfuls of blood, Ximen Ye retreated one hundred steps. His bun was cut making his long black hair scatter and dance wildly in the wind.

He was inwardly astonished by Ning Fan's sword attack that forced him to reveal himself. However, it was within his expectations.

As a matter of fact, the reason why he concealed himself in the darkness was to activate the power of his second divine star which was a little unique. It was called the Divine Star of Seven Sounds. It would take some time for him to completely activate the power of this divine star with his Divine Transformation Realm cultivation base.

He drew a mysterious diagram of a sound wave in the air with both of his hands and conjured a seven-stringed guzheng with his void power. He carried it in his arms as traces of an ancient melody echoed from his fingertips.

Wherever the melody passed through, the sword light would crumble. At this moment, Ximen Ye stood in midair. It looked like he was able to compete with the sun and the moon hanging above the sky.

Suddenly, an immense sense of danger rose within Ning Fan, making him retreat instinctively.

At the moment he flew backwards, Ximen Ye muttered the first chant.

“The first sound of the Seven Sounds, The Sound of the Five Elements!”

His speed of plucking the strings increased and the devilish melody burned like fire. In the places where the melody passed by, columns of black flames emerged. Meanwhile, cold ice fell from the sky as wind and sand blew violently and thunder boomed in the sky. The entire area was also filled with thick mist.

“A Mortal Void Realm technique!”

Ning Fan’s eyes shone with solemnity. This devilish melody which manipulates the five elements was clearly a fatal attack at the Mortal Void Realm. Being hit by any one of the elements was the same as being struck by a Mortal Void Realm attack.

Each of the sound waves travelled towards him, carrying unstoppable destructive force. However, since a sound wave was intangible, how could it be fended off?

There were ten thousand traces of dark light shining upon Ximen Ye's head which made his presence look regal. At this moment, no one would be able to tell that the melody he produced with his guzheng carried an infinite amount of killing intent.

As the devilish melody swept across the area, the soul of the great land that Ning Fan had extracted suddenly dispersed. His Soul Extraction Technique failed, causing his aura to regress to the Peak Divine Transformation Realm.

Zheng

As Ximen Ye increased his pace of plucking strings, the sound waves turned into physical waves, cancelling out all five elements!

The first sound of the Seven Sounds – The Sound of the Five Elements could neutralize all the five elements beneath the heavens!

In order to fend it off, one must never use techniques of the five elements. The only choice was to use means that did not consist of the five elements.

Ning Fan who was dressed in white robes looked like a silver moon. His cold eyes were deep and bright like stars.

He did not know many techniques that did not make use of the five elements. However, he knew there was one technique which could allow him to fend off this devilish sound of the five elements.

To break the five elements, I shall conjure five graves!

“Wind as the Wood Dragon, land as the Earth Dragon, lightning as the Golden Dragon, fire as the Fire Dragon, ice as the Water Dragon...”

“Upon the death of these five dragons, the black dragon rises! When the five elements die, the five graves emerge!”

Ning Fan's fingers moved rapidly, creating a series of abstruse and mysterious hand seals. At the same time, he activated his Fu Li Demon Blood to help in casting this technique.

Every time he muttered the chant, a one thousand zhang* (3.33m per zhang) tomb would appear above his head. The shadows of dragons soared around it.

The five tombs represented the five elements respectively. This technique held the secret of life and death. Upon the appearance of the five tombstones, Ximen Ye was suddenly stunned. The first string on his seven-stringed guzheng broke!

At the same time, the devilish sound of the five elements faded!

"The Five Graves of the Dragon Burial Technique! This is the lost demon ancestral blood technique of the Black Dragon Race! How are you able to use it?!"

Looking at the five large tombstones which were falling above his head, Ximen Ye's eyes widened. He immediately plucked the second string of his guzheng.

"The second sound of the Seven Sounds, the Sound of the Four Beasts!"

The Sound of the Four Beasts specialized in restraining cultivators who possessed the blood of the Azure Dragon Race, White Tiger Race, Vermilion Bird Race and Black Tortoise Race!

Zheng

Traces of sound waves which seethed with murderous intent turned into runes that took the shape of a dragon and crashed against the five tombstones.

The massive force of the falling tombstones was strong and violent. Upon collision, they pulverized countless sound waves.

However, the more runes the sound waves created they encountered, the more illusory the black dragon of the tombstones became. Within a few breaths, the black dragon on the first tombstone faded and the tombstone exploded into pieces!

“The third sound of the Seven Sounds, the Sound of Mountain Extraction!”

Zheng

At the moment he strummed his guzheng, a devilish melody that carried the aura of wild and turbulent waves that were strong enough to move mountains and sink an island, destroyed the remaining four tombstones!

“The fourth sound of the Seven Sounds, the Sound of Thousands of Swords!”

Zheng

When he played this melody, a magical sound conjured one million rays of sword light which plunged towards Ning Fan, drowning the latter in a sea of swords.

Ximen Ye’s magical melodies were crafty and hard to repel. Each of the melodies was able to break unique techniques.

As he saw Ning Fan being buried under the sea of swords, Ximen Ye let out a cold snort. He then said in a disdainful tone.

“You could only withstand four of my magical sounds? It seems like there’s no need for me to use the three remaining sounds.”

“Are you done blabbering?”

A cold chuckle was heard under the sea of swords.

He would admit that the art of the Seven Sounds that Ximen Ye displayed was indeed unique. However, it seemed to be a little too early to say that he could kill him with it.

If anyone could see through the one million rays of sword light, they would be able to witness an extraordinary sight.

As the magical melody resounded, the one million swords that the melody transformed gathered and became nine streams of swords. Ning Fan stood composedly above the streams of the river. There were multiple rays of sword light flying past along his skin every second. However, none of them dared to pierce through him.

This magical sound might be strong, but it did not contain a sword intent.

On the other hand, Ning Fan's sword intent was the Immortal Entrapping Sword Intent which had attained the Large Accomplishment. It was the greatest sword intent of all kinds of swords. With this sword intent, how would the sword qi of an ordinary sword cultivator dare to hurt him?!

