

Grasping 842

Chapter 842: Her Bones!

The second round of the grand competition continued, and on the first day, not a single Tomb Guardian succeeded in passing the trial.

Among the 9 Tomb Guardians, the highest cultivation was at the Ghost Profound Late Stage, and none could pass the first five tombs.

The second day began, and only then did some Peak Ghost Profound Cultivators manage to pass the first five tombs.

Without Peak Ghost Profound cultivation, it was almost impossible to pass the fifth tomb and advance. According to Ning Fan's observations, to pass the fifth tomb, one needed at least nearly peak Ghost Profound cultivation.

By the seventeenth day, out of 174 Tomb Guardians, 125 had finished their tomb trials.

Of these 135 people, all had cultivations in the Life Immortal Realm, with only 27 advancing to the third round, most of them being at the Ghost Profound Peak, and few at the late-stage cultivators.

Even those at Ghost Profound Peak often could not get past the sixth tomb, and there were almost none who could pass the seventh tomb.

Among the 49 who had not yet attempted the tomb, apart from Ning Fan, all were Enlightenment Masters.

The first among these 49 to attempt the tomb was 'Blood Slave' Yuan Kuang.

"Yuan Family, Yuan Kuang!"

As Elder Yanx called Yuan Kuang's name, a bald strong man immediately stepped out from the crowd, it was Yuan Kuang.

As he walked out, the crowd's attention focused on him immediately from the high stages surrounding the venue.

Many old monsters had heard that Yuan Kuang had broken through the Initial Stage of Crossing Truth, and although his realm was not stable, it was nearly certain he'd break into the top fifty in this trial.

"The seventh tomb will be easy for Yuan Kuang, the eighth tomb a little difficult, but the ninth tomb is beyond his capability... I wonder if Yuan Kuang can pass the eighth tomb..."

Some old monsters murmured, while others quietly shifted their gaze toward Ning Fan.

They had heard that Ning Fan once repelled Yuan Kuang with a single sword strike...

"Brother Ning, I apologize for the offense I caused that day, I hope you'll forgive me!"

Yuan Kuang did not go directly to the tomb trial but first approached Ning Fan, solemnly apologizing.

He was apologizing for his past offensive remarks to Ning Fan at the Divine Tomb Market.

Ning Fan glanced slightly at Yuan Kuang and said indifferently, "I've forgotten about that incident."

"Brother Ning is magnanimous, Yuan Kuang is impressed! See you in the third round!"

Yuan Kuang cupped his fists in thanks, secretly relieved. He dared not offend Ning Fan now, fearing he might hold a grudge.

Seeing Ning Fan not bearing any grudges, Yuan Kuang felt the weight in his heart lift and immediately moved into the first tomb.

Three breaths later, Yuan Kuang passed the first tomb and without resting in the Tomb Palace, he directly used the Teleportation Formation to enter the second tomb.

Five breaths later, Yuan Kuang passed the second tomb and continued forward, passing the first six tombs before leaving the Tomb Palace for the first time, resting for the time of a joss stick.

Once the time was up, Yuan Kuang steadied himself and entered the seventh tomb, spending a hundred breaths before passing.

After resting, Yuan Kuang continued to the eighth tomb, where he stayed for two hours.

After two hours, divine light suddenly burst from the eighth tomb, and Yuan Kuang emerged from the Tomb Palace, covered in blood, too severely injured to attempt the ninth tomb.

Knowing it would be futile to continue, Yuan Kuang decisively abandoned the ninth tomb.

"Even with Yuan Kuang's cultivation, he could only pass the eighth tomb... Could I pass the twenty-fourth tomb..." Ning Fan's gaze turned serious.

There was a special rule in the second round: If any Tomb Guardian passed the twenty-fourth tomb, they would be instantly proclaimed the first in the tomb trial, ending the grand competition. The third round would be canceled, and all Tomb Guardians' rankings would be based on the results of the first two rounds!

Of course, if more than one person passed the twenty-fourth tomb, they would all be tied for first place.

This rule was included in the information provided by Wang Meng.

If possible, Ning Fan would naturally want to break through the twenty-four tombs and directly take the first place.

However, it seemed, with his current cultivation, his chances of passing the twenty-four tombs in one go were slim...

"Binding Shadow Sect, Qin Hong!"

As Elder Yanx's voice fell, Qin Kong's brother, Qin Hong, stepped out from the crowd.

Qin Hong looked unwell, although he defeated Luo Xuan and others, he also suffered significant injuries that hadn't healed, and with his cultivation declining, he had little confidence in passing the eighth tomb.

Indeed, after passing seven tombs in a row, Qin Hong finally stopped at the eighth tomb.

After Qin Hong, four more days passed. During these days, along with Yuan Kuang and Qin Hong, a total of 45 Initial Stage Crossing Truth Realm Tomb Guardians completed their trials.

Most of these 45 stopped at the eighth or ninth tomb, and only three managed to pass the ninth tomb, with their strength slightly inferior to Chen Xiao.

If Chen Xiao were still alive, he might have passed the tenth tomb.

Apart from Ning Fan, only three people hadn't attempted the tomb yet. One was Jun Changdong, whose cultivation revealed was Mid Stage of Receiving True.

The second was Fellow Daoist Xu, who occasionally glanced at Ning Fan with a hint of hostility.

The last was a female cultivator wearing a goose-yellow dress, also with the Mid Stage of Receiving True.

"Void Sect Disciple, Yue Han!"

As Elder Yanx's voice fell, Yue Han, the yellow-clad woman, gracefully stepped out.

As she passed by Ning Fan, she suddenly stopped, proudly saying to him, "I know a bit of the Dao Thought Technique too, it's nothing impressive."

After speaking, six moon-colored divine stars suddenly lit up between Yue Han's brows.

At the same time, ten cold light-exuding moon blades began to whirl around her with astonishing momentum.

"This is... the Tenth Blade? Celestial Maiden Yuehan's Moon Transformation Technique has been cultivated to the tenth level!"

"The tenth level! The highest realm! It's said that once the Moon Transformation Technique reaches the tenth level, it can integrate a trace of the Dao Thought force into the Divine Skill, transforming the Moon Transformation Technique into a Dao Thought Technique! In that case, Celestial Maiden Yuehan can also perform the Dao Thought Technique! Incredible!"

"What great talent this girl has! Although not a complete Dao Thought Technique, and not comparable to Thousand Autumn Ancestor, it's enough to be proud of!"

The arena was immediately abuzz with discussion.

The sounds were somewhat grating, causing Yuehan to frown slightly and withdraw the moon blades with a wave.

What did they mean she couldn't compare to Ning Fan... that wasn't what she wanted to hear.

Looking at Ning Fan again, the annoyance in her beautiful eyes grew even more.

Before the tomb competition, she had finally mastered the tenth level of the Moon Transformation Technique, incorporating a trace of Dao Thought into her Divine Skill.

She had hoped to amaze everyone at this tomb competition, but unexpectedly, Ning Fan had demonstrated the Dao Thought Technique first, shocking the entire arena.

Indeed, when she displayed her Dao Thought Technique to the crowd today, it simply couldn't stir much excitement...

They, they all chanted how she couldn't compare to Ning Fan... how infuriating!

"What does it matter to me whether the lady knows the Dao Thought Technique?" Ning Fan said expressionlessly.

"I just want to tell you that in the third round, I will defeat you! Whether it's you, Fellow Daoist Xu, or Jun Changdong, I will defeat you all!"

Yue Han threw a parting shot and continued toward the first tomb.

Ning Fan maintained a blank expression, as if he hadn't heard Yue Han's provocation at all.

Similar to Yuan Kuang and Yue Han, as long as the provocation was only verbal, Ning Fan wouldn't take it to heart.

Yue Han, indeed formidable, passed tombs one through nine without once leaving the Tomb Palace, and only spent twenty breaths passing the ninth tomb.

She spent just a hundred breaths to pass the tenth tomb, and after passing it, she finally left the Tomb Palace for a brief rest.

For the eleventh tomb, she took two hours to pass, emerging from the Tomb Palace with many injuries.

For the twelfth tomb, she took two hours to pass, emerging from the Tomb Palace with her yellow dress stained with blood.

Her aura was weak, yet she maintained a cold, proud demeanor, appearing as if arrogance was ingrained in her bones.

Even knowing that in her current state, she probably couldn't pass the thirteenth tomb, she still gritted her teeth and entered.

In the thirteenth tomb, she struggled for four hours but ultimately passed, at the cost of losing half an arm.

In the fourteenth tomb, she failed, yet the surrounding spectators let out countless exclamations of surprise.

"Thirteen tombs! The first-place finisher of the previous tomb competition only reached thirteen tombs in the second round!"

"Celestial Maiden Yuehan has a strong chance to take first in this tomb competition, having passed thirteen tombs!"

Having lost half an arm, Yuehan's face was pale without a trace of blood, yet she proudly cast a glance at Ning Fan.

The interval between the second and third rounds was three months, enough time for her to reconstruct her arm without affecting her performance in the third round.

"A bold woman indeed, losing an arm yet daring to challenge the fourteenth tomb..."

Ning Fan murmured calmly, but that was all, not considering Yuehan too significant.

His attention lay more on Fellow Daoist Xu.

When his name was called, Fellow Daoist Xu slowly stepped out, each step carrying an indescribable mystery.

Although not like Ning Fan who treads on the traces with each step, it was still a commendable 'step by step in alignment with the Dao.'

Naturally, after Ning Fan's stunning debut last time, this person's footwork did not cause much shock, at most just a few exclamations.

Walking to Ning Fan's side, Fellow Daoist Xu also stopped, looking coldly at Ning Fan, "I heard you killed Xu Nian?"

"And what if I did?" Ning Fan did not deny it.

That day, he killed Xu Nian in front of many masters from the Godly Void Pavilion, and the report of Xu Nian's death had probably long been sent back to the Godly Void Pavilion.

The other party directly asked, so denying it obviously had no meaning.

"I am Xu Nian's cousin and naturally should avenge him! You killed him, it was a fair duel. I will kill you in a fair duel as well! In the third round, I will personally kill you, so you can prepare well!"

Having said that, Fellow Daoist Xu stepped into the first tomb and ventured all the way to the eleventh tomb before exiting the tomb palace to rest.

The twelfth tomb, Fellow Daoist Xu took a hundred breaths to clear.

The thirteenth tomb, Fellow Daoist Xu took half an hour.

The fourteenth tomb, Fellow Daoist Xu took three hours.

The fifteenth tomb, Fellow Daoist Xu took six hours.

Fellow Daoist Xu did not attempt the sixteenth tomb, directly giving up, showing quite the decisiveness.

"He actually cleared fifteen tombs! Fellow Daoist Xu was absent in the last tomb challenge, did not participate. If he had, the first place might have changed hands!" Many old monsters on the four high platforms were shocked.

"I'll be waiting for you in the third round." Fellow Daoist Xu said coldly.

Though his voice was cold, it was an open challenge to Ning Fan.

Ning Fan's gaze narrowed, this Fellow Daoist Xu was a Mid Stage Enlightenment cultivator, but if he faced a Late Stage Enlightenment cultivator, he probably wouldn't lose.

Since this person had issued such an open challenge, Ning Fan naturally wouldn't refuse. If they met in the third round, then they would fight and see who lives or dies!

"Jun Family, Jun Changdong!"

Elder Yan's voice spread as he called out Jun Changdong's name.

Jun Changdong was slightly startled, then shook his head and chuckled.

The four high platforms were buzzing with discussions, most of which revolved around the topic of 'Ning Fan being the finale'.

"Brother Jun, what's your goal, which tomb?" Ning Fan suddenly asked Jun Changdong, as he had some admiration for him.

"Fifth tomb."

Jun Changdong smiled meaningfully and stepped into the first tomb.

Everyone was expecting Jun Changdong to achieve more remarkable results, yet after passing the fifth tomb, Jun Changdong directly walked out, giving up on the sixth tomb.

With the shock brought by Cold Moon and Fellow Daoist Xu, even if Jun Changdong cleared the sixteenth tomb, many would feel it was expected.

However, Jun Changdong surprisingly stopped at the fifth tomb and gave up, which left many people stunned.

At the Jun Family's seats, many old monsters frowned, while discussions gradually started around them.

"Could it be that the Bone Immortal Lord is afraid of being calculated against in the second round again, so he only seeks to qualify without aiming for a second round result?"

"Or perhaps the Bone Immortal Lord knows he can't compare to Fellow Daoist Xu and Cold Moon, so he simply gives up the second round, who knows."

Only Ning Fan understood why Jun Changdong made such a surprising move.

His eyes flashed with azure light, also lingering at the sixth tomb, deep in thought.

After a moment, he said to Jun Changdong, "Thank you for the reminder."

"I, Lord Jun, did not remind you of anything, Brother Ning should be careful." Jun Changdong chuckled nonchalantly, quietly putting away the sensing compass in his sleeve.

This was a compass specifically for sensing that fierce creature, Jun Changdong wouldn't be ambushed by that creature a second time. Before entering the tomb, he already knew where that creature was.

According to his sensing, that fierce creature was lurking in the sixth tomb!

His stopping at the fifth tomb was both a way to avoid fighting that fierce creature and a subtle reminder to Ning Fan to not enter the sixth tomb.

"Luo Family, Ning Fan!"

As Elder Yan gently called the last name, the four surroundings instantly fell into silence.

At this moment, everyone's gaze converged on Ning Fan.

Due to his exceptional performance in the first round, Ning Fan was placed as the last entrant in this second round.

Countless old monsters eagerly awaited, hoping Ning Fan would bring them another shock.

"I wonder how many levels this person can clear... if he can clear fifteen tombs, the third round will be a tough battle." Fellow Daoist Xu muttered to himself.

"Fellow Daoist Xu is an exception, this person cannot possibly be like Fellow Daoist Xu... surpass me..." Cold Moon bit her teeth, unwilling to be outdone by Ning Fan, unwilling.

"This boy will die in the sixth tomb!" Chen Xuan secretly thought, his face full of cold sneers but kept quiet.

Li Xiaoxiao sat up straight, and the little demoness opened her sleepy eyes, yawning.

All the expressions of countless old monsters became invigorated as Ning Fan stepped into the first tomb.

They wanted to witness a miracle once more!

Unfortunately, those hoping to see a miracle were destined for disappointment.

Even in the first tomb, Ning Fan stayed for the time of a stick of incense.

"Uh... what is the Thousand Autumn Ancestor doing? With his strength, he should be able to pass the first tomb in an instant, why is he taking so long?" some old monsters whispered.

...

In the first tomb, inside the tomb palace.

Before him was a desolate graveyard, and the moment Ning Fan stepped into the first tomb, thousands of illusionary dead spirits immediately flew out from these graves.

Most of these dead spirits' cultivations weren't high, only a few reached the Ghost Profound Early Stage.

He had been in the tomb palace for less than three breaths before all the dead spirits were slaughtered, leaving only one.

Leaving one temporarily, Ning Fan walked to the other end of the tomb palace, where there was a Teleportation Formation leading directly to the second tomb.

If Ning Fan killed this last dead spirit, the Teleportation Formation would light up, and Ning Fan could be teleported to the second tomb.

Of course, if he chose not to teleport, in a few breaths, he would be transported back to the outside world and could walk into the second tomb.

As long as not all dead spirits were killed, Ning Fan could stay here indefinitely without being forced out.

Squatting down, rain intent flickered in Ning Fan's eyes, and he pressed his palm on the Teleportation Formation.

Using the power of the Teleportation Formation, Ning Fan sent his rain intent to the second tomb, third tomb, fourth tomb, all the way to the sixth tomb.

Inside the sixth tomb's tomb palace, it started to rain lightly, and in an instant, Ning Fan sensed many things.

This sensing lasted for one stick of incense time, and after that, Ning Fan abruptly stood up, his eyes filled with a grave look.

"It's actually an Innate Thunder Spirit of the Mid Stage of Shekong!"

"If it were just the Mid Stage of Shekong, it wouldn't matter; after all, it's just a Thunder Spirit, my Thunder Diagram Supernatural Powers might not be incapable of handling it, but there seems to be some aura on this Thunder Spirit that makes me very uneasy, extremely uneasy... as if slaying this Thunder Spirit would cause something bad to happen..."

"What is this feeling..."

Ning Fan seemed to feel a kind of coldness and trepidation from the depths of his soul, as if an unprecedented danger was ahead, a feeling that rarely appeared in his cultivation journey.

A trace of Blood Lightning in his veins boiled at this moment...

When this feeling emerged, Ning Fan's expression suddenly changed, and in an instant, he thought of something!

On the Innate Thunder Spirit ahead, there was clearly a trace of Blood Lightning aura!

In an instant, Ning Fan made a decision. Whether he could slay the Innate Thunder Spirit of the sixth tomb or not, it was not wise to go to the sixth tomb!

The trace of Blood Lightning within the Thunder Spirit conveyed too much crisis to him!

"Indeed, I should follow Jun Changdong's example and stop at the fifth tomb..."

Ning Fan made up his mind, immediately waving his hand to eliminate the last dead spirit here.

At the moment the Teleportation Formation activated, Ning Fan entered the formation, into the second tomb, breaking through the tombs one by one.

After passing the fifth tomb, Ning Fan was waiting to be teleported out of the tomb when suddenly, as he looked at the Teleportation Formation leading to the sixth tomb, he was in disbelief!

The thought of withdrawing from the fifth tomb vanished in an instant, and he stepped into the sixth tomb!

He unexpectedly sensed a very familiar aura from the Thunder Spirit of the sixth tomb!

The source of this aura was a bone whip made of white bones!

The bones on that whip, every wisp of aura, belonged to the Thunder Emperor in Red!

"It's Red's bones! What happened to her! Why were her bones refined into a whip!"

Chapter 843: Slave of the Red Yaksha!

In the sixth tomb, there wasn't a single undead.

The moment Ning Fan stepped into this tomb palace, it seemed as if the entire area was subdued by an invisible force, unable to summon any undead, nor allowing anyone to leave.

Ning Fan stood amid the endless expanse of graves, a hint of madness flickering in his eyes.

He couldn't fathom why the Innate Thunder Spirit would have a bone whip made from the bones of a red-clad skeleton; he knew that this being carried Blood Lightning, and it would be wise to avoid it...yet he still came.

He couldn't not come! Just sensing that the bones were those of the red-clad skeleton, his heart felt an excruciating pain that pierced to the bone!

Various speculations swirled in his mind...wondering if something had happened to the red-clad one, otherwise, why were her bones forged into a weapon...

He dared not think! Such thoughts were too frightening to entertain!

The concept of something happening to the red-clad one flashed through Ning Fan's mind but was immediately extinguished by him.

He would not allow anything to happen to her; before ascending, he had clearly arranged for Sovereign Xia and the old monster to guard the lower realms, so how could anything happen!

If the red-clad one stayed in the Rain Immortal World, she should be very safe. But what if she had ascended? If she went to the Ancient Demon Abyss, could she be in danger...

"Damn it! Why are her bones here, why!" Ning Fan clenched his fists tightly, his demeanor cold and terrifying, yet he forcibly suppressed all the worries in his heart.

Speculating wildly was useless at this point; the plan now was to reclaim the red-clad bone whip from the Thunder Spirit!

Her bones, he would allow no one to desecrate! Anyone daring to use her bones to forge a treasure was courting death!

Ning Fan's gaze turned icy, fraught with a chilling gleam, as his ten fingers formed seals like a flurry of shadows. The Rain Intent in his eyes moved, and instantly, the world turned gloomy, a dense drizzle falling.

"Come out!"

Ning Fan's gaze sharpened, suddenly shouting coldly, and he stomped heavily on the ground.

The Evil Qi around him immediately transformed into boundless blood flames, ruthlessly burning outward in all directions.

The curtain of rain in the world moved with his step, blending with the long wind, and the wind and rain swept violently in all directions.

The space within the tomb palace immediately trembled fiercely. Even the rules of Dao were slightly displaced.

The concealed figure of the green Thunder Spirit in the area shuddered and revealed itself, a hint of instinctual shock in its lone eye.

It was a six-foot-tall form of green thunder, its face featureless except for a small cherry-like mouth and a vertical eye on its forehead, making it extraordinarily bizarre and terrifying.

Judging by its form, this figure seemed dainty and feminine, suggesting it was a woman.

By its race, this green thunder woman resembled the gods more closely, differing entirely from the aura of demons.

"The scent of prey...the scent of Blood Lightning...the scent of the Red Yaksha..."

The green thunder woman's voice was hoarse and cold, devoid of much emotion. Her gaze seemed somewhat hollow, her spirit awareness appeared low.

After the initial shock, the green thunder woman seemed slightly bewildered. In one encounter, she detected three distinct auras from Ning Fan.

The scent of prey naturally referred to the task assigned by Lei Jinshi...her prey for this tomb contest was but one, the Tomb Keeper of the Luo Family—Ning Fan!

The scent of the Red Yaksha also provoked her killing intent... She had reconstructed her Thunder Spirit body, forgotten many things, even forgetting who the Red Yaksha was.

But she vaguely remembered the Red Yaksha as her nemesis, whom she had destroyed and forged into a weapon.

Thus, upon scenting the Red Yaksha from Ning Fan, her eyes welled with deeper killing intent.

The scent of Blood Lightning left her somewhat confused.

Those who bore Blood Lightning were certainly Taicang Calamity Spirits, undoubtedly her kin... yet the concept of Taicang Calamity Spirit eluded her memory.

"Are you friend or foe..." the green thunder woman rasped.

"Hand over the bone whip within you!" Ning Fan's cold tone immediately incited the killing intent of the green thunder woman.

"You desire the Red Yaksha's bones... You are the Red Yaksha's thrall... You are my Qingnaluo's enemy! Die!"

In that instant, the green thunder woman's bewilderment vanished. A mid-stage Shekong pressure exploded from her, crushing toward Ning Fan violently, draped with countless killing intents.

Simultaneously, she pointed her toe, instantly transforming into a streak of green lightning, vanished without a trace.

Without any hesitation, Ning Fan quickly summoned the Ancient Demon Puppet behind him, then flickered, dissipating into countless inky shadows, disappearing utterly, leaving the Ancient Demon Puppet to handle the crisis.

The Ancient Demon Puppet emerged with the wind and, without a word, launched its fists fiercely at the seemingly empty space ahead.

There, a green thunder woman holding two green vortex thunderballs in each hand appeared gradually. She thrust her palms forward, the vortex thunderballs plummeted onto the Ancient Demon Puppet, unleashing countless thunderous might.

