

Grasping 901

Chapter 901: Sub-Innate Bow Spirit

The ancient statue held the Blood Bow in its hand; on its bowstring, the Slaughter Blood Arrow shone with a fierce glow, with blood flames burning upon the arrowhead.

Once the arrow left the bowstring, the entire realm was instantly torn apart bit by bit, almost split into two under the might of this arrow!

As this arrow approached, Ning Fan seemed to have a delusion, as if he felt the eternal hatred of billions of Barbarian Souls within the pool of blood.

This arrow, condensed by the Slaughter Incense, drawn by the Blood Bow, shot out with the full force of the ancient statue; its power was strong enough to kill any being below the Immortal Venerable!

"I cannot block it! But, I cannot retreat!"

Wearing his black attire, Ning Fan's gaze remained cold and indifferent, as if once adorned in black, nothing could stir his emotions, not even this arrow!

Behind him were tens of thousands of human experts and creatures of Tianman City; if he retreated, this arrow would immediately annihilate everyone.

No retreat!

The enemy's strength was close to that of the Eternal Immortal Venerable, whereas he, though having cultivated to a position of power, was still far from the level of an Immortal Venerable.

Comparing the two, the enemy was like a towering tree, and he was merely an ant beneath that tree, trying to move the tree with the strength of an ant — impossible!

Yet, even an ant possesses the anger of an ant!

Moreover, this arrow was not without its weaknesses; all its power was concentrated on the Slaughter Incense, and its weakness was also the Slaughter Incense.

As the Slaughter Blood Arrow shot forward, Ning Fan's Innate Ghost Mask emitted a slight sense of excitement, trembling slightly.

That excitement was akin to a hungry wolf spotting its prey...

That excitement seemed as if the Innate Ghost Mask innately restrained such Slaughter Incense...

Ning Fan's gaze condensed slightly, feeling the tremor of the Innate Ghost Mask, he suddenly had a strange thought.

He wanted to charge at the Blood Arrow, to grasp it directly, crush it, and devour it!

Before Ning Fan could understand the origin of this feeling, a streak of lightning suddenly flew out from the storage pouch, emerging from the Binding Thunder Banner — it was the Fairy Loli.

In this place, only the soul of Fairy Loli was present, its force transformed into a body, still maintaining its short and cute appearance.

That cute face still smiled sillyly, but upon seeing an ancient statue daring to shoot an arrow at Ning Fan, its anger was immediately provoked.

Who was Ning Fan? He was her father! How bold of this ancient statue to shoot an arrow at her father! How infuriating!

"Daddy, don't be afraid; Xian will protect you!"

"No one is allowed to hurt my daddy!"

Again, she stood in front of Ning Fan, her little hands seemed to randomly make seals, yet immediately stirred lightning power, forming divine skills.

The arrow was extremely fast, but the divine skills of Fairy Loli were activated even faster, and at that critical moment, a gigantic silver lightning diagram appeared in the void.

At the center of the lightning diagram, a cold chill soared into the sky, and a thunderous chariot emitting rolling cold mist suddenly appeared.

Once the Thunder Chariot appeared, millions of cold lightning runes circled around the chariot. The thunder cannon atop the chariot burst with great thunder might, roaring with a loud boom, directly firing a Dark Thunder Cannon shot, piercing through the sky!

Upon that Thunder Cannon were nine distinct thunder patterns!

This Thunder Chariot was summoned using the secret technique of Jilei Palace — the Dark Thunder Chariot!

Once, Fairy Loli could only summon an eighth-grade Thunder Carriage; using a ninth-grade Thunder Carriage was too demanding. But now, her strength had greatly improved, making its use significantly easier.

An eighth-grade Thunder Carriage could almost kill most of the old monsters in the Shedding Void Realm.

A ninth-grade Thunder Carriage, its might infinitely close to an Immortal Venerable Strike, left few old monsters in the Shattered Thought Realm capable of withstanding its shot.

Where the lightning cannon fire penetrated, the heavens and earth were instantly encased in ice. Originally, the Blood Arrow's momentum was fierce, but once struck by the thunder cannon, the entire body of the arrow began to freeze bit by bit, the Slaughter Incense within the arrow slowing its flow, freezing four-tenths of its power!

The first shot could not stop the Blood Arrow's advance, but it did weaken its power by 40%.

Fairy Loli's little hand waved, rolling lightning power formed divine skills, and the Dark Thunder Chariot, with almost no pause, fired the second shot!

The second shot penetrated, reducing the Blood Arrow's power by another 40%, leaving only 20%!

At this critical moment, the third shot arrived!

The third lightning shot directly dispersed the Blood Arrow, shattered it into starry points of Slaughter Incense, permeating the air, gradually dissipating.

Three cannons fired in succession, the Immortal Loli directly blocked the Blood Arrow with power close to that of an Immortal Venerable strike, a scene that baffled countless people!

Among the cultivators, countless exclamations erupted immediately. The image of the Immortal Loli fell into the eyes of everyone, instantly becoming a senior master.

"Shattered Thought Early Stage! Without a doubt, this senior possesses the aura of the Shattered Thought Early Stage!"

"Strange, under the suppression of Banishing Immortal Force, someone can still maintain a cultivation at the Shattered Thought Realm..."

"That's the Dark Thunder Chariot, a secret technique from the East Heavenly Extreme Thunder Palace! Undoubtedly, this senior is a master from the Extreme Thunder Palace!"

"The power of three cannons blocking an Immortal Venerable strike, this senior's Thunder Chariot is definitely a Ninth Grade War Chariot!"

"The Ninth Grade War Chariot, its power is truly terrifying... It is said that throughout the Extreme Thunder Palace, Ninth Grade War Chariots are rare..."

Even masters like Demon Yuanzi, Jin Hua Ancestor, Teng Nan, and Teng Bei, all human experts at Shattered Thought Realm, were witnessing the power of the Ninth Grade War Chariot, feeling waves of chills.

The most inconceivable to the crowd was the Immortal Loli referring to Ning Fan.

Father...

An old monster who can drive a Ninth Grade Thunder Chariot and block an Immortal Venerable strike, actually calling Ning Fan father...

What kind of person could possess such a violent daughter...

Could Ning Fan be an Eternal Immortal Venerable...

"Zhao Jian Taoist Friend, is he possible an Eternal Immortal Venerable?!" Demon Yuanzi and Jin Hua Ancestor exchanged glances, their hearts racing.

The more they thought about it, the more they felt this idea might be true.

Burying Moon's beautiful eyes trembled, dispelling the thought of rescuing Ning Fan. With Immortal Loli around, Ning Fan wasn't in much danger.

The Blood Arrow was broken, Fan Lianxiu secretly shocked, the power of the Ninth Grade Thunder Chariot truly made him wary.

His heart was troubled again, thinking Ning Fan was indeed his nemesis!

Before merging with the ancient monument, he was not Ning Fan's opponent and could only flee.

Now merged with the ancient monument, Ning Fan unexpectedly had an extremely violent daughter, even blocking an Immortal Venerable strike...

Thus, even if he stayed here to tangle with Ning Fan, it would be difficult to kill him...

"A tricky situation, truly tricky! Although this ancestor is merged with the ancient monument, the monument's strength will deplete... Killing this boy seems unlikely, so, better temporarily withdraw for now, finding other Barbarian Ancestors' ancient monument Blood Souls, then come back with allies for revenge..."

Fan Lianxiu made his decision, immediately controlling the ancient monument, grabbing with a big hand, once again pulling out countless Slaughter Incense Flame power from the pool of blood, forming arrowheads and firing an arrow.

After which he strode into the void, carrying the pool of blood, walking away, each step traversed countless distances.

"Hmph! You won't escape so easily!"

Immortal Loli activated the Dark Thunder Chariot again, firing three cannons in succession, shattering the second Blood Arrow. She pointed her toe, directly standing on the chariot, with a slight upward curl at her lips, chasing frantically after the ancient monument.

One after another, the cannon fire of thunder blocked the retreat path of the ancient monument, making Fan Lianxiu laugh angrily, halting his escape momentum. Indeed, like father like daughter, Ning Fan chased him relentlessly, and the daughter dared to pursue him too, really thinking a dignified Liu Shi Man Zu ancestor eats vegetables!

Since they both don't want him to leave, he stops escaping, he'll stay here, fight with Immortal Loli, and duel to see whether his ancient monument jade body or Immortal Loli's war chariot is more powerful!

"You're not running away? If you don't, I'm going to unleash my big move. Hehe..."

"Unseal, Level Ten Thunder Chariot!"

Immortal Loli's voice was very light, yet as her words fell, the world presented a scene of thunderous explosions. Her voice, in such thunder, was remarkably clear, echoing in everyone's ears.

She stood above the Thunder Chariot, the lightning diagram covering the entire void, the direction of the descending thunder followed her thoughts. This scene was as if she became the master of thunder here!

Her small face was full of pain, biting her lip, on the Dark Thunder Chariot, rune marks increased, next to the ninth thunder pattern on the cannon, the tenth thunder pattern gradually appeared!

Summoning the Level Ten Thunder Chariot clearly overloaded Immortal Loli at the moment, the tenth thunder pattern only appeared halfway, unable to condense further. Meanwhile, Immortal Loli's complexion had turned somewhat pale...

"Wh... What! This girl can summon a Level Ten War Chariot! This isn't real! The Level Ten War Chariot is said to be able to kill Immortal Venerables with one shot, severely injure Immortal Kings! Only past Palaces Masters of the Extreme Thunder Palace can summon the Level Ten Thunder Chariot, how can this girl accomplish it!"

"No, it's not a true Level Ten Thunder Chariot, but its power is incomparable to any Ninth Grade War Chariot!"

The crowd exclaimed again.

In those exclamations, Immortal Loli suddenly turned, giving Ning Fan a sweet smile.

Though it's a pity that we couldn't summon a true Ninth Grade Thunder Carriage, this level of Thunder Chariot should be enough to deal with the ancient monument, right?

"Daddy, Xianxian will protect you well, because you are Daddy..."

Despite the intense pain in her chest and the enormous burden on her, Xian Luoli drove the Dark Thunder Chariot and blasted another cannon at the ancient monument.

Even though the Dark Thunder Chariot wasn't a true Ninth Grade War Chariot, its power was already enough to seriously injure an Eternal Immortal Venerable with weaker cultivations!

Fan Lianxiu was just about to retaliate against Xian Luoli when his expression suddenly changed dramatically. Without a second thought, he activated the body of the ancient monument and turned to flee!

He escaped quickly, but the Thunder Cannon's attack arrived even faster, arousing a response from heavenly thunder.

Fan Lianxiu seemed to harbor an illusion that every strike of thunder under this sky was Xian Luoli's Thunder Cannon fire. The thunder was pervasive, leaving nowhere to hide, nowhere to retreat!

This body of the ancient monument, which originally had strength close to an Eternal Immortal Venerable, was instantly frozen solid in stone when the Thunder Cannon hit!

What is Dark Thunder? The coldest thunder in the world, it can freeze anything to death!

Fan Lianxiu's ancient monument body shattered inch by inch in the freezing, revealing the Blood Soul beneath it.