Ning Fan gently lifted one of his fingers which seemed to carry an unimaginable power that could wipe out everything and cause a stir in the heavens.

When he pointed it, the world within the heavenly dwelling space trembled. Mountains collapsed. The land cracked. The sky shattered.

“Heaven Breaking Sword Finger – the first and second stage!”

Amidst the destruction of heaven and earth, a blinding sword light shot out from his finger turned into one million rays of sword light which he then stretched into one million sword threads.

Threads of swords filled the sky. The swords that were conjured by the melody disintegrated. When Ximen Ye saw Ning Fan whose body was coiled with sword threads, his cold eyes widened with surprise. He then summoned darkness that wrapped around his body.

Without any hesitation, he cast his guzheng aside and ran!

At the next moment, one million sword threads bombarded Ximen Ye's direction. Heaven and earth was turned into a place as awful as a purgatory.

Under the barrage of the sword threads, the guzheng which was condensed using void power was immediately broken. Ximen Ye's physical body was shredded to blood mist and he disappeared without leaving a shadow.

Ten breaths later, the sword threads faded. Above the ruins, a ball of black light condensed and Ximen Ye reappeared. His physical body had reformed. Doubtlessly, it was the Indestructible Body of Incarnation Technique!

Chapter 379.2 Zhou... Zhou

Even though Ximen Ye was able to resist Ning Fan's Sword Finger technique with his incarnation, he still suffered a great deal of damage. Amazement filled his eyes for the very first time.

"Sword Finger! You actually have the Sword Finger inheritance from the Sword Ancestor!"

It was really beyond Ximen Ye's expectations that his Art of Seven Sounds which allowed him to defeat all of his rivals in the same cultivation realm as him would be destroyed by Ning Fan with just a single finger.

Besides, he had never imagined that the number of secret arts that Ning Fan had was not any lesser than him who was a prodigy of an aristocratic family.

"Ximen Ye, continue to fight me!"

Ning Fan kept both of his swords. Even though his whole body was stained with blood, his robes remained intact.

On the other hand, although Ximen Ye did not have any external injuries after he withstood Ning Fan's attack using his incarnation, his robes were tattered and he looked worn out.

Ximen Ye had used his incarnation which was the incarnation of night. Ning Fan made a step forward. His body gave out masses of black qi and turned dark like concentrated black ink, gradually becoming illusory.

When Ximen Ye saw what was happening to Ning Fan, his pride was crushed!

The thing that made him proud the most was that he managed to comprehend the Incarnation Technique and constructed his incarnation of night when he was just at the Void Refinement Realm.

Ning Fan, however, was able to use the Incarnation Technique while he was at the Divine Transformation Realm. It immediately made Ximen Ye feel that his achievement was rather insignificant.

“Ximen Ye, continue to fight me!”

Ning Fan had grown tired of showy and stylish techniques. He stepped forward and disappeared into black smoke with a puff. In the next second, he was already right in front of Ximen Ye, swinging his fists.

Ximen Ye was also enraged. His cultivation realm was obviously higher than Ning Fan’s but he was surpassed by the latter in almost every aspect. He disliked this feeling!

“Zhou Ming! You certainly can’t be my opponent!”

Rumble

Abandoning all kinds of fashionable techniques, the both of them battled against each other with only their fists.

Both of them were cultivators with the Jade Life Body Refining Realm. Each of their punches and kicks carried force that could break mountains and lands.

While alternating between striking and guarding, Ximen Ye conjured a giant black sword with his void power. He wielded it and cut the sky in half, suppressing Ning Fan with his mighty strength.

While alternating between charging and dodging, golden purple mist coiled around Ning Fan's body. Wherever the mist passed by, the giant sword would be eroded and disintegrate. Even Ximen Ye could not avoid suffering serious damage from this.

Both of them revealed their incarnations. Even though they used their incarnations to receive most of the damage during their fight, they were still unable to avoid being wounded.

This kind of hand-to-hand combat lasted for an entire day. During the first few hours, Ning Fan's body techniques were inferior to Ximen Ye's. Thus, he did not go on the offense a lot and only played defensively most of the time.

In the following few hours, Ximen Ye's injuries got more severe and his strength weakened. Ning Fan, on the other hand, was as spirited as a dragon and as fierce as a tiger. Each of his punches was powerful!

Ximen Ye finally realized why Ning Fan's courage went up as the battle progressed.

It was because Ning Fan's incarnation had already reached the state where it could heal itself while his own incarnation was still at the initial stage.

Currently, Ning Fan was covered in blood from head to toe. However, he did not seem to recognize pain. He continued to throw his fists, just like an insane devil who could annihilate the world.

With a single step, his incarnation dispersed. With another step, his body recondensed.

In between the dispersal and recondensation, he carried the spirit of the saying which goes: It's better to be a shard of jade than a whole tile. As he continued to battle on, his body refining realm which was on the verge of achieving the next breakthrough had finally broken through!

Now, his Jade Life Body Refining Realm had advanced to the Fourth Level from the peak of the Third Level. All it took was just a bloody physical battle with Ximen Ye!

Bang

The force of Ning Fan's punches grew stronger for every punch he unleashed . To Ximen Ye's surprise, his strength was completely at a disadvantage.

It wasn't merely because his strength had been greatly depleted or he lacked a self-healing ability like Ning Fan, but also because Ning Fan had broken through the bottleneck of his body refining realm during the battle!

Seeing Ning Fan's punches which got stronger to the point where his incarnation could barely defend himself against his punches, Ximen Ye's eyes turned grim. He had no choice but to admit that he had lost to Ning Fan once more in a prolonged physical combat!

For the first time, he began to contemplate.

If Ning Fan breaks through to the Void Refinement Realm, how strong and powerful would he be?!

If Ning Fan attains the First Heavenly Layer of the Void Fragmentation Realm, would he, Ximen Ye, be able to become Ning Fan's rival?!

He did not have a clear answer!

For the first time, Ximen Ye who had always been arrogant and proud failed to see any hope of winning against Ning Fan!

Rumble

Just as he was distracted by his own thoughts, Ning Fan hurled one of his punches towards him, hitting him right on his chest.