The Ancient Demon Puppet instinctively threw out both fists, trying to block the twin thunders. Under the collision of one shadow and one puppet, a wave of destruction instantly transmitted across the heavens and the earth.

The normally invincible Ancient Demon Puppet only managed to break the twin thunders, its arms trembled violently, and its entire body was wrapped in cyan lightning, paralyzed and sent flying. In terms of strength, it seemed significantly weaker than the Blue Thunder Woman.

The Blue Thunder Woman, however, did not retreat even a half step. Despite striking down the Ancient Demon Puppet with a single blow, she remained in a state of residual force, watching as a white-clothed figure appeared to her right, none other than Ning Fan.

"Roar of the Fiendgod!"

As Ning Fan appeared, he held a jade scroll in each hand, crushing them simultaneously.

These two jade scrolls were each attacks at the Shedding Void Stage, personally refined by Chen Xuan and given to the Tomb Guardian in the family, yet they were seized by Ning Fan.

The moment the jade scrolls were crushed, two gigantic shadows of ancient gods appeared on either side of Ning Fan, towering high.

Unlike their confrontation with Ning Fan, these two ancient gods facing the Blue Thunder Woman felt no fear, their eyes fierce with bright divine light.

And with Ning Fan, the Three Apertures Ancient God, beside them, the shadows of the ancient gods were filled with boundless battle will, each roaring with Shattered Star might, exerting their divine powers to the fullest.

Roar!!!

Golden sound waves filled with divine light surged, breaking into countless collapsing soundwaves, fiercely impacting upon the Blue Thunder Woman.

The Blue Thunder Woman groaned, her form transformed by blue thunder showed signs of dispersing, becoming faintly unstable.

After retreating several steps, she finally steadied herself, killing intent more intense in her eyes, she pointed a finger of reversal towards Ning Fan's Dantian.

Once this finger pointed, countless cyan thunder runes appeared in the heavens and the earth, stretching like paths, divine light revealed.

At the moment this finger light shot forth, without any hesitation, Ning Fan summoned a set of black battle armor overflowing with demonic qi, precisely the Contrary Star Demon Armor.

The finger light reached close, instantly splitting into three, one directly towards Ning Fan, striking upon the Contrary Star Demon Armor, while the other two finger lights hit the ancient god shadows on either side of Ning Fan.

The shadows, after all, were just shadows, and upon bearing such level of attack, trembled then collapsed instantly.

The Contrary Star Demon Armor, however, was extraordinarily strong, even enduring one-third of the Blue Thunder Woman's finger force without damage.

Yet the mighty force upon the armor still blasted Ning Fan hundreds of steps back, shaking his breath into disarray, barely stabilizing his breathing.

Looking again at the Blue Thunder Woman, his eyes now carried twelve degrees more intensity.

At this initial clash, teaming with the Ancient Demon Puppet, using two Shedding Void jade scrolls, employing the defense of the Contrary Star Demon Armor, they were still soundly defeated, far from being the Blue Thunder Woman's match.

"Servant of the Red Yaksha, same rebellious kind, kill without mercy..."

The Blue Thunder Woman tapped the tips of her toes, charging Ning Fan fiercely once more, killing intent surging in her eyes.

Her inexplicable words, Ning Fan naturally could not grasp the deeper meaning, nor did he have the mind to spare to think about it.

As the Blue Thunder Woman charged head-on, Ning Fan immediately withdrew behind the Ancient Demon Puppet, urging the Thunder Star, with a wave, took away the paralyzing lightning crackling on the puppet.

Once the paralysis effect dissipated, under Ning Fan's single-handed control, the Ancient Demon Puppet immediately charged forward, once again intercepting the Blue Thunder Woman's attack.

Though not her match, it could still hold off the Blue Thunder Woman temporarily.

"This Thunder Spirit's strength is profound, and her body harbors the unsettling factor of Calamity Blood... Not easy to kill... But if it's for reclaiming the bones of the Red Robe, no matter how difficult, so what! First transformation!"

As the Ancient Demon Puppet blocked the Blue Thunder Woman, Ning Fan directly activated the War God's Secret Art, his long black hair suddenly turning blood red, wildly dancing in the wind and rain.

The gentle dripping of rain surrounded him, but Ning Fan's heart grew calmer amidst the rain.

The Rain Divine Star at his brow appeared at his thought.

The instant this divine star appeared, Ning Fan's gaze suddenly turned sharp, and he coldly snorted, "Rain Yin Yang, unseal!"

The power of Rain Yin Yang was too strong, sealed by the Ancient Chaos, at Ning Fan's current cultivation level, he could at most unseal Rain Yin Yang for the duration of an incense stick.

Beyond that duration, he would continuously suffer backlash injury; beyond two hours, his spirit would instantly perish, with no resting place for his dead body.

This technique couldn't be used for long, but for settling victory against the Blue Thunder Woman, a short time was enough.

At the moment Rain Yin Yang unsealed, Ning Fan's power instantly exploded, soaring all the way!

His realm climbed from Ghost Immortal Peak, breaking through Crossing Truth, proceeding from Crossing Truth Initial to Intermediate, Late Stage!

With his realm at Crossing Truth Late Stage, Ning Fan's mana now nearly reached the Peak Crossing Truth Realm.

He took a deep breath, suddenly grasping with five fingers towards the ground, red hair flying!

At this moment, he unexpectedly cast the Soul Extraction Technique!

The divine skill of Soul Extraction expanded outward from the Tomb Palace, spreading towards the four directions of the Immemorial Stars.

The star souls of seven nearby Cultivation Stars, were extracted in the same instant by Ning Fan!

"Soul Extraction Technique!"

On the high platform outside, a multitude of astonished exclamations immediately erupted, with countless gazes fixed unwaveringly on the Sixth Tomb!

They couldn't believe that Ning Fan could cultivate the Soul Extraction Technique to the realm of star souls, and furthermore, had extracted the star souls of seven cultivation stars in one fell swoop!

They were unable to comprehend, given Ning Fan's divine abilities, why his tomb-breaking speed was so slow, and moreover, why he would exhibit such powerful soul extraction technique within the weak tomb palace of the Sixth Tomb!

Several ancestors of the Luo Family had their gazes turn cold in unison, Luo Shix's gaze was also frosty, while the little demoness's eyes were unmistakably filled with worry.

Those with insight had gradually realized that something must have happened within the Sixth Tomb.

Why did Jun Changdong choose to give up the challenge of the Sixth Tomb, and why did Ning Fan display such powerful divine skill and go all out... all these are thought-provoking!

"Lei Jinshi, after this tomb competition is over, you had better give me an explanation!"

The Great Elder of Godly Void Pavilion's gaze was exceedingly gloomy at this moment.

He was one of the three elders who constructed the tomb palace, and naturally understood some of Lei Jinshi's little schemes.

Lei Jinshi had inserted thunder spirits into the tomb palace to ambush juniors on more than one occasion; he had ignored it last time when the ambush was on Jun Changdong.

This time, he had to intervene because the ambush was on Ning Fan.

After all, Jun Changdong was just a junior, turning a blind eye could still be excused, but Ning Fan was different.

Who was Ning Fan? He was a promising candidate to become the Eternal Immortal Venerable, and if Lei Jinshi killed him in the tomb, it might be tolerable, but if he failed to kill him, such a provocation would undoubtedly make Ning Fan a future adversary for the Godly Void Pavilion...

Upon hearing this, fury immediately flowed in Lei Jinshi's eyes, yet he dared not retaliate against the Great Elder, merely snorted coldly without speaking further.

Ambushing juniors was not something he alone had done; hadn't the Great Elder done it too! To criticize him, did he have the qualifications!

"What to do? Young Friend Ning seems to be in trouble, should we notify the Plague King to intervene and assist..." Guibing Ancestral Master frowned, showing signs of concern.

Just as this thought emerged, he was suddenly startled to discover, on the previously empty seat beside him, the presence of 'Plague King' Lv Wen, who was lightly watching the Sixth Tomb with some disdain.

"Qin Gui greets the Plague King! How long have you been here, and how come I didn't know!" Guibing Ancestral Master dared not be negligent and quickly saluted Lv Wen.

"I've been here for a while... hmm! Lei Jinshi, Chen Xuan, ants in cultivation, dare to provoke Daoist Ning, truly courting death!" Lv Wen snorted disdainfully, with his Immortal King's vision, he could vaguely perceive what was transpiring within the Sixth Tomb.

He wasn't worried about Ning Fan's safety and did not believe Ning Fan would be vanquished by a mid-stage Shekong-level thunder spirit.

In his mind, Ning Fan was most likely an Immortal King too; how could he possibly be harmed by a Shekong thunder spirit?

Of course, Ning Fan might be deliberately concealing his cultivation, perhaps not daring to unleash his full prowess, and this was conceivable... If so, he wouldn't mind assisting Ning Fan, and forming a tie of goodwill!

"However, wasn't Brother Ning trying to hide his cultivation? Why did he use Dao Thought Technique in the first round of the tomb competition? Isn't he worried about arousing suspicion? The world merely thinks he is at Ghost Profound level and is astounding in using Dao Thought Technique, but I know full well he is an Immortal King, how could he possibly be unable to perform Dao Thought Technique..."

"Speaking of which, Brother Ning's Dao Thought Technique is truly vast and profound, if he used this technique to its fullest extent, hardly any Immortal King could withstand it..."

"Today's Soul Extraction Technique is also quite potent, his precision in soul extraction control surpasses mine by a margin, worthy of being Daoist Ning..."

With each 'fact,' Lv Wen grew increasingly convinced that Ning Fan was an Eternal Immortal King.

Ning Fan naturally wouldn't know or care about this.

At this moment, he had extracted the star souls of seven nearby cultivation stars and swallowed them, his mana instantly truly reaching the peak Crossing Truth level.

Coupled with the Heavenly Demon Physical Body and the War God's Secret Art, at this instant, Ning Fan's dual cultivation of body and law made his momentum slightly inferior to Shekong but stronger than any Crossing Truth realm master!

At this moment, Ning Fan was at his strongest stance to date, almost invincible below Shekong!

This power gave Ning Fan the confidence to vie for first place in the tomb competition and the courage to face the innate thunder spirit!

With his current strength, deploying the lightning diagram to take down the innate thunder spirit wouldn't be difficult, the only concern was the thunder spirit's Blood Lightning...

The green thunder lady who was entangled with the Ancient Demon Puppet suddenly sensed Ning Fan's surging aura and her gaze immediately swept towards him.

At this moment, even with her limited spirit awareness, the green thunder lady felt a hint of shock.

Although Ning Fan only had Ghost Profound Peak stage cultivation, after deploying a series of techniques, his strength managed to be invincible in Crossing Truth realm within an extremely short time, nearing Shekong!

"It's a pity he's bound by the Red Yaksha, else he could've been taken as my slave..." The green thunder lady snorted coldly, with killing intent manifesting.

She waved her graceful palm, forcing the Ancient Demon Puppet back a thousand steps, her toes touched the ground, immediately breaking away and charging fiercely towards Ning Fan.

At this moment, Ning Fan was at his strongest stance, even when facing a mid-stage Shekong level thunder spirit, there wasn't the feeling of inability to resist that he had before.

"Punishment Lightning Whip, appear!"

The green thunder lady uttered from her lips, releasing a red glow.

That red glow, crackling with a sizzling sound of red lightning, had lightning power distinct from her green thunder form.

Under the red glow, there was a white bone lightning whip. As the whip lashed out, the heavens and earth seemed to be halved by a flash of lightning.

A sense of annihilation instantly rose in Ning Fan's heart.

At the moment the whip struck, a strong force passed through the Contrary Star Demon Armor, immediately transmitted throughout Ning Fan's body, causing a painful throb in his chest and he coughed up blood.

At the instant he was struck by the whip, countless shadows of the lightning whip formed in his Dantian, directly striking his Spirit. It was remarkably similar to the Blood Lightning Sacrifice Technique!

"This bone of the lightning whip truly belonged to the red long dress!" Ning Fan's heart suddenly clenched.

He dared not imagine what had happened to the red long dress to have her bones extracted and forged into a whip.

He dared not imagine, unwilling to imagine, unable to bear imagining...

A boundless fury ignited in his heart, all directed towards the green lightning woman!

"Reverse!"

Ning Fan coldly shouted, directly activating the most powerful Divine Skills of the Contrary Star Demon Armor.

Although the armor's defense was astonishing, its most formidable and renowned feature was the power of reversal within it.

This power could reverse a Master's Divine Skills and spells, sending them back.

As Ning Fan uttered the word "Reverse," most of the whip shadows in his Dantian instantly dissipated.

Ninety percent of the lightning power rebounded, fiercely striking the green lightning woman. She was immediately shaken by the power, her lightning body seemingly dispersed, her eyes filled with shock.

The remaining ten percent of the lightning power still formed whip shadows, striking Ning Fan's Spirit. In an instant, Ning Fan's injuries worsened to an unbearable state, and his Spirit weakened.

His body grew weaker, yet the rage and resolve in his eyes intensified!

"No matter who you are, today you must return the bones of the red long dress! If not, you shall die!"

Ning Fan's body soared into the sky, stepping onto the sky.

With that step, a giant lightning diagram of blood lightning immediately unfolded in the heavens.

He flicked his finger, causing the lightning diagram to coil fiercely toward the green lightning woman, as if to draw her directly into the diagram.

Upon seeing the diagram, the green lightning woman's expression immediately turned to horror. Though her spirit awareness was low, she sensed an immense crisis from the diagram!

With Ning Fan's current power nearing the Mid Stage of Shekong, forcibly opening the lightning diagram could likely capture and kill her!

"Accursed slave of Red Yaksha! Luckily, this person's Blood Lightning is inferior to mine, and I can use the power of Calamity Thought to kill him!"

From the single eye of the green lightning woman, strands of Calamity Thought Red Glow suddenly flew out, enveloping her.

In the next instant, she was forcibly absorbed into the lightning diagram.

Not as smoothly as Ning Fan anticipated — the green lightning woman remained within the diagram for just three breaths before beams of Calamity Thought Red Glow emerged.

In that instant, the diagram shattered!

The green lightning woman reappeared in the Tomb Palace world, swallowing the white bone lightning whip back into her abdomen, and with both hands swept, a myriad of red clouds, all transformed from Calamity Thought, appeared in the heavens.

An unprecedented sense of danger immediately surged in Ning Fan's heart!

"Such powerful Calamity Thought! I must shatter it before this ocean of Calamity Thought clouds fully forms, otherwise, I won't survive!"

"But these bones, I must take them away at any cost! Not even the myriad Calamity Thought can stop me!"

"Her bones, I will not allow anyone to defile!"

"Five Swords, appear!"

As Ning Fan finished speaking, five sword beams immediately flew from his sword pouch, shooting into the sky.

Faced with the green lightning woman, Ning Fan couldn't hold back, and had to use his strongest Divine Skills to shatter the red clouds and ocean.

Yin-Yang Five Swords!

Naturally, he couldn't currently perform the true Yin-Yang Five Swords, only their simplified form, the Five Swords Technique.

The simplified Five Swords were not Yin-Yang Five Swords, but rather... Rain's Five Swords!

As these five swords ascended, it seemed as if all the rain between heaven and earth obeyed Ning Fan's command!

Threads of Rain Dao Principle power spread densely like a spider spinning its web.

"Rain comes from clouds; clouds giving birth to rain is order; rain breaking clouds is reverse... Heavenly rain, heed my command, reverse!!!"

Chapter 844: Lu Kills Without Reason!

It seemed as if a voice sliced through the firmament, as if at this moment, the rain between heaven and earth was to obey Ning Fan's decree.

It seemed as if a will was imposed upon the laws of the Dao, as in the moment the five Immortal Swords soared into the sky, that will reached its peak, all merging into a single word!

Reverse!

Rain comes from the clouds, but today, the rain shall defy the clouds!

Cultivation comes from calamity, but today, cultivation shall defy calamity!

It was as if the sound of millions of raindrops fell into the ears of the lightning girl, causing her lone eye to show a startled expression.

"This boy can actually grasp a thread of the Rain Dao Principle of heaven and earth!"

One could not blame the lightning girl for her surprise. Although Ning Fan only grasped a thread of the Rain Dao Principle, not complete control, even that thread was something that even an Eternal Immortal Venerable might not accomplish!

Ning Fan's Grand Five Elements Body was pushed to its utmost at this moment, as if all his Mana was poured into the five swords.

Once the five Immortal Swords soared up, they immediately slashed towards the endless red clouds like lightning.

The five rays of sword light immediately cleaved out in unison, instantly provoking all the Rain Intent between heaven and earth, turning all the rain into reflections of the Immortal Swords at this moment!

Millions of Immortal Sword reflections carried an extremely terrifying will, as if to cleave open heaven and earth, as if to cleave open Hundun, as if to cleave apart everything that obstructed their path!

If heaven blocks the way, then rend the heavens! If earth blocks the way, then sunder the earth! If man blocks the way, then slay man! If god blocks the way, then execute god! If ghost blocks the way, then slay ghost!

Layers of red clouds, yet to form the Calamity Thought Divine Ability, immediately collapsed!

In the moment the sky-full of red clouds shattered, Ning Fan's spirit sense changed, and the countless rain sword reflections between heaven and earth immediately slashed towards the lightning girl!

Among them, five sword reflections bore unparalleled might, terrifying the lightning girl to the core!

Those five sword reflections, four of which Ning Fan had seized from the Weichen Ancestor during the Six Desires Great Tribulation, were called the Weichen Four Swords, the Five Nirvana Post-Heaven Immortal Swords.

The remaining one was a relic of the Six Desires Immortal King, the Twelve Nirvana Post-Heaven Immortal Sword—Separation and Union Sword!

The Rain's Five Swords, commanded with the help of the five rays of sword light, using the swordsmanship of the Yin-Yang Five Swords, fiercely slashed towards the lightning girl.

The lightning girl, in utter shock, transformed instantly, her delicate body towering up, becoming a robust one-eyed giant, every inch of her skin transformed into thunder.

The one-eyed giant, upon appearing, immediately clapped her massive hand, forcefully pounding it forward.

The scarlet Calamity Thought turned into a hand seal, blasting forwards, instantly causing countless rain sword reflections to collapse one after another.

With each sword reflection that collapsed, the power of the hand seal weakened slightly, and the Calamity Thought within it crumbled bit by bit.

When there were only the last five Immortal Swords remaining between heaven and earth, two-thirds of the Sword Intent within the hand seal had disappeared, dissolved into the Rain Intent.

"Annihilate!"

With just one word from Ning Fan, the five Immortal Swords surged forth, Rain's Sword Intent soaring to the sky, directly shattering the weakening hand seal.

The one-eyed giant was greatly startled, and she swiftly reached out a large hand towards the five swords.

The Weichen Four Swords collapsed in Sword Intent under her grasp, retreating frantically.

Yet, the giant's hand immediately bore four startling wounds, caused by the slashing of the rules, unable to heal!

Only the Separation and Union Sword, as the twelve nirvana post-heaven Immortal Sword, its rank infinitely approaching that of an Innate Treasure, was not something the giant could repel with a mere grab.

However, the Separation and Union Sword required the absorption of blood essence to exert its power, which was a significant flaw of this sword.

As Ning Fan's blood essence frantically vanished, the power of the Separation and Union Sword was incrementally aroused, nearly unleashing only one percent of its potential power.

As sword light flashed, the Tomb Palace was immediately cleaved in two!

Under this sword light, the one-eyed giant was utterly bisected, letting out a miserable cry, instantly meeting her demise, shattering into everywhere's blue thunders.

She looked at Ning Fan in disbelief, harboring boundless resentment... she was slain by the slave of the Red Yaksha...

The astonishing Sword Intent, penetrating beyond the Sixth Tomb Palace, madly spread towards the surrounding high platforms, stirring all the Rain Intent between heaven and earth!

On all four high platforms, countless old monsters suddenly stood up, staring incredulously at the misty rain between heaven and earth.

The fog veiled the Eastern Ocean, all of the rain mist was incited by a single sword of Ning Fan.

"What kind of swordsmanship is this, capable of inciting a trace of the Rain Dao Principle, condensing into Sword Light!"

"A Divine Skill that mobilizes Dao principles! Not even every Eternal Immortal Venerable can wield such a Divine Skill!"

"It cannot be wrong! The aura within this Sword Intent belongs to the Thousand Autumn Ancestor, this sword glow was unleashed by the Thousand Autumn Ancestor!"

"Hiss! The Thousand Autumn Ancestor can wield such terrifying swordsmanship! The power of this sword, even a Mid Stage of Shekong, would find it difficult to withstand!"

Yue Han was closest to the sixth tomb, and naturally, she felt the Sword Intent within the sixth tomb most acutely.

Her beautiful eyes widened, her delicate body trembling uncontrollably with fear, retreating constantly.

When this Sword Intent rushed towards her, in her mind, there immediately echoed the sound of millions of raindrops, each drop shaking her spirit sense.

It seemed as if her entire Taoist attainment would melt into the sound of rain!

Unable to resist, unbeatable! This was Yue Han's most genuine feeling facing this Sword Intent!

She originally felt annoyed with Ning Fan, but at this moment, she felt terrified.

Originally, she still harbored thoughts of contending with Ning Fan, but now, she no longer dared to fight or compete with him!

"Ning Fan has indeed become so formidable!" Fellow Daoist Xu looked incredulously at the sixth tomb's palace, a strange chill rising from his feet, rushing straight to Tian Ling.

If Ning Fan had such terrifying strength, how could he dare to have a life-and-death duel with Ning Fan over an issue from hundreds of years ago... His relationship with Xu Years was merely superficial, not deep to that extent!

"Is this Brother Ning's true strength! Even if I merge with all my body doubles, I'm still not his opponent... The third round, if he uses this move, I will be utterly defeated... No... With this strength, breaking through the 24 tombs is certainly not difficult, the third round... will it still exist?" Jun Changdong chuckled bitterly.

The power of this sword made countless old monsters marvel, and on the northern high platform, including Luo Shix, eight elders were all struck speechless with shock.

Only the Eighth Elder Lei Jinshi, looking at the soul plates split into two halves in his hand, his eyes turned blood-red with anger.

This was Lei Ling's soul plate, and now that it was broken, it meant Lei Ling had been slain by Ning Fan!

"Lei Ling is dead, Lei Ling is actually dead! My millions of years of hard work, destroyed in an instant! Ning Fan, you seek death!"

In the outer world, millions of cultivators were finally shaken as they desired by Ning Fan.

