

Grasping 861

Chapter 861: Reverse Infant, One Less!

Black Marsh Great Swamp, hordes of Barbarian Beasts had long returned to their nests.

Ning Fan flew over the swamp, activating the Ice Rain Technique, and his spirit sense spread far and wide along with the rain curtain.

Soon, Ning Fan found the Barbarian Beast that had devoured the monster infant and immediately flashed towards the beast's lair.

The Barbarian Beast only had a cultivation at the Initial Stage of Crossing Truth and was deeply asleep. Suddenly sensing a formidable enemy's arrival, it opened its beast eyes and rushed out of the nest, glaring malevolently at Ning Fan, and let out a roar towards the sky.

The roar wasn't loud, yet somehow it traveled far, and any Barbarian Beast that heard it seemed compelled to rush over.

The scene was just like when a mortal emperor was in trouble, and his vassals responded eagerly to his aid...

Ning Fan's eyes shone with azure light as he glanced at the Barbarian Beast in front of him.

It was a half-fish, half-dragon Purple Scale Barbarian Beast, with the monster infant still inside it, yet to be completely refined and absorbed.

At the beast's swollen neck, a tiny head had grown, perhaps as it refined the monster infant, it could possess a second head.

"This beast is clearly not the leader of the Barbarian Beasts here, yet a single roar can draw all the beasts to its aid. Could it be because of that monster infant..."

"Any Barbarian Beast that devours a monster infant can make other beasts submit..."

"Inside that monster infant, there seems to be a trace of Calamity Blood's aura..."

Ning Fan tapped his toe, and with a flash of golden light, disappeared without a trace. In the next instant, he appeared on the massive head of the Barbarian Beast, and without a word, punched down.

Though not using any Divine Skills, with Ning Fan's Heavenly Demon Physical Body at the First Nirvana Pinnacle, a single punch could grievously injure this beast.

Despite its thick scales, they could not withstand Ning Fan's punch, and half of its head was blasted away.

The Purple Scale Barbarian Beast let out a miserable cry, on the verge of falling.

Yet, in that moment of impending doom, the beast's body suddenly turned into a mire.

At the same time, above the swamp, the mud reformed, taking on the shape of the Purple Scale Barbarian Beast, resurrected anew.

The head, which had been blasted apart by Ning Fan, was successfully reshaped in this breaking and reconstitution, though slightly smaller than before.

"Clearly already on the brink of death, yet it can still revive..." Ning Fan's gaze narrowed.

He realized, this beast's mud resurrection ability seemed to use a power similar to Calamity Thought...

This power appeared to be a self-preservation ability given to the beast by the monster infant inside it.

In the distance, countless Barbarian Beast auras were rushing towards them, among them several Shedding Void Stage beasts.

Ning Fan, although having slain a Shekong Thunder Spirit before, did not arrogantly believe he could stand undefeated against several Shedding Void Barbarian Beasts.

Thus, only by swiftly slaying this beast before those formidable beasts could arrive, could he prevail!

1,200 strands of Life-bound Battle Fire burned within Ning Fan, and the Second Change of the War Technique was activated at that moment.

The cultivation of the Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor surged at this moment, soaring to the realm of the Third Nirvana of Heavenly Demon, a momentum comparable to the Late Stage Enlightenment, exploded from Ning Fan.

With a flick of his finger, beams of black and red light shot out instantly, piercing through the Purple Scale Barbarian Beast's body, dealing mortal wounds persistently.

Every time it was on the brink of death, the Purple Scale Barbarian Beast turned into a mire, though it could continually revive, its aura grew weaker with each resurrection.

Furthermore, the beast did not notice that with each Barbarian Flash from Ning Fan, a formation pattern powered by Calamity Thought was being laid inside it.

In the past, Ning Fan could not lay formations with Calamity Thought, but now, having comprehended the Momentum Character Secret, his understanding of the Dao of formations had reached a new level, forming formations as easily as breathing.

As more and more formation patterns accumulated within the Purple Scale Barbarian Beast, Ning Fan finally formed a spirit sense and coldly commanded, "Collapse!"

In an instant, the beast's surface was covered with countless formation patterns, and all its Divine Skills were sealed by the formation.

Ning Fan once again punched, destroying the beast's head, and it finally let out a deathly scream as it perished, unable to turn into a mire to avoid calamity anymore...

Roar!!!

As Ning Fan slew the Purple Scale Barbarian Beast, the distant beast horde seemed to sense it and roared skyward, projecting countless killing intents towards Ning Fan.

Ning Fan tore apart the beast's body, ripping it to pieces, and extracted the two-headed monster infant from within.

With just a cursory glance, Ning Fan realized within this monster infant lay a strand of false Calamity Blood's power...

Though false Calamity Blood, devouring this infant would likely slightly enhance the Calamity Blood within himself.

Without immediately devouring the infant, Ning Fan placed it in his storage pouch, his figure flickered, and he flew away into the distance.

No matter where he fled, no matter if he concealed his presence, the beast horde seemed always able to accurately pinpoint his position.

"Are they perceiving my location based on this monster infant..."

Ning Fan suddenly halted, no longer fleeing, as his earlier escape was only to confirm that these beasts had the ability to track the monster infant.

He abruptly turned back, charging towards the bloodthirsty Barbarian Beasts, each punch causing an Initial Stage Enlightenment beast to fall.

Even a Mid Stage Enlightenment beast was sent flying with grievous injuries after being struck by Ning Fan's punch.

After slaughtering seven or eight Initial Stage Enlightenment beasts, Late Stage Enlightenment beasts surrounded him.

With more and more beasts, Ning Fan finally unleashed the Rain Yin-Yang Force, pulling out a Soul Extraction from the earth and swallowing it.

His momentum soared immediately, and with Dual Cultivation of Mana, his strength nearly rivaled that of a Shekong Cultivator.

The Rain's Five Swords were summoned by Ning Fan, the five Immortal Swords suspended in the sky, heavy rain poured fiercely.

Below Shekong level, no beast could last a round under the Five Swords.

Constant wailing of beasts echoed as they fell, corpses littered the Black Marsh Great Swamp, filled with filthy blood.

At this moment, Ning Fan unleashed his full power; by the time the Seven-Headed Shedding Void Beasts arrived, no other beasts survived!

"Different race! Surrender the Wang Ying!" the Seven-Headed Shedding Void Beasts roared angrily.

"Wang Ying... The Beast Bearing Infant is the king of the beasts..."

Ning Fan seemed in realization, but naturally, he couldn't return the monster infant to the beasts.

With a fierce spirit sense, the rain merged into the Five Swords, transforming into millions of Immortal Sword shadows slashing down at the seven beasts.

The seven beasts weren't weak, each unleashing a Barbarian Flash, directly shattering the million sword shadows, though one Initial Realm Shekong beast sustained slight injuries under the sword rain attack.

With this test, Ning Fan immediately knew he was not the opponent of these seven beasts and ceased the offensive.

After the battle, the bottleneck of Ning Fan's Third Change of the War Technique had loosened, and with the monster infant in hand, it was time to return and retreat into secluded cultivation diligently.

Raising his hand to withdraw the Rain's Five Swords, Ning Fan swiftly performed a series of intricate gestures, and purple mist filled the air in an instant.

As the purple mist emerged, Ning Fan took out the monster infant, wielding his fingers like a sword to slice the infant into two, leading to its demise, and swallowed the remnant infant, gradually refining the false Calamity Blood within.

With the monster infant's death, the Seven-Headed Shedding Void Beasts immediately lost their perception of Ning Fan.

The purple mist concealed Ning Fan's trail, the heavy rain washed away Ning Fan's aura... Realizing the demise of Wang Ying, the seven Shedding Void Beasts howled skyward, wishing to kill Ning Fan swiftly.

Yet as the purple mist dispersed, no trace of Ning Fan remained...

"Damn it! We retrieved Wang Ying once, only for it to die again, at the hands of a different race!"

"How can we uphold the agreement between our race and the demon race now that a Wang Ying is missing!"

In the fury and rage of the seven beasts, within the Northern Territory of the Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain, within the domains of the seven Great Demons, a roar of anger soared into the skies!

"Damn it! As the grand occasion approaches, a Reverse Infant is missing! Who dares to kill the Reverse Infant planted by this Elder!"

As the roar erupted, a great power of the demon race immediately flew into the snowy sky.

The person was an elder with purple hair and dragon horns, exuding the powerful aura of the Eternal Immortal Venerable!

With a change in the elder's spirit sense, seven Shekong Barbarian Beasts far in the distance, which were just pursuing Ning Fan, let out a wretched cry and perished immediately.

And within the elder's divine sense, seven messages instantly appeared.

The killer of the Reverse Infant turned out to be a Four Heavens Cultivator with a ghostly silver face!

"You killed my Reverse Infant and expect to escape. Do you really think it's that easy in this world? You won't get away!"

The purple-haired elder sneered incessantly, his smile very sinister as he shrank his figure, merged into the world, and vanished.

When he reappeared, he had directly traversed half of the Barbarian Domain!

His movement technique was extremely fast, and with his cultivation speed at full power, he could directly fly, needing only a hundred breaths to cross several Barbarian Domains, heading to Black Marsh Great Swamp!

At this moment, Ning Fan, who had shaken off the pursuit of the seven Shekong Barbarian Beasts, suddenly felt an unprecedented sense of crisis.

With a flash of azure spike in his eyes, Ning Fan immediately sensed a presence comparable to the Eternal Immortal Venerable, rushing toward Black Marsh Great Swamp from the far north!

"Killing that Strange Infant actually attracted an Eternal Immortal Venerable!"

Ning Fan was startled in his heart but did not panic. With a tap of his toes, three blood forces boiled, transforming instantly into a golden spear, heading straight for the ancient forest.

With the Vertical Golden Light at full speed, within just a few breaths, Ning Fan returned to the ancient forest.

Explaining only briefly, he directly activated the Yin Yang Locket power to take Liu Yan and Little Qianqian into the Xuan Yin Treasure.

Liu Yan was taken into the Xuan Yin Treasure, but Little Qianqian unexpectedly could not be taken...

"Eh? You want to take me into the realm treasure? Little Qianqian said, during my Thunder Body Evolution, I cannot enter any realm treasure space..." Little Qianqian said innocently.

"Cannot enter the realm treasure space..."

Ning Fan frowned, directly carried Little Qianqian on his shoulder, created a golden spear, and within just a few breaths, escaped this Barbarian Domain.

When the elder arrived at Black Marsh Great Swamp, Ning Fan had already fled several Barbarian Domains away.

"Hmph! Quick to escape! But you won't get away!"

The purple-haired elder captured Ning Fan's residual infant signal, just about to chase when suddenly his gaze sank.

Above Black Marsh Great Swamp, a crack in space appeared, and two figures emerged, a man and a woman, each possessing the power of the Eternal Immortal Venerable!

"Liuhe Immortal Lord, Miaoyan Immortal Honorific..."

Upon seeing the two Human Clan Immortal Honorifics before him, the purple-haired elder's expression immediately turned severe, deeply cautious.

Liuhe Immortal Lord was a middle-aged man, wearing an imperial crown, surrounded by majestic kingly aura, with an overwhelming air of sweeping through the world's six harmonies.

He looked at the purple-haired elder with a cold gaze, not speaking, yet giving the elder immense pressure.

The other female Immortal Honorific, named Miaoyan, was veiled lightly, her aura slightly weaker than both the elder and Liuhe Immortal Lord.

Seeing the cautious appearance of the elder, Miaoyan Immortal Honorific laughed coquettishly, seductive, "I thought which Demon Race Immortal Honorific was causing such fear and commotion throughout the Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain... Turns out it's you, Dulongzi, friend of the True Dragon Race... So, are you planning to fight your way into our gods' Five Domains? Giggle, if that's the case, I cannot not stop you."

"Damn it, just a step away from catching that junior and retrieving the residual infant power, yet thwarted by these two..."

The purple-haired elder reluctantly glanced in Ning Fan's fleeing direction, his expression extremely grim.

After a moment of silence, he finally snorted coldly, merged into the world, and returned north.

"Dulongzi... He came imposing, what is his goal..." Liuhe Immortal Lord frowned, looking in the direction the elder earlier gazed.

Unfortunately, he could not sense the residual infant power and naturally did not know which way Ning Fan escaped.

"Unknown... Lately, I've had a sense of unease, as if something major is about to happen in the Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain..." Miaoyan Immortal Honorific said with a knitted brow.

"I have felt the same... Could it be the Demon Race is preparing to initiate the next realm war... If so, this matter must be reported to Black Devil Sect for precaution..."

"Let's follow Liuhe Ally's proposal, when we return, we shall each report this matter to Black Devil Sect."

...

Several Barbarian Domains away, sensing that the aura of the Eternal Immortal Venerable had departed, Ning Fan finally breathed a sigh of relief.

His intention was to flee towards the Four Heavens Cultivators' camp, triggering the Four Heavens Immortal Venerables stationed in the Barbarian Domains to act, which seemed to have been achieved now.

"After I killed the Strange Infant, those Barbarian Beasts could no longer sense my whereabouts. But that Eternal Immortal Venerable from the north could sense the residual infant within me; only by completely refining this infant can I block his perception..."

"The Immortal Venerable from the Northern Territory should be a Demon Race Immortal Honorific..."

"What significant meaning does this Strange Infant have to provoke a Demon Race Eternal Immortal Venerable to act... This matter seems not simple..."

Ning Fan returned all the way to the Gouchen Barbarian Domain occupied by the Divine Clan, back to Mulan City.

Once entering Mulan City, Ning Fan released Liu Yan, instructed Little Qianqian to stay with Liu Yan, and immediately went into seclusion to refine the residual infant.

In just half a day, the residual infant was completely refined by Ning Fan, absorbing the residual infant's false calamity blood power, greatly increasing his Jie Xue Zhi Li.

Not only did his calamity blood power increase significantly, but for some reason, after refining the infant, a trace of power close to the Dao's source appeared inside Ning Fan.

Upon absorbing this power, Ning Fan's cultivation progress in War Yin and Yang immediately increased by one percent!

"What exactly is this Strange Infant!" Ning Fan's eyes showed a hint of awe.

...

In the Northern Barbarian Wilderness, Dusk Snow Barbarian Territory.

In a certain Demonified City, the purple-haired elder's face was as dark as iron, an invisible killing intent continuously emanating from his body.

One Reverse Infant gone... At such a crucial moment, losing one Reverse Infant is extremely hard to replenish...

"Damn it! Because of this Reverse Infant's demise, the plan will be delayed by at least ten years to be executed... If the Immemorial Dragon Race finds out about my incompetence, he will surely hold me accountable! But thankfully, only one Reverse Infant was lost, and it was merely the weakest one. If more were lost... the consequences would be unimaginable!"

"Ghostly silver hair... ghostly silver hair... That brat, so hateful!"

"Where are the Dragon Guards!"

In the grand hall, the purple-haired elder coldly commanded to the empty space, and immediately, seventy-two dragon horn demonesses in purple-gold armor appeared, kneeling before the elder.

"Dragon Guards are here, ready to serve the ancestor's bidding!"

The cultivation of these seventy-two people was at least the Late Stage Enlightenment, with the highest reaching the Peak of Shekong!

These seventy-two were the well-known Poison Dragon Guards of the True Dragon Race, heroes of the previous realm war, each having accomplished great military achievements, becoming Dragon Guards!

"I order you to infiltrate the Divine Clan's Five Domains and assassinate this person to appease my anger! Are you... willing!"

The purple-haired elder pointed, and instantly a ghostly silver-haired man's image appeared in the air.

The seventy-two Dragon Guards merely glanced at the image, revealing their murderous intent, with no one showing fear.

As long as no Demon Race Immortal Honorific took action, the gods' Immortal Honorific would not move either.

With their strength, infiltrating the Divine Clan's Barbarian Domains posed little risk. Why hesitate!

"Willing to serve the ancestor!"

"Good! Go now! I'll await your good news here!"

"Yes!"

Chapter 862: The Counterattack Begins

After a period of seclusion, Ning Fan completely mastered the third transformation of the War God Art.

Night, on the wall of Mulan City, the strange chill condensed into frost.

Ning Fan stood alone on the city wall, his heart seemed faintly uneasy... Even though the Reverse Infant had been refined, and even though the Demon Race Immortal Venerable had retreated, Ning Fan's heart still felt a new sense of crisis...

Ever since the Unity of Heaven and Man, Ning Fan had gained a slight sensitivity to crises. He closed his eyes, and his entire heart and spirit submerged into this barbaric wilderness, as if becoming one with it...

Rain, quietly falling, pitter-pattering, spreading from Mulan City into the distance.

As Ning Fan's cultivation deepened, as the fusion with heaven and earth deepened, as the Rain Yin Yang cultivation was achieved, the Heaven Prying Rain Technique no longer bore marks of divine skill sculpting.

The Shedding Void Realm old monster couldn't tell that the rain on this night was a perception divine skill used by Ning Fan.

Even the Fragmented Thought Elders, unless they had cultivated to the Shattered Thought Peak, couldn't discern the mysteries of Ning Fan's Ice Rain Technique.

The area of the Gouchen Barbarian Domain was equivalent to the total of dozens of Mid-Level Star Domains.

Ning Fan's rain technique perception couldn't originally cover the entire Gouchen Barbarian Domain, at most only covering the range of a Mid-Level Star Domain. But with the unsealing of Rain Yin Yang, the rain seemed to immediately obey Ning Fan's command.

Fine rain covered the entire Gouchen Barbarian Domain and extended all the way towards the Northern Territory.

Beyond the northern side of the Gouchen Barbarian Domain were one unoccupied Barbarian Domain after another, and these domains did not escape Ning Fan's perception. Ning Fan's spirit sense merged into the rainwater, scanning countless Barbarian Beast nests, sweeping across numerous Stone Warrior cities, and even over ancient forests and the Black Marsh Great Swamp from that day, checking the Barbarian City where Wu Chen and others resided...

Heading north, directly towards the Demon Race Seven Domains... The rainfall's coverage continued to extend!

In the direction near the Demon Race Seven Domains, Ning Fan saw seventy-two Yin Yang Evil Vein's escape light heading straight for him!

Upon perceiving these Yin Yang Evil Vein warriors, Ning Fan's gaze immediately changed.

The source of the crisis was precisely these seventy-two Yin Yang Evil Vein warriors!

"Coming for me! How did they determine my location?!"

"The power of the Reverse Infant has been refined away. Within my body, there shouldn't be anything they can sense..."

Ning Fan's gaze grew solemn. After a moment of silence, he still closed his eyes, carefully examining inwardly.

One internal examination revealed no problems... Two times revealed no issues... Three times still found nothing amiss.

Ning Fan's spirit became even more focused, his entire being seeming to turn illusory, almost vanishing from the world.

The spirit power within his body was driven to its utmost... Spirit power is the strength of ancient demons, akin to spirit sense yet surpassing it!

By spirit sense, he couldn't detect any problem within his body.

But when Ning Fan used spirit power to probe within, to his horror, he discovered that a mysterious purple mark had been planted inside!

That purple mark was exceedingly subtle, placed there by a purple-haired elder using great divine power across several Barbarian Domains to mark Ning Fan's location.

Ning Fan's gaze instantly turned cold; within this purple mark, there lay a trace of an Immortal Venerable's aura... That aura unmistakably belonged to the Demon Race Immortal Venerable who pursued him that day!

What surprised Ning Fan was... this purple mark was condensed from ancient demon spiritual power!

Therefore, it was so obscure and hard for Ning Fan to perceive, but ultimately, due to the mark's spirit power being insufficiently pure, it couldn't evade Ning Fan's perception with Fu Li2 spirit power...

Ning Fan's gaze deepened, a suspicion forming within yet still unconfirmed.

Some ancient demon spirit power within divided and invaded the purple mark, leaving a trace of perception.

Then Ning Fan opened his mouth, expelled the mark out of the body, breaking it into hundreds of fragments, flicking a finger, sending hundreds of mark fragments each flying in different directions like meteors across the night sky towards various unoccupied Barbarian Domains.

Instantaneously, in the far north, seventy-two Poison Dragon Guards halted their escape light, their eyes stunned.

Among the seventy-two, eleven were Shedding Void Realm cultivators, with only one at the Peak of Shekong!

That Shedding Void Peak Dragon Guard elder was briefly stunned before his expression turned gloomy.

"Strange! Why is the body's mark perception separating! And simultaneously there's feedback from 481 directions!"

"Could it be that the person discovered the ancestor's internal mark and separated it to scatter it out?"

"Impossible! Among the True Dragon Race, only nineteen have cultivated the Fake Dragon Wheel, and Ancestor Dulong is one of them! The mark laid by the ancestor's spirit power, even the Human Eternal Immortal Venerable finds difficult to decipher, let alone ordinary cultivators!"

"The cultivator displaying secret techniques and revealing their strongest state still cannot resist only seven-headed Shedding Void Realm Barbarian Beasts... He doesn't have the ability to decipher spirit marks!"

"Thus, it seems that this person likely cultivated some body double secret technique, dividing into 480 body doubles, each scattering away from the main body... If that's the case..."

The Shedding Void Peak Dragon Guard elder's gaze sunk, arriving at a decision.

With a command, he ordered seventy-two Dragon Guards to chase different marks individually, and upon destroying all 481 mark fragments, one of them would be Ning Fan!

"Only, this rain falls quite strangely... The Northern Territory Barbarian Domain seldomly rains..." After seventy-two Dragon Guards went into action individually, the Shedding Void Peak old monster raised his head, looking at the fine rain in the night sky, somewhat perplexed, finding no anomaly under perception...

On Mulan City wall, Ning Fan's gaze sharpened with chill.

After testing, he confirmed that these seventy-two Yin Yang Evil Vein warriors indeed possessed the ability to track the purple mark and were coming for him, with ill intentions!

For a bizarre infant, the Demon Race Immortal Venerable dispatched seventy-two powerful Demon Race warriors, moving southwards to assassinate him...

It's a pity; before they could cross far from the Northern Territory, Ning Fan detected them!

"Think you can kill me? Let's see if you possess that ability!"

Ning Fan's eyes flashed with a trace of hostility; he was not one to sit and wait for his doom. Though it was a Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain, though the enemy was an Eternal Immortal Venerable, he dared to strike back!

Here lies a world outside reincarnation, where the Slaughter Emperor and Slaughter Hall puppet cannot cross realms to descend.

Returning to the city domicile, Ning Fan instructed Liu Yan to temporarily enter the Xuan Yin Treasure, deciding to temporarily leave Xian Luoli in Mulan City.

Xian Luoli, known as Xianxian, a certain loli.

"You stay in Mulan City, I've got some matters to attend to. You can't enter the Yin Yang Locket space, so I won't take you along."

"What are you going to do?" Xian Luoli asked innocently.

"Kill people!"

"I'll help you!" Xian Luoli puffed up her chest, showing a deep sense of loyalty.

"You? Better not come along..."

Ning Fan shook his head. In the Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain, he had no means to counter the Eternal Immortal Venerable, but alone he could rely on Ghost Eye Clan, Yin Yang Locket, and cultivation speed to come and go freely, avoiding capture by the enemy.

However, if he brought Xian Luoli along, should circumstances change, this little girl, unable to hide within the Yin Yang Locket, might become a liability...

"Hmm, don't underestimate me, I'm very capable!" Xian Luoli said, huffily.

"If facing the Eternal Immortal Venerable... you won't escape!"

"Eternal Immortal Venerable, what is that..." Xian Luoli tilted her little head, expressing confusion.

"An entity a hundred times stronger than you at this moment..." Ning Fan replied speechlessly.

"Tch, so what if they're a hundred times stronger than me. If I want to escape, no one can catch me! Little Qianqian and the others cornered me together, yet I escaped! Look, this is my secret weapon!"

Xian Luoli executed a hand seal, and pieces of the snowy thunderous force instantly surged from her body, forming a pair of icy wings behind her.

These wings seemed to be a significant load on Xian Luoli, but the pressure they emitted was something even Ning Fan dared not ignore!

"Immortal Thunder Wings!" Ning Fan appeared moved, never expecting this little girl to have such trump cards.

The Immortal Thunder Wings, the Extreme Thunder Palace's ultimate secret technique, believed today to have fewer than ten successful cultivators.

If an Immortal Emperor cultivated these wings, among their peers, their escape speed was practically unbeatable.

Even if a Shekong cultivator trained these wings, they could harness a trace of Immortal Thunder force, briefly possessing Immortal Emperor-level escape speed...

After dispersing the Immortal Thunder Wings, Xian Luoli proudly raised her head, pleased at the sight of Ning Fan's slightly bewildered expression.

After a moment's silence, Ning Fan finally nodded, feeling uneasy about leaving Xian Luoli alone. Since she had her own self-defense method, bringing her along wouldn't be too troubling, after all, she was a Shekong fighter...

An extra person could count as an additional support!

"Alright... let's go together!"

With a wave of his sleeve, a flash of golden light enveloped Xian Luoli, and Ning Fan escaped, departing Mulan City, speeding northward.

He hadn't pushed his cultivation speed to the maximum... He was waiting, waiting for the seventy-two Dragon Guards to thoroughly disperse before breaking them one by one!

...

Time flies, and ten days have passed.

Unoccupied Barbarian Domain, area twenty-nine!

The earth's crust of the Barbarian Domain shifts greatly, and the Four Heavens of the Immortal World have not named the unoccupied Barbarian Domain, but the demon race high ranks secretly list and divide thirty unoccupied Barbarian Domains.

Different numbered Barbarian Domains hold different meanings for the demon race...

On a certain wasteland in the twenty-ninth area, a young man with dragon horns picks up a fragment of a broken imprint from the ground, his gaze extremely grim.

He is clad in purple-gold armor, carries three swords on his back, and possesses a late-stage Enlightenment cultivation, being one of the seventy-two Poison Dragon Guards.

After sensing the scattering of the imprint, this person pursued one of the senses alone, coming all the way here, only to see such a scene!

"The Ghost-Faced Cultivator that the Ancestor wants to kill can actually force the imprint out of his body!"

"In that case, he didn't scatter any body doubles to hide, but directly shattered the imprint and tossed it all around, while his real body escaped... How did this person manage to do this!"

"In that case, continuing to track the imprint would also fail to find his whereabouts... Without the imprint's sensing, trying to find someone in the endless Barbarian Domain is like searching for a needle in the ocean..."

"Forget it, better return to the Northern Territory first..."

This Dragon Guard snorted coldly, crushed the imprint fragment in his hand, and turned to return to the Northern Territory.

He was unaware that after crushing the imprint fragment, a trace of subtle Fu Li2 spiritual power flowed into his body, planting an imprint.

