

Grasping 871

Chapter 871: The Barbarian Ox's Roar Strikes Fear into the Messenger of the Heavenly Dao

The Reverse Spirit Technique is a divine skill that reverses spiritual energy flow and enhances perception. It is one of the highest secret techniques of the True Dragon Race. Across the entire True Dragon Race, there are only a few individuals qualified to cultivate this technique, and Ancestor Dulong is one of them.

Ning Fan has heard of the reputation of this technique. Besides enhancing perception, another ability of the Reverse Spirit Technique is to assist with soul searching.

If one masters the Reverse Spirit Technique, it can read memories without damaging the other's spirit awareness. Ordinary Soul Searching Techniques cannot read artifact spirit memories, but the Reverse Spirit Technique can easily accomplish this.

Upon hearing the Candle Bow intends to teach him this technique, he immediately glances deeply at the Ancestral Bow Spirit.

If Ning Fan could master the Reverse Spirit Technique, he could once again strengthen his spirit sense perception, and the range of the Ice Rain Technique perception would once again increase. Ning Fan is very interested in this technique.

However, the timing of the Ancestral Bow Spirit offering to teach the Reverse Spirit Technique is somewhat abrupt... It seems to be intended to allow Ning Fan to soul search him without damaging spirit awareness, yet gives Ning Fan a feeling of insincerity...

"Are you sure you want to teach me this technique?" Ning Fan asked, thoughtfully.

The azure glow flickered in his eyes, seeming to see through all the thoughts of the Bow Spirit. The Ancestral Bow Spirit's heart felt empty, and he smiled apologetically.

"Sure, of course! If you learn the Reverse Spirit Technique, you will naturally be able to soul search Little Bow, and find out if Little Bow is lying."

After speaking, the Bow Spirit actually used heart spirit connection to teach Ning Fan the cultivation method of the Reverse Spirit Technique, while nervously calculating other matters...

The calculation is for the escape plan!

"On that day, this star of misfortune pointed at me, planting ten layers of sealing prohibition within my body. That prohibition connects to a great trend. With my divine skills, I simply cannot break it..."

"But my spiritual body is extremely special. If he uses the Reverse Spirit Technique to soul search me, I can absorb some reverse spiritual energy, weakening the seal within my body... As long as these ten layers of seal are weakened, I have a good chance of breaking the seal and escaping from the control of this star of misfortune."

"Ah, if not for the sake of escaping the clutches of this star of misfortune, how could I teach him the Reverse Spirit Technique! All of this is merely a step in my escape plan."

"As a dignified Candle Bow Spirit, to escape, I am indeed plotting against a junior, hehe, my life is truly lonely as snow."

The Bow Spirit imagines his escape plan, unaware that his motive for teaching the Reverse Spirit Technique has aroused a bit of suspicion in Ning Fan...

However, since he has freely obtained a secret technique of the True Dragon Clan, there is naturally no reason to abandon learning it.

Without revealing the Bow Spirit's thoughts, Ning Fan slightly organizes the information about the Reverse Spirit Technique he has obtained, and regardless, begins cultivating the Reverse Spirit Technique at the True Fantasy Riverbank.

The difficulty of cultivating the Reverse Spirit Technique is not high, divided into seven levels. The first level is easiest to cultivate, requiring only the possession of spirit wheels and the cultivation of demon spiritual qi within to succeed.

But starting from the second level, this technique increasingly demands higher cultivation of demon spiritual qi. With Ning Fan's cultivation comparable to the Human Profound Initial Stage, he can only barely achieve the second level of the Reverse Spirit Technique.

The first level of the Reverse Spirit Technique can double spirit sense perception ability.

The second level of the Reverse Spirit Technique can quadruple spirit sense perception ability.

Only half a day has passed, and Ning Fan has cultivated the second level of the Reverse Spirit Technique. Upon completing the second level, Ning Fan clearly feels that while his spirit sense realm hasn't elevated, his perception ability has surpassed past strengths several times over!

"If my demon spiritual qi reaches the Crossing Truth Realm, I can achieve the third level of the Reverse Spirit Technique, resulting in another surge in spirit sense perception..."

"The demon spiritual qi requires refining illusory power through spirit wheels for cultivation... The illusory power here is not weak, but alas, I cannot linger here long. Otherwise, if I were to retreat here for several decades, it might make the demon spiritual qi breakthrough to the Crossing Truth Realm..."

Ning Fan gazes at the waters of Eastflow River, pondering slightly. The Ancestral Bow Spirit in his hand then seems to casually remind,

"Hero? Are you not going to soul search Little Bow's soul? See if Little Bow is lying?"

"You are very eager for me to soul search you? Normally, people resist having their soul searched by others, yet you are quite eager..." Ning Fan asked expressionlessly.

"Uh..." The Bow Spirit's words stumbled, feeling somewhat guilty.

"Fine, you painstakingly taught me the Reverse Spirit Technique, so I shall soul search you as you wish!"

Ning Fan reverse flows spiritual energy, points his finger at the Ancestral Bow, which transforms into the phantom image of a hunched old man, covered in black-red sealing prohibitions.

Then, he grabs with one hand, directly pressing onto the old man's Tian Ling, and performs the Reverse Spirit Soul Search Technique.

Even though it was a soul search, the hunched old man felt an incredibly comfortable sensation, all over, three hundred million pores fully relaxed, enjoying the soul search process, his face revealing a sordid, delighted smile.

"Ah, the feeling of being soul searched by the Reverse Spirit Technique is truly delightful!"

"The seal within my body has weakened a bit; while this star of misfortune searches my memories, I must swiftly break the seal!"

The ten layers of seal within his body have been reduced, the Bow Spirit naturally won't hold back and starts secretly breaking the seals within.

Unfortunately, these little tricks did not escape Ning Fan's eyes.

Ning Fan didn't reveal anything, allowing the Bow Spirit to arrogantly break the seal while he carefully reads the Bow Spirit's memories.

This Bow Spirit was once the spirit of a demon bow called 'Candle Bow.' The Candle Bow was quite renowned, before the Four Heavens were established, it was the magical treasure of 'Ancestor Dragon Zhuli.'

Ancestor Dragon Zhuli founded the True Dragon Race, as the common ancestor of later Dragon Ancestors, but before the formation of the Four Heavens, he perished in a battle at a mysterious place called 'Sky Desolate Ancient Realm...'

The Candle Bow was also destroyed with Ancestor Dragon Zhuli at the battle in the Sky Desolate Ancient Realm, only a trace of the Bow Spirit managed to survive, lingering until now.

What Ning Fan captured was this trace of the Candle Bow Spirit, still surviving damage, with incomplete memories, unable to extract much ancient knowledge from its memories.

Moreover, some parts of the Bow Spirit's memories are deliberately sealed... those are self-imposed seals by the Bow Spirit, sealing memories Ning Fan should not obtain.

Those memories include its escape plan and other matters...

Ning Fan attempted to break the memory seal within the Candle Bow but failed. His level of mastery in the Reverse Spirit Technique is still too low...

Despite the failure to break the seal, Ning Fan still glimpsed some memory fragments from the sealed memories of the Candle Bow.

Among those memory fragments, there was the Bow Spirit's attempt to break the seal and escape, as well as other memories.

One memory fragment is the scene where Ancestor Dragon Zhuli solemnly instructs the Candle Bow Spirit at the moment of his death...

"Remember, you must escape back to the True Dragon Race, deliver the key to the next Dragon Lord..."

"The key has been sealed by me, under the Saint, no one can forcibly break the seal. You are my Bow Spirit, thus having the opportunity to break the seal. If future Dragon Lords wish to unlock the key but lack sufficient cultivation, you must offer your remnant spirit to help future Dragon Lords unlock the key... remember, remember..."

Ning Fan's gaze slightly shifts; he didn't expect to obtain such a memory fragment from the Bow Spirit's sealed memories.

The key, another key...

The Ancestral Demon of the East hid a key within the Heaven Suppressing Bell, Ancestor Chaos Grand Emperor hid a key within the Yin Yang Locket, Ancestor Dragon Zhuli left a key for future Dragon Lords...

The key, what could it possibly be!

If I can unravel the memory seal of the Bow Spirit, I might uncover the truth about the key... But with Ning Fan's Reverse Spirit Technique cultivation, hoping to break the seal with his own power is but a distant dream...

And what if I threaten the Bow Spirit to unlock the seal herself...

"Enough, let us put aside the matter of the key for now, and look at the scene from the Bow Spirit's memory, where Ancestor Dragon Zhuli is creating a bridge and crossing truth..."

Ning Fan had a change in thought and began to read another part of the memory. This part of the memory contains the image of a young Ancestor Dragon Zhuli crossing truth.

The Dao cultivated by Ancestor Dragon Zhuli, is a path from beyond the heavens; this path does not belong to the reincarnation established by the Immortal Emperor, and among the eighteen thousand bridges, there is no Dao corresponding to it.

Ancestor Dragon Zhuli tried to create a True Bridge on the True Illusions River, but failed in the endeavor...

With no choice left, Ancestor Dragon Zhuli switched to cultivate other Daos and only then succeeded in crossing truth...

In this world, outside of the Immortal Emperor who created the True Illusions River, no one has ever been able to build a True Bridge on it, not even an Ancestor Dragon.

The Candle Bow Spirit was not lying. It doesn't know how to create a True Bridge, nor has it heard of any cultivator outside the Immortal Emperor who has ever built a True Bridge.

All it knows is that Ancestor Dragon Zhuli's bridge-building plan in those days was a failed bridge-building plan.

"Besides the Immortal Emperor, no one has ever been able to build a True Bridge on the True Illusions River... Am I not an exception either..."

Ning Fan furrowed his brow, staring silently at the continuously flowing waters of the True Illusions River.

No one can create another True Bridge on the True River; they can only cross the True River on the True Bridge left by the Immortal Emperor.

There's no Bridge of Conviction on the True Illusions River, so how should a Dao Upholder like Ning Fan cross the truth?

Should I, like Ancestor Dragon Zhuli, abandon my former Dao and start cultivating other great Daos anew?

Ning Fan closed his eyes, sighed slightly; he cannot let go of the Path of Perseverance because this path is borne out of all the obsessions in his heart.

This path, ingrained with his warmest memories and most sincere feelings, he cannot bear to forsake it.

If he gives up the Path of Perseverance for another Dao to cross truth, he might become a Crossing Truth Realm cultivator, but he would no longer be Ning Fan.

Unable to relinquish the Path of Perseverance means the only option is to give up on crossing truth then? Will his life be stuck at the Crossing Truth Realm, becoming a Ghost Profound Cultivator?

To remain a Ghost Profound seems not too frightening. Even without mana-crossing truth, Ning Fan can still cultivate the Ancient Devil Dao to refine essence and harness the powers of ancient demons; perhaps his Daoist path won't close because of this...

But if he cannot cross truth, Ning Fan won't be able to complete the fourth transformation of the Battle Art nor fulfill the Luo family's entrusted mission. Neither can he cultivate to the Late Stage Enlightenment and achieve the twenty-seven Yin-Yang of Chaos Ring Art, which equates to abandoning the inheritance given by the Ancient Chaos...

Giving up crossing truth would let down the Luo family's entrustment and be unworthy of the Ancient Chaos...

The Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor was willing to shatter his illusionary body to condense a Heavenly Grade Fierce Origin Crystal, to help Ning Fan cultivate Rain Yin Yang, and to train the Chaos Ring Art—can Ning Fan truly forsake the Chaos Ring Art?

Giving up crossing truth seems to preserve the Path of Perseverance but simultaneously, it betrays the inner resolve...

In this way, Ning Fan's Dao Heart would still not rest easy, while preserving the Path of Perseverance, it would indeed leave a crack...

The mountain stands tall, unwavering, hence it's a mountain; perseverance remains unchanged, hence it's perseverance.

Forsaking the Path of Perseverance equals its collapse; giving up crossing truth damages the Dao Heart; forcefully crossing the True River results in failure, and carelessness may even lead to danger to one's life...

This is the quandary that Sparrow God Kidd referred to—the dilemma between the Path of Perseverance and crossing truth...

Ning Fan sighed softly, if his path were not one of perseverance, without attachment in the heart, he could readily discard it and cultivate another, without harming the Dao Heart.

Unfortunately, while Ancestor Dragon Zhuli could nonchalantly switch to cultivate other great Daos, Ning Fan cannot... because he is Ning Fan, because he is a Dao Upholder...

Perhaps, a Dao Upholder would become the least likely to cross truth among all cultivators...

Ning Fan gazed at the mighty river, and a sudden enlightenment dawned upon him.

Crossing truth is ostensibly about crossing the True Illusions River, not unlike advising cultivators to abandon their obsessions and tread on the True Bridge laid by the Immortal Emperor...

Shedding void is still about shedding, still about void, relinquishing inner obsessions, clearing and purifying the Dao Heart is the prerequisite for cultivation success...

Mumbling, because only by shattering obsessions can one cultivate Daoist Thought...

The True Immortal Three Realms—crossing truth, shedding void, mumbling—ultimately all require letting go of obsessions to achieve the so-called True Dao?

If the power of True Dao is obtained after releasing inner obsessions, then is it still true?

"What is truth?"

"Are the one hundred and eighty thousand True Bridges on the True Illusions River the real truth? My heart's persistence is not real?"

"Is there a real truth in this world..."

Ning Fan once again questioned aloud, and this question again caused the waters of the True Illusions River to reverse its flow!

The reversing waters contained a resolute determination, seeking to trace back to its original source, to discover why it exists!

Ning Fan's heart, as if inspired by the reversing waters, yearned to learn from the reversing river and cultivate his own truth!

"These one hundred and eighty thousand True Bridges are the truth established by the Immortal Emperor, not my truth!"

"My truth is solely perseverance; if I abandon perseverance, even when I cross truth, I surely cannot cultivate the genuine True Dao!"

"This True Illusions River, I will traverse; I shall not walk any man-laid True Bridge, I will build a True Bridge with my heart's perseverance!"

"Whether there is real truth in this world matters not to me, my heart holds truth, and that is enough!"

Ning Fan took a deep breath, his gaze unwavering.

Faced with such a dilemma, anyone else's Dao Heart would waver and suffer.

Other Dao Upholders unable to cross truth might choose to forsake the Path of Perseverance...but Ning Fan will not!

Within Ning Fan's nature, there has always been a streak of stubbornness.

Knowing it is impossible, yet still choosing to do it; though there be millions in my way, I shall press on!

He would not give up on Crossing Truth, nor give up on the Path of Perseverance... he was determined to build a Bridge of Conviction on the Zhenhuan River!

Except for the Immortal Emperor, no one had ever been able to build a True Bridge on the Zhenhuan River. It was likely that Ning Fan would fail if he tried to build a bridge, but he insisted on giving it a try!

To give up easily, how could he be willing!

"In the memories of the Candle Bow, when Ancestor Dragon Zhuli created the True Bridge, he divided the entire bridge-building plan into three steps. The first step was to sacrifice billions of demon race residual souls to the True River, using their souls to gather illusionary mist, and using the mist to form a stone bridge. If the stone bridge formed, it was considered the completion of the first step, but this stone bridge was still not the True Bridge. To create the True Bridge, the second step was needed: to strip away the illusions from the stone bridge, leaving only the true Dao. When all illusions fade, the stone bridge will become a True Bridge; the third step is to walk on the True Bridge to cross the True River..."

"Ancestor Dragon Zhuli failed to create the True Bridge during the second step. Though he successfully made a stone bridge, it was not yet a True Bridge and could not cross the Truth. He attempted to complete the second step to transform the stone bridge into a True Bridge but could not completely strip away the illusions and had to abandon the attempt..."

"Though Ancestor Dragon Zhuli failed to build the bridge, his three-step bridge-building process can be a slight reference for me."

"The first step is to create a stone bridge on the Zhenhuan River. To make the stone bridge, one needs to sacrifice billions of residual souls..."

Ning Fan glanced at the Candle Bow in his hand and smiled slightly. The Soul Search was complete, and the bow spirit had exited the human body, reverting to its bow form.

From within this Candle Bow Spirit, he sensed the power of ten billion true dragon dragon soul residuals, which had been condensed into a crystal by the bow spirit...

These souls were originally sacrificial offerings given by the True Dragon Clan to cultivate the bow spirit's spirit body but now conveniently could be used to build a bridge!

At this moment, the bow spirit was desperately trying to break the seals within its body, dreaming of escaping once the seals were broken.

While Ning Fan was conducting the Soul Search, the seals within the bow spirit weakened, and it managed to break through five layers of seals

While Ning Fan was pondering, the bow spirit continued to break through another two layers of seals, leaving only three layers remaining!

"Heh heh! Foolish junior! You would never have thought in your wildest dreams that I taught you the Reverse Spirit Technique only as a means to escape!"

"With only three seals left, in just another half an hour, I'll be able to fully break free and escape this place! Once the seals are broken, with the strength of this old man's spirit body, even if this star of misfortune knows the Ancestral Demon of the East's Heaven Sealing Art, he won't be able to hold me again!"

"Ah, it's been fifty years since this star of misfortune sealed me, and I really do miss the Ancestral Spirit Pool! Back in the day, I lived in the Ancestral Dragon Pool, and every day there would be True Dragon Cultivators capturing female cultivators from the Human race and throwing them into the Ancestral Spirit Pool for my amusement... Heh heh, fifty years without laying a finger on a woman. This time when I return to the Northern Territory, I must have Dulongzi send some beauties so I can thoroughly enjoy myself!"

"There's probably no other artifact spirit in the world that can live as carefree as this old man, basking in beauty's lap, wielding the power to shoot at all... Loneliness like snow, truly, my life is as lonely as snow!"

"Only three seals left, heh heh! Beauties, this old man is coming back soon!"

The bow spirit was lewdly laughing when it suddenly froze, almost spitting out old blood.

Seeing that only three seals were left, Ning Fan casually waved his hand and reinforced the seal.

The reinforced seal now had a whole one hundred and eight layers! Inhumanly sturdy!

Previously, there were only ten layers of seals which the bow spirit couldn't break, and it could only weaken the seals slightly using the Reverse Spirit Technique with a minimal chance of breaking free...

But now, with a hundred and eight layers of seal, even if Ning Fan continued using the Reverse Spirit Technique on the bow spirit to weaken the seal, the bow spirit could no longer seize the opportunity to break free...

"One hundred and eight layers of seals... No!!!"

"Star of misfortune! You despicable and shameless star of misfortune, you've gone too far! The old man was nearly free, and you reinforced the seal! Shameless, shameless!"

The bow spirit's cries of grief and indignation echoed within Ning Fan's heart for a long time.

Of course, Ning Fan had no intention of paying attention to the bow spirit's grief. His gaze turned cold, and with a backward swipe of his hand, he directly activated a Divine Skill, extracting a blood-red crystal of remnant soul power from the bow spirit's spirit body.

This was the soul power crystal formed by ten billion dragon souls, intended to nourish the spirit body, but now this soul power crystal belonged to Ning Fan.

Seeing that Ning Fan not only reinforced the sealing restriction but also took away the soul power crystal used to nourish his spirit body, the bow spirit grew even more indignant, cursing loudly in Ning Fan's heart spirit.

"If you continue cursing, Ning Fan will directly use you to forge a treasure, extinguish you as a bow spirit! I think I can make a pretty good bow!"

Ning Fan's words sank, a killing intent flickered in his eyes.

Within the bow spirit's memories, there was information about the key that might have some use to Ning Fan, so he was spared for now.

But if this bow spirit truly didn't know his place, Ning Fan would not hesitate to discard the intelligence and directly kill this bow spirit.

Feeling Ning Fan's unabashed killing intent, the bow spirit shuddered involuntarily, though indignant, it dared not hurl curses anymore.

"Seal!"

Seeing that the bow spirit was sensible, Ning Fan no longer wasted words with it, and temporarily sealed it, tossing it back into the Xuan Yin Treasure. He decided to first build the bridge to cross the truth, then pry the key's information out of the bow spirit's mouth.

Holding the crystal of remnant souls, Ning Fan looked decisively at the surging river in front of him.

The waters of the Zhenhuan River, previously reversing, had returned to normal and were flowing eastward again.

Ning Fan, seated cross-legged on the riverbank of the Zhenhuan River, waved his hand to cast the crystal of remnant souls, his fingers forming complex seals as he chanted quietly.

Blood-red dragon souls emerged, affected by the ritual, drifting aimlessly out of the crystal, linking head to tail above the Zhenhuan River to form a shimmering blood-red soul bridge.

With a flicker of his palm, the chaotic mist above the illusory soul bridge immediately flowed into it. The illusory soul bridge began to solidify into a blood-red stone bridge, and as time passed, the blood-red gradually transformed into a blue hue.

Half a day later, a blue stone bridge emanating faint dragon roars spanned the Zhenhuan River!

At the moment the blue stone bridge was completed, the River Demon lurking at the bottom of the Zhenhuan River immediately displayed a solemn expression.

"This one actually intends to form a True Bridge on the Zhenuan River, and has actually succeeded in forming a stone bridge... is he intending to break the laws of Crossing Truth of the world..."

No one has ever succeeded in building a True Bridge on the True River, not due to lack of Divine Skills, but because the laws of this world do not permit it...

This Heavenly Dao was established by the Immortal Emperor, these laws were personally set by the Immortal Emperor.

No one can defy the will of the Immortal Emperor to create a True Bridge on the True River, and the River Demon does not believe Ning Fan has the ability to defy the will of the Immortal Emperor.

"Since this demon sat guard by the Zhenhuan River, I've seen a total of forty-seven thousand nine hundred and forty-one Masters attempt to build a bridge on the True River, all of which ended in failure..."

"No one can contend against the Immortal Emperor's will... no one can build a True Bridge on the Zhenhuan River..."

"This one can enter the inner circle of Heavenly Dao with his physical defense, and can make the waters of the Zhenhuan River reverse twice, enough to prove his incredible worth. In the Dreamland Realm, only forty-seven have been able to accomplish such feats, this one is certainly the forty-eighth!"

"But, unfortunately, his Dao is perseverance, and on the True River, there is no such Path of Perseverance... He shall ultimately fail in his bridge-building attempts... unless he abandons his chosen path of perseverance, he will never cross the truth in his lifetime..."

"Crossing Truth, Crossing Truth, that one word 'crossing' inherently includes the meaning of abandoning attachments. Only by letting go of the southern shore, can one reach the northern shore, for there to be gain, there must be loss; to gain, there must be sacrifice, and that is the Dao..."

The River Demon sighed softly, shook his head, and said no more.

Although Ning Fan constructed a stone bridge with a billion dragon souls, the river demon did not believe that Ning Fan could strip the Dao illusion from the stone bridge to create a true bridge.

The stone bridge was not sturdy. Before it became a true bridge, it would surely collapse if someone stepped on it.

A flash of azure glimmered in Ning Fan's eyes as he gazed at the stone bridge in contemplative silence.

He had completed the first step of building the bridge. The second step was to strip away the Dao illusion from the stone bridge.

He had already opened the First Heavenly Gate, possessing the vision of the Unity of Heaven and Man, which made it easy to see through the Dao illusion within the bridge.

But attempting to strip away these Dao illusions was as difficult as ascending to the heavens. As soon as he waved his hand to strip off the first thread of Dao illusion power, he was immediately suppressed by the entire Heavenly Dao!

The Heavenly Dao did not allow any Master outside the Immortal Emperor level to strip away Dao illusions and create a true bridge.

It was as if an awareness from the heavens descended upon Ning Fan, and in an instant, it shook him to the point of vomiting blood and retreating, forcing him to abandon the stripping of the Dao illusions.

At the heart of the Zhenhuan River, a purple-gold vortex suddenly appeared. From within the vortex, a flash of extreme light shot forth a Heavenly Dao Purple Lock, as swift as lightning, binding itself around Ning Fan.

The speed of the purple lock was so quick that Ning Fan had no time to evade.

Once bound by the purple lock, Ning Fan immediately lost his consciousness and sank deep into a series of illusions.

The binding force of the purple lock stemmed from the vortex within the river.

Within Ning Fan's Heart Spirit World, scenes of illusions appeared, perhaps due to his Crossing Truth in the wilderness. The scenes were of the ancient wilderness.

Borrowing the power of these illusions, it seemed Ning Fan returned to the ancient times of the Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain!

Within these illusions, Ning Fan was no longer human but a Barbarian Ox tethered at the foot of Li Mountain by a purple lock.

He was not the only Barbarian Ox tethered here; millions of Barbarian Oxen were bound at this place!

Every Barbarian Ox was shackled with heavy purple-gold chains, lingering at the foot of Li Mountain, hardly able to move.

"Our clan of Barbarian Oxen offended the messenger of the Heavenly Dao and was exiled to the slopes of Li Mountain."

"Each inch of the purple lock matches an inch of the mountain. The weight of this purple lock is comparable to the entire Li Mountain! Bearing this purple lock, we find it impossible to move an inch and gain freedom in this life!"

"Legend has it that when the Yellow River runs clear, fetching one liter of clear water could dissolve the purple lock. If a Barbarian Ox could walk ten thousand miles to the Yellow River, it would hope to break the seal of the purple lock. Alas, the lock is too heavy for any Barbarian Ox to carry it to the Yellow River..."

Countless Barbarian Oxen lamented here, powerless to defy fate.

Only the Barbarian Ox turned Ning Fan remained steadfast in gaze.

"Who would have thought that stripping the Dao illusion would invoke the attack of the Heavenly Dao Purple Lock, even binding my mind, resulting in such an illusion..."

"If I reach the Yellow River and fetch one liter of clear water, can this dissolve the purple lock that binds my heart..."

In a daze, Ning Fan heard Zhao Die'er's song of the wild echoing in his ears.

'Little Barbarian Ox, do not look back, strive for freedom against the heavens. Do not give up until you see the Yellow River, but alas, the Yellow River's waters are not clear...'

Perhaps, even walking ten thousand miles to the shores of the Yellow River, one would not be able to fetch one liter of clear water from its turbid waters, nor dissolve the purple lock and attain freedom...

However, if one does not even attempt, the hope of attaining freedom becomes even fainter...

"Where is the Yellow River?" Ning Fan asked the other Barbarian Oxen.

Hearing Ning Fan's audacious attempt to climb to the Yellow River bound by the purple lock, many Barbarian Oxen smirked, doubting Ning Fan's strength to make such a journey.

Only an old Barbarian Ox informed Ning Fan of the whereabouts of the Yellow River, yet it too doubted Ning Fan's ability to reach it.

The purple lock around Ning Fan was too heavy. Even Crossing Truth Intermediate Stage Masters found it hard to move under its crushing weight.

However, Ning Fan's strength had already surpassed the Crossing Truth Intermediate Stage. Though moving his feet was arduous, he nevertheless managed to take his first step!

Though his steps were slow, they steadily moved northward towards the Yellow River!

"Why, why can this Barbarian Ox withstand the weight of the purple lock!"

"Is he heading for the Yellow River! If he can fetch one liter of clear water from the Yellow River, he can dissolve the purple lock and gain freedom!"

"He actually has a chance to gain freedom! Why can he do it when we cannot!"

Apart from Ning Fan, none of the Barbarian Oxen could bear the weight of the purple lock.

At the summit of Li Mountain, an elderly cultivator at the Initial Stage of Crossing Truth suddenly opened his blood-red eyes in surprise.

"A Barbarian Ox capable of withstanding the power of the Calamity Lock..."

That surprise soon morphed into murderous intent.

The old man grinned, revealing stark white teeth. He was the messenger of the Heavenly Dao, and once heavenly punishment was bestowed, he did not permit anyone to escape it!

"Does this ox intend to reach the Yellow River? Unfortunately, this old man will not give it a chance!"

The old man abruptly stood, with a wave of his hand, conjuring a black-red thunderous force into existence at his palm.

"Heaven's tribulation, descend!"

The black-red thunder was the true Heaven's Tribulation, unlike the Heaven's Tribulation of the later cultivation world!

The old man waved his hand to cast the thunder, and the sky over Li Mountain instantly filled with black-red calamity clouds. The rumbling tribulation thunder directed entirely towards Ning Fan.