This time, the Rain's Five Swords prompted traces of the Dao, commanding the rain of the heavens and earth, more astounding than the West Wind Technique. They witnessed a miracle once again, a miracle evoked by a Ghost Profound Fate Immortal.

In the sixth tomb's palace, after Lei Ling's fall, countless natal green thunderbolts filled the sky, crackling, resembling the sharp sounds of thousands of birds.

Among these countless thunders, there were indeed five little girls' voices, spreading in excitement.

"Humph! Tremble, little genderless Lei Ling, how can you be a match for big sister!"

"Humph! Second sister isn't done playing yet; if you didn't die so quickly, second sister would have chopped you five hundred more times, to teach you a lesson!"

"Third sister slashed you seven hundred times!"

"Fourth sister slashed you nine hundred times!"

"Five... five... five..."

The ones speaking were the five little sword spirits residing within the Five Immortal Swords.

Usually, when Ning Fan heard these five little girls chirping, he would most likely chuckle. But at this moment, he couldn't bring himself to smile.

Rain's Five Swords were finally unleashed, annihilating the natal green Lei Ling. Even having slain the Innate Thunder Spirit, Ning Fan's mood remained heavy, filled with heartache.

At this moment, Ning Fan's face was colorless, extremely weak, his vital blood being forcibly drained by the Separation and Union Sword within Rain's Five Swords by ninety percent.

Although his aura was weak, his gaze was still as frenzied and demonic as before, but beneath the demonic thoughts, lay heartache, lay grief...

With the death of the Innate Thunder Spirit, its thunderous body shattered into countless green shattered thunders, and within those shattered thunders, there even floated a wisp of blood lightning.

Ning Fan seemed oblivious to the full sky of shattered thunder, seemed oblivious to that wisp of blood lightning... In his eyes, there was only the shadow of that white bone Lightning Whip.

As soon as Lei Ling died, the Lightning Whip immediately fell from the sky, falling with the light rain.

Ning Fan, heart aching as if twisted, stepped forward on the wet, muddy ground, carefully catching the bone whip.

His hand gently stroked the bone whip, bringing an indescribable pain.

This was her bone... her bone, refined into a weapon...

Wait!

Ning Fan's gaze suddenly focused, as he stroked the white bone, the sadness gradually faded, and a grave, puzzled expression emerged.

The aura within this bone indeed resembled Red Long Dress, almost indistinguishable without careful discrimination.

However, now, with Ning Fan's close contact with the bone whip, he finally discerned a subtle difference from within it.

The aura of the bone was much like Red Long Dress, but it was not her bone!

Moreover, this bone clearly belonged to an ancient cultivator, existing for far too long. Ning Fan scrutinized closely, discerning that this bone whip's bone, at the very least, has existed for hundreds of millions of years... perhaps even longer! Long before Red Long Dress was born, this bone had already existed...

"It isn't her bone, the aura is just similar..."

Ning Fan breathed a sigh of relief after confirming repeatedly.

His biggest worry was something happening to the red clothes, wondering if the remains would be refined into a magical treasure. Now it seems that this concern was purely overthinking...

With his heart eased, a feeling of weakness immediately surged within.

Gazing at the bone whip in his hand, Ning Fan pondered for a moment before storing it in the Xuan Yin Treasure.

When he looked again at the shattered thunder in the sky, his gaze turned cold, and with a wave of his hand, he summoned the lightning diagram, directly collecting all of the sky's shattered thunder and sealing it within.

This Lightning Spirit was innately formed and had yet to truly take the form of a woman, making it essentially neither male nor female according to the little sword spirit girl.

Against such a Lightning Spirit, it was impossible to use Yin-Yang bewitching techniques; otherwise, Ning Fan wouldn't have ended up in such a bitter battle.

Though it hadn't taken human shape, the lightning power contained within the Lightning Spirit was extremely terrifying. As an innate spiritual object, the lightning power of these shattered thunders was extremely pure and had considerable use...

"Lei Jinshi, your Lightning Spirit gift, I will unreservedly accept!"

Ning Fan collected the endless shattered thunder and then reached out to capture a thread of tribulation blood from the sky.

"Is this the tribulation blood of the Taicang Calamity Spirit... I remember that Lightning Spirit claimed to be called Qingnaluo or something, and her words repeatedly mentioned the Red Yaksha... Qingnaluo, Red Yaksha, Taicang Calamity Spirit..."

Taicang Calamity Spirit, tribulation blood, Calamity Thought, Master of Calamity Thought... There's a great secret within, but Ning Fan is not very informed.

"This is the tribulation blood within the body of the Qing Thunder Lightning Spirit, her tribulation blood is ten times more than mine... If I were to devour this thread of tribulation blood..."

After contemplating, Ning Fan sealed this thread of Calamity Thought's power, temporarily putting it aside for processing after the tomb competition ends.

After taking expensive pills to suppress the damage caused by his vital blood, Ning Fan gazed over the Tomb Palace world.

With the fall of the Qing Thunder Lightning Spirit, dead spirits began to gradually emerge from this barren tomb.

Five Immortal Swords descended from the sky, whirling around Ning Fan's side, emitting the childish voices of five little girls.

"Little Fan Fan! We haven't played enough!"

"If you haven't played enough, then continue playing!"

Ning Fan's spirit sense shifted, and the five Immortal Swords immediately charged forth, carrying the world's rain momentum, their sword lights chaotically slashing at the ground.

The dead spirits here, without exception, all fell under the sword light of the five swords, utterly powerless to resist.

They could not withstand the might of Rain's Five Swords!

Rain's Five Swords is a simplified version of the Yin-Yang Five Swords, using the Weichen Four Swords and Separation and Union Sword as carriers of sword intent, assisted by five little sword spirit girls. Through six months of arduous cultivation, Ning Fan finally bred a hint of synergy with the five little girls, allowing for the application of the swordsmanship of the five swords under the premise of unraveling the Rain Yin-Yang.

The simplified version of the Yin-Yang Five Swords cannot fully exhibit the domineering power to sever heaven, earth, man, god, and ghost but brings Rain Yin-Yang's force to its extreme.

If used simultaneously with the power of Rain Yin-Yang, Rain's Five Swords is sufficient to severely injure those at the Initiate Realm of Shekong!

If Ning Fan inflicts damage upon his vital blood to activate the power of the Separation and Union Sword, this technique might even have the potential to kill at the Mid Stage of Shekong!

Of course, the cost of damaging one's vital blood is too high, unless absolutely necessary, Ning Fan wouldn't damage his vital blood.

"Just a little while longer, and I'll be unable to suppress the power of Rain Yin-Yang... Before the power of Rain Yin-Yang spirals out of control, I need to break into the twenty-fourth tomb! Claim first place!"

After annihilating the dead spirits of the sixth tomb, Ning Fan recollected the slightly damaged Ancient Demon Puppet, immediately stepping into the seventh tomb.

It only took three breaths for Ning Fan to break the seventh tomb.

Another three breaths, and Ning Fan broke through the eighth tomb as well.

The ninth tomb, the tenth tomb, the eleventh tomb...

All the way to the twenty-third tomb, Ning Fan spent only three breaths breaking through each Tomb Palace.

Before the twenty-third tomb, the highest cultivation among the dead spirits was merely at the Peak Crossing Truth Realm, none able to survive the attacks of the five Rain Immortal Swords.

Within the twenty-fourth tomb, the highest cultivation among the dead spirits was at the Initiate Realm of Shekong.

Arriving at this tomb, Ning Fan injected all remaining power into the five Immortal Swords for a ferocious strike!

Externally, the divine light of the twenty-fourth tomb was seen surging skyward, and the tomb door explosively shattered!

Ning Fan collected the five swords, dragging his extremely weak body step by step out of the twenty-fourth tomb, reappearing before everyone's eyes.

The four high platforms were deathly silent, only the sound of cold breaths echoed!

This tomb competition is bound to shock the world, for Ning Fan, with just Ghost Profound Peak-Stage cultivation, managed to break through twenty-four Tomb Palaces in the second round of the competition.

According to the rules of the tomb competition, he passed through twenty-four tombs in succession, directly establishing him as first place. The third round is canceled!

"Hiss! This child is extraordinary! Extraordinary!" exclaimed Elder Luxx beside the little demoness, his gaze rocked with astonishment.

He had already stepped halfway into the Shedding Void Stage, yet facing Ning Fan at this moment, he felt an unbeatable aura!

"He is naturally extraordinary, after all, he is Little Fan Fan." The little demoness smiled, her mood brightened.

"Little Rong Rong, look! My Love Sage Big Brother has passed the twenty-fourth tomb, he got first place!" Li Xiaoxiao said excitedly to Yan Rong.

At this moment, Ning Fan, though having put away the five Rain Immortal Swords and re-sealed the Rain Yin Yang power, still exuded an aura strong enough to suppress countless old monsters present.

Among the Fate Immortals, no one could rival Ning Fan's aura.

In the Enlightenment realm, no one could rival Ning Fan's aura at this moment either.

Even some Shedding Void Realm old monsters felt a hint of oppression under Ning Fan's aura.

Like Chen Xuan, despite his grand Shedding Void Stage level, felt his breath become short in Ning Fan's presence.

Also, Elder Yan, who presided over the tomb competition, felt a nameless palpitation when facing Ning Fan at this moment.

It was as if if Ning Fan unleashed his full power, capturing her would only be a matter of moments.

This feeling was too absurd yet too real, causing Elder Yan's breath to become chaotic for no reason.

She steadied her breath, gradually calmed down, and only then remembered that she still had the task of hosting the tomb competition.

"I, as the elder, announce that due to Ning Fan from the Luo Family passing the twenty-fourth tomb, the third round of the tomb competition is canceled! The first place of this tomb competition goes to Ning Fan! The rankings of other tomb keepers will be determined based on the results of the first two rounds!"

As Elder Yan finished speaking, countless eyes from the tomb keepers turned to Ning Fan, filled with envy and awe.

On the high platform to the north, the Great Elder of the Godly Void Pavilion slowly stood up, giving Ning Fan a deep look.

Just as he was about to declare Ning Fan first and award him the prize for being first in the tomb competition, Lei Jinshi spoke first, shattering the atmosphere of the entire Copper Platform Venue.

"He has no right to claim first place! How dare a mere ant kill my old lightning spirit... courting death!"

Lei Jinshi's eyes were blood-red, having lost all reason!

His painstakingly cultivated Innate Thunder Spirit was killed by Ning Fan, leaving him unable to remain calm!

His intention was to cultivate the thunder spirit to the Shattered Thought realm before devouring it, at which time he even hoped to step into the Shattered Thought Peak realm!

However, this plan vanished in the moment Ning Fan beheaded the thunder spirit!

His dream of stepping into the Shattered Thought Peak was shattered at this moment!

He had no reason left, only an overwhelming desire to kill Ning Fan.

Lei Jinshi took a step forward, conjured countless green lightning with a wave of his hand, and instantly reached for Ning Fan.

This grab contained all of his Taoist energy from the later stage of Shattered Thought, and a strike filled with anger erupted, catching even the elders beside him off guard.

Thousands of giant shadows of green thunder dragons suddenly appeared between heaven and earth.

A sense of crisis emerged in Ning Fan's heart instantly.

"Not good!" Luo Shix's expression changed drastically, and his Daoist thoughts surged in an attempt to block Lei Jinshi's attack.

But before he could act, a cold snort had already rung out.

In the moment this cold snort sounded, all the thunder dragons in the world let out a miserable cry and shattered.

A vicious plague technique spread suddenly!

Lei Jinshi looked on in shock, smelling a touch of pear blossom fragrance. Before he could react, his lips turned purple, he suddenly spat white foam, and collapsed to the ground!

Plague poison invaded his body, instantly causing his Spirit to dissolve into pus and blood!

Terror filled Lei Jinshi's eyes; he recognized the one who acted!

"Plague King... Lv Wen... why, why did you strike at Lei... Why stop me... from killing a junior..."

Lei Jinshi spoke, trembling all over, unable to remain calm in front of Lv Wen... Lv Wen was a remorseless killer in the Godly Void Pavilion! Due to his status as a member of the secret clans, even the Shenhao Twin Emperors didn't dare to question his crimes!

If Lv Wen wanted to kill him here, he had no power to resist and he would surely die, with no one stepping in to save him!

"Why?"

Lv Wen slowly stood up, coldly sneering, "Lv kills without needing a reason! Die!"

At the moment the word "die" fell, Lei Jinshi's face distorted from extreme fear.

His Spirit was, in that instant, devoured alive by countless plague poisons that penetrated his body, leaving him powerless to resist...

Chapter 845: Your Request, I Refuse!

Throughout the long life of Lei Jinshi, he had never felt death so close.

The enormous power of Lv Wen's Daoist sense descended upon him, as if the heavens were collapsing, pressing down Lei Jinshi until he couldn't move an inch.

The purple-black color on Lei Jinshi's body increased, and the Spirit within his Dantian melted into pus at a horrifying speed.

At this moment, Lei Jinshi no longer seemed like a dignified old monster at the Late Shattered Thought Stage, but rather like a mortal era before embarking on the path of cultivation.

With his entire Mana, he couldn't mobilize even a bit, and under Lv Wen's Great Divine Power, he was on the brink of death step by step.

In just a breath, two-thirds of his Spirit had already melted, and his cultivation had fallen to the Early Shattered Thought Stage!

"Plague King! Stop!"

Among the other eight elders of the Divine Void Fragmented Thoughts, four of them immediately changed their expressions and stepped forward, attempting to save Lei Jinshi.

From the farthest reaches of the starry sky, an earth-shattering escape light approached rapidly, accompanied by a distant, cold shout, "Lv Wen! Spare him!"

Lv Wen's expression remained unmoved. He coldly watched Lei Jinshi on the distant high platform, as if looking at a dead man.

A Daoist sense filled with the concept of plague swept harshly, causing the four elders of Divine Void Fragmented Thoughts to spit blood and retreat, alarmed.

Giving no chance for anyone to rescue Lei Jinshi, Lv Wen directly formed hand seals with both hands, shouted coldly, "Melt!"

Immediately, Lei Jinshi's physical body exploded with a bang, and the purple-black vile blood and shredded flesh splattered all over the ground.

His Spirit simultaneously melted into pus, extremely miserable.

Until his death, he never understood why Lv Wen would attack him.

"Hiss! It's the Plague King of Divine Void! He actually killed Lei Jinshi!"

"I heard a long time ago that this person's actions were ruthless and unfeeling. I never expected to witness him committing murder today. To kill an elder of Divine Void, not even blinking an eye!"

"Plague Daoist sense! What a terrifying Daoist sense! To kill a late-stage Shattered Thought with just one thought! Is this the power of the Plague King!"

The discussions on all four high platforms surged like a tide. Until the arrival of an elder with an iron face from the far reaches of the starry sky, the place slightly calmed down.

The visitor was a brown-haired elder, adorned in golden armor, seated on the back of a golden-scaled dragon turtle, exuding the powerful aura of the Eternal Fifth Calamity, undeniably an Immortal King.

The moment he arrived, he immediately retrieved the dragon turtle mount and landed on the northern high platform, waving a hand to collect Lei Jinshi's storage pouch, looking at the vile blood left by Lei Jinshi's fall, his face iron blue, and after a moment, he let out a helpless sigh.

After all, he still arrived too late...

"It's Xuanbei Xianwang! The number one Immortal King of Godly Void Pavilion! The candidate for the next Shengkong Great Emperor!" A chorus of exclamations immediately rang out from above the high platform, revealing the identity of the golden-armored Immortal King.

"Xuanbei... Young Emperor..." Ning Fan's gaze slightly narrowed.

He hadn't expected Lei Jinshi to disregard his own status and violently attack him in front of millions of cultivators.

He even less anticipated Lv Wen standing up for him, publicly killing Lei Jinshi...

Nor had he anticipated that the death of Lei Jinshi would subsequently usher in another Xuanbei Xianwang, who, like him, also held the title of a Young Emperor...

Silence! Deathly silence enveloped the four surrounding platforms as everyone speculated on how Xuanbei Xianwang would handle the matter of Lei Jinshi's fall.

Yet they saw Xuanbei Xianwang put away Lei Jinshi's storage pouch, his gaze uncertain, appearing to be hesitating over something.

More than ten breaths later, he finally made a decision, his gaze turned sharp.

He turned his head, and with a single glance, it seemed as if the entire vault of heaven would turn to ashes under his gaze!

"Lv Wen, with the Shenhao Twin Emperors in seclusion, I, the elder, preside over this tomb comparison. Regardless of the fact that Lei Jinshi ranked as the eighth elder of my Godly Void Pavilion, you killed him today in front of thousands of cultivators, and you must give the elder a reasonable explanation! Otherwise, even if you're a discarded member of the secret clans, I, the elder, must punish you severely!"

At the instant Xuanbei Xianwang's words fell, numerous old monsters on the surrounding high platforms were immediately taken aback.

Lv Wen's identity as a discarded member of the secret clans was little-known in Eastern Heaven. However, upon hearing such hidden information, many old monsters were inwardly shaken.

Lv Wen's gaze slightly narrowed. Even facing Xuanbei Xianwang, he didn't dare to be too unruly.

However, being innately rebellious, even in the face of the Shenhao Twin Emperors or facing Senluo, he never harbored much fear. Naturally, he wouldn't fear Xuanbei either.

Countless old monsters awaited Lv Wen's response, seeking a reasonable reason for slaying Lei Jinshi.

Before everyone's eyes, Lv Wen was silent for a long time before suddenly bursting into laughter, casting a glance at Ning Fan.

"The elder couldn't tolerate Lei Jinshi bullying the small with his might! This, is the elder's reason!"

Upon hearing these words, many old monsters instantly shifted their gazes unanimously onto Ning Fan.

Even Xuanbei Xianwang's gaze was slightly narrowed, fixing on Ning Fan.

By this point, most old monsters had already discerned that Ning Fan had encountered danger in the Tomb Palace, vaguely related to Lei Jinshi.

After Ning Fan won first place in the tomb comparison, Lei Jinshi even disregarded his status to brazenly attack Ning Fan... It was also at that point that Lv Wen intervened to kill Lei Jinshi.

From Lv Wen's intent, it seemed he had killed Lei Jinshi for Ning Fan's sake.

"He is just a junior! I don't believe you would kill Lei Jinshi for the sake of a junior!" Xuanbei's gaze deepened, sweeping over Ning Fan once before retracting.

Even though Ning Fan had the potential to become the Eternal Immortal Venerable, in the eyes of this future Shengkong Great Emperor, he was insignificant.

"He is indeed a junior, but he possesses another identity, as Lv Wen's sworn brother! Is this reason sufficient?"

After those words, Lv Wen's figure flickered, landing in the center of the venue, beside Ning Fan.

Lv Wen's physique had originally been laughably plump, but at this moment, he exuded an aura as imposing as the heavens.

He shielded Ning Fan, with his sharp gaze sweeping over the seats on all four high platforms!

His words immediately caused numerous old monsters on the four high platforms to reveal expressions of shock.

"'Millennium Demon Monarch' Ning Fan is actually 'Plague King' Lv Wen's sworn brother?! How could such a thing be!"

"This is too unbelievable... Lv Wen is solitary by nature, and I have never heard that he had a sworn brother. He doesn't even have a single friend... But seeing his demeanor, Lv Wen doesn't seem to be lying. Could it be that this Ning Fan is indeed Lv Wen's sworn brother!"

Xuanbei Xianwang's expression immediately changed, deeply moved.

If Ning Fan is Lv Wen's righteous younger brother, and Lei Jinshi repeatedly provoked Ning Fan, then Lv Wen killing Lei Jinshi is justifiable. Although sudden violence is questionable, Lei Jinshi was the one to first show lethal intent towards Ning Fan, so Lv Wen cannot be blamed...

Behind Xuanbei Xianwang, all eight of the Divine Void Elders had their eyes widened, even the Ninth Elder Luo Shi was astonished.

All cultivators of the Luo Family were shocked, and none among the Chen Family and Lei Family were not terrified!

In the Dongming Lei Family, the strongest was Lei Jinshi. Besides Lei Jinshi, there were only three Shekong in the clan.

Even when Lei Jinshi was alive, the Lei family could not afford to provoke Lv Wen. Now that Lei Jinshi has fallen, and the reason for his fall was offensive actions against Lv Wen's brother... the three Shekong of the Lei Family could not imagine what insane revenge they would face from Lv Wen following Lei Jinshi's death!

The Chen Family cultivators were even more immersed in fear. Especially the Chen Family Head, Chen Xuan, who deeply regretted following Lei Jinshi's orders to secretly plot against Ning Fan...

Ning Fan is actually the righteous brother of the Plague King! Is this an identity that the Chen Family could afford to provoke?

Without any hesitation, the three Shekong of the Lei Family and the Chen Family Head stepped forward together, cupping their fists and apologizing to Lv Wen in the center of the gathering.

Sadly, before they could express their apologies, they were met with Lv Wen's icy killing intent.

"Now you think to plead for mercy? Too late! Lv Wen is not the cautious War King Luo Family! Who dares to touch someone of mine must die!"

As soon as these words fell, a substantial plague Daoist thought suddenly spread out, sweeping towards the seats of the Lei and Chen Families.

This plague Daoist thought spared the cultivators below the Ghost Immortal Realm, but the cultivators above that realm from both families found their lips turning purple, froth at the mouth, and fell dead in an instant!

The three Shekong of the Lei Family and the Chen Family Head Chen Xuan, all with expressions of extreme terror, perished instantly under Lv Wen's divine skill!

"Lv Wen, you...!" Xuanbei Xianwang was startled, about to rebuke Lv Wen for his murderous act.

But Lv Wen coldly interrupted Xianwang's words first.

"Xuanbei, I spared the lower level cultivators of the Chen and Lei Families as a favor to you! Otherwise, according to my former temperament, anyone who dared to touch my brother would be slaughtered, leaving no one alive! Even if this was brought before the Twin Emperors, I would still have a plausible explanation!"

After speaking, Lv Wen's gaze again fell on the Xu Family's seats, demanding coldly,

"Who is Xu Yuanzhen!"

The sudden demand, brimming with killing intent, startled the Xu Family cultivators into a cold sweat.

In the Xu Family's seats, an elder with hair as white as snow hurriedly stood up, respectfully cupped his fists towards Lv Wen, and said,

"Junior is the family head of the Xu Family—Xu Yuanzhen. I wonder what orders the Plague King might have!"

This elder, with mid-stage Shekong cultivation, was indeed the Xu Family Head Xu Yuanzhen.

Being addressed by Lv Wen, Xu Yuanzhen dared not be slow in responding, yet his heart was anxious and uneasy.