The same situation occurred with the other Dragon Guards; all were implanted with a trace of imprint, and no one knew about it...

On a mountain peak in the twenty-ninth area, Ning Fan sat with his eyes closed for ten consecutive days, waiting patiently.

He couldn't always unlock Rain Technique Perception to sense the positions of all the Dragon Guards on a large scale.

He was waiting for his spiritual power imprint to be implanted in all the Dragon Guards...

The first imprint, implanted successfully... The second imprint, implanted successfully... The third imprint, implanted successfully...

As soon as the last Dragon Guard received the spiritual power imprint, Ning Fan opened his eyes, and with a surge of battle intent, his Ancient Demon cultivation skyrocketed to the peak of the Third Nirvana of Heavenly Demon.

With Xian Luoli by his side, Ning Fan headed in a certain direction.

In area twenty-nine, the late-stage Enlightenment Dragon Guard had just begun his northern journey by tens of millions of miles when his expression suddenly changed and he halted his Escape Rainbow.

Ahead in the sky, a flash of golden light revealed two figures, a man and a woman. The woman was a silver-haired little girl whose cultivation couldn't be discerned, while the man was a silver-haired Ghost-Faced Cultivator.

The Dragon Guard youth was first startled, then let out a continuous cold laugh.

"It's you! You are the one the Ancestor wants to kill! Hehe, I didn't expect that without finding you, you would show up on your own. Very good, this great merit has fallen into my hands for nothing! You can die now!"

"Demon Sea Decree!"

The Dragon Guard youth unleashed a chilling killing intent, forming a sword hand seal. The three demon swords he carried shot out of their box, dissolving into formlessness.

Immediately, the sky manifested three huge dragon phantoms, each exuding terrifying Sword Intent capable of instantly killing a mid-stage Enlightenment cultivator.

No sword light was slashed out, but a vast ocean of Sword Intent spilled toward Ning Fan and Xian Luoli, killing invisibly.

In the sea of Sword Intent, any cultivator trapped within, unless they possessed late-stage Enlightenment strength, would have no chance of survival.

This technique gained great renown in the previous world battle, where nineteen Enlightenment powerhouses fell to this Dragon Guard youth's demon sea Sword Intent!

"Impressive Sword Intent... but it's not enough to kill me with this technique!"

Ning Fan's expression remained icy, and with a mere grasp of his five fingers, the formless Sword Intent sea shattered immediately.

The three huge dragon phantoms in the sky also shattered with a cry.

Without using extra Divine Skills, Ning Fan achieved all this with merely his formidable physical body!

"Pseudo-Ancient Demon! Heavenly Demon Third Nirvana peak physical body!"

The Dragon Guard youth's eyes twitched, not having expected Ning Fan to possess such a frightfully strong physical realm.

It was unclear why, but Ning Fan's Heavenly Demon body seemed more powerful than other same-level Pseudo-Ancient Demons.

Relying solely on his physical body, Ning Fan could sweep through any late-stage Enlightenment cultivators now!

"Xianxian, before mid-stage Shekong, you don't need to make a move, I'll kill them all by myself!"

Ning Fan instructed Xian Luoli beside him, then with a push of his toes, he charged toward the Dragon Guard youth.

Streams of black and red Barbarian Flash gathered in Ning Fan's hand, slowly condensing into a black and red ghost-headed halberd, which he hurled, transforming the ghost halberd into a black and red extreme light that bombarded toward the Dragon Guard youth.

This was the War King Halberd Divine Skill of the War God Art, and now, due to Ning Fan infusing it with the power of Calamity Thought Barbarian Flash, the War King Halberd's appearance had changed.

"Barbarian Flash Forming Halberd! How is that possible!"

The Dragon Guard youth gasped, gritted his teeth, and formed a sword hand seal. Three demon swords immediately manifested in the sky, slashing toward the ghost halberd.

The three demon swords were all Third Nirvana Post-Celestial Immortal Swords, immensely powerful, but they shattered completely upon a clash with the ghost halberd.

The Dragon Guard youth couldn't believe his three demon swords were utterly defenseless.

The next moment, he was engulfed by the black and red extreme light, his demon body perished.

In the Barbarian Flash extreme light, ten thousand miles of land turned into ruins, sinking ten thousand feet.

Atop the ruins, a menacing and terrifying ravine was left, carved out by the ghost halberd...

"Oh? What is this Divine Skill... I've never seen it..." Xian Luoli commented with the curiosity of a child.

"Barbarian King Halberd... A Divine Skill I created using Barbarian Flash and the War God Art..."

Ning Fan remarked indifferently, suddenly raising his fist, punching into the space beside them, causing black and red cracks to violently tear through the sky.

As space shattered, a terrified Dragon Spirit Ghost Soul fell out, extremely weak and on the verge of death, belonging to the Dragon Guard youth.

At this moment, it was rolling away with a storage pouch, attempting to escape, but Ning Fan noticed it.

"Trying to escape, can you really escape?"

Ning Fan reached out with a grasp, directly capturing the demon soul into his hand, taking the storage pouch away, and without a word, conducted a soul search and memory obliteration.

After a round of soul search, Ning Fan directly devoured the Dragon Spirit Ghost Soul, revealing a somber expression.

This demon soul couldn't be used to cast the Divine Blast Technique and was of no use to keep.

"Reverse Infant... So, this is the real name of that strange infant..."

"I didn't expect to accidentally kill a Reverse Infant planted by the True Dragon Clan, which seems to have significant use for them..."

"Unfortunately, this Dragon Guard is of too low a rank to know many secrets, only knowing that the Reverse Infant is a tool for the demon race to unify the Barbaric Wilderness and wipe out the Four Heavens cultivators... The specific use, however, this demon couldn't know..."

"The thirty unoccupied Barbarian Domains have been secretly divided into thirty areas by the demon race. After I killed one Reverse Infant in area thirty, there are still one hundred and seven Reverse Infants remaining..."

"The Reverse Infants are all parasitic within the Barbarian Beasts, but exactly which Barbarian Beast they parasitize is unknown... The Barbarian Beasts seem to have made some agreement with the demon race, but the specifics of the agreement are not known to lower-level demon cultivators or Barbarian Beasts..."

Ning Fan gradually realized that the one Reverse Infant he inadvertently destroyed seemingly involved something significant...

If he hadn't destroyed this Reverse Infant, perhaps the demon race's plan wouldn't surface for a long time and would strike a heavy blow against the Four Heavens cultivators...

"No matter what, let's focus on hunting down these Poison Dragon Guards first! Seventy-two Poison Dragon Guards, quite the grand gesture by Ancestor Dulong, to dispatch such true figures to kill me, I wonder how many of these Dragon Guards will die by my hands!"

Ning Fan rolled his sleeves, turned into a golden spear with Xian Luoli, and sped toward another direction in area twenty-nine.

In area twenty-nine, there were a total of four late-stage Enlightenment Dragon Guards, he had only killed one, there were still three left!

With his mind set on hunting Poison Dragon Guards, Ning Fan did not notice the change in an item within his storage pouch.

After killing a Poison Dragon Guard, his Immortal Guard Token underwent a change.

Originally a low-grade eighth-grade Immortal Guard Token, after slaying the Poison Dragon Guard, the token's grade soared to middle-ranked eighth-grade!

This indicated that Ning Fan's Immortal Position had risen to Middle-Ranked Immortal Guard!

Chapter 863: Protector Luo Tian

Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain, Northern Territory, Dusk Snow Barbarian Territory.

Inside a gigantic subterranean palace, within a secret altar, sat a purple-haired elder with dragon horns, meditating within a formation array of ancient monuments. He was wholeheartedly performing a magical refinement on a dual-headed monster infant.

This purple-haired elder was the Eternal Immortal Venerable who had previously chased Ning Fan, one of the ancestors of the True Dragon Clan... Ancestor Dulong!

The monster infant was originally black, but under the refinement of Ancestor Dulong, it was slowly turning into a crimson color at an excruciatingly slow pace...

"A mere low-grade Contrary Infant, yet it's so difficult to refine... Even with my power, it would take me at least ten years to refine one... That ghost-faced silver-haired man dared to waste ten years of my time, utterly infuriating! However, he should soon meet his end at the hands of the Poison Dragon Guard!"

Ancestor Dulong sneered disdainfully at the corners of his mouth. He didn't consider Ning Fan of great importance; after all, Ning Fan was just a junior who couldn't even handle seven Shekong Realm Barbarian Beasts...

"A subordinate requests to see Ancestor with urgent news!" An anxious voice suddenly came from outside the gigantic palace.

Ancestor Dulong's face darkened with displeasure. He was at a critical point in refining the infant, nearly failing due to the interruption, which almost led to the destruction of the Contrary Infant...

He had clearly ordered that during his ten years of closed-door refinement, no one should disturb him, yet someone dared to interrupt his refining process...

"Disturbing my refining session, do you know the punishment you deserve! Get out!" Ancestor Dulong asked in a deep voice.

"Ancestor, you must know, the Poison Dragon Guard is currently..."

"If you don't leave! You will die!"

With just a word, the demon race cultivator outside the gigantic palace spat blood and flew backwards, their demon body showing signs of immediate collapse.

In the next moment, the unfortunate demon race cultivator died with resentment, falling with their body shattered, unable to report the urgent matter...

"Hmph! I've already entrusted the affairs of the Poison Dragon Guard to my subordinates; what great matter could arise! Disturbing my refining process for such trivial matters, if they were destroyed, it would be a huge headache!" Ancestor Dulong replied with displeasure.

Within the Demonified Cities, in another palace, four Shekong Realm Dragon Clansmen showed anxious expressions.

Even though they had sent someone to notify the ancestor, the ancestor had not come out of seclusion to handle what was happening...

In this palace, seventy-two soul plates of the Poison Dragon Guard were arranged, shattering one after another!

In just half an hour, eleven soul plates had shattered.

Among these eleven soul plates, there was even one from a Dragon Guard at the Initiate Realm of Shekong!

"Eleven members of the Poison Dragon Guard have died already, why hasn't the ancestor come to handle this!" The four dragon demons were full of panic.

Suddenly, the faces of the four elders turned even darker.

The twelfth soul plate shattered again...

It was unclear how many soul plates would shatter before it would stop...

...

Southern Territory, Tiandu Barbarian Territory.

In a cultivation city built at the foot of a volcano, there was a spacious square with a gigantic stele erected.

This stele bore the names of more than five thousand demon race cultivators, classified by ranks, who had made great military achievements in past realm wars on the side of the demon race.

This stele was named the Slaughter Demon Stele, erected by the Tablets Master Immortal Emperor's disciples and contained Great Divine Power within.

Every time a demon race cultivator perished, the color of their name on the stele would change.

The initial color of the name was red; if they died at the hands of the Four Heavens Cultivators, their name would change from red to gray.

If they died from other causes, the name would vanish directly...

If they left the ancient realm, the name would temporarily change from red to white...

In just half an hour, eleven names had consecutively turned gray on the stele!

This signified that eleven enemy demon race cultivators had consecutively died at the hands of the Four Heavens Cultivators!

The Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain was not exclusively accessible to Eastern Heaven cultivators. Here, cultivators from the Four Heavens had gathered, led by the Four Oceans Sect.

Beneath the Slaughter Demon Stele, thousands of strong cultivators from the Four Heavens were already gathered, gazing at the stele in awe.

"Poison Dragon Guard, Yan Long! This demon possessed Late Stage Enlightenment cultivation, and his three demon swords were incredibly fierce, having killed many of the same level... This demon is actually dead! Who could slay him!"

"Poison Dragon Guard, Kui Snake! At the Peak Crossing Truth Realm, has also died!"

"Poison Dragon Guard, Qian Jiao! An Initiate Realm Shekong powerful demon race cultivator has also died, being the eleventh fallen demon listed on the Slaughter Demon Stele today!"

"Eleven members of the Poison Dragon Guard have consecutively perished; is it possible that a Great Power from our Four Heavens struck? Did cultivators from the Four Oceans Sect clash with the Poison Dragon Guard under Ancestor Dulong?"

"What! The twelfth one! Another Poison Dragon Guard has died!"

"Thirteen! Another one has died! Hiss!"

Cultivators from the Four Heavens present kept exclaiming in surprise.

Several cultivators from the Four Oceans Sect had already reported the events here to the two Immortal Venerables overseeing the place: Union and Wonderful Speech.

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific was mildly startled upon hearing the news, showing confusion.

None of the strong cultivators from the Four Oceans Sect had moved to eliminate the Poison Dragon Guard.

The ones exterminating the Poison Dragon Guard might be the Four Heavens cultivators who entered the ancient realm outside the realm war timeframe.

It could be one person, or it could be multiple... but no major team movements from the Five Great Divine Domains...

The number exterminating the demons could be extremely few, possibly even... one!

"Interesting, I wonder which cultivator is making a move against the Poison Dragon Guard? If it's a cultivator from the Southern Heaven, I'd be quite interested to meet them; their audacity is quite impressive... Each member of the Poison Dragon Guard is a close ally to Ancestor Dulong... With so many dead, wonder how enraged that old serpent would be..."

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific chuckled with curiosity about the unknown cultivator.

"Humph! Even I want to see those reckless individuals! To see which cultivators dared to be so heedless as to provoke Old Snake Dulong outside the realm war period. If this results in a realm war, I'd have to personally punish those responsible!"

Union Immortal King snorted disdainfully, showing much discontent with the unknown cultivator.

He pondered for a moment and then sent out a message-transmitting flying sword with a solemn expression.

It seemed as though he had given some kind of order...

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific knitted her brows, displeased, "Union, your order seems a bit excessive... Whether or not it incites a realm war, those cultivators who have slain the Poison Dragon Guard are our Four Heavens' heroes; this order seems inappropriate!"

"Inappropriate, so what! Does Miaoyan have any objections?" Union Immortal Venerable retorted unhappily.

"Hehe, I have no objections..."

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific laughed softly and did not argue with Union Immortal Venerable but instead also sent out a message-transmitting flying sword, giving some kind of order.

...

Unoccupied Barbarian Domain, Fourteenth Region.

A Late Stage Enlightenment Dragon Guard was returning to the Northern Territory, but before he could react to a flash of golden light, he screamed and met his demise.

He was the seventeenth Poison Dragon Guard slain by Ning Fan!

Unoccupied Barbarian Domain, Ninth Region.

A Shekong initial stage dragon-horned man was flying in escape mode when his gaze shifted, halting his escape rainbow to look gravely ahead.

Ahead, slowly appeared a ghost-faced silver-haired youth and a smiling silver-haired little girl.

"It's you!" The dragon-horned man rejoiced, eager to strike down the silver-haired youth, but his expression changed suddenly.

The silver-haired youth slapped his storage pouch, summoning an Ancient Demon Puppet.

"Shekong Puppet! And it's slightly stronger than my cultivation!" The dragon-horned man instantly showed dismay.

He was only a recent initiate of Shekong and had slim chances against this Shekong Puppet...

A great battle was imminent.

The battle ultimately ended with the fall of the dragon-horned man.

He was the thirty-fifth Poison Dragon Guard slain by Ning Fan!

Unoccupied Barbarian Domain, Fourth Region.

An old woman with dragon horns, possessing the early Shekong stage cultivation, was flying when suddenly a golden light flashed before her eyes, revealing two figures.

Seeing that one of the figures was her target prey, the old woman immediately let out an unpleasant dry laugh.

Before she could make a move to kill Ning Fan, a vast Chaos World Purple Rosy Light had already swept over.

Despite her profound cultivation, the old woman was immediately disoriented by the purple haze and fell into an unconscious state, becoming like a lamb at the mercy of others!

"What a pity... This person has already been refined into a poison cauldron; all his Yin energy is destroyed. Otherwise, although a bit ugly, he could have been a Shekong Cauldron Furnace..."

Ning Fan felt a slight regret, unsealing the Rain Yin-Yang Force, and with the release of the Five Swords, broke through the old woman's demon body defense, slicing her into a bloody pulp...

She was the sixty-fifth Poison Dragon Guard killed by Ning Fan!

Gradually, among the seventy-two Poison Dragon Guards, only seven remained alive. Among these seven, one was at the Peak of Shekong, one at the Late Stage of Shekong, two at the Mid Stage, and three at the Initiate Stage.

"Hey! Brother Food! Don't just fight by yourself, let me help you too! You haven't let me make a move for so long, do you look down on me!"

"Damn it! I'm really good at fighting! You just don't believe me!"

Xian Luoli felt very bored, and quite displeased!

Along the way, Ning Fan selectively found Dragon Guards below the Mid Stage of Shekong to kill alone, giving Xian Luoli no chance to make a move.

For some reason, whenever she saw these True Dragon Clan members, she felt really annoyed.

She also wanted to kill a few Dragon Guards, but alas Ning Fan didn't give her the chance...

"Don't worry, you'll have your chance!"

Using the special constitution of the Grand Five Elements Body, Ning Fan devoured Five Elements Spiritual Objects one by one, rapidly restoring his mana.

Once his mana was fully restored, Ning Fan found another Poison Dragon Guard at the Initiate Stage of Shekong and this time, he didn't choose to fight alone.

Among the seventy-two Poison Dragon Guards, there were eleven at the Shekong stage, and Ning Fan had killed four alone.

Among them was this old woman, whom Ning Fan had defeated with Chaos World Purple Rosy Light.

The other three fallen Shekong were weak within the Initiate Stage and were also killed by Ning Fan in tandem with the Ancient Demon Puppet.

The remaining seven Shekong were not ones Ning Fan could kill alone. Forcing a fight might allow him to kill one or two more, but it would definitely leave him gravely injured, which was not worth it.

So, finally, Xian Luoli had her chance to step in.

"Oh? The prey comes to the hunter... what's going on here..."

The Shekong Dragon Guard caught by Ning Fan glanced with a trace of seriousness; his senses were always sharp.

Having killed Poison Dragon Guards consistently, even if Ning Fan could mask his Evil Qi, he couldn't hide the scent of dragon blood on him...

The dragon blood scent was strong, enough to suggest that Ning Fan had killed many Poison Dragon Guards along the way...

"Seems like some trouble, the prey seems strong... but well, the more dangerous the situation, the more I like it! Let's consider this battle as a breakthrough for the bottleneck of Mid Shekong!"

The Shekong Dragon Guard smiled sinisterly, his gaze turned cold, and a massive shadow of an ice dragon manifested behind him.

As the giant shadow appeared, countless icy dragon scales emerged on the demon's body, and his aura began to soar, almost reaching the Mid Shekong stage.

"Together!"

Ning Fan didn't hold back in the first round, unsealing Rain Yin-Yang, releasing the Five Swords in unison, and with the Ancient Demon Puppet assisting from the side.

Xian Luoli also erupted with powerful lightning force, even quicker than Ning Fan, flashing in front of the Shekong Dragon Guard, raising her pink fist, and delivering a punch.

With just one punch, a flurry of icy thunder power exploded, transforming into countless snowflake shadows that flickered and vanished in the sky.

The Shekong Dragon Guard was directly blown away by Xian Luoli's punch and then attacked by the Rain's Five Swords and Ancient Demon Puppet. Despite his full effort to defend, he still sustained significant injuries.

The power of Rain's Five Swords made him feel a thread of danger; the existence of the Ancient Demon Puppet also posed a huge threat to the Shekong Dragon Guard.

But what he found most unbelievable was Xian Luoli's strength.

In the Shekong Dragon Guard's eyes, Xian Luoli was clearly just a little girl with no cultivation, yet a casual punch easily shattered all the icy dragon scales on his body, and the icy thunder power emitted caused his body to be momentarily paralyzed and delayed!

"This is a bit troublesome... It's impossible to handle today's situation alone!"

The Shekong Dragon Guard's gaze darkened, abandoning the task of killing Ning Fan, and transformed into an icy rainbow to escape.

He wasn't the first Dragon Guard to attempt fleeing from Ning Fan, but unfortunately, his escaping speed couldn't match the Vertical Golden Light.

"Do you think you can escape!"

Ning Fan flung his sleeve, transforming into a golden light, and chased after with Xian Luoli.

Half an hour later, the Shekong Dragon Guard reluctantly fell, becoming the sixty-sixth Dragon Guard killed by Ning Fan.

Afterwards, two more Initiate Shekong fell to the combined forces of Ning Fan and Xian Luoli.

In total, sixty-eight Poison Dragon Guards perished at Ning Fan's hands.

The remaining four Dragon Guards were all above the Mid Shekong stage, and even with Xian Luoli's help, Ning Fan had no absolute confidence in defeating any of the four without injury.

After all, Xian Luoli was at a critical evolution stage of her Thunder Body, and Ning Fan didn't want to take unnecessary risks with her.

These four Poison Dragon Guards became the only survivors among the seventy-two Dragon Guards...

"Bang!"

Ning Fan formed a hand seal, collapsing the brands within the four Dragon Guards, and quietly left with Xian Luoli.

There was another reason for not continuing the kills.

That was because when Ning Fan killed the sixty-eighth Dragon Guard, he acquired a scroll from his storage pouch.

That Initiate Shekong Dragon Guard seemed to hold considerable status within the True Dragon Race, and on that scroll was recorded a complete map of the forty-two domains of the Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain.

On the map, thirty unclaimed domains were marked with one hundred and eight blood points.

Among them, a blood point was located right in the Black Marsh Great Swamp where Ning Fan slew the Contrary Infants...

"Could these blood points denote other Contrary Infants?"

"Contrary Infants... They are immensely beneficial for enhancing Calamity Blood Power and cultivating Yin-Yang power..."

"And if these Contrary Infants can be eliminated, perhaps the demon plans could be thwarted... Though I don't know their exact schemes, the existence of these Contrary Infants makes me uneasy..."

"Hmm... What is this..."

Ning Fan suddenly realized something and took out a token from his storage pouch... the token of an Eighth-Class Immortal Guard.

Within the Four Oceans Sect, a nine-class Immortal Guard system is implemented, where status is determined by the level of Immortal Position, rather than cultivation level.

In the Four Oceans Sect, status is determined by the rank of Immortal Position!

Each of the nine classes of Immortal Positions has three grades of lower, middle, and upper.

Ninth-Class Force Warrior, Eighth-Class Immortal Guard, Seventh-Class Executor... Previously, Old Monster Han's Immortal Position was a Seventh-Class Superior Executor.

When Ning Fan broke through the Reckless Devil, he was conferred an Eighth-Class Low-grade Immortal Guard status by Immortal Emperor Mo Zhong.

Previously, the token bore the words "Immortal Guard".

But after Ning Fan consecutively killed sixty-eight Poison Dragon Guards, it now bore the inscription "Protector", with three star marks!

Three star marks denote that this token is that of a Superior Protector!

Sixth-Class Immortal Position, Luotian Protector!

"Oh? Almost forgot, by killing hostile demon cultivators in the Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain, military achievement points can be obtained..."

"Couldn't have imagined that after killing sixty-eight Poison Dragon Guards, I've become a Sixth-Class Superior Luotian Protector... That's quite a high Immortal Position..."

After all, among the Four Heavens, only the Star Ancestor Ancient Emperor within the Four Oceans Sect holds a Third-Class Immortal Position.

No one holds a Second or First-Class Immortal Position, so Sixth-Class is definitely not low!

Chapter 864: Seven True Seven Illusionary Arrows

The Ninth Class rank is a hierarchy of celestial officials handed down from the ancient immortal domain. Each class in rank is divided into superior, middle, and low grades.

Ninth Class Force Warrior, Eighth Class Immortal Guard, and Seventh Class Shanhe Officer are the lower class ranks.

Sixth-Rank Luotian Protector, Fifth-Rank Golden Immortal, Fourth Rank Celestial Supervisor are mid-level ranks.

Third-Rank Star Lord, Second-Tier Dao Emperor, First-Rank Spirit Ancestor are upper class ranks...

In the world today, the highest-ranking cultivators are the 28 Ancient Emperors of Stars from the Four Oceans Sect, all holding a third-class star lord rank.

In the age of declining cultivation, there are no Second-Tier Dao Emperors, and naturally, no First-Rank Spirit Ancestor either.

With a high rank, if one goes to the Four Oceans Sect, they can directly take on certain roles and gain power.

With a high rank, they can enjoy the incense offerings in the temples of the star domains of the Four Oceans Sect and regularly receive cultivation resources based on their rank.

With a high rank, they even have a say in some major decision-making within the Four Oceans Sect...

The old monster once served as the sect master of the Northern Heaven Black Demon Sect, striving all his life, and only managed to earn a Superior Mountain-River Officer rank, which was not high within the Four Oceans Sect.

Being an officer is not difficult to advance. Even some Void Fragmentation cultivators, as long as they have made contributions, are eligible to obtain it.

However, starting from the Sixth Rank Protector, it is exceedingly difficult to advance. The status differences among superior, middle, and low grades are also extremely vast.

Ning Fan killed sixty-eight Poison Dragon Guards and earned significant military achievements, with his rank rising all the way to Superior Protector.

This rank is generally only available to Late Stage of Shekong old monsters within the Four Oceans Sect, definitely a high position.

And should Ning Fan's military achievements increase a bit more, elevating his rank to Fifth Rank Golden Immortal, even if only a low-grade Golden Immortal, his status within the Four Oceans Sect would rival that of the Fragmented Thought Elders...

The Eastern Heaven is too chaotic, and the Four Oceans Sect rarely intervenes in the Eastern Heaven affairs, making rank insignificant in Eastern Heaven.

The Southern and Northern Heavens are the most peaceful and are the two immortal realms where the Four Oceans Sect's power is the strongest; here, having a high rank is indeed very advantageous...

"Ranking advancement is an unexpected gain... Superior Luotian Protector, if my master knew that my rank has surpassed his, I wonder what complicated expression he might have..."

Thinking of the old monster, Ning Fan felt slightly warm in his heart, missing the lower realms a little.

Unfortunately, wanting to visit the lower realms is no easy task... The Four Heavens cultivators with Immortal Seed and the upper realm demoness cultivators can go to the lower realms by suppressing their cultivation through specific passages.

But for a cultivator like Ning Fan, who became an Immortal not by Immortal Seed, once breaking through the Second Step, they would be blocked by the power of the realm from descending to the lower realms.

Ordinary passages cannot return one to the lower realms... The ascension passage in the Blood Slave Garden is also not high enough level to allow Ning Fan to return to the lower realms...

For a cultivator who became an Immortal not by Immortal Seed to enter the lower realms, they must use special channels of the Four Oceans Sect in Northern Heaven and Southern Heaven.

"In the future, when I am in Northern or Southern Heaven, with my Luotian Protector status, I can indeed easily use the lower realms passage to have a look..."