The strength of Ning Fan's punch gave him a wrong impression. The pain was extremely excruciating as if he had been slammed by a ten thousand zhang* (3.33m per zhang) tall mountain.

His 24 ribs were all broken by this punch.

His original body was beaten out of his incarnation which was surrounded by darkness.

This is bad.

Fresh blood violently gushed out from his mouth. He knew that he had already shown signs of losing when he was caught off guard earlier.

However, it was not anybody else's fault but his own as he lost his composure and focus in the middle of a battle!

Dong *Dong* *Dong*

Heavy and vigorous punches landed consecutively on his chest. This time, his broken bones and internal organs were pulverized altogether. Even though his physical body was at the Peak Jade Life Body Refining Realm, he was completely mutilated.

The bones and tendons of his whole body were like a rack that had broken into pieces. He could no longer move a single muscle on his limbs.

Ning Fan lifted his leg and stomped on him with an imposing manner, sending him crashing into the ground from midair.

Mercilessly, he turned into a ray of lightning which flashed to the ground and made another stomp on Ximen Ye's chest. The force of his foot broke all of the latter's defenses!

Boom

After that, the broken sky within the heavenly dwelling space shattered. Within the southern tower, two men whose robes were soaked in blood appeared.

Ximen Ye was already so badly beaten up that he fell on the ground with a thump. His eyes were filled with resentment.

As for Ning Fan, he stepped on Ximen Ye's dantian with his foot that was stained with pieces of flesh. As long as he exerted enough force, the latter's clone would certainly die!

Hiss

Every Divine Transformation Realm cultivator in the southern tower was filled with disbelief. None of them batted their eyes as every single one of them was completely stunned by what they had seen.

They originally thought that it would take just a matter of seconds for Ximen Ye to get rid of Ning Fan with his superior capabilities. However, the victor and loser of the fight was only determined after an entire day. It was enough to show how difficult the battle was and that the both of them were almost on par with each other.

The cultivators of the Ximen Family already found it difficult to believe that the battle would actually take such a long time.

However, what filled them with even more disbelief was that their dignified 'Emperor Xi', Ximen Ye, would be in such a terrible state after the fight. He was now like a half-dead dog being trampled upon on the ground by Ning Fan.

A gust of cold wind blew across the hall.

Ning Fan's eyes were bloodshot. He was already in a frenzy. He did not even conceal any of his baleful qi. With just a single glance, the cultivators of the Ximen Family retreated in unison. Some of them even had their jaws clattering in fear. To them, he was just like an invincible ferocious beast.

What kind of aura was that? It even carried the pride of defeating Ximen Ye!

“Don’t hurt my lord!”

“Impudent! How dare you hurt my Young Master Emperor Xi?! If you ascend to the Northern Heaven in the future, you will certainly be hunted down by our entire Ximen Aristocratic Family!”

The cultivators of the Ximen Family gradually recovered from the shock and began to spit harsh words and threatened Ning Fan, trying to save Ximen Ye.

However, no one there was bold enough to step forward and fight against Ning Fan. The current him was just too terrifying!

“S-Shut up! Get lost! Everybody, get lost!”

Ximen Ye kept coughing out blood while he was beneath Ning Fan’s foot. He could not accept the fact that he had lost to him. He could not accept that his subordinates whom he despised would use the most low-class method – threatening others to save him.

In the past, he was the one who trampled upon others. There was never once he was under anybody’s foot!

He was discontented. However, he was unwilling to rely on the Ximen Aristocratic Family to oppress Ning Fan!

He wanted to wait. He wanted to wait until the day when Ning Fan truly attains the Void Fragmentation Realm and defeat him to clear himself of all of the shame and humiliation that he suffered today. Otherwise, this humiliation would haunt him for the rest of his life!

“Ximen Ye, you’ve lost.” Ning Fan’s tone was flat and his words were simple but they made Ximen Ye unable to refute them.

Ning Fan could have crushed Ximen Ye with his foot. However, the latter did not use any Void Fragmentation Realm divine ability to suppress Ning Fan from the beginning until the end of the fight.

He only used his Half-Step Void Refinement Realm strength. Therefore, Ning Fan did not take the life of his clone.

“Why didn’t you kill me?! Why?! The loser should die!”

The fact that Ning Fan did not kill him was indeed much more humiliating.

He mustered up whatever strength he had left and forcefully moved his palm and slammed it on his forehead!

The body of his clone then disintegrated. After all, he was more willing to die than be humiliated.

“Zhou Ming! Today, you humiliated me. I will remember this. You are my only target. I won’t hurt any innocents. I, Ximen Ye, am a person who keeps his words. As promised, Bei Xiaoman is yours! However, if you dare to lay a finger on my subordinates, I will certainly make you pay for it and make sure that you regret it. Mark my words!”

“Humph!”

Ning Fan let out a cold snort. Before this Ximen Ye ‘died’, he still wanted to displease Ning Fan by threatening him. It was indeed loathsome.

From the start, he did not harbor the thought of eradicating the cultivators of the Ximen Family. If this group of cultivators are killed in the Rain World, it would then be a serious matter.

Besides, this battle was just a personal grudge between Ximen Ye and Ning Fan. It had nothing to do with this group of Divine Transformation Realm cultivators at all.

“Get lost!”

Ning Fan bellowed coldly. The 48 Divine Transformation Realm cultivators of the Ximen Family almost jumped out of their skin and hurriedly left, returning to the Northern Heaven.

Chapter 379.3 Zhou... Zhou

All of a sudden, there were only Ning Fan, Bei Xiaoman, Lu Qing and Stone Warrior left in the main hall.

"I hope I'm not dreaming... Fellow Daoist Zhou actually defeated the clone of Emperor Xi. That is to say, Fellow Daoist Zhou already has the capability to put up a fight against a Void Refinement Realm expert if Fellow Daoist Zhou goes all-out! *Clicks tongue* If this matter were to be known, I suppose it will greatly astonish the Endless Sea." Lu Qing praised incessantly.

"I would like this matter to remain as a secret..." Ning Fan shook his head. This time, the incident was related to Bei Xiaoman's marriage contract, the Lost World Palace and the Ximen Aristocratic Family. If it were to be spread, it would certainly taint the reputation of the Ximen Aristocratic Family.