The Blood Soul cast a hate-filled cold glance at Xian Luoli, ignoring the Thunder Cannon's power, and fled the scene!

His ancient monument body couldn't withstand Xian Luoli's strike, but his Blood Soul was unafraid of any thunderous Divine Skills from Xian Luoli.

Numerous masters gasped at this moment, unable to imagine an ancient monument as strong as an Eternal Immortal Venerable being destroyed by one strike from a Thunder Cannon!

"Huh? How is there an old Blood Soul hiding inside the statue? The near-Ninth Grade Chariot didn't manage to kill this old man?"

Xian Luoli was somewhat surprised that Fan Lianxiu survived the Thunder Cannon attack.

She was contemplating dealing another self-damaging shot at Fan Lianxiu when she suddenly noticed a flash of gold by her side, and Ning Fan appeared.

"In my time of need, thank you for standing in front of me..."

Ning Fan patted Xian Luoli's small head with a very warm, very warm smile. The black clothes faded, transforming back into white clothes and silver hair.

Xian Luoli repeatedly shielded him, touching his heart each time, making him increasingly value the bond with Xian Luoli.

Even if that bond is merely the father-daughter affection fabricated...

"You're tired. Let Daddy handle the rest."

Through the Ghost Eye Mask, Xian Luoli couldn't see Ning Fan's smile, yet she could see the sincere smile in Ning Fan's eyes, which was extremely gentle, as if it could melt all the world's coldness.

For the first time, she saw such a soft gaze from Ning Fan, and she nodded obediently, chuckling, "Alright, let Daddy go catch that old Blood Soul. Xianxian just wants to take a break."

"Wait for my return."

As Ning Fan's figure shifted into a golden spear, he pursued Fan Lianxiu in the fleeing direction. Exhausted from escaping, Fan Lianxiu suddenly realized Ning Fan was chasing after him and immediately felt bitter.

With the stone body destroyed, he practically stood no chance against Ning Fan at this moment.

He fled carrying the pool of blood, still holding the Blood Bow Spirit in his hand.

Seeing Ning Fan closing in, escape became impossible, and Fan Lianxiu's eyes turned fierce like a desperate lone wolf; he abruptly stopped and turned around!

"My ancestral stone body may be destroyed, but the power of this arrow is not something you can withstand!"

"The hatred of all beings, into my arrowheads, kill, kill, kill!"

Fan Lianxiu's eyes were filled with madness as he swung his big hand, drawing a massive Slaughter Incentive from the pool of blood, uttering 'kill' thrice consecutively.

With each utterance, he shot a Slaughter Blood Arrow, and the three Slaughter Blood Arrows broke through the void, aiming directly at Ning Fan.

Because Fan Lianxiu lost the ancient monument stone body, the Slaughter Blood Arrows' power was significantly weakened. Nevertheless, with three arrows together, they still possessed the power to slay the Peak of Shekong, not to be underestimated.

As the three arrows whistled towards him, Ning Fan neither dodged nor avoided them, his deep gaze devoid of any emotion.

The Innate Ghost Mask continually transmitted excitement, which gradually infected Ning Fan, as if merging with him. It made Ning Fan view the Slaughter Blood Arrows as if they were a delicacy!

The previous Innate Ghost Mask, although refined by Ning Fan, was always beyond perfect control due to limited cultivations.

But at this moment, the Innate Ghost Mask willingly allowed Ning Fan to control it flawlessly just for the soon-to-enter delicacy!

It was as though a voice was continually enticing Ning Fan to devour the Slaughter Incense before him.

A voice seemed to be constantly urging him.

Devour, devour, devour!

An inexplicable confidence gradually infused Ning Fan's body.

This confidence led him to take a step forward against the three blood arrows, not retreating but advancing.

Closer, closer, closer!

The three blood arrows pierced through the sky, approaching rapidly, and Ning Fan channeled the Ghost Mask's power, shouting a word forcefully.

"Shatter!"

This shout utilized the power of the Innate Ghost Mask.

This shout seemed inherently suppressive to all Slaughter Incenses, as if every slaughter in the world had to heed Ning Fan's command!

Because he was the owner of the Innate Ghost Mask!

Because he was the new Young Emperor of the Slaughter Hall, the master of all slaughter in the world, for six million years!

As soon as the word fell, it was as if the Spirit Speech had followed the command, and the three incoming Slaughter Blood Arrows shattered just like that!

"Crumbly arrows shattered by a word, how can it be possible!" Fan Lianxiu was shocked and attacked again, firing seven more arrows at Ning Fan.

As the seven arrows approached, Ning Fan's expression grew colder, abruptly patting his Tian Ling. From above, a Spirit flew out immediately.

That Spirit was Ning Fan's Spirit!

The Spirit gazed coldly and unemotionally upon the seven rushing arrows, relying on the power of the Ghost Mask, directly opened its mouth, and swallowed the seven arrows alive.

"Impossible! Even I couldn't ignore the damage from Slaughter Incense; why can this boy swallow the Slaughter Blood Arrows without harm?!"

A terrifying feeling enveloped Fan Lianxiu's heart like a shadow instantly.

But in the next moment, all Fan Lianxiu's horror froze.

Ning Fan's Spirit returned, pointed a finger down, and with one finger, the west wind rose!

The west wind like a way, the death of cultivations like leaves, Ning Fan's expression was indifferent, viewing Fan Lianxiu as a decaying leaf.

In an instant, Fan Lianxiu was slightly confused about whether he was the dignified Liu Shi Man Zu or an inconspicuous withered leaf.

"I see you as a leaf; the wind rises, the leaf withers!"

With Ning Fan's quiet words, the rustling shadows of leaves in the void turned into flying ash, dissipating, and Fan Lianxiu's Blood Soul body also collapsed at this moment, turning into ashes...

This place was left with just a pool of blood containing countless Barbarian Residual Souls and a fierce-looking Bow Spirit youth.

The Bow Spirit youth was indifferent and merciless, seeing Ning Fan kill Fan Lianxiu, and flew directly towards Ning Fan to kill him.

This Bow Spirit was refined by Fan Lianxiu during his lifetime by sacrificing numerous lives, extremely ferocious, unable to be subdued by anyone other than Fan Lianxiu.

With a narrowing gaze, Ning Fan intended to destroy this Bow Spirit youth, but a highly excited voice suddenly emerged from within the Xuan Yin Treasure.

"Master! Little Bow senses a promising Bow Spirit outside, just right for Little Bow to devour! Master, let Little Bow out to devour that Bow Spirit!"

"As long as Master lets me devour that Bow Spirit, I'll be absolutely loyal with no betrayal thought from today onwards! I'll guarantee this with my bow quality!"

That extremely excited voice was from the Candle Bow Spirit.

Cooped up within the Xuan Yin Treasure, the Candle Bow Spirit still sensed that something outside, very beneficial, was approaching step by step!

"Master! Please let me devour that Bow Spirit, that's... that's... the legendary 'Sub-Innate Bow Spirit'!"

...

At the same time, far away, Ancestor Dulong suddenly looked enraged.

Holding a Compass, the sixth of the seven red rubies embedded in it shattered...

"Damn it! The ancient monument of Liu Shi Man Zu is already destroyed!"

Chapter 902: Give Me Ten Breaths!

Staring at the shattered ruby on the compass, Ancestor Dulong's eyes grew increasingly somber.

Beside him, Ao Xuan, the Honored Immortal, remained exceedingly calm, saying, "Daoist Dulong, there's no need to mind this. Destroying one ancient monument still leaves six. As long as we can find one within six days to awaken the ancient passage, there's still room for redemption."

"Daoist Ao Xuan is right; it's my emotions that were stirred."

Ancestor Dulong took a deep breath, calmed himself, put away the compass, and continued to meditate and heal his wounds.

...

"Sub-Innate Bow Spirit..."

The words of the Candle Bow Spirit made Ning Fan's eyes flicker slightly, but his hand did not stop performing divine skills. Pointing forward with his index finger, the mighty force of the world immediately howled forth, forming a blockade that immobilized the charging bow spirit youth in mid-air.

Pressing forward with his five fingers, a vast force surged out, and the Momentum Character Secret was pushed to its extreme by Ning Fan at this moment.

The bow spirit youth was unable to move, groaned continuously, and gradually more and more seals appeared inside his body. The ferocity in his eyes was slowly subdued; with an unwilling roar, he transformed into a blood-colored iron core bow.

Ning Fan remained cold in expression, curled his palm to summon the Blood Bow into his hand, glanced, nodded slightly, but said nothing more.

Sensing that the bow spirit youth was subdued by Ning Fan, within the Xuan Yin Treasure, the sealed Candle Bow Spirit became even more excited, "Master! Has the Sub-Innate Bow Spirit been captured by you? Quickly give it to me to devour! It's really a great supplement, truly a great supplement!"

"Noisy!"

Upon hearing the Candle Bow Spirit still clamoring, Ning Fan furrowed his brow, snorted coldly, and activated the seals within, causing the Candle Bow Spirit to cry out miserably, unable to say another word.

Artifact spirits come in many kinds; swords have sword spirits, axes have axe spirits, and naturally, bow spirits are a type of artifact spirit.

Among artifact spirits, there are strong and weak ones, mostly divided into five grades: Mortal Grade, Immortal Grade, Acquired, Sub-Innate, and Innate.

Upon closer inspection, this Blood Bow Spirit was indeed a Sub-Innate Bow Spirit, but for now, Ning Fan had other matters to attend to and no time to deal with the Blood Bow Spirit.

Sealing up the Blood Bow Spirit, Ning Fan swept his gaze toward the nearby pool of blood.

Pursuing Fan Lianxiu all the way, Ning Fan had traversed quite a distance. In this emptiness, apart from him, only this solitary gigantic pool of blood remained.

Within the pool of blood, it held too many residual souls of barbarians, countless billions, impossible to tally, cramped together densely.

All these residual souls were ordinary people slaughtered by Fan Lianxiu, once filled with overwhelming resentment, but after Ning Fan killed Fan Lianxiu, they all prostrated toward Ning Fan, bowing with cries and wails, gratitude etched deeply in their expressions.

They babbled on, seemingly expressing words of gratitude, yet could only utter ghostly sounds, unable to speak in human tongues.

With Fan Lianxiu's death, the pool of blood too began to slowly collapse, and the numerous barbarian residual souls within it gradually dissipated with the wind.

They had long been dead since ancient times; their residual souls should not have survived until today.

When barbarians die, they cannot enter reincarnation again, because the Heavenly Dao of reincarnation in the primal wilds was already destroyed before ancient times...

Gazing at the countless dissipating barbarian souls, Ning Fan was powerless to stop it, but his gaze was somewhat contemplative.

He activated the Fu Li Spirit Wheels, attempting to use the power of the spirit wheels to collect these residual souls, only to find it impossible.

The Fu Li Spirit Wheels could only collect those who died with unyielding spirits. These barbarians did not die in battle nor were they unyielding, and could not be collected...

They were a group of people abandoned by reincarnation, vanishing into smoke after death, having only this life, no future life...