Xu Yuanzhen, as the family head, naturally knew about the incident where his family member Xu Nian was slain by Ning Fan.

He knew very well that Lv Wen mentioning his name was most likely related to the Xu Nian affair...

"Xu Yuanzhen! I've heard that your clan member, Xu Nian, fell in a fair duel with my brother, being inferior in skills. Is that true? I've also heard your clan member, Xu Dao, intended to cause trouble for my brother because of Xu Nian. Is that also true!" Lv Wen's narrowed old eyes flashed with icy coldness.

Facing Lv Wen's chilling gaze, Xu Yuanzhen was instantly frightened, sweating profusely, and sharply glaring at Xu Dao in the gathering, apologizing with cupped fists, "Xu Nian died in a fair duel, and his death isn't attributable to anyone! His cousin Xu Dao might have been momentarily resentful and spoke disrespectfully towards the Plague King's brother, but I genuinely did not know, nor was it the intention of the Xu Family!"

"You didn't know? Ha ha..."

Lv Wen's laughing eyes narrowed, glancing towards Xu Dao present in the gathering.

Caught by Lv Wen's gaze, Xu Dao, possessing mid-stage Enlightenment cultivation, instantly felt his life and death beyond his own control.

Without the slightest hesitation, Xu Dao, with a face full of fear, cupped his fists towards Lv Wen, saying, "The junior has long abandoned any animosity against Brother Ning! I am willing to swear a Restrictive Spell that I will not cause Brother Ning trouble over Xu Nian's matter in this lifetime!"

"Heh, remember your oath! Break it, and I will make you pay the price! Your Xu Family will also perish because of you alone!"

Lv Wen grinned, revealing his ghastly white teeth.

Upon seeing Lv Wen's expression, Xu Dao and the Xu Family cultivators shivered all over with cold.

Lv Wen sneered, his gaze shamelessly sweeping over the four sides of the gathering.

Since he had already decided to act in support of Ning Fan, he might as well assist once more, using his fearsome reputation to help Ning Fan intimidate the petty to avoid endless troubles in the future.

After confirming there were no more enemies of Ning Fan at the gathering, Lv Wen nodded contentedly, transmitted a few words to Ning Fan, then with a flicker, returned to the high table seat.

Ning Fan gazed complexly at Lv Wen, with the few words transmitted by Lv Wen still resonating in his mind.

"Rest assured, Daoist Ning! As you now have to conceal your strength, unable to show your Immortal King prowess, which is inconvenient, I shall lend my assistance when you're in crisis!"

"Today, I took the liberty to call you my brother; this is a temporary measure. I hope Daoist Ning won't take it to heart."

Ning Fan sighed slightly. Luen helped him; how could he harbor any grievances against Luen.

Slaying Lei Jinshi, destroying all cultivators above Ghost Immortal Realm from the Lei and Chen Families, intimidating the Xu Family, and giving him the identity of 'Brother to the Plague King'...

All that Lv Wen did was for his sake, how could he not appreciate it.

Even though all of Lv Wen's actions were based on a misunderstanding, assuming a nonexistent identity of 'Southern Clan Cultivator' for Ning Fan, he would still remember the kindness shown today in secret.

Xuanbei Xianwang glanced towards Lv Wen, sighed helplessly, and instructed several Divine Void Cultivators to go to the seats of the Chen and Lei families to help clean up the bodies and the aftermath, while he waved a hand and pulled out a register.

"The matter of Lei Jinshi's fall is set aside for now... now, I will personally award the keepers of the Tomb Palace in this contest!"

Initially, the register contained the names of 4,175 tomb keepers. Holding another jade scroll, Xuanbei Xianwang accessed the records of all the Tomb Keepers' performances from the first two rounds, converted into scores.

Xuanbei Xianwang executed a technique towards the jade scroll, and immediately, light continuously flew from the jade scroll into the register.

Within moments, only a hundred names were left on the register, listed in order based on their rankings.

Among these hundred people, the first in rank was Ning Fan!

The remaining people were those in the top one hundred tomb keeper rankings in this contest.

Once the register was set, Xuanbei Xianwang swept his gaze over it, then made another gesture towards the register.

Instantly, the register transformed into a golden beam and soared skyward, lengthening into a massive scroll unfurling bit by bit in the sky.

The hundred names on the scroll shimmered with golden light. With the spirit sense of this ancient being here, he naturally could see them all clearly.

"Ranking nineteenth... I knew Brother Ning would pass the twenty-fourth grave. If the third round had been canceled, I should have passed more graves to achieve a better rank..." Jun Changdong smiled slightly, unconcerned about failing to make it into the top ten.

"Ranked third..." Cold Moon bit her lip, glanced at Ning Fan, and sighed softly, reluctantly and helplessly looking away.

Ning Fan's strength far exceeded her imagination; getting through twenty-four graves was not something she could compete with.

Moreover, Ning Fan turned out to be the Righteous Younger Brother of the Plague King... This identity was too intimidating, even for her, making her dare not provoke Ning Fan further.

"Second, huh..." Fellow Daoist Xu gave a bitter smile and closed his eyes.

Ever since witnessing Ning Fan clear twenty-four graves, any hostility he had towards Ning Fan vanished. Now, with the Plague King involved, he dared not harbor any ill intentions against Ning Fan...

The top hundred in rank at the Grave Competition would receive generous rewards, and those in the top fifty would get additional rewards besides the predetermined ones.

The top fifty ranked tomb keepers could receive one Void Command after the competition.

Those ranked in the top twenty would receive two Void Commands.

The top ten ranked tomb keepers would receive four Void Commands and a title of Immortal Lord granted by the Godly Void Pavilion.

The tomb keeper ranked first may make a request to the Godly Void Pavilion, and the Godly Void Pavilion, if within its capabilities, shall not refuse!

Without immediately granting the first rank's rewards to Ning Fan, Xuanbei Xianwang started from the lower-ranked masters, awarding rewards one by one.

Those outside the top ten mostly received rewards like expensive pills, magical treasures, cultivation techniques, Void Commands, and so on.

These masters would simply need to approach, give Xuanbei Xianwang a bow, show their faces, collect their rewards, and they could step down.

When it came to the tenth-ranked master, the presentation of rewards became ceremonious.

Xuanbei Xianwang stepped to the front of the high platform, gazed at the remaining ten tomb keepers in the venue below, his eyes focused, and pointed downward.

At once, a monumental stele descended from the sky in front of Ning Fan and the other nine tomb keepers.

The Immortalization Stele! One of the Godly Void Pavilion's secret treasures!

Most of this monumental stele was blank, except for the upper left corner, which held one hundred and forty-nine characters.

Each character represented a title of Immortal Lord.

The depth of the engravings varied, with deeper engravings containing more astonishing immortal might.

The one hundred forty-eighth character was 'Shadow,' engraved by Qin Kong. Carving this character, he became the Immortal Monarch of Shadow and acquired a secret technique from the Immortalization Stele, greatly increasing his divine skills.

The one hundred forty-ninth character was 'Bone,' engraved by Jun Changdong... After engraving this word, Jun Changdong obtained a particular secret technique.

"Since the first Grave Competition, the Godly Void Pavilion has produced a total of one hundred forty-nine Immortal Lords. Every time the top ten of the Grave Competition has an opportunity to leave their title on the Immortalization Stele, but alas, not everyone possesses the ability to inscribe on it..."

Halfway through Xuanbei's speech, his gaze landed on the tenth-ranked tomb keeper.

"Divine Dao Sect, Lu She! You have one stick of incense time to exert your full strength to leave a word on the Immortalization Stele! If you succeed, that word will be your title of Immortal Lord! With this title, you can naturally receive corresponding rewards from the Immortalization Stele!"

As soon as Xuanbei Xianwang finished his sentence, the current tenth-ranked tomb keeper immediately stepped forward to the Immortalization Stele, his eyes faintly excited.

His name was Lu She, a master at the Initial Stage of Crossing Truth.

The character he wished to engrave on the Immortalization Stele was 'Fire'!

Lu She flicked his finger, and at once, fire light flew from between his fingers, transforming into beams of divine light, crashing fiercely onto the Immortalization Stele.

He attempted to carve the word 'Fire' on the Immortalization Stele to obtain the title of Flame Immortal Lord.

Unfortunately, his attacks merely stirred seven divine lights on the stele, failing to leave even the slightest scratch.

Beneath the Immortalization Stele, despite employing numerous divine skills, he still couldn't inscribe a single word on the stele.

A stick of incense later, time was up. Lu She sighed deeply, lost the qualification to engrave a character on the stele, accepted other rewards, and left the venue in disappointment.

Following him, the ninth, eighth, and seventh ranked masters similarly failed, unable to inscribe any marks on the stele.

However, their attacks managed to stir more than ten divine lights on the Immortalization Stele.

The more divine lights stirred, the more powerful the inscribing divine skill, yet they still couldn't carve any marks.

The sixth-ranked tomb keeper was a Sword Cultivator, whose fierce sword light struck the Immortalization Stele, stirring a full twenty-one divine lights.

Despite this, his sword merely left an imperceptible mark on the Immortalization Stele.

After trying for a stick of incense without success, he failed to inscribe even a single word, unable to acquire the title of Immortal Lord.

The fifth and fourth-ranked tomb keepers similarly failed to obtain the title of Immortal Lord, their divine skills stirring about twenty-six to seven divine lights.

Void Sect Disciple Cold Moon, ranked third, managed to finally inscribe the character 'Moon' on the Immortalization Stele, earning the title of Moon Immortal Monarch.

Cold Moon's most powerful divine skill, when falling on the Immortalization Stele, stirred a full fifty-six divine lights.

In the instant of inscribing the character 'Moon,' a beam of moonlit brilliance immediately flew from the Immortalization Stele, merging into her forehead.

Nobody knew the information contained within that lunar brilliance, but Cold Moon's extremely delighted expression was the only visible clue.

Ranked second, Xux Yuanzhen inscribed the character 'Slay' on the Immortalization Stele. His divine skill stirred a total of seventy-five divine lights on the stele.

His Dao was the Dao of Slaying, severing all ties and grievances.

For this reason, he wanted to avenge Xu Nian, attempting to sever this grievance and elevate his spirit sense.

Regrettably, Ning Fan was beyond his ability to slay... This grudge he could only choose to forget, choose to sever, afterward seeking other slayable matters for cultivation.

"The Slaying Immortal Monarch, hm..."

Ning Fan's eyes narrowed slightly, gazing at Xux Yuanzhen, who was meeting his gaze with a kind smile.

The kindness in that smile was genuine... Unable to sever the grudge with Ning Fan, Xux Yuanzhen severed his hostility towards Ning Fan...

"Can even hostility be obliterated..."

Ning Fan withdrew his gaze, looking toward the Immortalization Stele.

The other Tomb Guardians had already left, leaving only him remaining.

He was the first in this tomb contest, eligible to receive various rewards, the Immortal Title reward, and the chance to make a request.

He had long decided on the content of his request.

As for the Immortal Title, he was still undecided.

By his estimation, the power of at least thirty-five divine lights was needed to carve clear characters on the Immortalization Stele.

He was severely depleted in vital essence and gravely injured, limiting his strength, but carving words on the stele would not be difficult for him.

"Luo Family Tomb Guardian, Ning Fan! Have you decided what words to inscribe on the Immortalization Stele?"

Xuan Bei Immortal King's voice suddenly emanated from the northern platform.

"I've decided."

Ning Fan walked step by step toward the Immortalization Stele, his eyes revealing a look of reminiscence.

If he must choose an Immortal Title, there was only one he wanted...

He wished to inscribe a single character... that character was 'Rain'...

He hailed from the Rain Immortal World and was a Rain World's cultivator. If he must choose an Immortal Title, he hoped it would be... Rain Immortal Lord!

He raised his hand, summoning the Memory Severing Dao Sword, urging forth four streaks of purple aura sword light, and struck fiercely upon the stele.

Instantly, the Immortalization Stele trembled slightly, emitting forty divine lights.

"Forty divine lights... Little Fan Fan seems to be gravely injured, unable to exert full strength... He, will he be alright..." The little demoness furrowed her brows slightly.

On the surrounding platforms, many old monsters expressed a hint of regret.

They all saw Ning Fan was injured; otherwise, they didn't know how many divine lights his powers could elicit at full strength.

No one doubted that Ning Fan's full exertion could exceed the counts of divine lights requested by Fellow Daoist Xu and others.

At this moment, Ning Fan's face was pale, his aura languid and weak; managing to cut out forty divine lights was already rare.

The character 'Rain' gradually formed on the Immortalization Stele.

As the character was inscribed, it symbolized Ning Fan's official receipt of the Immortalization Stele's conferred title of 'Rain Immortal Lord' from the Godly Void Pavilion.

"Forty divine lights... Even if this child hadn't been injured, he might struggle to cut out over a hundred divine lights..."

Xuan Bei Immortal King shook his head indifferently; though Ning Fan was the Righteous Younger Brother of Plague King, he still wouldn't regard him too highly.

"Now, you may present a request to me using your status as the first in the tomb contest! Relay your request to me through voice transmission!"

Ning Fan's gaze inadvertently swept over to the little demoness' seat, a hint of a smile playing at the corner of his lips.

He lifted his head and clasped his fist from afar towards the direction of Xuan Bei Immortal King, his lips moved without sound, transmitting something unknown.

Initially expressionless, upon hearing Ning Fan's request, Xuan Bei Immortal King was first shocked, then regarded Ning Fan with a serious look, remaining silent for a long time before sternly announcing,

"Your request is denied! Godly Void Pavilion will not agree to it! Take your rewards and step down!"

After saying this, Xuan Bei Immortal King flicked his finger, and the storage pouch containing the prizes immediately transformed into a stream of light, shooting down and landing before Ning Fan.

Ning Fan did not reach to take the storage pouch, allowing it to fall to the ground without even a glance.

He fixed his gaze firmly on Xuan Bei Immortal King, incredulous!

He never expected the Godly Void Pavilion to so swiftly reject his request.

Luo Shi furrowed his brows, rose and respectfully saluted Xuan Bei Immortal King before asking, "May I inquire, Immortal King, what exactly did Ning Fan request for you to so promptly refuse? According to the rules of the tomb contest, the winner is entitled to make any request of the Godly Void Pavilion; as long as it can be fulfilled, it must be granted..."

"The issue is that this particular request cannot be fulfilled by my Godly Void Pavilion!"

Xuan Bei Immortal King sighed lightly, simultaneously transmitting to Luo Shi and the elders and even to the powerful Immortal Lords like Lv Wen.

In an instant, all the Divine Void Elders, including Luo Shi, showed expressions of difficulty.

Ning Fan's request was simple, merely a single sentence.

'The name of Divine Void Young Master Xiao Qianci must be removed from the Bell Sacrifice list!'

If Ning Fan had made this request a few years earlier, perhaps the Godly Void Pavilion wouldn't have found it too difficult. Even if the little demoness was on the sacrifice list, his request would likely be granted.

Unfortunately, the little demoness was named by the Dark Clan several years ago...

"The sacrifices desired by the Dark Clan are always imperative. This girl has been named by the Dark Clan; even I dare not intervene rashly... Young Friend Ning's request is rather unwise... Is this demand perhaps the intention of the clan's patriarch? Is my Southern Clan seeking a battle with the Dark Clan?" Lv Wen's eyes showed contemplation, before he sighed. This request, likely won't be agreed by the Godly Void Pavilion...

Even if he wished to speak a few words on Ning Fan's behalf, it would be futile.

"Is Ning's request truly excessive? Please, Immortal King, clarify!"

Ning Fan looked directly at Xuan Bei Immortal King, with no fear, only perseverance.

Xuan Bei Immortal King furrowed his brows, preparing to explain, when suddenly two figures, shrouded in seven-colored light, appeared in the heavens—none other than the Shenhao Twin Emperors!

"Xuan Bei, what is his request?" Among the Shenhao Twin Emperors, Emperor Xu Kong's expression was tense as he questioned Xuan Bei Immortal King.

Xuan Bei Immortal King did not dare be negligent and immediately reported to the two great emperors arriving.

Upon hearing Xuan Bei Immortal King's report, Emperor Xu Kong's eyes sharpened, followed by a sigh, lamenting that Ning Fan's request was indeed linked to sacrifices.

As for Shengkong the Great Emperor, he snorted coldly without a word, directly unleashing a vast imperial aura, pressing down fiercely towards Ning Fan!

"Junior, stand down! Your request, this emperor forbids!"

Chapter 846: Dark Clan? Nothing but Ants!

Without any explanation, Shengkong Emperor was disdainful to give Ning Fan any explanation, directly releasing imperial spirit to suppress Ning Fan.

All sounds between heaven and earth vanished in that instant, an invisible oppressive feeling suddenly crashed onto Ning Fan.

Ning Fan's gaze changed, at that moment, he felt an intention, an intention from the stars! As if the starry sky of the entire Dongming Star Domain was pressing down on him!

Several million cultivators were merely affected by the pressure of this imperial spirit, and their breath halted, their faces greatly shocked.

Even someone like Lv Wen, an Immortal King, looked toward Shengkong Emperor's direction, deeply astonished.

The pressure was too strong, the Eighth Calamity of the Eternals' Celestial Emperor pressure, is it something that ordinary cultivators can contend with!

At the center of the pressure, Ning Fan was immediately hit hard, coughing up blood while retreating continuously.

Even at his full strength, he could not directly contend with the Emperor's pressure of the Eighth Tribulation. At this moment, deeply injured, stunned by the pressure, his internal injuries immediately showed signs of worsening!

A cold hum from Shengkong Emperor, transformed into tens of thousands of heavy thunderstorms, constantly detonating within Ning Fan's divine sense.

Their sound echoed in Ning Fan's ear for a long time, each echo adding countless heavy injuries to Ning Fan's wounds.

Your request, this Emperor does not allow!

This Emperor does not allow!!

Does not allow!!!

Pfft—

Ning Fan once again spat out a mouthful of fresh blood, consciousness dimmed, almost was about to faint under this pressure.

Luo Shix, Lv Wen, little demoness, Li Xiaoxiao... every cultivator with a little friendship with Ning Fan suddenly stood up, and towards Shengkong Emperor's direction, pleaded, "Emperor, show mercy!"

"Humph! This Emperor has already shown mercy, otherwise, this child would be dead!" Within the seven-colored light glow, Shengkong Emperor gave a cold hum, not removed pressure, instead intensified pressure once again, allowing the form of invisible pressure to transform into a tangible seven-colored hue!

This behavior is punishment, punishing Ning Fan for coveting the heart of the sacrificial offering!

With the intensification of pressure, the center of the scene immediately was shrouded in tangible seven-colored imperial pressure, outsiders simply couldn't see what was happening within.

Seven-colored imperial pressure came upon him, Ning Fan seemed like a leaf in the wind, with always the risk of drifting to fall and perish.

His complexion no longer showed a hint of color, but his gaze, increasingly cold, without any fear.

Clenching teeth, stubborn bones... under this seven-colored imperial pressure, Ning Fan yet raised his head.

Endless boundless seven-colored imperial pressure, cut off his line of sight, letting him unable to see through everything ahead.

He seemed like a piece of humble soil, Shengkong Emperor seemed like the high and mighty stars. Great differences in status, but in Ning Fan's eyes, there was no fear, only anger!

Originally retreating body, halted in place by his gritted teeth at this moment.

His white robe stained with blood, dark hair wildly dancing in the wind, raising hand, harshly wiping on the face, immediately, a hideously terrifying silver ghost mask, appeared!

Full head of dark hair, at this moment, transformed into silver threads, evil qi gathered in the eyes, transformed into bleeding-like pupil color.

Summoning the ghost mask instantly, the previously body-suppressing mountain-like pressure, immediately weakened by more than fifty percent.

Ning Fan took a step forward, stared angrily at the galaxies, eyes flickering azure spike light, as if with unity with heaven and earth.

Heaven and earth's great dao principles, seemed to echo in conjunction with him, evil qi in his eyes, seemed sufficient to overturn the skies.

Borrowing the might of the ghost mask, borrowing the fusion with heaven and earth's great dao principles, Ning Fan actually resisted Shengkong Emperor's pressure.

His gaze, pierced through the seven-colored imperial pressure, clearly seeing the shocked face beneath Shengkong Emperor's seven-colored divine glow!

This was Ning Fan's first time, forcibly seeing through the visage of a Celestial Emperor!

"Is this the way Godly Void Pavilion conducts itself! Refusing Ning Fan's request, breaking trust first; dignified Celestial Emperor's respect, oppressing the juniors later... oh what a Godly Void Pavilion! Oh what a Shengkong Emperor! It's just a pity, even if you a respectful Celestial Emperor, you can't think to suppress me with pressure! Rain of heavens and earth, heed my command, for this respect, reverse!"

A word 'reverse' shouted out, Ning Fan's brow's star flashed at the same time, at this moment, his voice too carried an intention, applying onto the rain mist between heaven and earth!

Heaven and earth's rain and mist, all fused into his voice, went against the sky and rose, voice integrated with the sky, long-lasting and not dissipating.

In the starry sky, Ning Fan's voice echoed, every cultivator hearing this voice, all spirit sense trembled.

The seven-colored pressure suppressing Ning Fan's body, together with the sweep of rain intent, suddenly with a boom, completely collapsed!

Emperor's might, shattered!

Amidst the scattered seven-colored divine glow, Ning Fan put away the ghost mask, angrily raised his head, coldly watched the high and above Shengkong Emperor.

Silence! Four sides of high platforms fell into dead silence! Only sound of inhaling cold air echoed.

Except for Shenhao Twin Emperors, no one's gaze here could see through the seven-colored imperial pressure, see what previously transpired inside the imperial pressure.

Outsiders had no idea how Ning Fan, with his mysterious ghostly form, managed to shatter the imperial power of a dignified Eight Tribulations Celestial Emperor.

Yet witnessing the collapse of the seven-colored imperial power with their own eyes, how could they not be astonished!

Even Lv Wen was utterly shocked, his jaw dropping as if it might fall to the ground.

Lv Wen absolutely believed he had the highest estimation of Ning Fan's strength in this place. In his eyes, Ning Fan was merely an Immortal King with hidden strength.

But even so, Lv Wen couldn't fathom that Ning Fan, even as an Immortal King, could outright shatter the imperial might of the Eight Tribulations Celestial Emperor!

"Could it be that Ning Fan's true strength is still underestimated by me? Is he not an Immortal King but... an Immortal Emperor?!"

"Indeed, it can only be explained this way; only then could he shatter the imperial might of the Eight Tribulations Great Emperor!"