Although Ximen Ye might tolerate having his marriage partner being taken away by an insignificant being of the mortal world, the Ximen Aristocratic Family might react otherwise.

The current Ning Fan was still unable to bear the wrath of the entire Ximen Aristocratic Family... He was still too weak. After defeating Ximen Ye, he did not feel the slightest hint of joy. All he did was laugh mockingly at himself.

The person he had defeated was just Ximen Ye's clone. If Ximen Ye comes with his true body, Ning Fan would probably not even have the chance to retaliate when faced with his Void Fragmentation Realm strength.

"The difference between me and a true prodigy is too vast... Unless I attain the Void Fragmentation Realm..."

Ning Fan shook his head. From now on, he would no longer call himself a genius or a prodigy. There were still too many people who were stronger than him.

"Zhou Ming, are you alright? Why did you bleed so much?!"

“I’m fine. I’m just a little dizzy. I probably lost too much blood...”

Ning Fan looked at Bei Xiaoman who still had tear stains on her face and felt his heart soften. This time, he did not smile anymore.

It was beyond logic and above reason that Bei Xiaoman would actually shed tears for him.

Pak

Ning Fan’s mind went blank and his vision turned white. Then, he passed out just like that and fell right towards Bei Xiaoman.

Before he lost his consciousness, he had two thoughts in his mind.

Firstly, Ximen Ye was a strong opponent.

Secondly, the place where he fell was truly soft and tender although it was not too ample...

Bei Xiaoman was at a loss of what to do next. When she saw Ning Fan faint, her face paled from being too worried.

However, when Ning Fan collapsed into her arms, only then did she feel that he was still actually breathing.

The reason why he would pass out was due to him losing a lot of blood and exhaustion...

“Detestable! Stinky Zhou Ming! Since you are not dead, why are you trying to scare me? You are really detestable!”

“Get your dirty face off of me! You are leaning against my... my...”

Bei Xiaoman's face turned red. Ning Fan was really good at falling where he should by shoving his head onto her chest.

Did he do it on purpose?

However, Bei Xiaoman did not dare to irresponsibly throw Ning Fan on the ground and ignore him since his injuries were not minor. The only thing she could do was to let him bury his head in her chest, greedily breathing in her fragrance.

"Mistress, Revered Ming's injuries are too serious. From my perspective, he must be treated immediately..." Stone Warrior advised.

After all, he had a friendly relationship with Ning Fan. Besides, if it wasn't for Ning Fan, Bei Xiaoman would certainly have been captured and brought back to the Northern Heaven this time.

Thus, he was unwilling to see any accidents to befall him.

"Mm. I know. I'll treat him. I have something that I haven't finished using..."

Bei Xiaoman clenched her teeth. Actually, her scarlet dragon had yet to be completely severed. She had only managed to cut off half of it using up only half of the black crystal that her mother gave her.

The other half of the crystal was naturally precious to her. However, compared to healing Ning Fan's wounds, her scarlet dragon did not seem to be something significant.

"Fine. I will figure out how to deal with my scarlet dragon later. Now, I have to make this Stinky Zhou Ming regain his consciousness! Humph! He is my human cauldron. If he dies just like this, then I will suffer a loss!"

Bei Xiaoman carried Ning Fan with her petite body and walked to the top floor of the southern tower.

That floor was her boudoir.

In the Ximen Aristocratic Family of the Northern Heaven.

Within a stone chamber, Ximen Ye was in the middle of understanding the next bottleneck of his cultivation realm by meditating. Outside the chamber, countless cultivators were patiently and respectfully waiting for him.

Among the cultivators who were waiting for him, there was even the head of the Ximen Aristocratic Family, Ximen Feng!

He was a True Immortal Realm old monster and also the father of Ximen Ye.

Looking at the entrance of the stone chamber, the eyes of Ximen Ye's father were filled with pride and contentment. He had nine sons in total and Ximen Ye was doubtlessly the most outstanding one. Moreover, Ximen Ye had even become one of the Four Sons of the Northern Heaven and people even addressed him as Emperor Xi.

It was conceivable that tens of thousands of years later, Ximen Ye would definitely be the next True Immortal Realm expert in the family, the next head of the Ximen Aristocratic Family.

"Hehe. Master really has a great son, just like the saying which goes: A tiger father will not beget a dog son. Young Master Ye has already attained the Void Fragmentation Realm at just two thousand years old. In the entire Northern Heaven, he is one of very few prodigies.

"You flatter me." Ximen Feng nodded his head with pleasure. He felt deeply satisfied by the compliments and praises from everyone.

"I heard that Young Master Ye has split a part of his soul and descended to the mortal world to seize the fourth mistress of the Lost World Palace. Will something happen down there?"

"My son has just descended onto the Rain World. What kind of thing will happen to him?" Ximen Feng replied with a displeased tone.

“No no no. Master has misunderstood my words. What I meant is whether something will happen to the others there or not. Not Young Master Ye. I’m just worried that too many people will perish by Young Master Ye’s hands as he is too strong. How could anything happen to him...?”

“Haha! Well said. Only the people there will probably meet some problems or mishaps. How could my son face any problems? It doesn’t matter how many people of the Rain World die. They are merely ants of the mortal world. As long as Ye Er (Ye Er 夜儿 is an affectionate way to call Ximen Ye which his father uses) is happy, he can simply kill as many as he wants.” Ximen Feng casually spoke.

Boom

In the midst of their conversation, the stone chamber suddenly gave out a loud bang. The door of the chamber broke into pieces!

In the middle of the stone fragments and thick dust, Ximen Ye walked out of the chamber wearing a set of black robes. A stream of fresh blood could be seen flowing from a corner of his mouth. His eyes were also cold. When he had walked three steps away from the stone chamber, he suddenly coughed out blood violently and one of his knees fell to the ground.

That shocked countless cultivators of the Ximen Aristocratic Family.

“What happened?! Could it be that Young Master Ye has failed in comprehending his bottleneck?! But it is impossible to cause such a serious backlash on him. Why would Young Master Ye suffer such grievous injuries?!”