Ning Fan put away the token, activated the Ice Rain Technique and, along with Xian Luoli, began searching the unoccupied Barbarian Domain.

What he sought was Barbarian Beasts possessing Reverse Infants.

The grades of Reverse Infant vary, with low-grade Reverse Infant residing in barbaric beasts at the Enlightenment stage.

Middle-grade Reverse Infants are usually hosted within Shekong-stage Barbarian Beasts.

In the Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain, there are Shattered Thought Realm Barbaric Beasts, but none in the Eternity Realm.

High-grade Reverse Infants reside in a few Shattered Thought Realm Barbaric Beasts, which Ning Fan naturally finds hard to obtain and does not attempt to spy on.

Ning Fan's goal is to seize all low-grade Reverse Infants from Enlightenment Savage Beasts and a few middle-grade Reverse Infants from Initial Shekong Stage Beasts.

Using the escape technique of the Vertical Golden Light and the perception of the Heaven Prying Rain Technique... Ning Fan roamed the barbarian domain with no hindrance, using the map scroll to locate and slay each of the Reverse Infant Barbarian Beasts...

Of course, seizing the Reverse Infants would arouse countless Barbarian Beasts' fury, even inciting beast hordes to pursue him.

As long as he doesn't kill the Reverse Infants, Ancestor Dulong would temporarily remain unaware of all this.

Ning Fan merely sealed each Reverse Infant, storing them in his storage pouch, without the urgency to exterminate.

A large swarm of Barbarian Beasts followed him, but they could not catch up with his escape light, while the Enlightenment Savage Beasts pursuing him were slain. As for Shekong-stage Barbarian Beasts, they did not entangle but merely used their escape speed to leave them behind...

One, two, three... The number of low-grade Reverse Infants in Ning Fan's storage pouch has reached forty-nine.

Ning Fan also found and killed seven Initial Shekong Stage Reverse Infant Barbarian Beasts, snatching seven middle-grade Reverse Infants.

Although the Barbarian Domain was vast, under Ning Fan's rapid flight without counting the mana expense, it mattered not.

Ning Fan did not slay the mid-stage Shekong Reverse Infant Barbarian Beast... A Barbarian Beast with a Reverse Infant has its strength greatly increased and can assemble companions, which makes killing it too difficult...

In just a few hours, Ning Fan captured fifty-six Reverse Infants and quietly returned to Mulan City in the Gouchen Barbarian Domain.

Without immediately killing the Reverse Infant, Ning Fan, in the city's cave mansion, urged the ancient demon spiritual power and laid down a large array with the Momentum Character Secret, isolating spiritual power perception and within this array, he killed and refined the Reverse Infant...

...

Northern Territory, Dusk Snow Barbarian Domain.

The Ancestor Dulong, who was focused on sacrificing and refining the Reverse Infant, suddenly opened his eyes, his gaze changed greatly, and the Reverse Infant he was refining failed, exploding into a blood mist...

There was no time to feel heartache for this semi-finished Reverse Infant, the shock in the eyes of Ancestor Dulong gradually turned into frenzied anger!

Just now, he actually felt the death of another Reverse Infant!

"Another low-grade Reverse Infant has died! What's going on!"

This anger had not yet fully erupted when the third, fourth, and fifth Reverse Infants died in succession!

Immediately, Reverse Infants kept dying, and in just over ten breaths, fifty-six Reverse Infants died in succession!

Among them, forty-nine were low-grade, and seven Reverse Infants... were middle-grade!

"Fifty-six Reverse Infants! Fifty-six Reverse Infants actually died!"

"Can anyone tell this old man what is going on! Can anyone give this old man an explanation!!!"

The roar of Ancestor Dulong shook the sky, and in one step, he leaped out of the sacrificial palace, with no mood left to refine the Reverse Infant.

His voice spread throughout the Dusk Snow Barbaric Domain, and all demon cultivators who heard his roar felt a shiver...

He stood in the snowy void, his eyes wide open in anger, on the verge of splitting!

As Ancestor Dulong angrily formed a seal, Barbarian Beasts in the unoccupied domain continuously exploded and died!

Every time a Barbarian Beast exploded, a piece of information entered Ancestor Dulong's divine sense, turning into scenes of pursuing Ning Fan.

Ancestor Dulong's expression grew increasingly somber, and in the end, he actually laughed in rage!

The one who seized the Reverse Infant turned out to be that Ghost-Faced Cultivator!

"Courting death! You're courting death! A mere ant-like brat dares to repeatedly kill the Reverse Infant, hindering my demon race's grand plan... courting death!"

"This time, even Liuhe and Miaoyan cannot save you! You have killed fifty-six of my Reverse Infants, and I will go to the ends of the earth to kill you in the Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain!"

"Reverse Spirit Technique!"

Ancestor Dulong was murderous, forming seals with ten fingers, as light purple False Spirit Wheel halos suddenly spread out from his body.

This was a powerful perception secret technique of the True Dragon Race, and in times past, as long as the Reverse Infant was still within the Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain, no matter which domain it was in, it couldn't escape his perception.

But this time, the Reverse Spirit Technique failed to locate Ning Fan's whereabouts!

It seemed as if something was obstructing his demon spiritual power's perception... what on earth is happening!

"Why is the Reverse Spirit Technique ineffective! Impossible! Even if this boy hides in the medium dichiliocosm, it shouldn't be able to shield from the Reverse Spirit Technique's perception!"

"Come to think of it, didn't the old man dispatch the Poison Dragon Guards to assassinate this boy, yet why is it that after so many days, he is still alive! Could it be that the assassination by the Poison Dragon Guards failed? Hmm, this is..."

Ancestor Dulong's gaze suddenly changed, his figure flickered, and he appeared directly in the palace storing the life tokens of the Poison Dragon Guards.

In the palace, four Shedding Void demon cultivators were there, their faces full of worry. As soon as they saw Ancestor Dulong arrive, they immediately knelt down and apologized.

"We deserve to die! The Poison Dragon Guards suffered too many casualties, and we don't know how to handle it, please instruct us, Ancestor!" The four demons dared not lift their heads, not daring to meet Ancestor Dulong's furious gaze.

Ancestor Dulong's gaze swept over the life tokens of the seventy-two Dragon Guards, and the coldness in his eyes reached its peak at this moment!

Of the seventy-two Dragon Guard life tokens, sixty-eight were shattered, with only four remaining intact...

Sure enough, the assassination of Ning Fan by the Poison Dragon Guards failed!

He didn't expect the Poison Dragon Guards to fail the assassination, nor did he expect the death toll to be so severe!

He underestimated Ning Fan's strength!

"Sixty-eight Poison Dragon Guards... good, very good! The Poison Dragon Guards I meticulously cultivated with my heart and soul, suffered such heavy casualties!"

"Why did you all not report this to the old man! Why!!!"

Ancestor Dulong was like a madman, laughing in rage, his murderous intent spreading wildly, causing the four Shedding Void old demons to turn pale with fear and beg for mercy.

"We already sent someone to inform the Ancestor..."

"Is that so... it turns out the person wanted to report this matter to the old man, yet in my anger, I killed him, how ironic!"

Ancestor Dulong's smile grew colder. He was truly furious, on the verge of going mad... No one could stop him, no one dared to!

"So, that Ghost-faced Child killed the Poison Dragon Guards and obtained the Reverse Infant map, slaughtering fifty-six of my Reverse Infants!"

"I see, I see... Haha, very good! You brat, you're quite good, quite good!"

"Come! Quickly recall all remaining Reverse Infants, there must be no mistakes! If one more Reverse Infant dies, I will bury you all together!"

"Come! Inform the clan, saying there's been a change with the Reverse Infant matter, the plan must be... delayed! I'll take full responsibility for all the blame!"

"Come! Open the True Illusion Altar, fetch the True Dragon Seven Arrows Tome, I want to nail that Ghost-faced cultivator directly on the True Illusion Altar!"

A series of orders were issued by Ancestor Dulong, these commands shocked the Barbarian Demon Race!

True Illusion Altar, True Dragon Seven Arrows Tome... Throughout the ages, countless Enlightenment and Shedding Void cultivators have been nailed to the altar.

The Seven True Seven Illusionary Arrows specialize in killing Enlightenment and Shedding Void cultivators, but can only wipe out these two realms of cultivators.

Unless one has crossed the True Bridge, it cannot annihilate... If possessed protective Daoist Thoughts by Fragmented Thought Elders, it cannot obliterate...

In previous realm wars, countless Human prodigies were shot dead by the True Dragon Clan across thousands of rivers and mountains.

Of course, each use of the Seven Arrows Book requires a huge cost, and killing ordinary Enlightenment and Shedding Void cultivators is not worthwhile.

But now, Ancestor Dulong couldn't care about those matters.

Ning Fan hid within the masses, making it impossible to track him, so he had no choice but to use cleverness, to annihilate Ning Fan with the Seven Arrows Tome!

"This person could kill so many of my Dragon Guards; either he's at the Initiate Realm of Shekong or at the Peak Crossing Truth Realm... He can't be of a higher cultivation level, otherwise, with his character, he wouldn't have spared other Dragon Guards, nor would he have left other Reverse Infants untouched..."

"His cultivation is precisely within the elimination scope of the Seven Arrows Tome, he is doomed to die!"

Ancestor Dulong certainly didn't realize he completely overestimated Ning Fan's cultivation. Ning Fan was nowhere near Enlightenment...

Unfortunately, Ancestor Dulong never considered Ning Fan might be below Enlightenment...

...

In the Southern Territory, within the Tiandu Barbarian Territory, Liuhe Immortal Lord's face was as calm as water.

He previously ordered secretly for people to investigate the Merit Monument, to scrutinize changes in the recent Barbaric Wilderness merit, attempting to find out the identity of the cultivator who slaughtered the Poison Dragon Guards.

Slaying sixty-eight Poison Dragon Guards gains substantial merit, outside realm war periods, there's seldom merit fluctuation in the Barbaric Wilderness Ancient Domain.

During this period, only one cultivator had a surge in merits on the Merit Monument. This person, undoubtedly, was the cultivator who annihilated the Poison Dragon Guards, yet, surprisingly, the name column was blank... nameless...

This naturally caused a massive shock in the Divine Clan Five Domains, indicating that the one who killed sixty-eight Poison Dragon Guards was just one person, not a group!

Now, this nameless cultivator is already a Sixth-Rank Superior Luotian Protector, carrying an Immortal Position Token.

The reason for his anonymity is only one... The Immortal Position Token he holds wasn't issued by the Four Oceans Sect, his identity was never registered within the Four Oceans Sect...

"Within the Four Heavens, occasionally some cultivators defy fate, receiving gifts from Ancient Cultivators in certain situations, acquiring Immortal Positions... This senior's Immortal Position should have been obtained through such means..."

"To single-handedly slaughter sixty-eight Poison Dragon Guards, this cultivator is certainly a Shekong Cultivator! Unfortunately, the Merit Monument does not display this senior's name, oh, I wonder which heavenly day's formidable figure this senior is..."

"Shekong, no matter which day, Shekong old monsters are ancestral figures within all forces... Life Immortal Realm is merely the transition between the First and Second Step; Crossing Truth Realm is

merely just stepping onto the path of pursuing truth... Shekong realm is where the true powerhouses of the Four Heavens are..."

Under the Merit Monument, countless cultivators discussed.

Wu Chen and others were among them, looking at the nameless spot on the Merit Monument, Wu Chen was full of admiration in his eyes.

"I wonder which heavenly day's Shekong senior would have such a grand scene, single-handedly, almost annihilates Poison Dragon Guards... I really wish to witness the scene while this senior slays demons!"

Wu Chen was yearning for the renowned nameless senior, not knowing that the so-called nameless senior would be Ning Fan.

"Hehe, that person's Sixth-Rank Immortal Position is obtained through merit, naturally effective... But who is this person... To achieve such immense battle achievements, at the very least, should be a Shekong Cultivator indeed..."

"Unfortunately... this person is just Shekong, yet daring to provoke Dulongzi, even if fleeing to the ends of the world, as long as within the Barbaric Wilderness, still cannot escape death... Dulongzi's Seven True Seven Illusionary Arrows are dedicated to annihilating Enlightenment and Shedding Void..."

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific giggled softly.

Liuhe Immortal Lord's face remained stern, indifferent to whether Ning Fan would be eliminated by the Seven Arrows Book.

The only worry was that Ning Fan's actions might incite a realm war, but now it seems Ancestor Dulong has no such intentions, which is fortunate...

"That Shekong is unaware of the vastness of Heaven, ran off to provoke Dulongzi, if dead by the Seven Arrows, it's merely self-inflicted. Why should I save him! If this event hadn't been contained, even if

Dulongzi doesn't kill him, I would still find him and punish him severely! Outside of realm war periods, provoking the demon race is a serious crime!"

Liuhe Immortal Lord snorted coldly, previously he had intended to punish Ning Fan severely, but because Ning Fan's identity couldn't be uncovered, he had no choice but to abandon the idea.

"Hehe, Liuhe Daoist isn't willing to help, yet I am quite willing to lend this person a hand... Daring to provoke Dulongzi's Shekong, hasn't been seen in so many years..."

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific giggled, walked out of the great hall, and disappeared without a trace.

The Liuhe Immortal Lord slowly closed his eyes, a scornful smile formed on his lips.

He did not believe that with Wonderful Speech's power, she could stop Dulongzi's Seven Arrows Book.

In his view, if Dulongzi didn't use the Seven Arrows Book, it would be fine; but if he did, Ning Fan would inevitably die...

...

A paper-like urgent report spread across every cultivation city in the Divine Clan's Five Domains, delivering a heart-shaking message to the ears of countless Four Heavens cultivators.

In the last war of the upper realms, the notorious Poison Dragon Guard was wiped out by a mysterious Shekong who single-handedly slaughtered sixty-eight of them!

In the Divine Clan's Five Barbarian Domains, every Four Heavens cultivator speculated about the identity of the mysterious Shekong, yet no one could guess who that mysterious Shekong was.

In Mulan City, inside a tavern, a few cultivators fervently discussed the identity of that mysterious Shekong.

"The Poison Dragon Guards, each one a True Dragon Race elite... Seventy-two Poison Dragon Guards, and that mysterious predecessor single-handedly killed sixty-eight of them! Without a doubt, that senior must be a Shekong old monster, at least with Mid Shekong cultivation!"

"Indeed, it must have angered Ancestor Dulong. If Dulong Ancestor uses the True Dragon Seven Arrows Tome, the consequences would be unimaginable, and that senior might be in danger..."

"Seven True Seven Illusionary Arrows, slaughtering across realms, terrifying indeed... Enlightenment, amidst Shekong, inevitable death..."

"Let's hope that senior can escape this disaster..."

Inside the tavern, Ning Fan sat alone in a corner, listening to the discussions of the cultivators.

For a month, concealing himself with demon spiritual qi, he had refined all the Reverse Infants; naturally, his Calamity Blood Power was greatly enhanced, and the progress of the War Yin and Yang cultivation skyrocketed to seventy-one percent.

Refining the Reverse Infants, his strength significantly increased, and he also unraveled a secret scheme hidden by the demon race. While Ning Fan should have been happy, he found no joy at the moment.

For a month, Ning Fan would feel lethargic and inexplicable illusions frequently appeared before his eyes.

Initially, the sensation was light, but it gradually intensified to the point Ning Fan could no longer ignore it.

With Ning Fan's keen perception, he could tell he was under a curse technique.

A curse technique, used to secretly harm and kill...

Realizing that he was cursed, Ning Fan immediately began gathering information and learned that Ancestor Dulong held a Seven Arrows Book, capable of killing across domains with the cursed arrows of Seven True Seven Illusionary...

"Every time Ancestor Dulong kills with the Seven Arrows Book, he plants strawmen, sealing the aura of his target into the strawmen, using blood sacrifice on ten thousand demons daily to taint the strawmen, causing the one indicated by the strawmen to be bewildered by True Illusion Force. When the timing is right, Ancestor Dulong will shoot the Seven True Seven Illusionary Arrows, killing across realms..."

"Fortunately, my cultivation isn't within the killing range of the Seven True Seven Illusionary Arrows. The trouble is, as long as the strawmen exist, I'll remain lethargic which immensely affects my cultivation..."

"Interestingly, being cursed by True Illusion Force, I discovered an unforeseen benefit... Every time I pierce through a True Illusion, my understanding of the 'True' word subtly enhances..."

Ning Fan got up, left the tavern, and returned to his cave.

Liu Yan had been released, staying with Xian Luoli, in a nearby cave, nurturing an Inlaid Star Compass, and practicing by absorbing shattered lightning.

Ning Fan sat alone in his cave, closed his eyes, and allowed his Heart Spirit to merge with the True Illusion Force that was locked onto him, refining the True Illusion Force within him bit by bit.

A question continued to echo in his mind...

What is truth...

In a hazy state, Ning Fan saw a bridge shrouded in dense fog, unclear...

It was the True Bridge; crossing it would allow Ning Fan to advance to Crossing Truth Realm.

Unfortunately, with Ning Fan's current understanding of the 'True' word, looking at this bridge felt like seeing flowers in the mist, unable to find the True Bridge's position...

"Crossing Truth is not easy..." Ning Fan calmed his mind, gradually refining the excess True Illusion Force within him.

...

Northern Territory, Dusk Snow Barbarian Territory.

Ancestor Dulong glared viciously at the strawmen on the altar, cold light gradually rising in his eyes.

For a month, he had been conducting daily blood sacrifices on ten thousand demons, using True Illusion Force to bewilder Ning Fan.

Now the timing was ripe; it was time to use the Seven True Seven Illusionary Arrows to annihilate Ning Fan!

"Come, unseal the Ancestral Spirit Pool beneath the altar, summon the Ancestral Bow Spirit!"

Chapter 865: Blood Ignition Fury

Beneath the True Illusion Alter lies an ancient blood pool, surrounded by layers of seals.

Within the blood pool, the residual souls of one billion True Dragon demon cultivators are housed, providing energy to the pool and nourishing a seven-colored light at the bottom.

These residual souls all have empty gazes, with most of their cultivations in the first step, and only six thousand of them possessing the aura of the second step.

Since the first realm war began, each time a strong member of the True Dragon race fell within the Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain, a trace of their residual soul would be collected in the blood pool.

This blood pool is called the Ancestral Spirit Pool, it is the True Dragon clan's place for nurturing secret treasures!

As the ancient blood pool was unsealed, a seven-colored light flew out from the bottom.

Ordinary demon cultivators could hardly discern what that light was. The instant it shot into the sky, an awe-inspiring aura descended upon the entire True Illusion Alter!

On the True Illusion Alter, there stood a straw effigy, emanating an intense blood red glow. Three zhang away from the effigy stood an elder with purple hair and dragon horns, none other than Ancestor Dulong.

Behind Ancestor Dulong, over a hundred dragon race demon cultivators guarded the place, all possessing second step cultivation. Yet, at the moment that aura descended, except for Ancestor Dulong, all the demon cultivators' faces turned bright red, feeling an oppressive weight, forced to kneel before the light to slightly alleviate the pressure.

The oppressive force continued to spread throughout the entire Dusk Snow Barbarian Territory. All demon cultivators, whether they were from the True Dragon clan or not, could not withstand it and knelt in the flying snow.

"Is this the might of the Ancestral Bow Spirit? Truly terrifying!" Countless demon cultivators bowed their heads in terror, not daring to look at the light.

Even Ancestor Dulong, with his Immortal Venerable cultivation, dared not show any disrespect when looking at the light.

The usually arrogant Ancestor Dulong now even made a long bow to the light, respectfully saying,

"Junior demon cultivator Dulongzi, respectfully requests the appearance of the Ancestral Bow."

"Hmph! Want to use this elder's power to kill again, huh? Once I was so glorious, followed the Ancestral Dragon to war across the heavens, where I slew countless eternal Immortal Cultivators, and now I'm just a spirit body, killing little Crossing Truth and Shedding Void juniors...lonely as snow, my life is truly lonely as snow!"

The seven-colored light withdrew in the snowy sky, revealing a dragon-horned long bow covered in purple gold scales, with a body like a crescent moon, embedded with dragon balls like gems, and a silver string flashing with cold light.

It was actually the dragon-horned long bow speaking. Hearing its lament, Dulongzi forced a bitter smile, not daring to interrupt.

"Hehe, today I'm in a good mood, so I'll help you once! Juniors, do you know what price you must pay to borrow my power?"

"After the person is shot down, I will certainly offer a thousand female human cultivators to the Ancestral Spirit Pool for ancestor's use!" Ancestor Dulong respectfully answered.

"Hehe, indeed understanding!"

The dragon-horned long bow stopped speaking, its body trembled slightly, and it lost its levitating power, tumbling downwards.

Ancestor Dulong quickly collected himself, reaching out to catch the bow, his gaze cold as he once again looked at the straw effigy!

"Ghost-faced child, today is your death day!"

"True and Illusionary... Ancestral Torch Dragon, manifest!"

Holding the bow with one hand, Ancestor Dulong invoked a spell with the other, mumbling incantations, immediately conjuring a million-zhang-tall icy dragon phantom in the snowy sky.

The chilling aura from the phantom began to freeze the entire Dusk Snow Barbarian Territory three feet deep.

With each breath, the majestic aura it exuded made all demon cultivators appear insignificant.

The icy aura of the dragon spread from the Dusk Snow Barbarian Territory throughout the entire barbaric wilds.

At this moment, snowflakes began to fall over all forty-two domains of the barbaric wilds.

In the Tiandu Barbarian Territory, Liuhe Immortal Lord raised his eyelids, indifferent, shaking his head, muttering, "The Candle Bow has appeared...that nameless Shedding Void may find it hard to escape death..."

On another nearby small mountain, Wonderful Sound Immortal Venerable had already set up an altar, holding a yellow paper Immortal Talisman in one hand and an acquired peachwood sword in the other, her beautiful eyes showing a hint of seriousness.

"Dulongzi decided to use the Candle Bow...I wonder if with my divine skills, I can stop him from killing..."

In the Divine Clan's Five Domains, numerous Four Heavens Cultivators emerged from their caves, gazing at the flying snow in awe.

In the Southern Territory where snow never falls, if snowfall appears, it must be the Candle Bow's doing, intending to kill with seven arrows!

"Alas, it seems that nameless senior's destruction of the Poison Dragon Guards has angered Ancestor Dulong... With the Seven Arrows Book, that Shedding Void senior is in great danger..."

In Mulan City, Ning Fan, who was cross-legged refining True Illusion Force, suddenly opened his eyes, naturally sensing the strange phenomenon of the snowflakes outside.

"The Seven True Seven Illusionary Arrows... are coming!" Ning Fan's gaze sharpened, leaving his cave and instructing Liu Yan and Xian Luoli to stay in the city while he ascended the golden spear, flying to a bone-laden wasteland in the Gouchen Barbarian Domain.

What was meant to come, couldn't be avoided!

There, he would face Ancestor Dulong's Seven Arrows Book!

This was a confrontation, a battle across countless barbaric domains between Ning Fan and Ancestor Dulong!

"Manifest the Arrow Book!"

Ancestor Dulong retrieved a jade booklet from his storage pouch, offering it to the sky, invoking it with a single-handed spell.

The jade booklet had only seven pages, each one a seven-colored arrow, capable of killing across ten thousand domains with the dragon-horned long bow!

"Ghost-faced child, accept death!"

Ancestor Dulong's furious voice echoed throughout the Dusk Snow Barbarian Territory, reaching out to summon a jade page, transforming it into a flickering seven-colored arrow, landing in his hand.

The silver string opens, true illusion arises, the seven colors reveal, bringing impending death!

Aiming at the tainted blood straw effigy, Ancestor Dulong bent the bow and released an arrow, the seven-colored arrow light shot through the effigy, and instantly, the arrow light vanished.

In the far-off Gouchen Barbarian Domain, Ning Fan instantly sensed an unprecedented sense of crisis.

Above his head, the snow sky abruptly ripped open into a pitch-black void crack, with a seven-colored arrow light tearing through the void.

The moment the seven-colored arrow light arrived, Ning Fan experienced an unparalleled sense of crisis, as if what he faced wasn't merely an arrow shadow, but a colossal dragon overlooking all life!

The arrow light arrived too quickly, and before Ning Fan could react, he felt pain in his chest, already pierced by the arrow light.

Shot through by the arrow, Ning Fan's complexion immediately turned pale, coughing blood and retreating repeatedly.

Average Crossing Truth or Shedding Void cultivators, if hit by this arrow, would either die or be severely injured. But Ning Fan was not among them, and though the arrow wounded him, it wasn't as severe as expected.

"Black Star Technique!"

Raising his hand to point at the sky, Ning Fan immediately conjured eighty-three thousand pitch-black stars in the snowy heavens.

Bathed in black starlight, the blood hole in Ning Fan's chest gradually healed, and his wounds healed instantly.

However, within his body, streaks of seven-colored light rampaged, remnants of the seven-colored arrow.

To a True Immortal traversing the True Bridge, those seven-colored lights were deadly, able to shatter the True Bridge, destroy one's path, and claim one's life.

But to a cultivator like Ning Fan, who never crossed the True Bridge, it posed little harm, causing only a slight foggy feeling.

"Such terrifying arrow light... Had I crossed the True Bridge, even if I didn't perish from this arrow, I'd be gravely injured, on the brink of death!"

Ning Fan's gaze was heavy, scanning his surroundings but finding no trace of the seven-colored arrow that pierced him.

The arrow had returned to Ancestor Dulong's hand, like a dao weapon, recalled with just a thought.

The arrow had sped away, yet suddenly from above the snowy sky, celestial music echoed, and a gigantic shadow of a deity with a thousand arms appeared, reaching out toward the direction where the arrow light had fallen.

Ning Fan's gaze slightly changed... This celestial music, this deity's shadow, seemed to be conjured by some powerful cultivator, and it aimed to protect him...

"It is the aura of the Eternal Immortal Venerable, coming from the direction of Tiandu Barbarian Territory... Is there an Eternal Immortal Venerable from the Human race trying to assist me in confronting the Seven Arrows? But who might it be..."

"It's a pity that the arrow light of the Seven Arrows Book is too fast to be defended against by this person... What fearsome Seven Arrows Book, even the Eternal Immortal Venerable finds it hard to defend against..."

From afar, the Wonderful Sound Immortal Venerable, who was casting spells, was startled.

"So fast! Even with my spellcasting speed, I cannot stop the arrow light from coming!"

"But it's fortunate that the nameless cultivator seems not to have been slain by the arrow... Next time, I must stop the arrow light!"

Within the Tiandu Barbarian Territory, Liuhe Immortal Lord slightly shook his head, already knowing that the Wonderful Sound Immortal Venerable could not stop the Seven-Colored Arrow.