The more Lv Wen thought, the higher he overestimated Ning Fan's abilities.

Only Ning Fan himself understood that his ability to shatter the divine might of the Shengkong Emperor head-on came from exploiting interstices.

The Innate Ghost Mask helped him withstand fifty percent of the Shengkong Emperor's imperial might, while the Unity of Heaven and Man helped him withstand the remainder.

The Innate Ghost Mask is a treasure hard to come by even for Celestial Emperors, while Unity of Heaven and Man is a great divine power that the Shengkong Emperor is unable to comprehend; without these two advantages, Ning Fan could not have endured the Shengkong Emperor's might.

Having grasped the Rain Yin Yang, Ning Fan borrowed a trace of power from the Rain Dao Principle, using it to strike along the pathways of the Shengkong Emperor's imperial might and shatter it.

Rain Yin Yang contained a trace of Palm Position Power, a force that only a Palm Position Immortal Emperor could command. Even the Shengkong Emperor could not cultivate this Palm Position Power.

Without the Palm Position Power provided by Rain Yin Yang, even if Ning Fan could endure the seven-colored imperial power, he couldn't wield the rain of heaven and earth to retaliate, nor shatter the seven-colored imperial might.

To shatter the seven-colored imperial might, all three trump cards were indispensable.

Furthermore, Ning Fan's ability to shatter the Shengkong Emperor's seven-colored imperial might hinged on another crucial factor: the current Shengkong Emperor was far from his peak state, his physical body destroyed, only able to manifest a humanoid form with his divine spirit here.

This severe injury greatly reduced Shengkong Emperor's imperial might to less than thirty percent of its peak strength, giving Ning Fan the chance to shatter it...

No matter what, Ning Fan ultimately shattered the Shengkong Emperor's imperial might; this was a fact, one the Shengkong Emperor did not wish to accept, yet could not deny!

The Shengkong Emperor and Emperor Xukong were both Immortal Emperors, their gaze enough to pierce through the seven-colored imperial power and witness everything Ning Fan achieved.

Emperor Xukong, at this moment, was deeply moved, silently astonished by the three trump cards Ning Fan revealed, each leaving him in awe.

"Innate Ghost Mask... Unity of Heaven and Man... even a trace of Palm Position Power! This boy, merely a Guixuan level, possesses such terrifying three trump cards! His ability to shatter the seven-colored imperial might with Guixuan cultivation is no mere fluke!" Emperor Xukong thought to himself.

At this moment, Shengkong Emperor remained silent, equally stunned within, yet harboring more jealousy and anger.

Angry that a mere Guixuan junior dared retaliate against him, shattering his seven-colored imperial might.

Jealous that Ning Fan owned all three treasures, each one he desired but did not have, yet even if he took action to seize them, they were unreachable!

The Second Stage Spirit Equipment, once recognized by its master, cannot be taken; Unity of Heaven and Man depends entirely on personal enlightenment, impossible to seize; Palm Position Power requires self-cultivation and cannot be obtained externally...

The only shortcut to cultivating Palm Position Power is to absorb the Palm Position Dao Fruit of a deceased Palm Position Great Emperor...

Unfortunately, the probability of forming a Palm Position Dao Fruit is extremely low which makes it, even if Ning Fan is not a Palm Position Immortal Emperor, impossible to obtain by killing him...

"This emperor's much-coveted possessions, this boy possesses them all!" For the first time in his life, the dignified Shengkong Emperor, an Eight Tribulations Great Emperor, felt jealousy toward a Guixuan junior...

After shattering the Shengkong Emperor's seven-colored imperial might, Ning Fan's anger slightly dissipated, his gaze regaining a hint of calmness.

His gaze shifted from the Shengkong Emperor to Emperor Xukong, slightly bowing his fists in respect to Emperor Xukong, asking with neither arrogance nor servility,

"May I ask, Emperor, having obtained the first in the tomb comparison, according to the regulations, should the Godly Void Pavilion not grant me one request?"

"Yes, as long as your request is not excessive, our Godly Void Pavilion will agree, but your request indeed is somewhat excessive..." Emperor Xukong sighed lightly, his tone unexpectedly courteous.

Given his status, it was naturally impossible for him to be courteous to a Guixuan junior, but Ning Fan was different, exposing numerous trump cards and formidable potential that he could not overlook.

"I don't know why my request is excessive, please clarify, Emperor!"

Upon hearing this, Emperor Xukong sighed gently without directly answering, only flicking his finger towards Ning Fan, whereupon a jade scroll instantly transformed into a stream of light and flew straight towards Ning Fan.

Ning Fan caught the jade scroll, scanned it with his spirit sense, and immediately his expression turned ashen.

This jade scroll recorded a major event, an event that occurred a few years ago.

Just a few years ago, a messenger from the Dark Clan suddenly came to the Godly Void Pavilion, summoned the Godly Void Pavilion, demanding the repair of the Eastern Ocean Bell within a millennium, and the reopening of the Bell Sacrifice!

At the same time, they specifically named the little demoness as the sacrifice for the next Bell Sacrifice, demanding her spirit be used to refine liquor, not allowing any substitute.

This jade scroll even detailed the reason the Dark Clan demanded the little demoness's Spirit Soul Liquor!

There was only one reason... because she belonged to the Xiao Family, the female cultivator with the purest Xiao family bloodline!

Bang!

Ning Fan's eyes burned with a hidden anger as he shattered the jade scroll.

The Dark Clan repeatedly targeted the Xiao Family's female cultivators; he didn't know the reason!

The only thing he knew was that the moment he learned of these deeds, a hint of murderous intent towards the unfamiliar Dark Clan arose in his heart!

The Godly Void Pavilion was unwilling to agree to his request, and the reason was already known to him.

Yet none of this altered his determination to rescue the little demoness!

He no longer intended to request the Godly Void Pavilion to remove the name of the little demoness from the sacrificial list... This request was not thorough enough!

Given the Godly Void Pavilion's attitude of fearing the Dark Clan like a tiger, even if they removed her name today, tomorrow the Dark Clan could demand her as a sacrifice...

He would never allow such a thing to happen!

"Young friend, you should make another request. This request, my Godly Void Pavilion cannot agree to." Emperor Xukong gently sighed, advising.

"Fine! I was indeed planning to make another request," Ning Fan took a deep breath, his gaze suddenly turned towards the seat of the little demoness and he spoke loudly,

"My original request was to remove her name from the Godly Void sacrificial list, but now I've changed my mind... I want to take her away; from today onward, she will be my Ning Fan's woman, no longer the Divine Void Young Master, nor the Godly Void sacrificial offering! No one can touch her! This is my request; please, grant it Twin Emperors!"

Hiss!

Countless sounds of sucking in cold air immediately emerged from the four surrounding high platforms.

Only a few old monsters knew of the Divine Void Young Master's sacrificial status, but most old monsters were shocked upon first hearing Ning Fan's words, shocked that the dignified Divine Void Young Master would be a Bell Sacrifice offering.

Moreover, many informed old monsters were deeply shaken by Ning Fan's audacity.

He dared to ask the Godly Void Pavilion for an offering, and the offering he asked for was one that the Dark Clan had just singled out!

"His request... is actually for me!" The little demoness's heart trembled, an infinite number of ripples reverberating, completely unable to stay calm.

She had long faintly perceived that Ning Fan was determined to shatter Shengkong Emperor's power and offend the Shengkong Emperor persistently due to some non-negotiable reason.

Only she never expected that the reason Ning Fan couldn't back down was herself...

At this moment, the little demoness could no longer fake a smile, her eyes became blurry with crystalline tears streaming down, as if all the grievances and injustices of this life flowed away with the tears.

So, not everyone ignored her life and death... there was still someone who cared for her...

"Impudent! Who do you think you are, daring to contend with my Dark Clan for offerings!"

Ning Fan's newly proposed request caused the expressions of the Shenhao Twin Emperors to darken.

But before the Twin Emperors could speak, a voice of fury descended from the sky!

The speaker was an old man in black armor, shrouded in seven-colored radiance, with eyes flashing an eerie black light, treading upon nine layers of dark clouds!

The moment this person appeared, the faces of Shenhao Twin Emperors drastically changed, and many old monsters here recognized his background, unable to comprehend their tremor.

"Nine layers of dark clouds! He is the Great Emperor of the Dark Clan!"

"The Dark Clan! One of the ten great secret clans! Why has the Dark Clan's Great Emperor come here!"

Ning Fan's eyes suddenly became sharp; the visitor was actually the Great Emperor of the Dark Clan, an Immortal Emperor of the Eternal Sixth Calamity!

The Dark Clan's Great Emperor sneered, raising a finger, the finger akin to a black sun, directly pointing at Ning Fan!

As the finger descended, a black sun shadow appeared between heaven and earth, carrying an eerie black glow that could devour all cultivations and divine skills.

This finger clearly belonged to one of the Dark Clan's secret techniques... Hei Yao Finger!

This finger harbored murderous intent! The Dark Clan's Great Emperor swore to kill Ning Fan here and now!

Because Ning Fan had audaciously coveted the Dark Clan's offering!

Shenkong Emperor's expression darkened; though displeased with the Dark Clan's sudden arrival and outburst, he had no intention of intervening.

Emperor Xukong's face changed; he immediately raised his hand, intending to help Ning Fan, but after some hesitation, he lowered it, not daring to offend the Dark Clan.

Li Xiaoxiao, startled, immediately leaped onto the seat, took out a life-saving jade pendant, about to shatter it to aid Ning Fan.

It was an item given by Emperor Zhangjie to preserve her life; at this moment, she was entirely willing to use it!

The little demoness' face turned pale, ashen. In the instant the Dark Clan's Great Emperor lashed out against Ning Fan, her heart ached indescribably...

Lv Wen and Luo Shix abruptly stood up, trying to assist Ning Fan, but under the pressure of the Dark Emperor, they were forced to retreat.

On Shenkong Star, Xiang Mingzi, clearing fallen leaves, suddenly raised his head, his usually calm face showing anger.

"Dark Clan again! Do they think our Godly Void is void, easy to bully!"

...

He took a step forward, intending to rescue Ning Fan, but in the end, he stayed where he was.

It wasn't that he feared the Dark Clan, but because another change occurred on Ning Fan!

Ning Fan looked at that Dark Clan Great Emperor, his eyes full of unwillingness and anger.

His anger lay in the Dark Clan's overbearing actions.

His unwillingness stemmed from being too weak, utterly powerless before the Dark Clan Great Emperor.

"Young one, remember! Not everyone can meddle with the Dark Clan's sacrifices! Not even Senluo, and certainly not you! This finger is your lesson from me!"

The Dark Clan Great Emperor sneered disdainfully, his black finger descended, bringing with it killing intent!

At this instant, when the killing intent enveloped him, Ning Fan took out a jade pendant and crushed it...

He didn't take out the Slaughter Emperor Jade Slip; he didn't want to draw the Slaughter Hall into a conflict with the Dark Clan, dragging them down.

The jade pendant Ning Fan took out was something he begged from the Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor.

He sought this item to use the Ancient Chaos's might to intimidate the Shenhao Twin Emperors in a moment of need.

Now, it happened to come in handy against the Dark Clan.

With the jade pendant crushed, a momentum capable of annihilating the starry sky suddenly appeared on Ning Fan.

Beside Ning Fan, a phantom figure of an old man suddenly emerged.

Although the old man's body was illusory, it carried an overwhelming pressure, enough to look down upon all beings across the four heavens and nine worlds!

Upon appearing, the old man immediately displayed a furious expression, his large hand grasping, causing the collapse of the starry sky, spreading its might, trembling the entire Dongming Star Domain!

The massive beams of the Hei Yao Finger, under the pressure of the collapse, shuddered violently and shattered into countless dark suns.

The collapsing momentum continued to sweep out, suddenly enveloping the Dark Clan Great Emperor.

The Dark Clan Great Emperor was suddenly startled, unable to respond, and his physical body collapsed, splattering blood across the sky.

Only his Immortal Emperor's Divine Spirit escaped with his storage pouch, avoiding death, but was severely injured and dying, looking at the phantom old man with immense fear!

With his eyesight, he could naturally see that this phantom old man was merely a remnant thought of the emperor, not the real being.

The strength of this emperor remnant, less than one-tenth of his true self, was still stronger than any Quasi-Saint within the Dark Clan!

Who is this person! Since when did the Godly Void Pavilion have such a powerful figure! Wasn't Xiang Mingzi the only Quasi-Saint in the Godly Void Pavilion!

"Who... who are you! How dare you destroy my body, aren't you afraid of my Dark Clan..."

The Dark Clan Great Emperor pressed down his shock, trying to speak toughly to intimidate the phantom old man before him.

But before he finished speaking, he was met with a cold snort filled with rage and mocking laughter from the phantom old man!

"What do you count as! Dare to harm my disciple!"

This cold snort stirred an invisible sound wave, fiercely shaking the Dark Emperor's Divine Spirit, causing him to spit blood and fly backward, powerless to resist!

"Dark Clan? Just ants! Merely the last remnants of An Yuanchen! Do you know, even your ancestor An Yuanchen, if alive, would be terrified to meet me! Let alone dare to harm even a hair on my disciple, or else death would await him!"

The phantom old man raised a finger, and suddenly four black suns' phantoms appeared simultaneously across the sky and earth.

The four black suns shattered at the same time, transforming into four beams of finger light, fiercely striking towards the Dark Emperor's Divine Spirit, causing his spirit to quake in horror!

"Fo... Four Extreme Black Glare! Our Dark Clan's long-lost strongest finger technique! Who are you? How do you know this technique!"

No answer, what need for an answer!

The phantom old man's eyes flashed with cold light, all the killing intent of a lifetime fused into this single finger.

No one shall harm his disciple; the so-called ten great secret clans are nothing!

"Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor, have mercy!"

A beam of octarine light swiftly emerged, guarding the Dark Emperor's Divine Spirit, trying desperately to block the four beams of Black Yao Finger.

He was a Quasi-Saint, a Quasi-Saint of the Dark Clan!

Recognizing the phantom old man's identity, his previously sinister expression was now full of terror!

Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor! Even with the combined strength of the entire Dark Clan, they dare not offend such a figure!

Even if the Ancient Chaos before him was only an illusion! The Dark Clan certainly cannot afford to offend!

Chapter 847: He Is the Inheritor of Ancient Chaotic Grand Emperor!

The Quasi-Saint of the Dark Clan who came to rescue was now facing indescribable fear.

He had seen the chaotic ancient portraits hanging in the Primordial Pavilion within the clan!

With his vision, it's naturally apparent that the illusory elder standing beside Ning Fan is Ancient Chaos. Although not the true form, it is nonetheless an avatar formed from the Emperor Thought!

Only a select few ancient great emperors have the ability to condense themselves into Emperor Thought avatars.

The Chaotic Ancient Phantom cannot leave the confines of the Divine Tomb, yet he can still form an Emperor Thought avatar, allowing the avatar to step out of the Tomb!

Though the Emperor Thought avatar has significant shortcomings, should Ancient Chaos go berserk, disregarding all costs, this Emperor Thought avatar alone would be enough to annihilate the Dark Clan with a mere flick!

At this moment, the mind of this Quasi-Saint from the Dark Clan recalls the numerous warnings from the Clan Leader before departing from the clan.

"An Tiandou, you are one of the three Quasi-Saints of our clan, and today I am entrusting you to take a newly promoted Immortal Emperor to the Godly Void Pavilion and convey my orders to the Shenhao Twin Emperors! The Bell Sacrifice must be reopened within a millennium! The sacrifice must be the female cultivator of the Xiao Family who possesses 'Dark Blood'!"

"The Godly Void Pavilion is of little consequence, but the one within the Divine Tomb must never be offended... Remember this! Should circumstances change, even if we must abandon the Dark Blood, we must not become enemies with this person!"

At this moment, An Tiandou, the Quasi-Saint of the Dark Clan, was filled with terror. Had he known Ning Fan had Ancient Chaos as backing, he would never have allowed the Dark Clan Immortal Emperor to act against Ning Fan, but now it was too late...

An Tiandou blocked in front of the Primordial Spirit of the Dark Clan Immortal Emperor, drawing strange black circles with his hands, from which countless black crows darted forth immediately to shield him.

Though his power is indeed the weakest among the three Quasi-Saints of the Dark Clan, his defensive technique is exceptionally formidable, with few Quasi-Saints able to break through it head-on.

But when four Hei Yao Finger beams came crashing down suddenly, countless black crows screeched in agony and swiftly crumbled.

Under the sweeping finger power, An Tiandou suddenly paused his breath, his complexion changed, and without hesitation, he grabbed the Primordial Spirit of the Dark Emperor and retreated.

He retreated quickly, but the finger beams fell even faster!

Before he could retreat far, the finger beams struck directly at his chest, causing a series of collapses and rumbling sounds.

In this critical moment, An Tiandou summoned countless strange runic patterns to protect his chest, yet all those patterns were obliterated under the finger beams.

"Devour!"

Ancient Chaos shouted out a single word, and the four finger beams instantly rushed into An Tiandou's body.

An Tiandou trembled violently from the impact and barely managed to keep himself from falling from the sky. Meanwhile, his full cultivation was frantically being consumed by the four finger beams that invaded his body.

In one breath, his cultivation was reduced by ten thousand years!

In ten breaths, his cultivation had been diminished by a million years!

In just ten breaths, An Tiandou's cultivation was forcibly wiped away by Ancient Chaos, obliterating a million years of hard practice in an instant!

Struggling with difficulty to stabilize his form, An Tiandou coughed up fresh blood, which was saturated with black rays.

"Collapse!"

Suddenly, Ancient Chaos coldly shouted out a word, causing the Primordial Spirit of the Immortal Emperor in An Tiandou's hand to suddenly lose all luster and explode with thousands of black rays, filled with cracks.

Harming his disciple and he will show no mercy! At this moment, he executed the Dark Clan Immortal Emperor's Primordial Spirit with a killing blow!

The Primordial Spirit of the Immortal Emperor possesses an Emperor's protection, making it extremely difficult to destroy, yet with the rise of black rays, it directly exploded.

The explosion of a Sixth Calamity Immortal Emperor's Primordial Spirit, with unfathomable power, immediately triggered the collapse of the entire galaxy, causing the shattered Emperor Thought to scatter throughout the starry sky.

Above the Copper Platform Venue, eight-colored light flashed briefly, revealing Xiang Mingzi's figure.

Upon arrival, Xiang Mingzi immediately transmitted a deep sound to the Shenhao Twin Emperors, and all three simultaneously made a move to set up a barrier in the starry sky, attempting to seal the self-destructive force of the Immortal Emperor's Primordial Spirit!

Holding the Primordial Spirit, An Tiandou was the first to bear the brunt and was struck hard by the Primordial Spirit's explosion.

Even though he was a Quasi-Saint, he couldn't leave unscathed from an Immortal Emperor's self-destruction. The arm holding the Primordial Spirit was directly obliterated in the explosion, and his body was instantly engulfed by black rays.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The barrier echoed with heart-stirring explosions, accompanied occasionally by muffled grunts.

After an indeterminate amount of time, the explosion ceased, causing the barrier to collapse along with it.

As the black rays dissipated, An Tiandou's figure was revealed, covered in injuries, looking extremely miserable with an arm missing, filled with extreme terror.

Ancient Chaos had, right in front of him, eliminated a Sixth Calamity Immortal Emperor with a finger and even wounded a proud Quasi-Saint like him!

This injury may not be severe, but neither is it light, particularly considering he had just lost a million years of cultivation directly...

"Condense!"

An Tiandou took a deep breath and spoke a word, causing his destroyed arm to regenerate immediately. His gaze towards Ancient Chaos wavered, sometimes malevolent, sometimes fearful, sometimes resigned.

The four platform stands fell into deathly silence. No one had expected that a mere tomb competition would culminate in the downfall of an Immortal Emperor!

And the fallen Great Emperor hailed from the Secret Clan!

Few knew about the existence of the Chaotic Ancient Phantom within the Divine Tomb. Fewer still could recognize that the figure standing next to Ning Fan was an Emperor Thought avatar of Ancient Chaos.

Yet An Tiandou's earlier voice held no reservation, resounding throughout the venue; everyone now knew that the one standing beside Ning Fan was none other than Ancient Chaos!

And Ning Fan, he was actually the esteemed disciple of Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor!

The ancient great emperor emerged soaring across the void, heavily injuring the Dark Clan, once this news spread, who wouldn't be shocked?

"Dark Clan Quasi-Saint! Your Dark Clan cultivator's brazen audacity dared to harm my disciple. Today, no matter what, you must give me a satisfactory explanation! Otherwise, even if it costs me severe damage to my phantom body, I will destroy the Dark Clan!"

Ancient Chaos's demeanor was icy cold, his tone overbearing, whoever harms his disciple, he would kill them! Even if it's the Dark Clan, today they must give him an explanation!

An Tiandou's gaze darkened, summoning courage, he retorted coldly, "Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor! You killed my clan's Immortal Emperor, it's you who should provide us with an explanation..."

Before he had finished speaking, he suddenly swallowed his words, his complexion turned pale with fright.

For Ancient Chaos had waved his hand to retrieve an ancient scroll, with purple golden light flowing upon it.

"Your Dark Clan's Immortal Emperor harmed my disciple! Within three breaths, if you cannot satisfy me, I will take this 'Primordial Pact' and march against the Dark Clan! Overturn Dark Star Realm, leaving not a single blade of grass!"

"What!"

At the instant of seeing that purple golden scroll, cold sweat poured profusely from An Tiandou.

Ordinary masters wouldn't know what that scroll signifies, even the Shenhao Twin Emperors lacked the qualification to know.

Xiang Mingzi's expression similarly turned to shock, evidently not expecting that in his frenzy, Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor would even utilize such a terrifying scroll!

"Emperor, calm your anger! This scroll must never be used!" An Tiandou exclaimed, panic-stricken.

"One breath!"

"My clan's Immortal Emperor harmed your disciple, you also killed my clan's Immortal Emperor, this matter is already settled! What explanation does the Emperor still seek!"

"Two breaths!"

"A Dark Star Fruit! I am willing to offer a Dark Star Fruit, to apologize to the Emperor!"

Upon these words, some old monsters aware of the Dark Star Fruit's fame were astonished, their eyes fervent.

Even the Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor's gaze flickered slightly, after a brief pause, he stowed away the purple golden scroll, speaking to An Tiandou, "Ten! Less than one, and the Dark Clan will be annihilated!"

"Ten?! My clan's Dark Star Tree bears only one Dark Star Fruit every three million years, ten is too many..."