Silently, Ning Fan retrieved a jar of wine from the storage pouch, popped the seal, and poured it over the blood pool, as a farewell to this group of barbarians abandoned by reincarnation.

His eyes gradually became dazed, as though he glimpsed the destiny of the barbarians; that destiny was a line segment, with a beginning and an end, with no way to turn back and start over...

He seemed to gain some understanding of the destiny of ordinary people in the four heavens and nine worlds.

Their destiny was a circle, linked by life and death, where both life and death occurred within, repeatedly showing scenes of life and death. That circle is known as reincarnation...

"Barbarians have lost the right to reincarnation... But what is reincarnation..."

At the moment the last barbarian soul dissipated, Ning Fan closed his eyes, putting away all thoughts. When he opened his eyes again, there was no extra expression.

The pool of blood collapsed, the residual souls vanished, and the only thing remaining here was the accumulated Slaughter Incense from the pool of blood.

The number of Slaughter Incense here is extraordinarily vast. As the pool of blood crumbled, it spreads like a misty sea in the void.

These Slaughter Incenses are born from the hatred of the dead Stone Warriors against the Barbarian Ancestor, accumulated over countless years, yet they have become a delicacy for the Innate Ghost Mask...

Ning Fan pondered for a moment and finally decided to collect these Slaughter Incenses.

He took out a Blue-and-White Porcelain Vase, pointed its mouth towards the incense-filled misty sea, and uttered the word 'collect.' Immediately, the misty sea streamed into the vase.

This porcelain vase was a Post-Nirvana Immortal Treasure acquired from some unknown battle.

The vase initially collected the incense smoothly, but after collecting less than one percent of the entire incense misty sea, it suddenly cracked open with a bang, splitting in two, and the gathered incense returned to the misty sea.

The Blue-and-White Porcelain Vase could not withstand too much of the Slaughter Incense, which caused its destruction...

The Post-Nirvana Immortal Treasure is the most commonly used magical treasure for those at the Initial Stage of Crossing Truth, yet it couldn't even collect one percent of the incense here...

Ning Fan's eyes flickered slightly, and he took out a Purple Copper Incense Burner of Acquired Three Nirvana. A Three-Nirvana Acquired Immortal Treasure is a potent magical treasure for any in the Crossing Truth stage.

This Purple Copper Incense Burner was of high grade, but upon collecting only one-twentieth of the incense of the misty sea, it could not withstand the Incense Flame power and shattered...

"The amount of Slaughter Incense here is immense, and ordinary magical treasures cannot withstand such a level of Incense Flame power. I wonder just how powerful a magical treasure would be needed to collect all the Slaughter Incense here!"

Ning Fan flipped his hand and took out a Demonic Banner of Acquired Five Nirvana, directing it towards the Slaughter Incense. The rolling incense was immediately absorbed into the Demonic Banner.

A Five-Nirvana Acquired Immortal Treasure is a significant magical treasure for any Shekong Cultivator. Even the Microdust Four Swords from Ning Fan's Rain's Five Swords are only of Five Nirvana grade.

However, this Demonic Banner only managed to collect one-fifth of the Slaughter Incense before it could no longer bear the Incense Flame power and directly shattered...

From his storage pouch, Ning Fan had several Acquired Immortal Treasures of Six and Seven Nirvana. As he considered using these treasures for an experiment, he suddenly remembered something.

Flipping his hand, he took out a heavy and terrifying purple gourd from the Xuan Yin Treasure.

This purple gourd was an innate gourd, suitable as material for crafting Innate Treasures. Ning Fan had obtained it when he first entered the Eastern Heaven from a trade star called Shaoze Star by chance accessing Qi Shen's Treasury.

Back then, Ning Fan's cultivation was low, and he couldn't even move the gourd.

Now, with his divine skills, Ning Fan could slightly lift the gourd, although he still didn't have the ability to refine it into an Innate Treasure.

Only an Immortal Emperor typically has the qualification to refine Innate Treasures, which Ning Fan naturally could not achieve.

The interior of this purple gourd is hollow and naturally apt for containing things. At this moment, Ning Fan took it out as a vessel to contain the Slaughter Incense.

It's believed that the strength of the innate gourd could withstand the Incense Flame power.

Ning Fan lifted the gourd, pointed its mouth towards the incense misty sea, and uttered the word 'collect.' The rolling incense poured into the gourd's mouth, and after several breaths, all the incense here had been absorbed into the gourd, not a trace left.

Having absorbed such an immense Incense Flame power, the purple gourd showed no signs of damage. Witnessing this, Ning Fan nodded and put the gourd back into the Xuan Yin Treasure.

There was no reason to stay here, so he turned and left, returning the way he came.

...

When Ning Fan returned, whether it was the ZiChou Battle Division and other cultivations, or the two hundred thousand Stone Warriors he brought back, all had descended outside the Tianman City.

Upon seeing Ning Fan return, carrying the Evil Qi from vanquishing Fan Lianxiu, the cultivations all cupped their fists towards the sky,

"Thank you, Senior, for slaying the fierce creature and saving our lives!"

The collective shout of the Divine Transformation Realm echoed through the Immortal Clouds.

The two hundred thousand Stone Warriors, lying prostrate on the ground, all lifted their heads, emitting gentle beast roars toward the sky, as if to welcome Ning Fan's return.

There were also some Human Shekong Cultivators present, usually arrogant, but looking at Ning Fan with the demeanor of juniors toward an elder.

Even Demon Yuanzi, Jin Hua Ancestor, Tengnan, Tengbei, and other human Shattered Thought cultivations dared not slacken, all cupping their fists towards the sky.

Anyone unaware might think they were welcoming a Human Clan Immortal Honorific. The spectacle was grand.

Once Ning Fan descended upon the city walls of Tianman City, a Fairy Loli eagerly darted into his arms like a little monkey, giggling sweetly, wrapping around Ning Fan's neck like an octopus, taking a deep sniff of his scent, feeling utterly secure.

"Daddy, did you already kill the old Blood Spirit?"

"Yes." Ning Fan nodded, gently stroking the silver hair of the little girl in his arms.

At this moment, Fairy Loli's soul had returned to her body. She looked rosy, her little face radiant and charming.

Her shoulder, which had been missing a piece of flesh, had already healed under the restoration of lightning power.

To her, being captured by the Binding Thunder Banner wasn't a catastrophe; instead, it seemed like a fortuitous encounter.

The sea of lightning within the Binding Thunder Banner had been consumed by her, rendering the banner useless... And her aura had become powerful, not weaker than the Early Stage of Shattered Thought...

After setting down the lively Fairy Loli, Ning Fan swept the Broken Continent with his spirit sense, his expression somewhat solemn.

Although he had slain Fan Lianxiu, this battle still left tens of thousands of cultivators dead at Fan Lianxiu's hands. The ZiChou Battle Division, originally one hundred thousand strong, now had fewer than sixty thousand left. Even among the human experts Ning Fan had previously saved, nearly a thousand had died at Fan Lianxiu's hands...

Ning Fan slightly closed his eyes; in times of chaos, human lives were like grass. Only the strong could survive the great calamities...

Teng Nan, Teng Bei, and many other human elders came forward one after another to pay their respects to Ning Fan, expressing their gratitude for saving their lives. If it hadn't been for Ning Fan's timely arrival, they feared everyone would have perished at Fan Lianxiu's hands this time.

To these human elder cultivators, Ning Fan used the identity of Zhao Jian.

To Zhao Die'er, Fairy Hanwu, Earth Controlling Devil Star, and others familiar with him, Ning Fan secretly communicated, reminding them not to reveal his true name in front of outsiders, briefly explaining the details of how he saved Fairy Loli's soul.

On this journey, Ning Fan brought back two hundred thousand Barbarian Beasts and helpers like Demon Yuanzi and Jin Hua Ancestor.

Fairy Loli, having consumed the sea of lightning within the Binding Thunder Banner, significantly boosted her strength, now considered a substantial ally.

With these allies, Ning Fan had considerable assurance of successfully rescuing Miaoyan Immortal Honorific.

"Moreover, the ZiChou Battle Division can also be utilized as help to rescue Miaoyan Immortal Honorific..."

Ning Fan glanced at Teng Nan and Teng Bei, both of whom greeted Ning Fan's gaze with smiles.

After the Wilderness was shattered, the six battle divisions under Liuhe Immortal Lord each scattered. By now, five battle divisions had contacted Liuhe Immortal Lord and were converging towards his location. Only the ZiChou Battle Division, having just contacted the large human force, had their communication Sound Lute destroyed by a strike from Fan Lianxiu.

As such, the ZiChou Battle Division had no idea where Liuhe Immortal Lord currently was, nor how to join him.

Fortunately, Teng Nan and Teng Bei learned from Demon Yuanzi that Ning Fan's group was about to seek out Miaoyan Immortal Honorific. And the realm where Miaoyan Immortal Honorific resided seemed not far from this Life Gate Interface, only a few interfaces away...

In their view, as long as they traveled with Ning Fan and his party, it wouldn't be long before they found Miaoyan Immortal Honorific.

Thus, the entire ZiChou Battle Division, under the leadership of Teng Nan and Teng Bei, stayed on Ning Fan's Broken Continent, following his lead.

The support around Ning Fan continued to grow.

The many cultivators only hoped this journey would easily lead to finding Miaoyan Immortal Honorific, unaware that Miaoyan Immortal Honorific was currently trapped within the Dead Gate Interface. This fact was concealed by Ning Fan, who didn't reveal it.

Once revealed, many would fear the dangers of the Dead Gate and leave immediately, giving up on the search for Miaoyan Immortal Honorific.

Before reaching the destination, Ning Fan didn't intend to tell the group the truth, even if it seemed like he was deliberately tricking his companions.

With Ning Fan around, there was no need for Fairy Burying Moon to perform the Vertical Golden Light anymore.

The Through-Sky Stone fell at the front of the group of beasts, guarded cautiously by them. As Ning Fan pointed from afar, billowing black fog surged from within the Through-Sky Stone, enveloping the Broken Continent.

Ning Fan then activated the Vertical Golden Light, making the entire Broken Continent shoot forward like an arrow, cultivation speed even greater than before, rapidly closing the distance to the Dead Gate Interface where Miaoyan Immortal Honorific was located.

"Miaoyan Immortal Honorific, though I have never had the pleasure of meeting you, you once helped me. Today, I shall return the favor!"

Half an hour passed as Ning Fan traversed through four Life Gate Interfaces. The more they moved forward, the more Demon Yuanzi felt the potential pitfall.

In the eye's view were floating Broken Continents in the void, filled with scars and devoid of any living aura.

This was where Ning Fan had claimed Miaoyan Immortal Honorific was, yet upon arrival, they didn't see Miaoyan Immortal Honorific anywhere.

"Eh... Daoist Zhao, didn't you say Miaoyan Immortal Honorific was here? Why can't we see the Immortal Honorific... Could it be the Immortal Honorific has left this place already..." Demon Yuanzi's heart pounded with concern, yet he wore a placating smile.

Doubts were plentiful among many, but Ning Fan did not intend to clarify things for everyone.