The calamity thunder was formidable enough to easily annihilate initial-stage Crossing Truth Masters!

The calamity thunder hadn't even struck Ning Fan when the furious bellow of his Barbarian Ox form shattered it to pieces, extinguishing the lightning!

Ning Fan, transformed into a Barbarian Ox, glared fiercely at the heavens' calamity thunder, his internal calamity blood stirred, projecting a threat far exceeding the tribulation thunder.

With a mere gaze, the calamity clouds throughout the sky instantly shattered. Ning Fan turned back to gaze towards Li Mountain, and with a single glare, forced the Initial Stage Crossing Truth calamity messenger elder to cough up blood and retreat in terror!

"Impossible! How can the lowly Barbarian Clan birth a Taicang Calamity Spirit!"

"I must not provoke it! The strength of this Barbarian Ox surpasses that of this old man. If I provoke it again, this old man will surely die!"

Chapter 872: She Is Not the Red Long Dress

Frightened by Ning Fan's supernatural abilities, the old enforcer dared not attack Ning Fan again.

Not only did he not dare to attack, but the old enforcer also showed a look of terror, immediately flew from the summit of Li Mountain, landed in front of Ning Fan, and half knelt on the ground, bowing three times and nine times to Ning Fan, saying,

"Fan family's enforcer Fan Lianyun, unaware of the identity of the upper realm tribulation sovereign, acted recklessly and offended the tribulation sovereign, please forgive me!"

Even though Ning Fan's current appearance was just a barbarian ox, the old enforcer did not dare to offend Ning Fan in the slightest.

Ning Fan's strength made him fearful, but what terrified him more was Ning Fan's identity as the Taicang Calamity Spirit...

In Fan Lianyun's eyes, Ning Fan, with his calamity blood, was the Taicang Calamity Spirit, an existence he could not afford to offend no matter what!

"Fan family enforcer... upper realm tribulation sovereign..."

Ning Fan pondered over the message in the old enforcer's words, lost in thought.

He had been pulled into the Mind's Illusory Realm by the Heavenly Dao Purple Lock, and the people or things in this illusion were all projections and transformations of the ancient barbaric wilds by the Heavenly Dao, not real existences.

This old enforcer named Fan Lianyun was probably an ancient cultivator from the ancient barbaric wilds...

Everything before him was an illusion. Though it was an illusion, it contained some ancient secrets...

"What is the upper realm tribulation sovereign? What is the Fan family? What is an enforcer?" Ning Fan asked expressionlessly, attempting to extract some ancient secrets from Fan Lianyun's mouth.

"The tribulation sovereign seems to have just awakened the calamity blood and must have many confusions about the barbaric wilds. In the barbaric wilds, any creature that awakens the calamity blood is a Taicang Calamity Spirit and once ascended to the upper realm, becomes an upper realm tribulation sovereign. The Fan family is the largest clan in the barbaric wilds, following the orders of the upper realm tribulation sovereign to lead the barbaric wilds. The creatures of the barbaric wilds are born as slaves, and we, the Fan family cultivators, are all lower realm enforcers, practicing the art of calamity thought, responsible for raising barbaric slaves, and executing punishment... Our Fan family head is the Barbarian Ancestor, who has practiced the calamity technique for a million years, and soon will be able to cultivate calamity blood and become an upper realm tribulation sovereign!" Fan Lianyun replied respectfully.

Ning Fan was slightly silent, his thoughts racing.

"The Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain, was it a place where the upper realm Taicang Calamity Spirit raised barbaric slaves? No wonder this Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain is associated with calamities everywhere, yet seems paradoxical..."

"The Fan family head, is the Barbarian Ancestor, and every sentence in the Barbarian Ancestor Scripture advises the barbarians to be docile, it seems only to raise a batch of docile barbaric slaves for the Taicang Calamity Spirit..."

"Now the Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain has no enforcers or Fan family... Why is this all..."

Ning Fan turned his head, intending to ask Fan Lianyun some more questions, only to see Fan Lianyun's illusory form suddenly disperse little by little, turning into points of light and disappearing...

The Heavenly Dao created the illusion of the ancient barbaric wilds merely to imprison Ning Fan's spirit, to prevent Ning Fan from unraveling the Stone Bridge Path Illusion, and was unwilling for Ning Fan to learn too many ancient secrets.

This was perhaps a kind of protection from the Heavenly Dao for later cultivators... some ancient secrets, if heard by those who haven't reached Enlightenment, would certainly lead to death. Without the corresponding strength, there is simply no qualification to know.

From this moment, it became challenging for Ning Fan to probe ancient secrets from the illusion, any ancient being he asked about secrets would have their phantom body dissipate...

"Forget it, first head north to the Yellow River, dissolve the Purple Lock with the Huanghe water and then talk!"

"Once the Purple Lock is dissolved, I can leave this Mind's Illusory Realm..."

Ning Fan lowered his ox head, bearing the Heavenly Dao Purple Lock as heavy as Li Mountain, step by step, heading north.

At his slow pace, he could only cover half a league a day, less than two hundred leagues a year.

From Li Mountain to the Yellow River, there is a distance of ten thousand leagues. With Ning Fan's barbarian ox body, bearing the weight of the Purple Lock, it's unknown in which year or month he would reach it.

Ning Fan could sense that although the days and nights alternated in the illusion and time passed, only a moment had passed outside...

Under the scorching sun, he moved forward; in the howling north wind, he moved forward; through the alternation of day and night, his steps never stopped.

Outside, only a moment passed, but in the illusion, Ning Fan walked for fifty years!

After fifty years of trekking, Ning Fan finally arrived at the edge of the Yellow River, staring at the muddy, dragon-like rushing river, frowning without speaking.

It's said that if one could draw a liter of clear water from the Yellow River, the Heavenly Dao Purple Lock could be dissolved. However, in this massive river filled with sediment, where was there any clear water to extract...

A flash of azure light appeared in Ning Fan's eyes, and it seemed that the turbidity of the Yellow River was not just due to sediment.

The river water seemed to contain a will to pollute all beings, and it was this will that attracted the sediment, muddying the Yellow River...

"Hmm? There's someone cultivating beneath the river..."

A glint appeared in Ning Fan's eyes as he lifted his ox hoof high and stomped down heavily.

With his strength, a stomp from his transformed barbarian ox form was enough to turn a million leagues of mountains and rivers into ruins. However, the Yellow River water, protected by that will, offset Ning Fan's stomping force entirely.

This stomp merely redirected the Yellow River's current...

"Those cultivating beneath the water, come see me!" Ning Fan said in a deep voice.

In the dragon palace beneath the Yellow River, a barbarian dragon who was in closed cultivation was startled when the river's course was altered and immediately broke through the water, transforming into the appearance of a white-bearded old man, descending in front of Ning Fan, with mid-stage Enlightenment cultivation.

He was also a Fan family enforcer, and his duty was to guard the Yellow River.

In his eyes there was originally a burning anger, anger at a creature of the barbaric wild stepping on the Yellow River, causing it to change course!

But when the white-bearded old man discovered it was Ning Fan who made the move, he was immediately taken aback, showing a look of terror.

From Ning Fan, the white-bearded old man felt a suffocating sense of oppression. That pressure came from the calamity blood within Ning Fan!

"This Barbarian Ox is actually a Taicang Calamity Spirit!"

The white-bearded elder swallowed his saliva, trembling with fear as he knelt on the ground, not daring to meet Ning Fan's gaze.

"Fan Family Tribulation Envoy, Fan Yuqi, has met the High Realm Robber! I wonder what instructions the Calamity Lord has for this humble one upon summoning."

"I ask you, how can one make this Yellow River run clear!"

"Uh... Does the Calamity Lord wish to obtain the clean water from the Yellow River to dissolve the shackles?" The white-bearded elder hesitated slightly and then chuckled bitterly,

"If the Calamity Lord has come for this matter, I must inform you of bad news: the unclear water is useless... and the Yellow River's water will never become clear..."

"Why?"

"Because this Yellow River is transformed from a trace of Calamity Thought from that master, possessing the will to pollute everything. As long as the will is not extinguished, the Yellow River will not be clear..."

Upon mentioning 'that master', Fan Yuqi's face immediately turned to terror. Fortunately, this is just a Mirage; otherwise, with his cultivation, merely thinking of that master would result in instant death...

Ning Fan's gaze changed instantly. Who else could inspire such fear apart from that Master of Calamity Thought...

Within the river water lies the will of the Master of Calamity Thought to pollute everything.

Ning Fan's Heavenly Dao Purple Lock carries the will of the Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign...

"Actually, the Yellow River does have clear water. It is said that at the source of the Yellow River, the water is as clear as a mirror... But it is extremely far away, even if I exert all my strength to fly, it would take months to reach the source. The Calamity Lord, burdened with heavy shackles now, would find it impossible to reach there anytime soon... Moreover, it is said that at the Yellow River's source, the will left by that master is incredibly strong, ordinary beings cannot approach the source at all..." The white-bearded elder added.

Ning Fan was silent for a moment, dismissed the white-bearded elder, and began to walk alone along the Yellow River, step by step, tracing the source against the current.

The source of the Yellow River is extremely distant, as a cultivator at mid-stage Enlightenment, flying with all his strength, would take months to arrive.

If it's a burdened Ning Fan with the Purple Lock, it would take thousands or millions of years to even reach the source.

Luckily, this is a Mirage; even if a million years are spent here, only an instant passes outside.

Here, Ning Fan need not worry about time consumption but cannot cultivate within the Mirage.

He lowered his bull-like head, making heavy steps, tracing the river.

A year passed, covering no more than two hundred miles.

A century passed, covering no more than twenty thousand miles.

A million years of trekking, traversing only two million miles.

Ning Fan forgot how long he walked, forgot how much blood and sweat he left behind, forgot how many springs and autumns he passed.

The passage of time in the Mirage holds no meaning for cultivation advancement.

After a lonely journey of a hundred thousand years, Ning Fan still did not see the Yellow River source.

After a million years of hardship, Ning Fan still did not see the Yellow River source.

Five million years later, in front of Ning Fan's eyes finally appeared a massive range of snowy mountains.

The source of the Yellow River is within the snowy valley that these snowy mountains encircle!

Outside the snowy valley, there's a powerful will that prevents anyone from entering the valley to seek the source of the Yellow River.

If Ning Fan were his former self, he certainly couldn't withstand such a formidable will.

But within the Mirage, Ning Fan transformed into a Barbarian Ox, shouldering heavy chains, painstakingly traversing five million years.

The trials of five million years did not bring Ning Fan any cultivation improvement but constantly honed Ning Fan's unyielding will.

He used his bull horns to collide against the invisible barrier of will outside the snowy valley.

His steps slowed even more, his march became harder, and as the wills of both the Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign and Master of Calamity Thought suppressed him, even breathing became difficult.

Yet his footsteps did not cease; the obsession in his eyes, forged through five million years of hardship, was indestructible!

"I must enter the valley!"

Braving the force of two peerless strong wills, Ning Fan stepped onto the knee-deep snow, gritting his teeth, clenching his bones, and walked into the snowy valley!

In sight is a chilling ice lake; this ice lake is the source of the Yellow River!

The ice lake is clear and cold, yet the chill of the lake water made Ning Fan shiver involuntarily.

As Ning Fan approached the lakeside, nearing the lake water, a shocked expression emerged.

In the center of the ice lake, he saw a tree, a tree rooted at the bottom of the ice lake!

The tree of ice resembles a Bodhi, yet not quite alike. Its branches are covered with hexagonal white flowers, emitting a clear cold fragrance.

Just by inhaling some of the floral scent, Ning Fan's Tianren Green Qi within his body unexpectedly increased slightly!

The cultivation of Unity of Heaven and Man... has improved!

This growth is false, an illusion within the Mirage, and if one were to leave this Mirage, the Tianren Green Qi would still be the same as before, with no increase at all.

Even so, Ning Fan was secretly startled. He silently speculated that this ice tree was likely the great opportunity that Sparrow God Kidd mentioned that day... an opportunity to enhance Tianren cultivation!

Unexpectedly, Ning Fan could transform into a Barbarian Ox within this illusion and meet this tree...

"Hmm? A Barbarian Ox from the lower realms can actually withstand the will of a Calamity Master and come before the Dust Tree..."

A somewhat unfamiliar, yet somewhat familiar female voice suddenly came from behind Ning Fan.

The voice carried a coldness that kept others at a distance, yet without hostility.

Ning Fan's heart skipped a beat for no reason, and he turned around to look at the source of the voice.

He saw by the ice lake, on the snow-covered ground, an unknown woman in a red dress had appeared.

The aura of this woman was extremely strong, stronger than Xiang Mingzi by a fraction, with red lightning crackling around her!

Her eyes were blood-red, her lips were blood-red as well, and she wore a red dress, standing amidst the snow like a dazzling red plum blossom.

The woman bore a resemblance to Hong Yi, yet seemed somewhat different...

"Hmm? You have Blood Lightning within you as well... Are you too a Taicang Calamity Spirit?"

The woman in red noticed the Blood Lightning within Ning Fan, showing a look of interest.

"Interesting... To think there's another Taicang Calamity Spirit besides me, intent on betraying the Calamity Master to steal the Dust Flower... You, little ox, are quite interesting..."

The woman in red approached Ning Fan, extending her icy, smooth hand to stroke Ning Fan's ox back.

Ning Fan looked at the woman in red incredulously, her appearance gradually overlapping with the Hong Yi in his mind...

"Are you Hong Yi?!"

"Hong Yi? No, I am not Hong Yi, I am Red Yaksha... However, the name Hong Yi isn't bad..."

The woman in red smiled seductively, her toes lightly touching the snow, like a red butterfly, lightly landing beneath the ice tree in the lake's center.

"The nourishment of the Dust Tree is the ephemeral attachments of all beings; the Dust Flower blooms once every five million years, wilting three moments after it blooms... I am close to opening the Second Gate of Tianren and need this flower, I'm afraid I can't give it to you, little Barbarian Ox..."

"Speaking of which, even if I give you these Dust Flowers, you cannot take them... You haven't followed the Calamity Master, and do not know that plucking the Dust Flowers requires special Immortal Secret Arts... Without knowing these Secret Arts, it's impossible to pluck the Dust Flowers from the Dust Tree..."

"The Dust Flower belongs to me, the water in this ice lake all belongs to you... Originally I intended to take this lake water as well, but looking at your appearance, you seem to need the lake water to dissolve locks desperately... So, I'll give it to you."

With that, the woman in red no longer gave Ning Fan a glance, her slender hand guiding the power of Calamity Thought, forming one mysterious hand seal after another.

After finishing several hundred hand seals, the woman in red carefully extended her hand, picking the six-petaled white flowers and consuming them.

After consuming all the white flowers, the woman in red giggled, flying away.

However, before leaving, the woman in red gave Ning Fan an interested glance. She was quite intrigued by this little Barbarian Ox who had dared to invade the snowy valley...

After the woman in red left, she did not realize that the hand seals she used to pluck the Dust Flowers were all memorized by Ning Fan.

In the future, if Ning Fan truly follows Sparrow God Kidd to the Dust Tree to pluck Dust Flowers, he will definitely use these hand seals.

"She is not Hong Yi; she is the Red Yaksha... The Red Yaksha, back then, the Innate Thunder Spirit I killed once said that I was a slave to the Red Yaksha, said that both I and the Red Yaksha were traitors of the Taicang Calamity Spirits..."

"Could it be that what I just witnessed was the scene of the Red Yaksha betraying the Taicang Calamity Spirits..."

"The Red Yaksha... She must have some connection with Hong Yi..."

After the woman in red left, Ning Fan suddenly leaped, diving into the ice lake.

The lake's water was bone-chilling cold, like needles piercing, causing Ning Fan to shiver uncontrollably.

There was the willpower of the Master of Calamity Thought left within the ice lake's water, turned into chilling ice, eroding Ning Fan's spirit sense.

Fortunately, Ning Fan carried the Will Path Lock of the Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign. The two wills began to clash at this moment, colliding with each other.

The will in the ice lake was continuously weakened, and the Purple Lock's will on Ning Fan's back was also being gradually eroded.

After an unknown amount of time, the Purple Lock on Ning Fan's back completely dissolved and crumbled, while the will in the ice lake also completely dissipated...

At the moment the Purple Lock crumbled, Ning Fan's spirit returned, breaking free from the Mirage, opening his eyes beside the Zhenhuan River.

The Heavenly Dao Purple Lock binding him unexpectedly collapsed, and the waters of the Zhenhuan River reversed at that moment!

The Immortal Emperor's will lingering in the river was disrupted by Ning Fan's action of breaking the lock!

The oppressive force suppressing Ning Fan lifted instantly. Seizing the opportunity, a flash of azure sparkled in Ning Fan's eyes, without a word he began stripping away the Stone Bridge Path Illusion.

The process of peeling away lasted a whole day, and after a day, Ning Fan had stripped away a third of the Stone Bridge Path Illusion. A third of the Stone Bridge transformed into the True Bridge!

After a day, the willed force of the Zhenhuan River returned to its original state, the heavy pressure once again pressed down on Ning Fan, not allowing him to continue peeling away the Path Illusion.

"This son actually created a third of the True Bridge!"

Beneath the True-illusion river, the eyes of the River Demon suddenly shook, witnessing for the first time someone constructing one-third of the True Bridge upon the True-illusion river!

He originally doubted anyone could build a bridge on the True-illusion river, but at this moment, he gained a shred of belief in Ning Fan's bridge-building act.

"This child might set a precedent in the Dreamland Realm, creating a True Bridge on the True-illusion river..."

The waters of the True-illusion river gradually restored to their original state, and slowly, a second Purple Gold Vortex emerged in the river's center.

From within the vortex, a Purple Gold Hand Seal suddenly flew out, forcefully striking towards Ning Fan.

The power of that hand seal's strike had infinitely approached a Shedding Void Stage strike!

Moreover, within the hand seal, there existed a will that overrides everything, refusing any defiance.

Ordinary masters naturally find it difficult to contend against the hand seal, even more so against the will within the hand seal.

Yet, Ning Fan had endured five million years of arduous toil within the Mirage, persistently performing the same foolish action... his will has become indomitable.

With his abilities, blocking a Shedding Void Stage hand seal isn't entirely impossible!

"Rain Yin Yang, unleash!"

"War Yin Yang, unleash!"

Ning Fan's ten fingers formed a spirit sense, and in an instant, his entire aura reached the peak of the Crossing Truth Realm!

Initially mastering Rain Yin Yang endowed Ning Fan with the ability to control the rain of heaven and earth.

Initially mastering War Yin Yang, in turn, bestowed Ning Fan with the ability to command the battle intent of heaven and earth.

In the moment Ning Fan unleashed War Yin Yang, the River Demon's expression suddenly changed, clearly sensing a power within him vanishing into thin air. Upon careful examination, he couldn't discover any lost powers.

He did not know that the vanished power was named battle intent, seized by Ning Fan.

This was a weakening on the level of will! He naturally did not understand!

Originally, within the hand seal, there was willpower left by the Immortal Emperor, but as Ning Fan unleashed War Yin Yang, the willpower within the hand seal was similarly weakened.

With a flip of his hand, Ning Fan greeted that Purple Gold Hand Seal with a palm strike.

Under the clash of palm seals, Ning Fan immediately resembled a broken kite, spewing blood and flying backward. As for the Purple Gold Hand Seal, it completely crumbled!

As the hand seal shattered, waves of illusion mist instantly rolled toward Ning Fan.

Ning Fan's expression slightly changed, attempting to evade these mists, yet he was still a step too slow, these illusion mists invaded his heart mind.

"Second Illusion!"

From the illusion mist, a voice as indifferent as the heavenly Dao resonated. It was the voice issued by the Heavenly Dao itself.

At the moment this voice fell, Ning Fan's heart mind was unexpectedly ensnared again, trapped within the Mind's Illusory Realm.

Upon sight, it remained the world of ancient barbaric wilds, but this time, Ning Fan was not a Barbarian Ox, but a Barbarian Fish.

He was a Barbarian Fish, a fish raised within the Taicang Calamity Pool.

Within the Calamity Pool, not only was there one Barbarian Fish, thousands upon thousands of Barbarian Fish, all bearing purple-gold scales, grew there.

The Calamity Pool was heavily restricted, allowing no Barbarian Fish to escape.

By the pool, a dozen Calamity Envoy masters guarded the pool, each possessing cultivations beyond Crossing Truth.

"Hehe, what gall the Barbarian Fish tribe has, daring to offend the High Realm Robber, afraid they won't live much longer."

"Every day, the Calamity Pool Formation will slaughter a thousand Barbarian Fish, offering the fish souls as a sacrifice for the Robber of the High Realm... It's said that the souls of Barbarian Fish are an exquisite delicacy, unfortunately, we rank too low to enjoy it..."

The words of those Calamity Envoy masters spread into the Calamity Pool, listened to by countless expressionless Barbarian Fish.

The Barbarian Fish in the Calamity Pool had long resigned to their fate, had long forgotten how to resist.

Every day, the Calamity Pool Grand Array would slaughter a thousand Barbarian Fish, though numerous, there would ultimately come a day when they would be entirely wiped out.

The only way to survive was to escape from the Calamity Pool Grand Array, though many Barbarian Fish had attempted to flee, none managed to shatter the formation light of the array.

All Barbarian Fish that attempted to flee died... Now, no Barbarian Fish dared to defy fate and escape, all barely living.

The Barbarian Fish that Ning Fan had become was also imprisoned within the Calamity Pool, unlike other Barbarian Fish, Ning Fan naturally refused to resign himself to death within this pool.

Transforming into a Barbarian Fish, though an illusion, if the fish body perished within the Mirage, Ning Fan's true body would also be implicated.

Ning Fan tested, once entering this Mirage, he couldn't break free. For his heart mind to return, he must escape from the pool of blood...

"Trapped by illusions once more... Last time ensnared by the Purple Lock, I broke free and destabilized the river's water will, taking the opportunity to peel away one-third of the Sky Treader. This time, if I escape again, I might disrupt the river's water will once more..."

"What imprisons my heart mind is this Calamity Pool Grand Array; if I break this formation, then I can escape!"

Chapter 873: Barbarian Fish Devours the Sea Dao Technique Mastered

Ning Fan's fish form transformed into a streak of purple-gold light, swimming towards the surface of the Calamity Pool, leaping out of the water.

The Barbarian Fish leaped, soaring three thousand miles high, the formation light like a sturdy wall in the sky, and Ning Fan crashed into it, breaking his head and bleeding.

Yet the formation light merely trembled slightly, not even showing a single crack.

When Ning Fan fell back into the Calamity Pool, his blood immediately dyed the pool red.

Countless Barbarian Fish began to mock Ning Fan, ridiculing his futile attempt at escape.

The many Tribulation Envoys guarding the pool also shook their heads with smiles, not believing Ning Fan could escape from the Calamity Pool Grand Array.

"This world is a cage; all beings born as prisoners. You are but a Barbarian Fish; how could you dream of obtaining freedom?"

"Our lives are created by the heavens, naturally to be reclaimed by the heavens. You should obey destiny; how could you dream of obtaining immortality?"

The words of the Tribulation Envoys were harsh, causing Ning Fan's gaze to slightly darken.

"This formation light is indeed strong... within the formation light, there exists an extremely powerful will..."

"The key to breaking the formation lies in the clash of wills... War Yin and Yang, unseal!"

With a surge of the Black Star Technique within his body, Ning Fan's fishhead injury immediately healed.

Once the War Yin and Yang was unsealed, the will power within the array was instantly weakened by Ning Fan.

Ning Fan again leaped out of the water, crashing into the formation.

This time, he again smashed his head, scales scattering, but the formation also bore a slight crack from Ning Fan's collision!

"Impossible! How could he manage to crack the formation light while we cannot!" Countless Barbarian Fish felt incredulous.

"It's the power of the Blood Lightning! This Barbarian Fish is actually a Taicang Calamity Spirit!"

Outside the formation, the face of the Tribulation Envoys changed greatly, sensing the Blood Lightning aura emitted from Ning Fan's body.

They could not understand why within the Barbarian Fish race, a Taicang Calamity Spirit would appear!

Immediately, several transmitted message-transmitting flying swords, within moments, a woman stepping on green lightning arrived.

She was a Taicang Calamity Spirit from the Four Heavens, named Qingnaluo, and possessed the cultivation of the Eighth Calamity of the Eternals!

"Fan Family Tribulation Envoys, pay respects to Lord Qing! As seen by Lord Qing, within the Barbarian Fish race, a Calamity Lord has appeared..."

Each Fan Family Tribulation Envoy bowed fearfully to the green thunder woman.

"It is not a true Taicang Calamity Spirit... In the past decade, the Four Heavens have not produced a single Taicang Calamity Spirit..."

"The source of its Blood Lightning is unknown... Its aura is detestable, very similar to Red Yaksha, I dislike it..."

"Kill it!"

Qingnaluo's phoenix eyes glinted coldly, ordering Ning Fan's annihilation.

The Fan Family Tribulation Envoys paled upon hearing, dared not, in their lowly status, annihilate a Taicang Calamity Spirit...

But, it was Qingnaluo's command, not to be defied...

The Tribulation Envoys gritted their teeth, finally mustering the courage, to activate the Array Plate, attempting to use the array's power to erase Barbarian Fish Ning Fan.

Feeling the formation's impending killing intent, Ning Fan's gaze shifted, looking towards the pool's edge.

To his surprise, behind the Tribulation Envoys, he saw a familiar figure—the green thunder woman he had already annihilated!

"It's her... Unexpectedly, I could use illusionary power to deduce the ancient past, and see her as she was..."

"At her peak, she was an Immortal Emperor of the Eighth Calamity of the Eternals..."

That green thunder woman was precisely the Innate Thunder Spirit Ning Fan had vanquished in the tomb's second round!

The formation was an ancient Sword Array, the killing array opened swiftly, immediately black-red sword gleams were slashing chaotically across the Calamity Pool sky.

Ning Fan pushed the power of his Blood Lightning within to the extreme, emitting the might of his Calamity Thought, shattering sword gleams easily.

This array could not kill him, he repeatedly crashed into the formation, finally creating a breach!

Without hesitation, Ning Fan transformed into a black-red stream of light, flashed away, breaking through the formation light to escape!

"The Barbarian Flash Sword Array was breached! Is this the Divine Skill of the Taicang Calamity Spirit!"
The Tribulation Envoys' faces filled with astonishment.

Qingnaluo's pretty face turned grim, at Ning Fan breaking through the array and escaping, she sensed a peculiar aura from Ning Fan.

Ning Fan's body contained Blood Lightning, strangely, similar to her own aura...

"Why does this Barbarian Fish's body have my Blood Lightning aura!"

"So, I understand. When Red Yaksha defected, her bones were destroyed, yet countless Blood Lightning was lost, perhaps, this Barbarian Fish consumed some of my Blood Lightning then, evolving into a Taicang Calamity Spirit..."

"Hmph! How dare you consume my Blood Lightning, courting death!"

Qingnaluo coldly smiled, her toes pointed, revealing her Thunder Cat form, immediately transforming into a green rainbow to chase Ning Fan.

The cat's eyes flashed with lightning, immediately countless illusionary forces swept towards Ning Fan, forming series of illusions.

"Illusions, eh..."

"It is merely an illusion, yet dares dream of pursuing Ning Fan, truly audacious!"

Realizing someone was chasing behind, Ning Fan's gaze turned stern, employing the illusion rebounding talent of the Fu Li race.

If this place were not Mirage, if Ning Fan were facing the truly existing green thunder woman, with Ning Fan's cultivation, he would never have the ability to rebound an Immortal Emperor's illusion.

But unfortunately, the green thunder woman was only an illusion, while Ning Fan, the one entering illusion, truly existed.

Within this Mirage, the green thunder woman's illusions could not deceive Ning Fan!

"Collapse!"

As Ning Fan loudly spoke a word, the green thunder woman's eyes pained, black blood flowed, exiting the Thunder Cat form, looking at Ning Fan disbelievingly.