"I do not repeat my words! One month hence, if the Dark Star Fruit is not delivered, I will immediately strike against Dark Star Realm, and you, Dark Clan, bear the consequences! Now you may return to Dark Star Realm, and deliberate with others whether to give me ten Dark Star Fruits!"

Ancient Chaos coldly huffed, a storm of evil Qi instantly surged to the sky, pressuring An Tiandou.

An Tiandou was chilled to the bone from the evil Qi's impact, hurried changes crossing his complexion.

"The matter of the Dark Star Fruit involves too much, I must return to the Dark Clan, confer with other Quasi-Saints, then respond to the Emperor..."

Gnashing his teeth, An Tiandou clasped his hands towards Ancient Chaos, then turned to leave.

He must immediately return to the Dark Clan, to earnestly discuss with the other two Quasi-Saints whether to agree to Ancient Chaos's request...

Mostly, it can only be agreed upon... after all, Ancient Chaos possesses such a dreadful item...

"Wait! Leave your two storage pouches!" Ancient Chaos coldly commanded.

Upon hearing this, An Tiandou's expression changed, pondering that the storage pouches didn't contain anything crucial, he gritted his teeth and ultimately handed over both his own storage pouch and the earlier Immortal Emperor's storage pouch to Ancient Chaos.

Though discontented within, he dared not provoke Ancient Chaos at this moment...

The Dark Clan Quasi-Saint departed, yet those remaining inside began to fear. For instance, Shengkong the Great Emperor, who couldn't maintain composure at all.

He had previously disseminated pressure to intimidate Ning Fan, with Ancient Chaos's personality, it was impossible not to seek retribution.

Collecting the two storage pouches, Ancient Chaos's frigid gaze swept towards Shengkong Emperor, with but a glance, at once destabilizing Shengkong Emperor's divine spirit!

"Present-day Shengkong! You used emperor's might to harm my disciple, this matter requires an explanation!"

"What explanation does the Emperor wish!" Shengkong Emperor's eyes brimmed with reluctance, yet dared not antagonize Ancient Chaos.

"In consideration of you being a Divine Void Cultivator, I spare you. However, I demand a third of your primordial spirit's essence blood! As punishment!" Ancient Chaos decreed, leaving no room for refusal.

"What! This is absolutely impossible!"

Shengkong Emperor's expression changed, immediately rejecting, responding with Ancient Chaos's icy, demonic eye.

"I do not repeat my words, a month hence, if I do not receive what I seek, you bear the consequences!"

Ancient Chaos then looked at Xiang Mingzi, pointed at Ning Fan and said, "Xiang Mingzi, he is my disciple! You know what to do?"

"I understand... We Divine Void Pavilion promised the request of Rain Immortal Monarch. From today on, Divine Void Young Master Xiao Qianci is no longer a sacrifice for Bell Sacrifice. If she leaves, we at Divine Void Pavilion will not hinder her in the slightest. Should she remain in Divine Void Pavilion, I will personally guarantee her position as the true Divine Void Young Master. Is such an arrangement satisfactory for the Emperor?"

"What else?"

"Well... from today on, Rain Immortal Monarch's all cultivation needs can be entirely acquired from the Divine Void Four Pavilions... Is this arrangement satisfactory for the Emperor?"

"Satisfied... However, this Immortalization Stele is something I still want."

Upon hearing this, Xiang Mingzi gave a bitter smile. The Immortalization Stele was a treasure of the Godly Void Pavilion and was not supposed to be given to anyone.

But with Ancient Chaos personally speaking, could he refuse? Dare he refuse?

"The Immortalization Stele can be given to the Emperor, but I hope the Emperor remembers the agreement with my Godly Void Pavilion," Xiang Mingzi said neither humbly nor arrogantly.

"What I've promised, naturally, I will uphold!"

Ancient Chaos transmitted a few more words to Xiang Mingzi, his gaze swept across the gathered cultivators here, and no matter what cultivation they were, all avoided his gaze, afraid to face him directly.

Ultimately, Ancient Chaos's gaze fell upon Ning Fan, smiling contentedly, "You, come with me."

With a shift of Emperor Thought, Ancient Chaos disappeared together with Ning Fan from the Copper Platform Venue!

The aftermath here was naturally left for Xiang Mingzi and others to handle, while in the Ninth Layer of the Divine Mausoleum, two figures appeared within the Chaotic Ancient Tomb Palace.

Upon their appearance, Ancient Chaos's Emperor Thought Avatar immediately transformed into dots of light and vanished, while beneath the twenty-seven bronze statues in the tomb palace, a phantom slowly appeared—it was Ancient Chaos.

After two years of silence, Ancient Chaos's phantom had not regained much strength. This time, summoning the Emperor Thought Avatar only made the phantom weaker...

His skin was more withered, his white hair more wilted, and his gaze darker...

Ning Fan felt a tightness in his heart, a sense of bitterness, understanding that breaking the jade pendant to summon Ancient Chaos's Emperor Thought Avatar likely made Ancient Chaos even weaker...

The cultivation of Ancient Chaos's Emperor Thought Avatar was only a tenth of the phantom's strength, merely one percent of Ancient Chaos's strength in his lifetime...

This Emperor Thought Avatar had two major drawbacks. Firstly, the further from the Divine Mausoleum, the weaker the Avatar's strength, and it could not leave the scope of the Dongming Star Domain.

Secondly, every time the Avatar was summoned, Ancient Chaos's phantom would weaken considerably, and this Emperor Thought Avatar should not be used repeatedly, or else the phantom would eventually collapse completely.

Naturally, if Ancient Chaos was willing to burn his phantom, going all out, his Emperor Thought Avatar could indeed leave the Dongming Star Domain and reach any part of the Eastern Heaven Immortal World.

Therefore, only the two secret clans of the Eastern Heaven Immortal World—Dark Clan and Southern Clan—fear Ancient Chaos.

The eight secret clans of the other three heavens might not be as wary of Ancient Chaos because his presence could not reach the other three heavens.

If Ancient Chaos truly stormed the Dark Clan, his phantom would be severely damaged, near destruction...

But even if it meant the collapse of his phantom, Ancient Chaos would not mind; no one could harm his disciple without paying the price! This is the tradition of the Fierce Origin Sect!

"If not for Senior's intervention today, I certainly couldn't achieve my goal. This kindness, I will never dare forget!"

"Hehe, you are my disciple; helping you is only natural, why speak of kindness?" Ancient Chaos patted Ning Fan's shoulder, suddenly coughing and smiling bitterly,

"But today, forcibly summoning the Emperor Thought Avatar outside the mausoleum was indeed taxing; this backlash on my phantom is not light, and I'm afraid I won't be able to use the Emperor Thought Avatar for a while... But rest assured, if you're in trouble, even if it means burning this phantom to save you, I will do so! Because you are a disciple of the Fierce Origin Sect... my disciple..."

"You did very well; suppressed by the current Divine Space, you should shatter his Emperor Might, no need to endure! Your actions, I am very satisfied!"

Ancient Chaos waved his hand, and countless items appeared on the ground.

"Take these things. I have instructed Xiang Mingzi that in a month, the ten Dark Star Fruits sent by the Dark Clan will be transferred to you by the Godly Void Pavilion. Also, a third of the Spirit Essence Blood of Shengkong Emperor will be given to you... For you, the Spirit Essence Blood of the Eight Tribulations Celestial Emperor is a great supplement; use it wisely..."

"My phantom needs to retreat for recuperation again; you should heal within this tomb palace. Once healed, leave on your own, and travel the Eastern Heaven as the inheritor of Ancient Chaos, and no one will likely dare harm you! Here, take this jade pendant... Within Eastern Heaven, shatter this jade at any time, and I will surely rescue you; those who harm you will die!"

Ancient Chaos waved his hand, and countless items appeared on the ground.

He also took out another Emperor Thought Jade Pendant and handed it to Ning Fan, while his phantom gradually faded away with a smile...

He also had other things to tell Ning Fan, regarding the purple-gold scroll he had taken out earlier... but ultimately, he did not tell Ning Fan about it.

These secrets were not for Ning Fan to know... Until his cultivation is sufficient, then even the scroll can be passed to him...

"Heal well, don't let any hidden injuries remain." This was Ancient Chaos's last admonition before his phantom dissipated.

Ning Fan held the jade pendant, his heart warmed by Ancient Chaos's admonition.

Without Ancient Chaos's intervention, facing the Dark Clan Emperor today, using the Slaughter Emperor Jade Slip might still not have been enough to deter the Dark Clan...

Without Ancient Chaos's intervention, the Godly Void Pavilion would not have easily agreed to his requests, and the little demoness would not have gained freedom...

"Ancient Chaos Great Emperor is generous to me; such kindness must be repaid in the future!"

After a long silence, Ning Fan's gaze finally swept over the myriad of items.

The Immortalization Stele was directly taken by Ancient Chaos and given to Ning Fan. It was a Twelve Nirvana Postnatal Immortal Treasure, devoid of lethal power, but contained an exquisite force within it. Precisely this force could reward the engraver with some secret techniques.

"That is a will... a will of sealing myriad immortals..."

Ning Fan's hand caressed the Immortalization Stele, pondering for a while, before temporarily storing it away, directly into the Xuan Yin Treasure.

Previously, he engraved the word 'rain' on the stele, but due to not fully exhibiting his divine skills, the acquired secret technique was not truly powerful.

If he had time, he could re-engrave the word 'rain' on the stele or engrave other words, potentially obtaining some more formidable secret techniques.

The storage pouches of the Dark Clan Immortal Emperor and Quasi-Saint of the Dark Clan were all displayed on the ground, entirely given to Ning Fan by Ancient Chaos.

Unfortunately, apart from Dao Crystals and some commonly used expensive pills, there were hardly any useful items in these two storage pouches.

As proper Immortal Emperors and Quasi-Saints, they left all valuable items at the Dark Clan's home and carried nothing significant with them.

They came to the Godly Void Pavilion to oversee the sacrifice matter, which was not dangerous, so naturally, they did not bring many items...

Fortunately, there were a fair number of Dao Crystals; their combined total was a whopping 1.4 trillion.

The few expensive pills they had were all above the grade of the Nine Revolutions Silver Pill and were quite invaluable.

It seems there is still the Void Command reward from the tomb competition that hasn't been claimed... but Ning Fan doesn't care, as the Void Command is no longer of much use to him.

Ning Fan swallowed an expensive pill and began to heal his injuries within this Tomb Palace, starting to recover the primordial spirit essence blood consumed during the tomb venture.

For ten consecutive days, Ning Fan did not step out. After ten days, his injuries were healed, he bid farewell to the Chaotic Ancient Tomb Palace and left the Divine Tomb.

The tomb competition has ended, and Ning Fan is destined to become renowned in Eastern Heaven because of it.

Rain Immortal Monarch, Righteous Younger Brother of Plague King, Inheritor of the Ancient Chaos... each title is enough to astonish the world.

As soon as Ning Fan exited the Divine Tomb, he headed straight for Dongming Star.

Cultivators encountered along the way had a noticeable change in their expressions upon seeing Ning Fan approaching.

The Godly Void Pavilion cultivators patrolling Dongming Star, seeing Ning Fan's arrival, did not interrogate him at all and directly let him enter the star.

Upon entering Dongming Star, Ning Fan immediately descended towards the Ancestral Pavilion of the Divine Void Four Pavilions.

The Ancestral Pavilion is the retreat and cultivation place for elite disciples of the Godly Void Pavilion. Upon arrival, Ning Fan flew directly towards the female cultivators' quarters.

Female cultivators of the Ancestral Pavilion along the way either showed respect or gazed at him with shining eyes upon seeing his arrival.

Leaving aside Ning Fan's prominent background, just his various battle achievements were enough to win the admiration of these female cultivators.

Some bold female cultivators even sent message-transmitting flying swords, inviting Ning Fan for a rendezvous at certain places...

Unfortunately, these message-transmitting flying swords were completely ignored by Ning Fan. His escape light headed straight for the little demoness's residence.

At this moment, the little demoness was in seclusion within her residence. Nearby, atop a small hill, an elderly man with a sword on his back sat cross-legged.

This man had half-stepped into the Shedding Void Stage and was Elder Luxx, responsible for protecting the little demoness.

In the past, in the name of protecting the little demoness, his actual task was to guard the sacrifice, remaining by the little demoness more as a watcher.

Now, the command given to him by Emperor Xukong was to genuinely venerate the little demoness as the Divine Void Young Master and to safeguard her well. For now, the little demoness's status was different... she was the woman chosen by a Disciple of Chaotic Ancient...

As Elder Luxx was cultivating on the small hill, he suddenly sensed a streak of escape light rushing in.

That escape light, without any reservation, headed directly towards the little demoness's boudoir, causing Elder Luxx to stand up swiftly without delay.

He formed a sword gesture with his ten fingers, and the Acquired Immortal Sword on his back immediately flew out of its Sword Box, transforming into a sword rainbow, rushing towards the intruder as a blockade.

"Who dares to enter the young master's boudoir uninvited, don't you know this is already a restricted area!"

His words barely finished when his gaze suddenly changed.

The sword rainbow he had just released was intercepted halfway by a sudden immense force.

Five streaks of sword light entwined with Rain Intent flashed and vanished, and Elder Luxx didn't even see how his divine skills were broken before the Immortal Sword was sent flying back.

In the next instance, Ning Fan appeared slowly, surrounded by five sword shadows wreathed in rain swords.

"It's the Rain Immortal Monarch!"

In an instant, Elder Luxx's expression changed dramatically with shock.

Nowadays, who in the Eastern Heaven Immortal World doesn't know that Rain Immortal Monarch Ning Fan is an esteemed Disciple of the Ancient Chaos and cannot be offended.

He actually cut Ning Fan with a sword! Though he did it to protect the boudoir, there's no guarantee Ning Fan won't blame him...

It seems laughable that an old monster on the verge of the Shedding Void Stage would fear Ning Fan's blame, but today, this has become a reality!

"Are you the elder protector of Aci?" Ning Fan asked coolly, without any hint of anger.

Elder Luxx's sword carried no killing intent and was restrained, he could see this clearly...

His spirit sense brushed across the little demoness's boudoir subtly, causing Ning Fan to smirk slightly.

He had come today, with the specific intention of 'destroying' the Dark Clan's sacrifice.

Though the Dark Clan was scared away by the Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor, it doesn't mean they would truly give up on the little demoness as a sacrifice, unless... the little demoness herself loses her qualification to be used as a sacrifice...

It is said that the Bell Sacrifice offerings must be virgins... If not virgins, they cannot be offered...

In the past, Ning Fan didn't dare to use such extreme measures to strip the little demoness of her sacrificial status.

But now, he dares!

Chapter 848: Only the Master May Not Be Insulted

Seeing that Ning Fan showed no signs of blaming him, Elder Luxx breathed a sigh of relief, sheathed his sword, and smiled politely at Ning Fan, saying, "Has the Rain Immortal Monarch come here today to find the young master?"

"Yes. You don't need to guard here anymore. You may withdraw for today."

Ning Fan retracted the five Rain Immortal Swords. His brow's rain star flickered slightly, and as he glanced at Elder Luxx, it unexpectedly gave Elder Luxx a jittery feeling.

He was a half-step into the Shedding Void realm, an old monster, yet from Ning Fan at this moment, he felt a sense of crisis.

It wasn't a crisis brought about by external forces, but rather a crisis stemming from Ning Fan's own power!

Elder Luxx swallowed, thinking to himself Ning Fan truly lived up to being a strong figure who made it through the twenty-four tombs; although a Ghost Immortal, his power was truly unfathomable.

He couldn't make it through the twenty-four tombs... After all, the twenty-four tombs had tomb lords of the Shedding Void realm. Ning Fan could make it through, so his strength was naturally above his own...

"Heh heh, since the Rain Immortal Monarch does not wish for this old man to intrude, I shall temporarily take my leave."

Elder Luxx was sensible enough to exchange a few casual words with Ning Fan before bidding farewell and leaving.

On the low hill, only Ning Fan remained, looking at the palace at the foot of the hill, he smiled slightly. With a flicker, he appeared directly within the palace.

This sleeping palace only had a formation that isolated spirit sense, but no formation that prevented entry.

Inside the little demoness's sleeping palace, there were many female disciples with low cultivation levels serving there.

Upon seeing Ning Fan's arrival, a few Nascent Soul female cultivators who didn't recognize him immediately blocked Ning Fan, intending to question him, but were stopped by other female cultivators who knew Ning Fan's identity.

"He is the Rain Immortal Monarch! He has the right to be here!"

"What! He is the Rain Immortal Monarch! Oh my, isn't the Rain Immortal Monarch supposed to be green-faced, with fangs and three heads and eight arms? How could he turn out like this!"

"Looks harmless, but his status is actually so frightening!"

"Shh, silence! Don't you want to live! Some words should not be said carelessly!"

Ning Fan paid no attention to these low-level female cultivators, simply dismissed them temporarily.

He walked step by step towards the little demoness's bedroom. Outside the bedroom, he smelled a waft of tea fragrance.

Not the scent of Qilin Tea, but another kind of Spiritual Tea... Ning Fan wasn't well-versed in Spiritual Tea, yet he could tell it was a kind of tea meticulously crafted to calm the spirit.

Moreover, there was a soft voice of laughter gently coming through,

"Hehe, husband is indeed mighty. That old bull Elder Luxx, no matter how I tried, I couldn't get him to leave, but with just one word from husband, he was driven away. Truly worthy to be the inheritor of Ancient Chaos."

With such commotion upon Ning Fan's arrival, the little demoness naturally would not be unaware.

Though the little demoness appeared all smiles now, there was a hint of restlessness in her heart.

With her cleverness, she already vaguely guessed Ning Fan's purpose today... His visit this time was to completely claim her, otherwise, he wouldn't have dismissed everyone...

She understood that Ning Fan wanted to help her rid of her ceremonial sacrificial identity, but she wasn't mentally prepared to roll in bed with someone...

As a demoness, how could she be eaten so casually?

"Hehe, Desire-calming Tea, calms the spirit, clears the heat and quells the fire... Any male cultivator who drinks it will have no desires for three months... If they arouse desires, it will cause nausea, vomiting, diarrhea and pain in certain parts to the point of bursting... It is ineffective for female cultivators..."

The little demoness rested one hand on her cheek while playing with the red clay stove on the table with the other, brewing Desire-calming Tea with a wicked smile.

She believed once Ning Fan drank this tea, he would be unable to feel desires toward her, and the business of rolling in bed would naturally not happen...

As Ning Fan pushed the door open and entered, the little demoness collected her mischievous smile and greeted Ning Fan with a harmless expression.

Once Ning Fan sat opposite her, she, as usual, took out the glass tea cup and poured him a cup of Spiritual Tea.

"Has husband's injury already healed?" The little demoness blinked, seemingly innocently asking.

"Already healed, Aci needn't worry." Ning Fan toyed with the tea cup in his hand, smiling slightly, as if he had discovered something, yet also as if he hadn't.

"Husband saved me from danger, helped me rid of my ceremonial sacrificial identity, but this little woman has nothing to repay you with, can only toast you with tea instead of wine!"

The little demoness drank a cup of Spiritual Tea calmly and then looked at Ning Fan with beautiful eyes, seemingly urging him to drink together.

Ning Fan tapped his knuckles on the sandalwood table lightly, looking at the little demoness with a smile.

He might not know much about Spiritual Tea, but his senses for desire were extremely keen...

If one were to drink this Spiritual Tea, ordinary male cultivators might end up downtrodden for three months...

"Does Aci truly want me to drink this cup of Spiritual Tea?" Ning Fan asked with a smile.

"Yes, husband seems to have a bit of fire, drink a cup of Spiritual Tea to cool down..." The little demoness returned Ning Fan a flirtatious smile.

"Alright, it is indeed time to cool down... But just one cup of Spiritual Tea seems insufficient..."

Ning Fan picked up the glass teacup and drank it all in one go. The Desire-calming Tea entered his stomach but had almost no effect on him, who possessed the Six Desires Bone.

Seeing Ning Fan drink the Spiritual Tea, the little demoness immediately gave a wicked smile, thinking she had succeeded.

However, Ning Fan stood up with no change in expression, and with a wave of his hand, he set up an Isolation Formation in the bedroom...

"Hehe, why does my husband set up a formation in my bedroom? Someone might think you want to do something to me..."

The little demoness wasn't worried at all about what Ning Fan might do to her at this moment. She swayed her body and half leaned on the chaise longue, gently swaying her bare feet.

Her snow-white, smooth little feet swayed gently, as if deliberately trying to awaken Ning Fan's desires and trigger the Spiritual Tea's effects...

Whether intentionally or unintentionally, she stretched lazily, revealing a large section of her white jade-like arm and let out a cat-like soft moan, incredibly enticing...

Her pair of eyes, like black gemstones, seemed to drip water, looking at Ning Fan with a vague smile.

"Husband, I'm feeling so uncomfortable, please help me!"

She was definitely doing it on purpose.

The little demoness was wantonly seducing Ning Fan, trying to stir up his desires and make the Desire-calming Tea effective...

She was waiting to see Ning Fan clutch a painfully swollen part of himself with a slight grimace. However, that scene seemed to be delayed...

"Do you really want to seduce me?"

Ning Fan still smiled, unhurriedly pouring another cup of Spiritual Tea and drinking it in one go.

"Hehe, a little girl's got nothing else to offer in return, so I can only give myself to you. Why doesn't my husband come and take me? I'm feeling so uncomfortable..." The little demoness giggled but suddenly felt a sense of foreboding...

Before she could figure out where the ominous feeling came from, Ning Fan had already stood up, walking step by step towards the chaise longue, his eyes showing a slight hint of desire, but the Desire-calming Tea had not taken effect...

"Miscalculation! This tea is ineffective on Little Fan Fan!"

The little demoness finally understood where her ominous feeling came from. Her pretty face flushed red, and with a whoosh, she sprung up from the chaise longue, trying to make a swift escape.

Unfortunately, before taking two steps, she was directly restrained by iron-like arms. The next moment, she only felt her body lighten as Ning Fan lifted her horizontally, laid her on the chaise longue, and pressed down...

"Little Fan Fan, no!" The little demoness tried to push against Ning Fan's chest with tears in her eyes but couldn't move him.

She kicked her little foot directly towards a certain part of Ning Fan, but he simply grabbed her ankle and ran his hand along the smooth ankle up into her skirt...

The sound of fabric tearing was heard as the little demoness's black skirt immediately turned into a heap of torn cloth on the ground.