He piloted the Broken Continent to float before a Vermilion Giant Gate, activated the Ice Rain Technique, and carefully sensed the inside of the giant gate.

With his sharp eyes, he immediately saw this gate was a Dead Gate, though others couldn't tell.

Once he sensed that the dangers within the gate were less than he expected, Ning Fan smiled slightly, abruptly activating his divine skills, steering the entire Broken Continent into it!

"This is... the Dead Gate Interface! Daoist Zhao, why are you taking us into the Dead Gate Interface!"

"Senior Zhao, you must have taken the wrong gate, leave this interface quickly!"

"Dead Gate Interface! It's the Dead Gate Interface! Danger, extreme danger, leave quickly!"

On the Broken Continent, countless cultivators immediately cried out in fear, and Ning Fan's voice spread promptly.

"Everyone, stay calm and watch closely. Miaoyan Immortal Honorific is indeed here!"

This was Ning Fan's first entry into the Dead Gate Interface, and this Dead Gate Interface wasn't a void; in sight, there was endless wind and sand.

In this interface floated a vast desert, the nearest sand was golden. Further in, the sand turned black, and deeper still, it became blood-colored.

In this desert, almost every few steps hid a lethal array. Cultivators below the Shattered Thought Realm would almost certainly die if they entered the Dead Gate and triggered the killing array.

Fortunately, the fierce arrays at the entrance of this interface had long been destroyed by Miaoyan Immortal Honorific. Without delving deep into this realm, there was no danger, which was why Ning Fan dared to directly steer the Broken Continent inside.

Ning Fan's gaze was solemn, staring towards the blood sand area in the center of the desert.

Within the blood sand area, eight stone towers could be vaguely seen. At the top of each tower was an Immortal Talisman outlined in vermilion, bearing only a single word.

Seal!

The eight stone towers occupied different positions, aligned in a Bagua formation, enclosing a central area of ten thousand miles, evoking an extremely dangerous feeling.

Through endless sand and wind, Ning Fan could barely make out a female figure in the deepest part of the blood sand area, struggling against hundreds of giants.

There she was, Miaoyan Immortal Honorific!

Her enemies were stone giants, each over a hundred thousand feet tall, all formed by array power, endlessly replaceable.

She was trapped in the center of eight stone towers. Were she at her peak, she might have smashed through the towers and carved a path to freedom.

Yet, unfortunately, at this moment, she couldn't break free from the towers' encirclement unless a Daoist friend of similar cultivation level was willing to risk mightily assisting...

At this moment, Miaoyan Immortal Honorific's complexion was pale as paper, her pretty face full of bitterness.

It had been a day since she called for Ning Fan's help, yet Ning Fan still hadn't come to her rescue, leaving her feeling somewhat self-mockingly and disappointed...

"That fellow Daoist still doesn't intend to rescue me, it seems..."

"Is it truly my fate to die here..."

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific sighed softly; she was already in a state of exhaustion, only sustained by sheer will, awaiting rescue.

At this moment, thinking the other party might not intend to rescue her at all, her heart sank further, and her will gradually crumbled...

But just as she was near despair, from afar, a Broken Continent suddenly flew into the void.

Moreover, a man's voice emerged from the Broken Continent, instantly reaching her ears and her heart.

The voice, though cold, carried a trace of concern for her, leaving her momentarily stunned, then immediately smiling with some emotion.

That mysterious Daoist had not abandoned her, disregarding the dangers here, coming to save her!

Cultivators are often selfish, that person's cold voice surely marked him as indifferent, yet he was willing to save her, but for what reason...

Who could that person be...

"Give me ten breaths! Within ten breaths, I will definitely rescue you from your plight!"

Chapter 903: Seven-Colored Incense Fire Arrow

Ten breaths are not an empty boast from Ning Fan, but a promise born of careful consideration.

He had comprehended the Momentum Character Secret of the Ancestral Emperor from the Eastern Heaven, able to see through the grand force flow of the Formation.

The fierce array before him used sand as its base, aligning secretly with the element of earth, divided into three layers: Blood Sand, Black Sand, and Yellow Sand. The Yellow Sand array was the weakest, and the Blood Sand the strongest.

The source of the array's power came from the eight Stone Towers within the Blood Sand formation.

In these three layers, the grand force flowed like the ebb and flow of tides, and every ten breaths, the formation's force would be at its weakest, presenting the optimal opportunity to break the formation.

The only thing that caused Ning Fan deep concern was the vermilion 'Seal' character atop the eight Stone Towers.

That single character seemed to contain an ancient power, as if under its influence, all things in this world could be sealed away.

Under that sealing power, the entrance to the Dead Gate Interface gradually closed, allowing entry but not exit. Some masters used Divine Skills, attempting to fly out of the Dead Gate, only to find they couldn't leave.

Many old monsters gradually discerned the way: unless this fierce array was destroyed, no one could leave...

As Ning Fan's voice spread, many human experts extended their spirit senses to probe the depths of the fierce array.

No one could believe that Miaoyan Immortal Honorific could be trapped within the Dead Gate Interface. Unfortunately, many human strongmen recognized Miaoyan's aura, confirming that the woman trapped in the fierce array was indeed Miaoyan...

"What! Miaoyan Immortal Honorific is trapped in this fierce array!"

"This is bad, really bad. A fierce array that can trap even Miaoyan Immortal Honorific, how formidable it must be. If we want to destroy it, it's too difficult..."

"But we've already entered this place. Without destroying the fierce array, we can't leave. We'll have to tough it out!"

"Come to think of it, if we can destroy this fierce array, not only can we ensure our safety, but we'll also rescue Miaoyan Immortal Honorific, and that would be quite an achievement..."

Voices of discussion arose.

With a command from Ning Fan, the crowd of cultivators instantly fell silent.

"Now we are trapped in the Dead Gate Interface. Without destroying this fierce array, no one can leave! Whoever wants to escape here, come join Zhao and strike! Destroy the fierce array and rescue Miaoyan Immortal Honorific!"

With a command from Ning Fan, his voice immediately echoed through the sky, reaching the ears of every master on the Broken Continent.

He leaped into the air, followed by an army of 200,000 Stone Warriors, charging towards the Yellow Sand fierce array ahead with an unstoppable momentum, as if nothing could block his path!

His eyes burned with battle spirit, the power of War Yin and Yang driven to the utmost, connecting all battle spirit in heaven and earth to him!

Any master who heard his words inexplicably felt a surge of courage, as if greatly inspired, their battle spirit soared, and the fierce array no longer seemed so terrifying.

Ning Fan's words echoed repeatedly in the crowd's ears, sounding hypnotic, bewitching, awakening, and enlightening. Their eyes gradually grew vacant, but then, they all revealed determined expressions, displaying a fearless face in the face of death.

Whether stranded masters on the Demon Yuan Boat, or the ZiChou Battle Division, or Ning Fan's previously rescued masters like Tong'er, any whose cultivation was below the Shedding Void Stage

couldn't resist the influence of Ning Fan's battle spirit. They soared into the sky, closely following Ning Fan, charging towards the Yellow Sand array!

"We are willing to follow Senior Zhao, destroy the fierce array, save the Immortal Honorific, and escape alive!"

To find a path to survival, destroy the fierce array together!

The shouts of the cultivators echoed to the heavens, their voices full of boundless battle spirit, their momentum unstoppable forward.

This is the power of War Yin and Yang, capable of weakening others' battle spirit, inspiring the heart, doubling the courage and excitement of the crowd.

Gradually, even some Shedding Void Elders were inspired by Ning Fan, charging forward, joining the ranks.

As for those familiar with Ning Fan, like the Four-eyed Demon Monarch and Fairy Hanwux, they had long since charged out. The cheerful Xian Luoli led the vanguard, while at the rear was the reluctant and murmuring Burying Moon. Even Liu Yan, though low in cultivation, also charged out, closely following behind Ning Fan.

Except for Zhao Die'er and other Stone Warriors from Tianman City who couldn't fly, almost every master was aroused by Ning Fan, soaring into action!

Demon Yuanzi, Jin Hua Ancestor, Teng Nan, and Teng Bei exchanged glances, all showing expressions of shock.

All four were Fragmented Thought Elders, able to vaguely discern that Ning Fan's rousing of the cultivators involved some method. That method was incredibly impressive, involving traces, beyond the four's understanding.

"The escape route has been sealed; at this point, it's unavoidable, we must act too. Destroying the fierce array is the only way..."

Demon Yuanzi sighed deeply, along with other Fragmented Thought masters, leaping into action, joining the array-destroying army, though secretly filled with dread.

He was the first human Fragmented Thought to meet Ning Fan, all along doubting the accuracy of Ning Fan's information, fearing being manipulated by Ning Fan. Now trapped in the Dead Gate by Ning Fan's deceit, he cursed inwardly, but had no choice but to follow Ning Fan grimly.

One breath, two breaths, three breaths.

The Yellow Sand array now lay a mere thousand zhang away, right before them!

Ning Fan pressed his five fingers forward, instantly causing a torrential downpour, the rain controlled by him to form a gigantic hand seal, crashing down upon the Yellow Sand array ahead.

He wasn't alone; any Stone Warrior or master who had charged near also took action, unleashing various Divine Skills upon the Yellow Sand array.

Various flowing lights bombarded the Yellow Sand desert, immediately riddling it with thousands of holes, collapsing by the fourth breath!

The first of the three layers of the fierce array, the Yellow Sand array, was broken!

Seeing the first layer of the fierce array breached, countless cheers erupted among the cultivators. Following Ning Fan to destroy the fierce array, their confidence grew stronger!

With myriad Divine Skills paving the way, Ning Fan led the army charging fiercely, his eyes carrying an unstoppable belief.

Fifth breath, nearing the Black Sand array's range, sixth breath, tens of thousands of Divine Skills blasted through, seventh breath, Black Sand array broken!

In front of him, the most formidable Red Sand Formation finally revealed itself, with eight towering and eerie stone towers appearing before the gathered masters.

These eight stone towers, if destroyed from within rather than from without, would be difficult even for the Miaoyan Immortal Honorific to manage.

But to destroy them from the outside is not difficult! The key is to seize the right moment!

At the eighth breath, Ning Fan did not act.

At the ninth breath, Ning Fan summoned the Rain and Battle Ten Swords.

At the tenth breath, Ning Fan suddenly charged out, heading directly towards the most damaged of the eight stone towers!

That was the fifth stone tower, already damaged by several of Miaoyan Immortal Honorific's attacks.

At this moment, it was the weakest moment of the Red Sand Formation's power!

At this moment, with a single command from Ning Fan, the divine skills of the gathered masters immediately targeted the stone tower he attacked.

Tens of thousands of divine powers converged into a dazzling, blinding divine light, within which Ning Fan's ten swords paved the way like a falling meteor, directly crashing onto the fifth stone tower.

The Miaoyan Immortal Honorific, engaged in battle with numerous stone warriors, suddenly turned back to gaze towards the fifth stone tower.

What she could see was the spectacle of the fifth stone tower collapsing from the outside in under tens of thousands of divine powers!

The eight stone towers were interconnected; damage to one would bring the others down with it. Ning Fan destroyed only one, but the other seven stone towers all collapsed at the same time!