She, an illustrious Immortal Emperor of the Eighth Calamity of the Eternals, was actually defeated in illusion by a mere Barbarian Fish yet to attain full enlightenment, how is this possible...

"Heh heh, Qingnaluo, you've truly regressed over the years, actually defeated by a mere Barbarian Fish nullifying illusions... Capture!"

In front of Ning Fan suddenly appeared a sinister man clad in purple battle armor, face pale as an Old Monster, thin as a skeleton.

Yet as that purple armored man raised a hand, he summoned a purple-lightning-wreathed skeleton, whose hollow eyes suddenly shone two purple beams, sweeping Ning Fan in, sending him into the skeleton magical treasure's internal space.

"Purple Luo! Why have you come!" Qingnaluo's brows furrowed, her eyes flashing cold.

"Heh, I came here by the Calamity Master's command... Red Yaksha betrayed the Calamity Master, the Calamity Master commands you and me to both go to the Dreamland Realm to annihilate her!"

"What, go to Dreamland Realm! With our Taicang Calamity Spirit status, entering that realm surely ends in nine deaths one life!" Qingnaluo's pretty face showed fear.

"Heh, nine deaths one life, so what? The Calamity Master's command, you dare defy? Before reaching Dreamland Realm, I am rather interested, in tormenting this Barbarian Fish... A Barbarian Fish capable of nullifying your illusions, quite interesting, no?"

Purple Luo wickedly laughed, turning to leave, leaving Qingnaluo with her face alternating in expression.

Within the skeleton world was a boundless black ocean.

Ning Fan, in his Barbarian Fish form swam through the ocean, repeatedly leaping above the surface, attempting to escape, only to find it impossible.

"Despite breaking through the Calamity Pool Grand Array, able to free my mind, unexpectedly, I was again imprisoned by that purple armored man..."

"This is clearly a Mirage world, yet it feels so real..."

Roar!

From the black ocean, beast roars suddenly emerged, within the ocean appeared numerous fierce sea beasts, swimming towards Ning Fan.

"Heh heh, before heading to Dreamland Realm, I have ample time, to play with you, do not disappoint me!"

"This black ocean was crafted from the essence of the Four Symbols Blood Spring, an ultimate treasure for cultivating Dao Image! You'll remain here, battling the sea beasts, integrate into my Dao Image!"

The voice of the purple-armored man entered Ning Fan's ear, and then he spoke no more.

The purple-armored man's intention was merely to use the skull magical treasure to imprison Ning Fan, forcing Ning Fan to continuously fight the sea beasts and gradually integrate into his Dao image, transforming into his own power.

He did not believe that Ning Fan, trapped in the skull world, still had hopes of escaping alive.

Before heading to the Dreamland Realm, he had other matters to attend to, naturally having no time to overly focus on Ning Fan, and he secluded himself to study other Divine Skills.

"Four Symbols Blood Spring! This black sea's seawater is actually entirely composed of the Four Symbols Blood Spring!"

Ning Fan, while evading the sea beasts' attacks, observed the black sea water, his gaze appearing both startled and pleased.

In the Mirage, everything is illusory; cultivating here cannot improve one's cultivation.

However, even in the Mirage, Ning Fan can do some things to enhance his abilities.

In the Mirage, practicing alchemy cannot improve the Medicine Soul's cultivation, yet it can increase alchemy experience.

Cultivating in the Mirage cannot enhance cultivation, but it can increase perception.

The Four Symbols Blood Spring before him, although an illusion, is different from ordinary illusions.

Four Symbols Blood Spring is a heavenly material born from illusions, used for cultivating Dao images.

Even though the Four Symbols Blood Spring before him is merely an illusion, it has a miraculous effect in aiding the cultivation of Dao images!

However, the Four Symbols Blood Spring can only refine high-grade Dao images, lower-grade Dao images cannot be cultivated with it.

Ning Fan has two Dao images: one is the Demonized Dark Night, and the other is the Dao-Manifested Big Dipper.

He has indeed cultivated two Dao images, but these two Dao images are merely at the preliminary stage, cultivated to the small success realm.

If a Dao image reaches great success, it can even form Divine Skills, transforming into Dao Technique attacks.

If a Dao image reaches perfection, it can even produce Dao Blood, greatly improving the master's bloodline level!

However, cultivating Dao images is exceedingly difficult, even Ancient Cultivators can at most achieve the great success of a Dao image; it's rare for anyone to fully cultivate a Dao image to perfection.

At the moment, although trapped in the Mirage, Ning Fan has an excellent opportunity to refine Dao images with the Four Symbols Blood Spring.

Four Symbols Blood Spring has different types; the blood springs forming this black sea are extremely dense with Demonic Qi.

It's suitable for cultivating the Demonized Dark Night Dao image, but the effect is not good for the Dao-Manifested Big Dipper Dao image...

"That purple-armored man tries to trap me with this Blood Spring, attempting to make me integrate into the Black Sea and transform into his Dao image power. But unfortunately, his plan is destined to fail!"

"Dao image, manifest!"

Ning Fan's eyes flashed with Demonic Glint, and the skull world was immediately plunged into darkness.

This time, Ning Fan did not summon the Dao-Manifested Big Dipper Dao image, only the Demonized Dark Night Dao image.

All sea beasts attempting to surround Ning Fan had their eyes dimmed, lost in the darkness.

Ning Fan manipulated the power of the Dark Night Dao image, crazily devouring the Four Symbols Blood Spring in the seawater.

The Dark Night Dao image became increasingly solid, and its momentum grew stronger.

Ten years passed, the power of the Demonized Dark Night Dao image doubled.

A hundred years passed, the Demonized Dark Night Dao image finally reached great success!

A thousand years passed, the Four Symbols Blood Spring in the Black Sea was completely devoured by Ning Fan, yet the Dao image was still far from breaking through to the perfect realm.

The purple-armored man closed for seclusion for a thousand years at a time, naturally unaware that a great change had occurred within the skull world.

At the moment Ning Fan devoured all the Four Symbols Blood Spring, there was a cracking sound in the skull world, and it split open.

Ning Fan's eyes seemed to transform into ultimate darkness, his body directly vanished in the night, appearing outside the skull world!

The purple-armored man, who was comprehending Divine Skills, suddenly changed his gaze, retrieving the shattered purple skeleton magical treasure from his storage pouch, incredulous!

"The Four Symbols Blood Spring was actually swallowed by the Barbarian Fish! Impossible!"

"This Barbarian Fish has not yet achieved Enlightenment; how could it cultivate Dao images? Even if this Barbarian Fish is exceptionally gifted, cultivating Dao images before Enlightenment, its Dao image grade would not be high enough to directly devour the blood spring!"

"Only Heavenly Grade Dao images can directly devour the blood spring for cultivation. Even this one's Dao images are not Heavenly Grade, only retreating to use the skull magical treasure to condense the spring into a sea, step by step enhancing the Dao image cultivation... this Barbarian Fish actually devoured the blood spring directly, how did it manage that!"

The purple-armored man's gaze became frenzied, suddenly looking up towards outside the cave dwelling.

In the sky outside the cave dwelling, there was a dark escape light speeding away, fully merging into the night, silent and unseen...

"What a bizarre escape light, able to fully merge into the night! Not a single sound was emitted! If not for this one's Seven Tribulations Secret Technique, detecting this escape light would be impossible!"

"Hmph, a mere Barbarian Fish, after swallowing this one's blood spring, do you think you can escape? You cannot escape!"

The purple-armored man sneered, stepping out of the cave dwelling, intending to pursue Ning Fan.

Yet before he could catch up with Ning Fan, Ning Fan's body directly crumbled and vanished as an illusion...

The entire Mirage world also crumbled at this moment!

Before the purple-armored man could catch up with Ning Fan, Ning Fan had already freed his Heart Spirit and escaped the Mirage!

Returning to his Heart Spirit, Ning Fan opened his eyes once more, his eyes flashed with Demonic Glint, and the world immediately fell into darkness.

This darkness was a Dao Technique cultivated after the Demonized Dark Night Dao image reached great success!

This Dao Technique was only preliminarily cultivated, not yet perfected, but it appeared to be a kind of enemy-entrapment illusion...

The specific power of the technique, Ning Fan has yet to test it; he needs to test it to know.

Dispelling the darkness, Ning Fan gazed at the reverse-flowing waters of the True Fantasy River, with a hint of confusion in his eyes.

Were the illusions he experienced all false... if false, how did they allow Dao images to reach great success...

Fake illusions can cultivate Dao images, increase alchemy experience... were the illusions false, never existing...

After a long time, Ning Fan finally cleared away distracting thoughts.

He exited the Mind's Illusory Realm, once again disturbing the will of the river waters in the True Fantasy River.

Seizing this moment, Ning Fan spent a day peeling away one-third of the Stone Bridge Path Illusion, with two-thirds of the stone bridge now transformed into the True Bridge.

At the heart of the river, the third Purple Gold Vortex was gradually forming.

Once formed, the will of the river waters in the True Fantasy River immediately returned to normal, and a purplish-golden light, seeming both real and illusory, flew out from the vortex, embedding in Ning Fan's brow.

This time, Ning Fan did not dodge, allowing this light to trap his Heart Spirit into the illusion.

He knew that once he broke through the illusion for the third time, the will of the river waters in the True Fantasy River would be disturbed again; at that time, it would be his chance to completely extract the Stone Bridge Path Illusion!

There's only one illusion left before the True Bridge fully condenses!

Ning Fan once more appeared in the Mind's Illusory Realm; this time, he was a Barbarian Butterfly.

The place where he is located is the Fan Family in the Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain.

He flew in mid-air, looking down at the Fan Family Tribulation Envoy kneeling below.

The Fan Family cultivators below, regardless of cultivation, all bore expressions of anger.

In front of the crowd bowing in worship, stood a double-headed old man with an indifferent expression; that man was the Barbarian Ancestor!

"Old Ancestor! Are you really deciding to sacrifice all life in the entire Barbarian Wilderness? Is this act not too cruel!" A Fan Family cultivator gritted his teeth, speaking unwillingly.

"Cruel, humph! As long as I can become the true Taicang Calamity Spirit, what harm is there in burying the entire Barbarian Wilderness!"

"Just lacking three million Reverse Infants! With another three million Reverse Infants, I will become the true Taicang Calamity Spirit. With my Quasi-Saint Cultivation, if gaining the power of Calamity Thought, even tribal Saints can be challenged!"

"Activate the Primordial Inversion Dust Formation, I will... perform a blood sacrifice in the Barbarian Wilderness!"

Chapter 874: Barbarian Butterfly Tears the Sky, Initial Stage of Enlightenment

Blood sacrifice of the Barbaric Wilderness!

Just four simple words, yet they carry the insanity of the Barbarian Ancestor's determination to become the Taicang Calamity Spirit at any cost!

The Barbarian Ancestor's two heads, one bared its ghastly white teeth, grinning sinisterly and unsettlingly, with scarlet calamity gleams flashing in its eyes; the other head showed sorrow and pain, wanting to speak but helplessly silent...

Intimidated by the Barbarian Ancestor's majesty, all the Fan Family's Tribulation Envoys lowered their heads and didn't even dare to breathe heavily.

The once proud Barbarian Ancestor held a great ideal, which was to protect the creatures of the Barbaric Wilderness from the invasion of different races through his existence.

However, ever since he began cultivating the Calamity Technique, the Barbarian Ancestor's temperament grew increasingly cold and heartless.

Now, to cultivate a genuine Blood Lightning and become a Taicang Calamity Spirit, he did not hesitate to blood sacrifice the entire Barbaric Wilderness...

"The Barbarian Ancestor has changed..." the cultivators of the Fan Family sighed, yet no one dared to defy the Barbarian Ancestor's order.

Ning Fan, in the form of a Barbarian Butterfly, looked down at the Barbarian Ancestor with solemn eyes.

This place wasn't only inhabited by Ning Fan, a Barbarian Butterfly; however, he was the only one who possessed spirit awareness, while the eyes of other Barbarian Butterflies were hollow.

With Ning Fan's eyesight, he could naturally discern that there were two consciousnesses within the Barbarian Ancestor's body, battling for control over it.

One was the consciousness of the Barbarian Ancestor himself, and the other was the consciousness manipulated by the Calamity Thought.

It was the consciousness controlled by the Calamity Thought that sought to blood sacrifice the Barbaric Wilderness. As for the Barbarian Ancestor's own consciousness, it was powerless to resist the erosion of the Calamity Thought, unable to control the body, and could only watch helplessly as the Calamity Thought controlled him step by step towards the blood sacrifice of the Barbaric Wilderness...

"So this is the power of the Calamity Thought... Even the Barbarian Ancestor, with Quasi-Saint cultivation, once controlled by the Calamity Thought, can only become a marionette..."

"...What is that..." Ning Fan's gaze sharpened as he looked down below.

The location of the Fan Family was a sandstorm-shrouded Barbaric Wilderness valley. With a command from the Barbarian Ancestor, all the Fan Family cultivators took out formation flags, arranged at various places in the valley, and shook them.

Amidst the rumbling noise, countless fissures appeared in the valley's soil, and as the Barbarian Ancestor pinched a hand seal, those fissures began moving instantly, connecting with each other, forming a massive crack.

At the same time, a colossal ancient barbaric monument, as large as a mountain, rose from the depths of the crack.

Subsequently, five more colossal ancient barbaric monuments ascended from the crack to the surface.

All six ancient barbaric monuments were sculptures of beasts, with bizarre forms and ominous auras that Ning Fan had never felt before.

Though they were merely six inanimate ancient barbaric monuments, a faint heartbeat could be heard...

"Upon the Sixth Generation Barbarian Ancestor, the Seventh Generation Barbarian Ancestor, Fan Mokong earnestly requests the manifestation of his ancestors to unseal the Primordial Inversion Dust Formation!"

The Barbarian Ancestor clasped his fists and bowed to the six ancient barbaric monuments, then took out over ten thousand Reverse Infants as offerings for the six ancient barbaric monuments.

In an instant, the six ancient barbaric monuments began to rotate in place, making a creaking sound.

"With a single rotation of the ancient monuments, the Dust Formation opens, imprisoning the spirits of the Manhuang!"

As soon as the Barbarian Ancestor's words fell, the sky over the entire Barbaric Wilderness shattered like a mirror. From the cracks, filthy black-red calamity clouds surged continuously, and thunder roared incessantly.

It seemed as though a will devouring everything enveloped the entire Barbaric Wilderness. The earth constantly split open, radiant lights flickering within the cracks, intertwining into a peerless array diagram.

The array diagram was so enormous that it almost covered the entire Barbaric Wilderness, dividing it into forty-two array domains, shaking heaven and earth.

As the formation light spread across the Barbaric Wilderness, it instantly shattered, transforming thoroughly into forty-two Barbaric Domains.

Countless creatures screamed and wailed, collapsing on the ground. Be they Aberrations or Barbarian Beasts, those with cultivation at the first step had no power to withstand the formation light's might;

when enveloped by the formation light, their bodies instantly dissolved into blood water, which gradually seeped into the formation light, becoming energy to activate the great formation.

In this era, even though Aberrations were not entirely without cultivation, there were still many, like the Fan Family cultivators, who possessed cultivation.

Those Aberrations and Barbarian Beasts who reached the second step in cultivation were utterly terrified, soaring into the sky, uncertain of what was happening.

The Barbarian Butterflies beside Ning Fan had virtually no cultivation; the moment the formation light opened, their butterfly bodies exploded into bloody mist, which also merged into the formation light.

With Ning Fan's Divine Skills, he naturally wasn't exploded by the formation light, but his eyes shook violently.

With his eyesight and understanding of the Momentum Character Secret, he could clearly see that this enormous array covering the entire Barbaric Wilderness possessed terrifying might.

The six ancient barbaric monuments were the key to energizing this great formation, while the offerings of over ten thousand Reverse Infants were also a crucial component for activating the great formation.

The amount of blood water merging into the formation light increased, and gradually, countless blood-colored fissures tore in the sky, beginning to rain blood.

Mountains began to collapse, rivers broke their banks, and the blood-colored flood started to inundate the whole Barbaric Wilderness.

The entire Barbaric Wilderness seemed to transform into a world of blood seas, as if doomsday had arrived!

No one knew how many creatures perished under the great formation's slaughter!

Even knowing this place was a Mirage, a reenactment of ancient times, Ning Fan's heart was still shaken violently.

Even though he was no stranger to slaughter, he had never witnessed such a frenzied blood sacrifice... This massacre was extremely grave!

"With a second rotation of the ancient monuments, the Dust Formation reverses, blood devours Immortal Cultivators!"

The Barbarian Ancestor once again offered over ten thousand Reverse Infants to the six barbaric statues, rotating them once again with a creaking sound.

The blood sea engulfing the Barbaric Wilderness unleashed boundless suction force, drawing in any barbaric cultivators and beasts with cultivation below the Crossing Truth Realm into the blood sea amidst their anguished screams.

When the suction force reached Ning Fan, he merely swayed slightly and didn't fall from the sky into the blood sea.

Although he wasn't in the Crossing Truth Realm, his strength far surpassed ordinary Crossing Truth cultivators, naturally rendering it impossible for the suction force to capture him.

"Hmm? This Barbarian Butterfly clearly hasn't reached the Crossing Truth Realm, yet it can withstand the blood-devouring power of the second rotation of the ancient monuments..."

Behind Ning Fan, a crack suddenly tore open in the sky, from which a group of cultivators dressed in black monk robes emerged.

Ning Fan was startled in his heart. Suddenly, a sense of dire crisis emerged behind him. As soon as he turned around, he was struck by a massive Calamity Thought handprint that covered the sky. With a single slap, a tremendous force descended upon him, immediately causing his entire body to lose balance and plunge downward into the bloody mist below!

The strength of that handprint clearly reached the power of an Eternal Strike!

That handprint didn't intend to kill Ning Fan but merely slapped him into the bloody mist below!

At the moment he fell into the bloody mist, Ning Fan distinctly saw that it was a group of Three-eyed Black Monks who had slapped him down. Each of these Black Monks had a vast aura of Blood Lightning within them, possessing power on par with Ancient Cultivators!

All of these Black Monks were Celestial Catastrophe Spirits!

"Hiss! Unexpectedly, Celestial Catastrophe Spirits have arrived!" Countless Fan Family Cultivators exclaimed in shock.

"Celestial Catastrophe Monks...what do you seek by coming to my Barbaric Wilderness?" the Barbarian Ancestor asked in a deep voice.

The words of the Barbarian Ancestor only exchanged for the cold laughter of those Three-eyed Black Monks.

"What do we seek...hehe, we are here to prevent you from becoming a Celestial Catastrophe Spirit. If the ancient monument undergoes the Yin Yang Transformation, then the Reverse Infant is born... Just a mere slave tribe of the Barbaric Wilderness dare to dream of becoming a Celestial Catastrophe Spirit—what a fool's dream... This Primordial Inversion Dust Formation was a gift from the Calamity Master to the First-Generation Barbarian Ancestor. Before you, there were a total of six generations of Barbarian Ancestors who attempted to cultivate the body of a Catastrophe Spirit using this formation, but without exception, they all failed and perished in the formation, becoming Barbarian statues. You are the seventh, and also the last one."

"The Barbaric Wilderness is merely a place the Calamity Master uses to rear Reverse Infants. All the Reverse Infants bred by your slave tribe belong to the Calamity Master and are not for your use!"

"The quality of the Reverse Infants produced by the Barbaric Wilderness is too low. The Calamity Master no longer needs the Barbaric Wilderness, nor the Fan Family!"

"Seventh Generation Barbarian Ancestor, Fan Mokong, you, can die now!"

...

What ultimately transpired above the bloody mist, Ning Fan did not know.

In the moment he sank into the bloody mist, the words he heard were those of the Three-eyed Black Monks planning to execute the Barbarian Ancestor.

If this place were not a Mirage, being devoured by this bloody mist would surely result in certain death for Ning Fan.

Fortunately, this place is only a Mirage. Even though he sank into the bloody mist, Ning Fan merely experienced intense heart spirit pain, with his butterfly form remaining intact.

However, attempting to struggle and fly out from the bloody mist was not an easy task. Once sunk into the bloody mist, Ning Fan unexpectedly lost control over his body.

That feeling was akin to when Calamity Thought first entered his body, rendering him unable to control his body.

This bloody mist was formed from the blood of countless primordial and wild creatures, containing the negative emotions left behind by countless beings before their death.

Outside the bloody mist, a war of earth-shattering proportions seemed to rage on, perhaps a battle between the Barbarian Ancestor and those Black Monks.

A day passed, and the fluctuations of the duel gradually subsided, leaving it unclear who emerged victorious between the Black Monk Order and the Barbarian Ancestor.

Two days passed, and countless wails began to emanate from the sky above the Barbaric Wilderness.

Three days passed, and the Barbaric Wilderness once again fell into a dead silence...

One month, two months, three months...

One year, two years, three years...

A hundred years, a thousand years, ten thousand years...

Trapped in the bloody mist, Ning Fan was unable to move, unable to escape, suffering the torments brought by the bloody mist each day.

While trapped in the bloody mist, the only thing Ning Fan could do was to use the Momentum Character Secret to study the grand formation beneath the bloody mist—the Primordial Inversion Dust Formation—to enhance his Dao of formations cultivation.

It wasn't until after a million years that the bloody mist was completely evaporated, allowing Ning Fan to finally escape from the bloody mist formation.

The million years of tempering made Ning Fan's will become more unyielding.

During these million years, Ning Fan had accomplished only one task: he studied the Primordial Inversion Dust Formation given to the Barbaric Wilderness by the Master of Calamity Thought.

The formation diagram was too profound. Even after studying it for a million years, even after Ning Fan understood the Momentum Character Secret, he only grasped a mere fraction of its essence.

If it were anyone else, they would likely not even understand as much as a mere fraction...

A million years had passed, Ning Fan broke free from the constraints of the bloody mist, and upon returning to the Barbaric Wilderness, discovered that the previous six Ancient Barbarian statues had all shattered.

At the site of the fragments of those Ancient Barbarian statues, a new twin-headed Barbarian statue had emerged, also fraught with countless cracks. This new Ancient Barbarian statue closely resembled the Seven Generations Barbarian Ancestor.

A million years passed, and the Barbaric Wilderness Forty-Two Domains had already taken shape. The Black Monk Order from before had all disappeared without a trace.

Now in the Barbaric Wilderness, there was no more Fan Family, no more Barbarian cultivators present; there were only a pitifully few Barbarians remaining, each devoid of cultivation.

There were only the Barbarian Beasts formed from the bestial transformation of Barbarians. The likes of the Barbarian Oxen and Barbarian Fish, among other Barbarian race creatures, could no longer be found, having gone extinct...

"The day I was slapped into the bloody mist a million years ago, what exactly happened in the Barbaric Wilderness..."

"Because of that day's events, did the Barbaric Wilderness divide into the Forty-Two Domains? Was that how the Barbarian Ancestor and the Fan Family disappeared from the Barbaric Wilderness..."

"A Barbaric Wilderness like this, in another million years, might just become a battleground for the realms of gods and demons..."

"I created the Bridge of Conviction, leveraging the mystical power of the True Illusion River Waters, entering the ancient barbaric wilds mirage three times... If not for this, I would have no way of knowing these ancient secrets..."

Ning Fan lifted his gaze skyward, where a faint layer of amethyst and gold clouds hovered, containing the will of the Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign.

The exit from this Mirage realm lay within those amethyst-gilded clouds!

Ning Fan unfurled his butterfly wings, flying towards the amethyst-golden clouds. But the moment he drew near, the clouds vanished, reappearing several Barbarian Domains away.

Chasing after the faint aura of the clouds, Ning Fan leaped over several Barbarian Domains, once more locating the amethyst-golden clouds.

Yet before he could approach, the clouds vanished again, leaving no trace...

Ning Fan's gaze slightly narrowed. Unlocking the power of Rain Yin Yang, he pushed the Heaven Prying Rain Technique to its utmost, locking his spirit sense on the clouds.

His Barbarian Butterfly form surged with a myriad of golden lights, surprisingly exhibiting the Vertical Earth Golden Light Technique, rushing straight towards the clouds.

His escape light wasn't slow, but the Immortal Clouds moved even faster.

No matter how Ning Fan chased, he could never get close to the Immortal Clouds; even using the Heaven Sealing Art couldn't fix them in place.

Unable to get close to the Immortal Clouds, he couldn't use the exit within them to escape the Mirage.

"Within those Immortal Clouds lies the will of the Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign, intent on trapping me entirely within my heart spirit, not allowing me to leave..."

"That will doesn't permit me to create the Bridge of Conviction nor allow me to cross the Crossing Truth Realm..."

"That will isn't aimed solely at me. It's targeted at millions of Dao Upholders!"

"The exit is clearly within the Immortal Clouds, but they deliberately evade me. The faster I chase, the faster they flee. If I keep pursuing, I'm afraid I'll never catch up with the Immortal Clouds!"

Ning Fan's gaze flickered, gaining a shred of understanding.

The path of cultivation, only by bitterly cultivating, is difficult to reach the great Dao. Solely chasing the Dao will always leave one falling behind...

Just chasing isn't enough!

"If there's no other exit besides the Immortal Clouds, then I'll create my own exit, and so what!"

"Will, will... The key to escaping the Mirage lies in will! I must use my will to tear open an exit from this Mirage!"

"I want to leave this illusion, I wish to create the Bridge of Conviction, I want to cross the Crossing Truth Realm!"

Ning Fan ceased chasing the Immortal Clouds; his butterfly wings continually flapped, whipping up fierce winds, perpetually tearing the sky.

Within the fierce winds lies Ning Fan's unyielding will to escape the Mirage!

Ten years, a hundred years, a thousand years... Ning Fan repetitively carried out actions of tearing the skies, infusing his obsession and will into the sky, gradually tearing open a fissure from above!

The sky also has its protective will, but that will has been gradually torn apart by Ning Fan!

"So it is!"

Ning Fan seemed to realize something, spreading his butterfly wings, he flew out of the Mirage, his heart spirit returning.

Before the True Illusion River, he reopened his eyes, gazing at the countercurrent of the river with a decisive look.

His actions had again disturbed the will of the river within the True Illusion River. He moved swiftly, stripping away all remaining illusionary formations within the stone bridge, transforming it entirely into the True Bridge.

Yet, he still hadn't stepped onto the Bridge of Conviction, nor had he begun to cross the Crossing Truth Realm!

Having undergone the trials of three illusions, Ning Fan's understanding of will deepened continuously, gradually recognizing certain nuances on the True Illusion River.

The Bridge of Conviction he created was not much different from the ordinary True Bridge, but internally, there lay substantial differences.

Among the hundred thousand eighty True Bridges on the True Illusion River, they all bore the will of an Immortal Emperor, yet Ning Fan's Bridge of Conviction lacked that will...

"I haven't yet infused my will into the bridge; this bridge still doesn't qualify as a true True Bridge!"

"In the first illusion, I transformed into a Barbarian Ox, bearing mountains on my back; in the second, I turned into a Barbarian Fish, swallowing seas and reversing fate; in the third, I became a Barbarian Butterfly, tearing through Barbarian Wilds... None of the three illusions were without the purpose of enlightening what will truly means..."

"The will left by the Immortal Sovereign within the True Illusion River seems to aim at preventing successors from building bridges, but in truth, it's to make them realize the importance of will..."

"The Ancestor Dragon Zhuli once tried to create a bridge; aside from me, over forty thousand people from ancient to modern times attempted, but none succeeded."

"I refuse to believe those failures couldn't break through the illusions or disrupt the will of the True Illusion River... I'd rather believe they couldn't infuse their own will into the True Bridge! That might just be the reason behind their failure to create bridges!"

Ning Fan stepped onto the Bridge of Conviction, his hand pressing on the bluestone pier at the bridge's end, his gaze suddenly fierce like a demon.

"By the command of Ning Fan, this bridge from today onward, is the True Bridge!"

Without any superfluous movements, a will as firm as mountains, as deep as seas, and as vast as heavens immediately blessed the True Bridge.