“Shut up! Ye Er wasn’t wounded by anybody but himself!”

Ximen Feng’s eyes shone with a cold light. He clearly noticed the palm imprint on Ximen Ye’s forehead. It could not be wrong. That palm imprint was left by the Great Void Palm, the unique technique of the Ximen Family which was inherited from generation to generation.

Judging from the palm imprint, it was not directly struck on his forehead but his separated soul which caused his true body to be injured.

According to Ximen Feng's experience throughout his years of cultivation, he knew at first glance that the reason why Ximen Ye wounded himself was because something had happened to his clone in the mortal world which forced him to destroy his own separated soul.

He then spread his spirit sense and scanned across the ancestral shrine. After discovering that none of the life plates of the cultivators who followed Ximen Ye to the mortal world was broken, he felt rather curious.

Could it be that Ximen Ye has lost a fight against someone else and destroyed his own separated soul out of embarrassment?

This is the only possible explanation. Otherwise, it would be impossible for the 48 Divine Transformation Realm cultivators who were sent to protect him to take no action when he was hurt. They would have fought his enemy to death before he was even wounded.

As the saying goes, no one understands one's son better than his own father. Ximen Feng had already figured out what had mainly happened to his son.

"Was your clone defeated by a Void Refinement Realm expert?" Ximen Feng inwardly sighed. If Ximen Ye's Divine Transformation Realm clone lost to a Void Refinement Realm cultivator, he still had his ways to console him.

"No. He is... a Peak Divine Transformation Realm cultivator..." Ximen Ye said grudgingly. After his clone died, all of its memories were transferred back to his main body using a strange ability.

"What?! You, a Half-Step Void Refinement Realm clone, lost to a Peak Divine Transformation Realm cultivator of the mortal world? How is that possible?!" Ximen Feng's expression was filled with surprise. He, of course, knew the potential and capabilities of his own son very well. There was not a Divine Transformation Realm cultivator of the Northern Heaven who could defeat Ximen Ye's clone, much less the mortal world.

However, when he saw the resentful look on Ximen Ye's face, he knew that his son was not lying. If he did not lose to a person who had a lower cultivation realm than him, he would definitely not harbor such resentment.

“Who was he? Do you need Father to send people after him...?”

“No need. I want to wait for him to attain the Void Fragmentation Realm and then I will fight him once more! His name is Zhou... Ming...”

Ximen Ye clenched his teeth in hatred. Then, his vision went white and he passed out on the ground.

On the same day, the Ximen Aristocratic Family boiled in anger because of a single person – Zhou Ming!

However, Ximen Feng kept to Ximen Ye’s words and did not send anyone to the mortal world to hunt Ning Fan down.

He understood his own son.

Ximen Ye was too arrogant. He had to fight Ning Fan fair and square and destroy him with his own hands. Otherwise, everything would be meaningless to him.

Countless cultivators of the Ximen Family discussed animatedly among themselves. The topic of their discussions was naturally the defeat of Ximen Ye’s clone.

“At first, there is an outstanding person called Lu Bei in the Rain World. Now, there is Zhou Ming... Apparently, there are several extraordinary cultivators among the geniuses of the mortal world.

“Even Emperor Xi was also defeated by a genius of the mortal world. *clicks tongue* This Zhou Ming is really terrifying. If he has another one thousand years, perhaps he will really become a person of renown...”

Chapter 380.1 Bei Xiaoman, You Are Playing with Fire!

From the time he passed out, Ning Fan remained asleep for several days.

Since he had the natal stars within his body to heal him, he recovered relatively quickly. However, the long drawn-out difficult battle this time had really exhausted him both mentally and physically, causing him to not wake up after so many days.

During these days, Bei Xiaoman was the only person who took care of him.

She retired nearly all of her maidservants and asked only one or two of them to grind pills and feed him medicines.

No outsiders were allowed to enter his resting place without exception. Only Ya Lan was personally permitted by Bei Xiaoman to visit Ning Fan.

The fight between Ning Fan and Ximen Ye nearly shook the entire Northern Heaven. This battle was much more shocking than Lu Bei killing Zi Chuan and Lin Su because the person who was defeated this time was not just any ordinary genius but Emperor Xi!

Ning Fan had only defeated Emperor Xi's clone, but was Emperor Xi's clone the same as other Divine Transformation Realm cultivators? It was a clone that perfectly replicated all of Emperor Xi's capabilities when he was at the Divine Transformation Realm. To some extent, this clone was much stronger than the Divine Transformation Realm Emperor Xi as it had combat experience of a Void Fragmentation Realm expert.

However, a clone like that was defeated. What made it more surprising was that he was defeated by a cultivator of the mortal world who had a weaker cultivation base.

All of a sudden, the name of Zhou Ming from the Rain World was even more widely spread than that of Lu Bei from the Rain World.

Sadly, no one knew that the two seemingly different cultivators were the same individual.

Compared to the stir in the Northern Heaven, it was much more low-key in Penglai Immortal Island. Moreover, not many knew that Ning Fan had already left the Lost World Tower and returned to Penglai.

Under Ning Fan's suggestion, Lu Qing and Stone Warrior did not dare to leak out the news of Emperor Xi's defeat.

Firstly, Ning Fan was unwilling to cause any more trouble because of this matter.

Secondly, he did not feel proud of himself after defeating a clone. In stark contrast, he was even more aware of the difference between him and Emperor Xi.

While fighting Ximen Ye's clone, he still went through such a difficult battle. If he were to really face his true body, he would probably not survive a single round.

The outcome of the difficult battle was him breaking through the bottleneck of the Fourth Level of Jade Life Body Refinement Realm.

While he was in deep slumber, his body was stabilizing its newly obtained body refinement realm.

However, his sleeping posture was certainly offensive to one's eyes.

When Ning Fan was brought to the room, his bloodied robes were taken off by Bei Xiaoman. In addition to that, she even personally bathed him and attended to him with care.

An arrogant and disdainful lady like Bei Xiaoman actually did chores that are usually done by maidservants. Well, Ning Fan definitely had no idea about whatever she had done since he was still unconscious.