The countless stone warriors besieging Miaoyan Immortal Honorific also let out a collective wail as they disappeared one after another.

The Red Sand Formation was broken!

The Miaoyan Immortal Honorific was freed!

She glanced back, and at the tenth breath, saw a silver-haired man with a ghostly face, wrapped in tens of thousands of divine skills, rushing towards her.

The man's gaze was so cold, revealing no emotion, as if destroying the deadly array to save her was only a matter of course, an easily accomplished deed.

Despite the indifference reflected in those emotionless eyes, the heart of the Miaoyan Immortal Honorific, which had been calm for many years, suddenly rippled slightly.

She stared in a daze at the approaching Ning Fan, unable to take her eyes off him.

In her most desperate moment, it was this person who came at great risk to save her...

"Th-thank you..."

A radiant smile suddenly appeared on her pale, weakened face.

She had already been holding on till now, running on fumes, sustained by sheer willpower.

Now, having narrowly escaped danger, she hadn't even clearly seen who had rescued her before a deep sense of exhaustion washed over her.

Her vision blackened, and she fainted, falling from the sky.

So tired, she couldn't open her eyes...

So weary, she couldn't muster a single ounce of strength...

In a haze, Miaoyan Immortal Honorific vaguely sensed herself falling into the embrace of a man.

The scent filling her nostrils was entirely from the man, laced with an unshakable smell of blood, suggesting that he had been involved in much slaughter before rescuing her...

Ning Fan had a slightly peculiar expression as he caught the Miaoyan Immortal Honorific descending from the sky, holding her in his arms.

This woman, though covered in blood and grime, exuded a faint fragrance, sweet and sticky like the scent of green apple grass...

Though he held warmth and softness in his arms, Ning Fan felt no lewd thoughts, considering that he was holding an Eternal Immortal Venerable whose cultivation status still existed...

"She actually fainted... It seems she's exhausted all her strength to hold on until now..."

Ning Fan sighed slightly; if he had come a bit later, perhaps the Miaoyan Immortal Honorific would indeed have perished within this deadly formation.

Stepping on the escape light, Ning Fan flew back to the Broken Continent with Miaoyan Immortal Honorific in his arms.

This scene left many of the masters following closely behind Ning Fan wide-eyed and speechless.

What did they see...

Could it be that the mighty Miaoyan Immortal Honorific was carried back by Ning Fan all the way...

...

Her head was groggy, with a faint pain in her divine sense. She wanted to open her eyes but couldn't...

Not knowing how long she had been asleep, Miaoyan Immortal Honorific suddenly felt a pair of hands roaming over her, seeming to be undressing her.

She could feel the clothes being stripped away, and could feel the chill on her chest, even her corset being undone...

"Who is it, who is undressing me! Could it be that Daoist who rescued me!"

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific felt both ashamed and angry, eager to open her eyes and see, but painfully unable to do so.

Suddenly, a chill enveloped her body, and the sound of water reached her ears; it seemed she had been placed into water.

Immediately, she felt that there was a pair of hands roaming over her body, seemingly helping her wash herself...

"Who is helping me bathe! Could it be him!"

Miaoyan Immortal's mind was filled with the image of Ning Fan rushing forward, her pretty face blushing even more.

She could feel those hands sometimes brushing over her smooth silk-like spine, and sometimes over her full soft chest.

She felt somewhat inexplicably restless and a bit angry at the person's audacity and frivolity.

Not knowing how long it was, Miaoyan Immortal finally gathered a bit of strength and opened her eyes.

What she saw was herself sitting in a wooden tub, with flower petals of the Qingping grass floating on the water.

Beside her, a pair of delicate little hands was helping her wash. They were not Ning Fan's hands, but a woman's hands.

"Tong'er? Why is it you helping me wash... I thought it was..."

Miaoyan Immortal finally saw clearly that the one helping her bathe was not the imagined Ning Fan, but indeed her maid Tong'er.

She breathed a sigh of relief, chiding herself for overthinking as one sentence left Tong'er puzzled.

She was Miaoyan Immortal's maid, naturally meant to serve Miaoyan Immortal in bathing. Who else could it be...

"How long was I unconscious..." Miaoyan Immortal spread out her spirit sense, simultaneously asking Tong'er.

"In response to the master, the master has been unconscious for three whole days..."

"Three days! Which means the blood sacrifice barbarism has passed four whole days, damn it! Unconscious for too long!"

Miaoyan Immortal's brows furrowed as she asked Tong'er several questions, such as the location of the cultivator who saved her.

After a round of inquiries, Miaoyan Immortal gradually revealed an expression of admiration, finally knowing that the person who saved her was named Zhao Jian.

Even Tong'er was saved by Zhao Jian...

"Zhao Jian, is it... If not for this Daoist friend saving me, most likely, I would have already become a corpse... This is a great favor, not to be forgotten..." Miaoyan Immortal murmured.

Suddenly, Miaoyan Immortal's beautiful eyes trembled, sensing something, she casually pulled a towel and wrapped it around herself. In a flash, she appeared at the window, looking incredulously at the sky over Tianman City.

In that sky, there were two ancient monuments inching closer...

Those two ancient monuments were actually locked onto her aura, searching all the way here!

...

Since Miaoyan Immortal was rescued, three days had passed. For three whole days, Miaoyan Immortal had remained unconscious.

The Broken Continent had long flown out of the Dead Gate Interface under Ning Fan's control, yet there was no destination for further progress.

During Miaoyan Immortal's unconscious period, Ning Fan also rummaged through Miaoyan Immortal's storage pouch.

He automatically ignored various small items in the storage pouch, simply searching for something that could establish contact with Liuhe Immortal Lord.

However, unfortunately, Ning Fan did not find the needed item.

The Broken Continent flew aimlessly through various Life Gate Interfaces, with the ones controlling the continent's flight now Demon Yuanzi, Jin Hua Ancestor, and four human masters of fragmented thought.

The four people naturally didn't have the level of Divine Skills like Vertical Golden Light, but together, coupled with the power of the Through-Sky Stone, they could manage slow flight of the Broken Continent.

Miaoyan Immortal had not awakened, Ning Fan waited in vain, and so three days earlier he entered the Xuan Yin Treasure, beginning to deal with some miscellaneous matters. Naturally, it was to further enhance his survival amidst the primitive and wild tribulation.

The first thing to deal with was the Sub-Innate Bow Spirit, followed by the vast number of Slaughter Incense.

Time returned to three days ago.

In the Western Realm Cave Dwelling of the Xuan Yin Treasure, Ning Fan sat cross-legged, placing two bows in front of him.

One was the Dragon-Horned Changgong, transformed from the Candle Bow Spirit.

The other was the iron Blood-colored Iron Core Bow, a Sub-Innate Bow Spirit snatched from Fan Lianxiu.

At this moment, that Blood-colored Iron Core Bow continuously emitted hostility, trying to break free from the seal, always locking Ning Fan with killing intent.

As for the Dragon-Horned Changgong, it continuously uttered flattering words to Ning Fan. The purpose of flattery was none other than to devour the other Blood Bow Spirit.

"Master, do you know how much admiration Little Bow has for you? Apart from the former master, Little Bow has never admired someone! No, compared to you, Little Bow's former master is simply worthless!"

"Master, just be kind enough, let Little Bow devour that Sub-Innate Bow Spirit!"

"Master, how can you bear to see me plead with you so persistently, so lonely like snow..."

By his ear were the noisy words of Candle Bow Spirit.

Ning Fan did not pay attention to the Candle Bow Spirit, his gaze moving back and forth between the Dragon-Horned Changgong and the blood-colored long bow, sometimes his brows slightly furrowed, as if something was difficult to decide.

Artifact spirits have five levels: Mortal Grade, Immortal Grade, Acquired, Sub-Innate, and Innate.

In the four heavens and nine worlds, the magical treasure spirits in most masters' hands are merely Mortal Grade, only a few Second Step Elders are qualified to possess Immortal Grade spirits.

Acquired spirits are extremely rare, generally only fragmented thought elders might possess Acquired spirits.

Sub-Innate Artifact Spirits are almost as rare as Innate Treasures, generally only figures of the Immortal Emperor level are qualified to possess such high-grade Artifact Spirits.

As for Innate Artifact Spirits... Ning Fan has only heard about them in ancient texts, never heard of anyone among the Four Heavens possessing an Innate Artifact Spirit.

The rarity of Innate Artifact Spirits far exceeds that of Innate Treasures. Spirits of that level cannot even be wielded by an Immortal Emperor...

The five Little Sword Spirits within Ning Fan's sword pouch were mere Mortal Grade when first encountered. Although Ning Fan later bestowed five Immortal Swords upon them, nurturing them gradually to the Immortal Grade, advancement to the Acquired Sword Spirit seems almost unattainable...

The difficulty in enhancing an Artifact Spirit's grade is evident.

The purpose of Artifact Spirits is to enhance the magical prowess of treasures.

If Ning Fan has a bow-type treasure of the Acquired Twelve Nirvana, and embeds within it a Sub-Innate Artifact Spirit, the power of that treasure could almost transcend the limits of the Acquired, rivaling true Innate Treasures!

Among similar Artifact Spirits, mutual absorption can occur, enhancing their own grade.

The Blood Bow Spirit is of the Sub-Innate level. The Candle Bow Spirit is similarly Sub-Innate level.

If the Candle Bow Spirit could absorb the Blood Bow Spirit, even if it doesn't immediately progress to Innate, its own power would be substantially enhanced.

Similarly, if the Blood Bow Spirit absorbs the Candle Bow Spirit, it would have the same effect...

The difficult choice Ning Fan faces is deciding which Bow Spirit should be kept, and which should be consumed.

The Blood Bow Spirit is fierce and uncontrollable; the Candle Bow Spirit is noisy and annoying, with frequent rebellious thoughts.

If Ning Fan had a third obedient Bow Spirit, he would surely treat these two Sub-Innate Bow Spirits as mere fodder...

"Blood Bow! I ask you, if I give you a chance to consume this Dragon-Horned Bow, will you pledge allegiance to me?"

Ning Fan pointed a finger at the Blood Bow, slightly loosening its seal, and the Blood Bow transformed into a blood-colored youth.

The youth's gaze was indifferent and unfeeling, not answering Ning Fan's question, nor bothering to glance at the Candle Bow Spirit.

Upon taking human form, the youth smiled cruelly, revealing a mouth full of sharp teeth, lunging at Ning Fan.

Ning Fan shook his head, pointed his finger at the youth, causing him to groan and revert back to a bow form.

This youth acknowledges only Fan Lianxiu, showcasing his dignity, unfortunately he was unusable—so there's no room to keep him...

The Blood Bow Spirit showed no reaction to Ning Fan's words, but the Candle Bow Spirit did!

Upon hearing Ning Fan consider keeping the Blood Bow and discarding him, the Candle Bow Spirit trembled uncontrollably, half in anger and half in fear.

Ning Fan actually considered feeding him to the Blood Bow! How could he come up with such a wicked idea!

"Master! This notion shouldn't be! The little bow has been at your side for decades, how can you feed the little bow to a newly acquired Bow Spirit! This is favoring the new over the old!"