That was Ning Fan's unyielding will to create the Bridge of Conviction. With this will, the Bridge of Conviction truly qualifies as a True Bridge!

"This son indeed created the True Bridge!" The River Demon beneath the True Illusion River was speechlessly startled.

Just as Ning Fan predicted, through the ages, those who failed to accomplish bridge creation mostly stumbled at the barrier of will.

Crossing the Crossing Truth Realm is not about seeking the Dao Fruit, but about honing one's will.

Should one's will choose to surpass the heavens, the heaven shall be deemed true, if deemed false, it shall become false; reality and illusion lie only within a thought!

Pursuing the Dao Fruit holds no significance; relentless pursuit can never procure the genuine answer, akin to the futile act of chasing Immortal Clouds...

Regrettably, future cultivators rarely practice their will, most blindly chasing the seemingly unattainable Dao Fruit.

"I wish to cross the Crossing Truth Realm!"

Ning Fan stepped onto the True Bridge; this step made him distinctly feel the will of the entire True Illusion River pressure him, making it difficult to advance!

Ning Fan gritted his teeth, his eyes widened in determination, veins bulging on his forehead, under the immense pressure of that will, even causing his blood to struggle to flow.

While his body had no power to resist that strong will, his mind would never yield to it!

"I must cross the Crossing Truth Realm!"

Crossing the Crossing Truth Realm has become Ning Fan's obsession!

The stronger the obsession, the stronger the will; Ning Fan's complexion gradually paled, sweat soaking him, yet he struggled to take the second, third, and fourth step...

With each step forward, his momentum strengthened, his cultivation improved!

With each step forward, his will grew more powerful!

As the final step, upon setting foot on the northern bank of the Zhenhuan River, a world-shaking aura wildly erupted from Ning Fan, stirring the waters of the Zhenhuan River into a tempestuous rage!

At this moment, Ning Fan successfully crossed the True Bridge, breaking through to the Initial Stage of Crossing Truth!

In this instant, Ning Fan was no longer a Fate Immortal, but a True Immortal!

Though it was merely a breakthrough from the peak of the Ghost Profound to the Initial Stage of Crossing Truth, it was a qualitative difference. Ning Fan could feel that after successfully crossing, his mana was now five times greater than before!

Ning Fan's mana before could already rival a cultivator at the peak of the Initial Stage of Crossing Truth. Now that he had successfully crossed, his mana was unmatched even among those in the Mid Stage.

"So this is the power of the Initial Stage of Crossing Truth..."

Ning Fan's eyes flashed with steely resolve as he clenched his fists, looking back at the True Bridge with a satisfied smile.

Stepping onto the northern bank, Ning Fan continued to look northward. There lay another Zhenhuan River, the second under the Inner Heavenly Dao.

Crossing this river would propel him to the Mid Stage of Crossing Truth!

Ning Fan's gaze penetrated the second Zhenhuan River, effortlessly finding the True Bridge of Execution Path on its surface.

After the first True Bridge was constructed, all subsequent true rivers had them.

"With the True Bridge established, future breakthroughs across other realms of Crossing Truth won't require so much effort. As long as my mana is sufficient, I'll be able to cross the river."

"I have numerous Dao Fruits on hand. If I refine them all, my mana might be enough to break through the bottleneck of the Mid Stage of Crossing Truth... But refining these Dao Fruits will take at least ten years..."

"It seems I must first leave the Inner Heavenly Dao, consume the Dao Fruits, enter secluded cultivation, then return to challenge the Mid Stage bottleneck..."

Ning Fan shook his head slightly, flicking a finger to create a pitch-black crack in the air—the path out of the Inner Heavenly Dao.

Just as he was about to leave, an Elder River Demon with purple scales flew out from the first Zhenhuan River, smiling and blocking Ning Fan's path.

"Young friend, there's no need to rush. This old one finds you pleasing and wishes to gift you something. Do you dare accept?"

"Who might you be?" Ning Fan, in no rush, inquired.

The Elder River Demon was slightly taken aback, then smiled meaningfully,

"This old one is a River Demon of the Zhenhuan River, designated by the Purple Dou Immortal Emperor to guard the four Zhenhuan Rivers of the Dreamland Realm."

"River Demon of the Zhenhuan River? Dreamland Realm?" Ning Fan's eyes flickered but he asked no further.

"Aren't you curious about the gift this old one wishes to give you?" the River Demon asked with a smile.

"I am more curious about what you mean by the Dreamland Realm," Ning Fan replied expressionlessly.

He always maintained a degree of caution towards strangers' kindness, as was his custom.

With his perception, he naturally saw that the Elder River Demon was a powerhouse comparable to the Mid Stage of the Shedding Void Stage.

Now that Ning Fan had successfully crossed Truth, having cultivated the second Yin Yang... War Yin and Yang, and perfected the War God Art into its Fourth Transformation post his Crossing Truth breakthrough.

Even if he were to face the Elder River Demon head-on, he might not lose, feeling no fear of his scheming.

"What the Dreamland Realm is, this old one cannot tell you. You must discover it yourself... Since you can cause the Zhenhuan River to reverse its flow multiple times, one day you will understand the meaning of those words."

The Elder River Demon noticed the caution in Ning Fan's eyes but was indifferent, beckoning with a palm to draw a purple-gold Treasure Bead from the Zhenhuan River.

This Treasure Bead was a crystal formed from the condensed willpower of the river waters by the Elder River Demon.

He had guarded the Zhenhuan River for countless years, having condensed only this single Treasure Bead over time.

"It seems you have quite a few Dao Fruits. If this old one was to use the willpower in this Bead to aid in refining your Dao Fruits, your speed would increase by a thousandfold at least..."

"If you trust this old one, you can accept this kindness and use this Bead's willpower to accelerate your Dao Fruit refining process, crossing the second river in one stroke, hence breaking through to the Mid Stage of Crossing Truth. Naturally, if you don't trust this old one, you can leave, and I will not hinder..."

The Elder River Demon looked at Ning Fan with a smile, patiently awaiting his response.

Ning Fan gazed at the Willpower Pearl, his expression growing ever more serious.

With the River Demon's cultivation, condensing intangible willpower into a solid crystal must have taken billions of years of effort.

The immense willpower contained within this Treasure Bead was not only enough to accelerate the refining of all Ning Fan's Dao Fruits but might also slightly refine some Dark Star Fruits...

The Dao Fruits themselves were manageable, but the Dark Star Fruits were notoriously difficult to refine.

Ning Fan's absorption of the Dark Star Fruit's power was too slow. If he could use the Willpower Pearl to aid in this, perhaps he could take this opportunity to refine one or two Dark Star Fruits...

Opportunities to use the Willpower Pearl for accelerated refining were indeed rare...

"Senior truly wishes to use the power of this Bead to aid my Dao Fruit refining?"

"Haha, this old one is naturally willing to gift you the Bead. It all depends on whether you dare accept this goodwill. While refining with this Willpower Pearl is indeed swift, the burden of willpower pressure is equally immense... Are you willing to use this Pearl?"

"Why wouldn't I dare!"

Ning Fan immediately sat cross-legged in front of the River Demon, retrieving several Fate Immortal Dao Fruits from his storage pouch.

Once the River Demon activated the Bead's willpower, he would commence refining the Dao Fruits.

Ning Fan was unafraid of any harm from the River Demon. Given his many techniques, he had no fear of being harmed by the River Demon.

Moreover, he had not sensed any hostility from the River Demon from beginning to end.

Since the River Demon had taken the initiative to befriend him, he would seize this opportunity as well.

"Are you ready?" The River Demon gradually adopted a serious expression, gazing thoughtfully at Ning Fan.

Chapter 875: Mid Stage Enlightenment, Dark Thunder Chariot

"Are you ready?" The Elder River Demon gradually showed a serious expression, his gaze heavy as he asked.

"Yes." Ning Fan nodded, his eyes focused, and his whole demeanor completely restrained, not leaking a single bit.

In his eyes, there was a sense of will, fully prepared to resist the will of the Treasure Bead.

That will was strong, almost an obsession.

The Elder River Demon showed a hint of appreciation in his eyes, waved his hand, and summoned the Willpower Pearl, performing incantation gestures with his fingers.

It was a Willpower Pearl he had spent hundreds of millions of years to condense, yet he didn't hesitate to give it to Ning Fan, simply because he found Ning Fan highly agreeable.

The Pearl spun rapidly in mid-air, and when it reached its tenth rotation, it suddenly exploded like a volcanic eruption, bursting out with a chaotic and earth-shaking force of will.

The entire Inner Heavenly Dao trembled violently due to that powerful will.

Under the control of the Elder River Demon, that will heavily suppressed Ning Fan, and in an instant, Ning Fan felt as though he was being crushed by countless mountain peaks, nearly suffocating!

Fortunately, this will was benevolent, not malicious, causing Ning Fan's bloodflow not to stagnate but instead increase a thousandfold.

Ning Fan's skin turned flush red and started emitting steam, his body under high stress, but his gaze remained as clear as water.

At this moment, Ning Fan was finally convinced that the Elder River Demon truly bore goodwill towards him, thus slightly lowering his guard when looking at the Elder River Demon.

With an open mouth, Ning Fan swallowed several Fate Immortal Dao Fruits on his lap, refining them in his belly, and then took out other Dao Fruits to refine as well.

He had taken many Fate Immortal Dao Fruits from the Godly Void Pavilion, leaving many for the little demoness, and still had nearly seven hundred left.

Even with the enhancement of the Yin Yang Locket, it would take Ning Fan one to two years to fully absorb them all with his full effort.

Now, with the amplification of the Willpower Pearl, Ning Fan's bloodflow increased a thousandfold, allowing him to refine all the Fate Immortal Dao Fruits in just one day!

Unfortunately, perhaps Ning Fan had consumed too many Fate Immortal Dao Fruits already, as the efficacy of the fruits decreased the more he consumed them.

When he consumed the last Fate Immortal Dao Fruit, its efficacy was only a tenth of the initial one...

In the Four Heavens, it was rare for a cultivator like Ning Fan to consume Fate Immortal Dao Fruits until they almost lost their efficacy...

Even though Ning Fan was a Three Apertures Ancient God with an eightfold refining effect compared to normal, after consuming all the Fate Immortal Dao Fruits, his mana only increased by thirty percent.

Ning Fan gave the little demoness 10 of the Enlightenment Dao Fruits, keeping 48 for himself.

For the Shekong Dao Fruits, he gave the little demoness 2 and the Sparrow God Kidd one, keeping 9 for himself.

Ning Fan then spent two more days consuming all the Enlightenment and Shekong Dao Fruits, only slightly touching the bottleneck of Mid Stage Enlightenment.

The Dao Fruits he consumed this time, if converted into Dao Crystals, would have a value exceeding trillions, even for Eternal Cultivators.

Yet, the value of trillions of Dao Crystals only allowed Ning Fan to touch the bottleneck of Mid Stage Enlightenment, making the efficacy of the fruits fall short of their price, leaving Ning Fan unimpressed.

Few Enlightenment Realm cultivators could consume Fate Immortal Dao Fruits in such quantities. Naturally, few forces could afford to mass-cultivate True Immortal experts by relying solely on Dao Fruits and expensive pills, as it's an immense waste of resources.

For True Immortals, Dao Fruits and expensive pills are mainly used for breaking through small bottlenecks, with cultivation enhancement being secondary.

The primary way for True Immortals to enhance their cultivation is not through consuming external items but through meditative sitting, absorbing Dao force and Spiritual Energy from heaven and earth, deep contemplation, feeling the Heavenly Dao, to enhance inner Dao Enlightenment.

This process often requires thousands, tens of thousands, or even hundreds of thousands of years of arduous cultivation, consuming enormous amounts of time.

Thus, in the Enlightenment Realm, there might be cultivators with a bone age of tens of thousands of years, but among Shekong Cultivators, there are few with bone ages below a million years...

"For True Immortals, the efficacy of Dao Fruits is somewhat lacking..."

Ning Fan sighed softly, then looked up, gazing towards the Elder River Demon and the Willpower Pearl.

For three consecutive days, the Elder River Demon had been manipulating the Willpower Pearl, assisting Ning Fan in refining various treasures, and now he appeared exhausted, clearly indicating helping Ning Fan was a significant expenditure for him.

The Willpower Pearl had reduced to three-quarters of its original size, depleting a quarter of its power.

"So, having refined so many Dao Fruits, how confident are you now about breaking through the Mid Stage Enlightenment bottleneck?" The River Demon laughed heartily, asking.

"Less than fifty percent...it's quite low..."

"Less than fifty percent is low? You truly speak boldly as someone able to create a True Bridge... Do you have more Dao Fruits? If you do, I can continue helping you refine them, using up the entire power of this Pearl. After all, this Pearl was crafted by me during my idle time while guarding the river, and is of little use to me but very beneficial to you." The River Demon spoke generously.

"I've used up all the Dao Fruits I had, but I have something else, stronger in efficacy than those Dao Fruits, and I wish to borrow the power of the Willpower Pearl to refine it."

With that, Ning Fan performed a special spirit sense, and a dark glow flashed from his Dantian, sending out a Dark Star Fruit.

"Hiss! It's a Dark Star Fruit specific to the Dark Origin Sect! Such an item is extremely rare in the Dreamland Realm, and you actually have one!" The River Demon's eyes immediately widened in shock, and his gaze upon Ning Fan became more solemn.

"Dark Origin Sect?" Ning Fan was slightly surprised, as it was evidently his first time hearing this name.

"The Dark Origin Sect is an immortal sect in the ancient immortal domain; it's not surprising you don't know of it... I didn't expect you to have a Dark Star Fruit, which is not easy to refine... The force within my Willpower Pearl can only last for ten more days. I wonder if it's enough to help you refine this Dark Star Fruit..."

"Might as well give it a try!"

The River Demon waved his hand, and the power of will from the Pearl increased again, pressing down on Ning Fan.

Ning Fan didn't waste the pressure of the will, and without a second thought, he swallowed the Dark Star Fruit again, refining it into his Dantian, and began the process of refinement.

The process of refining the Dark Star Fruit was indeed as difficult as the River Demon predicted.

For others, refining a Dark Star Fruit would take at least a thousand to ten thousand years; even with Ning Fan's extraordinary talent and the help of the Willpower Pearl, after ten days, he only refined a tenth of the Dark Star Fruit...

After ten days, the power of the Willpower Pearl was exhausted, dispersing into faint lake light.

"I originally thought I could at least refine one or two Dark Star Fruits this time; it seems my expectations were a bit high..." Ning Fan said with a wry smile.

For an ordinary cultivator, one Dark Star Fruit could enhance forty thousand years of cultivation. For Ning Fan, a Three Apertures Ancient God, one Dark Star Fruit could increase by three hundred and twenty thousand years of cultivation.

A tenth of a Dark Star Fruit could still enhance thirty-two thousand years of cultivation.

At this moment, Ning Fan was fully confident in breaking through the Mid Stage Enlightenment bottleneck and crossing the second Bridge of Conviction.

He slowly stood up and cupped his fists in gratitude towards the River Demon, "Thank you! Senior, for your assistance today, I will repay your kindness in the future!"

The gratitude was, of course, for the River Demon's help in refining the Dao Fruits and the Dark Star Fruit.

"Haha, I don't care for your repayment! But if one day you can see through the truth of the Dreamland Realm, I may indeed have a small matter to ask your assistance with... If that day truly comes, don't refuse me, young friend..." The River Demon said half-jokingly.

Ning Fan didn't comprehend the meaning of the River Demon's words, not understanding what it meant to see through the truth of the Dreamland Realm.

However, he remembered the River Demon's words. If there ever comes a day when he truly sees through the truth of the Dreamland Realm, he would naturally find the River Demon to hear his request and do his best to help.

"Alright! Quickly go to the True Bridge and break through to the Mid Stage Enlightenment! You've already spent quite some time in the Inner Heavenly Dao, and I suppose it won't be long before you leave this place, so don't waste your time crossing the bridge."

The River Demon laughed heartily, took a deep look at Ning Fan, and then disappeared with a flicker, re-entering the first Zhenhuan River.

Ning Fan glanced towards the direction of the first river, withdrew his gaze, turned around, and walked towards the second river, stepping onto the second Bridge of Conviction!

As he set foot on this step, countless river water wills sank heavily down upon him.

The river water will of the second Zhenhuan River was several times stronger than that of the first river. However, Ning Fan's strength had now exceeded beyond several times that before; though it was difficult to progress on the second bridge, he still moved forward slowly and steadily.

With each step forward, Ning Fan's cultivation would improve a little.

Upon reaching the Other Shore, Ning Fan's entire cultivation smoothly broke through to the Mid Stage Enlightenment. After the breakthrough, his mana was comparable to those in the Late Stage Enlightenment, and it surpassed the average Late Stage Enlightenment by several levels!

Exhaling a murky breath, Ning Fan raised his head to look at the surrounding world, only to see that spatial turbulence was already appearing in the Inner Heavenly Dao, clearly intending to expel him from this place.

"Time to leave..."

Ning Fan cupped his fists towards the first river, and with a raised hand, tore open a pitch-black passageway in front of him, stepping into it, departing.

...

Half a month has passed since Ning Fan entered the Inner Heavenly Dao for Enlightenment.

During this half month, Liu Yan and Xian Luoli have stayed in the Barbarian Valley, waiting for Ning Fan's return.

Every day Xian Luoli wakes up, she loses memory of Liu Yan, causing much headache for Liu Yan.

Fortunately, Ning Fan had already left behind a jade scroll recording, which captures fragments of memories of living with Liu Yan and Xian Luoli.

Every day, Liu Yan would show these recordings to Xian Luoli, reminding her that she's not an enemy.

"Liu Yan, why hasn't dad come back yet? Xianxian misses dad..."

Xian Luoli climbed a tree like a little monkey, shaking her feet, gnawing on Thunder Pills, staring blankly at the sky.

During the days Ning Fan wasn't there, she would zone out every day, thinking about Ning Fan.

"Soon... Whether Senior succeeds or fails in Enlightenment, after half a month, he should return..."

Liu Yan guarded beneath the tree, watching Xian Luoli, afraid she might wander out of the Barbarian Valley while Ning Fan was away and encounter danger.

Although she knows well that Xian Luoli's strength is comparable to a Mid-stage Shaking Old Monster, posing little danger in the primitive and wild lands...

However, after decades of interaction, the bond between her, Ning Fan, and Xian Luoli has grown to feel almost like family. That feeling is intoxicating, making Liu Yan reluctant, yet she knows it's false; there's no true family relationship among them.

Boom!

The clear sky suddenly resounded with a muffled thunder, followed by several streaks of escape light held by Yin Yang Transformation experts, holding Offering Vessel of Ancient Demons, arriving at this Barbarian Valley.

The visitors were three in total: two were Initial Stage Enlightenment True Dragon Clan Transformation experts, and the other was a Mid-stage Shaking Purple Armored Dragon Demon.

If Ning Fan were present, he would surely recognize the Mid-stage Shaking Purple Armored Dragon Demon as one of the four Poison Dragon Guards he couldn't kill that day!

"Commander Feng, this is the location indicated by the map. Our task is to unseal the ancient formation here... Huh? Someone's in the valley?"

The two Initial Stage Enlightenment Dragon Demons were reporting something to the Shaking Poison Dragon Guard when their gazes abruptly changed, silencing them.

The Poison Dragon Guard, known as Commander Feng, casually glanced down at the Barbarian Valley and said indifferently,

"They're just two low-cultivation human experts, one at Void Fragmentation and the other seemingly not harmonized yet; nothing worth alarming. You two head down and silence them. We're acting on the Ancestor's secret order; no one can witness our actions!"

"Yes!"

The two Enlightenment Dragon Demons obeyed, immediately displaying cold glints in their eyes as they charged downwards, releasing killing intent recklessly, directly locking onto Liu Yan and Xian Luoli.

"Not good! Xianxian, run!"

Liu Yan's beautiful eyes widened in shock as she leaped onto the tree, grabbing Xian Luoli's hand, ready to crush the jade scroll Ning Fan left her to escape.

Despite her low cultivation, unable to discern the exact strength of the three Dragon Demons, she faintly sensed their terrifying presence.

Although aware of Xian Luoli's prowess, Liu Yan was uncertain whether Xian Luoli was stronger than the three Dragon Demons. Sensing their exposed murderous intent, she sought foolproof escape plans.

That jade scroll was given by Ning Fan before his departure, containing a trace of Vertical Golden Light's power.

Once crushed, the scroll instantly emitted a golden light, enveloping Liu Yan and Xian Luoli, flashing away in the sky.

"So quick!" The two Enlightenment Dragon Demons' eyes shook, frantically releasing spirit sense, but within the range could no longer find any trace of the two women.

"Oh? Unexpectedly, a mere Void Fragmentation junior holds such a formidable escape jade scroll. Could she be a descendant of a Human Clan Immortal Honorific... An Immortal Honorific's lineage? Haha, that makes her worth killing even more, presenting such a grand achievement to the Ancestor!"

Commander Feng sneered, flicking a finger towards the sky, having a purple dragon shadow appear.

"Get on, I will help you earn a merit!"

Commander Feng leaped onto the purple dragon's head, carrying the two Enlightenment Dragon Demons, aiming in a direction, ready to pursue.

Suddenly, Commander Feng appeared perplexed as the two women inexplicably returned the way they came...

The reason for returning was due to Xian Luoli.

"Liu Yan, why are we running? Dad won't find us when he returns!" Moments before, Xian Luoli complained, being enveloped in the golden escape rainbow by Liu Yan, pouting.

She wasn't afraid of the three Dragon Demons, wanting to stay in the valley and await 'Dad Ning Fan' to return home.

"Those three are very formidable Yin Yang Transformation. Senior said if we encounter formidable masters, we should crush the jade scroll for escape... He left behind plenty of jade scrolls. Once we flee further, I will activate the concealing jade scroll, hiding our presence and eluding these pursuers easily..." Liu Yan replied gravely.

"No way, I'm not escaping, I want to go back and wait for Dad!"

Xian Luoli swung her fist, directly punching a hole in the Vertical Golden Light escape technique, stepping on silver thunderous cold energy as she returned the way they came towards Barbarian Valley.

Liu Yan's delicate face changed, foregoing the golden light escape, biting her silver teeth, she activated the golden light, returning the same way, chasing after Xian Luoli.

Thus, the two women once more ended up back in the Barbarian Valley.

Xian Luoli to stay and await Ning Fan, and Liu Yan to take Xian Luoli away...

"Interesting, interesting... Your golden light technique is quite remarkable. I was worried you'd escape my perception range; never expected you'd return for death..."

"This time, you won't have another chance to escape!"

Commander Feng watched the approaching Xian Luoli and Liu Yan, sneering, raising his hand, pointing to the sky, saying solemnly,

"Heavenly Demon Art, carve the sky into a mirror!"

As Commander Feng's finger pointed down, the sky within the valley's expanse solidified as if sealed by a barrier.

Liu Yan and Xian Luoli's escape light collided with an invisible wall, retreating backwards with a bang, their escape light extinguished, unable to advance further.

"Unite!"

Without giving the women more time to react, Commander Feng clapped his hands, activating a divine skill, causing countless earthen stones within the valley to soar skyward, forming two massive stone palms.

The palms originally at each side of the women, upon activation, simultaneously slammed down towards the women.

With Commander Feng's Mid-stage Shaking cultivation, his dual palms could easily achieve a one-hit kill against any Enlightenment Cultivator.

Commander Feng believed his divine skill would decisively obliterate the two women effortlessly.

Unexpectedly, during the instance the two palms converged, it wasn't Xian Luoli who received any attention. Instead, Xian Luoli suddenly raised her delicate fist, delivering punches towards each side, shattering both giant palms.

Her expression remained relaxed.

"Liu Yan, don't worry, this old jerk isn't my match, but it seems hard for me to kill him now..."

"I want to stay here and wait for Dad to come home. Though I can't defeat them, Dad said if bullied, fight back!"

Xian Luoli punched again, causing the surrounding miles of barrier to shatter like glass.

With a toe tap, she astonishingly dashed towards Commander Feng and others, raising a small hand, whereupon a huge silver lightning diagram appeared in the sky.

Within the diagram, cold energy surged forth, with chilling lightning forming a half-ice-cold half-thunder ancient war chariot.

At the appearance of the chariot, Commander Feng suddenly showed disbelief, his expression shifting.

He recognized the lightning diagram, chariot, and sensed Xian Luoli's powerful aura!

"She concealed her cultivation; she's actually a Mid-stage Shaking Cultivator!"

"Moreover, shockingly, she's from the East Heavenly Extreme Thunder Palace Cultivator! The technique she used is clearly the Extreme Thunder Palace Forbidden Technique... Dark Thunder Chariot!"

In the next instant, millions of cold thunder runes emerged from the chariot, with the cannon on the chariot releasing deafening thunder cannons.

A lethal threat surged upon Commander Feng and the other two Enlightenment minds!

Chapter 876: Battle of Illusory Arts

Irresistible, unbeatable!

They saw a blast of dark thunder fire piercing through the sky, and countless flying snowflakes made of silver lightning immediately drifted down between heaven and earth.

Where the lightning swept, the world instantly froze, turning the entire Barbarian Valley into a snowy valley, with a strange chill infiltrating the earth, sealing it under ice three feet deep.

Commander Feng and his men all turned pale, for even with Commander Feng's mid-stage Shedding Void cultivation, being struck by the dark thunder was a situation of near certain death...

The two Enlightenment Dragon Demons were already in despair, while Commander Feng revealed a vicious expression.

At the moment of certain death, Commander Feng dared not hold back any longer. Without a word, he directly took out a jade scroll adorned with dragon scales, showing a pained expression, but decisively crushed the jade scroll, coldly shouting,

"Dragon Sacrifice Art, Four Directions Dragon Bone!"

This was a life-preserving item bestowed upon him by Ancestor Dulong. Once the jade scroll was crushed, a colossal dragon head a million feet long appeared between heaven and earth, situating itself before the dark thunder fire.

The dragon head opened its mouth wide and swallowed the dark thunder fire whole. The dark maw could devour most of the Shedding Void realm spell attacks, being a unique defensive divine skill of the Bone Dragon clan of the True Dragon Race.

"Has it been blocked..." Commander Feng was slightly relieved, but the next moment, his expression changed dramatically.

They saw the dragon head which had swallowed the dark thunder fire suddenly show a pained expression, with lightning flickering over it, and the next moment, the entire dragon head turned into an ice sculpture.

As the lightning flashed over the ice sculpture, the dragon head immediately shattered into countless ice shards and disintegrated, the explosive lightning power continuing to sweep towards Commander Feng and his men.

Even as Commander Feng exerted his full mid-stage Shedding Void strength, he was still shaken by the scattered lightning power into spitting blood and flying backwards.

The two Enlightenment Dragon Demons behind him were directly annihilated by the dispersed lightning power!

"Hiss! What level is the Dark Thunder Chariot summoned by this girl! The power of its thunder cannons is so strong that even the defensive technique given by the ancestor cannot fully defend against it!"

"Eighth level, at least the eighth level! If not an eighth-level chariot, how could it have such terrifying power!"

Commander Feng wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, his expression dramatically changing, feeling a hint of fear for the unremarkable Xian Luoli.

The Dark Thunder Chariot is one of the forbidden techniques of the East Heavenly Extreme Thunder Palace, and the summoned Dark Thunder Chariots have ten levels. To render the defensive jade scroll incapable of defense, this chariot is at least an eighth-level chariot!

An eighth-level chariot, with fewer than a hundred in the entire Extreme Thunder Palace, and its full power strike is rarely withstood by Shedding Void realm cultivators!

The silver-haired little girl before him possessing an eighth-level chariot naturally couldn't have a low status within the Extreme Thunder Palace!

For Commander Feng, with mid-stage Shedding Void cultivation, to resist an eighth-level chariot's attack is as difficult as reaching heaven! Fighting any longer, he would likely die!

"So painful..." Xian Luoli coughed a few times, her small face filled with an expression of pain, a strand of blood seeping from the corner of her mouth, quickly wiped away nonchalantly.