But surprisingly, the mysterious nameless cultivator wasn't instantly killed by the arrow...

"Throughout the ages, there are absolutely few Crossing Truth and Shekong cultivators who can survive a single arrow from the Seven Arrows Book... For this person to survive a single arrow, he can surely be proud. But alas, when three arrows are unleashed, even if he has reached the peak of Shekong cultivation, there's no doubt of his certain death..." Liuhe Immortal Lord muttered indifferently.

In the Dusk Snow Barbarian Territory, atop the True Illusion Altar, Ancestor Dulong sneered coldly.

The blood light above the straw effigy hadn't dissipated; he didn't expect Ning Fan could survive a single arrow.

"Humph! Even with the might of one arrow, I couldn't kill this boy?"

"Three True, Three Illusion... Departing Candle Condensation!"

With a change of spirit sense from Ancestor Dulong, the icy dragon's massive shadow on the snowy sky transformed into the phantom of an ancient copper lamp amidst the cold light.

On the copper lamp, there was a candle made of demon dragon tallow, yet it wasn't lit.

As the phantom transformed, the pressure of the Dragon-Horned Changgong surged immediately. Ancestor Dulong bent his palm and summoned two more pages of jade text into Seven-Colored Arrow light. Along with the previous arrow light, three arrows were on the string, being released by Ancestor Dulong's bow.

At the same time, within the Bone Desert, Ning Fan felt a surge of warning signs within his heart. In that moment, three spatial rifts tore open above the snowy sky, from which three beams of Seven-Colored Arrow light flickered!

With Ning Fan's cultivation realm, he was still unable to make any defense in time. But this instant, a thousand-arm deity summoned by the Wonderful Sound Immortal Venerable stood before Ning Fan!

That deity moved too slowly to catch the arrow light but endeavored to block it with its body.

Three beams of arrow light fell and were blocked by the deity's massive shadow in front of Ning Fan.

That deity's massive shadow was one of the Wonderful Sound Immortal Venerable's divine skills, able to withstand even the attacks of the Eternal Immortal Venerable.

Yet, the three beams of arrow light seemed capable of directly piercing through the shadow, penetrating through the giant deity and instantly piercing Ning Fan's body, leaving three bloody holes on his chest...

"Damn! Unable to block it!" The Wonderful Sound Immortal Venerable bit her lip in displeasure, but suddenly showed a look of surprise.

"Oh? Even three Seven-Colored True Illusion Arrows didn't kill that cultivator?"

Knowing that her divine skill could not stop the Seven-Colored Arrow from descending, the Wonderful Sound Immortal Venerable sighed slightly, withdrew her divine skill, her charming face showing a hint of regret.

Though Ning Fan survived the three arrows, what of it, should five arrows be unleashed, he most likely will still die...

"I cannot help him... What a pity..." The Wonderful Sound Immortal Venerable sighed quietly.

"Hmm? Even with three arrows unleashed, he isn't dead? Strange... Yet if five arrows are unleashed, it's unlikely this boy will survive." Liuhe Immortal Lord finally opened his eyes, frowning slightly.

On the True Illusion Altar, Ancestor Dulong recalled the three Seven-Colored Arrows, staring at the straw effigy whose blood light had yet to disperse, his face darkening.

The demon race cultivators behind him showed expressions of shock.

"Ancestor wants to kill someone, yet couldn't kill him with three True, Three Illusion arrows!" Many of the demon race cultivators were secretly astounded.

Ancestor Dulong's countenance wasn't very pleasant; he didn't expect that even with three arrows from the Seven Arrows Book, he couldn't shoot Ning Fan dead... Throughout history, there has never been any Crossing Truth or Shekong cultivator who could survive an attack from three Seven-Colored Arrows...

"Could it be that this person isn't Shekong, but rather... mumbling? No, it's impossible, if mumbling, the Seven-Colored Arrow wouldn't hurt him at all..."

"Wounded but not dead... Maybe this person has some divine skill protecting his life... Humph! Is the Wonderful Sound helping him?"

Ancestor Dulong directly attributed Ning Fan's survival to the Wonderful Sound Immortal Venerable's intervention.

He certainly didn't consider that Ning Fan actually wasn't a Crossing Truth cultivator, which was why he didn't die being hit by three arrows.

"Humph! Even with Wonderful Sound's assistance, he still won't escape the fate of falling!"

"Five True, Five Illusion... Candle Flame Ignite!"

Ancestor Dulong changed his spirit sense again, and the candle lamp phantom above the snowy sky suddenly ignited with a faint golden demon fire.

The Dragon-Horned Changgong's pressure surged further; this time Ancestor Dulong summoned five Seven-Colored Arrows at once, shooting them out. This time, the arrow light carried intense heat.

On the Bone Desert, Ning Fan had only just used the Black Star Technique to heal the bloody hole in his chest.

The thousand-arm deity shadow in the snowy sky was fading away... Ning Fan knew that the Immortal Venerable realized her inability to stop the arrow light and withdrew the phantom.

"Even that Eternal Immortal Venerable couldn't stop the Seven-Colored Arrows..."

"Luckily, I'm not a Crossing Truth cultivator, otherwise being hit by three arrows, surely the True Bridge would collapse and I'd perish..."

Above the sky, five spatial rifts suddenly split open, releasing five beams of arrow light. As the arrow light appeared, demon fire immediately ignited in the sky.

Ning Fan's eyes flashed with azure light; before the spatial rifts appeared, he had already extended his hand, making a decisive prediction and grasping fiercely in front of him.

In the next moment, four beams of sword marks pierced Ning Fan's chest, but one arrow light was directly seized by Ning Fan!

Even the arrow light that the Wonderful Sound Immortal Venerable couldn't capture was actually predicted and caught by Ning Fan!

Unfortunately, the arrow light trembled under Ning Fan's grasp, escaping his hand and piercing through his shoulder, leaving a blood hole that showed the white bone...

With all five arrows hitting, even though Ning Fan wasn't a Crossing Truth cultivator, the injuries he sustained couldn't be ignored.

At the wound from the arrow, the purple-gold demon fire burned, rendering Ning Fan's arrow wound unable to heal.

Even the Black Star Technique could only slightly suppress the demon fire, unable to provide any healing.

Ning Fan tried to extinguish the demon fire on the wound but was shocked to discover that the demon fire couldn't be put out!

"This is... Reincarnation Flame!"

Ning Fan took a sharp breath, noticing a trace of reincarnation power within the demon fire, faint yet undeniable.

Collecting his surprised expression, Ning Fan deepened his gaze, urging a sliver of reincarnation power within himself, finally extinguishing the demon fire.

From this point, the five gruesome blood holes on his body began to slowly heal under the black starlight.

"This boy actually wasn't incinerated by the Candle Bow's arrow fire!"

The Wonderful Sound Immortal Venerable's mouth slightly opened, astonished and unable to close, she had never known any Shekong cultivator capable of resisting the Candle Bow's arrow fire.

If not for the Candle Bow being merely a bow spirit, even an Eternal Immortal Venerable like her wouldn't withstand the Candle Bow's arrow fire...

This time, Liuhe Immortal Lord finally showed a moved expression, stepping out from his cave dwelling, standing in the snowy sky.

At this moment, on the True Illusion Altar, Ancestor Dulong looked at the Tainted Blood Straw Effigy in disbelief, his face extremely grim.

"Impossible! Even with Miaoyan's assistance, it's impossible for this child to survive the arrow fire! Why is he not dead?"

"Furthermore, a faint sensation came from my Seven-Colored True Illusion Arrow... At the moment of the arrow's fall, one of the Seven-Colored Arrows was unexpectedly caught in this child's hand! Even common Immortal Lords cannot capture the arrow light, yet how does this child have the capacity to grasp it? Is this merely coincidence, or did he predict the trajectory of the Seven-Colored Arrow..."

All along, Ancestor Dulong had a trace of contempt toward Ning Fan, after all, there had always been a vast cultivation disparity between them.

But at this moment, that contempt gradually faded, replaced by a more obsessive killing intent!

"I refuse to believe that all seven arrows together cannot kill this child!"

"Seven True Seven Illusion... Candle Flame Extinction!"

The shadow of the candle flame extinguished at this moment, sending out a death aura of complete annihilation!

The Seven-Paged Jade Book all transformed into Seven-Colored Arrow lights, continuously shot out by Ancestor Dulong.

With seven arrows fired simultaneously, the white snow over Barbarian Domain turned all into black snow.

An unprecedented crisis arose in Ning Fan's heart; this time, he did not see the space rupture appear, having already been pierced through by the seven arrows!

The feeling of having been pierced came first, only then did he see the space tear open and the arrows shoot out!

The seven bleeding holes on his body, the blood that flowed out, was all black!

The rampant black arrow qi spread within Ning Fan, madly robbing him of all vitality, his face began to age, skin began to wrinkle, constant death aura emitted from him.

With seven arrows unleashed, there wasn't usual arrow fire damage, yet left in Ning Fan's body was a deadly death aura!

The reincarnation force within the death aura was several times stronger than Ning Fan's internal reincarnation power, beyond what Ning Fan could withstand!

"This child should die under the death aura of the seven arrows..." Liuhe Immortal Lord murmured, tone certain.

But the next moment, Liuhe Immortal Lord's eyes suddenly widened, gasping for breath.

The black wind and snow covering the entire Barbarian Domain shattered at this moment!

Over the Bone Desert, Ning Fan abandoned the intention to resist the reincarnation death aura with reincarnation power, a hint of crimson flashed in his eyes, Barbarian Flash Jiguang erupted around him with a sizzling sound.

With insufficient reincarnation power within to fend off the reincarnation death aura, Ning Fan used equivalent Jie Nian Zhi Li to counteract reincarnation!

Relying on the power of Jie Xue Zhi Li within, Ning Fan directly swallowed the reincarnation death aura into his bloodline, refining it.

At the moment these death auras dissipated, Ning Fan's appearance reverted to its original state, with the wounds from the seven arrows healing under the black starlight, and the black snow all shattered!

"What of the seven arrows released at once!"

Ning Fan bent his fingers, immediately seven strands of black-red Barbarian Flash Jiguang flew out through his fingers, striking against the seven retreating arrow shadows.

Prediction, prediction again!

The arrow shadows would normally not be damaged by ordinary attacks but were struck by Barbarian Flash, immediately developing fine cracks.

When the seven arrows returned to Ancestor Dulong's hands, there was a trace of astonishment in his eyes!

Ning Fan repeatedly predicted the return path of the seven arrows and unleashed Barbarian Flash even purer than Barbarian Beast's, injuring the seven arrows!

"How could it be! Seven arrows unleashed, unexpectedly not killing this child, rather being injured by this child!"

"Could it be that with the Divine Skills of the Seven Arrows Book, it's unable to kill this child! I refuse to believe it!"

Ancestor Dulong's gaze was shaken, unexpectedly momentarily lost.

In the next instant, a hesitant look emerged in his eyes, as if facing a dilemma.

After several breaths, a vicious cold smile!

"Who would have thought there exists someone at the Shedding Void Stage who can face the Seven Arrows Book head-on... Since I cannot kill you, I will kill your dearest, no matter what it takes to dissipate this hatred!"

"Ask Ancestor Bow to assist me!"

Ancestor Dulong suddenly summoned the Dragon-Horned Changgong, amid the Seven-Colored Glare, the longbow transformed into a hunched old man's form.

"Junior, are you certain you want to use such means against a Human ant?" the hunched old man picked his ears, looked slightly lewd.

"Indeed, Senior! Please take action!" Ancestor Dulong's killing intent was evident.

"Fine then... If that's the case, I'll assist you! Swallow!"

The hunched old man abruptly opened his mouth to swallow, directly ingesting the seven Seven-Colored True Illusion Arrows.

Raising a giant hand, he then grasped towards the Ancestral Spirit Pool beneath the altar, extracting all the ten billion residual souls within, fusing them into his body.

In the next instant, the hunched old man transformed into a beam of Seven-Colored Radiance, fiercely falling towards the straw man.

Once that Seven-Colored Radiance shot into the straw man's body, it immediately tore open the space, appearing over the Bone Desert.

Ning Fan's blood spilled on the ground was taken by the Seven-Colored Radiance.

That Seven-Colored Radiance manifested again, transforming into a Dragon-Horned Changgong, with seven arrow shadows aimed at the void direction.

Not aimed at Ning Fan but at Ning Fan's closest kin!

The Seven Arrows Book could kill across myriad domains, now that the bow took Ning Fan's blood, relying on a single perception, seven arrows at once could annihilate seven of Ning Fan's closest kin!

This ability, Ancestor Dulong could not use, only Ancestor Bow Spirit personally performing could display it.

A flash of azure gleamed in Ning Fan's eyes, slightly startled. Startled by this — the direction of attack is unexpectedly not towards himself.

In the next instant, an unimaginable fury emerged in Ning Fan's eyes!

After extracting a strand of his blood, the quiver of the seven arrows surprisingly caught the scent of Rain Immortal World's ring power.

Ning Fan felt a sudden heart-racing sensation... These seven arrows were not aimed at attacking him, but targeted his beloved ones within the Rain Immortal World!

The Dragon-Horned Changgong emitted a contemptuous laugh, the laughter slightly puzzled.

"Haha, once this arrow is released, this junior's closest kin will surely die... Just wonder, which day among the Four Heavens will they perish..."

The laugh from the Dragon-Horned Changgong echoed coldly, naturally unaware that the direction aimed by the arrows was not Four Heavens but the lower realms.

Too bad it didn't have the chance to release the arrows, for a reckless figure already blocked the seven arrows, gaze frenzied and demonic, with a killing intent akin to Sha Jiuyou's icy chill.

"If you dare shoot this arrow, I will bury the entire True Dragon Clan!"

At the moment these words fell, the space around the Dragon-Horned Changgong suddenly seemed to freeze, forcibly detained!

Countless black lines shot from the void, all condensed by the Void Force, firmly binding the longbow!

This was Ning Fan's Heaven Sealing Technique, realized after comprehending the Secret Art of Prestige and Momentum Character Secret, exerting everything merely to halt the release of the seven arrows!

In the next instant, Ning Fan incited Barbarian Flash Power, transforming into a black-red giant claw, fiercely grasping onto the longbow, almost tearing the bow into two!

The dragon-horned bow let out a wail, and in great shock, tried to escape the control of the black line in the void and the black-red giant claw, only to find it utterly impossible.

Once the bow was trapped, under the influence of the Momentum Character Secret, the Barbarian Flash transformed into an enchantment that directly imprisoned the bow and the seven arrows!

The imprisonment of the bow involved not only the power of the Barbarian Flash but also an unimaginably terrifying demonic power, like a burning obsession!

"How could this be! This bow spirit personally took action, even an Immortal Emperor cannot stop me from drawing the bow and shooting, why can this child stop me! Wait, this is the ancestral blood's pressure! This child actually has ancestral-level demon blood within him, and has ignited this blood! Is he mad! He is actually igniting the ancestral blood!"

On the True Illusion Altar, the Ancestor Dulong's eyes widened, too shocked to speak!

Even the two Immortal Lords Miaoyan and Liuhe could not possibly understand why Ning Fan can directly seize the Ancestral Bow Spirit.

But Ancestor Dulong saw the clue!

"Heaven Sealing Technique! Fu Li ancestor blood! This child actually cultivated the strongest secret technique of the Ancestral Demon of the East! And this child, he is a Fu Li ancestral demon with ancestral blood! This person, to stop the bow from being drawn, actually ignited the ancestral blood, using the Heaven Sealing Technique! Madman, this person is a madman!"

Ancestor Dulong can't imagine why there would be a demon cultivator like Ning Fan with ancestral blood in the Four Heavens camp, and he is part of the forbidden Fu Li race!

He can't imagine Ning Fan would be so crazy as to abandon even a drop of ancestral blood just to stop the bow!

Ancestor Blood... Ancestor Dulong is one of the demon ancestors of the True Dragon clan, and his demon blood is at the ancestral level, yet he only has one drop of ancestor blood.

If it were him, he wouldn't burn the ancestral blood, but Ning Fan is willing... because Ning Fan is already mad!

Above the Bone Desert, Ning Fan's eyes erupted with tremendous killing intent and directly ignited and burned away a drop of Fu Li ancestor blood!

With his cultivation, he was originally insufficient to pin down the Ancestral Bow; forcibly doing so would cause extreme backlash, directly causing him severe injury.

But seeing the bow attempt to harm his close kin in the Rain Immortal World, Ning Fan had no hesitation, abandoning a drop of Fu Li ancestor blood, exhibiting the Heaven Sealing Technique beyond limits!

These seven arrows, he will not allow the Ancestral Bow to shoot them, absolutely not allow!

Ning Fan could tolerate the Poison Dragon Disciple using the Seven Arrows Book against him; after all, as enemies, they should exhaust all means.

But the Poison Dragon Disciple should not, by any means, target Ning Fan's closest kin.

Everyone has a forbidden territory... the Poison Dragon Disciple has violated Ning Fan's reverse scale!

In the anger of blood ignition, the Poison Dragon Disciple must pay the price!

"By the order of me, Fu Li ancestral demon, demon arrow, shatter!"

Ning Fan uttered a word, and between heaven and earth, immediately appeared the giant shadow of a black butterfly Fu Li, the pressure of ancestor blood shaking the heavens and earth!

This pressure once spread, instantly caused cracks in the layer of demonic power defense on the surface of the seven arrows!

"Collapse!"

The power of blood lightning within him was pushed to the extreme, the Barbarian Flash Jiguang pierced through the seven arrow tips, bursted into the arrows, exploding from inside out, causing the suppressed seven seven-colored arrows, to collapse one after another!

With the collapse of seven arrows, there immediately were seven arrow lights scattering open, scrambling to escape, but were swallowed into Ning Fan's abdomen with a cold laugh.

"Seven-Colored Arrow Spirit hmm, an unexpected gain... You all, cannot escape!"

What Ning Fan swallowed into his abdomen was evidently the seven colored arrow spirits within the seven arrow lights.

With a push of the Jie Nian Zhi Li, he directly erased the spirit awareness of the arrow spirits!

Ordinary divine skills couldn't achieve this, yet Jie Nian Zhi Li could!

Bang! Bang! Bang!

At the moment when the spirit awareness of the seven arrow spirits were erased, Ancestor Dulong seemed hit by an invisible giant fist, recoiling repeatedly on the True Illusion Altar, surprisingly suffering backlash!

"The Seven True Seven Illusionary Arrows are destroyed! My Seven True Seven Illusionary Arrows were destroyed by a mere ant! My Seven-Colored Arrow Spirits were seized by this ant!"

The furious roar of Ancestor Dulong spread throughout the Dusk Snow Barbarian Territory, his eyes almost splitting in rage.

He could never have imagined that the Seven True Seven Illusionary Arrows would be destroyed by Ning Fan, even the Eternal Immortal Venerables shouldn't have the ability to destroy the arrows!

What right does he have!

Where did his Barbarian Flash Power come from, he is not a Barbarian Beast, and even if he were, he shouldn't possess such pure Barbarian Flash Power!

At this moment, the dragon-horned ancestral bow for the first time in its life, upon facing a junior, felt fear.

It was now trapped by the Barbarian Flash enchantment, repeatedly tried to escape, yet was unable! Forcefully breaking the enchantment would be extinguished by the Barbarian Flash enchantment!

"Human ant! You have some nerve! Destroyed the Seven Arrows Book is one thing, but you dare to set an enchantment to trap me, do you know who I am! If you dare to harm even a hair of mine, the entire True Dragon Race's wrath will await you! Release me immediately, or else..."

"Noisy!"

Cold light flashed in Ning Fan's eyes, five fingers seized, the Barbarian Flash enchantment immediately contracted, transformed into black-red runes, etched onto the ancestral bow.

Instantly, the ancestral bow let out a scream like a pig being slaughtered, gradually being sealed by the Barbarian Flash runes, unable to produce even a sound!

Again using demon spiritual qi, he set prohibition on the ancestral bow, Ning Fan lifted his hand, directly storing the completely sealed ancestral bow into the storage pouch!

The Ancestral Bow Spirit was directly sealed and taken away by him!

Using the Heaven Sealing Art, putting up an enchantment with Barbarian Flash, destroying the Seven True Seven Illusionary Arrows, sealing the ancestral bow, all these actions were completed in mere moments!

Ning Fan coldly looked towards the direction of the Northern Territory, borrowing the pressure of the ancestral blood, seemed to see through everything, directly seeing the Ancestor Dulong on the True Illusion Altar!

"Poison Dragon Disciple! Today's grievance of an arrow, I, have recorded it!"

"Someday, I will repay it!"

A pressure of Fu Li ancestral demon blanketed fiercely across the seven domains of the demon race, countless demon cultivators with inadequate cultivation in the seven domains were directly oppressed to the ground, unable to move, their eyes filled with inexplicable terror!

This voice echoed repeatedly in Ancestor Dulong's ears, forming a series of demonic power storms, exploding in his divine sense. In terms of ancestral demon blood pressure, Ning Fan far surpassed Ancestor Dulong! The latter only possesses a single drop of True Dragon Ancestor Blood, while Ning Fan's ancestral demon blood, even after burning a drop, he still has three more drops!

Already suffering backlash, Ancestor Dulong's divine sense was suddenly attacked, immediately coughing blood while recoiling, his eyes filled with dread.

He could sense, Ning Fan's cultivation wasn't high, just a junior, but by the madness of burning the ancestral blood, and relying on the remaining ancestral demon blood presence within him, he let out a roar, transcending realms and injuring him!

"Burned one drop of ancestral blood, this person actually has three more drops of ancestral blood within him! How is this possible! The Fu Li race has long been extinct, yet there is still such a terrifying ancestral demon remnant!"

A strange chill suddenly rushed from below straight to his Tian Ling, causing the Immortal Lord cultivation level Ancestor Dulong's Heart Spirit to tremble slightly.

Today's grievance of an arrow, Ning Fan has recorded it!

Soon, it will be repaid!

Whether fearing Ning Fan's madness in the anger of blood ignition, or fearing Ning Fan's potential of ancestral demon blood, or in rage at Ning Fan's crazy acts of destroying the arrows and seizing the ancestral bow...

Ancestor Dulong forcefully steadied his Heart Spirit, in his eyes the killing intent was revealed, his figure flickered, disregarding the injury, directly headed towards the direction of Gouchen Barbarian Domain!

He must reclaim the ancestral bow and arrow spirit, he must annihilate Ning Fan, he must strangle the future hidden threat in its cradle... at any cost!

"Must kill this child!"

Chapter 866: Enlightenment Is Not for This Life

The land of the Barbarian Wilderness Forty-Two Domains began to tremble slightly, and throughout the heavens and earth, ancient beast roars could be heard everywhere.

Barbarian Wilderness is the ancient battlefield where gods and demons fought in the Divine Demon World. It is said that whenever an Eternal Immortal Venerable releases all their killing intent here, these strange phenomena are triggered.

In the Five Domains of the Divine Clan, countless Four Heavens of the Immortal World Masters looked northward, their eyes filled with shock. They knew that the one who triggered the strange phenomenon in the Barbarian Wilderness was the Demon Race Immortal Venerable, Ancestor Dulong!

They couldn't understand why the snow phenomenon, triggered by Ancestor Dulong's seven arrows, would collapse.

They couldn't understand why Ancestor Dulong was angry, why he erupted with such terrifying killing intent, causing the entire Barbarian Wilderness to tremble!

High above the Tiandu Barbarian Territory, Immortal Venerables Miaoyan and Liuhe had already gathered, their gazes heavy.

They knew more than ordinary people, knowing that Ning Fan wasn't killed by the Seven Arrows Book, but they didn't know why Ancestor Dulong would erupt with such a degree of killing intent...

They were unaware of Ning Fan breaking the Seven Arrows and seizing the Ancestral Bow.

"Dulongzi erupted with such a terrifying killing intent, heading straight for the Southern Territory. It seems this confrontation is unavoidable this time... Is it because the Seven Arrows Book couldn't kill that mysterious Shedding Void Stage, so he wants to do it himself... Hehe, I cannot stop his Seven Arrows Book from killing, but I cannot watch him commit atrocities in the Five Domains of our Divine Clan... Gouchen Barbarian Domain, is it... Liuhe Ally, would you like to go together?" Miaoyan laughed softly.

"Naturally, I will go. We were ordered by the Black Devil Sect to guard the Five Domains, and we cannot sit idly by regarding today's matter!"

The Liuhe Immortal Venerable's gaze was heavy, and he developed some interest in that mysterious Shedding Void Stage who survived the Seven Arrows.

If they went to the Gouchen Barbarian Domain, they should be able to see that mysterious Shedding Void Stage with their own eyes...

The two Immortal Venerables rushed together to the Gouchen Barbarian Domain, arriving at the Bone Desert where Ning Fan battled the Seven Arrows twenty breaths later, their spirit senses spreading out, almost covering the entire Gouchen Barbarian Domain.

Unfortunately, when they arrived at this place, they were still a step too late, and there was no trace of Ning Fan anymore.

In those twenty breaths, Ning Fan had already used the Vertical Golden Light to return to Mulan City, taken away Liu Yan and Xian Luoli, and left the Gouchen Barbarian Domain.

A few dozen breaths later, Dulongzi, full of murderous intent, also arrived at the Bone Desert.

Seeing only two human Immortal Venerables waiting there and no trace of Ning Fan, Dulongzi's face became exceedingly grim!

All the way, Dulongzi continuously used Reverse Spirit Technique, trying to sense the aura of the Ancestral Bow and detect Ning Fan's location, but he found it impossible.

The Ancestral Bow was actually sealed by a layer of demon spiritual qi, isolating him from sensing it with the Reverse Spirit Technique!

"Damn it! This is the second time I've come to the Southern Territory to capture this kid, and still, I cannot capture him!"

"He's escaped again, escaped from me again!"

"No! This kid cannot be left alive, the Ancestral Bow and Bow Spirit must also be reclaimed!"

"Even if it costs me my Demon Soul being severely wounded, today, I must find this child in the Barbarian Wilderness!"

Ignoring the two human Immortal Venerables not far away, Ancestor Dulong angrily formed hand seals, and immediately a demon shadow flew out from his body.

The demon shadow blurred, splitting from one into two, from two into four... in an instant, it had dispersed into a hundred demon shadows!

Each demon shadow possessed a cultivation roughly at the Initiate Realm of Shekong!

"Soul Shatter Technique! Dulongzi even used such a technique, willing to severely damage his Demon Soul to kill that unnamed Shedding Void Stage!"

The two human Immortal Venerables immediately displayed expressions of shock.