"Master, the little bow has taught you Reverse Spirit Techniques, if not commendable service, at least laborious effort; how, how, how can you treat me like this!"

Seeing Ning Fan's unwavering expression, the Candle Bow Spirit was deeply afraid, wondering how to change Ning Fan's decision.

He did not want to be devoured by another Bow Spirit under any circumstance...

"The Blood Bow is of no great use, better to retain the Candle Bow..."

Ning Fan shook his head, pointed his finger at the Candle Bow, slightly unlocking its seal. The Candle Bow Spirit shook, immediately transforming into a peculiarly hunched old man.

"Candle Bow! I ask you, if I give you the chance to devour the Blood Bow, how will you repay me? What benefits can you provide!"

Upon hearing the question, the hunched old man form of the Candle Bow Spirit immediately fell to the ground, sobbing with joy!

By asking this, Ning Fan implied a remaining chance for survival—truly great news for him!

"Master... Master! I'm much more useful than that foolish bow, offering you countless benefits! The plentiful Slaughter Incense stored inside the Purple Gourd, I could sense them. I can help you refine them into Incense Arrows! Not ordinary Incense Arrows, but the 'Seven-Colored Incense Fire Arrows' taught to me by my previous master!"

"With my Bow Spirit grade, the success rate for crafting Six-Colored Incense Fire Arrows is nearly one hundred percent, easily shooting down the early Shattered Thought stage!"

"Master should know, my success rate for crafting Seven-Colored Incense Fire Arrows, is one in ten! With a single Seven-Colored Incense Fire Arrow, even the Eternal Immortal Venerable could be gravely wounded! If Master allows me to devour the Blood Bow, hehe, I am confident in increasing the success rate to twenty percent!"

Finally, the hunched old man wiped his tears, contemptuously pointing at the Blood Bow,

"Such common Sub-Innate Bow Spirits can at most refine Incense Arrows to shoot down Shedding Void, definitely inferior to me..."

Ning Fan's expression altered, recalling the clash with Fan Lianxiu.

Fan Lianxiu, having the Ancient Monument form, could unleash Incense Arrows with the power akin to an Immortal Venerable Strike. But once losing the Ancient Monument form, lacking its strength, the Incense Arrows could only possess the power to shoot down the peak of Shedding Void...

What was impressive was not the Incense Arrows formed by the Blood Bow Spirit, but Fan Lianxiu...

The Six-Colored Incense Fire Arrows mentioned by the Candle Bow Spirit, their power surpasses the Blood Bow's Incense Arrows.

If the Candle Bow Spirit truly can craft such Seven-Colored Incense Fire Arrows and severely injure the Eternal Immortal Venerable, perhaps Ning Fan would be persuaded.

However, the authenticity of the Candle Bow Spirit's claims remains to be verified.

"First, refine a Six-Colored Incense Fire Arrow for me, use this arrow to prove whether you speak the truth!"

Chapter 904: The Qualification to Wield the Arrow

Crafting the Six-Colored Incense Fire Arrow is merely a test, a test to see if Zhu Gong Elder's words are true.

Ning Fan bent his palm in a summoning gesture, calling forth the Purple Gourd. With a point of his finger, the gourd began to swirl around and slowly drift towards Zhu Gong Elder.

Its flight was exceedingly slow, yet as it approached, it gave Zhu Gong Elder an immense pressure, as if a mountain bore down upon him.

Zhu Gong Elder reached out to catch the gourd, only to feel an instant heavy pressure in his palm. The weight exceeded his ability to bear. With a loud bang, his entire bow spirit form was crushed and shattered into fragments of phosphorus light.

The gourd landed with a boom on the floor of the cave dwelling, causing the entire mountain to shake. The phosphorescence reconvened, and Zhu Gong Elder's form reappeared, a look of shock in his eyes as he regarded the Purple Gourd once more.

He naturally recognized that the gourd was an Innate Spiritual Object, but he hadn't expected it to be so heavy. This heaviness came from the Innate Purple Qi within; the more weight, the stronger the Innate Purple Qi contained within the gourd.

"Master! This gourd is extraordinary. If refined into an Innate Treasure, it would certainly surpass the Mortal Grade!"

"...This gourd has yet to condense into a treasure shape. The Little Bow does have a way to gradually shape it into a bow form..."

"A Gourd Bow! To possess such an Innate Gourd Bow... hehe... in such a manner..."

Zhu Gong Elder's eyes darted around, and he chuckled licentiously, his gaze growing increasingly fervent.

He was sealed by Ning Fan, unable to escape, and the seal, beyond his strength to break, had gradually entrenched itself deeper into his spirit over time.

Without external assistance, he was convinced he had no hope of breaking the seal in his lifetime.

But if he could nurture an Innate-class Gourd Bow, even just a prototype, he had considerable confidence in using the bow's power to break the seal.

"Hehe, as long as this star of misfortune gives the gourd to this old man for nurturing, it would only take at most a millennium to nurture it into a bow form. By then, borrowing the bow's power to tear the seal wouldn't be difficult, and I could escape this star of misfortune's clutches..."

"I must find a way to get the gourd from this star of misfortune! This concerns my grand escape plan! Gourd, oh gourd, my future happiness depends on you!"

Imagining the day he could regain his freedom, Zhu Gong Elder's smile became even more licentious, his face blooming like a chrysanthemum.

Zhu Gong's words made Ning Fan's eyes flicker slightly, as if he was contemplating.

The first step in refining an Innate Treasure is to let the refining materials absorb the mighty force of heaven and earth, the essence of sun and moon, to naturally evolve into a treasure prototype.

This step must follow nature's course, with no external assistance, or it would affect the Innate Treasure's power.

The treasure forms on its own, a process extremely slow, consuming a short thousand years, or perhaps millions. But with a higher-rank Artifact Spirit infused into the refining materials to nurture the spiritual object from within, the forming time can be greatly reduced.

Ning Fan had never considered what kind of magical treasure to refine the Purple Gourd into. A Gourd Bow seemed like a good option.

However...

Ning Fan's gaze slightly hardened as he glanced at Zhu Gong Elder, whose little schemes were naturally not hidden from his eyes. After contemplating for a moment, he spoke in a deep voice,

"We'll speak of the gourd later. Quickly refine the Six-Colored Incense Arrow!"

"Ah, master, let's discuss this gourd a bit more..."

"If you prattle on, I'll feed you to the Blood Bow!"

"Please, master, calm your anger. I'll start refining the arrow immediately, right away..."

Zhu Gong Elder reluctantly glanced at the Purple Gourd on the ground, understanding that this wasn't the time to be plotting for it.

"Ah, better focus on refining the arrow! As long as I preserve my life, I can slowly scheme about the gourd..."

Zhu Gong Elder raised his hand and pointed at the Purple Gourd on the ground. The slaughter incense within the gourd immediately billowed out like smoke.

Upon seeing this, Zhu Gong Elder sat cross-legged, gathering his hands. The slaughter incense converged before him, slowly forming an illusory arrow shadow.

In just a moment, the illusory arrow shadow solidified. As Zhu Gong Elder deftly manipulated a complex series of spirit sense gestures, the arrow was caught in his hand, its colors transforming.

Initially only one color, the Incense Arrow's hues increased, turning into two colors, three colors, four colors...

With each additional color on the Incense Arrow, its power significantly increased. By the end, the arrow had six colors, the piercing aura it emitted able to catch the attention of any Shattered Thought Realm True Immortal!

As the Incense Arrow condensed, Zhu Gong Elder suddenly stood up, releasing it quickly, as if fearing to touch it.

The Incense Arrow rose of its own accord, slowly spiraling in the cave dwelling, its arrow intent stifling the breath of those present.

Faintly, there was also the ancient sound of a dragon's roar emanating from the arrow, carrying an extremely timeless aura.

"Hehe, master, behold, the Six-Colored Incense Arrow is complete..." Zhu Gong Elder spoke cautiously to Ning Fan with a sheepish smile.

The quality of this Six-Colored Arrow was average, neither high nor low, reflecting his usual performance. He wasn't sure if it would satisfy Ning Fan.

The time spent crafting this arrow was remarkably short, but it did consume ten percent of Zhu Gong Elder's bow spirit power, requiring time to recover.

One Six-Colored Incense Arrow consumed one percent of the slaughter incense within the gourd, a considerable amount given the incense's vast reserve.

Ning Fan's gaze swept over the arrow, his eyes gleaming. With a flick of his wrist, the Six-Colored Arrow ceased its rotation, slowly descending into his palm.

Just by holding it, six-colored flames instantly ignited on the arrow's body, dazzling and brilliant.

In a trance, Ning Fan seemed to see an illusion before his eyes, as if at this moment, trillions and countless billions of barbarians, with tears of blood, were kowtowing to him!

They unwaveringly kowtowed, not knowing how many millions of years it continued, producing Slaughter Incense, too strong a presence!

The illusion flickered and disappeared, and Ning Fan's heart spirit was quickly awakened by the scorching heat in his palm.

The Incense Arrow in his palm was terrifyingly hot! As if anything that touched this arrow would be set aflame!

From the arrow, a strong force suddenly emerged, directly shaking Ning Fan's tiger mouth and flew out of his hand, rising again.

Shaken by that strong force, Ning Fan's figure swayed, retreating ten steps within the cave, his gaze turned solemn.

Opening his palm, the center had been scorched, emitting a foul stench!

"Just with my Mid Stage Enlightenment cultivation, I actually couldn't hold this arrow!" Ning Fan's gaze shook.

Seeing Ning Fan dare to grasp the arrow barehanded, Zhu Gong Elder was slightly startled, then kept shaking his head, sneering coldly.

The six-colored Incense Arrow's Slaughter Qi was too intense, even Fragmented Thought Elders would be burnt by the power of Slaughter Incense if they rashly touched this arrow. Even the Bow Spirit who crafted this arrow dared not touch it.

This arrow held extremely strong force, with one shot it could kill easily those in Shattered Thought Early Stage, but to wield this arrow requires qualification!

Not everyone has the qualification to wield such an extraordinary Incense Arrow! In the eyes of Zhu Gong Elder, only his first master—Ancestor Dragon Zhuli, had this qualification!

"Master, are you alright! What, you actually got burnt by the Incense Arrow! I truly saw with my eyes, felt the pain in my heart!"

"Damn it! Little Bow truly deserves to die for forgetting to remind Master that this arrow can't be touched carelessly. With Master's Mid Stage Enlightenment cultivation, only by consuming expensive

pills to resist the Slaughter Qi can one slightly touch this arrow... My former master said that to wield this arrow, one needs qualification..."

Zhu Gong Elder's face was full of worry, seemingly very concerned for Ning Fan, yet inside, he was gloating.

The joy, naturally, was from Ning Fan overestimating his ability, attempting to grasp the arrow with Mid Stage Enlightenment cultivation, resulting only in humiliation and being burnt by the arrow.

"This star of misfortune truly overestimates himself, just with Mid Stage Enlightenment cultivation, wanting to firmly grasp the six-colored Incense Arrow, even the former master dared to hold it only after reaching Eternal Immortal Venerable Realm."