As the Thunder Body continued to evolve, Xian Luoli's memory loss grew, but her control over thunder power was continually augmenting.

Previously, she couldn't perform the Divine Skill of the Dark Thunder Chariot, but now, she could.

However, since she was in a crucial stage of the Thunder Body evolution, performing this forbidden technique placed a great burden on her body, easily causing backlash.

The strand of blood was the best proof of her suffering from the forbidden technique's backlash, the pain of which felt as if her petite body was being torn apart.

"Xianxian, are you okay?" Liu Yan's beautiful eyes were filled with shock, and even more with worry.

The shock was over the terrifying power of the Dark Thunder Chariot; the worry was over Xian Luoli suffering the backlash.

"Liu Yan, don't worry, I'm fine... Daddy said that when wronged, you must strike back! These evil dragons want to kill us, so we must retaliate! We must slay the dragons!"

"Heh heh! Although I can't beat these evil dragons, as long as I summon the little chariot, I can still kill evil dragons! I'm amazing!"

"I won't leave, I won't run, I will wait here for Daddy to come back! If evil dragons hit me, I will slay dragons!"

In her clear eyes, Xian Luoli had a nearly obstinate determination. The more memories she lost, the more dependent she became on Ning Fan.

Though this forbidden technique brought great backlash to her, she wasn't afraid; she wanted to annihilate the enemies, to wait for Ning Fan's return in this Barbarian Valley.

"Unseal, Ninth-Level Thunder Chariot!"

More anguish showed on Xian Luoli's face, gritting her teeth to endure the pain, as her small finger performed the spirit sense, causing dark lightning to flash wildly from the Dark Thunder Chariot, the lightning might greatly increasing, talisman patterns growing more numerous, and the aura of slaughter becoming increasingly intense.

Commander Feng's eyeballs almost fell out of their sockets, he could never have expected that the Dark Thunder Chariot in Xian Luoli's possession was not an eighth-level chariot but a ninth-level chariot!

A ninth-level chariot, with a full-powered strike, could instant kill most Thought-Shattering cultivators!

Only those cultivators at the late or peak stages of Thought-Shattering had any chance of slightly resisting the chariot's thunder cannon's might. Unfortunately, Commander Feng was neither late staged nor at the peak; he was only mid-stage Shedding Void...

The ninth-level chariot's thunder cannon could penetrate heaven and earth; there was no place in this world for him to hide!

"I'm going to die, I'm going to die! I will die! I have no choice but to risk it..."

Commander Feng's heart and soul trembled violently, he almost despaired.

In desperation, Commander Feng pointed a finger towards his brow, and immediately, a shadowy arrow appeared at his brow...

But at this moment, suddenly a pitch-black fissure tore open in the world, and a young man in white emerged from it. Without seeing any action from him, the arrow shadow on Commander Feng's brow was forced back into his brow!

The young man in white glanced at Commander Feng, his gaze was grave; that arrow shadow imparted a strong sense of danger to him.

He slowly approached Xian Luoli and Liu Yan, looked over the ravaged bones of the barbarian valley, and for once, his eyes revealed a trace of heartache, as he wiped away a strand of blood from the corner of Xian Luoli's mouth.

"Xianxian, you can stop now. Forcibly using the Ninth Grade War Chariot will cause irreversible backlash... put the chariot away."

"Yes, Senior! Senior, you're back!" Liu Yan was delighted to see the white-robed youth return, her beautiful eyes showing joy, and her heart was at peace.

"Daddy! You've been gone for half a month, Xian'er missed you so much!"

Xian Luoli leaped like a monkey and darted into the arms of the white-robed youth, her face constantly rubbing against the youth's face, sweetly smiling, no longer concerned about using the Dark Thunder Chariot to obliterate Commander Feng.

The white-robed youth was Ning Fan, returned from Enlightenment.

Ning Fan swept his spirit sense over the bodies of the two ladies, seeing Liu Yan unharmed, he felt slightly relieved, but upon seeing Xian Luoli had already suffered backlash injuries, his expression immediately darkened.

When he looked towards Commander Feng, his eyes already flickered with a cold light.

"Xianxian always listens to me; I told her not to casually reveal her Divine Skills or attack people unless encountering an enemy... if not for this demon's murderous intent towards her, she wouldn't have risked backlash by using the Extreme Thunder Palace Forbidden Technique..."

"There is still residual aura of Demon Art in the air; did this demon attempt to strike down Xianxian and Liu Yan?"

"This demon's brow bears an arrow shadow, very dangerous. If I came back later, even with Xianxian having the Dark Thunder Chariot of Extreme Thunder Palace, she would have suffered some loss..."

"Come to think of it, this demon looks familiar... is it not one of those Poison Dragon Guards who hunted me back in the days!"

Ning Fan's gaze was as cold as ice that never melts through three winters, causing a shiver from nowhere in Commander Feng's heart.

He had heard Xian Luoli call Ning Fan 'Daddy'.

In his heart, Xian Luoli was already extremely weird, able to summon even the Ninth Grade Thunder Carriage, if Ning Fan was Xian Luoli's father, he must be even more freakish, hence he unconsciously feared Ning Fan three-fold.

But just in an instant, Commander Feng's expression eased, showing a look of disbelief.

He observed Xian Luoli obediently put away the chariot at Ning Fan's order, showing a manner of absolute compliance with Ning Fan.

And Ning Fan, whom Xian Luoli called daddy, had just broken through to his realm, still emitting the aura of Mid Stage Enlightenment... he was merely a junior in Enlightenment!

"Haha, surprised the old man, the father of this girl is merely a junior of Enlightenment..."

"But to think, after that girl summoned the Ninth Grade Chariot, she would willingly put it away... if she had activated the Thunder Cannon on the chariot, killing me would have been as easy as turning over a hand... among these three, it's the silver-haired girl who is the most tough! Although I don't know why she put away the chariot, it just so happens it gives the old man a chance to escape from here!"

"I received orders from the ancestor to come to Barbarian Valley to unseal an ancient formation, but the paths of these three crossed mine, if I had full confidence, naturally I would silence these three... but alas, the silver-haired girl's Thunder Carriage is too fearsome... Really, I should first return to the Northern Territory and inform the ancestor of this matter, let him dispatch others to silence these three!"

Commander Feng glanced maliciously at Ning Fan and the others, and suddenly swept up by nine layers of purple winds, directly fleeing north.

Before escaping, he flicked his finger, once again using the Demon Art to draw the sky as a mirror, setting a boundary around the entire Barbarian Valley, trying to slightly trap Ning Fan and the others.

"A boundary huh..." Ning Fan's eyes flashed azure spikes, and the powerful boundary imprisoning Barbarian Valley immediately exposed all its empty formation's eyes before his eyes.

"Daddy! That evil dragon just wanted to kill Xianxian and Liu Yan, hurry and catch it to vent Xianxian's anger!" Xian Luoli hugged Ning Fan's neck, acting coy.

In her muddled memories, Ning Fan was her daddy, omnipotent, killing a Shedding Void stage dragon is easy as pie.

"Alright, you both stay in Barbarian Valley waiting for me, I'll go chase down that evil dragon."

Ning Fan put Xian Luoli down, suddenly raised his hand, activating the Momentum Character Secret to its utmost, causing the aura to spread like a mountain, his five fingers pressing down天地.

This boundary was laid by a Mid Stage Shaking Old Monster, but to Ning Fan, who had just broken through to Mid Stage Enlightenment and possessed the Momentum Character Secret, it was like mere chickens and dogs, vulnerable to a single blow!

Boom!

The boundary imprisoning tens of thousands of miles shattered like glass upon Ning Fan's press, breaking piece by piece, continually roaring.

Ning Fan took a step into the sky, his three ancestral blood boiling, his body instantly turning into a golden spear, chasing after Commander Feng!

Having broken through to Mid Stage Enlightenment now, Ning Fan's cultivation improved greatly, even without summoning Ghost Eye Clan, he could somewhat control the Escape Rainbow of Vertical Golden Light.

Formerly he had no confidence to fight a Mid Stage Shekong, but now he possessed that confidence!

Ning Fan inherently was not a heartless person, having been family with Liu Yan and Xian Luoli for fifty years, although without romantic feelings, there existed a warmth as pure as tea and as mellow as wine between them.

Poison Dragon Guard was Ning Fan's enemy to begin with, and now, Commander Feng again attempted to strike at the two girls, Ning Fan would naturally not let this person pass!

"You, won't escape!"

While Commander Feng was transforming into a demon wind to escape, Ning Fan's voice suddenly sounded in his ears, causing his expression to immediately change.

Before he could react, a golden light flashed ahead, revealing a white-robed youth's figure out of thin air, it was Ning Fan.

As Ning Fan appeared, he instantly dropped a punch towards Commander Feng, with essence and energy shaking the heavens and earth.

Commander Feng had to stop his escape light to block the punch light, although unhurt, yet that punch light shook his palm, making it feel numb, his expression dark.

"What a terrifying cultivation speed! This child's mere Mid Stage Enlightenment cultivation, yet with that peculiar escape light, easily caught up to the old man! And this child, clearly only at Mid Stage Enlightenment, his punch power is so fearsome, even among Late Stage Enlightenment, not many can withstand a punch from him!"

"But it's a pity, this child actually pursues me alone, not accompanied by that silver-haired girl... haha, if it's just this child alone, the old man does not fear!"

"Die!"

Commander Feng waved his hand, summoning a demon dragon shattered bone, which upon exposure to sunlight instantly transformed into a twin-winged bone dragon, swallowing towards Ning Fan.

"Illusory Art huh..."

Ning Fan neither dodged nor evaded, directly employing Illusory Art to rebound.

With his current cultivation, reflecting the illusion of an intermediate-stage Sheking Old Monster is not difficult!

Yet, the twin-winged bone dragon that was about to swallow Ning Fan suddenly halted, and in the next instant, its body fragmented and vanished into illusion.

Behind Commander Feng, suddenly appeared hundreds of twin-winged bone dragons, all opening their mouths and breathing scorching dragon breath towards him!

"What! My illusion bone dragons, why are they backfiring!"

Commander Feng's face changed dramatically, without saying a word, he leapt back directly, and pinched gestures to unravel the illusion. Unfortunately, his movements were still a bit slow, and he was burned by several dragon breaths.

The injuries weren't severe, but they made Commander Feng's face extremely ugly.

He initially thought that with his dignified intermediate Shekong stage status, casually casting an illusion would be enough to wipe out the Enlightenment junior before him.

But who would have thought, the illusion he prided himself on would be so easily reflected by that Enlightenment junior...

"Who are you? State your name! Being able to reflect my illusion, within the primitive and wild land, you cannot be a nameless player!"

Commander Feng seemed to be asking, but his hand was hidden inside his long sleeve, secretly pinching formulas.

Ning Fan wasn't bored enough to announce his name. He had long seen through Commander Feng's tricks, he waved his hand across his face, directly summoning Ghost Face, his full head of black hair turning silver!

"You really don't know who I am? Break!"

Ning Fan casually punched the sky to his right, which immediately shattered, and from it fell thousands of illusory young dragons.

With a press of his five fingers, those young dragons screamed miserably, transforming into illusionary light and disappearing...

These young dragons were all transformations of illusion, and Shekong-level illusions were useless to Ning Fan now!

"Ghost Face silver hair, so it's you!" Commander Feng, upon seeing Ning Fan summon Ghost Face, first had a jolt of his gaze, then showed overwhelming murderous intent.

The cultivator with Ghost Face silver hair was precisely the one who Ancestor Dulong had set a heavy bounty upon, the one who single-handedly destroyed 68 Poison Dragon Guards, wrecked the Seven-Colored Arrow Spirit, and seized the Ancestral Dragon Bow!

After the initial shock, Commander Feng instead showed some disdainful laughter.

"Unexpectedly, the individual considered a major threat by the ancestor is merely an Enlightenment intermediate junior... As long as I can kill you, even paying a price is worth it! You seem extremely resistant to illusions, very well, I shall use divine skills outside of illusions to deal with you!"

"Offering Vessel of Ancient Demons, appear!"

Commander Feng raised his hand, summoning hundreds of golden lights, each light was actually an Offering Vessel of Ancient Demons.

Countless Offering Vessels floated in the air, immediately connecting to form an ancient killing formation.

Ning Fan only glanced at that killing formation, recognizing it immediately; this formation, faintly resembled the world-shattering fierce array used by the Barbarian Ancestor to blood sacrifice the primitive and wild lands—Primordial Inversion Dust Formation.

However, the power of this formation naturally couldn't compare to the Primordial Inversion Dust Formation. The latter could blood sacrifice the entire primitive and wild lands, while this formation could at most imprison Shekong cultivators.

In the third illusion of Enlightenment, Ning Fan was trapped in the Primordial Inversion Dust Formation for millions of years, researching it for millions of years.

The true Primordial Inversion Dust Formation, he couldn't decipher, but this weaker formation mimicking it didn't warrant his attention!

"This formation, is useless against me!"

"Rain Yin Yang, unseal! War Yin Yang, unseal!"

Unsealing two major Yin Yang transformations consecutively, Ning Fan's aura immediately approached the Initiate Realm of Shekong!

With a step, carrying the momentum to flatten mountains and rivers, he stepped on the weakest spot of the formation diagram!

With just one step, hundreds of Offering Vessels of Ancient Demons were shattered into powder, and the killing formation laid by Commander Feng hadn't even displayed its power before Ning Fan stomped it into pieces!

"How is this possible! The Dust-Exterminating Formation passed down by the ancestor, shattered by this child with a single step!"

"What Secret Technique did he use, clearly just an Enlightenment intermediate-stage cultivator, yet his cultivation surged to a level approaching Shekong in an instant!"

At this moment, Commander Feng actually sensed a trace of danger from Ning Fan.

If previously he somewhat belittled Ning Fan, he definitely couldn't belittle Ning Fan even a bit now.

"It seems I'll have to use the ancestor's bestowed arrow spirit to eliminate this child... No, that arrow spirit is the key to unseal the ancient array, if used by me, the ancestor will surely blame me..."

"Speaking of which, earlier when I thought I would be killed by the Ninth Grade War Chariot, I tried activating the arrow spirit to fight to the death, yet this child forced the arrow spirit back with a bizarre technique... How did he do it..."

Commander Feng's mind raced, finally shaking his head, relinquishing the use of the arrow spirit.

Although Ning Fan brought him a trace of crisis, that sense of crisis was still far less terrifying than the Ninth Grade War Chariot.

"I'll use that thing to deal with this child then!"

Commander Feng abruptly decided, pressing his right hand on his left shoulder, sneering coldly, directly tearing off his left arm, blood splattering across the sky.

"With the price of forever losing my arm, I beseech the ancient demon dragon to manifest!"

Bang!

Commander Feng's right hand pressed, his left arm immediately shattered into a blood mist, which unfurled across the sky, forming an ancient blood gate.

"Illusion Gate, open!"

As Commander Feng called out, the blood gate opened, and immediately a demon dragon equivalent to the eons-old monsters flew out from the blood gate!

The dragon breath was enough to scorch the skies, its power sufficient to easily obliterate any True Immortal cultivator!

Countless long-dead volcanoes erupted in response to the appearance of the Demon Dragon, as if turning the primitive wilderness into a sea of flames.

"Oh, half-real, half-illusory... quite a rare Illusory Art, unable to be countered..."

Ning Fan's gaze turned slightly solemn, as his vision naturally discerned that the Ancient Demon Dragon summoned by Commander Feng was an Illusory Art.

The volcanic eruptions were illusions; Commander Feng self-destructing an arm was an illusion, everything Ning Fan saw was an illusion...

However, the blood gate summoned by Commander Feng was real!

With Feng's cultivation, it's naturally impossible to truly summon an Eternity Realm Demon Dragon. This Demon Dragon is fake, unable to obliterate Ning Fan, nor can it be destroyed by him.

Yet even if it's fake, the Ancient Demon Dragon possesses an illusion defense comparable to an Eternal Cultivator, with ordinary illusion-breaking Divine Skills unable to vanquish this illusionary dragon. With Ning Fan's cultivation, even he cannot counter this Illusory Art.

The Demon Dragon is not the key to this art, but the blood gate is the key!

Ning Fan could sense the blood gate breathing like a living creature, extremely subtle yet real.

At the moment the blood gate appeared, Ning Fan's divine sense began to gradually turn blood-red...

"It's not the Demon Dragon to be slain, but... the blood gate! This blood gate cannot be destroyed by ordinary means; only Illusory Art can destroy the blood gate!"

"Just right, let's test my newly mastered Illusory Art on this blood gate..."

No matter how the Ancient Demon Dragon attacked him, Ning Fan did not bother to defend, determined that this dragon was an illusion and wouldn't suffer any harm!

His gaze was firmly locked on the blood gate, as he stepped forward, triggering the Dao Image of Demonic Night Transformation.

With a step forward, a thread of ultimate darkness emerged from the sky where his foot landed.

That darkness gradually eroded the Flame World wilderness, ultimately transforming the wilderness before Commander Feng's eyes into complete darkness.

The darkness wasn't just dark; it was blacker than night!

The world before Commander Feng's eyes seemed to lose all light; his five senses and spirit sense were gradually stripped away by the ultimate darkness!

He began to lose sight of the blood gate he'd summoned, nor could he see the illusionary Demon Dragon he'd created. The only thing he could see was Ning Fan walking step by step towards him within the darkness!

At this moment, Ning Fan's white robes and silver hair became so prominent in the darkness.

With each step Ning Fan took forward, the darkness eroding Commander Feng grew denser. Each step bore the will to blacken the heavens and earth!

Commander Feng was horrified to discover he was ensnared by Ning Fan's Illusory Art, and with Intermediate Harmonious Spirit cultivation, he couldn't break this Illusory Art!

Ning Fan walked closer, moving opposite to dawn, and wherever he stepped, was night!

Bang!

The sound of the blood gate shattering; Commander Feng couldn't even see how Ning Fan destroyed the blood gate!

Roar!

The sound of the Ancient Demon Dragon's demise, it was formed by illusion and perished by illusion!

The darkness eroded Commander Feng's body, starting from his feet, losing all color point by point, becoming dark, trapped in the night, losing freedom.

Gradually, not only his legs, but his entire body sank into darkness.

Commander Feng desperately tried to break free from the darkness, but found he simply couldn't.

In the instant when the last part of his body sank into darkness, he finally let out an agonizing scream, actually falling in that Dark Night Illusion Technique!

"So it was Dao Technique! No wonder it's so powerful... Ah!" Commander Feng's voice slowly disappeared within the darkness...

"Release!"

Ning Fan, somewhat exhausted, performed spirit sense with ten fingers, lifting the Dark Night Illusion Technique. This was Dao Image-level Dao Technique!

The world seemed never to have been plunged into darkness, just as it had been before.

Commander Feng's body stood intact in the sky, yet his gaze was hollow, drooling and grinning foolishly.

While beneath Ning Fan's ghost mask, his eyes bled black and his face was extremely pale, evidently the use of this Illusory Art consumed him greatly.

But the battle results were also astounding!

With this Illusory Art, Ning Fan actually wiped away all of Commander Feng's spirit awareness, turning him into an idiot!

Commander Feng was not one of the strong among the Intermediate Harmonious Spirit, but Ning Fan's Illusory Art wiped away his spirit awareness, proving this art's might!

This art cannot kill, what it obliterates is spirit awareness!

The backlash from this art is extremely terrifying; Ning Fan's eyes even suffered temporary blindness due to the performance of this art!

Within his Spirit, even more was half-eroded by darkness!

"Before this art is completed, it seems best not to use it excessively..." Ning Fan said solemnly.

Chapter 877: Fading Light, Why Not Return?

A few breaths later, Ning Fan's eyes cleared, removed the ghost mask, wiped away the black blood from his eyes, swept away the darkness over his spirit, and step by step, he walked towards Commander Feng standing motionless in the sky.

A dignified Mid-stage Shaking Old Monster was actually wiped of his spirit awareness by a single illusion from Ning Fan. It must be said, Commander Feng's defeat was quite tragic.

Commander Feng was most skilled in illusion arts, yet all sorts of illusions were suppressed by Ning Fan, causing his own strength to be suppressed by nearly ninety percent, and he ultimately lost to illusions...

At the center of his brows, there was also an arrow light, a divine skill bestowed by Ancestor Dulong, possessing boundless might, even Ning Fan felt a hint of danger from it. But unfortunately, he hesitated and gave up the chance to use the arrow light, ultimately having his spirit awareness wiped by Ning Fan's Dark Illusion Technique, turning into an idiot...

"If this demon had used his trump card means, I fear it wouldn't have been so easy for me to defeat him..."

Ning Fan pointed at the center of Commander Feng's brows, from which immediately an arrow light flew out.

It was a phantom arrow light that had birthed a bit of spirit awareness, enough to kill a Late Stage of Shekong cultivator with one arrow!

The bit of spirit awareness in the arrow light was erased by Ning Fan, and the arrow light was absorbed into his own brow, able to extinguish a Late Stage Shaking Old Monster with just one arrow!

The trump card means Commander Feng was too late to use went to Ning Fan for nothing.

"Soul Search!"

Ning Fan naturally showed no mercy to Commander Feng, directly using Soul Searching Technique.

After the soul search, he immediately killed Commander Feng and took his storage pouch and body blood.

The storage pouch contained no good items except for a map jade slip that drew Ning Fan's attention.

It was a map of the Barbarian Wilderness Forty-Two Domains, with over forty places marked in red, including the Barbarian Valley where Ning Fan was located.

From Commander Feng's memory, Ning Fan learned that Commander Feng came to this Barbarian Valley under Ancestor Dulong's order to unseal an ancient formation remnant near Barbarian Valley...

According to Ancestor Dulong, there were over ten thousand such remnants in the Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain, and Commander Feng was responsible for unsealing only over forty of them, knowing only the location of those forty remnants.

"The demon race first scattered and raised Reverse Infants throughout the Barbarian Wilderness, then secretly unsealed ancient formations. What exactly are they planning..."

Ning Fan's heart felt a slight unease, suspecting that the True Dragon Race's scheme might not be so simple.

He slowly closed his eyes, and his spirit sense immediately transformed into a fine rain, spreading in all directions.

The rain seeped into the earth around the Barbarian Valley for a million miles, flowing downward continuously into the depths of the earth's core.

There, Ning Fan saw an extremely concealed ancient formation remnant!

"This is... the Primordial Inversion Dust Formation!"

Ning Fan's gaze abruptly sharpened. He had once been trapped by the Primordial Inversion Dust Formation for many years in the third illusion, how could he not recognize this formation!

However, it was not a complete Primordial Inversion Dust Formation, but a one-ten-thousandth of the formation diagram broken off from it, further altered by powerful figures in later generations.

This remnant was perfectly sealed by formidable demon spirit power. To seal this formation required at least ten or more demon race Great Emperors who had cultivated spirit wheels!

The concealment effect of demon spirit power was extremely formidable, even Ning Fan, who also cultivated demon spirit power, had not discovered such a remnant sealed here after living in this Barbarian Valley for many days.

Activating the Primordial Inversion Dust Formation required the sacrifice of Reverse Infants...

Ning Fan's gaze grew increasingly grave, he vaguely understood why the True Dragon Clan was raising Reverse Infants.

"The reason the demon race raises Reverse Infants is likely to activate the myriad ancient formation remnants sealed in the Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain! These remnants formed after the Primordial Inversion Dust Formation shattered. Because they're shattered, they can't exert the full might of the Inversion Dust Formation. Being incomplete, even if the large formation is activated, it can't blood sacrifice the entire Barbarian Wilderness... the lethality of these remnants has long become negligible..."

"The demon race is not activating this formation to blood sacrifice the Barbarian Wilderness but with another purpose..."

"Just what is the demon race scheming..."

The schemes of the demon race left Ning Fan with a sense of unease, his figure dove underground, attempting to destroy the underground remnants.

Unfortunately, with Ning Fan's current cultivation, he could not damage this remnant...

To destroy the remnant, at least attacks near the Eternal Level would be needed, only an Eternity Realm old monster could destroy the remnant.

"Hiss! The spiritual energy of the land here is so chaotic. Not long ago, there must have been a great battle here!"

From the surface, came several women's exclams.

It was a few Fate Immortal female cultivators of the human clan who happened to pass by this place and discovered the chaotic spiritual energy here.

Underground, Ning Fan's eyes slightly shifted.

"Hmm? These Fate Immortals carry a faint Eternal aura on them, perhaps holding a life-saving divine skill bestowed by a certain human Clan Immortal Honorific..."

"The other day, when I was attacked with seven arrows by Ancestor Dulong, a human Clan Immortal Honorific helped me. Though it was ineffective, it was still a kind gesture... The aura of that human Clan Immortal Honorific is quite similar to that within these Fate Immortals..."

"Oh well, as my power is insufficient to destroy the remnant, I will inform that human Clan Immortal Honorific, let him deal with the demon race's plot. If the demon race's scheme incites a great calamity in the Barbarian Wilderness, the Venerable Immortal in charge there would likely be to blame. If he learns of the demon race's unlawful designs, he'll surely respond with full force... He once offered me help, so I'll send him some intelligence to help him prepare against the demon race's conspiracy!"

On the surface, the few Fate Immortal female cultivators, perceiving the chaotic spiritual energy here, dared not linger for long, fearing being drawn into some incident.

But just as the few female cultivators were about to leave, a heavy oppression, like a mountain, suddenly pressed down on them from below the ground, causing their breath to halt and rendering them immobile, their faces turning pale.

"To suppress us Fate Immortals with mere pressure, the one who attacked must be a Shedding Void Realm old monster!"

"Not good, we've been targeted by a Shedding Void Realm old monster! What do we do!"

"Damn it! Can we only use the protective divine skills granted by the Revered Immortal... but even if we use them, it might not save our lives..."

As the few female cultivators were in despair, a hoarse, elderly voice suddenly echoed in their ears, elusive and trace-less, making it impossible to discern where the speaker was hiding.

"Don't be afraid, I won't harm you. I just have some questions I want to ask. I hope you will answer truthfully. Afterwards, I will let you leave."

"What questions does Senior have? Please feel free to speak. It would be an honor for us juniors to answer Senior's queries..." the few female cultivators said in unison, their expressions somewhat easing.

At this moment, the owner of the voice intentionally released a trace of Human aura, allowing the female cultivators to feel slightly at ease, realizing that this elusive Senior might not be an enemy.

"I ask you, which Human Clan Immortal Honorific granted you your protective divine skills?" Beneath the ground, Ning Fan deliberately made his voice hoarse as he inquired.

"...Answering Senior, the one who granted us the divine skills is Miaoyan Immortal Honorific. We are the maids of Miaoyan Immortal Honorific..." the few female cultivators hesitated for a moment before replying.

This wasn't something secret, and the female cultivators wouldn't deliberately hide it from Ning Fan.

"Miaoyan Immortal Honorific..." Ning Fan silently memorized this name, thinking that this Miaoyan Immortal Honorific must have been the Human Clan Immortal Honorific who helped on that day.

After a brief silence, Ning Fan suddenly flicked his fingers, and a map jade scroll in his hand instantly transformed into a stream of light, flying out of the ground.

"This map jade scroll was captured by me when I killed the Poison Dragon Guard. You should take it back and give it to Miaoyan Immortal Honorific, informing him that the demon race is trying to unseal many ancient formations in the Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain. The jade scroll only marks some of those ancient formations... It's unclear what the demon race is plotting, so I ask Immortal Honorific to be more vigilant!"

After speaking, Ning Fan dissipated the pressure from the female cultivators, performed the Earth Escape Skill, and retreated back to Barbarian Valley, ignoring the Fate Immortal female cultivators.

"Has that Senior left..." Feeling the pressure on her body lighten, a round-faced female cultivator in black took a deep breath.

"Do we need to give this jade scroll to the Immortal Honorific?" a female cultivator murmured.

"Of course we do! Perhaps by handing over this jade scroll, we can establish a great merit."

The few female cultivators carefully put away the jade scroll, calmed their spirits, and quickly left the place, heading back towards the Southern Territory.