As Ning Fan's hand caressed her, her breathing gradually turned rapid, panting continuously, her pretty face blushed to the point it could drip blood.

"Little Fan... Fan... no... don't..." Her weak resistance couldn't stop what was about to happen.

Her petite body was completely restrained, only to gradually sink into bliss...

Unable to stop, nor did she want to...

...

From the bedroom, at an unknown time, low moans of pain mixed with pleasure gradually sounded.

It wasn't until late at night that the moans slowly faded.

The red clay stove on the sandalwood table had long gone out, the air in the room was filled with a licentious atmosphere...

The little demoness lay naked, curled like a cat in Ning Fan's arms, tears still seemed to hang in her eyes, slumbering peacefully.

...

Ning Fan looked at the little demoness's tear drops, feeling speechless...

Those tears were definitely fake. The first time, it was him conquering her, but in the subsequent times, it was her fiercely retaliating, plundering him...

Though he had tasted much of the little demoness's flavor during the disaster of life and death, this time was the most genuine, the most wonderful...

"Little Fan Fan... truly shameless... truly worthy of being the inheritor of Ancient Chaos... I like it..." The little demoness murmured in her sleep, her words making Ning Fan both want to laugh and cry once more.

But when he turned his gaze inward, Ning Fan's expression turned somewhat grave.

After the clouds and rain, there was unexpectedly a strange, indescribable power inside Ning Fan.

In his blood, a trace of dark substance had appeared...

If previously, during the Blood Fusion Calamity, some Calamity Blood had emerged within him, then this time, after rolling with the little demoness, a thread of Dark Blood had appeared inside him...

Manipulating the power of the Dark Blood within him, Ning Fan extended his hand, and with a thought...

Outside the bedroom, in the night, threads of dark power immediately gathered towards his palm...

"This is... Palm Position Power!"

Ning Fan's gaze suddenly changed, as a hint of Dark Blood emerged within him, he could actually mobilize a trace of Palm Position Power from the Dark Dao Principle!

In the past, he could only rely on the power of Rain Yin Yang to activate a trace of Palm Position Power from the Rain Dao Principle, but now, he had gained another Dark Dao Principle!

"This Dark Blood... Could it be the reason the Dark Clan targeted the Xiao Family's female cultivators?"

Ning Fan's gaze turned cold, as if he had an epiphany.

To the Dark Clan, the Palm Position Power of the Dark Dao Principle was definitely considered a supreme treasure.

Through Dual Cultivation, he could seize the Dark Blood of the Xiao Family female cultivators, but this Dark Blood was only a trace...

If through Bell Sacrifice, the Xiao Family female cultivators' Spirit could be refined into wine, could he obtain more Dark Blood...

Ning Fan's palm covered the tender body of the little demoness, closing his eyes, he sensed the condition inside the little demoness using the power of Medicine Soul.

At this moment, the original Dark Blood in the little demoness's blood had already faded by ninety percent.

The remaining ten percent was slowly evaporating away...

Her Dark Blood had been taken by Ning Fan, from today onward, she had no value for the Dark Clan...

Ning Fan withdrew the power of Medicine Soul, opened his eyes, and looked at the sleeping little demoness with a complex expression.

At this moment, he thought of Senluo, thought of Xiao Qianyu... Senluo seemed to have never understood why Xiao Qianyu was targeted by the Dark Clan until his death.

He sacrificed his life to revive Xiao Qianyu, not knowing if she still had Dark Blood inside her, not knowing if she would be targeted by the Dark Clan again...

A trace of fatigue surged within him, Ning Fan embraced the little demoness, sinking into deep sleep.

For over ten days afterward, Ning Fan directly stayed in the little demoness's sleeping quarters, purposely causing the entire Godly Void Pavilion to know that the little demoness was no longer pure and had fallen into his hands.

Thus, the little demoness's qualification as a sacrifice was completely lost.

On Dongming Star, a menacing black escape light approached rapidly, stepping on four layers of dark clouds!

The person stepping on dark clouds was undoubtedly a Dark Clan master, who roamed freely on Dongming Star, not to be obstructed by anyone!

This was a young master from the Dark Clan, possessing mid-stage Enlightenment cultivation, following a certain powerful figure from the Dark Clan, to Godly Void Pavilion to deliver Dark Star Fruit.

For some unknown reason, he headed straight for the little demoness's sleeping quarters, with a hint of anger in his eyes!

He came here only to verify one thing! To verify if the little demoness was no longer pure, if the Dark Blood was truly lost!

"Has the Dark Blood really been lost?"

"Will our clan's wine-sharing festival after a thousand years be unable to proceed as planned?"

"Without Dark Blood, even if I become an emperor one day, I will not be able to achieve Palm Position!"

"What of the inheritor of Ancient Chaotic Grand Emperor! Why fear the disciple of someone already dead! The clan's ancestors, after cultivating for too many years, their courage has become smaller and smaller!"

"Not only ten Dark Star Fruits were surrendered, but even the Dark Blood was handed over willingly, how hateful!"

The youth rushed all the way, yet when he approached the sleeping quarters, he was intercepted by a sword light.

The one blocking him turned out to be Elder Luxx.

"A master from the Dark Clan!" Elder Luxx's heart slightly trembled, but still made a move to stop the Dark Clan youth.

"Who are you, why do you trespass into the Godly Void Pavilion's young master's quarters!" Elder Luxx asked neither humbly nor arrogantly.

With Ancient Chaotic Grand Emperor having frightened away the Dark Clan, the masters of the Godly Void Pavilion were now not as intimidated by the Dark Clan as before, showing some confidence.

The Dark Clan youth frowned, clearly dissatisfied at being stopped, narrowing his eyes dangerously and coldly said, "I am An Wuya! The Dark Clan's Ninth Young Emperor!"

"The Ninth Young Emperor!"

Upon hearing this, Elder Luxx's gaze immediately shook.

Those who obtained the status of the Dark Clan's Young Emperor generally have the potential to achieve the position of Immortal Emperor in this lifetime.

An Wuya was actually the Dark Clan's Ninth Young Emperor, Elder Luxx dared not treat him lightly.

"You, step aside! I want to see Xiao Qianci!" An Wuya said aggressively.

Elder Luxx frowned slightly, did not step aside, but also did not utter words that might anger An Wuya, only indicating through actions that he would not make way.

"Courting death! Dark Art, Heaven Collapse!"

An Wuya coldly snorted and grabbed with five fingers, immediately countless black cracks fiercely tore open in the sky.

In an instant, millions of black crow phantom shadows appeared in the world, igniting spontaneously upon emergence.

A sound of Heaven Collapse instantly spread, at the moment the sky was torn, a giant dark claw fiercely grasped down from the rift, rushing towards Elder Luxx.

Elder Luxx's gaze sank, immediately wielding the Acquired Immortal Sword, changing the sword formula, sword light galloped across the sky.

The sword light confronted the dark claw, unexpectedly both disintegrated and melted away, extremely peculiar.

An Wuya snorted disdainfully, the giant dark claw shattered into countless crow shadows, crashing towards Elder Luxx.

Elder Luxx expanded a sword net, attempting to block the crows, but those crows directly penetrated the sword net, rushing into Elder Luxx's body.

At the moment of crow entry, An Wuya's finger sign changed, countless crows immediately detonated inside Elder Luxx's body.

In just a moment, the noble Elder Luxx, who had stepped half into the Shedding Void Realm, was severely injured by An Wuya of the mid-stage Enlightenment, his face extremely shocked!

"Dark Crow Physique!" Elder Luxx exclaimed in shock.

If it weren't for An Wuya possessing such an astonishing physique, it would be impossible for him to defeat Elder Luxx with mid-stage Enlightenment cultivation.

The giant duel's reverberation immediately alerted numerous Ancestral Pavilion masters.

Even Ning Fan and the little demoness in the sleeping quarters were both alarmed.

Numerous disciples of the Ancestral Pavilion watched the unfolding scene with disbelief, unable to believe that the noble Elder Luxx, who was half stepped into the Shedding Void, could be defeated by a mid-stage Enlightenment master.

Even though this mid-stage Enlightenment master was from the Dark Clan, the displayed battle prowess was indeed somewhat astonishing.

Ning Fan and the little demoness walked out of the sleeping quarters together, one in white clothes like a god, one in a black dress like ink.

Upon seeing them emerge, An Wuya's gaze immediately sank.

The little demoness's current aura clearly indicated she was no longer a maiden... that is to say, her Dark Blood had indeed been seized!

An Wuya's gaze then fell on Ning Fan, snorted disdainfully.

"Are you the inheritor of Ancient Chaos? The first in this year's Godly Void Pavilion Tomb competition?"

"What if I am?" Ning Fan furrowed his brow slightly, and said calmly.

"Battle me, and if defeated, you'll die!" An Wuya laughed coldly.

"Not interested."

Ning Fan grabbed the little demoness and intended to return to the sleeping quarters.

However, An Wuya waved his big hand, and suddenly millions of black crows charged towards Ning Fan with a fierce killing intent.

"The inheritor of Ancient Chaos is nothing special! The Ancient Chaos Tao System is not worth mentioning!" An Wuya grinned coldly, showing white teeth.

In this strike, he aimed to kill! Clan members dared not touch Ning Fan, but he wanted to see what made Ning Fan untouchable!

Ning Fan's gaze suddenly turned icy cold, he spun around fiercely, his eyes spilling murderous intent, his form flickered and disappeared from his original position.

An Wuya's provocation he might ignore... but daring to insult the Ancient Chaos Tao System, that he would not allow!

Even though he never called Ancient Chaos his master, invisibly, he had long regarded Ancient Chaos as his teacher.

His master, can never be insulted!

At this moment, he directly unsealed the Rain Star on his brow!

At this moment, his aura almost approached the Peak Crossing Truth Realm!

No one saw how Ning Fan made a move, millions of crow shadows had already all collapsed.

A sense of crisis suddenly descended upon him, and before An Wuya could react, he was suddenly struck by an irresistible Rain Intent, immediately suffering heavy strikes, retreating while vomiting blood in mid-air.

A white-clothed figure slowly appeared before his eyes.

Looking at this white-clothed figure once again, An Wuya's heart suddenly developed an inexplicable sense of fear!

"Dark Clan Ninth Young Emperor, An Wuya..." Ning Fan's gaze flashed coldly, boundless blood flames instantly extended crazily from his feet, the baleful qi and devilish aura enveloping the world!

"Just now, dare you say it again!"

Dare you!

Dare you!!!

Chapter 849: Fleeting Life, Illusion or Reality

In the instant Ning Fan's voice echoed, the heavens and earth were suddenly drenched in torrential downpour!

Within this rain, Ning Fan's surging killing intent was melded, with the sound of raindrops falling incessantly into An Wuya's ears, and that voice kept reverberating endlessly.

Do you dare!

Do you dare!!!

Boom!

It was as if an invisible giant fist hammered upon An Wuya's spirit sense, causing him to instantly lose control of his heart spirit. All defenses of his spirit sense collapsed in this rain sound.

Along with the loss of his heart spirit, darkness fell before An Wuya's eyes, and he quickly fell into layer upon layer of illusions!

The realm of heart spirit, all dark, with seven Big Dipper Stars gradually emerging from that darkness.

"Young friend, spare him!"

From far away, a shout of alarm resounded, getting closer, intending to intervene.

Unfortunately, his voice was still a step too late...

"Collapse!"

With one word, Ning Fan's gaze flashed with demonic glint, and An Wuya immediately groaned.

The realm of heart spirit at that moment was forcibly shattered by the power of Ning Fan's Dao Image. That force then invaded the divine sense, directly evaporating An Wuya's black ocean-like divine sense to a state of complete dryness.

Divine sense, collapse!

With the shattering of heart spirit and the collapse of divine sense, An Wuya's eyes instantly became hollow, showing a foolish smile.

The dignified Mid Stage Enlightenment expert, and also the Dark Clan Young Emperor who could defeat Elder Luxx with one strike, had fallen to idiocy under Ning Fan's Dao Image attack!

Hiss!

Countless gasps were immediately heard from disciples of the Main Pavilion all around.

In the shock of countless expressions, an eight-colored elder walking on nine layers of dark clouds, gradually appeared... It was none other than the Quasi-Saint of the Dark Clan who had been repelled by Ancient Chaos previously—An Tiandou!

At this moment, An Tiandou stood protectively before An Wuya, his face extremely gloomy yet utterly helpless.

He knew about An Wuya seeking out Ning Fan to provoke him and didn't stop it, as in his view, a contest between juniors shouldn't involve Ancient Chaos, who wouldn't dabble in it.

Moreover, he didn't believe An Wuya would lose to Ning Fan, harboring some intentions of having An Wuya teach Ning Fan a lesson.

An Wuya was the Ninth Young Emperor of the Dark Clan, possessing numerous protective treasures; if Ning Fan engaged in a normal battle against him, even with full exertion, it might not hurt An Wuya in the slightest.

Yet, Ning Fan employed no divine skills, only using his own baleful qi and devilish aura to disrupt An Wuya's heart spirit and destroy his spirit awareness with the power of Dao Image...

This method was cunning and opportunistic, and this disposition was even more ruthless...

Now, An Wuya's spirit awareness was destroyed... Every injury in the world can be healed, but once spirit awareness is damaged, it's extremely difficult to reconstruct...

An Tiandou's complexion sank, thinking how An Wuya's spirit awareness destroyed, regardless of how good his physique is, he's now nothing more than a waste.

An Wuya's destiny now can only be reduced to an excellent physical body for other masters in the clan to occupy...

"Young friend Ning, irrespective of anything, An Wuya is my Dark Clan's Ninth Young Emperor, you destroyed his spirit awareness, wasn't your action a bit ruthless! Won't you give this old man an explanation!" An Tiandou coldly said.

Facing the Great Emperor of Ancient Chaos, he was indeed in awe. But he was, after all, a Quasi-Saint, a peak expert of the Four Heavens, undeterred by the presence of a younger individual like Ning Fan.

"He insulted my master, so what if I destroyed his spirit awareness! As for you questioning me now, are you trying to intimidate me with your Quasi-Saint cultivation!"

Facing a Quasi-Saint, Ning Fan remained fearless, slapping a storage pouch, he took out an Emperor Thought Jade Pendant in hand.

Seeing this jade pendant, An Tiandou's face instantly changed... He remembered how Ning Fan had crushed this jade pendant that day, summoning the Emperor Thought Avatar of Ancient Chaos!

Unexpectedly, he still possessed this Emperor Thought Jade Pendant bestowed by Ancient Chaos!

Thinking of the infamous name of Ancient Chaos, An Tiandou's expression eased, bursting into laughter, "Young friend speaks reasonably, An Wuya spoke disrespectfully, insulted the Taoist tradition of Ancient Chaos, deserved to be killed! Young friend spared him by destroying his spirit awareness..."

"Today, I've come to the Godly Void Pavilion specifically to deliver the Dark Star Fruit for the Great Emperor of Ancient Chaos, carrying no ill intent. Young friend, it's better not to be impulsive and crush the jade pendant, as that would be unfavorable for both of us."

"Farewell!"

An Tiandou's words were half a warning, half a threat. After speaking, he rolled up his sleeve and left directly with the destroyed spirit awareness An Wuya.

Watching the direction An Tiandou left, Ning Fan frowned, then relaxed, carefully putting away the Emperor Thought Jade Pendant.

Indeed, he wouldn't crush the jade pendant, merely intending to intimidate the Quasi-Saint of the Dark Clan slightly.

The phantom of the Great Emperor of Ancient Chaos is weakened, unable to withstand the consumption of an Emperor Thought Avatar. Unless necessary, Ning Fan hoped this jade pendant would be used for intimidation throughout his life, never needing to be crushed.

The arrival jade slip of the Slaughter Emperor, likewise... the Slaughter Emperor may also be unable to endure the consumption of an Emperor Avatar arriving...

"The Dark Clan fears the Great Emperor of Ancient Chaos, not me... They may hesitate to take action against me for the sake of Ancient Chaos, but given their high self-regard, they may not necessarily act courteously towards me..."

"To establish myself in the cultivation world, I must rely on myself..."

"I am already at the peak of Ghost Immortal Stage, just one step short of Crossing Truth Realm, but this step is not easy to take."

"Crossing Truth Realm masters not only affirm their own Dao and condense their own Dao Image but also necessarily find their own Dao True..."

"Dao True is an insight into the word 'true' and the process of incorporating 'true' into one's own Dao, removing the impurities..."

"What is true..."

Ning Fan gathered his thoughts, and the torrential rain instantly ceased in the heavens and earth.

The word 'true' is even harder to perceive than 'void.' Years ago, when he observed rain in the Rain Immortal World to comprehend the void, he coincidentally met Wu Chen, who was then attempting to comprehend the true.

In his mind, he couldn't help but recall the first encounter with Wu Chen, with Wu Chen's words still echoing in his ears.

The first encounter was in the rain.

'The grand Dao of the world is in utmost simplicity and true, every flower and rain carries profound truth. Brother Ning, you must be comprehending the void through rain, but what I observe is not the void...'

On their second reunion, it was amidst the snowstorm in the Sword World; Wu Chen was still in pursuit of the true, at that time he had some gains.

'Haha, the Dao is in wine, the true is in the mortal world, the marketplace often hides great Dao. Living here is comfortable, allowing me to temporarily forget the endless slaughter. Cheers!'

On the third reunion, atop Eastern Heaven, Wu Chen had finished 'transforming' and attained true practice, striving to breach the bottleneck of Crossing Truth...

In the heavens and earth, all the attention of Ancestral Pavilion disciples was disregarded by Ning Fan.

He suddenly looked up at the clear sky washed by the sudden rain, lost in thought.

"If I want to break through to Crossing Truth, do I also need to seek the true like Brother Wu..."

"Seeking true through transformation requires finding a pure land in the mortal world, and also sufficient time's erosion... It seems, in a short time, I cannot break through to Crossing Truth Realm."

Ning Fan returned to the sleeping palace with the little demoness, regardless of the outside world's opinions about him.

Days later, Xiang Mingzi sent an emissary, inviting Ning Fan to the Shengkong Star for a discussion, following the instructions of Ancient Chaos to hand over the Dark Star Fruit and one-third of Shengkong Emperor's Primordial Spirit Essence Blood.

At Xiang Mingzi's invitation, Ning Fan dared not neglect and promptly proceeded to Shengkong Star.

In the Godly Void Pavilion, only Xiang Mingzi was slightly respected by Ning Fan.

Three days later, he returned.

Ning Fan brought back ten Dark Star Fruits, one-third of Shengkong Emperor's Primordial Spirit Essence Blood, and also a token from Xiang Mingzi.

With this token, he could freely enter and exit the Main Pavilion of the Commercial Pavilion, as well as freely take the cultivation materials needed in the pavilion.

This was Xiang Mingzi's personal promise to Ancient Chaos' request.

Dark Star Fruit, only the Dark Clan's Dark Star Tree can produce such fruit, taking three million years to bear one.

Consuming one can raise forty thousand years of Taoist strength, greatly increasing a master's mana, saving forty thousand years of cultivation for a master!

With Ning Fan's identity as a Three Apertures Ancient God, consuming one can raise three hundred twenty thousand years of Taoist strength!

After consuming ten, it can increase three million two hundred thousand years of Taoist strength!

Three million two hundred thousand years of Taoist strength, what concept is that? If a mortal can absorb one hundred percent of the power of ten Dark Star Fruits, he could instantly leap to the Late Stage of Shedding Void Stage, even reaching the peak!

Of course, mortals couldn't possibly endure the medicinal power of ten Dark Star Fruits.

Nor do mortals have Ning Fan's eightfold refinement effect as an Ancient God.

Even for Shedding Void Realm old monsters, refining one Dark Star Fruit requires thousands or tens of thousands of years to devour.

The speed at which Ning Fan refines heavenly materials and earthly treasures is relatively fast among peers, but ultimately, with an inferior level of cultivation, thoroughly digesting one Dark Star Fruit would take at least a thousand years.

Naturally, as his cultivation improves, the speed of refining Dark Star Fruits will naturally accelerate.

Nowadays, wanting to refine the Dark Star Fruit, the speed of refining is as slow as a turtle's crawl.

Within the little demoness's bedroom, suppressed and unbearable low moans occasionally mix with Ning Fan's heavy breathing.

The female disciples serving outside are used to it, yet still, their faces flush red listening to these sounds night after night.

When the moon reaches its zenith, the woman's seductive moans gradually turn into sweet murmurs of dreams.

As the moonlight enters the room, Ning Fan gets up, drapes his clothes on, and covers the little demoness with a thin blanket, then with a sway of his body, disappears into the Xuan Yin Treasure.

Currently, the Xuan Yin Treasure is divided into two regions, east and west. The eastern region is where the women reside, while the western region is where Ning Fan cultivates.

He entered the Xuan Yin Treasure to swallow the first Dark Star Fruit, temporarily not seeking to refine it.

After the fusion of the dual locks, whether entering Xuan Yin Treasure or not does not affect Ning Fan's speed in refining heavenly treasures.

But swallowing the Dark Star Fruit in the Xuan Yin Treasure can isolate fluctuations and avoid drawing the attention of certain old monsters.

Leaving nine Dark Star Fruits in the western region's treasure cavern, Ning Fan only took one fruit, walked out of the cavern, and sat cross-legged among the bright mountains and clear waters outside to meditate.

This was a peculiar fruit the size of a walnut, black as ink, with the skin hiding almost vast fluctuations beneath it.

Waiting until his mana was filled to the peak, Ning Fan then took out the Dark Star Fruit, placed it on his knee, and with both hands, directed mana to continuously cast Immortal Secret Arts upon the fruit.

Swallowing the Dark Star Fruit requires a specific Immortal Secret Art to accompany it, otherwise consuming the fruit would be more harmful than beneficial.

With a flick of his hands like lightning, after an hour, Ning Fan had cast millions of Immortal Secret Arts into the Dark Star Fruit.

Only then did he show a serious expression, and after pondering for a long time, finally opened his mouth and swallowed the Dark Star Fruit in one gulp.

The Immortal Secret Arts sealed the medicinal power of the Dark Star Fruit, and after it entered his body, it did not dissolve but transformed into a black glow, traveling to the Dantian, where it was grasped by the Spirit within his Dantian.

At this moment, Ning Fan's Spirit had a jade locket hanging around its neck, which was the Yin Yang Locket.

Surrounding his body was a sword light, which was the Memory Severing Dao Sword.

Contained within his body was a hallucinatory and enchanting expensive pill, which was the Illusory Life Pill.

Holding a walnut-sized fruit, absorbing the vast energy within the fruit little by little, it was indeed the Dark Star Fruit!