They were very curious about what Ning Fan had done to cause Ancestor Dulong to be willing to damage his own Daoist power to kill him.

As soon as the hundred demon shadows appeared, they immediately blurred and flew in all directions.

Unfortunately, before they could fly far, the heavens and earth suddenly solidified as if forming an enclave, preventing all demon shadows from flying out.

"Hehe! Do you think you can find that Master's whereabouts with these demon shadows? I won't let you harm him!"

It was Immortal Venerable Miaoyan who raised her hand, sealing the heavens and earth here.

Immortal Venerable Liuhe then offered up a black jade seal, which was his Dao Weapon.

The jade seal grew larger in the wind, transforming into an immense size that shielded the sky, suddenly smashing down on the desert, sinking it by ten feet.

Ancestor Dulong showed a look of fear and anger, his figure blurred, dodging the jade seal's strike.

But the hundred demon shadows he had split out were all crushed by the jade seal into pulp...

"Miaoyan, Liuhe! I must kill that person today. If you two block me, I will risk everything to make you pay the cost!"

Ancestor Dulong roared in unwilling anger. Without Miaoyan and Liuhe's interference, he would surely find Ning Fan's whereabouts and kill him!

But it was a pity that these two deliberately blocked him, did they want him to give up hunting Ning Fan! To let Ning Fan take away the Ancestral Bow and Bow Spirit! No, he was not reconciled!

"Hehe, I would like to see what price you can make the two of us pay!"

Immortal Venerable Miaoyan giggled, flying forward, and began battling with Ancestor Dulong.

The Liuhe Immortal Venerable hesitated slightly, but seeing Miaoyan had already intervened, he couldn't just stand by and watch, and he too joined the battle.

There was no suspense in this battle; Ancestor Dulong was naturally no match for the two Immortal Venerables. Even at his peak, he couldn't take on both. Moreover, he was not at his peak now, first backfired by the Bow Spirit, then wounded by Ning Fan's demon roar, and later self-damaging his Demon Soul to use Soul Shatter Technique, which failed to achieve anything...

This battle lasted for half a day before it concluded.

Immortal Venerables Miaoyan and Liuhe both sustained slight injuries, while Ancestor Dulong was severely injured, and with no other option, temporarily retreated to the Northern Territory.

"I am not resigned! Ghost-faced brat, damn it, damn it!"

"Order, quickly order! I want to issue a bounty in the name of the True Dragon Clan for this ghost-faced brat! Anyone who kills him will be rewarded with a Proto-Pill of an Emperor's Pill that is half complete!"

"Regardless of whether they are Barbarian Wilderness demon cultivators or demon cultivators within the domain, as long as they can kill this child, they will be rewarded!"

Ancestor Dulong's order spread throughout the Barbarian Wilderness and even reached the Land of Demons.

Anyone who heard the order could see that Ancestor Dulong was truly furious, and the True Dragon Clan was genuinely enraged!

The Nine Revolutions Elixir is divided into four grades: Lead, Silver, Gold, and Emperor.

Lead Elixirs and Silver Elixirs are not rare, but Gold Elixirs are extremely precious, while Emperor Elixirs... are nearly peerless treasures, rarely seen in the world!

Even a half-complete Emperor Pill can drive countless Eternal Old Freaks mad.

This time, Ancestor Dulong, representing the True Dragon Clan, issued a secret bounty using a Proto-Pill of an Emperor's Pill as a reward, targeting Ning Fan.

This move directly caused some strong figures among the demon race in the Land of Demons to quietly come to the Barbarian Wilderness, trying to find Ning Fan and kill him to exchange for the grand reward of the Emperor Pill.

The incident of the Ancestral Bow being taken was placed under a ban by Ancestor Dulong, and except for the True Dragon Clan, few knew about Ning Fan seizing the bow.

Thanks to the Divine Skills of Miaoyan and Liuhe, they had their channels to understand the full context of the events.

Upon learning that Ning Fan not only was not killed by the Seven Arrows Book, but instead destroyed the Seven Arrows and took the ancestral bow of the True Dragon Race, the two Immortal Venerables were shocked into silence.

"Hehe... no wonder Dulongzi is so furious... It's one thing that the Seven Arrows Book was destroyed, but even the Candle Bow Spirit... haha, what an interesting fellow, I truly wish to meet him. Unfortunately, with my divine skills, I still can't find out his current whereabouts..." Miaoyan Immortal Honorific laughed with slight regret.

"The Candle Bow Spirit, huh... For the True Dragon Race, this bow holds immense significance, as it possesses a spirit. Normally, even an Immortal Venerable could not restrain and seize it... That youngster actually took the bow..."

Liuhe Immortal Lord, with a solemn expression, despite his proud nature, couldn't help but admire that mysterious young person's methods.

"But it is said that on that day, the lad emitted the demonic blood and might of Fu Li race, suppressing countless demon cultivators in the Northern Territory, and that might was the ancestral might... Whether this is true or false, I do not know..."

"No, that rumor should be false... Occasionally, a demoness might get a chance to be granted immortal status, but it is absolutely impossible for a demon cultivator at the end of times to receive such acknowledgment... This boy's immortal status cannot be faked: if he holds it, he must be a human cultivator, not a demon cultivator..."

"The ancestral demonic might he released should have been emitted using external objects, and he himself cannot be from the demon race..."

Constantly, demon cultivators sneaked into the Divine Clan Five Domains, searching throughout the wilderness, trying to find the whereabouts of the Ghost-faced cultivator and kill him for a reward.

However, no demon race could discover the Ghost Profound cultivator's hiding place to claim their bounty.

Clearly, it was not yet time for the Main Gate of the departed world to manifest after ten years, so Ning Fan should still be in the wilderness, yet no one could find his hiding place.

Ning Fan remained in the wilderness. Since that battle, he had concealed his ghost face and, along with Liu Yan and Xian Luoli, headed to the unoccupied Barbarian Domain.

Not staying in the Divine Clan Five Domains, Ning Fan no longer maintained the ghost face and silver-haired image, walking in the unoccupied Barbarian Domain as a stone warrior.

Ultimately, he was no match for Ancestor Dulong. Even if he ignited his ancestral blood, he could only inflict minimal damage on Ancestor Dulong.

Sacrificing a drop of ancestral blood to block the ancestral bow's arrow light was a hefty price, but Ning Fan had no regrets.

He practiced the Dao for the warmth behind him; if he couldn't protect that warmth, what use was ancestral blood...

Though he paid the price of a drop of ancestral blood, he gained much in return. In this battle, Ning Fan not only seized the ancestral bow spirit but also obtained the seven paths of the Seven-Colored Spirit Arrows...

...

In the unoccupied Barbarian Domain, in the Eight Region, there was a barbarian city called Bianliang.

Twenty li away on the highway from Bianliang City, over a dozen horse-drawn carriages cautiously headed towards it.

Those riding in these carriages were all stone warriors without any cultivation, just fleeing with their families from another barbarian city to Bianliang.

One of the carriages was luxuriously adorned with gold and silver, carrying the owner of the convoy, while the others were filled with servants and guards.

The convoy's owner was named Zhao Boyang, approaching thirty, a respected scholar from Qufu City, with a kindly and welcoming demeanor.

Three days ago, the totem of Qufu City was destroyed, and the whole city was massacred by barbarian beasts with very few escaping alive. The Zhao family was fortunate enough to have escaped...

At this moment, Zhao Boyang sighed repeatedly, comforting the young weeping woman beside him, who was his wife.

In the arms of the beautiful woman was a happily sleeping infant, just six months old.

"Madam, remain strong..."

Zhao Boyang held his wife's hand, sighing deeply without speaking further.

As a stone warrior, one must always be prepared to face death...

After consoling his wife, Zhao Boyang stepped out of the carriage, lowering his voice to ask the guard driving the vehicle, "Zhao San, how far to Bianliang?"

"Master, we've reached the highway. We should be there in about 20 li," responded Zhao San, the burly man, quietly, not daring to speak loudly.

Nobody dared to speak loudly outside the barbarian city, as attracting an attack from the barbarian beasts would have dire consequences.

"Twenty li more and we'll be safe... just 20 more li... sigh, if only we had the Barbaric God Jade Pendant, we wouldn't have to be this cautious on our journey..."

Zhao Boyang was extremely anxious, or to be more accurate, everyone in the carriage was filled with anxiety.

After the destruction of Qufu City, they were the sole survivors. If they reached Bianliang, it meant true survival; but if they were attacked by barbarian beasts before entering the city, survival would become a mere fantasy...

"Rest assured, Master. I've traveled between Qufu and Bianliang several times, and in my experience, once on the highway, it's usually safe from barbarian beast attacks..."

Just as Zhao San's confident words fell silent, a beast roar suddenly came from the forest beside the highway ahead!

That beastly roar was as hoarse as a lamenting infant's cry, striking fear into everyone, turning their faces pale.

"Bar... Barbarian Beast! It's over, it's over!"

Startled by the beast's roar, all the horses pulling the carriages trembled uncontrollably, refusing to move, cowering to the ground in fear.

In the next moment, a colossal, hundred-zhang long beast with black skin and fleshy wings flew out from the forest, its eyes fixed on the convoy, drool pooling and emitting a foul stench from its wide-open mouth.

Thump! Thump! Thump!

The barbarian beast stepped towards the convoy, its heavy footsteps collapsing the soil and stones of the highway with a thunderous roar.

The path to Bianliang was blocked by the barbarian beast. The terrified horses refused to advance...

Panic-stricken servants and guards leaped out of the carriages, scattering to flee, abandoning their master without a second thought.

Only a dozen guard's stood firm, despite their fear of the barbarian beast, unwilling to abandon their master to save themselves.

Zhao Boyang, renowned scholar, could not help but reveal a look of shock at that moment.

His wife, an ordinary woman, was already pale with fear.

The baby was awakened by the roar, crying loudly.

"Zhao Wu! Zhao Qi! The two of you are responsible for escorting the master, madam, and young miss to safety! Hurry!"

"The rest of you, come with me and fight off the barbarian beast!"

Zhao San shouted stridently, drawing his sword as he jumped down from the carriage, leading a group to confront the barbarian beast, attempting to buy time for their master's family to escape.

Zhao Boyang's family, supported by two guards, alighted from the carriage, just about to flee, when their expressions suddenly changed.

They saw other barbarian beasts emerging from the highway behind, those slaves who had abandoned their masters to flee mostly perished, their limbs scattered.

As for Zhao San and the guards fighting the barbarian beast, three of them were already devoured upon first sight.

"My life is over!"

Zhao Boyang closed his eyes with a long sigh, his expression filled with bitterness.

Although he was a prominent scholar of the present age, understanding the heaven, earth, and human ethics, indifferent to life and death, his wife and daughter being here made him reluctant to witness their deaths by the beast...

Zhao San and the guards' faces turned pale; with beasts attacking from both the front and back, they, as mere mortals, could hardly escape death...

"Is this life of mine coming to an end today?"

Just as everyone was in despair, a gentle voice of a young man suddenly echoed.

"Stand down."

The tone was calm, without any hint of authority, yet in the ears of the barbarian beasts, it was an irresistible command!

The beasts, busy devouring humans, suddenly displayed looks of terror, turning their gaze towards the source of the voice, trembling all over.

From the distant official road, a young man clothed in white with an extraordinary temperament walked slowly. Beside him followed a delicate woman and a silver-haired young girl with rosy lips and pearly white teeth.

The one who spoke was indeed the young man in white.

As the young man in white approached with each step, the barbarian beasts here felt a weighty pressure like a mountain. With a few whimpers, they fled in escape...

The young man in white watched the fleeing beasts and did not intervene, murmuring to himself, "Barbarian beasts of Harmonious Spirit realm... with my current Blood Lightning suppression, I can scare them off just by intimidation..."

This young man in white was, of course, Ning Fan. Utilizing the strength of demon spiritual qi, Ning Fan blocked all senses, walking through the Barbaric Wilderness Ancient Domain as if a mortal.

His goal was to follow the official road towards the nearby Barbarian City, to cultivate within the city.

Refraining from flying was naturally to experience the journey of a mortal.

"The beasts have retreated! They haven't devoured us! What happened!"

"Who is this person! With just one phrase, he can frighten the beasts away!"

Only eleven people survived, including Zhao Boyang's family of three and eight loyal guards.

The rest all perished!

Surviving calamity naturally made everyone grateful, but it raised more questions.

The barbarian beasts were vicious, usually fearless with low intelligence, but why would they obey that white-clad young man's command... This was beyond their understanding.

Zhao Boyang, having some insight, was well-read and most knowledgeable.

There is a legend of ancient sages cultivating immense righteousness, capable of driving away demons and beasts with a single word. Could this white-clad young man be one such peerless sage!

"Zhao Boyang of Qufu, thanks the young master for saving our lives! May I ask your honorable name, young master?"

"Ning Fan."

"Is Young Master Ning headed to Bian Liang?"

"Indeed."

"I have no means to repay the young master's life-saving grace, I humbly invite you to join us and ride in the carriage, allowing me to show some gratitude."

Zhao Boyang extended this invitation both to thank Ning Fan for saving their lives, considering Ning Fan's arduous journey, wishing to give him a ride.

And to borrow Ning Fan's 'immense righteousness' to deter the beasts, ensuring a safe journey.

Ning Fan naturally understood Zhao Boyang's thoughts, but didn't expose them, smiling slightly, nodding in agreement as Zhao Boyang led him to the most luxurious carriage.

The entourage's servants were almost all dead, the Zhao family guards reorganized the luggage, kept four carriages, and continued towards Bian Liang.

The eight guards knew that Ning Fan had frightened off the beasts; although uncertain why, they held high respect and gratitude for Ning Fan, treating him with utmost reverence.

Xian Luoli ate too many shattered, currently sleeping soundly in the carriage, leaning against Liu Yan.

Liu Yan's beautiful eyes constantly observed Ning Fan, with an occasional glint of wonder... It was her first time seeing Ning Fan's appearance and hearing his name.

"So this senior is indeed the famed Rain Immortal Monarch of the Eastern Heaven..."

Ning Fan sat in the carriage, occasionally conversing with Zhao Boyang, but mostly keeping his hands hidden within his sleeves, secretly condensing Fierce Origin Crystals.

In the previous battle with the beasts, the guards, risking death, burst forth with an intense battle will. That battle will was collected by Ning Fan, bit by bit, and unexpectedly condensed into a superior Lietian Crystal, the power of battle will contained, dozens of times greater than the finest War Crystal!

If Ning Fan hadn't mastered the Third Change of the War Technique, he wouldn't be able to condense crystals with mortal battle will.

With the increase of life-bound battle fire, now he could achieve it.

"Interesting... Recently, I traveled throughout Barbaric Wilderness' places of strong battle will, but not a single place could condense a superior Lietian Crystal..."

"The battle will here, though not strong, exploded from the mortal's desperate fight, is stronger than some ancient battlefields... It actually helped me to condense a superior Lietian Crystal..."

"If I collect mortal battle will by this method, condense superior Lietian Crystals, I'm sure the speed of mastering the Fourth Transformation will be swift..."

The battle will collected from the guards had run out; once it was exhausted, the thin battle will here couldn't condense a superior Lietian Crystal.

With a thought, Ning Fan stored the superior Lietian Crystal into the storage pouch. Heading to Bian Liang City, he couldn't help but feel a sense of anticipation.

Bian Liang, one of the more prosperous barbaric cities in the Eighth Region.

Though the city has barbarians protecting it, it frequently suffers attacks from the beasts, often resulting in fatalities at the mouths of these beasts.

Commoners fear the beasts; such fear is ingrained within their bones. The greater the fear, the stronger the battle will be when fighting the beasts to death.

Collecting the battle will of these fearless mortal fighters to condense superior Lietian Crystals would likely help Ning Fan master the Fourth Transformation faster.

"The Fourth Transformation, not far ahead... Perhaps, I could even undergo transformation and enlightenment within this city..." Ning Fan mused.

Suddenly a cry broke Ning Fan's contemplation.

It was Zhao Boyang's six-month-old daughter crying, the reason being an outbreak of the beast's poison...

The babe had a dark spot on half of her face, marking where she was poisoned by the beast...

"I'm sorry for bothering you, young master... My daughter was born during the beast attack on Qufu City. Though the beasts didn't breach the city, they left behind much poison which my daughter inhaled... Every day, she suffers the poison's erosion for several hours and thus cries..." Zhao Boyang sighed heavily, his gaze at his daughter filled with heartache and helplessness.

Even adults can't endure the suffering of the beast's poison consuming the body...

His daughter, from birth, had to endure the agonizing pain caused by the poison, yet as her father, he was powerless...

The beast's poison, hardly anyone knows how to treat it...

At this moment, he wasn't the great scholar of the times, nor the master of the Zhao family, but just a powerless father...

Mrs. Zhao, seeing her daughter's suffering, shed tears of heartbreak, wishing she could endure the pain on her behalf.

Ning Fan's gaze grew distant, lost in thought, he remembered his own parents...

Especially his mother, who once sacrificed her entire Demon Bloodline for him...

"Let me hold her."

Ning Fan smiled slightly, and amid the puzzled looks of Zhao Boyang and his wife, he took the baby and held her in his arms.

The power of Blood Lightning surged within him, and immediately, the savage poison within the baby was completely eradicated.

With the pain gone, the baby naturally stopped crying. She was not yet able to speak, only curled up in Ning Fan's arms, sucking on her finger, looking at Ning Fan with wide black eyes, not blinking.

The bruises on her chubby face had also disappeared.

"Hiss! The savage poison is gone! This, this!"

Zhao Boyang gasped, staring incredulously at the small face of his daughter.

Unbelievable, beyond belief... Ning Fan simply held the child, and rid her of the savage poison!

Is this the mystical power described in ancient texts that drives away evil, dispelling the poison?

"Young Master Ning, you're removing the savage poison from my daughter, I am endlessly grateful!"
Zhao Boyang solemnly clasped his hands together.

"It's a small matter, just hope that after reaching Bianliang City, Master Zhao does not widely proclaim my abilities." Ning Fan said with a smile.

"I won't! I will certainly keep this matter to myself!"

"Hmm... The little one is very cute, what's her name?"

"Zhao Die'er... This name was chosen by my humble wife..." Zhao Boyang seemed slightly embarrassed.

He, a grand scholar, had given his daughter such a casual name, fearing that Ning Fan, another grand scholar, might laugh at him and look down on him.

"Oh? Zhao Die'er... This name seems somewhat fated to be with me..."

Ning Fan smiled slightly, handed the child back to Mrs. Zhao, and lost interest in her.

The journey of twenty miles took only two hours to complete.

Ning Fan alighted the carriage with the two women, bid farewell to Zhao Boyang, and entered Bianliang City alone.

The city guards paused for a moment upon seeing Ning Fan and his companions coming from the official road outside the city.

Ning Fan and his party did not carry Barbaric God Jade Pendants, and yet boldly walked in from outside the city!

"Are they refugees... didn't have time to obtain Barbaric God Jade Pendants?"

"Without Barbaric God Jade Pendants, they managed not to be eaten by Barbarian Beasts outside the city, such luck..." Some guards whispered among themselves.

Bianliang City was exceedingly prosperous; upon entering the city, the long streets were lined with shops and restaurants.

They walked to Bian River, where both sides of the river were planted with plum trees, and there were quite a few vacant mansions for sale.

Zhao Boyang had given him some money, which Ning Fan did not refuse.

Ning Fan bought a mansion as a temporary residence. Liu Yan stayed home to nurture the Inlaid Star Compass, while Xian Luoli slept soundly in the room.

Ning Fan walked out of the courtyard, proceeded to the side of Bian River, and looked at the plum trees along its banks, smiling slightly.

Though the season in Bianliang City was still summer, and the plum trees bore no plum blossoms, only verdant leaves.

But come winter, the banks of the river would surely be graced by countless winter plums in bloom...

"Cultivating the War God Art, undergoing transformation and enlightenment, will take considerable time, so I imagine I will be residing in this city for quite some time..."

"These plum trees are good, they can remind me of Seven Apricot City, give me a sense of home..."

As Ning Fan gazed at the plum trees on both sides, the smile reached his eyes.

Unnoticed, a trace of True Illusion Force flashed across Ning Fan's body...

Just then, a pleasure boat passed over Bian River, with an elderly man with white hair standing on the boat's prow, holding a bottle gourd and drinking heartily.

Upon seeing Ning Fan smiling at the plum trees, the old man was first startled, then laughed heartily.

"Splendid, splendid! To smile before seeing the winter plum, the elegance lies in the heart... You and I are alike, truly understanding how to appreciate plum blossoms! The common folk see plum blossoms as most beautiful when they bloom amidst the cold, proud and noble. Yet they forget, without accumulating strength through spring, summer, and autumn, how could plum blossoms have the strength to bloom for a single season. Accumulating for three seasons, just to bloom in one, this is the destiny of cultivation, accumulating richly to release subtly!"

Upon hearing this, Ning Fan's gaze sharpened, turning towards the old man on the pleasure boat.

If he was not mistaken, that old man was astonishingly a cultivator at the peak of Shedding Void Stage!

"I come from the Northern Territory, my Dao name is Sparrow God Kidd. May I know the distinguished surname of my young friend? Would you care to join me on this pleasure boat and discuss philosophy over wine?"

With Sparrow God Kidd's keen sight, he naturally saw that Ning Fan was a Master... given the trace of True Illusion Force Ning Fan inadvertently emitted earlier, it seems Ning Fan was still on the path of enlightenment, a Master in pursuit of realization.

Considering this, Sparrow God Kidd did not mind revealing his Dao name, willing to forge a good relationship with Ning Fan, and perhaps offer some guidance.

Ning Fan's gaze changed once more; Sparrow God Kidd, this name sounded familiar...

Right, he's the ancestor of Sinister Sparrow Sect in Yue Country, the powerful Master who left the Comprehension of Rain in Dark Sparrow's Grave!

Unexpectedly, he would encounter Sparrow God Kidd in such a place, yet it seemed Sparrow God Kidd did not recognize his identity...

Upon reconsideration, it was clear. Though his identity spread widely in Eastern Heaven, it might not have reached Northern Territory... It's no surprise Sparrow God Kidd did not know him.

Without Sparrow God Kidd's Comprehension of Rain left in Dark Sparrow's Grave, Ning Fan might not be who he is today.

Towards Sparrow God Kidd, Ning Fan felt a third gratitude, a second curiosity, and the remaining five was caution.

Regardless, when meeting a stranger Master, especially a formidable old freak, the necessary caution should be maintained.

"Junior Ning Fan, pays respects to Senior Sparrow God Kidd! I am willing to join the Senior for a philosophical discussion over wine!"

Ning Fan's figure blurred and directly appeared on the pleasure boat.

Several men rowing the boat rubbed their eyes incredulously, soon exclaiming,

"Hiss! This young man has really impressive agility!"

Indeed, in the eyes of ordinary people, Ning Fan flying onto the pleasure boat was nothing but incredible agility...

"Ning Fan? A good name indeed. Fan as Dao, Ning as perseverance... Young friend, in your Daoist Thought, there is a deep-rooted determination. It seems your Dao is the Path of Perseverance. Have I seen wrong?" Sparrow God Kidd smiled slightly, a flash of azure light in his eyes.

He was no Eternal Immortal Venerable, his cultivation might not rank in the Northern Territory, but the azure light in his eyes was clearly the green light of Unity of Heaven and Man, seeing through the essence of Ning Fan's Dao at a glance!

Ning Fan's expression did not change, though his heart was alarmed, merely nodding without speaking further, acknowledging Sparrow God Kidd's words.

"The Path of Perseverance... Old man, it's my first time encountering a Master pursuing such a Dao. To undergo enlightenment with perseverance, might be a torment of the heart... If young friend cannot cut off the determination within, even if dedicating your whole life, you won't be able to cross the True Bridge... If severing determination, the Dao collapses, the heart is ruined, and the True Bridge, in the end, cannot be crossed... Young friend's difficulty in enlightenment, is not small... As for Shedding Void, Shattered Thought Realm... alas..." Sparrow God Kidd sighed.

"Old man offers young friend a piece of advice... In this life, do not undergo enlightenment! Otherwise, there might be danger to life! Remember, remember!"

Chapter 867: This Deacon, Unable to Let Go

"Is it impossible to cross the True Bridge in this life... What if I insist on crossing it?"

Ning Fan's gaze remained calm, without any hint of wavering. He appreciated Sparrow God Kidd's advice, but his words could not shake Ning Fan's spirit sense.

Sparrow God Kidd was slightly stunned, then laughed heartily, tossing the wine gourd in his hand to Ning Fan and said,

"As expected of a Fellow Daoist, since you insist on crossing the True Bridge, I will not stop you. Our meeting is by chance, this wine is brewed with Dao-Seeking Fruit, give it to you for your journey!"

Ning Fan took the wine gourd and swept his spirit sense over the Spiritual Wine inside, his eyes immediately brimming with emotion.

Dao-Seeking Fruit, a Spirit Fruit that can increase the probability of crossing the True Bridge, is said to grow only in the Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain.

The value of a single Dao-Seeking Fruit is not lower than an Enlightenment Dao Fruit, and this wine contained the energy of at least dozens of Dao-Seeking Fruits...

"Thank you, Senior, for the wine... not returning a gesture is impolite, please accept this!"

Having kept the wine gourd, Ning Fan turned his hand to produce a Dao Fruit and gave it to Sparrow God Kidd.

Sparrow God Kidd's gaze was initially calm, but upon recognizing the Dao Fruit, he was instantly moved.

"It's actually a Shekong Dao Fruit!"

Sparrow God Kidd never expected that an Enlightenment Fate Immortal would possess a Shekong Dao Fruit.

Glancing deeply at Ning Fan, Sparrow God Kidd realized he might have underestimated Ning Fan from the start.

The value of a Shekong Dao Fruit far exceeds those Spirit Wines. Ning Fan gave it in return, unwilling to receive favors for nothing. This was Ning Fan's perseverance... his character is indeed commendable.

To dare to give such a Dao Fruit, unafraid of Sparrow God Kidd coveting it, showed Ning Fan's full confidence, unafraid even of Sparrow God Kidd's Peak of Shekong cultivation... clearly, he is deeply concealed...

Nearby, the boatmen rowing were astonished to see Ning Fan produce an unusual fruit as if by magic, not knowing how he conjured it up.

"Senior, you seem not far from reaching the Shattered Thought Realm... I hope this Dao Fruit can assist you in breaking through," Ning Fan smiled meaningfully.

Sparrow God Kidd's heart trembled slightly, looking incredulously at Ning Fan, as if observing a monster.