If Bei Xiaoman's sisters were here and saw what she was doing, they would certainly be so surprised that their eyeballs would pop out from their sockets.

In her boudoir, Bei Xiaoman held a wet towel in her hand and wrung it dry. She wanted to help Ning Fan clean his back.

She blushed from shyness with a young appearance which seemed to be similar to a thirteen or fourteen years old girl. With her identity, it was impossible for her to touch a man's body. However, she had been helping Ning Fan clean himself recently. It was indeed rare.

Ning Fan who remained asleep looked just like an ordinary young man. His thick brows gave him a heroic look and his physique that was rather scrawny made him look weak and powerless.

Bei Xiaoman boldly touched his bare chest. She then touched her own breasts and gently grumbled.

“How can you still dare to say that my chest is flat? Yours is the flattest... Among those who cultivate the Dao, there isn't anyone who is as skinny as you. If someone does not know about you, they might even think that you are someone else's boy toy... Indeed. You are originally a boy toy. You are my kept man!”

“It is a reward, an act of kindness when the master helps her servant wipe his body. You must be thankful for my kindness. Hmph. If it wasn't because you were injured because of me, I would never have cleaned you even if I have to clean a dog instead.”

“In normal times, he always wore a fierce and hideous expression. But how could he look so charming while he is sleeping. This stinky Zhou Ming really deserves to die...”

Bei Xiaoman muttered to herself and occasionally spat out some curses. Even so, her hands were still carefully scrubbing Ning Fan's body.

She was still fine with cleaning his upper body. As for his lower body... The part where Bei Xiaoman was the most reluctant to scrub was the stiff hot thing.

That thing was flaccid just a moment ago. However, whenever Bei Xiaoman endured her embarrassment and cleaned that thing with her soft and silky hand, it would immediately enlarge and stand erect...

There was one time where she was bending over in front of the bed to help him scrub his body and that thing suddenly stood erect and hit Bei Xiaoman right in her face. A weird 'pa' sound was heard...

At that moment, Bei Xiaoman blew her top and she nearly had the urge of cutting off that thing with a pair of scissors.

It was a shame, a great shame! She, Bei Xiaoman, was hit by a man's thing right in her face. If anyone finds out about it, she would not want to live anymore!

“You must have done it on purpose! Detestable, DETESTABLE!”

Bei Xiaoman held the wet towel in her hands and began scrubbing Ning Fan's legs. Finally, she still could not avoid cleaning that thing.

She gulped, clenched her teeth and shut her eyes. Then, she placed her hands on that thing, gently rubbing against it.

Somehow, every time she touched that thing, her body would burn hot and a tingling sensation would run across her body. It would give her an extremely intolerable feeling.

Her mind seemed to be running like a trotting horse lamp as she began to recall the memories she had with Ning Fan from the day they met.

During their first meeting, Ning Fan's body was full of injuries. He was a cultivator who had just achieved the Harmonious Spirit Realm and he claimed to be a Fifth Revolution Pill Master, insisting to enter the fifth floor of the Lost World Tower to train.

Bei Xiaoman gave him a little test by asking him to pick up her shoe from the flames and help her wear it.

At that time, Ning Fan was really gentle. Despite being a man, he was unwilling to bow and help a lady wear her shoe. Bei Xiaoman could not help but admit that Ning Fan gave her a unique impression. From that moment onwards, she saw him as a man who was completely different from the rest. Even though she had yet to take a liking to him, she could not avoid paying more attention to him.

After that, she silently followed him. It was then that he deliberately showed her a live erotic scene which shattered her Heart of Dao.

Moreover, he eventually seized her guardian, Stone Warrior, making her shed tears for countless days.

What she hated the most was that he even seized her Yuan Yao Jade and harassed her private part, recording her pleased look with a jade slip...

And he had also pinched her cheeks.

When she recalled these encounters where she was being bullied by him, a bit of anger rose within her. Her hands which were rubbing against that erect thing squeezed it ruthlessly.

As she recollected her memories, she lost track of time. She did not realize how many times she had rubbed the thing with her hands.

Finally, she tightened her grip around that thing to vent out her displeasure, creating the greatest stimulation on that thing.

Chi

All of a sudden, a gush of viscous white liquid squirted out from its tip. Before Bei Xiaoman could even react, her face had been smeared with something filthy.

A bit of the liquid had even entered her mouth. Well, who asked Bei Xiaoman to be so engrossed in cursing him that she forgot to close her mouth.

She licked her lips. Afterwards, she was petrified. That liquid tasted a bit salty and raw but when she smelled it, she felt her body turn soft and hot...

Unexpectedly, she swallowed that liquid. At the next moment, she suddenly realized what that was.

“T-This is Zhou Ming’s... Zhou Ming’s...”

“Stinky Zhou Ming! You stinky bastard! You are impudent, filthy!”

Bei Xiaoman was so angry that she nearly cried.

To her, Ning Fan was just an extremely irritating person. He did not forget to bully her even while sleeping.

Looking at the stiff hot rod which had turned flaccid after what she had done, Bei Xiaoman really wanted to cut it off and destroy Ning Fan’s tool for dual cultivation.

However, when her gaze shifted upwards, she suddenly noticed his satisfied expression as if he had had a good dream. Then, something dawned on her.

“Was it very comfortable when I did that to him...?”

Bei Xiaoman could not help but remember the time when her period went out of control. If it wasn’t for him, she would have already died.

During that time, he used an extremely shameless method to ease her pain by continuously fondling her lower part.

It might be extremely embarrassing at that time, but when she recalled the feeling during that incident and even after that, she always felt lost.

When Ning Fan touched her on that day, she felt really comfortable. It was a feeling of bliss and comfort that could not be described with words.

Bei Xiaoman had never masturbated before. She only tried it once in her entire lifetime and it was during the time she was unconscious.

It could be said to be her first time. Even though the process was embarrassing, the feeling of it was not bad.

“Hmph! I had thought only I would feel comfortable after being touched. So it turns out that you, the notorious Devil Lord Zhou, will also feel comfortable too. You aren’t that strong after all, are you?”

Bei Xiaoman had a sense of fairness within her now. In the past, she had been molested by Ning Fan once. Now, the perpetrator was asleep. She could return the favor and record the process with a few jade slips...