The absorption speed was as slow as a turtle's crawl, yet every moment, the power of the Dark Star Fruit was merging into Ning Fan's body.

His mana would gradually increase day by day as the Dark Star Fruit was slowly refined.

What surprised Ning Fan a little was that the Dark Blood within his body surprisingly increased slowly with the refining of the Dark Star Fruit...

The increase in speed was naturally slow, yet it made Ning Fan's breath catch, and he immediately showed a grave expression.

This Dark Blood was acquired after sharing the room with the little demoness.

This Dark Blood allowed Ning Fan to display a trace of Palm Position Power.

As the Dark Blood increased, the Palm Position Power that Ning Fan could wield would also continually increase.

"Perhaps I can cultivate 'Dark Yin Yang' with this Dark Blood, as one of my future Twenty-Seven Palm Position Path," Ning Fan pondered.

After a long time, Ning Fan seemed to have made a decision, and with a sway of his body, he flew up to the sky of the western region.

In the sky, a simple yet solemn ten-story stone tower hovered, it was the Immortal Storing Pagoda gifted to Ning Fan by the Ancient Chaos, containing countless ancient cultivation techniques.

Like a straightforward path, Ning Fan headed straight to the ninth floor, ignoring the one to eight-star techniques on the previous floors, only the nine-star techniques could catch his eye.

On the ninth floor, there were only thirty-four jade scrolls of nine-star techniques, and among these he found a dark-type technique.

Black Obsidian Scripture! A nine-star divine skill eligible for cultivation only by elite cultivators of the Dark Clan!

Ning Fan thought to himself that indeed, he knew the Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor had possession of Dark Clan techniques.

That day, the Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor had uttered the revered names of the ancestors of the Dark Clan and even performed a lost ultimate skill of the Dark Clan.

That there are supreme Dark Clan cultivation techniques in this Immortal Storing Pagoda seems unsurprising.

"With this technique, if I have the time, I can cultivate the Dark Fledgling Star, and bit by bit, with the power of the Dark Blood and Dark Star Fruit, cultivate Dark Yin Yang!"

"The Rain Yin Yang was helped to success by the Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor; the Dark Yin Yang must rely on my own power to be completed step by step!"

Setting aside the Black Obsidian Scripture temporarily, Ning Fan went on to explore other nine-star techniques.

Among these techniques, he found a nine-star corpse path devil technique - the Transforming Tomb Scripture. This technique was stronger than the eight-star corpse path technique Celestial Corpse Transmutation.

Ning Fan had already cultivated the corpse devil physique, and among the future twenty-seven Yin Yangs he would cultivate, there could be a place for 'Corpse Yin Yang'!

Additionally, Ning Fan found a nine-star fire-type demon technique here - the Azure Phoenix Scripture.

For the path of fire, Ning Fan had cultivated it for many years and had gained considerable insights.

If time allows, he would also cultivate the Azure Phoenix Scripture to one day cultivate the first Yin Yang of the Nine-Demon Yin-Yang... Azure Phoenix Yin Yang, to control the fire of the heavens and earth!

Unfortunately, cultivating twenty-seven Yin-Yang is not something achieved overnight, and Ning Fan now can only make plans; to truly devote himself to cultivation, he still needs to raise his cultivation level further.

"Within the Eastern Ocean Bell, there are countless pure Void Dao Principles stored... These Void Dao Principles will be a strong guarantee for my future cultivation of 'Boundary Yin-Yang'!"

The void is the control over space, and those who cultivate the Void Force to the utmost are the Immortal Emperors who control realms with a wave of their hand.

"When the Immemorial Fu Li's Demon Bloodline awakened in me, my memories included the demon technique of the Fu Li race... Shadow Swallowing! Although this technique does not mention how to remove the Sinful Mark, it can aid me in cultivating 'Fu Li Yin Yang'... The only troublesome thing is not knowing where to find enough Fu Li demonic power to cultivate this Yin Yang step by step..."

"The techniques I possess are enough for me to cultivate the twenty-seven Yin Yangs, but without the corresponding Power of Dao Laws, I cannot use the Fierce Origin Technique to condense the Fierce Origin Crystal or cultivate each Yin Yang..."

Ning Fan stood in the Immortal Storing Pagoda in silence for a long time, and finally decided to leave this pagoda.

Just before leaving, Ning Fan suddenly paused, turned around, and looked towards the sealed stone door leading to the tenth floor.

As long as the seal was opened, he could enter through the stone door, ascend the stone steps, and reach the tenth floor.

The tenth floor, according to Ancient Chaos, is where the 'key' is sealed.

What the key was, Ning Fan did not know,

At this moment, looking at the sealed gigantic door of the tenth floor, his expression was extremely serious.

Standing this close to the sealing giant door, he actually sensed a breath within that left him disoriented.

It was familiar, yet strange...

So familiar it made his blood almost boil, but strange... He couldn't recall whose breath it was...

"You do not remember..."

A faint female voice came from within the sealed gigantic door.

This voice, Ning Fan was sure he had never heard before, it was absolutely the first time. But the moment he heard it, he felt a tearing pain somewhere in his heart.

Life is a grand meeting. If you understand it, please cherish it.

You understand all this, but you... do not remember...

"Who are you? Why are you sealed on the tenth floor!"

Ning Fan's expression changed, and he immediately walked towards the sealed stone door, but before he got close, the imposing aura of the sealed stone door forced him back, unable to approach.

This sealed stone door required at least the power of a Saint to open.

"I am your key, yet you have forgotten me... My Lord does not recognize his concubine..."

The woman's voice gradually faded, never to be heard again.

Ning Fan stared at the stone door for a long time, finally suppressing the urge to ask Ancient Chaos.

His initial impulse was gone, and when he looked at the stone door again, there was a trace of confusion in his eyes.

"I must have met her somewhere... But who is she..."

Ning Fan's current feeling was like a mortal in a dream, clearly feeling that everything in the dream was familiar, clearly feeling that something should be remembered, yet he couldn't recall.

When awakening, there would be an epiphany, but recalling it, he would forget what was encountered in the dream...

Life is like a dream, reincarnation is an intertwining of endless fragmented dreams.

There is nothing that cannot be passed, only something that can never be returned.

When the dream breaks, you are no longer you, and I am no longer me.

"I am leaving... This stone door, one day, I will open it with my own hands."

Ning Fan turned and left the Immortal Storing Pagoda, not hearing a relieved female voice from within the stone door.

"The little butterfly... has grown up..."

Chapter 850: Gusts of Wind, Summon Rain

Time flows like water, and three months passed.

During these three months, Ning Fan stayed in the little demoness's sleeping chamber, coming and going with her, and the Divine Void Cultivators have long grown accustomed to it.

The voice from the sealed stone door of the Immortal Storing Pagoda has never been heard again...

Lately, the little demoness has been quite despondent, as whenever Ning Fan had time, he would hold her onto the bed, always seeming insatiable.

Only at night would Ning Fan quietly slip into the Xuan Yin Treasure to cultivate after the little demoness fell asleep...

"Little Fan Fan truly has endless energy... truly worthy of being... the inheritor of Ancient Chaos..."

Late at night, as the little demoness lay limp beneath Ning Fan, she silently evaluated.

Whenever she thought of Ning Fan's actions over the past three months, her face would flush like fire.

A wave of exhaustion overcame her, causing her to fall into a deep sleep under Ning Fan's relentless assault...

Having such a lascivious husband is truly exhausting...

Seeing the little demoness fall asleep, Ning Fan withdrew from her, covered her with a thin blanket, and got dressed.

His tireless efforts on the little demoness were not just for momentary pleasure.

Inside the little demoness, a trace of Dark Blood still lingered ever so slightly.

Over three months, Ning Fan managed to completely erase all remnants of Dark Blood in the little demoness through countless sessions of dual cultivation.

The process was naturally intense and sensual, needless to say more.

Once the little demoness was sound asleep, Ning Fan's figure flickered, and he escaped into the Western Region of the Xuan Yin Treasure, where he secluded himself for cultivation.

Every night for three months, Ning Fan came here to absorb the power of Shengkong Emperor's Primordial Spirit Essence Blood.

By separating one-third of the essence blood from the Primordial Spirit, Shengkong Emperor became weak and immediately isolated himself, ignoring the outside world.

The Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor demanded this essence blood to help Ning Fan cultivate Imperial Qi.

Imperial Qi and Imperial Shadow are one of the three divine skills of Void Fragmentation cultivators.

Emperor Qi and Emperor Shadow, however, are essential for becoming an Immortal Emperor.

Many cultivators of the Eternal Fifth Calamity stopped at the Immortal King Realm because they could not cultivate enough Emperor Qi and thus could not become Immortal Emperors.

Emperor Qi transforms from Imperial Qi.

Currently cultivating Imperial Qi is to prepare for becoming an emperor in the future.

Upon entering the Western Region Cave Dwelling, Ning Fan immediately sat cross-legged on the mat and took out a jade bottle sealed with Shengkong Emperor's essence blood.

After three months of refining, only the last trace of essence blood remained in the jade bottle...

Without any hesitation, Ning Fan pulled out the bottle stopper and swallowed all the remaining essence blood.

Ning Fan closed his eyes, his Tian Ling trembled, and a gold shining Golden Primordial Spirit, which bore a striking resemblance to Ning Fan himself, emerged.

The golden light on the Primordial Spirit was the color of Imperial Qi.

After refining Shengkong Emperor's Primordial Spirit essence blood, Ning Fan's Primordial Spirit underwent a transformation, turning golden as if a miniature version of the golden armor celestial.

The Golden Primordial Spirit sat cross-legged above Ning Fan's Tian Ling, gradually refining the Immortal Emperor's essence blood.

Gradually, the Golden Primordial Spirit showed an expression of pain but endured it, releasing golden mist from its body.

After an unknown amount of time, the Golden Primordial Spirit suddenly opened its eyes and emitted a beam of golden light.

Once the golden light flew out, it immediately transformed into a fifteen-zhang-long Imperial Qi Flying Dragon, which roared in the empty cave dwelling.

A fifteen-zhang long Imperial Qi Flying Dragon! A single thread of Imperial Qi was equivalent to three hundred threads for others!

Feeling the surge in the power of Imperial Qi, the Golden Primordial Spirit nodded with satisfaction.

According to Ning Fan's understanding, as long as one possesses a thousand threads of Emperor Qi, they can condense the Emperor Shadow and achieve Immortal Emperor status.

A thousand threads of Emperor Qi require a thousand threads of Imperial Qi to transform.

Ning Fan had only one thread of Imperial Qi, which was equivalent to three hundred threads for ordinary people. If he cultivates seven hundred more threads of Imperial Qi in his life, he won't have to worry about the Imperial Qi needed when becoming an emperor.

The refining of Dark Star Fruit requires a long time; Shengkong Emperor's Primordial Spirit essence blood, however, has been thoroughly refined by Ning Fan.

Ning Fan retracted the Imperial Qi Flying Dragon and the Primordial Spirit into his body, opened his eyes, and let out a long breath.

With the Dark Star Fruit and Immortal Emperor essence blood taken care of, only the Immortalization Stele gifted by Ancient Chaos remains unused.

Ning Fan stood up and walked out of the cave dwelling, where the Immortalization Stele stood outside.

Currently, there are 152 characters carved into the Immortalization Stele.

The 152nd character is 'rain,' and its mark is shallow because Ning Fan was too injured and exhausted when carving it, and only triggered forty beams of divine light...

Due to not much divine light being triggered, the divine skill Ning Fan obtained from the stele was not particularly powerful...

"The Immortalization Stele contains a certain will, hence the stele can seal immortals, and bestow divine skills..."

"My attack that day triggered forty beams of divine light from the Immortalization Stele, and the divine skill obtained was called 'Sealing Rain Technique,' a low-level sealing skill with little utility. Today, I wonder if I can obtain new divine skills by carving the rain character on this stele again!"

Ning Fan's gaze sharpened, he exhibited the first transformation of the War God Art, and amidst the burning flames of war, he transformed into a figure with red hair and a red long dress.

The Ancient Chaos cultivation immediately surged, and under the fusion of physical body and magic, Ning Fan summoned the Memory Severing Dao Sword and fiercely carved another rain character into the Immortalization Stele atop the original one!

Boom!

The sword light slashed the Immortalization Stele, triggering fifty-five beams of divine light.

Compared to Celestial Maiden Yuehan's fifty-six beams of divine light, it was still one beam short.

As the divine light rose, a beam immediately shot forth from the Immortalization Stele and entered Ning Fan's divine sense.

Instantly, a method for cultivating a divine skill appeared in Ning Fan's divine sense. The divine skill's name was 'Thousand Blades of Rain.'

This is an attacking divine skill, condensing needles out of rain, deemed not weak among some Initial Stage of Crossing Truth cultivators, but to Ning Fan, this divine skill was not to his liking.

"Again! Soul Extraction!"

Ning Fan lifted his hand towards the ground.

Though this place lacked Star Souls, it had endless Soul of the Ground for Ning Fan to extract.

With Ning Fan's current strength, he naturally couldn't extract all the Soul of the Ground of the Void Realm, only a third of it.

After swallowing the Soul of the Ground, Ning Fan's realm surged, and the aura of the Ghost Profound Peak Stage immediately soared to the Initial Stage of Crossing Truth Realm.

Yet another sword strike towards the Immortalization Stele, this time, it triggered sixty-one beams of divine light.

The obtained divine skills still did not satisfy Ning Fan.

"Still not enough! Fellow Daoist Xu's divine skill triggered seventy-five beams of divine light that day..."

Retracting the Memory Severing Dao Sword, Ning Fan raised his hand, and the world turned into darkness, with only seven stars hanging high in the sky.

Seven-layered hand seals condensed in the palm, forming a black-white hand seal that was fiercely struck against the Immortalization Stele.

This hand seal was Ning Fan's self-created skill, the Zhi Tian Yin!

Boom!

In the giant explosion, eighty-two beams of divine light erupted from the Immortalization Stele, accompanied by information for the Ice Rain Technique flowing into Ning Fan's divine sense.

Eight-two beams of divine light had already surpassed that of Fellow Daoist Xu, but the divine skills gained still couldn't satisfy Ning Fan!

With a slight flicker in his gaze, the Dao Image in heaven and earth immediately dissipated, and subsequently, a bleak west wind arose in the world.

The shadows of swaying leaves appeared high in the sky, continuously manifesting and vanishing, accompanied by a sudden aura of slaughter emerging from the west wind, at this moment, Ning Fan pointed his finger down!

The "Rain" character on the Immortalization Stele immediately deepened with the erosion of the west wind.

On the Immortalization Stele, ninety-nine beams of divine light flashed piercingly, and a ray of light instantly fell into Ning Fan's divine sense.

For the first time, Ning Fan's gaze carried a hint of seriousness.

This time, he obtained two divine abilities!

Two divine abilities, one called "Summon Wind" and the other "Summon Rain," it was when Ning Fan carved the "Rain" character with the West Wind Technique, merging wind and rain, causing the Immortalization Stele to bestow these two divine abilities.

"Summon Wind Technique, using demon thoughts to enter the wind, and condensing the black dragon with the yin wind..."

"Summon Rain Technique, using Evil Qi to transform into rain, ten drops of Evil Rain can kill Ning Fan, a hundred drops can kill at Ghost Immortal Realm, a thousand drops of Evil Rain would even make Peak Crossing Truth Realm retreat..."

Ning Fan closed his eyes and pondered for a long time, then suddenly opened his eyes, pointed towards the sky, this one finger, fused with all his life's demonic thoughts, immediately causing yin wind to arise in the world!

The yin wind condensed into two black wind dragons, gradually, a third and fourth black dragon appeared one after another, all formed by the yin wind.

With Ning Fan's talent in Unity of Heaven and Man, and Grand Five Elements Body's physique, the Summon Wind Technique could be comprehended and displayed in a short time.

But the Summon Rain Technique, it couldn't be displayed without a few days of comprehension.

Conjuring four wind dragons was already Ning Fan's current limit.

Four black dragons emerged from the clouds, immediately letting out a roar that shook heaven and earth, violently crashing towards the Immortalization Stele!

Under the sweep of the yin wind, the grass and trees on the ground immediately withered, while on the Immortalization Stele, seventy-five beams of divine light lit up!

The power of the four black dragons' Summon Wind Technique, though not as strong as Zhi Tian Yin, wasn't much weaker either!

"The power of Summon Rain Technique seems to surpass Summon Wind, who knows how it compares to Zhi Tian Yin..."

"With ninety-nine beams of divine light, one could acquire such formidable divine skills as Summon Wind and Summon Rain, if more beams of divine light were triggered, what divine skills could be obtained from the Immortalization Stele..."

Ning Fan's gaze focused, and a flash of Rain Intent sparked in his eyes, instantly, there was a downpour like a waterfall in the world.

At this moment, Ning Fan's will imposed upon the rain and fog of the world, as if all the rain in this world had to obey his command!

"Rain Yin Yang, unseal!"

The rain star on his brow flashed, and Ning Fan's momentum suddenly surged, climbing all the way to the Peak Crossing Truth Realm.

Within three zhang, no raindrop dared to fall on Ning Fan.

Ning Fan slapped his sword pouch, immediately, five beams of sword light shot into the sky, slashing furiously towards the Immortalization Stele.

At the moment when these five sword shadows fell, the torrential rain in the world unexpectedly halted mid-air, become still!

The Immortalization Stele trembled violently upon being struck by the five beams of sword light, shooting out three hundred ninety-six beams of divine light!

After unsealing Rain Yin Yang, the power of Rain's Five Swords was terrifyingly immense!

A "Rain" character, carved deeper than any other character on the stele, was deeply etched on the Immortalization Stele!

Hundreds of rays of light sank into Ning Fan's divine sense, all of them were secret techniques about rain!

"So many indeed!"

Ning Fan's gaze changed, among these divine abilities, there were quite a few powerful techniques.

He did not know that as long as he triggered more than three hundred beams of divine light from the Immortalization Stele, he could obtain all the secret techniques related to the inscribed characters!

These divine abilities didn't need special cultivation, as long as Ning Fan comprehended them, with his Rain Yin Yang power, he could easily unleash these divine skills!

"If I carve other characters, what might happen!"

Ning Fan's heart moved, if he carved characters like "Fire," "Thunder," "Darkness" on this stele, could he also achieve those divine abilities...

Unfortunately, the Immortalization Stele didn't give him a chance to continue trying. After gifting Ning Fan with hundreds of divine abilities at once, the Immortalization Stele's light dimmed...

No matter how Ning Fan attacked, he couldn't trigger more divine light...

Xiang Mingzi's voice timely echoed in Ning Fan's ear, it was what he told Ning Fan when he handed over the Dark Star Fruit and other items.

"If the divine lights of the Immortalization Stele disappear, it means the power is exhausted, it needs to be nurtured in the Divine Void Misty Sea for a thousand years to be used again... Haha, if that time comes, please bring the Immortalization Stele back to the Commercial Pavilion for nurture, after a thousand years, once the stele's power is replenished, you will naturally have the chance to use it again, young friend."

Ning Fan smiled wryly, it seemed that if he had the time, he would need to make a trip to the Commercial Pavilion to return the Immortalization Stele to the Godly Void Pavilion for nurture.

Anyway, he was going to the Commercial Pavilion sooner or later... Ning Fan hadn't forgotten, for the sake of the name of the Ancient Chaos Emperor, Xiang Mingzi gave him a privilege.

The privilege to freely use the cultivation resources of the Godly Void Pavilion!

This privilege, Ning Fan certainly wouldn't waste, not to mention, treasures like Dao Fruit, he surely wanted to take them all.

Before the night had ended, Ning Fan returned to the bed, held the little demoness, and slept fully clothed.

When the sky turned pale, he was bathing in the morning breeze, leaving the palace, leaving the Disciples' Quarters of the Main Pavilion, flying towards the main pavilion of the Dongming Star Commercial Pavilion.

"Hehe, Little Fan Fan seems to have something else to do today, won't harass me, finally can rest well."

Watching Ning Fan leaving quietly, the little demoness smiled and closed her eyes, continuing to sleep.

After being tormented by a certain wolf for three months, she could finally have a good sleep...

...

The Divine Void Four Pavilions consist of the Ancestral, Punishment, Arms, and Commercial Pavilions. Among them, the Commercial Pavilion had the lowest status but was the most indispensable pavilion.

All disciples of the Divine Void Four Pavilions had to procure their cultivation resources from the Commercial Pavilion.

The Main Pavilion of the Commercial Pavilion was almost synonymous with the treasury of the Godly Void Pavilion.

The foundation of the Main Pavilion was unmatched by any War King Luo Family, even though the War King Luo Family was once a superpower with an Immortal King.

The Misty Sea was where the Main Pavilion of the Commercial Pavilion was located.

At this moment, in the Main Pavilion of the Commercial Pavilion, several elders at the Crossing Truth Realm of the Commercial Pavilion were worrying about something.

"Trouble, trouble, Dongming Island has sunk below the Mist Sea once again, this time it has sunk to the fourth level of the Mist Sea... The fourth level is a treacherous place where even we at Crossing Truth cannot tread lightly, even if an old monster at the Shedding Void Stage ventures there, their cultivations will be suppressed by ninety percent..."

"It's troublesome... Should we ask the Fragmented Thought Elders for help, to venture into the fourth layer of the Mist Sea and retrieve Dongming Island? After the tomb comparison, the Fragmented Thought Elders are all busy repairing the Eastern Ocean Bell, having no time to deal with our Commercial Pavilion's trivial matters..."

"Do we have to rely on ourselves to find a solution... If Dongming Island doesn't ascend to the second level again, we can't open the treasury... quite a few elite disciples in the Ancestral Pavilion are still waiting for us to deliver today's expensive pills for cultivation..."

While several elders of the Commercial Pavilion were frowning and sulking, they suddenly looked up in unison, showing expressions of incredulity.

They saw the dense mist in the world parting into two by itself as a flash of escape light entered.

The owner of that escape light was surprisingly a young man in white!

"It's the Rain Immortal Monarch!"

Several elders of the Commercial Pavilion instantly showed expressions of joy.

They had heard that the Rain Immortal Monarch Ning Fan's divine abilities were very effective against rain and mist.

If he was here, perhaps they wouldn't need to ask the Fragmented Thought Elders for help to make Dongming Island float again!

However, it was said that this Rain Immortal Monarch possessed a token given by the Quasi-Saint ancestor, allowing him to freely use cultivation resources from the treasury...

He came here, presumably he wouldn't take too much, right... Maybe...