The fact that he was nearing the Shattered Thought Realm was something he hadn't disclosed to anyone, concealing it with the Unified Heaven and Man divine skill; even Fragmented Thought Elders couldn't see through his cultivation progress... yet Ning Fan saw through it!

The force of Unity of Heaven and Man in his body suddenly trembled slightly, as if sensing something from Ning Fan.

Sparrow God Kidd widened his mouth in realization, understanding why Ning Fan's insight was so keen...

"I see! I see, young friend is also... hehe, humbled, truly humbled, truly admirable..."

After his exclamation, Sparrow God Kidd suddenly assumed a serious demeanor and asked earnestly, "Young friend, are you someone from the secret clans!"

To Sparrow God Kidd's thinking, only the ten great secret clans could have a remote chance of nurturing someone with the Guild Immortal of Unity of Heaven and Man...

"No."

"That's good! Haha... currently, there's a great opportunity in the hands of the Barbarian demon race... is young friend interested in joining me to seize this opportunity!"

Sparrow God Kidd looked at Ning Fan with genuine sincerity, as if treating him as a peer.

"Opportunity? What opportunity?" Ning Fan raised his eyebrows slightly.

"A tree that has not bloomed yet... in a few decades, it will certainly blossom, and the flower will wither to dust after three moments... that flower is a huge opportunity! Only those with the Unity of Heaven and Man can consume this flower, or else death is certain... for cultivators who have opened the First Heavenly Gate, consuming this flower can increase the chance of opening the Second Gate!" Sparrow God Kidd said with fiery eyes.

"Is that so..." Ning Fan was slightly shocked in his heart, but showed no change in expression.

The opportunity to increase the chance of opening the Second Heavenly Gate was indeed something Ning Fan had never heard of. If it was as mysterious as Sparrow God Kidd claimed, it truly was a great opportunity...

"However, since the flower is in the hands of the Barbarian demon race, seizing it will certainly be extremely dangerous. I barely know Sparrow God Kidd, yet he invites me to seize this opportunity, clearly not for my cultivation, but for my Unity of Heaven and Man..."

"So, a single cultivator with Unity of Heaven and Man is not enough to seize the tree's flower..."

"I am not familiar with Sparrow God Kidd, and there's a possibility he might harbor ill intent towards me..."

"This opportunity offers just a slight chance of opening the Second Heavenly Gate... it is not something one absolutely must have..."

"Therefore, the urgent matter at hand is to practice the War God Art. If there's time, I could undergo a transformation... seizing that flower isn't an absolute necessity..."

Ning Fan's thoughts raced, and after a moment, he made a decision, apologetically clasping his fists to Sparrow God Kidd,

"Junior still wishes to reach Enlightenment, and this opportunity, I'm afraid I can't spare the time to seize it..."

Upon hearing Ning Fan refuse his offer, Sparrow God Kidd was initially stunned, then smiled wryly and shook his head.

"Very well, I will leave Bianliang City today and make some preparations to seize the flower. When the time of bloom is near, I will return to the city. If young friend changes your mind, you may join me to

seize the flower. If it's just me, the chance of success is quite low... I hope young friend reconsiders, alas..."

Sparrow God Kidd sighed, mentioned no more of the matter, then produced more Spiritual Wine, and they drank together on the painting boat.

Though their acquaintance was shallow and they could not speak profoundly, they could still discuss Dao over drinks.

Both of them had opened the First Heavenly Gate, their insights far surpassing ordinary cultivators.

As nightfall approached, Sparrow God Kidd finally felt the desire to leave, bid farewell to Ning Fan, and departed from Bianliang City.

Ning Fan returned home, sat cross-legged for a long time, and only then brought his spirit sense to complete calmness.

Though what Sparrow God Kidd spoke of as a chance encounter intrigued Ning Fan, he did not pay much attention to it.

Putting all matters to the back of his mind, Ning Fan began to focus wholeheartedly on practicing the War God Art.

Next to the Ning Clan was a private school. In the evening, many children were released from school, bustling about.

There were also peddlers hawking their goods as they walked past the walls of the Ning Clan, and various bustling noises of the market drifted into Ning Fan's ears, not disturbing his cultivation; rather, it made him feel even more at peace.

Suddenly, Ning Fan had a revelation about why some powerful Masters preferred to meditate in noisy marketplaces.

Little reclusion is hidden in the wilds, great reclusion is hidden in the markets... The clamor of the marketplace could calm the spirit sense even more.

The cicadas' noise in the woods is ever quieting, the birds' calls in the mountains are more serene... Ning Fan's spirit sense was like a forest, like a mountain, reaching unprecedented focus.

His body, speech, and mind perfectly unified, in this moment, Ning Fan felt closer to the myriad ways of the heavens...

The sensation of merging with heaven and earth deepened slightly!

A sudden understanding flashed in Ning Fan's eyes... Perhaps, if he were to fuse with the mortal world for a thousand or ten thousand years, even without any chance encounters, he might find the opportunity to open the Second Gate of Heaven and Man...

This was Ning Fan's first day in Bianliang.

On the second day, the neighboring private school suddenly bustled with activity, with countless citizens of Bianliang flocking there for the spectacle.

The reason was simple: that day, a new teacher, the great scholar Zhao Boyang from Qufu City, came to the private school!

Though Bianliang City was prosperous, it lacked any great scholars.

Zhao Boyang's arrival to teach at this private school led many noble families in Bianliang to compete to send their children here for education.

Such a small private school could not accommodate so many students.

Several noble families decided collectively to expand the private school into an academy.

Once the academy opened, it naturally couldn't have only Zhao Boyang as the teacher. They planned to employ more renowned figures from Bianliang to teach there.

With the financial power of the major noble families, within just a month, they built an academy right next to the Ning Clan.

The academy was named Yunzhong Academy, with the intention of encouraging students to aspire as high as the clouds.

Although the academy was built, the teaching staff had not yet been fully assembled, so it had not officially opened yet.

Ning Fan had been in Bianliang City for a month.

Occasionally, he would take Liu Yan and Xian Luoli to Bian River for strolls and enlightenment. Most of the time, he stayed at home, in seclusion, focusing on condensing crystals.

Liu Yan's appearance was considered top-notch even in the cultivation world, and naturally, she was regarded as a peerless beauty in the mortal world.

In just one month, the rumor had spread in Bianliang City of a beautiful wife at the Ning household in the south of the city, as beautiful as the moon and flowers.

There were even rumors that the silver-haired little girl was Ning Qian's daughter, with striking good looks even in childhood, destined to be a peerless beauty when she grew up.

Numerous wastrels and rogues came looking for mischief, but unfortunately, all were beaten to tears and ran away by Xian Luoli.

Xian Luoli was very bored, extremely bored!

Despite having shattered thunder to eat and peaceful sleeps, she still felt bored!

Beating people became Xian Luoli's pastime and enjoyment.

Whenever she saw a rascal giving Liu Yan a wicked smile, she would charge forward and give him a good beating...

Whenever she saw a lecherous old man leering at her with a perverted grin, she would charge forward and give him a good beating...

When a young lord gathered dozens of bodyguards, looking for a fight? Fear not, she would beat them up!

Even when the son of the City Lord of Bianliang got beaten, and three hundred soldiers were sent to capture her? Fear not, she would beat them too!

Xian Luoli's violent reputation quickly spread throughout Bianliang, and no one dared to provoke her.

The entire Bianliang City knew that in the south of the city, Ning Qian had a daughter named Ning Xianxian, who at the age of seven, had learned divine skills from a master, and that three hundred soldiers were no match for her...

Ning Fan found himself powerless to stop Xian Luoli's bold and violent behavior and could only allow it.

The only requirement was not to let Xian Luoli use Divine Skills to cause slaughter in Bianliang City.

Compared to the violent Xian Luoli, Liu Yan was much more serene. By day, she genuinely seemed to be Ning Fan's wife, doing the laundry and cooking, like a mortal woman.

By night, she wholeheartedly nurtured the Artifact Spirit, discovering that nurturing it in the mortal world was even faster than in full seclusion...

And being able to transform with Ning Fan, she seemed to not mind at all; rather, she enjoyed this tranquil life...

However, this was Barbarian City, a world ravaged by Barbarian Beasts, where people barely survived under their slaughter.

In the span of a month, the Barbarian Beasts attacked the city seven times.

Whenever the city guards, as mere mortals, faced the Barbarian Beasts, Ning Fan took the chance to collect Battle Will Crystals.

Atop the walls of Bianliang City stood several ancient statues resembling both human and beast, possessing the divine power to deter the Barbarian Beasts.

Every time the Barbarian Beasts attacked the city, the statues would unleash their power, emitting a black and red glow, striking back at the beasts.

With the numerous statues in Bianliang City, even if Second Step Barbarian Beasts attacked, they could not ensure survival.

The Barbarian Beast attacks consistently ended in disastrous defeat, yet before Ning Fan's arrival at Bianliang, each attack resulted in a certain death toll.

Sometimes one would die, sometimes a few, sometimes causing a section of the city wall to collapse, resulting in more than dozens of casualties...

But since Ning Fan's arrival, occasionally intervening, the Barbarian officers rarely perished by the beasts. Naturally, some Barbarians fearful of the beasts Ning Fan wouldn't bother to save. His actions were not due to sympathy or compassion.

Within a month, Ning Fan condensed seven Superior Lietian Crystals in total, and after consuming them, the number of Battle Flames increased to 1,300.

Increasing a hundred Battle Flames in a month, such a cultivation pace is indeed astonishing.

Walking through Bianliang City, Ning Fan gazed at the numerous Barbarian statues and pondered.

Every Barbarian City has a Barbaric God Temple, where the Barbarian Monks know how to craft Barbaric God Jade Pendants and statues for the survival of the Barbarians.

The Barbarian Monks hold a very high status among the Barbarians, but they are also very few in number...

A month into his stay, Ning Fan first visited the Barbarian Temple of Bianliang City, where he saw countless devout Barbarians worshipping and a skeletal-thin Barbarian Monk.

This Barbarian Monk had no cultivation, also a mortal, yet he could harness the power of faith to craft Barbaric God Jade Pendants and statues.

This Barbarian Monk was the only monk in the temple, named Barbarian Fool, and when Ning Fan arrived, he was in the main hall holding a carving knife, eyes lifelessly carving a Barbarian statue.

Though it was merely a piece of decayed wood, under his carving, it gradually gained a touch of spirituality.

"Indeed, the reason these city statues can exert power is due to the Incense Flame power..." Ning Fan murmured to himself.

Barbarian Fool turned his head angrily and glared at Ning Fan.

Being the only Barbarian Monk in Bianliang City, he held high status, even the City Lord of Bianliang would treat him with some respect.

When he carved Barbarian statues, he disliked any interruption, and no one dared to disturb him, yet Ning Fan intruded into his main hall, interrupting his carving.

"This is not a place for you, leave!"

Barbarian Fool's gaze turned severe, releasing a strand of pressure towards Ning Fan.

This was the pressure he gathered from the Barbarians' Incense Flame, nearly as strong as a Harmonious Spirit realm cultivator, naturally overwhelming for a mortal.

Unfortunately, this bit of pressure couldn't shake Ning Fan in the slightest.

"Incense Flame pressure, is it..." With a flick of Ning Fan's finger, Barbarian Fool's pressure immediately collapsed.

His gaze shifted from the Barbarian Monk to the crimson-golden statue in the hall.

Barbarian Fool stared at Ning Fan in disbelief, unable to fathom why his pressure had no effect.

Was it possible that this person was also a Barbarian Monk, and more adept at utilizing the collective will than himself?

"Could it be that the donor..."

Before Barbarian Fool could finish, Ning Fan cut him off with a single word.

"Silence."

As soon as Ning Fan spoke, an overwhelming pressure akin to the heavens descended upon Barbarian Fool.

Under that pressure, Barbarian Fool couldn't utter a word, looking at Ning Fan with deep-seated terror!

"This benefactor is indeed a Barbarian Monk, and one a thousand, no, ten thousand times more powerful than me!"

Ning Fan paid no heed to Barbarian Fool, quietly observing the crimson-gold statue in the hall, a representation of the Barbarian Ancestor.

The statue of the Barbarian Ancestor bore a striking resemblance to the Reverse Infant, with two heads, each hand holding a bolt of thunder, as if about to unleash divine wrath...

From this statue of the Barbarian Ancestor, Ning Fan could sense a faint aura similar to the Reverse Infant, formed by the Incense Flame power, though very faint.

"Barbarians, Barbarian Beasts, Calamity Thought... What on earth is the relation between them..."

"This world harbors too many secrets. With my cultivation, I am far from qualified to unravel them..."

Ning Fan exited the Barbarian Temple, walking along the Bian River, returning to his home. At the entrance, he unexpectedly encountered Zhao Boyang and his group coming from the academy.

This was Zhao Boyang's first visit since the Yunzhong Academy was established.

Zhao Boyang never imagined that Ning Fan would reside near the academy, a wall apart. After initial surprise, he was overjoyed, eagerly inviting Ning Fan to the academy to become a teacher.

Now that Yunzhong Academy is extending invitations for renowned instructors, in Zhao Boyang's mind, Ning Fan is indeed a great scholar of his time, deserving to teach at the academy.

Ning Fan politely declined Zhao Boyang's invitation. Seeing that Ning Fan had no intention of teaching and nurturing talents, Zhao Boyang did not insist and left with a sigh.

However, from then on, Zhao Boyang often came from the academy next door to seek out Ning Fan during his leisure time to discuss Confucianism, which is another story.

When the first autumn breeze blew into Bianliang City, it had been three months since Ning Fan arrived there.

Time passed little by little, and the cold plum trees on the banks of Bian River did not bloom in the first winter.

In the second winter, the cold plum trees still did not bloom.

During the third winter, suddenly a heavy snowfall covered Bianliang City, turning Bian River's banks white, and the cold plum trees bloomed.

The number of life-bound battle flames within Ning Fan had reached 4500 strands. The cultivation progress of War Yin and Yang had reached seventy-four percent.

The further he progressed, the harder it became to cultivate War Yin and Yang. Fortunately, Ning Fan was not in a hurry, understanding that haste would lead to failure in cultivation.

Xian Luoli's Thunder Body evolved little by little, with the strange chill of thunder power increasingly apparent inside her, seemingly afraid of the cold, refusing to go outside when it snowed.

Over the three years, Xian Luoli did not grow even a bit, leading many to speculate that she might have accidentally eaten the Eyeball Staying Youth Immortal Fruit outside Barbarian City, causing her appearance to remain youthful...

Liu Yan stayed home, taking care of the sleeping Xian Luoli. After several years of living together, her relationship with this aggressive little girl had grown deeper.

Besides integrating the Stellar Disk Spirit, in her spare time, she would weave cloth and embroider patterns like a mortal woman, exchanging them for silver to make a living.

Ning Fan wanted to embrace a mortal life, and she devoted all her energy to creating a mortal atmosphere for him.

Amidst the wind and snow, the Yunzhong Academy next door echoed with Barbarian children reciting:

"The Barbarian, nature's ancestor, grand sect of every domain. The Barbarian is born from dust, perishes in calamity, cannot grasp all things, for if grasped, the Barbarian is lost..."

Ning Fan walked out of his house, leaving traces in the snow, which were soon covered by the wind and snow.

The recitation of schoolchildren echoed in his ears, Ning Fan feeling slightly silent. What these children recited was the 'Barbarian Ancestor Scripture,' an academic classic left by the ancestor of the Barbarians.

The Barbarian Ancestor Scripture constantly advised Barbarians to regard life and death lightly, to abandon obsessions, to follow destiny, not to resist...

Ning Fan had heard this recitation too many times and had grown a bit tired of it.

The scriptures in the Barbarian Ancestor contradict his path in every sentence...

Cannot grasp all things, cannot grasp...

The Ancestral Bow was sealed by Ning Fan, temporarily stored in the storage pouch. The seven paths Seven-Colored Arrow Spirits were sealed within his body.

Each Arrow Spirit contained a terrifying amount of True Illusion Force, and over three years, Ning Fan had refined half of the first Arrow Spirit.

The True Illusion Force within his body surged, absorbed by Ning Fan, integrated into his spirit sense. His cultivation increasingly approached the Initial Stage of Crossing Truth.

Currently, he could slightly discern the True Bridge hidden within the mist of his spirit sense, but still couldn't completely see through it.

Moreover, he gradually discovered that there were not only one True Bridge hidden beneath the thick fog, but many...

"Crossing Truth, still far..."

Ning Fan held the wine gourd given by Sparrow God Kidd, trudging through the snow towards Bian River.

By the riverside, the red plum flowers bloomed, reminding Ning Fan of Yue Country, and of Seven Apricot...

Sparrow God Kidd advised him to abandon Crossing Truth, but he would not give up.

The Barbarian Ancestor Scripture advised people to let go of obsession, and he would not let go.

Because he still had a home, because his home was in Seven Apricot City, in Yue Country, in Rain Immortal World...

He still had family, he had things he must protect, he had too many tasks to complete, he could not abandon his obsession.

Fulfilling his promise with Slaughter Emperor requires power; finding that scheming Immortal Emperor for revenge required power; someday standing beside Luo You also requires power; creating a world free from conflict remains unknown how much power it would take...

Gazing at a tree of red plum flowers, Ning Fan lifted the gourd, took a swig of Spiritual Wine, letting the Dao-Seeking Fruit's potency dissolve within him.

Not knowing how much time had passed, suddenly a cheerful laugh came from behind Ning Fan.

"Uncle, uncle, help Die'er pick some plum flowers, Die'er wants to make a flower crown to put on Little Snow Cow! But Die'er is too short to reach!"

A two to three-year-old boy, dressed in a small red cotton jacket, with a child's hair bun, face flushed from the cold, pitifully tugging at Ning Fan's clothes.

To show she couldn't reach the plum flowers, she tiptoed and bounced... indeed couldn't reach... far couldn't reach.

"Oh? It's that little child..." Ning Fan, relying on his aura, immediately recognized the little child before him.

She was Zhao Boyang's daughter, Zhao Die'er.

Now at three years old, she came to the academy to play with her father, sneaking out while the maids weren't watching, creating a snowman at the riverbank resembling both a dog and a cow...

"Uncle, uncle, you help Die'er pick some plum flowers, Die'er promises to marry you when she grows up! Die'er guarantees! If you don't believe, let's pinky swear!" Little Die'er declared confidently.

Chapter 868: Snowmen

"Marry me? Haha, do you even know what it means to get married?" Ning Fan was taken aback, and couldn't help but chuckle.

In his life, he had never been confessed to by a child barely three years old, and he found it amusing.

"Of course I know! Getting married means being like Sister Siya, wearing a beautiful wedding coat, eating lots and lots of wedding cakes, sitting on a wedding boat, and lighting wedding lanterns! Die'er dreams of getting married!" Zhao Die'er replied in her childish voice, her tiny face full of envy.

She was too young to understand the meaning of marriage. For her, getting married meant delicious food and fun activities...

"Sister Siya? Who's that?" Ning Fan squatted down, gently patting Zhao Die'er's little head, his expression softening.

"Sister Siya is the maid my mother chose for me. She treats me really well. But it's strange, ever since Sister Siya got married, she stopped taking care of me... Uncle, uncle, please help me pick some plum blossoms..." The little girl pursed her lips, seemingly unhappy about being patted on the head, as she believed it would stop her from growing taller.

"Alright, I'll help you pick them. How many plum blossoms does Die'er want?"

"A lot, a whole lot!"

"Then how many is a lot?"

"I don't know... just a whole bunch!"

Ning Fan shook his head with a smile, picking two plum blossoms, placing one on the head of the Little Snow Cow, and one on Zhao Die'er's head.

"Not enough, not enough, Die'er wants more plum blossoms! Die'er wants to weave a big flower crown!" The little girl complained with a pout.

"Some things aren't better just because there's more of them. The beauty of plum blossoms lies in their solitude and proud elegance. Wearing just one is the most beautiful... They're not meant to be woven into crowns..."

"I don't understand... Uncle, I don't get a single word you're saying..." The little girl looked at Ning Fan in confusion, not understanding why he wouldn't pick more plum blossoms for her.

But she didn't mind much, as she was already quite happy with a plum blossom on the Little Snow Cow's head and one on her own, and she began to hop around the Little Snow Cow, humming a primitive tune.

"Little Barbarian Ox, don't look back, fighting the heavens for freedom. Not seeing the Yellow River, not giving up, yet the Yellow River's water is unclear. Water unclear, catching Barbarian Fish, Barbarian Fish leaps three thousand miles. Fighting the heavens for immortality, yet caught by a cat..."

The song was a tune passed down among the barbarian folk.

The rough meaning of the tune was the Barbarian Ox fighting for freedom, only to halt at the Yellow River... The Barbarian Fish fights for immortality, only to lose its life to a cat.

The song advises the barbarians that man cannot win against heaven, that one must accept destiny and not go against it...

"This tune, it's rather harsh..." Ning Fan frowned slightly.

But seeing the little girl singing joyfully, he chose not to interrupt.

The little girl built a Little Snow Cow, then pleaded with Ning Fan to help her build a big snowman.

After finishing one, she wanted another, until Ning Fan ended up helping the little girl build five snowmen in total.

Four big ones and one small one.

"This is Daddy, this is Mommy, this is Sister Siya, this is Die'er, this is Uncle. We'll live happily together, joyfully and carefree..." The little girl decided on identities for the five snowmen all by herself.

Ning Fan smiled, watching the little girl with her innocent and lively spirit, as his heart started to truly embrace life in Bianliang.

Four burly men came rushing over. They were guards from the Zhao Residence.

The four guards had come searching for Zhao Die'er, and seeing she was unharmed, their hearts eased.

Three of them looked at Ning Fan with hints of hostility in their eyes. They were new recruits by Zhao Boyang after arriving in Bianliang.

Among them, the most burly man stepped forward to block Ning Fan's path, glaring at him fiercely,

"Who are you? How dare you abduct our Zhao family's eldest daughter here, with malicious intent!"

This man spoke with such unpleasantness that Ning Fan's eyes flashed with coldness, yet he did not move against him.

Ning Fan felt disdain in acting against mere mortals, only looking at the man coldly.

With just a cold gaze, devoid of exerting any extra pressure, he caused the burly man's face to change dramatically, cold sweat pouring down his whole body!

"Master! This person is definitely a master! Since when did Bianliang's martial world have such a young master appear!" The burly man nearly collapsed from fright, when suddenly the leader among the four sharply rebuked him.

"Wang Li, you are too rude! This gentleman is a friend of the master and a distinguished guest of our Zhao family. How dare you speak to him like that!"

The one reprimanding the burly man was surprisingly Zhao San, a guard from the Zhao family.

Ning Fan had once repelled Barbarian Beasts and saved his life, so he naturally recognized Ning Fan and always maintained a degree of respect towards him.

Zhao San glared fiercely at the other guards and had his hand already on his waist knife, ready to draw blood and kill anyone who dared to disrespect Ning Fan again!

"What! This gentleman is actually friends with the master!"

The eyes of the other three people looking at Ning Fan immediately filled with respect, no longer daring to offend.

Zhao San after understanding the reason from Ning Fan's mouth, thanked Ning Fan for taking care of Zhao Die'er, but took Zhao Die'er back to Yunzhong Academy.

Zhao Die'er hadn't played enough, really didn't want to go back, but was afraid that if she went back too late, her father would smack her hand, so she left anyway.

Yet with every few steps she took, she would turn around and reluctantly glance at Ning Fan.

After she had walked some distance, she suddenly turned back and ran towards Ning Fan, saying very seriously, "Uncle, make snowmen for Die'er. When Die'er grows up, I will definitely marry Uncle, so he can make snowmen for me every day!"

Having said that, amidst the stunned expressions of Zhao San and others, she skipped and jumped towards the academy.

"Marry me, just you, a little child..."

Ning Fan smiled faintly, indifferent, turned his head, and continued to look at a tree full of red plum blossoms.

This was his second meeting with Zhao Die'er, but it was definitely not the last.

The snow in Bianliang had not stopped, and the Bian River gradually froze, no painting boats sailing through the snow.

Zhao Die'er urged Zhao San to find Ning Fan's house, which was just beside Yunzhong Academy, separated by a wall.

So every few days, Zhao Die'er would come to find Ning Fan to play, urging him to make snowmen for her.

Why did she seek out Ning Fan?

Firstly, because Ning Fan was gentle with children, rarely scolding them. Secondly, occasionally he would give her some strange candies, very sweet and delicious, and after eating them she'd feel warm and not afraid of the cold snow.

Thirdly, because Zhao Die'er found Ning Fan very idle... All her maids and guards had lots of tasks to do.

The people of Bianliang City, except the elderly and children, all had countless work to do.

Only Ning Fan was very free... Idly all day, stepping on snow, appreciating plum blossoms, drinking wine...

"Uncle, why does everyone have work to do, yet you are this idle. Mama said, this behavior is called lazy and gluttonous. Girls when they grow up cannot marry lazy and gluttonous men... Die'er suddenly feels she doesn't want to marry you anymore..."

"...Then why do you come to my house..." Ning Fan replied speechlessly.

"Because the snowmen you make are beautiful, ah! When the snow stops, and there is no snow to make snowmen, Die'er will not come looking for you anymore, Die'er will go to find Xiaowu Brother to learn martial arts! Teehee, when Die'er grows up, she wants to become a Barbarian Monk and save all living beings!"

"...What an ambition, it's the first time I've heard a little girl want to grow up and become a nun..." Ning Fan was speechless.

The snow continued to fall until the end of the first lunar month before it stopped, and after the snow melted, Zhao Die'er indeed did not come to bother Ning Fan anymore.

To her, Ning Fan perhaps really only meant as much as making snowmen.

Instead, Zhao Die'er's father, Zhao Boyang, came more frequently to the Ning Clan. Every time he came, he would drink with Ning Fan and discuss Dao, a joyous life.

Ning Fan's cultivation to this day, with deep Dao enlightenment, even without studying Confucian classics, his words were enough for Zhao Boyang to consider them as classics.

In Zhao Boyang's heart, he has already regarded Ning Fan as a confidant, not merely as a benefactor.

Seeing Ning Fan seemingly quite caring for his daughter, once inebriated, Zhao Boyang half-jokingly said to Ning Fan,

"Junior Brother Ning, neither of us are ordinary people. If you truly fancy Die'er, I am willing to make the decision to betroth her to you. Die'er is still young; we could first establish a marriage agreement. When she comes of age, we can seek a matchmaker and arrange a marriage. How about it? I know you already have a wife, so Die'er would most likely be just a concubine, but with your character, I think you wouldn't treat Die'er badly."