Snort If you dare to disobey me in the future, I will then produce one hundred copies or even one thousand copies and give it to each of the old monsters who come to the Lost World Tower and let them witness the mighty Zhou Ming’s embarrassing moment.

Bei Xiaoman snorted with pleasure. She finally had the chance to take her revenge on Ning Fan.

She pulled the hair on her temples behind her ears and took out her shoes. After that, she got on his bed and casually wiped off the filthy stains on her face using his white robes.

Bei Xiaoman felt a great sense of achievement after she used Ning Fan’s clothes as a rag.

After roughly cleaning him, she took out a few jade slips and began recording the scene. She wanted to record how she taught him a lesson, just like what he did to her as the saying goes: Serving somebody with the same sauce.

Enduring her shyness, she once again placed her hands on that thing and began fondling it.

Her eyes which were originally tranquil gradually began to turn lustful after touching that thing.

She caused that thing to spill viscous white liquid several times. It was a fun activity that awfully excited her. She had imprinted seventeen jade slips in total and every one of them was of how Ning Fan was humiliated.

She alternated between her two delicate hands which gradually became numb.

Then, she decided to sit on the side of the bed and used her legs which had red silk stockings to clamp the erected rod in between and began rubbing against it.

The scene was exciting. It was absolutely intolerable to the eye.

As she stroked the hot rod with her legs, her breathing became faster and heavier by the second. Her chest rose and fell rapidly and a small amount of lustrous creamy liquid which gave off a hint of fragrance flowed out from between her thighs. A strange feeling began to overcome her.

Well, there was no other reason for that. Her legs were the most sensitive parts of her body. She loved others praising her legs.

Before Ning Fan's thing grew stiff, her body had been deprived of strength. An immense sexual urge swelled within her and her eyes turned hazy.

She looked over her shoulders and saw Ning Fan was still asleep. Then, she silently called him a lazy pig. However, she was still filled with nervousness.

She slipped her hands into the bottom of her short skirt, touching her smooth and wet private part.

“Hmph. Since this stinky bastard is not going to wake up any sooner, what's wrong in having some ‘fun’ with him?!”

“Who asked him to keep on bullying me in the past? I shall now repay the favor!”

Chapter 380.2 Bei Xiaoman, You Are Playing with Fire!

Ning Fan had a nightmare.

He had dreamed of a sex demoness who raped him tens of times in a single night. This kind of dream was literally unimaginable to Ning Fan who was a devil lord who practiced dual cultivation.

He gently opened his eyes and felt that his head was dizzy and heavy. When he sensed that his body was not even covered with a single piece of cloth, he could not help but laugh wryly.

Why would I be stripped naked after I passed out?

Suddenly, a weird and vague smell assailed his nostrils. It was a unique smell that could only be found when a male and female have sex.

Ning Fan's eyes glanced sideways and immediately caught sight of something that nearly caused him to puke blood.

Bei Xiaoman was masturbating and using her delicate legs to fondle his 'little brother'...

There were more than ten jade slips scattered around the bed. A chill ran down his spine. He could imagine Bei Xiaoman secretly recording his naked body.

"Why does this little lady have such a repulsive hobby...? I never noticed this part of her before..."

To Ning Fan who was a man that had high self-esteem, being violated by a lady during his sleep seventeen to eighteen times was certainly a humiliation.

However, when he saw Bei Xiaoman sparing no effort in pleasing him, his lips curved upwards and formed into an unexplainable smile. He then decided to pretend to be still asleep.

From his stiff hot rod, he could vividly feel the tender soles of Bei Xiaoman's feet. Although her skin was covered by a thin layer of silk stockings, it gave Ning Fan a strange feeling that he had never experienced before.

He could not refrain from admiring Bei Xiaoman's imagination. Unfortunately, she was born as a woman in her current life. If she were a man, then she would definitely be a dual-cultivation practitioner that has countless unpredictable styles.

"En... En... Stinky Zhou Ming, who asked you to keep on bullying me? Wait and see how I play you to death! Humph!"

"Wuuu... It's really hot... Detestable! Even when you are asleep, you are still bullying me and made me do such an embarrassing thing..."

Bei Xiaoman grumbled and mumbled while Ning Fan was verbally attacked even though he was just motionlessly lying there.

He did not even complain or sought justice after Bei Xiaoman violated him eighteen times while he was asleep whereas the latter spoke as if she was the victim of the whole incident.

While he was pretending to be asleep, he deliberately moved his leg, as if he had done it unconsciously due to his dream.

However, when she saw Ning Fan's leg move, she was not scared at all. Instead, she inwardly muttered.

If he finds out that I have sexually violated him while he was asleep, I wonder what he would do to me.

"Humph! Still not awake yet? You're really a pig... En... Ahh... Stinky Zhou Ming! No, you can't. You can't lick here..."

Bei Xiaoman's cheeks flushed red. She gritted her teeth and blabbered something inexplicable. Perhaps it was related to Ning Fan.

Ning Fan spoke to himself.

This little lady seems to have deep emotions for me. Why didn't I notice it in the past?

Then, Ning Fan mischievously slid his palm towards Bei Xiaoman's tight butt. When she felt that her butt was being assaulted while she was masturbating, a jolt went across her body. She clasped the bedsheet tightly and lost control of her body...

A stream of liquid gushed out from her lower part like a clear spring which soaked the bedding.

Bei Xiaoman's face was as red as a tomato. Before the glowing redness of her face receded, she turned her head and petulantly looked at Ning Fan. Silently, she muttered to herself.

Why would he act so mischievously even though he is asleep? He just touched my butt and made me lose control...

"Fine... I am not going to punish you, considering that you have served me well. *Snort* I'm done playing with you today. I'm a little tired now and I want to rest..."

Bei Xiaoman's body was already loose as if she was floating like a cloud. Thus, she lied straight down beside Ning Fan without any hesitation and allowed her exhaustion to overwhelm her.

She had been taking care of Ning Fan without rest for the past few days. Even though she was a cultivator, it had mentally drained her because of her excessive worries for his safety, causing her to be extremely tired.