While still on the road, the few female cultivators used secret techniques to convey various information to Miaoyan Immortal Honorific.

Ning Fan returned to Barbarian Valley, taking Xian Luoli and Liu Yan with him.

Days later, the Human clan's strong cultivators came out in full force, searching for ancient formations in all the unoccupied Barbarian Domains and tasked two Human Clan Immortal Honorifics with destroying them.

When the news reached the Northern Territory, the demon race there was greatly shocked, none more so than Ancestor Dulong.

"Damn it! How did the Human clan discover our plot!" Ancestor Dulong's roar echoed through the Seven Domains of the demon race.

He immediately ordered the strong cultivators of the demon race to come out in full force, sparing no cost to unseal the ancient formations!

Ancestor Dulong even personally stepped in to prevent the Human clan from unsealing the ancient formations!

The Human cultivators are desperately trying to destroy the ancient formations, while the demon cultivators are desperately trying to unseal them. Everyone knows that the long-standing peace in the Barbarian Wilderness is truly on the verge of a great upheaval. Turbulent undercurrents are rising...

Ning Fan did not intervene in this turmoil. With his cultivation base, he couldn't make much of a difference amidst such chaos.

Despite the Human clan's efforts to destroy the residual formations, many were successfully unsealed by the demon race.

The entire Barbarian Wilderness began to fall with black snowflakes, and once the black snow fell, the wilderness became restless. Everyday, many Stone Warriors transformed into Barbarian Beasts, and every day, Barbarian Cities were massacred by Barbarian Beasts.

Walking along the official road of Barbarian City, Ning Fan looked at the sky filled with black snow, his gaze gradually becoming serious.

He did not wear a Ghost Eye mask, and behind him followed Liu Yan and Xian Luoli, with a Dragon-Horned Changgong in his hand.

Along the way, the Dragon-Horned Changgong continuously flattered Ning Fan, clearly terrified of him.

"Master, oh Master, you are the most powerful cultivator Little Bow has ever seen in this life. To create the True Bridge on the Zhenhuan River, far surpassing Little Bow's former master by a hundred times. To be the bow of such a master, aiding you in battling the heavens and earth, is truly a blessing for Little Bow across three lifetimes!"

"Master, oh Master, how do you manage such fortune with beauties? Truly enviable for Little Bow. Following behind you are two extremely beautiful ladies. Though one is a bit young, the young have their advantages, heh heh..."

"What! Master, your bone age isn't even over ten thousand! It's truly unbelievable! Little Bow really is a frog at the bottom of a well, having lived so many years, yet I've never seen such an extraordinary genius like Master!"

"Heh heh, Little Bow has said so much, my mouth is getting a bit dry, and the seal within me feels a bit tight. Master, could you help Little Bow loosen the seal..."

"Ah! Master, stop! The Barbarian Flash isn't fun, not fun at all!"

The response to the Dragon-Horned Changgong was only the Barbarian Flash light occasionally flickering in Ning Fan's hand.

Every time Ning Fan activated the Barbarian Flash, the bow spirit would cry out in agony, obediently shutting its mouth and ceasing its chatter.

But it wouldn't take long for it to forget the pain once the wound was healed and resume its nonsense with Ning Fan, only to be met with another round of Barbarian Flash.

To probe the bow spirit's memory for key information, Ning Fan used the Reverse Spirit Technique multiple times over a few days, conducting soul searches on the bow spirit.

He didn't just threaten it once, coercing it to unlock its memory seal for him to read.

Under Ning Fan's coercion and temptation, the Bow Spirit finally unlocked the sealed memories, allowing Ning Fan to perform a complete Soul Search.

However, regrettably, the memories sealed by the Bow Spirit were also fragmented, with little valuable information.

The only key information Ning Fan obtained was as follows.

Amongst Heaven and Earth, there are nine 'keys' in total, each one being vital to leave the 'Dreamland Realm' and enter the 'Sky Desolate Ancient Realm'.

"What is the Dreamland Realm... and what is the Sky Desolate Ancient Realm?"

Ning Fan shook his head, his eyes momentarily lost in thought, and continued forward in the black snow.

Seemingly tired of the Bow Spirit's rambling, Ning Fan, amidst the Bow Spirit's anguished gaze, reinforced the Bow Spirit's seal and discarded it back into the Xuan Yin Treasure.

Not exterminating the Bow Spirit, according to its memories, the True Dragon Race holds one of the nine keys, and the Bow Spirit's existence is instrumental in unsealing that key...

The snow in the Wilderness grows heavier and heavier, transforming the entire Wilderness into a world of black snow, which for the Stone Warriors is a snow calamity.

Their situation becomes increasingly challenging, having to deal with the snow calamity on one hand, fend off beast attacks on another, and simultaneously guard against fellow Stone Warriors turning into beasts...

The unclaimed Eighth Region, Tianman City.

Tianman City, the largest city in the Eighth Region of the Barbarian Domain, has always been peaceful due to the many Barbarian Monks stationed there, never fearing beast invasions.

However, since the black snow descended from the heavens, every day there are Stone Warriors turning into beasts unexpectedly, wreaking havoc within the city.

Even though those beasts are eventually slain by the Barbarian Monks, many citizens still perish from the beasts' attacks.

On the city wall of Tianman City stands a beautiful woman in her twenties, dressed in a black robe and a monk's attire, with a prayer bead in hand.

She once had a secular name, Zhao Die'er, now known by her monastic name 'Shiwei', being one of the three most powerful Barbarian Monks in Tianman City.

"Shiwei Shiwei, why do you not return..." She waits for Ning Fan's return.

Through the mastery of Barbarian Techniques, Zhao Die'er, harnessing the collective willpower of beings, is able to maintain an ageless appearance and extend her lifespan by several fold compared to ordinary humans.

If her cultivation of Barbarian Techniques continues to improve, she could live even longer, although unable to cultivate, she can extend her life span in this manner.

Yet she can delay her aging, but cannot delay her parents' aging... Those unable to become Barbarian Monks are destined for brief lives.

Her father and mother passed away several years ago, while she, through cultivating Barbarian Techniques, can enjoy a life longer than ordinary people...

"Father passed away four years ago, mother three years ago, last year uncle Zhao San passed away... No longer are there any familiar Bian Liang folk in Tianman City..."

"Uncle, where are you, it's been fifty years, why have you never come to see Die'er, Die'er misses you, misses you dearly..."

Zhao Die'er stands on the city wall, gazing at the endless black snow, dazedly reminiscing, longing for Ning Fan, awaiting Ning Fan's return.

Her fingers gently stroke the bone pendant on her neck, a coming-of-age gift from Ning Fan.

Time has passed, and suddenly she begins to understand why Ning Fan could perform so many strange actions back then.

When Ning Fan casually picks a plum blossom, it becomes Spiritual Medicine; Ning Fan can effortlessly slay Barbarian Monks like ants...

Ning Fan had never used any Barbarian Techniques; he was not a Barbarian Monk.

With Zhao Die'er's experience, she has already deduced that the uncle she misses most, Ning Fan, perhaps is not a Stone Warrior...

"Could uncle be a Foreign Clan Cultivator? Only such cultivators possess the cultivation abilities to wield immense power without relying on collective willpower, like the ancestors among the immortals..."

"Uncle once said his homeland is very far, so far that I could never reach it in my lifetime... Now I understand, uncle's homeland is not in the Wilderness, that's why I cannot go there..."

"Stone Warriors cannot leave the Wilderness, to leave is certain death... I cannot travel to uncle's homeland... How regrettable..."

"Uncle... do you still remember Die'er, or have you already forgotten..."

Zhao Die'er fondly caresses the bone pendant around her neck, yet her heart aches faintly, thinking of herself possibly forgotten by Ning Fan, she even finds her breath painful.

She suddenly regrets becoming a Barbarian Monk, able only to watch loved ones age and die, unable to prevent it nor accompany them.

Left only to live in solitude, alone, so tiring...

High above the snow, a snow eagle unknowingly flies by, one of the messenger eagles nurtured by Tianman City.

Upon retrieving the confidential message from the snow eagle, the guard reads it, his expression immediately changes, and he urgently reports to Zhao Die'er.

"Master Shiwei! Urgent news, urgent news! Three hundred Black Barbarian Monks have gathered the Barbarian Beast Army and are heading to attack our Tianman City!"

Zhao Die'er's expression of reminiscence immediately vanishes, her face turning icy cold.

Black Barbarian Monks... though part of the Stone Warriors, somehow, they can manipulate Barbarian Beasts, making them obey their commands.

Previously, Black Barbarian Monks didn't possess the ability to command Barbarian Beasts, but ever since the black snow descended, they have gained this strange ability...

"Three hundred Black Barbarian Monks... Can Tianman City withstand this attack? Even if we can repel this time, what about the next..."

Zhao Die'er's beautiful eyes looked at the countless Barbarian figures on the city walls, sighing softly.

Those figures were more or less damaged and would eventually be completely destroyed by the attacking Barbarian Beasts one day.

At that time, it would be the day of Tianman City's destruction...

The urgent report quickly spread throughout Tianman City, and all two hundred Black Barbarian Monks in the city were assembled and gathered on the city walls.

Standing alongside Zhao Die'er were two other powerful Barbarian Monks, both with heavy expressions.

Half an hour later, in the distant snow fields, three hundred Black Riders were faintly visible, riding through the snow, all Black Barbarians.

Behind those Black Barbarian Monks followed nearly a hundred giant Barbarian Beasts, rushing toward Tianman City regardless of anything.

"Hiss! This time, the Black Barbarians have brought a hundred Barbarian Beasts to attack! How can the remaining damaged figures of Tianman City withstand the charge of a hundred Barbarian Beasts?"

Each Barbarian Monk of Tianman showed a look of despair, and many began to close their eyes in prayer, reciting transcendence sutras, evidently prepared to die in battle.

Zhao Die'er's expression was quite calm; facing possible death, she showed no great fear.

Death is not scary; for her, the fear lies in a long, lonely life, waiting but never welcoming the one she hopes to see...

Her beautiful eyes looked at the few plum trees under the wall, gazing at the familiar yet strange red plum blossoms with a bitter smile.

The plum blossoms have bloomed again, but Uncle, you have not come...

Uncle will not come; he will never come again...

Uncle is not a Barbarian; the wilderness is not his home. He may have left long ago...

"Fight to the death all over the city!" Zhao Die'er gradually shed her sadness, her beautiful eyes flashing firm determination as she shouted and gave the order.

All the Barbarian Monks and city guards showed solemn expressions, preparing to welcome the upcoming deadly battle.

But at that moment, three figures slowly walked on the official road outside the city.

The city gate was tightly shut, and those three seemed unable to enter nor intending to.

Among them, two women—one big, one small—stayed outside the city gate, while the man in white clothes glanced at the city walls with a smile, seemingly speaking something, though no one could hear. Then he walked step by step toward the Barbarian Beast army, calm and relaxed.

In the midst of the black snow, he was so conspicuously dressed in white.

In front of the Barbarian Beast army, he appeared so insignificant alone.

"Is he crazy? He's walking toward the Barbarian Beast army! He's courting death!" Many city guards began to exclaim.

Only Zhao Die'er stood there dumbfounded, not believing what she saw.

The uncle she missed so much had arrived at this moment!

She did not know that the bone pendant on her neck was emitting a faint glow. Only when faced with certain death does the bone pendant shine.

Ning Fan sensed that glow and thus came to Tianman City.

"Don't be scared..."

Ning Fan's voice echoed in Zhao Die'er's ear, reassuring her while causing a pang of grievance, and tears uncontrollably streamed down.

She had waited fifty years, and finally, Ning Fan had arrived...

"Hm? Is there a madman trying to stop the Barbarian Beast army alone? Haha, kill him!"

Amongst the three hundred Black Barbarian Monks, many instantly laughed coldly, bloodthirsty, while some drew their waist knives and charged toward Ning Fan on horseback.

Ning Fan ignored the charging Black Barbarian Monks, his fingers entwining with Barbarian Flash Jiguang, raising his hand in a gesture as if he were holding the sky, tearing it fiercely!

The snow-covered ground before him seemed artificially torn, splitting open.

The sky filled with black snow was torn apart by Ning Fan, revealing the dark void beyond!

Black-red Barbarian Flash raged in the torn sky, striking at the Black Barbarian Monks and the Barbarian Beast army.

The three hundred Barbarian Monks hadn't yet reacted when they, along with their horses, were all killed by the Barbarian Flash power, their bodies shattered into pieces. Mere mortals, how could they withstand the might of Barbarian Flash!

Nearly a hundred Barbarian Beasts all showed fear, trying to escape, but it was too late, directly slain by the Barbarian Flash.

Despite being comparable to Fate Immortals, these Barbarian Beasts were not Ning Fan's match!

Even several Initial Stage of Crossing Truth Barbarian Beasts were powerless against the Barbarian Flash, easily killed by Ning Fan!

On Tianman City walls, all Barbarian Monks and guards showed a look of horror; amidst the earth-shattering scene, the image of Ning Fan in white clothes, destroying the Barbarian Beasts, made their hearts tremble!

"Different race! This person must be a Different race cultivator! Even among Different races, he must be extremely powerful!" Some experienced Barbarian Monks instantly exclaimed.

Chapter 878: The Trial

The black snow lightly descends, like crow feathers scattering, the warmth of the ground full of corpses gradually turning cold and rigid, the blood beginning to coagulate.

Whether beast or Black Barbarian Monk, the blood is black and murky, evil. Ning Fan looks at the ground soaked in black blood, deep in thought.

Countless barbarian men of Heavenly Barbarian City climb to the walls, looking at Ning Fan with fear.

They are already certain that Ning Fan is a different race cultivator. Compared to beasts suppressed by the Barbarian image, a different race cultivator unaffected by it strikes fear into the hearts of the barbarians even more.

If a different race cultivator wanted to slaughter the Barbarian City, almost no one could stop them!

"Everyone, don't be afraid, he is not the enemy."

Zhao Die'er's cold voice spreads in the wind and snow, reaching the ears of every barbarian.

The expressions of the barbarians turn doubtful; it is hard for them to believe that someone like Ning Fan, a feared star, is not an enemy.

As if to affirm Zhao Die'er's words, Ning Fan, Liu Yan, and Xian Luoli transform into streams of light, flying up the city walls, appearing in front of Zhao Die'er, smiling without hostility.

This somewhat reduces the fear among the barbarians, but they still do not dare to breathe deeply.

Ning Fan's appearance, after Enlightenment, has returned to youthful, showing no signs of age, even younger than in Zhao Die'er's memories.

Zhao Die'er looks at Ning Fan in a daze, fifty years of trials, fifty years of waiting, finally seeing the person she longed to meet, yet her eyes are blurred with tears, choked with emotions.

Ning Fan looks at Zhao Die'er, accomplished in Barbarian Techniques, showing a comforting smile, his expression gentle, like an elder viewing a junior.

However, as his spirit sense sweeps over Heavenly Barbarian City, Ning Fan's gaze turns dark, letting out a small sigh.

With the strength of his spirit sense, he easily finds Zhao Residence within the city, but to his regret, within Zhao Residence, there is no presence of Zhao Boyang and his wife; only their memorial tablets are enshrined...

Friends from years past, now vanished... a missed chance...

"Will you take me to pay respects to Brother Boyang?" Ning Fan sighs, reaching out to caress Zhao Die'er's satin-like hair, a touch of sadness in his eyes.

"Mm..." Zhao Die'er's gaze also turns dark, nodding silently.

That night, Ning Fan sits alone before Zhao Boyang's grave, drinking in solitude, sitting until daybreak.

Zhao Boyang was a mortal friend he met during his transformation; after fifty years apart, they never met again, leaving Ning Fan with some regrets.

He is indifferent to life and death, not overly sorrowful, but regrets losing a mortal friend to share wine and discourse.

In this world, every moment someone dies, but those who can leave regrets on Ning Fan's mind are few...

The snow falls heavier, the night as dark as ink, like an inescapable nightmare.

Xian Luoli, under Liu Yan's care, has long fallen asleep, while Ning Fan occasionally raises the wine gourd, taking a deep drink before looking up at the night, lost in thought.

Seeing old friends pass stirs a bit of nostalgia, reminding him once more of the distant hometown in Rain Immortal World.

The War God Art has broken through the fourth transformation, his goal in the wilderness achieved and incidentally reaching the mid-stage Enlightenment.

It's time to return to Eastern Heaven to awaken Wang Xiao...

Liu Yan has also completed her Stellar Disk Spirit Integration task. As soon as Ning Fan returns to Eastern Heaven, he can visit the True Lightning World anytime; it's time to fulfill the legacy of Lightning Emperor Tai Su...

After that, accompany Ouyang Nuan on a journey to the Supreme Pill Sacred Domain; and where should he go after that...

Should he go home for a look... It seems he can't return to Rain Immortal World from Eastern Heaven, he must go through Northern and Southern Heaven... who asks him to give up the Immortal Seed to become an Immortal.

Gazing at a red plum tree beside the grave, Ning Fan's eyes show further distraction. He misses the snow of Seven Apricot City.

"Ever since starting cultivation, breaking life and death, and understanding truth and void, I have reached today's cultivation level. My master was only Enlightenment, the Sovereign Xia comparable to Enlightenment, and I am Enlightenment... In the past, the white-boned devil, Moksha Emperor, and Thunder Sovereign's cultivation was like mountains towering over me, making it hard to breathe, but now, Void Fragmentation is trivial to me..."

"In ancient Heavenly Court, I once was hunted by Fate Immortal, but now, Fate Immortal appears before me, a mere fleeting bloom..."

"The Sect Master of the Pill Sect, also Enlightenment, was my feared enemy, but now just a fish in the barrel, if time allows, I can obliterate the Pill Sect without expending all my trump cards, venting anger for Bright Sparrow. The Pill Sect, a decaying skeleton!"

"My cultivation grows higher, yet home feels farther away..."

"Has the mistress awakened yet, Mother, have you awakened, does Father still love drinking..."

"How many plum blossoms in Si Fan Palace of Seven Apricot City bloomed this year... Ning Gu, what reincarnation cycle are you on..."

Glug, glug...

In the deep of night, only the sound of the wind and Ning Fan's fervent drinking of spiritual wine could be heard.

His cultivation had reached such a high level, yet he could not stop; he had to keep moving forward.

"Does this path of cultivation have an end... I do not know, the only thing I can do is continue walking this path, for there are still strong enemies behind me who will not allow me to halt!"

"Moro the Great Emperor, Ancestor Dulong, the Love Wielding Immortal Emperor, and that silver-haired Immortal Emperor who once plotted against my parents... there are still many strong foes!"

Ning Fan suddenly slapped his storage pouch and retrieved a cloak puppet from it.

This cloak puppet was something he seized from the Thousand-Eyed Elder during a battle in the Dongfu Realm of the Six Desires Immortal King, it was a Desire Puppet that needed the Six Desire Puppet Threads to operate.

After that battle, Ning Fan obtained two Desire Puppets, one was an Initiate Realm of Shekong Ancient Demon Puppet, and the other was this puppet.

This puppet held a mighty aura comparable to the Mid-Phase Shattered Thought!

If Ning Fan could control this puppet, those Shedding Void Realm old monsters would be nothing! He could nearly kill as many as they came!

"I once lacked the cultivation to control this puppet, but now I can try!"

With a thought, Ning Fan unsealed the powers of Rain Yin Yang and War Yin Yang, and his aura immediately surged to the level close to the Shedding Void Stage.

Activating the Fourth Transformation of the Battle Art, his Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor cultivation soared to the Fourth Nirvana of Heavenly Demon!

He then performed the Soul Extraction Technique, and with the Dual Cultivation of his mana and body, Ning Fan's aura broke through the barrier of Shedding Void, reaching the Initiate Realm of Shekong!

Driving the power of the Six Desires Bone within him to its limit, countless invisible Desire Puppet Threads flew from Ning Fan's fingers, entering the cloak puppet's body.

The moment the threads entered the body, the cloak puppet's eyes emitted a ghostly green light, releasing a powerful aura akin to a giant dragon awakening.

Ning Fan carefully controlled that aura, confining it within the tomb's vicinity, preventing it from spreading too far and scaring the barbarians in Tianman City.

To energize the Fragmented Thought Puppet, Ning Fan's mana was consumed at a nearly terrifying rate. Under his full control, the puppet finally began to move!

"I can control this puppet, but it's quite challenging; after all, I'm not a true Shekong Cultivator yet, my mana is still lacking..."

Ning Fan cut off the mana supply and resealed the Rain and War Yin Yangs; the ghostly green in the puppet's eyes vanished, leaving its gaze empty.

After putting away the puppet, Ning Fan stood alone in the night, sipping spiritual wine, his thoughts unknown to anyone.

Zhao Die'er stood quietly by the dim lights, watching Ning Fan's silhouette without interrupting, as she watched through the entire night.

After fifty years of waiting, after all, she finally awaited Ning Fan's return. Her heart was filled with emotions, but she kept it all inside as a secret, unspoken.

The snow fell heavier and Zhao Die'er's thoughts drifted back to many years ago with the falling snowflakes.

Then, she was still young, always coaxing Ning Fan to build snowmen and pick plum blossoms...

"Want to return to Bianliang for a look?" Ning Fan's voice suddenly sounded in her ear, startling her.

"I do... but Bianliang is too far..."

"It's not. I also want to visit Bianliang, you should accompany me once; we'll be back before dawn, how about it?"

Zhao Die'er hadn't even reacted when she suddenly let out a soft cry, her face turning red with shame.

Her body became lighter, as Ning Fan wrapped her waist and transformed into a golden light, soaring into the sky.

That night was not yet over when Ning Fan, bringing along Zhao Die'er, used the Vertical Golden Light technique to soar directly from Tianman City back to Bianliang City.

Because of the black snow, Bianliang frequently suffered attacks from barbarian beasts, resulting now in a place where only one out of ten rooms is occupied, a city already in ruins. The stillness of the deep night made it appear even more desolate.

Zhao Die'er had not returned to Bianliang for fifty years, and this desolate barbarian city made her hesitant to recognize it. She couldn't imagine that this was once the bustling Bianliang.

Fifty years had passed, and Bianliang City had changed greatly, yet the waters of the Bian River remained as they were that year.

It was still bitterly cold winter weather; red plums still bloomed along the riverbanks, but the snowflakes were no longer pure white, turning pitch black, contrasting starkly with the red plums...

This scene of things changing while people remained, made her want to cry, but she was choked with emotion, unable to shed tears.

The most heartless thing in this world is time; once it passes, it never returns...

"Don't cry, Die'er. The plum blossoms are still here, and although the snow is as black as ink and not the pure white of years past, it can still be used to make snowmen."

Ning Fan casually plucked a red plum blossom, placed it in Zhao Die'er's hair by her cheek, smiled faintly, and turned to begin building a snowman.

Zhao Die'er suddenly recalled her childhood memories. Back then, she begged Ning Fan to build five snowmen and assigned each a role.

"This is father, this is mother, this is Sister Siya, this is Die'er, and this is uncle. We all live happily together, carefree and joyful..."

"Uncle made snowmen for Die'er. When Die'er grows up, she will definitely marry uncle and have him make snowmen for me every day!"

Zhao Die'er's eyes reddened, blurred with tears.

The five snowmen from those years had long since disappeared, with only Ning Fan and her left among the living...

"Don't cry. In this world, you still have uncle as a family member."

Ning Fan patted Zhao Die'er's head. This time, he only made two snowmen, one big and one small.

He looked at Zhao Die'er like a younger generation, like family. His gaze was somewhat blinding, yet it made Zhao Die'er dependent.

"Uncle, the books say that foreign clan cultivators who become immortals can live for a hundred thousand, even a million years. Is it true?"

"Yes."

"Can uncle also live that long?"

"If I don't die in the path of cultivation, I should be able to live that long..." Ning Fan replied somewhat uncertainly.

"It's a pity, though. Die'er can't live that long. Even if Die'er becomes a powerful barbarian monk, she can only live for a few hundred years. After a few hundred years, when uncle returns to the wilderness, he won't see Die'er again... unless Die'er becomes like a Barbarian Ancestor, otherwise..." Zhao Die'er lowered her head.

This was the main reason she didn't have the courage to confess to Ning Fan... Her lifespan was too different from Ning Fan's...

"Die'er..." Ning Fan sighed slightly, not knowing what to say to comfort Zhao Die'er.

Since the Seventh Generation Barbarian Ancestor's blood sacrifice in the wilderness, barbarians have been unable to gain longevity due to certain reasons.

Even though Ning Fan had given Zhao Die'er many pills, they could only slightly prolong her life, not allow her to live forever...

"Uncle, don't show this expression. Die'er is not used to it... To meet uncle in this lifetime, Die'er is already content..."

With all her courage, Zhao Die'er blushed fiercely and reached out to hold Ning Fan's hand.

But before she could touch Ning Fan, her movement was interrupted by an old man's laughter.

"Haha, my young friend has finally returned to Bianliang. I've been waiting so long! If another half a year passed and you still hadn't returned, I would have had to set out with other Daoists to seek that chance... Huh? My young friend has successfully attained the Enlightenment stage! In fifty years, you've reached the Mid Stage Enlightenment!"

Under the night of Bian River, a painted boat suddenly arrived, with only one elder on it, standing with hands behind his back on the river snow, smiling.

This elder was none other than Sparrow God Kidd, whom Ning Fan had met here fifty years ago!

"Oh? I didn't expect to revisit the old place and meet Senior once again."

Ning Fan rolled up his sleeves, taking Zhao Die'er up onto Sparrow God Kidd's boat.

"Hmm? Who might this be..." Sparrow God Kidd glanced at Zhao Die'er, slightly surprised.

"An old acquaintance from my mortal days, a descendant of an old friend."

"Haha, I see... The opportunity I mentioned back then will appear in half a year. How about it? Would you like to join me in exploring the Northern Territory and seek that opportunity?" Sparrow God Kidd

shifted the conversation, not overly focused on Zhao Die'er. Though a barbarian monk, she was too weak to draw his attention.

Zhao Die'er quietly refrained from speaking. She could see that Sparrow God Kidd's cultivation was terrifying, marking him as a mighty figure of a different race.

"The opportunity Senior speaks of, could it be the Dust Tree?" Ning Fan smiled.

As soon as he finished speaking, Sparrow God Kidd's expression changed in disbelief as he looked at Ning Fan.

After a long time, he revealed a look of admiration, laughing heartily, "My young friend is indeed extraordinary, knowing that the opportunity I speak of is the Dust Tree! In the Four Heavens, not many cultivators know of the Dust Tree. I wonder where my young friend learned of its origins..."

"Senior should tell me how dangerous the journey to the Northern Territory will be. How many helpers have you invited besides me?"

"Oh? My young friend is willing to assist me in going to the Northern Territory to seek the Dust Tree?" Sparrow God Kidd's eyes lit up.

"I want to hear Senior's answer first before making my decision."

"Haha, my young friend is truly cautious... Well, to win you, a Heavenly Immortal Practitioner's assistance, I shall detail this journey to you!"

With that, Sparrow God Kidd produced a jade scroll, inscribing something within it before handing it to Ning Fan.

Ning Fan swept his spirit sense over the jade scroll, his expression changing slightly, and after several breaths, he returned the scroll to Sparrow God Kidd, falling into contemplation.

The demon race in the wilderness has occupied seven major barbarian domains. The Dust Tree is located in the 'Yellow River Snow Valley' on the outskirts of these domains, sealed in a secret place, guarded by a small number of demon race experts.

Now, the wilderness is in chaos. The demon race experts have emerged in full force, striving to unseal the residual formation without leaving many experts to guard their headquarters.

If one were to sneak into the Yellow River Snow Valley to steal the Dust Tree and Dust Flower at this time, the danger would not be great.

Should one obtain the Dust Tree and Dust Flower, the cultivators of the Heaven's First Gate have hope of opening the Heaven's Second Gate. For Ning Fan, the Dust Flower indeed holds considerable allure.

The passage to leave the ancient wilderness opens once every ten years, with the next opening two years away.