"The former master said, wanting to wield this arrow, mere cultivation is not enough, also requires a certain insight... It seems only after understanding something can one completely have the qualification to wield this arrow. Otherwise, even using the power of expensive pills to forcefully control this arrow, when drawing the bow, only a little of the arrow's force can be utilized..."

"Pity, it's a real pity, this star of misfortune, seemingly does not possess this qualification."

While Zhu Gong Elder was gloating, Ning Fan was pondering over the word 'qualification' in his words.

"Is qualification really necessary to wield this arrow..."

Ning Fan activated Demon Starfall, and the burn on his palm was instantly healed in the starlight, while Ghost Eye Clan conveyed a faint sense of excitement.

Evil Qi gradually emanated around him, Ning Fan raised his hand once again, grasping the Incense Arrow hovering above from a distance, directly drawing this arrow into his hand through the air.

As soon as the arrow was in hand, a strong force emerged again, trying to escape Ning Fan's palm. The strong force surged, Ning Fan was forced back several steps, yet his gaze was firm, refusing to release, letting the arrow go!

This time, he retreated nine steps, each step leaving an inch-deep footprint in the stone floor of the cave.

His aura was slightly disordered, but this time, the arrow didn't escape his palm! His hand also wasn't burnt in the slightest!

"Hiss! This star of misfortune actually succeeded in holding the six-colored Incense Arrow unharmed with Enlightenment cultivation!" Zhu Gong Elder's heart pounded, somewhat disbelieving.

Even his former master, before reaching Eternal Immortal Venerable, couldn't hold the six-colored arrow without external help.

But Ning Fan, accomplished this... however, it seemed different from when the master wielded the arrow.

"Could it be this star of misfortune also possesses the qualification to hold the arrow, like the former master?!"

"The former master relied on the power of Arrow-Control Doctrine to wield this arrow, could it be this star of misfortune also gained some insight into Arrow-Control Doctrine!"

"But, something's not right, the master said, if one had insight into the Arrow Dao Doctrine, one wouldn't be repelled by this arrow, nor would they retreat..."

With his eyesight, he didn't see that Ning Fan relied on Innate Ghost Mask's power to forcibly suppress the Incense Arrow's power.

Thus, he was somewhat puzzled by Ning Fan grasping the Incense Arrow unharmed yet retreating nine steps.

Ning Fan looked at the six-colored arrow in his palm, his eyes showing a bit of gravity and a trace of confusion.

"Nine steps... I clearly used the power of Innate Ghost Mask to suppress the Incense Flame power of this arrow, yet was still forced back nine steps..."

"The reason I was repelled isn't because my power isn't sufficient, but because... this arrow is rejecting me..."

"The reason it rejects me seems to be... related to Dao principles..."

"If unable to truly conquer this arrow, then the arrow's power will be greatly weakened..."

Ning Fan was silent for a while, then withdrew the Ghost Mask's power suppressing the six-colored arrow, and immediately felt a scorching sensation in his palm.

He had no choice but to release the arrow once again, letting it take flight once more.

The power of this arrow is indeed not weak, having personally felt its might.

If this arrow were released, it could easily kill a Master in the early stage of the Shattered Thought Realm. This isn't mere exaggeration!

This arrow is extraordinary! And this is just the Six-Colored Incense Arrow. If it were the Seven-Colored Incense Arrow, how much more powerful would it be...

An arrow that severely injures an ordinary Eternal Immortal Venerable isn't just an empty boast!

However, Ning Fan also personally felt that the power of this arrow can only be used to target specific foes.

This arrow is condensed from Slaughter Incense, and that Slaughter Incense originates from the hatred of countless perished Barbarians.

Their objects of hatred are not just Fan Lianxiu but include all great enemies who intend harm to the Barbarians.

This hatred is one of tribal annihilation, a deep attachment to the Barbarian Clan, thus amplifying the scope of its enmity.

From this Incense Arrow, Ning Fan sensed a will: anyone who is an enemy of the Barbarians, no matter who they are, is an enemy of this arrow!

Enemies who are not Barbarians, even if hit by the arrow, won't suffer much damage. This, however, is a limitation of the Slaughter Incense...

Unless one is a cultivator on the path of hatred, it's impossible to ignore this limitation and use this arrow to kill innocents.

Now, in the great calamity of the Barbaric Wilderness, there are many enemies of the Barbarians, including the Yin Yang Evil Vein, the Barbarian Beast, and the Ancient Effigies of the Barbarian Ancestors, all wantonly slaughtering the Barbarians.

Therefore, in the Barbaric Wilderness, this arrow can shoot Barbarian Beasts, can shoot Yin Yang Evil Vein, and even shoot across generations of Barbarian Ancestors. Though it has limitations, it is still extremely useful.

"Candle Bow, your Six-Colored Arrow is very useful, so I entrust you with devouring the Blood Bow! After you devour the Blood Bow, proceed with crafting the Seven-Colored Arrow!"

"I wish to comprehend this arrow here; don't disturb me until you've devoured the Blood Bow!"

After handing over the Blood Bow Spirit to Candle Bow, Ning Fan sat cross-legged in the cave, closed his eyes, and began his contemplation.

What he was contemplating was naturally the qualification to master the arrow!

Seeing Ning Fan enter a state of enlightenment, Candle Bow dared not disturb him. Having been told by Ning Fan to devour the Blood Bow already brought him great joy, and he was solely focused on quickly devouring the Blood Bow, not interested in Ning Fan's affairs.

He chuckled lewdly, stepped closer, picked up the Blood Bow with a very sly look, and licked it inch by inch on its body, seeming to enjoy it a lot.

Each lick reduced the spiritual essence of the Blood Bow a bit, flowing into his body. He dared not make too loud a sound, fearing Ning Fan's rebuke, and the process was so delightful that luckily Ning Fan had his eyes closed, or he might have been disgusted...

The devouring process lasted nearly three days, and once completed, Candle Bow's aura had significantly strengthened, with the grade of the Bow Spirit noticeably improved.

Although it was still far from the Innate Grade, its quality was close to the peak within the Sub-Innate Grade level.

Noticing the significant enhancement in his Bow Spirit's grade, Candle Bow couldn't stop smiling. As for the Blood Bow, nothing was left of it, not even scraps...

During the three days Candle Bow spent devouring the Blood Bow, Ning Fan sat quietly in the cave, eyes closed and silent.

Throughout the three days, Ning Fan didn't move a bit, constantly in contemplation.

On the first day, there was a force of Divine Intent flowing through him, as he contemplated the Intent of the Arrow.

Divine Intent is the prototype of Dao, a force that the first step of cultivation strives to comprehend throughout life. With Ning Fan's Mid Stage Enlightenment cultivation, comprehending the intent of the arrow wasn't too difficult.

As time progressed, the power of the arrow intent continuously rose, and by the second day, the strength of that arrow intent had completely transformed into the power of the Arrow Doctrine.

On the second day, Ning Fan was comprehending the Arrow Doctrine.

To Ning Fan, the Arrow Doctrine meant that once a bow is drawn, there's no turning back.

The character for arrow, '箭 (Jian)', contains the character for '前 (forward)' at its base. This 'forward' refers to going forward without looking back, never regretting after releasing the bow.

Ning Fan's Dao is one of persistence, and the Arrow Doctrine shares some shadows of this persistence. Thus, it wasn't difficult to comprehend.

This was Ning Fan's first time stilling his mind to comprehend the Arrow Doctrine, and also the first time he felt his nature resonating so well with the arrow.

On the third day, his body still emitted the power of the Arrow Doctrine, but within that strength gradually emerged something indescribable.

His entire being seemed to transform into an arrow, an arrow that once drawn would never look back.

The surrounding world constantly conspired with the traces of the Arrow Doctrine. These were the Arrow Doctrine's traces within the universe. He could sense them but not control them...

"To master the arrow, as of now, I'm not qualified... yet, one day..."

On the third day, Ning Fan opened his eyes and stood up. Grasping the Six-Colored Arrow again, this time, he only retreated six steps...

He didn't say much more, sealed away the Six-Colored Arrow, and glanced at Candle Bow beside him.

Seeing that Candle Bow had successfully devoured the Blood Bow and his rank had significantly risen, he instructed Candle Bow to start crafting the Seven-Colored Arrow.

"Hehe, Master don't worry, Little Bow has devoured the Blood Bow, increasing in strength. The chance of success in crafting the Seven-Colored Arrow is at least twenty percent! With so much of the Master's Slaughter Incense, Little Bow can at least craft five Seven-Colored Arrows! Once the Seven-Colored Arrows are made, Master, could you perhaps grant that gourd..."

Candle Bow eyed the purple wine bottle greedily, licking his lips, still fixated on getting the gourd.

"The matter of the bottle gourd will be discussed once you craft the Seven-Colored Arrows! Start crafting the arrows immediately!"

Ning Fan's gaze deepened, and Zhuli immediately shut his mouth, eagerly beginning to craft the Seven-Colored Arrows, with an overconfident demeanor, as if crafting them was easy for him.

But soon, Zhuli's confidence dissipated.

Crafting the Seven-Colored Arrows involves adding one more color to the Six-Colored Arrows.

Before devouring the Blood Bow, his success rate for crafting the Seven-Colored Arrows was roughly ten percent. After the devouring, it increased to nearly twenty percent.

A success rate of twenty percent means one arrow succeeds amongst five tries. Failed arrows would remain at the Six-Colored level.

Unfortunately, Zhuli seemed to have bad luck today, failing nine arrows before barely managing to craft the first Seven-Colored Arrow. Then he failed six times before crafting the second arrow, followed by eight failures before barely crafting the third...

Before the fourth arrow could be crafted, the Slaughter Incense inside the gourd had already been used up...

"This is what you call a twenty percent success rate? Didn't you say you could at least craft five Seven-Colored Arrows?"

Ning Fan swept his cold gaze over, scaring Zhuli into a cold sweat, making him continuously explain why his luck was bad today.

To these explanations, Ning Fan merely scoffed and remained indifferent.

In truth, Ning Fan's experience clearly showed that Zhuli's high failure rate today was entirely due to his state of mind.

This fellow lacks depth and sophistication. After devouring the Blood Bow, his confidence soared, leading to continuous mistakes and failures.

To put it plainly, this chap needs criticism, not praise, otherwise, he'll become overly complacent.

Ning Fan turned his gaze toward the dozens of Incense Arrows swirling in the cave. Zhuli had crafted a total of 24 Six-Colored Arrows and 3 Seven-Colored Arrows.

The power of the Six-Colored Arrows can annihilate the Shattered Thought Early Stage, and in the current Barbaric Wilderness Realm, with the Banishing Immortal Force rampant, it's feared that no one below Immortal Venerable can withstand a single arrow's might!

The Seven-Colored Arrows are capable of severely injuring the Eternal Immortal Venerable. With three Seven-Colored Arrows in hand, even faced with Ancestor Dulong or an ancient monument of a Barbarian Ancestor, Ning Fan fears nothing!

With these arrows, Ning Fan now truly possesses self-defense capability while amidst the barbaric and wild lands!