As soon as she had let loose of herself and masturbated, she lied down sluggishly beside Ning Fan and held him tight with her arms. Even though the part below her short skirt was a mess, she did not bother to clean it.

Her silk stockings were also stained with some viscous white liquid. That sight just seemed extremely suggestive.

She was really sleepy and her eyelids grew heavier and heavier. Ning Fan's smell made her feel safe and peaceful, inducing her to sleep...

Seeing that Bei Xiaoman had decided to sleep after she finished having fun with him, Ning Fan complained inwardly. He then opened his eyes and turned his head over, staring at her speechlessly. Currently, they were so close to each other that their faces nearly touched each other.

When she realized that Ning Fan was awake, her body hardened due to her nervousness.

Oh no! I have just finished 'playing' with him and I haven't even gotten rid of the evidence... Moreover, I am still half-naked...

Subconsciously, Bei Xiaoman wanted to run away. However, as soon as she got up, one of her arms was pulled by Ning Fan, causing her to fall back into his arms.

Ning Fan got up and pushed her to the bed, pushing her down.

"Z-Zhou Ming! When did you wake up?! Let go of me now! You're shameless! You're a pervert! What do you want to do to me?!" Bei Xiaoman was a little scared. She was just trying to take revenge on him by toying with him. However, she did not want to have her purity ruined by him.

"I simply want to return to you what you have done to me. I, Zhou Ming, never like suffering a loss. You should already know that." Ning Fan gave her a smile as he stared at the young lady below him like eyeing his prey.

"No. Don't! I haven't done anything to you at all. I'm telling the truth. I didn't do anything to you!" Bei Xiaoman began to speak incoherently.

"Are you sure that you haven't done anything? What is this...?" Ning Fan's fingers glided across Bei Xiaoman's slim waist, down to her outer thighs and into the most sensitive part between her thighs. When he bent his finger, it was immediately wet with a sticky and creamy fluid.

As she had just reached her climax not long ago, her private part was still very sensitive. When Ning Fan stroked that area, her body immediately softened like cotton and she let out a moan. Her breathing became chaotic again.

“En...”

Her tender moan seemed to have lit up the dark night.

Ning Fan withdrew the tip of his finger. He did not continue to fondle her. Bei Xiaoman could not help but feel a bit empty and disappointed.

Then, he placed the tip of his finger near Bei Xiaoman’s face and gave her a satisfied smile.

“What is this...?” Without giving Bei Xiaoman the chance to fabricate a lie, he directly pressed that finger on her lips.

An extremely embarrassing feeling rose within her. She stared at Ning Fan with anger and pushed him away with her weak hands, trying to get away from him.

“You’re a shameless, insolent pervert!”

While she was cursing him with her mouth, she was wriggling her waist, trying to retract her legs.

However, her silky straight legs which were wearing smooth silk stockings rubbed against Ning Fan’s ‘little brother’, giving him an inexplicable degree of stimulation.

His eyes were filled with a hint of lust. He was not a saint. Well, to be more accurate, he did not plan to act like a saint anymore after Bei Xiaoman violated him for more than ten times.

“Don’t move. Or else...” When Ning Fan felt his warm private part being rubbed between her thighs, he was instantly aroused.

“I want to move! What can you do to me, huh? Zhou Ming, let me tell you this. I have already imprinted more than ten jade slips of you. If you dare to touch me, I will...”

“Bei Xiaoman, you are playing with fire!” Ning Fan’s eyes were gradually filled with passion.

“So what if I am playing with fire? If you are capable enough, then try burning me to death... Uh...”

Bei Xiaoman retorted subconsciously. At the next moment, Ning Fan covered her lips with his.

Her mind buzzed and went blank. Ning Fan actually kissed her!

Instinctively, she kept her teeth tightly clenched, not allowing him to invade inside. However, when Ning Fan mischievously smacked her tight butt with one of his hands, she was startled and loosened the muscles on her jaw. Ning Fan then slid his tongue into her mouth, assailing her.

“Uh...Ummm...”

She felt herself close to being breathless and melting under his kiss. She finally realized that the ‘fire’ she was playing with this time was going to burn her...

In the past, she would dream of a nightmare for several nights. Within the nightmare, she would be humiliated by Ning Fan using different kinds of techniques.

Today, her nightmare seemed to have come true. However, she realized that she was not especially revolted by his action other than feeling a little scared and nervous.

Her breasts which were not very ample were grabbed and squeezed but she did not resist. Instead, she stretched out her arms and wrapped around his neck.

When her private part was being penetrated, she did not resist. Instead, she kept her eyes shut, waiting for the ‘violent rainstorm’ that was about to arrive.

“Bei Xiaoman, you are the one who lit the fire. Thus, you should be the one to extinguish...” Ning Fan straightened his hips, breaking through a thin layer within her.

Pain struck her, causing her tears to trickle down her cheeks. However, she became even more angry. Aggressively, she wrestled Ning Fan with strength that surged within her out of nowhere, pushing him down.

“Then let me extinguish it! Do you think I’m scared?! Don’t forget that you are now my cauldron. I am going to pluck you now and I will pluck to death! You are so irritating! How dare you penetrate me?!”

A stream of clear fluid mixed with a trace of blood flowed down her thighs.

An hour later, a rush of warmth exploded within her, filling up the gap inside her body...

Bei Xiaoman then fell on Ning Fan’s body wearily. The entirety of her delicate body was red like her lips. Her fragrant shoulders trembled uncontrollably. Her cheeks were also red like cherries and her eyes were teary.

“Bei Xiaoman, you have violated me eighteen times. Now, you still owe me seventeen times.” Ning Fan gave her a broad grin which seemed harmless and innocent.

“Hmph! Do you think I’m afraid of you?! Let me rest for a while. I will repay you in a moment! I really hate you! I especially hate you! I hate you to the marrow of my bones!”

The more Bei Xiaoman thought, the angrier she felt. She then bit Ning Fan’s shoulder. In a place where no one could see, her face was filled with hesitation, shyness and a hint of delight...

“Other than you, I won’t hate anyone else... No one could be more loathsome than you.” She spoke with a low tone that no one could barely hear.