These drunken words, Ning Fan naturally could not accept; he certainly wouldn't be attracted to a three-year-old child.

Zhao Boyang still intended to invite Ning Fan to join the Yunzhong Academy, although every time he extended the invitation, Ning Fan gently declined.

He increasingly immersed himself in the identity of a mortal, enjoying the rare peace of Bianliang City.

The number of flames of war grew little by little, the cultivation of War Yin and Yang progressed bit by bit, the Seven-Colored Arrow Spirit was refined piece by piece.

Every day, Liu Yan would warm the wine for him, and Xian Luoli would seek him for 'practice'.

The snow melted, and Xian Luoli enjoyed running recklessly in Bianliang. This was her third year in Bianliang, and she was undefeated everywhere she went.

Now in Bianliang, who didn't know Xian Luoli's name. It was said this girl had consumed some kind of immortal herb, allowing her forever to remain in the form of a young girl, never growing up.

It was said her martial arts were extraordinary, defeating three hundred Bianliang soldiers alone, and there were few martial artists in Bianliang willing to fight her.

Ning Fan wouldn't allow her to leave the city to hunt Barbarian Beasts, so the bored Xian Luoli could only seek Ning Fan to spar daily.

She naturally could not use Divine Skills, and Ning Fan did not use Divine Skills either.

Others couldn't defeat Xian Luoli; Ning Fan naturally wouldn't lose to her, but he wouldn't bully Xian Luoli, merely acting as a practice partner.

Gradually, word spread in Bianliang City that Ning Qian was a hidden master of the martial arts in Jianghu, and this news didn't cause much surprise.

In the eyes of the world, Ning Fan is the 'father' of Xian Luoli; is it strange that he possesses unparalleled martial arts...

In the fourth year, Bianliang was snowless, and the plum blossoms did not bloom.

In the fifth year, Bianliang was snowless.

In the sixth year, snow returned to Bianliang, and once again Ning Fan walked on snowy paths, admired plum blossoms, and coincidentally met Zhao Die'er by the Bian River.

Now, Zhao Die'er was six years old, much taller and more mature than before, much more composed.

Upon meeting Ning Fan again, she recognized him instantly, still insisting that Ning Fan help her build a snowman, though she was shyer than before, and no longer uttered any childish talk about 'marrying Ning Fan.'

After all, she was the daughter of Zhao Boyang, a great Confucian scholar, raised with strict education, and now understood the meaning of marriage.

Ning Fan had been in Bianliang for six years; he deliberately altered his appearance and did not maintain the perpetual youth like Xian Luoli.

When he first arrived in Bianliang, he appeared twenty-something, but now he looked much more mature.

"Uncle, can you help Die'er build a snowman?"

"Of course."

"Uncle, Die'er wants a plum blossom."

"Sure, I'll pick one for you."

Compared to back then, Zhao Die'er was undoubtedly much more polite, but there was also a bit less closeness...

Nowadays, Zhao Die'er viewed Ning Fan only as an uncle figure, naturally showing proper manners.

Gradually, she heard from her mother that Ning Fan was not only her father's friend, but also saved their family's lives from Barbarian Beasts back then, and further helped to cure her of poison.

In her heart, she held gratitude for Ning Fan, but it was devoid of any naive romantic feelings.

"Die'er has grown up..."

Ning Fan, just like before, gently touched Zhao Die'er's silky black hair.

Zhao Die'er sweetly smiled, not resisting; after all, it's normal for elders to pat the heads of juniors.

"Die'er still wants to marry Uncle?" Ning Fan jokingly asked.

"Uncle, please don't tease Die'er. I was too young and ignorant then; it was just childish talk, please don't mind..." Zhao Die'er's face blushed as she recalled her past embarrassment.

"Haha, Die'er has really grown up; Brother Boyang indeed raised her strictly, a child of six already so sensible..."

Ning Fan withdrew his hand indifferently, turned to gaze at a tree of red plums, lifted his bottle gourd, and gulped down some spiritual wine.

Though he was looking at the plum blossoms, Zhao Die'er perceptively noticed that Ning Fan's gaze wasn't truly on the blossoms...

"Uncle is looking at the plum blossoms, but what he thinks of isn't the plums." The little girl stated with certainty.

"Oh? How do you know I'm not thinking of the blossoms?" Ning Fan asked with a smile.

"Whenever Mother misses her home in Qufu, she looks at the old clothes and ornaments she brought along... Uncle's eyes look just like hers. Uncle must be missing someone... But Die'er is a little puzzled; Uncle has a wife and daughter, and his home is here in Bianliang, so who is he missing?" The little girl curiously asked.

"Uncle is thinking of family members who are far, far away... Uncle's hometown is a place where the wind and snow never stop, and the plum blossoms never wither..." Ning Fan said with longing.

"Is Uncle's home in a faraway Barbarian City, a place he cannot return to, just like Qufu City that was destroyed by Barbarian Beasts?"

"No, Uncle's home still exists, and he can return."

"Then, when Die'er grows up, can she accompany Uncle back home? Die'er also wants to see what a snowy Barbarian City all year round looks like." Zhao Die'er said with a yearning tone.

"You, cannot go..."

Ning Fan sighed slightly.

Zhao Die'er is a Barbarian; Barbarians and Barbarian Beasts cannot leave the Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain, nor can they be stored in the Cauldron Ring.

Barbarians, Immortal World cultivators, and demon race belong to different cycles of life.

The primitive and wild and the Four Heavens, and the Land of Demons in the upper realm, belong to separate worlds.

Outsiders can come to the wild lands, but Barbarians cannot ever venture out into other worlds...

"Why? Is it because there are many Barbarian Beasts on the way?" Zhao Die'er asked disappointedly.

"No... you simply cannot go."

"Oh..."

Zhao Die'er lowered her head in disappointment, and to cheer up this little girl, Ning Fan built several snowmen for her.

Not human figures, but beasts.

Not Barbarian Beasts, but various beings not recorded in the Barbarian's books.

If a cultivator from the Rain Immortal World were here, they would surely notice that Ning Fan was sculpting beasts unique to the Rain World.

These Wild Beasts aren't particularly strong; Ning Fan had slain many of them in the past, and gazing at them now, nostalgia lingered in his eyes.

"Eh? Aren't beasts the enemies of Barbarians? Why does Uncle seem nostalgic looking at these beasts?" The little girl curiously asked.

"In Uncle's homeland, beasts aren't necessarily enemies of humans... Yet these beasts were once foes to Uncle."

"Eh? Are there Barbarian Beasts in the world that don't harass humans? Die'er has decided. When Die'er becomes a Barbarian Monk, she will carve a Barbarian Ancestor chariot, and visit Uncle's homeland. No matter how many Barbarian Beasts block the path, nothing will stop the chariot!"

"You genuinely cannot go there... But I hadn't expected you still aspire to become a Barbarian Monk..." Ning Fan expressed with subtle sentiment.

It seems Zhao Die'er is set on becoming a Barbarian Monk. This resolve probably won't fade with age.

On the next day, Zhao Die'er didn't come to the Bian River to play in the snow; she officially entered Yunzhong Academy and didn't have time to pester Ning Fan.

That day's snow was somewhat sparse.

In the seventh year, Bianliang received snow.

In the eighth year, Bianliang received snow.

In the ninth year, Bianliang received snow.

In the tenth year, Bianliang was snowless.

Having been in Bianliang for ten years, Ning Fan's Life-bound Battle Fire count had reached 9999, reaching the limit, unable to increase further.

The cultivation technique of the War God Art allows only this many flames to be cultivated, no more can be attained.

The count of 9999 battle flames was sufficient to accomplish the War God Fourth Transformation, but Ning Fan was still unable to achieve it.

The number of flames was adequate, but no one anticipated that achieving the Battle Art Fourth Transformation would require a second condition...

The cultivator must at least possess the Initial Stage of Crossing Truth realm cultivation to break through the bottleneck of the Fourth Transformation...

After the Wang Xiao, no one in the Luo Family succeeded in mastering the Battle Art Fourth Transformation, no one knew that achieving the Fourth Transformation requires having Truth-Transcending Cultivation Level.

"If my cultivation hasn't reached Truth-Transcending, I cannot break through the Fourth Transformation bottleneck? Who knew there was such a complication, but fortunately, breaking through to the Crossing Truth Realm should only be a matter of time..."

Ning Fan smiled indifferently.

Of the seven paths of the Seven-Colored Spirit Arrows he consumed that day, he had refined one and a half.

Ning Fan could feel he was growing closer to the period of breaking through to Truth-Transcending; once he thoroughly consumed the seven paths of arrows, he should be able to gather sufficient True Illusion Force, see through all fog, and step onto the True Bridge.

Once Crossing Truth is achieved, the Fourth Transformation will naturally be mastered without any worry.

Despite reaching a bottleneck with War God Art cultivation, Ning Fan continued quietly condensing Fierce Origin Crystal for consumption.

His progress in cultivating War Yin and Yang had reached eighty-two percent, and likely within twenty years, he could preliminarily succeed akin to Rain Yin Yang.

"Brother Wu should have returned to the Eastern Heaven by now... Ten years have passed; the demon race's pursuit of me seems less frenzied than before..."

Ning Fan lifted his gaze, watching the skies over Barbarian City, there, a demon cultivator with Void Fragmentation realm flew over the city.

That demon cultivator did not discover Ning Fan's presence; throughout these ten years, occasionally demon cultivators flew past this city, but none detected Ning Fan.

Gradually, fewer and fewer demon cultivators searched all around.

The immense reputation Ning Fan built ten years ago was slowly being overshadowed by the Barbarian Wilderness cultivators...

"Transforming and seeking Truth... I spent ten years to let my state of mind completely transform into a mortal; now it's time to pursue truth."

Ning Fan gazed at the barren plum tree before him; his eyes flickered as he returned home.

Outside the home, he again accidentally encountered Zhao Die'er; this year, Zhao Die'er was ten years old.

Chapter 869: The Black Barbarians

In Bianliang, young ladies typically have engagement talks by thirteen or fourteen, and can marry by the age of fifteen. A ten-year-old girl is already considered mature.

Zhao Die'er is already ten, not yet fully grown, but showing the initial signs of beauty.

TODAY, Zhao Die'er is dressed in a silk jacket, her petite body wrapped under a furry fox coat, her little face clean and radiant.

This year, Bianliang has no snow. It is the first time Ning Fan has met Zhao Die'er without snow.

Ten years have passed. Ning Fan's appearance is now like that of a thirty-year-old man, his gaze deeper. Yet upon seeing Zhao Die'er, his eyes softened, and he smiled.

"Oh, isn't this Die'er?"

"Die'er greets Uncle Ning. Is Uncle Ning going to the Bian River to enjoy the scenery again? It's a pity that there's no snow this year and the plum blossoms haven't bloomed. Without the company of plums, Uncle's wine must be a bit lonely..."

Zhao Die'er shyly smiles, lowers her head, her waterfall-like black hair cascading down, her voice soft and sweet like glutinous rice.

At ten, Zhao Die'er is more aware of etiquette. No longer does she cling to Ning Fan to build snowmen.

At ten, Zhao Die'er already harbors some girlish thoughts... Ning Fan was already handsome, and due to years of cultivation, he possessed an ethereal quality.

Even though he deliberately aged his appearance slightly, it still made the newly acquainted Zhao Die'er feel a bit flushed and her heart flutter.

Behind Zhao Die'er stand two maidservants from the Zhao Residence, both around eighteen or nineteen, with fairly charming appearances.

Having long served at the Zhao Residence, the two maids have seen many Bianliang talents, some with outstanding looks and scholarship, but someone like Ning Fan, with such ethereal qualities, is rare...

Thus, not only Zhao Die'er blushes, but the two maidservants also flush, occasionally stealing glances at Ning Fan...

"Indeed, there's no snow this year in Bianliang and the plum blossoms haven't bloomed. The wine does feel lonely... How is Brother Boyang's illness?"

Ning Fan shifts the conversation, inquiring.

He has been in Bianliang for ten years and has known Zhao Boyang for ten years; they're considered old friends.

In the recent month, Zhao Boyang hasn't come to Yunzhong Academy to give lessons, reportedly due to a severe relapse of an old ailment...

"Father's leg ailment flares up every year, but this year it's worse. He cannot get out of bed and must have someone to attend to him bedside. We've invited numerous renowned physicians, but none saw improvement, even the Barbarian Monk Master's medicine had no effect..."

Thinking of her father's illness, Zhao Die'er feels a sting at her nose and tears quickly well up in her eyes.

"Is it a leg ailment... Don't cry, follow me."

Ning Fan pats Zhao Die'er's black hair, and then he opens the door to return to his residence. This unconscious act makes Zhao Die'er forget to cry, her face turning an intense shade of shame.

She's already ten, already a big girl, with many clans in the Bianliang seeking her hand... Yet Ning Fan still treats her like a child, casually touching her head...

Such a rude gesture, yet Zhao Die'er seems not to reject this feeling...

Leaving the two maids outside, Zhao Die'er enters Ning Fan's courtyard alone. Though all the plum blossoms in Bianliang are yet to bloom, a plum tree in the courtyard is in full blossom.

"Eh? Uncle's plum tree is strange, quite different from those in Bianliang city..." Zhao Die'er remarks in surprise.

"Of course, it is different, it is not an ordinary plum tree..."

Ning Fan smiles and plucks two plum blossoms from the tree. One with weaker Spiritual Energy is worn in Zhao Die'er's hair, the other is placed into a brocade box like a magic trick, and handed to Zhao Die'er.

"Take the plum blossom in the box and give it to your father; his leg ailment will naturally heal... Do not spread this in Bianliang, and do not tell your father that the plum blossom was gifted by me."

Zhao Die'er's little mind is muddled, failing to comprehend what Ning Fan said, she instinctively takes the jade box and lowers her head like an ostrich.

Her mind is fixated on one thing: she was teased by Uncle Ning!

In Bianliang, men and women aren't supposed to touch easily, yet Ning Fan touched her hair and adorned her with a flower...

Her face felt as if half of it was burning, her heart pounding, only the sound of her racing heartbeat filled her ears...

"Learned to blush, have we? Die'er has truly grown up, while Uncle's actions have been too forward..."

Ning Fan chuckles and shakes his head. His bone age is already a thousand years; in front of him, Zhao Die'er will always be a child. He hasn't considered the boundaries between man and woman until now, realizing the need for caution.

After reiterating his earlier instructions and thoroughly advising Zhao Die'er, Ning Fan allows her to leave.

Even upon stepping outside Ning Fan's gate, Zhao Die'er's face remains flushed. It takes her a while to calm her heart and look at the brocade box in her hand, filled with surprise.

"Why did Uncle give me a plum blossom? And he said this plum blossom could heal father's leg... Die'er has read many medical books but has never heard that plum blossoms could treat leg ailments..."

Not believing the plum blossom could heal the leg ailment, Zhao Die'er still carries the idea of trying, takes the plum blossom back home, and gives it to her father.

Strangely enough, Zhao Boyang's leg ailment seemed untreatable by any medicine, yet after taking that plum blossom, his leg ailment improved day by day.

Zhao Boyang questions incessantly about the origin of that plum blossom. Zhao Die'er remembers Ning Fan's instructions and doesn't speak carelessly, yet the matter spreads throughout Bianliang City.

No one knows exactly what kind of plum blossom could cure Zhao Daru's chronic leg disease.

The only one who knows the truth is Zhao Die'er. At the age of ten, she first witnessed Ning Fan's astonishing abilities.

When she returned to the Ning Clan to express her gratitude for Ning Fan's kindness with the plum, she found that Ning Fan was not home; only his 'wife and daughter' were there...

After making inquiries with 'Aunt' Liu Yan and 'Sister' Xian Luoli, Zhao Die'er learned that Ning Fan was currently painting by the banks of the Bian River.

"Uncle Ning is painting by the Bian River?" Zhao Die'er was quite surprised. In her impression, Ning Fan seemed to only know how to drink wine and admire plum blossoms.

When she arrived at the Bian River bank and found Ning Fan, she indeed saw him standing beside a half-person-high flat blue stone, gazing at an ancient painting.

Ten years of transformation, all in the pursuit of truth, Ning Fan was finally beginning to comprehend truth. True understanding cannot be conveyed by words alone, so Ning Fan infused his realization of truth into his paintings, creating scrolls to grasp truth through this medium.

The ancient painting Ning Fan was looking at was one he obtained from Luo Yun Tribe's Honorable Demon General, Lu Daochen, during his time with the Lu Clan's nine divisions.

The content of the painting depicts the scene of the ancient Heavenly Court's demon general Lu Wu setting out on an expedition in his carriage.

This painting, done by a painter of the ancient Heavenly Court, can turn illusion into reality. Just by stimulating mana, the figures in the painting can materialize.

This painting contains the painter's insight into the truth...

Ning Fan observed the ancient painting for a long time before putting it away, retrieving paper, ink, brush, and inkstone, placing them upon the blue stone, and began to paint.

He knew Zhao Die'er had already arrived, standing by his side, but at this moment, he was focused on his painting and did not acknowledge her. Zhao Die'er did not disturb him either.

Ning Fan's painting skills could only be considered average; far from the highest level in technique. But his paintings contained profound intent, akin to the Dao. In ink wash painting, the most important aspect is the intent.

He painted the landscapes of Bianliang City. Every blade of grass, every tree, had already woven deeply into his heart over the past ten years.

However, he could paint the streets and shops of Bianliang City, but could not convey their bustling noise.

He could paint the Bian River's water but could not make it flow.

He could paint the withered plum trees on both banks but could not make the blossoms bloom...

"Still not enough..."

Ning Fan sighed softly, put down his brush, and gazed silently at the river.

He was still dissatisfied with the painting because he hadn't achieved the incorporation of true essence into it.

Zhao Die'er's beautiful eyes sparkled with surprise as she looked at Ning Fan's paintings.

She naturally did not understand the concepts of true essence, but in her view, Ning Fan's landscape painting skill had undoubtedly reached an extremely high level. Every blade of grass and tree possessed its meaning...

She did not understand why Ning Fan, having painted such an extraordinary masterpiece, would sigh...

"Uncle, are you not satisfied with this painting?" Zhao Die'er didn't address him as Uncle Ning; her tone seemed once again intimate, as it had when she was a child.

"You noticed as well?" Ning Fan smiled.

"Hehe, Uncle, your brows are almost knit together. How could Die'er not notice?"

Zhao Die'er smiled sweetly, suddenly had an idea. Her face blushed as she lowered her head, pleading with Ning Fan,

"Uncle, could you teach Die'er to paint? Die'er wants to learn..."

"Isn't your aspiration to become a Barbarian Monk? Why not study the Barbarian Sutra, and instead, you come to me to learn painting. Don't you want to become a Barbarian Monk anymore?" Ning Fan said with a smile.

"No, Die'er's aspiration is still to be a Barbarian Monk, and Die'er has already promised Master Manchi..."

Zhao Die'er stopped halfway, sighed softly, and did not continue.

Ning Fan did not press the matter, just looked at Zhao Die'er with interest, untying the wine gourd at his waist, and took a swig.

"Will Uncle teach Die'er to paint? Just five years, Die'er will only bother Uncle for five years, after which Die'er will leave..."

Zhao Die'er's dark eyes gazed at Ning Fan, carrying a hint of earnestness. Her expression also revealed a trace of innocent emotions.

"Alright."

Ning Fan nodded, his gaze passing over the plum blossom at Zhao Die'er's temple, which made him sigh.

Days had passed, and that plum blossom had already withered, yet Zhao Die'er still wore it on her head.

Grown up, have you...

From this day onward, whenever Zhao Die'er had free time, she would come to Ning Fan to learn painting.

By the blue stone beside the Bian River, Ning Fan was sure to be there, sometimes splashing ink, sometimes silently pondering.

In the eleventh year, Ning Fan finally painted a flowing river.

Year twelve, on the barren plum branches painted by Ning Fan, a few red plums unexpectedly bloomed.

Year thirteen, in Ning Fan's painting of the marketplace, a faint sound of clamor started to emerge.

Year fourteen, Ning Fan began painting flying dragons, strange beasts, and various creatures amidst mountains and seas.

Year fifteen, Ning Fan started painting people.

In his paintings, there were many people, including beloved faces, relatives, and enemies.

All memories were infused into the Dao by Ning Fan, painted onto paper without deliberately seeking truth, yet gradually, true Dao resonance emerged in the paintings.

It had been fifteen years since arriving in Bianliang, the Seven-Colored Arrow Spirit had already been refined by Ning Fan twice.

The mist on the True Bridge could no longer obscure Ning Fan's sight. For the first time in fifteen years, Ning Fan felt the call of the Zhenhuan River.

That night, Ning Fan sat cross-legged in meditation in his room.

His physical body remained at home, but his Spirit suddenly rose with a storage pouch, soaring into the night sky of Bianliang.

Only to see the figure of the Spirit flicker, actually tearing open a gap in the night sky, stepping in and vanishing into the night of Bianliang.

Any Master breaking through the bottleneck of Enlightenment requires their Spirit to depart the body and enter the Inner Heavenly Dao.

At this moment, Ning Fan's Spirit was inside the Inner Heavenly Dao, and before his eyes lay a river that seemed to blur between reality and illusion.

Ning Fan stood on the southern bank of the river, where it was barren. The northern bank was lush with green grass; crossing to the northern bank would achieve success in breaking through the Crossing Truth Realm.

The river was called the Zhenhuan River, shrouded in mist that seemed real and illusory. Now, Ning Fan's gaze could pierce through parts of the mist.

The True Bridge over the Zhenhuan River was not just one but countless. With his current true progress, he could see three thousand True Bridges among the river's mist.

These three thousand True Bridges lacked a suitable True Bridge for the Execution Path crossing...

"The True Bridges over the Zhenhuan River have existed since the formation of the Heavenly Dao... Zhenhuan River cannot support even a feather, impossible to fly over, swim across, or sail. Only by stepping onto a bridge can one cross the river... Reaching the northern bank means successful enlightening. Whatever great journey one cultivates, they must cross its corresponding bridge..."

"Now, I can see three thousand True Bridges over the Zhenhuan River; these encompass most of the Four Heavens' major paths, yet, they lack the True Bridge of the Execution Path..."

"No cultivator entering the Inner Heavenly Dao to enlighten will be disturbed from outside, but it's extremely difficult to access the Inner Heavenly Dao. I spent fifteen years in transformation before entering once..."

"Any cultivator has only nine opportunities to cross bridges... Now, I can't see the existence of the True Bridge of the Execution Path, fearing I cannot enlighten..."

"A pity..."

As night passed, Ning Fan's Spirit exited the Inner Heavenly Dao and returned to his body. Attempting to enter the Inner Heavenly Dao was now impossible.

The next morning, Zhao Die'er came looking for Ning Fan to learn painting. She was already fifteen, with her coming-of-age ceremony only three days away.

She came not only to learn painting but also to inform Ning Fan that she was about to come of age.

For an ordinary girl, coming of age means reaching adulthood and the prospect of marriage soon.

But for Zhao Die'er, coming of age meant a lifetime accompanying the lamplight, forever leaving Bianliang City.

She did not wish to marry, her dream was to become a Barbarian Monk to protect vulnerable Stone Warriors harmed by Barbarian Beasts.

In Bianliang City, many noble families sought her hand, but Zhao Boyang refused them all.

Zhao Boyang was not an ordinary person, understanding his daughter's great aspirations, and naturally supported her wholeheartedly.

The only difficulty was, to become a Barbarian Monk, she must travel to a city with flourishing Barbarian Temples to learn Barbarian Techniques. Bianliang City had just one Barbarian Monk, whose cultivation level was weak, unable to help disciples perceive the Barbarian Technique Incense Flame...

"Uncle, Die'er is about to come of age and soon leave Bianliang... Will you miss Die'er..."

Zhao Die'er stood beside Ning Fan, looking at the snowy landscape, and softly asked.

In the fifteenth year, small snowflakes fell upon Bianliang, and the red plums bloomed in the snow.

Ning Fan drank wine and painted in the snow, as he deliberately altered his appearance, his temples were touched by frost.

Zhao Die'er watched the familiar silhouette, gazed at the familiar Bian River scene, her heart felt slightly sour, tinged with reluctance.

She had grown up, but uncle was beginning to age...

She had finally come of age and was set to leave her hometown and strive to become a Barbarian Monk, yet she felt a touch of reluctance...

"Not at all. Die'er leaves without worry, Uncle won't miss you." Ning Fan smiled.

"Liar! I don't believe it!"

Zhao Die'er stuck out her tongue, refusing to believe Ning Fan would not miss her.

"...Uncle, if Die'er becomes a Barbarian Monk, she can never marry in this lifetime. Uncle, could you grant Die'er a small wish..." Zhao Die'er cautiously asked.

"What wish?"

"Uncle, can you accompany Die'er to wear wedding clothes once, eat wedding cake once, sit in a wedding boat once, and release a wedding lantern once... Consider it fulfilling Die'er's little wish before she leaves..."

"No."

"Why... Uncle never refuses Die'er's requests, why refuse this time..." Zhao Die'er sighed in disappointment.

Ning Fan did not answer, only took a sip of spiritual wine, put down the lake brush, and gazed intently at a tree of red plum blossoms.

"You're stingy..." Zhao Die'er muttered softly, her cheeks suddenly flushed, full of redness.

It was because Ning Fan picked a red plum blossom, gently placed it on her temple, and smiled, "This plum blossom will be your coming-of-age gift. I have matters to attend to these days and probably won't make it to your coming-of-age ceremony..."

"Uncle won't attend Die'er's coming-of-age ceremony..." As soon as Ning Fan spoke, Zhao Die'er, who was initially a little shy, immediately became disappointed.

"Maybe I will, maybe I won't. After all, the remains of the Sui Nian Barbarian Beast are not so easy to find..." Ning Fan smiled helplessly.

"Sui Nian Barbarian Beast... What kind of barbarian beast is that..." Zhao Die'er's beautiful eyes were full of confusion.

"I'll tell you in the future..."

During those three days, Ning Fan was not at home but had left the city. Zhao Die'er tried to find Ning Fan but couldn't. Upon hearing that Ning Fan had left the city, she couldn't help but be full of worry.

The Bian Liang Barbarians know how to make Barbaric God Jade Pendants, and those leaving the city can reduce the chances of being attacked by barbarian beasts by wearing these pendants, but it doesn't guarantee absolute safety.

Zhao Die'er didn't know what Ning Fan went out of the city to do, nor if he took a Barbaric God Jade Pendant with him. She was very worried...

Three days passed, and Ning Fan still had not returned. Today was Zhao Die'er's coming-of-age ceremony.