Before leaving the ancient wilderness, Ning Fan wouldn't mind taking a trip to the Yellow River Snow Valley to steal the Dust Tree and Dust Flower...

"Besides me on this journey, there are four other Daoists, all at least at the Peak Crossing Truth Realm, all experts from the Northern Heaven Immortal World, each possessing divine skills that would aid in the picking of the Dust Flower. Should you join us, there would be a total of six on this journey. How about it, would you like to join me in retrieving the Dust Flower?" Sparrow God Kidd asked expectantly.

Ning Fan's cultivation may not warrant significant attention from Sparrow God Kidd. Yet, as a Heaven's Unity cultivator, he can offer unique assistance in retrieving the Dust Flower.

"Very well, I too am quite interested in the Dust Flower and shall accompany the seniors to retrieve it, why not? Just wondering, how will the Dust Flowers be distributed once obtained..."

"Haha, naturally, whoever picks a Dust Flower keeps it! If possible, I will try my best to help you pick some Dust Flowers, but as for the others, I can't guarantee assistance." Sparrow God Kidd laughed slyly. Though they operated as a team, obtaining the flowers required personal capability...

"I see..." Ning Fan showed a thoughtful expression.

At that moment, four escape rainbows suddenly appeared in the night sky above the Bian River, three men and one woman, all human cultivators.

Of the four, the woman's cultivation was the highest; she was a beautiful woman in blue with mid-stage Shedding Void Realm cultivation, her frosty gaze exuding an aura of icy aloofness.

The other three included a midget with initial-stage Shedding Void Realm cultivation and a headscarf-wearing man also at the initial-stage Shedding Void Realm.

The last man had four eyes, possessing only Peak Crossing Truth Realm cultivation, yet shrouded in an eerie aura.

These four flew directly to the painting boat of Sparrow God Kidd—his other helpers.

The blue-clothed beau glanced at Ning Fan indifferently, then haughtily looked away, evidently uninterested in Ning Fan, though she did raise an eyebrow at the barbarian monk Zhao Die'er.

The headscarf man laughed heartily upon boarding, exuding an incredibly strong vitality, clearly a physique refinement cultivator.

After a quick glance at Ning Fan, his eyes lit up and then slightly shook, seemingly regretting that Ning Fan's body refinement was only at the First Nirvana of Heavenly Demon.

The four-eyed man, like a zombie, remained silent.

The midget, standing only waist-height to Ning Fan, appeared arrogant and defiant.

Upon boarding, he gave Ning Fan a quick glance and immediately asked Sparrow God Kidd,

"Sparrow God Kidd, is he the support you mentioned? At Guixuan Level, what use can he be! I don't want to carry a burden in picking Dust Flower!" The midget coldly huffed, apparently unaware of Ning Fan being a Heaven's Unity cultivator, a matter Sparrow God Kidd found too critical to divulge.

"Haha, Earth Comrade was mistaken; this Ning Daoist is now at Mid Stage Enlightenment, not Guixuan Level." Sparrow God Kidd smiled meaningfully.

"Mid Stage Enlightenment! He broke through Crossing Truth and reached the mid-stage, in only fifty years?!" The midget exclaimed, with the others also casting surprised looks at Ning Fan.

Thereafter, the midget examined Ning Fan's expression with slight curiosity, smiling to reveal a mouth of sharp white teeth, and asked,

"Would you like to join us in retrieving the Dust Flower?"

"Yes."

"You can join the team, provided you pass my test!" The midget's eyes swept over Ning Fan like a senior appraising a junior, exuding arrogance.

"What test?" Ning Fan asked emotionlessly.

"Give it your all against me; if you can make me move even half a step on this boat, I'll acknowledge your strength and allow you to join us in finding the Dust Flower!"

The midget coldly sneered, skeptical of Ning Fan's ability to move him even half a step!

"Are you sure?" Ning Fan looked at the midget expressionlessly, inexplicably instilling a sense of fear in the midget.

"How strange! Though this person is merely a Crossing Truth junior, a single glance causes my heart to tremble with fear..."

Unbeknownst to the midget, Ning Fan possesses the fierce strength to vanquish even mid-stage Shedding Void cultivators, which is exactly why he feels apprehensive.

"Haha, I'm certain! Strike now, and if you budge me half a step, I'll be generous and allow you to join the team!"

Chapter 879: Bewitching Technique Unused for Years

After speaking, the midget man steadied himself, stood with his hands behind his back, narrowed his eyes slightly, and displayed an air of condescension as he waited for Ning Fan to make his move.

At that moment, everyone's gaze on the painting boat fell on Ning Fan and the midget man.

The brow of Sparrow God Kidd furrowed slightly. He knew the midget man was formidable, particularly adept with a divine skill in earth defense known as the 'Piercing Mountain Scales.' To him, the challenge was hardly surmountable for Ning Fan, and he considered it mostly just a test meant to make things difficult.

The woman in blue shook her head slightly, similarly doubting Ning Fan's ability to push back the midget man.

The four-eyed man closed his eyes, choosing to ignore it, believing firmly that Ning Fan would not pass the upcoming trial.

The headscarf-wearing great han also shook his head frequently. Of the True Immortal Realm's three realms, the Crossing Truth Realm was merely the threshold to true immortality, while the Shedding Void Stage represented the real power of True Immortals. He couldn't believe that Ning Fan, at the Mid Stage of Crossing Truth, could push back the midget man at the Initiate Realm of Shedding Void.

"Old Monster Tu's Piercing Mountain Scales Armor has already been cultivated to the seventh layer. This trial is completely predictable! This child cannot pass the test!" declared the headscarf great han with a shake of his head.

"Uncle..." Zhao Die'er's beautiful eyes showed a trace of worry, even she could vaguely see that the midget man was bullying the weak.

"Junior, make your move! Give it everything you've got; let me see if you have what it takes to walk alongside us!"

The midget man's gaze fell on Ning Fan, without the slightest ripple of emotion, as he used only thirty percent of his Mana to protect himself, in anticipation of Ning Fan's imminent strike.

His expression was calm and unhurried, and his presence, though stable and restrained, gave Ning Fan the impression of being as immovable as a mountain.

"The path he cultivates is that of the mountain. Because the mountain does not move, it is what it is; to make this person take even a step will not be as easy as imagined."

"These people like Sparrow God Kidd are all seasoned elders, each with their pride. Without sufficient strength, I cannot earn their respect... In the cultivation world, it ultimately comes down to one's strength."

Ning Fan coldly eyed the midget man, unsealing the War Yin and Yang, and a heavy sense of oppression began to rise around him, his head of black hair fluttered without wind.

The oppressive force caused the midget man to feel a heaviness in his chest, and for a moment, his spirit sense wavered.

At this moment, Ning Fan merely unsealed the War Yin and Yang, yet the momentum of his presence had already reached nearly the peak limit of Crossing Truth!

Without unnecessary words, Ning Fan directly stepped forward, raised his right hand, and pressed his five fingers forward.

With that press, the entire world seemed to freeze. A strand of battle intent was extracted from the earth's veins of the mountains and rivers and the bodies of the flying birds and beasts, forming a phantom hand seal engulfed in flames of war, slamming mercilessly towards the midget man.

In the moment that hand seal was unleashed, the midget man's eyeballs nearly fell to the ground, and there was not a trace of composure left on his face.

In that hand seal existed a will, coming from and transcending the world—a frenzied resolve that would break through whatever stood in front of it, even the entire heavens!

The midget man believed he had an illusion—that what attacked him wasn't Ning Fan, but the wills of all the living beings within the world! It was as if the battle intent of the entire world had merged into Ning Fan's palm!

If stricken by that resolve, his spirit sense would immediately fracture into countless cracks, consumed by the flames of the collective battle!

"This boy simply threw a casual palm; how could it possess such terrifying power!"

The midget man's face twisted dramatically, no longer daring to meet that palm with only thirty percent of his Mana. He immediately utilized his full power, pounding his chest with a loud thud and spitting out a blast of foul yellow gas.

Once the yellow gas formed, it instantly transformed into a giant stone hand, reaching to catch the hand seal, but was shattered into countless fragments on impact!

Almost simultaneously, as the hand seal burst through the stone defenses, it swiftly arrived to land upon the midget man's chest, imprinting forcefully.

A horrifying sense of danger swept through the midget man's entire body, turning his face pale. Without any hesitation, he immediately activated his strongest defensive divine skill.

"Piercing Mountain Scales, appear!"

Only to see the midget man's eyes round with strain, veins on his forehead bulging, he clapped his hands together, and seven layers of deep yellow scales appeared on his body surface, overlaid outside his clothing, making him appear far off as if he had transformed into a pangolin.

The instant the hand seal crashed onto the seven layers of scales, it immediately formed a deep concave, and in just an instant, it shattered the first layer. The powerful force knocked the midget man back three steps before he could slightly regain his footing!

Half a breath later, the second layer of Piercing Mountain Scales was also shattered by the palm force, and the midget man was forced back five more steps!

Again, half a breath later, the residual power of the hand seal exhausted itself but not before blasting through the third layer of Piercing Mountain Scales, forcing the midget man back another seven steps!

Altogether, the midget man had retreated fifteen steps, already backing to the boat's edge, one more step, and he would have inevitably fallen into the river!

Gazing at the deeply concaved imprint on his chest's seven-layered scales, the midget man swallowed hard. If he had not summoned the Piercing Mountain Scales at the last moment, he would have surely been grievously injured by that hand seal...

That was truly a close call...

"Seniors, what do you think? With the strength of this junior, do I qualify to join your team?" Ning Fan calmly re-sealed the War Yin and Yang before asking.

The midget man was not his mortal foe, so he did not employ full strength; otherwise, the midget man's fate would not be limited to three broken layers of Piercing Mountain Scales and fifteen steps back; he could have been pierced through all seven layers and left either dead or gravely injured.

Even though Ning Fan held back his strength with that palm, it was sufficient to leave everyone present astounded.

Ning Fan's gaze swept lightly across the room; everyone except Sparrow God Kidd and Zhao Die'er felt the pressure as heavy as a mountain.

Sparrow God Kidd could ignore Ning Fan's overwhelming aura only due to his cultivation in the Peak of Shekong. As for Zhao Die'er, of course Ning Fan wouldn't pressure her.

"Ahem... my eyesight was lacking; I couldn't see that Daoist friend was hiding such depths. With such strength, Daoist is naturally qualified to join this floral expedition; I have no objections," the midget man said reluctantly, with a twitch of his mouth.

"Hehe, this young friend truly doesn't reveal their true colors easily, drawing upon the world's battle intent like this... such an enigmatic Divine Skill, even I find it quite tricky... I have no objections to the young friend joining the team,"

Previously, the arrogant demeanor of the lady in blue had now transformed into a gentle smile, with eyes full of flirtatious warmth, entirely different from before. Whether this newfound warmth and enthusiasm was genuine, however, was anyone's guess.

"This Lord agrees with Daoist Ning joining the team," came the hoarse voice of the four-eyed man, marked heavily with trepidation.

Testing his own heart, the four-eyed man knew that with his means, he would not be able to counter Ning Fan's palm under any circumstances, unless he were to open the forbidden coffin...

"Haha, of course, I have no objections," said the Headscarf Great Han with a hearty laugh. When he looked at Ning Fan now, his gaze was as if he was looking at a fellow Master.

All four of the Eternal Old Freaks had no objections, so Ning Fan was successfully able to join the group on this floral quest.

Sparrow God Kidd began introducing the four Eternal Old Freaks to Ning Fan. In turn, the four started exchanging pleasantries with him. Even the midget, who was almost injured by Ning Fan's palm, wore a friendly expression, showing no trace of anger or resentment.

To cultivate to the Shedding Void stage or approach it, none of these Old Freaks were not of shrewd minds or profound depth. Their facades were naturally impeccable.

With the introductions from Sparrow God Kidd, Ning Fan had a preliminary understanding of these four Eternal Old Freaks.

These four Old Freaks, like Sparrow God Kidd, were Beitian Cultivators.

The beautiful woman in blue was an elder of the Northern Heaven Grand Cold Palace, known as 'Fairy Hanwux'. She had a cold demeanor and rarely smiled or spoke—at least, towards the younger generation. Facing peers or seniors, she naturally wouldn't speak coldly.

She had broken through the Mid Stage of Shekong for nearly a million years, hence, her strength was considered quite formidable in the Mid Stage of Shekong.

Between her brows, she concealed a moonlight mark, seemingly a survival Divine Skill. That moonlight gave Ning Fan a certain sense of crisis.

"In ancient times, the Guanghan Palace once gave birth to Immortal Emperor-level Powerhouses and had close ties with the ancient Heavenly Court. However, since the fall of the ancient Heavenly Court, the Immortal Emperor-level Powerhouses of Guanghan Palace also disappeared, rumored to have perished within the ancient Heavenly Court. No Immortal Emperor has been born since, but each generation has had an Eternal Old Freak overseeing it, making it one of the peak forces in the Northern Heaven Immortal Realm...this woman becoming a Guanghan Palace elder is no small feat," Ning Fan thought to himself.

The Headscarf Great Han was one of the ancestors of the Guan family in Northern Heaven, named Guan Tieyun, known as Elder Iron Cloud. He was a Pseudo-Ancient Demon Body Cultivator with cultivation at the Initiate Realm of Shekong.

The Guan family wasn't a significant force in Northern Heaven. There wasn't anything remarkable about this person that caught Ning Fan's attention.

The four-eyed man was a Master from the Corpse Demon Ancient Domain in Northern Heaven, known as the 'Four-eyed Demon Monarch'. It was said he had already touched the bottleneck of Shedding Void and had high hopes of entering the Shedding Void stage within tens of thousands of years.

This person harbored several dozen eerie corpse Qis, somewhat resembling the aura of a Corpse Demon, yet not quite...only Ning Fan, who himself was a Corpse, could sense those corpse Qis.

"Compared to Elder Iron Cloud, this person may perhaps be more deeply hidden..." Ning Fan pondered.

The midget was just a Loose Cultivator, referred to as 'Old Monster Tu' in Northern Heaven. His Piercing Mountain Scales were exceptionally formidable among those of the same level, but to Ning Fan, they were nothing to worry about.

Sparrow God Kidd took out five Map Jade Slips, handing one to each person, including Ning Fan, and said,

"There's about half a year until the Dust Tree blooms. After half a year, when the Barbaric Moon is full, we'll meet here and head to Yellow River Snow Valley together. Before then, I hope everyone will make ample preparations for this trip, as we will be infiltrating the belly of the demon race, and the dangers won't be few..."

The map was the latest map of the Barbaric Wilderness. In the Nineteenth Zone, a black dot was marked, indicating the meeting place six months later.

After wrapping up the details, everyone discussed the floral quest further, finalized some specifics, and then went their separate ways.

On the pleasure boat, only Ning Fan and Zhao Die'er remained as the waning night faded, dawn approached, and the snow fell even harder.

"Uncle, are those people the same as you, different race cultivators?" Zhao Die'er asked faintly.

"Hmm."

"Are you planning to do something dangerous? Can't you not go...Die'er is concerned about Uncle."

"Don't worry, Uncle is more formidable than you imagine. This trip won't be too dangerous, and even if there is danger, Uncle can retreat safely. Uncle is quite interested in the Dust Flowers that help open the Second Gate of Tianren. According to the intel from Senior Sparrow God Kidd, even ordinary people who consume the Dust Flower can enhance their perception slightly...hmm, if the mission goes smoothly, I'll pick some Dust Flowers for Die'er too," Ning Fan said with a smile, his gaze gradually becoming distant.

In another half year, he would need to go with Sparrow God Kidd and others into the heart of the demon race to steal the Dust Flowers. It was time to make some preparations...

After dawn, Ning Fan left Bian Liang with Zhao Die'er, returning to Tianman City to begin a half-year retreat.

In these six months, Ning Fan focused solely on adapting to the burden of the Fragmented Thought Puppet, continually training himself, practicing controlling the Fragmented Thought Puppet day by day.

With Ning Fan's current strength, only by going all out could he barely control the Fragmented Thought Puppet.

As Ning Fan's cultivation advanced, the time for unleashing the Rain Yin Yang and the War Yin and Yang extended from the time of one incense stick to two hours.

After half a year of intense cultivation, Ning Fan could finally make the Fragmented Thought Puppet launch simple attacks. Although they were merely simple attacks, they were, after all, Fragmented Thought strikes; there weren't many in the Shedding Void who could withstand them. This undoubtedly gave Ning Fan extra self-protection for the floral quest.

During these six months, in the Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain, sixty percent of the residual formations were destroyed by Human Clan Immortal Honorifics, while forty percent were successfully unsealed by the demon race.

The unsealed residual formations fully integrated with the Barbaric Wilderness and could no longer be destroyed. However, due to the destruction of so many residual formations, the Demon Race's schemes were indefinitely postponed once again.

The snow fell lighter and lighter, and the snow disaster that troubled countless barbarians was gradually passing...

Ancestor Dulong felt immense fury, first with the destruction of the Reverse Infant and then the residual formations; the Demon Race's plot became difficult to realize in a short time.

In a fit of rage, Ancestor Dulong initiated a retaliation plan, rallying the demon race army and assembling them in the Fourth Zone, with Ancestor Dulong himself stationed at the front line, launching harassing invasions at the Five Domains of the Human Clan's border.

In response, two Human Clan Immortal Honorifics also led strong experts to guard the border. Small-scale conflicts frequently erupted at the Five Domains border, though they did not escalate into full-fledged wars or realm wars.

"With so many residual formations destroyed, one wonders if the Demon Race's scheme has been foiled..."

Every few days, Ning Fan would use the Ice Rain Technique to spy on the Barbaric Wilderness, keeping an eye on the situation there.

With the time to pick the flowers approaching, Ning Fan finally decided to leave Liu Yan and Xian Luoli in Tianman City and go alone to the Nineteenth Zone to meet with Sparrow God Kidd and others.

It was, after all, a venture deep into the demon race's belly, fraught with peril, and Ning Fan taking the risk alone was enough; he couldn't bring Xian Luoli along for the risk.

Because of Thunder Body Evolution, Xian Luoli could not be stored in the Yin Yang Locket; Zhao Die'er, due to being a barbarian, could not enter the Yin Yang Locket either, as entering would certainly result in their destruction by the interface's Dao laws...

If not for that, Ning Fan would have been more than willing to keep Xian Luoli and Zhao Die'er by his side for peace of mind.

"Peace of mind...can it truly bring peace of mind... One day, I will leave the barbaric wilderness, while Die'er, due to being a barbarian, will be rejected by the Four Heavens Dao laws and cannot leave this wilderness..."

"The Barbaric Wilderness is rife with conflicts and often sees Barbarian Beasts attacking cities. If I'm not around, can Die'er truly remain safe here?"

"Even if Die'er remains safe, her lifespan will only be a few hundred years... The Stone Warriors cannot achieve immortality..."

Ning Fan refined all the shattered thunder into Thunder Pills, entrusted them to Xian Luoli, gave a few words of advice to Liu Yan and Zhao Die'er, bestowed some life-preserving items, sighed, and flew away from Tianman City, heading towards the Nineteenth Zone.

The rendezvous point was a Man Shan in the northern part of the Nineteenth Zone. This mountain borders the Demon Race Seven Domains and is not far from Yellow River Snow Valley. When Ning Fan arrived, three people were already at the mountain's peak.

Ning Fan was the fourth to arrive; the Four-eyed Demon Monarch and Old Monster Tu had yet to come.

Old Monster Tu was the fifth to arrive, his Earth Escape Skill was exquisite, as he traversed the ten thousand miles of Man Shan, Ning Fan only perceived Old Monster Tu's presence.

The Four-eyed Demon Monarch was the last to arrive, his delay due to his ritual refinement of the Forbidden Corpse.

"Haha, everyone is finally here. Now, let me explain the specific plan for entering the Snow Valley this time,"

Sparrow God Kidd took out a beast-skin scroll, unfolded it to reveal the precise map of Yellow River Snow Valley.

In ancient times, Yellow River Snow Valley was located at the source of the Yellow River, but due to drastic changes in the Barbaric Wilderness terrain, the Yellow River has long dried up, and Yellow River Snow Valley has been sealed within a secret barrier at the border of the Seven Domains by a mighty force from the demon race.

The Dust Flower can enhance a cultivator's comprehension, and if lucky, it can help a cultivator open the gate to Tianren. With such divine effects, the Dust Flower naturally garnered attention from the demon race.

Unfortunately, since gaining the Dust Tree, countless powerful beings from the demon race attempted to pluck the Dust Flower from the tree, and not one succeeded without exception.

Gradually, the demon race no longer valued the Dust Flower as initially, and whenever the Dust Flower bloomed, they would only symbolically send some demon cultivators to attempt to pluck it. Naturally, each attempt ended in failure.

"The Dust Tree blooms once every five million years, and the flower wilts three moments after blooming... Therefore, our timing for attacking the Snow Valley must not be too late, lest the flower withers. It must also not be too early, lest we face an unnecessarily long wait for the flower to bloom, which could draw a myriad of demon cultivators to attack."

"I once acquired an ancient book in a secret location of the Barbaric Wilderness, which recorded that plucking the Dust Flower requires a special hand seal, otherwise one cannot touch the Dust Flower. After nearly a million years of research, I finally comprehended a set of incomplete hand seals from that ancient book- I'm unsure if this hand seal can successfully pluck the Dust Flower... This is the jade scroll of the hand seal I comprehended, please take a look."

"I cannot assure that you will definitely pluck the Dust Flower, but it is worth a try!"

Upon saying this, Sparrow God Kidd took out a jade scroll with hand seals, handing it over for everyone's review.

Ning Fan glanced at the jade scroll, his gaze shifting slightly, as the hand seals recorded within were remarkably similar to the ones the Red Yaksha displayed in the First Illusion of Enlightenment, yet they also held numerous errors.

Attempting to pluck the Dust Flower with hand seals containing errors—whether success will follow, no one knows...

The other four were already aware of the low probability of success in plucking the Dust Flower but were indifferent, having mentally prepared for failure.

To Sparrow God Kidd and the others, this venture to pluck the flower might be just a trial. They were unaware that Ning Fan knew the true hand seals for plucking the Dust Flower, but he temporarily planned not to share them with everyone.

Because immediately after, Sparrow God Kidd did something that made Ning Fan secretly wary.

Sparrow God Kidd successively took out five dark red pills, distributing them to Ning Fan and the others, one for each.

"This pill is called Barbarian Blood Pill, concocted from the refined blood of countless barbarian beasts by me. Though it is merely an Eighth Revolution pill, it is crucial for our Dust Flower plundering endeavor."

"As far as I know, within the barrier sealing Yellow River Snow Valley lies a blood river formed by piles of barbarian beast corpse blood. The blood river does not allow even a goose feather to float, possessing forbidden force, preventing flight. Unless one is an eternal old freak, no one can fly over the blood river, only swim across."

"The blood river has divine skills that can corrode one's will; even if your divine skills are strong, a moment of carelessness could lead to direct perishing within the blood river. If you consume this pill, you can resist the forbidden force of the blood river for a short time and fly straight across."

The other four carefully checked the pills, finding no abnormalities, they then put away the pills and thanked Sparrow God Kidd for his kindness.

Ning Fan's expression did not change as he accepted the pill and thanked Sparrow God Kidd, though suspicion had already arisen in his heart.

Ning Fan did not detect any evident issue with this pill, yet upon holding the pill, his body's Blood Lightning reacted as if sensing poison, being highly repulsive of it.

"Is this Barbarian Blood Pill harmful to me... is it because I possess Blood Lightning that it is harmful... or does it say that this pill is harmful to everyone, and it has nothing to do with the Blood Lightning..."

"If it's only harmful to me alone, that's fine, since Sparrow God Kidd doesn't know I possess Blood Lightning, he may not be harboring malintent. But if it does harm to everyone, Sparrow God Kidd's gifting of the pills becomes suspect."

"There is also the possibility that even Sparrow God Kidd himself was unaware that the pill could be harmful... Am I just overthinking..."

Sparrow God Kidd is the old ancestor who founded Sinister Sparrow Sect, the Comprehension of Rain left in the Dark Sparrow's Grave brought Ning Fan great assistance.

Towards Sparrow God Kidd, Ning Fan always held a trace of gratitude and preserved some level of trust. Otherwise, with Ning Fan's character, he would definitely not prefer to team up with others. After receiving the Dust Flower news, he would most likely choose to steal the Dust Flower alone, not giving a single flower petal to others.

Looking at Sparrow God Kidd's sincere smile, Ning Fan sighed inwardly.

"Let's hope I'm overthinking..."

Ning Fan and others waited for five days atop Man Shan, pinpointed Dust Tree's blooming time, concealed their figures, and infiltrated the Northern Territory outskirts.

The outer region remained uninhabited for a millennia; demon races seldom stationed guards here, and now with Ancestor Dulong leading away the majority of the Northern Territory's demon army, it appeared even quieter.

The barrier sealing Yellow River Snow Valley rested upon a snow plain, haunted by cold winds, bleak and abandoned, devoid of any demon cultivators' presence.

Upon arriving here, Ning Fan and the others cautiously unveiled themselves, split into three teams, each taking out a Compass, calculating the barrier's position.

Once the barrier's location was confirmed, the six acted simultaneously, tore apart the barrier, and infiltrated silently.

Within the barrier, outside Yellow River Snow Valley, lay a labyrinth.

The six, upon entering the barrier, were instantly transported into the labyrinth, dispersed individually.

"My location is at the southwestern corner of the labyrinth..." Ning Fan formed spirit sense with ten fingers, channeling the Ice Rain Technique, swiftly mapping out the labyrinth's terrain, comprising twelve outlets.

He decided to follow the plan discussed beforehand, act independently, and after exiting the labyrinth, find a way to meet outside the labyrinth.

According to the information provided by Sparrow God Kidd, only a few Fate Immortal demon guards patrolled the labyrinth. Should encounters occur with patrol demon cultivators en route, they need to be swiftly stunned but not killed, and Mana fluctuations must be suppressed as much as possible, ensuring the demon cultivators guarding outside the labyrinth do not detect changes within the labyrinth that might raise an alarm.

Each patrolling demon cultivator has a soul plate; if a demon is killed, the plate will shatter instantly, alerting the demon guards outside the maze.

Ning Fan identified the nearest exit, concealed his aura, and began to sneak through the maze.

Every Fate Immortal-level demon cultivator encountered along the way was made unconscious by Ning Fan using Fu Li's Illusory Art, with no one able to stop him.

But just as Ning Fan was about to reach the exit, a coquettish laugh suddenly sounded in his ear; despite the alluring laughter, it brought an icy chill to the bones.

"Who can tell this princess why, during the season when the Dust Flower nearly blooms, a human cultivator has infiltrated the Yellow River Labyrinth? Hehe, are you here to steal the Dust Flower? If so, this princess cannot allow you to proceed any further."

At the moment the voice reached Ning Fan's ears, a blazing fire light was already rushing straight at his back.

Ning Fan's eyes narrowed; instinctively, he shifted sideways, dodging the fire attack, while turning to swing a finger—a streak of Black Gold Sword Light slashed down behind him, the Memory Severing Dao Sword.

"Hehe, it's actually a Dao Weapon forged with Heavenly Dao Purple Qi... interesting..."

The pursuing woman's steps halted, deftly dodging the Memory Severing Sword's slash, her beautiful eyes ice-cold, killing intent evident.

It was a purple-clad woman with phoenix wings, alluring in appearance, with a cultivation at the Initiate Realm of Shekong—remarkably, she was a demon cultivator of the True Phoenix Clan!

While this woman hunted Ning Fan, battles erupted in five other directions within the maze, clearly indicating that others were also tangled with demon cultivators.

Outside the maze, stationed demon guards continually sensed the duel fluctuations within and began flying toward the maze.

"What an unfortunate coincidence. This princess and six other sisters were idly frolicking in the Yellow River Labyrinth, only to encounter your human cultivator invasion. To kill you all would be quite an achievement, hehe. This princess loves to earn merits and thus cannot let you go... I shall kill you all!"

The purple-clad phoenix demon toyed with the flaming longsword Dao Weapon in her hand, smirking slightly, and with a tap of her toes, she swung the longsword once again, releasing countless purple fire lights straight at Ning Fan.

This woman hardly regarded Ning Fan, after all, the aura he exuded while wielding his divine skills was only that of the Mid Stage Enlightenment—not worth mentioning.

Ning Fan's gaze deepened; within Sparrow God Kidd's plan, there was also the scenario of being discovered upon entering the barrier.

In such a situation, he simply needed to fight his way into the Yellow River Snow Valley, reaching the location of the Dust Tree as quickly as possible—the faster the better!

In Ning Fan's eyes, the purple-black demonic glint flashed, and a vast expanse of purple-black divine rosy light appeared behind him; without hesitation, he swept it toward the purple-clad phoenix demon.

The purple-clad phoenix demon didn't have the time to react; once struck by the divine rosy light, her delicate body immediately became limp, powerless, and fell to the ground.

The longsword Dao Weapon clattered to the blue stone ground, shattering into specks of light, flying back into the female demon's body.

"A... bewitching technique... such a despicable human, daring to use a bewitching technique on this princess. If my father the king knew..."

The purple-clad phoenix demon's beautiful eyes were filled with shock and anger, shocked that Ning Fan was merely at Mid Stage Enlightenment yet could subdue her with a single blow.

Angry that her pure body had been ensnared by Ning Fan's bewitching technique, struggling to get up, only to find herself unable to do so. Her entire cultivation was sealed by the divine rosy light, her tender body numb and soft, and a burning heat continually ignited within her chest, causing her usually calm heart to become restless and confused.

She naturally did not know, that divine rosy light was the Chaos World Purple Rosy Light cultivated by Ning Fan, comprehended from the third form of the Yin Yang Transformation, crafted to counteract female cultivators' divine skills.

To deal with the purple-clad phoenix demon with conventional means would take considerable effort. Thus, Ning Fan used a bewitching technique to suppress her as quickly as possible.

"You wish to kill me for merit, I shall not show mercy... From today onward, you shall be my Cauldron Furnace!" Ning Fan said coldly.

"You dare! Do you know who I am? If you truly dare to treat me as a Cauldron Furnace and drain me, I guarantee you will regret it!" the inner strength of the purple-clad phoenix demon forced her to shriek coquettishly.

"Is that so..."

Ning Fan approached the purple-clad phoenix demon, activating the Yin Plucking Finger divine skill, flicking his fingers repeatedly to stun her, then restrained her with the Yin Imprisoning Rope, sealing her within the Penitence Palace of the Xuan Yin Realm.

The situation was urgent, and he had no mind to deal with her for now—capture and decide later.

Spirit sense transformed into rain, enveloping the entire maze; Ning Fan leaped, not toward the exit but rather in the opposite direction within the maze.

Others were similarly trapped by Shekong demon women; without Ning Fan's assistance, it would be impossible to avoid the death of fellow companions within the maze.

At that moment, in the northwest corner of the maze, Old Monster Tu was being mercilessly pushed back by a blue-clad phoenix demon.

The blue-clad phoenix demon had a cultivation of Mid Stage Shekong; even though Old Monster Tu cultivated the defensive divine skill Piercing Mountain Scales, he struggled to withstand the frenzied assaults of the phoenix demon woman.

"Damn! Isn't the Yellow River Snow Valley supposed to be guarded only by the True Dragon Clan? Why are there people from the True Phoenix Clan!"

"Sparrow Old Man's intelligence stated the entire Snow Valley was guarded by only three Initiate Realm Shekong Dragon Demons! Why is this elderly man faced with a Mid Stage Shekong Phoenix Demon!"

"Not good, this old man is about to die!"

Just as Old Monster Tu was lost in despair, a sweep of purple-black divine rosy light surged past.

The blue-clad phoenix demon frenziedly pursuing Old Monster Tu did not notice the divine rosy light's ambush until it was too late.

"Ah..." As soon as the divine rosy light struck, the blue-clad phoenix demon's tender form softened to the ground, her beautiful eyes filled with shock and anger.

"Who dares! So despicable, to use a bewitching technique on this princess!"

Her answer came from a young man in white clothes, raining down the Yin Plucking Finger rays.

The second phoenix demon Cauldron Furnace was quickly captured by Ning Fan into the Xuan Yin Realm.

The long-unused bewitching technique displayed its might today.

Chapter 880: Rosy Cloud Technique, Ensnare!

In the blink of an eye, the blue-robed Phoenix Lady at the Mid Stage of Shekong was directly captured by Ning Fan using a bewitching technique. Old Monster Tu was stunned, his heart filled with shock as he watched this scene.

In the Shekong realm, the difference between each level is vast and extremely difficult to surpass. The gap between Enlightenment and Shekong is even more like heaven and earth.

It's rare for an Initiate Realm of Shekong cultivator to match someone at the Mid Stage of Shekong. This was also why Old Monster Tu could not defeat the blue-robed Phoenix Lady.

It was even more impossible for a Mid Stage Enlightenment master to capture someone at the Mid Stage of Shekong, but Ning Fan managed to perform this inconceivable feat...

"I... I must be dreaming..." gulped Old Monster Tu.

He could see that Ning Fan captured the blue-robed Phoenix Demon with one move, relying on a sneak attack and the despicable bewitching technique. However, with his millions of years of experience, he had never seen a bewitching technique so powerful that it allowed an Enlightenment cultivator to ignore realms and capture a Shekong...

"If I could obtain this young man's bewitching technique, with my level of cultivation, I could perhaps even capture a Shekong Peak Female Cultivator in battle!"

"Though my path does not involve Dual Cultivation, the captured Shekong Female Cultivators can all be bound with restrictions and used as a combat unit! If I capture dozens of Shekong Female Cultivators and train them in a combined attack formation, I could even contend with Early Fragmented Thought Elders!"

A hint of greed flashed in Old Monster Tu's eyes, and he was extremely tempted by Ning Fan's bewitching technique!

But the next moment, his expression changed, and he began trembling, suppressing his greed, and looked at Ning Fan in disbelief!

It was because Ning Fan's gaze suddenly swept over, with undisguised baleful qi and demon aura, displaying a lifetime of killing directly in front of Old Monster Tu! The coldness within it immediately made Old Monster Tu's heart race wildly, unable to restrain the fear in his heart!

From that baleful qi, Old Monster Tu could accurately judge that Ning Fan had killed Human, Ghost, Enlightenment, more than one Shekong, and had even killed Fragmented Thought!

In the cultivation world, there are indeed those who might fake baleful qi and demon aura to intimidate others. However, fake baleful qi and demon aura are, after all, fake and can only deceive those who have just entered the True Immortal Realm; they cannot deceive Shekong old monsters.

"This person's baleful qi and demon aura are not fake..." Old Monster Tu's breathing began to falter, and his whole body trembled!

"This person truly has killed Fragmented Thought, and several Shekongs, he is not at Mid Stage Enlightenment, absolutely not! He concealed his cultivation, he is at least a Fragmented Thought Elder, otherwise, how could he have killed Fragmented Thought!"

"No wonder this person can capture a Shekong Mid Stage at a glance, relying on something more solid than bewitching technique, it's clearly pure realm suppression! I said, how could there be a bewitching technique under heaven this potent, allowing Enlightenment to capture Shekong... ridiculous, utterly ridiculous! I actually dared to covet a nonexistent bewitching technique and harbored greedy intentions towards a Fragmented Thought Elder, courting death! The air of baleful qi and demon aura from this individual was clearly a warning to me!"

At this moment, Old Monster Tu was filled with endless regret and fear.

Ning Fan had come with good intentions to save him and captured the blue-robed Phoenix Lady, so why was he foolishly thinking of repaying kindness with malice, why did he harbor petty thoughts towards Ning Fan, he was simply courting death...

Did he really think he could provoke a Fragmented Thought Elder? Well, now it seemed he had already angered Ning Fan, 'Fragmented Thought Elder'.

"Se—Senior..." Old Monster Tu trembled, brewing words in his heart, wanting to say something to plead and apologize to Ning Fan to calm his fury, but unfortunately, before he could speak, Ning Fan coldly interrupted him.

"You are a friend of Sparrow God Kidd, considering his face, I won't hold this matter against you, but there will be no next time!"

Having said this, Ning Fan retracted his baleful qi and demon aura, with a cold gaze, turned and escaped from this place to assist others who had accompanied him.

He naturally did not know that the baleful pressure he deliberately exposed had caused Old Monster Tu's thoughts to go astray, directly misunderstanding him as a Fragmented Thought Elder.

He released baleful qi and killing aura only because he sensed a hint of greed in Old Monster Tu's eyes, wanting to issue a warning to Old Monster Tu.

Having saved Old Monster Tu, but Old Monster Tu instead harbored greed against him, such an act of repaying kindness with malice was what Ning Fan despised most in his life.

If it weren't for considering Sparrow God Kidd's face, by Ning Fan's murderous nature, he would definitely give Old Monster Tu a painful lesson.

"Indeed, I am only fit for killing, not for saving... Forget it, I might as well consider it as capturing a Phoenix Race Cauldron Furnace." Ning Fan sighed inwardly.

Not until Ning Fan left did Old Monster Tu breathe a sigh of relief, still somewhat lingering in fear.

He couldn't help but recall an event from half a year ago, that day, he had deliberately made things difficult for Ning Fan and even had Ning Fan attack him with full strength...

Looking back now, Ning Fan probably did not use his full strength that day, otherwise, how could he be alive till today... He certainly could not withstand a full strike from a Fragmented Thought Elder...

"Fortunately, I have some friendship with Sparrow God Kidd, otherwise, there's no way this person could so easily spare me... Unexpectedly, within the team of stealing Dust Flower, hid such a ferocious star, truly terrifying..."

"Alas, if not for the Dust Flower, I would really want to make a U-turn and leave, never to associate with this ferocious star again... But alas, the Shekong realm emphasizes understanding how to 'Shed', how to 'Void', I've been stuck at Initiate Realm of Shekong level for seven hundred thousand years, still without hope of breaking through the bottle-neck to Mid Stage Shekong, what I'm lacking is insight... Until I get the Dust Flower, even if I fear the ferocious star, I cannot leave."

Old Monster Tu sighed, and shrunk his midget-like body into the ground, pursuing Ning Fan's escape direction.

Yellow River Labyrinth, North Palace Hall.

Currently, Elder Iron Cloud had transformed into a ten-zhang tall Iron Avatar, wielding an Iron Axe Divine Weapon, in battle with a green-robed Phoenix Demoness.

The iron axe he wielded was an Immemorial Divine Weapon fused with some of the Eight-star Divine Iron, extremely hard.

But under the green-robed lady's fire light attacks, that iron axe had now become riddled with countless cracks.

That was a Phoenix-Clan Female Demon at the Initiate Realm of Shekong, seemingly having just broken through the Shekong stage not long ago, yet her power completely suppressed Elder Iron Cloud.

Both being at the Initiate Realm of Shekong, even if Elder Iron Cloud couldn't defeat the Blue-robed Phoenix Lady, he wasn't yet in mortal danger, but it was only a matter of time before he would lose due to lacking the stamina to continue.

"Did Sparrow Old Guy's intelligence get it wrong? How could there be a female Phoenix demon at the Shedding Void Realm in the Yellow River Labyrinth? Truly terrifying."

"This woman clearly just broke through to the Shedding Void not long ago, yet her strength far surpasses mine. The blue fire longsword in her hand is clearly infused with the bloodline power of the King Blood True Phoenix, making it so overwhelmingly powerful... King Blood True Phoenix, such a terrifying bloodline power..."

Elder Iron Cloud was swinging his giant ax, struggling against the Blue-robed Phoenix Lady when his expression suddenly changed, and he leaped out of the circle.

Ning Fan suddenly appeared between the two, joining the battle. Once he appeared, he immediately activated the Yin-Yang Demon Pupils, releasing thousands of strands of purple-black divine radiance.

The divine radiance was extremely dazzling, causing Elder Iron Cloud to squint his eyes shut.

The divine radiance only appeared for a moment before Ning Fan retracted it, and once the radiance was withdrawn, the Blue-robed Phoenix Demon from the original spot was nowhere to be found, seemingly taken away by the divine radiance...

Without even glancing at Elder Iron Cloud, Ning Fan's figure flickered and he slipped away, leaving Elder Iron Cloud, whose face was filled with shock.

"Hiss! What kind of mystical power is that, to directly capture someone at the Initiate Realm of Shekong! Such formidable power!"

With the last lesson learned, Ning Fan was already more restrained when he used the Chaos World Purple Rosy Light this time, doing it discreetly without letting Elder Iron Cloud realize that it was a bewitching technique.

As the demoness taken away by Ning Fan had just stepped into the Shedding Void Stage, and given the element of surprise, Elder Iron Cloud was astounded by Ning Fan's formidable mystical power, but not to the extent of coveting it like Old Monster Tu.

Disbanding the Iron Avatar Dharma, Elder Iron Cloud put away his iron ax and lamented,

"If it weren't for Young Friend Ning's sneak attack from the side, defeating that Phoenix demon on my own would have been almost impossible."

"Indeed, Young Friend Ning's mystical power is truly impressive. It's just a pity his realm is a bit lower. Facing that Blue-robed Phoenix Lady head-on, he would most likely lose within ten moves... After all, that Blue-robed Phoenix Lady is a Shedding Void old monster, only when off guard would she lose to someone at the Crossing Truth Realm..."

The implication being, Ning Fan's victory over the Blue-robed Phoenix Lady was due to an ambush, not true strength. In a frontal confrontation, there was no possibility of defeating the Blue-robed Phoenix Lady.

This statement might be Elder Iron Cloud's self-consolation, as the Blue-robed Phoenix Lady he struggled with was captured by Ning Fan, a junior, in one move; this imbalance was inevitable in his heart. For him to admit that as a Shedding Void cultivator, he was inferior to someone at the Crossing Truth, was naturally impossible.

But just as Elder Iron Cloud finished speaking, a mocking voice suddenly came from beneath the ground.

"Humph, is it Old Monster Tu, what are you laughing for! Such an odd laughter annoys me!" Elder Iron Cloud snorted in a deep voice.

"Why do you care why I'm laughing? I laugh if I want to, at the ridiculous people in this world!"

Old Monster Tu let out a strange laugh and continued using the Earth Escape Skill, pursuing in the direction where Ning Fan had left.

With a darkened face, Elder Iron Cloud felt too lazy to argue with Old Monster Tu, grunted deeply as well, and headed in the same direction.

Of course, he didn't know that Old Monster Tu was laughing at him for underestimating Ning Fan's strength too much.

"Could it be that Guan Tieyun's eyes are growing in his posterior? He can't even see Ning Old Monster's formidability."

"He even said Ning Old Monster would lose to the Blue-robed Phoenix Lady within ten rounds... Haha, as if a Fragmented Thought Elder would lose to an unstable Shedding Void Phoenix demon? Only someone as weak as Guan Tieyun would fail to surpass an unstable Shedding Void Phoenix demon. Had it been the Shedding Void mid-stage Blue-robed Phoenix Lady I encountered, you wouldn't have held on till Ning Old Monster saved you!"

Yellow River Labyrinth, in a crumbling maze in the northeast.

The Four-eyed Demon Monarch was controlling forty-five corpse puppets at the Crossing Truth cultivation level, forming a formation to deal with a Green-robed Phoenix demoness.

This Green-robed Phoenix demoness was an Initiate Realm of Shekong demon cultivator, extremely powerful, and not someone the Four-eyed Demon Monarch could contend with.

The Four-eyed Demon Monarch had the strength, with forty-five corpse puppets, to surpass the vast majority of the Initiate Realm of Shekong, but against the Green-robed Phoenix demoness, the four-eyed man had no hope of victory.

"Worthy of the King Blood True Phoenix, it seems it's impossible to win against this woman without using one of the three Forbidden Corpses. But regrettably, His Majesty's cultivation is somewhat lacking; recklessly using a Forbidden Corpse would cause severe backlash..."

The gaze of the Four-eyed Demon Monarch tightened as he made a decision, suddenly crouched and wrapped his hands in corpses' Qi, slamming heavily on the ground.

Immediately, a black ancient formation brimming with corpses' Qi emerged on the ground of the labyrinth, from which a pitch-black ancient coffin slowly rose.

A powerful aura comparable to the Initiate Realm of Shekong emanated from within the ancient coffin!

"Corpse Demon's aura? No, not a Corpse Demon, just an ordinary corpse puppet... But this corpse puppet is one from the Initiate Realm of Shekong, not to be underestimated by this princess..."

The Green-robed Phoenix demoness's expression grew somewhat grave, and she trembled her blue fiery sword, preparing to unleash some mystical power when she suddenly sensed a great sense of danger from behind. Without a second thought, she spun around and slashed, only to cut through empty air, slicing a scattering of ink shadows.

The ink shadows recondensed, revealing Ning Fan in white attire. As he activated the Yin-Yang Demon Pupils, the purple-black glow immediately swept towards the Green-robed Phoenix demoness.

The Green-robed Phoenix demoness was taken aback, sensing infinite danger from the radiant glow. Her sword quivered as she attempted to shatter the brilliance, only to find it impossible.

In the next moment, she let out a soft cry, fainting amidst the divine radiance, oblivious to what happened.

Once the radiance faded, the Green-robed Phoenix demoness was nowhere to be found.

"Such formidable mystical power!" The Four-eyed man gasped, though he was not as skilled as Old Monster Tu and Elder Iron Cloud, his strength far surpassed that of the two, possessing keen insight. At a glance, he discerned Ning Fan's deeply hidden, terrifyingly extraordinary true strength.

Ning Fan captured the Green-robed Phoenix Demoness, his gaze swept past the Four-eyed man, past the forty-five corpse puppets of the Crossing Truth Realm here, and finally settled on the ancient formation on the ground.

At the center of the ancient formation, a black coffin had risen halfway, but due to Ning Fan's appearance, it was once again retracted into the formation by the Four-eyed man...

"It's not Corpse... a special corpse puppet made in imitation of the corpse devil physique..."

"Inside that black formation, there are a total of three Initiate Realm Shedding Void corpse puppets hidden..."

Ning Fan remained silent, but his mind was racing. With his keen insight, he could immediately see the trick within the black formation.

"Thank you, Daoist friend, for your assistance." The Four-eyed Demon Monarch slightly clasped his fists toward Ning Fan, yet no gratitude was reflected in his eyes, displaying a cold and icy demeanor.

However, relying on his Unity of Heaven and Man divine skill, Ning Fan discerned a hint of goodwill hidden within the Four-eyed man's aura, indicating that the Four-eyed Demon Monarch indeed harbored a trace of gratitude toward him.

As expected, despite the cold demeanor, the Four-eyed Demon Monarch promptly produced a black jade box, flicked his finger, and sent it to Ning Fan.

Though Ning Fan was of few words, he had no difficulty seeing that the jade box was a token of gratitude from the Four-eyed Demon Monarch.

Ning Fan took the jade box without opening it, only extending his spirit senses to sweep through its interior, his expression slightly showing a ripple.

The token of gratitude inside the jade box was a heart infused with overwhelming demonic Qi, still beating. It wasn't an ordinary heart, but the heart of a Corpse Demon at the Initiate Realm of Shedding Void Stage!

A Corpse Demon's heart does not beat, nor can it beat, but if any Corpse Demon heart were to beat, that heart would undoubtedly be a supreme treasure!

If Ning Fan possessed an ancient corpse capable of enduring the heart's power, merely by placing the heart within, that corpse would instantly become a corpse puppet at the Initiate Realm of Shedding Void Stage, possessing a slight spirit awareness, and after a brief sacrifice, it would be unfailingly loyal to Ning Fan, never betraying him for life!

This item is not a light gift... Ning Fan had some speculations that many of the Four-eyed Demon Monarch's corpse puppets might have been crafted using beating Corpse Demon hearts... The reason this heart wasn't used to create Shedding Void corpse puppets is likely because he hadn't found a sufficiently powerful corpse...

Ning Fan was very curious about where the Four-eyed Demon Monarch obtained so many beating Corpse Demon hearts.

"Well then, it's the Four-eyed Demon Monarch's secret, I shouldn't ask too much. Everyone has their own past and their own secrets..."

Ning Fan accepted the jade box, gave the Four-eyed Demon Monarch a friendly smile, and turned to fly away.

His principle of action was that if treated with a foot of respect, he would repay with ten. Since the Four-eyed Demon Monarch extended goodwill toward him, he wouldn't repay it with hostility.

"He is very similar to me..." The Four-eyed Demon Monarch muttered hoarsely, gathered all his corpse puppets, and chased in the direction Ning Fan had left.

He had just left when Old Monster Tu and Elder Iron Cloud arrived.

Elder Iron Cloud's eyes were about to pop out in shock; he couldn't believe that the mere Peak Crossing Truth Realm Four-eyed Demon Monarch could possess forty-five Crossing Truth realm corpse puppets and possibly have another Shedding Void corpse puppet...

"This Four-eyed Demon Monarch is quite remarkable! Even with my full strength, I might not easily defeat him!" Elder Iron Cloud remarked with a sigh.

Though he sighed, his words were laced with self-praise, as if to inform Old Monster Tu that the Four-eyed Demon Monarch ultimately couldn't compare to him, Iron Cloud.

"Ha ha ha ha, you're kidding me! That Four-eyed Demon Monarch is deeply hidden; even if you used your full strength, you wouldn't beat him. Saying 'might not easily defeat him,' you're overestimating your own ability! But the one you definitely can't surpass is Old Monster Ning! As for why, you don't need to ask me; I can't be bothered to tell you the truth, nor would I dare speak recklessly!"

Old Monster Tu laughed strangely and used Earth Escape to depart.

Elder Iron Cloud snorted coldly but didn't take Old Monster Tu's words to heart and likewise flew away.

Yellow River Labyrinth, the central palace!

Fairy Hanwux, dressed in blue, was wielding rays of moonlight, standing together with a Yellow-robed female demon.

The Yellow-robed female demon was a Phoenix Demon, having reached the Mid Stage of Shedding Void and possessed the King Blood True Phoenix.

The power of the True Phoenix bloodline was wielded to its fullest by the Yellow-robed Phoenix Lady, condensed on the Dao Weapon longsword, coated as layers of golden demonic flames, with a somewhat terrifying destructive power.

Yet, even putting forth her full effort, the Yellow-robed female demon only slightly gained the upper hand, unable to achieve overwhelming dominance.

"Such a powerful human female cultivator, able to withstand the demon fire of my Phoenix Sword head-on... So, you are a cultivator of the Northern Heaven Grand Cold Palace!"

The Yellow-robed female demon once more knocked back Fairy Hanwux with her sword, her beautiful eyes becoming increasingly solemn while her killing intent intensified.

Grand Cold Palace is a top-tier force in the Four Heavens; to slay a Shedding Void cultivator from Grand Cold Palace would be an impressive achievement.

"I'm taking your life! Heavenly Demon Art, Phoenix Swallow!"

The Yellow-robed female demon unleashed her demonic power to its fullest, forming a seal with one hand; immediately, within the labyrinth appeared a massive virtual fire golden phoenix a hundred yards high, opening its mouth to swallow Fairy Hanwux.

"Not good! This is the bloodline Illusory Art of the True Phoenix clan!"

Swallowed into the golden phoenix's abdomen, Hanwux's body started to slowly dissolve in the phoenix's gastric juices.

She kept waving the moonlight rays, trying to shatter the golden phoenix demon body and break free, yet realized that this golden phoenix was almost immune to all her divine skills.

"Indeed, it's a very troublesome illusory art, and I am least skilled in illusions... So, I have no choice but to borrow the power of the 'immortal concubine of the ancient times'..."

Hanwux's beautiful eyes darkened, her killing intent pouring out, moonlight sigils immediately appearing at her brow.

It was originally her trump card for survival, but now she had no choice but to use it.

"Haha, this foolish little girl has finally decided to borrow my power. Very well, I, Burying Moon, finally have a chance to see daylight again!"

In the depths of Fairy Hanwux's divine sense, there lay a naked woman, shrouded in moonlight.

She was waiting for rebirth, awaiting a grand possession!

Once Fairy Hanwux borrowed her power, she would be able to take over Hanwux's body and reemerge in the world!

"Just one last bit..." Burying Moon's phoenix eyes were full of excitement, but in the next moment, that excitement turned into overwhelming rage!

Her grand plan for rebirth had been disrupted!

"Who is it! Who has thwarted my possession plan!" Burying Moon's killing intent spread fiercely.

Just as Hanwux was about to completely unseal the immortal concubine, an overwhelming force erupted from the golden phoenix's body, instantly vanquishing it into countless shards of illusion.

"It was you! You broke the illusion and saved me?!" Fairy Hanwux looked at the newcomer in disbelief.

"Hmph, another human... Humans who intrude into the Yellow River Labyrinth all deserve death!"

The yellow-robed female demon pointed delicately in the air and pressed towards Ning Fan from afar.

This press contained an indescribable mystery, causing circles of water to appear where Ning Fan stood, engulfing and binding his feet.

"Another illusory art... Illusions are useless against me..."

Ning Fan's left eye suddenly manifested the Fuli Demon Star, spinning rapidly.

The illusory water that bound his feet collapsed instantly and dissipated.

In the next moment, an overwhelming burst of divine glow unfurled, sweeping down directly towards the yellow-robed female demon.

The yellow-robed female demon immediately showed an expression of shame and anger, never expecting the seemingly dignified Ning Fan to stoop so low as to use a bewitching technique on her.

"Human experts indeed are all treacherous scoundrels! Your bewitching technique doesn't intimidate this princess! Falling Sunset Pearl, sweep away the clouds and glow for this princess!"

The yellow-robed female demon opened her vermilion lips, spitting out a golden treasure bead laced with saliva, a treasure refined from her life-bound dragon pearl, designed specifically to counter cloud and glow divine skills!

Subdued by the Falling Sunset Pearl, the expanse of purple glow couldn't descend for a moment.

"A treasure to counter glow, it's somewhat formidable..."

Ning Fan's gaze focused, clapping his hands together, coldly saying, "Rosy Cloud Technique, Ensnare!"

Instantly, the vast purple glow scattered into countless glowing ropes, weaving into a net falling from the sky.

Even the Falling Sunset Pearl could no longer block the attack of this glow net!

The yellow-robed female demon was incredulous, unable to believe that the Falling Sunset Pearl, which always restrained cloud and glow, would fail.

Before she could react, she was already ensnared by the glow net, and along with her, Fairy Hanwux was also caught.

Both women, in the mid-stage of Shedding Void, had their bodies go limp, softly collapsing to the ground, their beautiful eyes filled with utmost shame and fury.

"Des... Despicable... actually using a bewitching technique on this princess..." The yellow-robed female demon softly collapsed to the ground, cursing in sorrow and indignation, but due to the bewitching technique, her entire body felt weak and numb, as if countless electric currents were flowing through her, causing her voice to be halting, and her tone turned seductively soft, though the words were filled with rage, coming from her mouth, it had the tone of lovers teasing each other.

"Sham... Shameless! Release... me... now, or I... will never forgive you..." Fairy Hanwux, who was indiscriminately attacked, felt her entire body numb and soft, and with a face flushed with springtime, she panted softly, appearing comfortable yet painful, she said in shame and fury, her heart plunged into shock.

As a dignified mid-stage Shedding Void cultivator, she was completely restrained by a single bewitching technique from Ning Fan in the mid-stage Enlightenment... This bewitching technique was too formidable! So formidable that she had no means of resisting it!

"The Rosy Cloud Technique slightly out of control..." Ning Fan furrowed his brows, muttering to himself.

This glow net was a method to use the Chaos World Purple Rosy Light. Chaos World Purple Rosy Light was not just a singular divine skill; the cultivated purple glow could entirely become a cloud technique against female cultivators, ever-changing, and very powerful.

Unfortunately, this was Ning Fan's first time manipulating the purple glow to transform into a net, somewhat lacking proficiency, and it slightly went out of control, unexpectedly ensnaring Fairy Hanwux along as well...

A slip, truly a slip of the hand...