As the daughter of Zhao Daru, Zhao Die'er's coming-of-age ceremony was naturally very grand, with countless prominent families from Bian Liang attending.

Not only that, even the only Barbarian Monk of Bian Liang, Master Manchi, made an exception to attend Zhao Die'er's coming-of-age ceremony.

Ordinarily, Manchi would not attend the coming-of-age of a common family's daughter, but Zhao Die'er was different. She once sought out Manchi, who evaluated that she had exceptional talent and, with the guidance of a famous monk, would certainly become a renowned monk, benefiting the barbarian wildlands.

Knowing he was not qualified to be Zhao Die'er's teacher, Manchi recommended Zhao Die'er to go to Tianman City to study barbarian techniques.

Tianman City, looking across the whole Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain, is one of the top ten cities!

The barbarian monks there are numerous, and their strength is enough to withstand the attack of any barbarian beast.

"I have used barbarian techniques to inform several friends in Tianman City. The barbarian temple there is also very interested in Zhao Die'er, this naturally talented one... It is even said that this time, people from the Heavenly Barbarian Temple will be sent to Bian Liang to escort her to Tianman City, demonstrating the temple's emphasis on her..." Manchi thought to himself.

The coming-of-age ceremony should have been happy, but Zhao Die'er couldn't be happy as she was still worried about Ning Fan's safety.

She looked dreamily at the guests arriving to congratulate, but among the many, there was not the one she most wanted to see...

"Uncle, where have you gone... Are the things you are doing more important than Die'er's coming-of-age ceremony... Am I not important to you..."

Zhao Die'er sighed softly and suddenly, incredibly, looked up, seemingly sensing something.

After her, Manchi also raised his head, sensing something, looked outside of Zhao Residence, with a trace of fear in his expression.

Outside Zhao Residence, amid the wind and snow, twelve black-framed horses approached through the snow, each mounted by a black-robed monk.

"Hand over Zhao Die'er, or no one inside this residence will survive!"

The guests who came to pay respects quickly sent out servants to find out who dared to make such noise outside Zhao Residence.

But the servants sent to inquire were, without exception, all killed by the twelve black monks, blood splattering in the snow!

"It's the Black Barbarian Monks! The Black Barbarian Monks, who kill without a second thought! Why have they come here!"

Some knowledgeable guests immediately showed expressions of horror.

Among the barbarians, there's a special kind that can harness the power of incense flames to protect all beings, known as Barbarian Monks.

The vast majority of Barbarian Monks take the protection of all beings as their mission, but a few are intent on killing, opposing all beings!

They are the Black Barbarian Monks!

They somehow heard about Zhao Die'er's extraordinary talent and came here today to capture her, forcing her to join the Black Barbarian!

"I will count to ten, and if Zhao Residence doesn't hand over Zhao Die'er by then, I'll lead people inside to kill!"

Among the twelve black monks, the leader, an obscene old man, cackled sinisterly.

However, they did not see in the shadows, a silver-haired little girl was also chuckling mischievously.

Xian Luoli was delighted, it seemed there was another fight coming up!

Chapter 870: Heaven and Earth Without the Bridge of Conviction

Black Barbarian Monks, using Barbarian God Jade Pendants to protect themselves, rampaged through the wilderness, plundering cities as bandits!

Each Black Barbarian Monk is skilled in Barbarian Techniques, knowing how to use these techniques to kill. Together, they can even confront weak Barbarian Beasts!

Right now, the twelve Black Barbarian Monks, full of malice, are all killers of countless people. Under the aura of malice, countless guests inside the Zhao Residence are pale-faced, filled with fear.

Everyone knows these twelve Black Barbarian Monks came for Zhao Die'er, but not a single person dares to speak half a word in her defense.

Some cowardly individuals, who usually go to great lengths to associate with the Zhao Residence, now wish for the Zhao Residence to hand over Zhao Die'er immediately to calm the Black Barbarian Monks' anger.

"So they are Black Barbarian Monks!"

Looking at the dozens of servant corpses in the snow, Zhao Boyang appeared as an angry deity, fearlessly facing the twelve black monks.

While others fear the Black Barbarians, he does not. Having practiced Confucianism all his life and now forty-six, he has already seen through life and death.

He is not one to cling to life or fear death, nor would he hand his own daughter over to the Black Barbarians!

But he also understands that the Black Barbarian Monks are unbelievably powerful. Against ordinary mortals, anyone could easily defeat thousands; even combining all of Bianliang City's mortals might not be a match for these twelve black monks before him...

"Why have you Black Barbarians targeted my daughter! Give me a reason!" Zhao Boyang said in a deep voice.

After years of cultivating his spirit, he possessed a touch of righteous energy in his chest, and his voice was regal, causing the twelve Black Monks to change their expressions slightly.

The leading old monk quickly hid his surprise upon realizing Zhao Boyang was merely an old Confucian scholar, not a barbarian monk, and laughed coldly,

"One!"

He naturally did not bother answering Zhao Boyang's questions and began counting directly.

If the Zhao Residence did not hand over Zhao Die'er within ten breaths, he would definitely lead a massacre of the Zhao Residence and possibly Bianliang!

"Hmph! I will not give my daughter up..."

"Two!"

Still wanting to say something, Zhao Boyang was unfortunately cut off, directly overwhelmed by the old monk's pressure, coughing blood as he fell.

Despite his discontent, he stared at the black monks, knowing that no matter his etiquette and understanding, he was powerless against the Barbarian Monks.

"Father!"

Just as Zhao Die'er wanted to help her father, Master Manchi was already there, helping Zhao Boyang and giving him a Barbarian Medicine Pill to consume.

As the old monk counted 'three', Master Manchi walked past the others, stepping on snow, heading towards the twelve black monks, with a heavy gaze.

"I, Manchi, am a barbarian monk of Bianliang. As long as I am alive, no one is allowed to harm the people of this city!"

"With you?" Several black monks simultaneously showed disdain, and some snorted in contempt.

Manchi's knowledge of Barbarian Techniques was utterly lacking; any of the twelve black monks could easily kill him.

The leading Black Barbarian old monk revealed a cold murderous intent, no longer counting.

Manchi's act of defiance had provoked his killing intent; thus, he intended to massacre the Zhao Residence and abduct Zhao Die'er without mercy!

"Heh heh, my precept blade doesn't kill Barbarian Monks. Since you're here to die, I'll fulfill your wish!"

Swoosh!

The silhouette of the Black Barbarian old monk vanished from his steed, appearing behind Manchi, swinging his blade towards Manchi's back.

The movement was too fast, beyond mortal sight. Even Manchi couldn't clearly see the old monk's actions, feeling the chilling blade at his back!

"So fast!" Knowing his fate, Manchi was desperate.

Yet, unexpectedly, a silver-haired figure, faster than countless Black Barbarian old monks, blocked the precept blade, raising a little hand, shattering the blade into pieces with a snap.

Another flick of the hand, and the previously arrogant Black Barbarian old monk was thrown into the snow like a rag doll, crashing heavily onto the ground, dead instantly.

The remaining eleven black monks all changed expressions, looking upon the silver-haired little girl with astonishment.

Zhao Boyang, Manchi, and countless Zhao Residence guests and servants were stunned, even Zhao Die'er was somewhat incredulous.

That silver-haired little girl was none other than Ning Fan's nominal daughter, Ning Xianxian!

This little girl was formidable, managing to kill a Black Barbarian Monk in one move!

"Hehe, father told me not to hit Bianliang citizens or Barbarian beasts, but he never said I couldn't hit these outsider bad monks."

"Oh my! How come I'm so strong, instantly killing a bad monk!"

Xian Luoli opened her little mouth, disbelieving.

Just two years ago, her memory losses increased as her Thunder Body evolved, and gradually she no longer remembered who Little Qianqian was.

Gradually, she forgot her past relationship with Ning Fan, truly seeing Ning Fan as 'father', herself as Ning Xianxian, and Liu Yan as 'mother'.

She also gradually forgot her past greatness, having not fought for years, killing a bad monk in one go scared her...

"If father knows I killed someone, would he spank me..." Xian Luoli shivered.

Though Ning Fan had never spanked her, she had seen neighbor's kids getting spanked, and it looked quite painful...

"You... who are you! Dare to obstruct the Black Barbarians' affairs, do you wish to die! All together, kill this demon girl!"

A black monk summoned courage, shouting first, descending from his horse. The others followed suit, drawing blades, charging at Xian Luoli.

"...This time, strike gently..."

Xian Luoli cautiously swung her powdery fist, immediately releasing an invisible thunder force, sending one of the fastest-charging black monks flying.

The black monk crashed into the wall, collapsing a long section of earthen wall, kicked his legs, and died...

"Again... killed another bad monk. Finished, father will surely punish me heavily!"

Xian Luoli wore a mournful expression, and the remaining ten black monks looked terrified, their faces pale as they turned around on horseback to flee.

They were truly frightened by Xian Luoli. From the power Xian Luoli displayed, killing them would be child's play! It's not safe to stay here long; we must retreat!

Xian Luoli didn't pursue them, her little face full of worry, afraid she'd accidentally kill someone again.

Liu Yan appeared beside Xian Luoli without her noticing, gently stroking Xian Luoli's little head and comforting her,

"Xianxian, don't be afraid. Your daddy would never punish you..."

"Mom, is what you said true?"

"...I'm not your mom..."

Liu Yan tenderly brushed her brow with helplessness. She never thought that one day Xian Luoli would be confused enough to mistake her for her mother...

Thinking back on the fifteen years she'd pretended to be Ning Fan's wife made her blush with embarrassment.

She glanced mockingly at the ten black monks who had fled.

Liu Yan didn't believe these black monks could escape, for she clearly felt Ning Fan had returned.

In front of the ten black monks as they galloped on the snowy path, a figure in white suddenly appeared out of the night.

He stood there in the cold, snowy night, blocking the ten black monks, his face calm as still water, but a glint of coldness flashed in his eyes.

He was Ning Fan, who had returned.

Zhao Die'er had grown up before his eyes, and he regarded her as a junior. These black barbarian monks dared to target Zhao Die'er and kill at the Zhao Residence; they must pay!

Despite the transformation, when it was supposedly unwise to use cultivation, Ning Fan insisted on taking the lives of these black monks here!

No one saw how he struck, but all ten black monks' heads flew high, blood gushing like springs from their necks.

The startled horses scattered in every direction, while the bodies of the ten black monks fell to the ground, staining the white snow with black blood...

"Black blood..." Ning Fan furrowed his brows slightly, capturing a soul imperceptible to mortals and destroying this soul remnant.

Without saying much else, he walked past the bodies of the monks and entered the Zhao Residence.

At this moment, all the people at the Zhao Residence were dumbfounded.

Barbarian monks, who could contest with barbarian beasts, were formidable monks. No matter how high a mortal martial artist's internal strength or skills, they shouldn't be a match for barbarian monks. Yet, Xian Luoli and Ning Fan killed barbarian monks as if they were ants. This scene was incredibly shocking...

Zhao Boyang was too shocked to speak. He never imagined that Ning Fan, whom he had known for fifteen years, was such a formidable figure.

Zhao Die'er was equally surprised and speechless. She never knew that Ning Fan, who only drank, admired plum blossoms, and painted, was so powerful...

Barbarian Fool stared at Ning Fan in disbelief. In the fifteen years, Ning Fan's appearance had changed considerably, yet he recognized him at a glance.

This person had once visited the Bian Liang Barbarian Temple! That year, while he was carving a savage figure, this person's mere gaze rendered him immobile...

Ning Fan walked up to Zhao Die'er with a smile, taking out a pendant made of a barbarian beast bone and handing it to Zhao Die'er.

"This is the coming-of-age gift your uncle found for you. Take it. Soon, you'll be leaving Bian Liang for Tianman City. This bone pendant will ensure your safety along the way."

Ning Fan then looked at Zhao Boyang and his wife with a touch of nostalgia.

"Brother Boyang, I've heard you and your family will soon be moving to Tianman City. These two bone pendants are my token of appreciation; please accept them."

"I've been in Bian Liang for fifteen years, but today I used my cultivation to kill, and this transformation cannot continue. It's time I leave Bian Liang and explore the mountains and rivers in other barbarian cities..."

Bowing to Zhao Boyang, Ning Fan sighed, taking Liu Yan and Xian Luoli with him as he left the Zhao Residence, heading off into the distance.

"Junior Brother Ning, where do you intend to go!" Zhao Boyang was shocked, never expecting that after slaying the black monks, Ning Fan would leave, departing Bian Liang.

Zhao Die'er, too, paled, forgetting her maidenly reserve as she ran to catch up with Ning Fan.

"Uncle, why are you leaving Bian Liang? Where are you going... are you going to abandon Die'er..."

"Uncle is leaving Bian Liang to reflect on the past fifteen years. Aren't you about to leave Bian Liang too... we will all be going our separate ways..."

"Since Uncle is leaving Bian Liang, why not go to Tianman City with Die'er!" Zhao Die'er looked at Ning Fan hopefully.

"Uncle will visit Tianman City, but not right now... Die'er must strive to become a powerful barbarian monk..."

Ning Fan smiled, gently stroking Zhao Die'er's silky hair, his gaze soft. To him, Zhao Die'er would always be that little girl.

He plucked a red plum blossom and placed it in Zhao Die'er's hair, whispering a few words in her ear before leaving.

In a few days, the Zhao Residence would leave Bian Liang, relocating to Tianman City, and Ning Fan planned to depart as well.

Every blade of grass and tree in Bian Liang had etched itself into his heart, but he wished to see more barbarian cities.

The three jade pendants gifted to the Zhao family were crafted from the bones of a Sui Nian Barbarian Beast that had fallen years ago.

Each of the three barbarian bone jade pendants had Great Divine Power, guaranteeing the family's safety with ease.

Zhao Die'er stood in the snow, carefully holding the barbarian bone jade pendant in her hands.

Her nose tingled with a touch of sadness, a bit of reluctance, yet also with hope, with anticipation.

As Ning Fan departed, the words he left behind lingered in her ears.

"When Die'er becomes a powerful barbarian monk, Uncle will surely come to Tianman City to see you... definitely..."

Zhao Die'er placed the barbarian bone jade pendant against her heart, her beautiful eyes gradually filling with determination.

Becoming a barbarian monk was her dream, and she would work hard for this dream, not disappointing Ning Fan's expectations...

...

The snow continued relentlessly. Ning Fan walked with his hands behind him through the snow, trailed by Liu Yan and Xian Luoli, leaving Bian Liang City behind, following the main road, heading into the distance.

The vast snowstorm seemed like a fog, making it impossible to see through the night at a glance.

Ning Fan's gaze momentarily became blank, as if he wasn't watching the snowstorm, but the thick mist on Zhenhuan River...

Mist, it's all mist... The existence of this primitive and wild place is in itself like a mist...

The existence of the four heavens and nine worlds also seems to be shrouded in a layer of mist...

The Great Dao of Yin and Yang is likewise yet another layer of mist...

The closer Ning Fan gets to Enlightenment, the less he perceives what is true. As he nears the Dao, the less he sees its form...

"Is there truth in the world..."

Ning Fan looked up to the snowy sky and uttered a heart-felt question.

This question, Liu Yan, whose cultivation was still low, could not comprehend, and the memory-confused Xian Luoli certainly didn't understand.

Ning Fan seemed to be asking his own heart, yet also appeared to be questioning the Great Dao of Yin and Yang; the only response was the increasingly fierce sound of wind and snow.

No one answered, nor did he hope for anyone to answer, he simply continued walking into the vast snow, his figure disappearing.

Ning Fan did not know that when he posed this question, a demon spirit suddenly broke through Zhenhuan River, showing shock on its face.

That demon spirit was the River Demon of Zhenhuan River, having inhabited the river since the formation of the Heavenly Dao.

Though his cultivation wasn't high, he possessed spirit awareness rather than life; his life was long-lasting; he had witnessed countless Masters cross the True Bridge and numerous others fall into Zhenhuan River, failing Enlightenment...

His existence was to comply with the decree of the Immortal Emperor, obstructing Masters with Illusory Art during their Enlightenment in Dreamland Realm.

In his lifetime, he had seen Zhenhuan River's water reverse flow forty-seven times; just now, the forty-eighth reverse flow appeared!

"Someone in Dreamland Realm almost saw through the illusion of heaven and earth!"

"This person likely hasn't gone through Enlightenment yet and is not a True Immortal; otherwise, Zhenhuan River would not just have reversed flow, but would have destroyed countless True Bridges!"

"A Master, yet to experience Enlightenment, can faintly see through the illusion of Dreamland Realm... This person is extraordinary, but who could it be..."

Gradually, the River Demon's shocked expression faded as he sank back to the river's depths, unbidden, a vision of Ning Fan emerged in his mind.

"On that day, a junior went through Enlightenment, the first time entering the inner Heavenly Dao, able to see three thousand True Bridges, an exceptionally rare feat through ancient and modern times..."

"Could he be the one causing Zhenhuan River to reverse flow..."

...

Ten days later, the Barbarian Temple of Tianman City dispatched seven Barbarian Monks to escort the entire Zhao Family to Tianman City.

Along the way, the convoy encountered several Barbarian Beast attacks, but strangely, these attacks all halted midway.

Any Barbarian Beast attempting to attack the convoy was intimidated by an invisible Calamity Thought, not daring to move recklessly!

This Calamity Thought came from the Barbarian Bone Jade Pendant of Zhao Boyang's family, which contained the Calamity Thought Divine Ability planted by Ning Fan!

Ten days later, Ning Fan and his party traveled along the official road to the ruins of Qufu City from back in the day.

A month later, Ning Fan and his group arrived at a Barbarian Valley, where they found a camp of Black Barbarian Monks and completely massacred them.

These Black Barbarian Monks were the very ones who previously sent people to capture Zhao Die'er, and Ning Fan would not leave loose ends.

Another half month passed, and Ning Fan arrived at a Barbarian City named Yuan City, where he stayed for half a month.

Afterwards, he traveled to the next Barbarian City...

The twenty-first year of his transformation, Ning Fan refined the third Seven-Colored Arrow Spirit.

In the twenty-eighth year, Ning Fan refined the fourth Seven-Colored Arrow Spirit and re-entered the inner Heavenly Dao.

This time, from within the Heavenly Dao, he saw twelve thousand True Bridges, but unfortunately, none were the True Bridge of Execution Path that he could cross.

Once again, he retreated from the inner Heavenly Dao, failing to undergo Enlightenment.

Fortunately, as long as he hadn't stepped on a True Bridge, it didn't count as a failed Enlightenment, so it wasn't a major issue.

In the thirty-fifth year, Ning Fan refined the fifth Seven-Colored Arrow Spirit.

In the forty-second year, Ning Fan refined the sixth Seven-Colored Arrow Spirit.

In the forty-ninth year, the last Seven-Colored Arrow Spirit was refined by Ning Fan.

The cultivation progress of War Yin and Yang had already reached one hundred percent, already initially completed, sealed by Ning Fan, and could be unsealed at any time, like Rain Yin and Yang.

But this was not a complete achievement... Only when Ning Fan possessed Late Stage Enlightenment cultivation could he completely absorb the power of Rain Yin and Yang and War Yin and Yang.

The Spiritual Wine brewed with the Dao-Seeking Fruit had all been consumed by Ning Fan.

Ning Fan's appearance resembled a man nearing seventy years of age, and to accompany Ning Fan's transformation, Liu Yan also transformed into an elderly woman.

Only Xian Luoli consistently maintained her childlike appearance.

Over forty-nine years, Xian Luoli had consumed ninety percent of Ning Fan's shattered thunder, yet the complete evolution of Thunder Body remained a distant prospect.

Her memory grew increasingly chaotic; she even forgot who Liu Yan was, forgot her own name was Xian Xian, but alone remembered that Ning Fan was 'father.'

Every morning upon waking, Xian Luoli would forget everything and bewilderedly say to Ning Fan, "Father, who am I..."

"You are Xian Xian..."

"Father, who is she..."

"She is Liu Yan..."

"Father, I'm hungry..."

"Eat these Thunder Pills."

The Thunder Pills were refined by Ning Fan with shattered thunder and lightning power, sweet in taste, and much loved by Xian Luoli.

In the past, Ning Fan wouldn't go to such lengths to concoct pills for a stranger like Xian Luoli, but after years of being together, he had developed deep feelings for Xian Luoli.

In his life, he had no children, and Xian Luoli seemed to have truly become like a daughter to him.

However, Ning Fan knew that once Xian Luoli's Thunder Body Evolution was complete, she would regain her memories and become the Shedding Void Realm old monster again...

The 'father-daughter bond' between him and Xian Luoli probably wouldn't last long.

The Seven Paths Seven-Colored Spirit Arrows had all been refined by Ning Fan.

Ning Fan walked out of Barbarian City and came to an uninhabited Barbarian Valley, settling there, waiting for the next opportunity to enter the Inner Heavenly Dao and make a breakthrough in Enlightenment!

This time, Ning Fan was confident he could pierce through all fogs and see all the True Bridges!

He was determined to find the True Bridge of Execution Path among those True Bridges, to enter the Realm of True Crossing!

In the fiftieth year, Ning Fan finally heard the call of the Zhenhuan River for the third time and successfully entered the Inner Heavenly Dao.

This time, Ning Fan did not enter the Inner Heavenly Dao with just his Spirit but directly with his entire physical body!

Since the formation of the Heavenly Dao, only forty-seven people had accomplished such a feat. Ning Fan was the forty-eighth to do so!

When he once again came to the bank of the Zhenhuan River, he finally pierced through all the illusory mist and saw the 108,000 True Bridges above the Zhenhuan River!

108,000 True Bridges, 108,000 Great Daos, yet among them, there was none...

Few knew that above the Zhenhuan River, there was no Bridge of Execution Path!

"No Execution Bridge on the True River! How could it be!"

Ning Fan's eyes showed slight surprise as he suddenly recalled Sparrow God Kidd's warning from years ago, advising him not to pursue Enlightenment.

No Execution Bridge on the True River... Could this be the reason Sparrow God Kidd advised him against it!

Ning Fan walked to the edge of the Zhenhuan River, gazing at the rolling waters with an extremely grave look.

Without a bridge, this river couldn't be crossed at all, touching the water would mean failure to attain Enlightenment...

"Haha! To think a junior like you whose path is Execution, a path beyond the heavens, would vainly attempt Enlightenment! It's truly laughable to an old man like me!"

A disdainful laugh suddenly came from the Xuan Yin Treasure.

Ning Fan raised his palm and summoned a sealed bow from the Xuan Yin Treasure, a cold gleam in his eyes.

The one mocking him was the sealed bow—Ancestral Bow Spirit, taken from Dulongzi's hands back then!

Though sealed, unable to make any sound, the Bow Spirit could still connect with Ning Fan's heart spirit through a sliver of spiritual awareness...

"As lonely as snow, this old man is truly lonely as snow, being captured by a junior who can't achieve Enlightenment!"

"Junior, with your cultivation unable to transcend, you cannot afford to provoke the True Dragon Race. The old man advises you to release me swiftly, and find seven or eight thousand beautiful women to serve me. I can put in a good word for you before the Immemorial Dragon Race, so they may spare your life!"

The Ancestral Bow Spirit spoke in a tone full of ancient and autumnal arrogance; having once followed the Ancestral Dragon in battles, vanquishing countless Eternal Old Freaks, it naturally held its head high.

Even as a captive of Ning Fan, it spoke with boundless arrogance.

Unfortunately, is Ning Fan someone a sealed Bow Spirit can easily provoke... this Bow Spirit seems unaware of its plight as a prisoner...

"Noisy!"

Ning Fan wasn't one to be courteous with the Bow Spirit; he directly flicked his finger, and the black-red Barbarian Flash Power immediately invaded the Ancestral Bow, crackling and causing havoc.

Immediately, the Ancestral Bow Spirit let out a pig-like scream, begging for mercy like it was crying for its parents,

"Spare my life, mighty hero! The little bow will no longer dare to speak nonsense!"

"Quickly remove the Barbarian Flash, otherwise, the Bow Spirit's form will be critically damaged!"

"I'll call you grandfather, I'll call you grandfather, alright, just stop!"

"...I've seen the Ancestral Dragon create a True Bridge! I'll tell you the method to build a Bridge of Execution Path for Enlightenment! Just let me go!"

Upon hearing the last sentence from the Ancestral Bow, Ning Fan halted the Barbarian Flash, a gleam of light flashing in his eyes as he looked at the Ancestral Bow in his hand.

Create a bridge? Yes, if there's no Bridge of Execution on the Zhenhuan River, I will simply create one. What does it matter?!

This Zhenhuan River, it must be crossed!

"Tell me, what must be done to create a Bridge of Execution Path! If your answer doesn't satisfy me, you know the consequences!"

Ning Fan's icy words fell into the ears of the Ancestral Bow, immediately causing it to tremble involuntarily.

As lonely as snow, it, the dignified spirit of the Ancestral Bow, how could it have fallen into the hands of this star of misfortune who knows no bounds...

And building a bridge... Is creating a True Bridge so easy... What it said about having seen the Ancestral Dragon build a True Bridge was but three parts truth, seven parts lies.

When the Ancestral Dragon reached Enlightenment, it faced many difficulties. It considered taking a shortcut to build a True Bridge; however, the bridge construction failed. It eventually had to settle for many years of bitter cultivation before finding its True Bridge and succeeded in Enlightenment...

A True Bridge can only be built by an Immortal Emperor who opens the heavens and establishes the Heavenly Dao. Ning Fan is not an Immortal Emperor; it's simply impossible for him to build a bridge successfully over the Zhenhuan River...

"Uh... the little bow just spoke nonsense earlier; in fact, there's no method for constructing True Bridges in this world..." the Ancestral Bow Spirit cautiously replied.

"Not speaking the truth, huh..." Ning Fan's eyes chilled, and he unleashed another Barbarian Flash Jiguang.

Immediately, the Ancestral Bow let out pig-like howls once again, filled with grievances.

"This time, the little bow is speaking the truth! The previous words were nonsense! There really isn't a method for constructing True Bridges in this world!"

"Spare my life! Mighty hero, spare my life! Quickly stop the Barbarian Flash!"

"...Mighty hero can search my bow soul to see if the little bow is lying! Mighty hero has demon spiritual qi inside; the little bow can teach you the True Dragon Race's highest secret technique—Reverse Spirit Technique! In the entire True Dragon Race, only a few ancestors are qualified to cultivate this technique. With this technique, you can search the little bow's bow soul and know that the little bow truly wasn't lying!"

Hearing this, Ning Fan's eyes once again shifted slightly; he stopped the Barbarian Flash, muttering,

"Reverse Spirit Technique... the True Dragon Race's highest secret technique..."