Looking at these Incense Arrows, Ning Fan seemed to envision the perished Barbarians beseeching him to take action and avenge them!

The targets for vengeance, of course, are those murderers responsible for their ruin...

"These arrows, eventually, will find their rightful place!"

Ning Fan waved his hand, sealing these Incense Arrows one by one and storing them in his storage pouch.

Seeing that Ning Fan didn't blame him for failing at crafting the arrows, Zhuli felt relieved and began plotting for Ning Fan's Innate Purple Gourd.

"Master, do you need me to help nurture the gourd for you? If needed, I'm willing to serve tirelessly for you."

"Master, this gourd clearly is a great base for crafting bows. Not allowing me to nurture it is simply a waste of such treasure."

"Master... please give me a chance to repay you! Let me nurture the gourd for you!"

The Zhu Gong Elder pleaded desperately, only seeking to obtain Ning Fan's Purple Gourd to gain a chance to break the seal.

Just as Ning Fan was about to speak, his gaze suddenly deepened, as if sensing something.

A flash of Rain Intent in his eyes, his vision seemed to penetrate directly through the Xuan Yin Treasure, seeing scenes outside the realm.

"Want the gourd? You may! I'll give you a chance to prove yourself! Slay all incoming enemies, and the gourd will be yours temporarily, how about that!"

Ning Fan pointed his index finger at Zhuli, causing his form to tremble and instantly revert back to the Dragon-Horned Changgong.

Leaving the gourd in the cave, Ning Fan took up the bow and stepped out of the Xuan Yin Treasure!

Though separated by the Xuan Yin Treasure, he sensed two murderous intents rushing straight at him from outside.

These two intents came from two ancient monuments!

The Third Generation Barbarian Ancestor, Fan Chu's monument!

The Fifth Generation Barbarian Ancestor, Fan Xuanding's monument!

"The aura of that immortal woman is precisely on this broken continent! Finally, found her!"

In the void, two colossal monuments strode forward towards the Broken Continent.

Demon Yuanzi and others, who were controlling the continent to fly, were taken aback by the approach of the two giant monuments.

If they weren't mistaken, these two swiftly approaching monuments were highly similar to the monument of the Sixth Generation Barbarian Ancestor they encountered a few days ago.

Chapter 905: Three Old Ancestors, Five Old Ancestors

Two ancient giant statues were treading the void, approaching head-on, and closing in on the Broken Continent incessantly.

These two ancient statues; one was the statue of the Third Generation Barbarian Ancestor, and the other was the statue of the Fifth Generation Barbarian Ancestor. Their auras were vast, comparable to the Eternal Immortal Venerable.

The Third Ancestor's ancient statue had a bloodthirsty and vicious expression, surrounded by tens of thousands of blood banners, from which sometimes the cries of maiden's sorrow would emanate. These blood banners were where his divine skills resided.

The Fifth Ancestor's statue had empty, indifferent eyes, and with every step he took, a blazing flame footprint appeared in the void. His way was fire.

"The aura of that female Human Immortal Lord lies on this Broken Continent! Finally, we've found her!"

The Third Ancestor's statue sneered almost cruelly as he and the Fifth Ancestor had been pursuing Miaoyan Immortal Honorific for two days now.

"This woman's Yin energy is abundant, and her blood of Primordial Yin is almost akin to a holy healing artifact for you and me! Fifth Ancestor, you can guard the perimeter; this battle requires just me. Capturing this woman won't be hard!"

The Third Ancestor's giant foot stomped the void fiercely, and his entire stone body instantly emitted a loud rumbling noise as it gradually shrank.

Originally, his stone body was as towering as a giant, but at this moment, it restored to the size of an ordinary person, though the body still remained stone, exuding a sinister blood light. The head was still two-faced, one crying and the other laughing!

Seeing this, the Fifth Ancestor also transformed, his figure shrinking, squinted, and looked towards the Third Ancestor, "Aren't you truly in need of my help? Being too arrogant could be unwise. You know, I'm adept in sensing and tracking techniques. In the void, I felt a hint... It seems the ancient statue of the Sixth Ancestor has been destroyed, and even the Blood Spirit has perished... What's more, on this Broken Continent, I seem to perceive a trace of lingering death from the Sixth Ancestor... Perhaps the Sixth Ancestor's Blood Spirit has indeed perished, and it was even extinguished by someone on this Broken Continent!"

"What did you say! You sensed that Fan Lianxiu's Blood Spirit was extinguished?"

Upon hearing this, the Third Ancestor's gaze trembled, followed by a cold smile and a shake of the head.

"Fifth Ancestor, oh Fifth Ancestor, you must have sensed incorrectly! If you said the body of Fan Lianxiu's statue was extinguished, I would somewhat believe it, as any powerful Immortal Lord has a

way to destroy our statue bodies. But the Blood Spirit inside the statue is absolutely impossible to be vanquished by anyone. The power capable of harming our Blood Spirits is scant, only a handful. In today's primitive wilderness, the highest cultivations are but that of Immortal Lords, these people's Taoist prowess is limited, they are impossible to harm our Blood Spirits!"

"You just stay concerned, remain aside, and assist me in guarding the perimeter. On this Broken Continent, none will be a match for me! Even though the Human female Lord is an Immortal Lord, she is still a woman, and dealing with women, I have plenty of methods!"

The Third Ancestor sneered ferociously, took a step, and vanished instantly from the original place.

He was still quite far from the Broken Continent, but with this step, he instantly appeared in front of the Broken Continent.

The Third Ancestor bent his fingers forward slightly, and the tens of thousands of blood banners swirling around him, immediately screamed and flew upwards, shaking amidst the void.

Within the void, swirling red sand appeared suddenly. Under the pervasion of the red sand, a withered giant hand formed, and suddenly pushed towards the Broken Continent. The force of that push directly extinguished all escape lights blessed upon the continent, causing the continent to halt abruptly in the void.

At the same time, an extremely sinister murderous intent spread from the Third Ancestor, enveloping the whole of the Broken Continent instantly, with a cold laugh saying,

"I am the Third Era Barbarian Ancestor Fan Chu, pursuing the Human female Lord to this point. Today, on this Broken Continent, all living beings shall become my blood food! None shall escape!"

This voice, with a momentum powerful akin to the Eternal Immortal Venerable, as chill as the sound of the Dead Soul demanding lives from the Abyss, causing the Broken Continent to be filled with exclamations immediately.

No one ever thought they would encounter a formidable enemy with Immortal Lord strength here!

Moments later, people's hearts were in more shock as they found out, the invaders weren't just one, but two!

After the Third Ancestor appeared, the Fifth Ancestor also flickered in, appearing in this place. His aura also shook people's hearts, reaching the Immortal Lord level!

"The enemy is indeed two, both Eternal Immortal Lords!" some Masters exclaimed.

"Third Ancestor Fan Chu, and Fifth Ancestor Fan Xuanding! There's no mistake, these two are just like the Sixth Ancestor, both ancestors of our Stone Warriors!" many Stone Warriors exclaimed.

Though the ancestors descended, these Stone Warriors' eyes were devoid of joy, devoid of piety, only filled with fear, anger, reluctance, bewilderment.

The Third Ancestor stated very clearly, the Stone Warriors here were merely his blood food, nothing more...

Blood food... how pitiful a label to bear...

In the hearts of these Stone Warriors, they were seen merely as sustenance by the Barbarian Ancestors...

Fortunately, they had already faced disappointment once, hearing such words again, while still slightly sorrowful, was now exceedingly faint.

They now possessed a new faith, and compared to the Barbarian Ancestors, they were more willing to place their faith in a Foreign Clan Cultivator named Zhao Jian!

"Interesting, most interesting... this place has Human Masters, Barbarian Beasts, and Stone Warriors, what sort of combination is this? What's most baffling to me is the gaze the local Stone Warriors harbor towards me, utterly devoid of any reverence... even the eyes of the Barbarian Beasts conceal a lurking killing intent. Heh, such discourteous gaze indeed! You Stone Warriors, upon meeting me, why not kneel? Kneel before me... Kneel!"

The Third Ancestor's smile vanished, letting out a cold, stern hum, and instantly a pressure from the bloodline swept across the entire Broken Continent.

This kind of pressure, the Human Masters could not feel, but as Barbarian Beasts and Stone Warriors, they ought to all succumb to the might of the bloodline pressure.

Tens of thousands of Barbarian Beasts, their blood boiling as if ignited, began to all tremble under the bloodline pressure of the Third Ancestor, laying prostrate to the ground.

Over a million Stone Warriors, the moment they felt the oppression of the bloodline pressure, promptly knelt one by one!

The faces of these Stone Warriors bore expressions of unwillingness, they did not wish to kneel, with the collapse of their faith, they would rather die than kneel before the detestable Ancestor who regarded Stone Warriors as grass dogs!

However, they were not the ones in control regarding whether to kneel or not. Under the bloodline pressure of the Third Ancestor, there wasn't a single Stone Warrior who couldn't fall in line, no matter how unwilling!

"Why... why must we kneel before such ancestors! I refuse, I refuse!" Zhao Die'er strived to straighten her knees, unwilling to bow down.

She bit her lip with her teeth, drawing blood... she was unwilling, she would rather die than bow to the evil ancestor who regarded Stone Warriors as straw dogs!

But under that pressure, weak as she was, she felt like a fallen leaf in the wind, helplessly swaying towards the ground to kneel.

Beside her, Xian Luoli suddenly reached out her small hand and gave Zhao Die'er's back a light pat.

With that pat, a rush of cool lightning power immediately flowed into Zhao Die'er's body, dispersing the pressure weighing on her.

Zhao Die'er sighed in relief and thanked Xian Luoli beside her, "Thank you, Xianxian..."

"Hehe, why are you being so polite?" Xian Luoli chuckled, munching on a Thunder Pill and looking up at the Third and Fifth Ancestors.

She merely had memory loss, not stupidity, so how could she not see that these two Barbarian Ancestors were major enemies?

She didn't know what Barbarian Ancestor meant, but could tell that the two Barbarian Ancestors in front of her were extremely similar to Fan Lianxiu before...

"Heh heh, these two old men have bodies made of stone, and inside the stone, there's a Blood Spirit! Just like that previous Blood Spirit old man!"

"With such old men, I could handle fighting one, but two, might be a bit too much... Should I call daddy for help?"

"No, no, no, daddy is currently in seclusion, comprehending the Dao, can't disturb him... Oh well, I'll handle the two on my own!"

Just as Xian Luoli was about to make a move, she suddenly uttered a soft "Huh?".

As she did, Fairy Hanwux, Earth Controlling Devil Star, and Tieya Daoist all looked skyward, towards a vacant void.

In that spot, a bewitching female cultivator in a pink dress appeared gradually, her charming face covered in icy frost, none other than Miaoyan Immortal Honorific!

Besides the four of them, others had no idea how Miaoyan Immortal Honorific appeared.

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific had been watching the outside world from a windowsill but now felt compelled to act.

She had been unconscious for three days, only awakening during a bath. Not long after awakening, she sensed two ancient monuments approaching from afar.

If Miaoyan Immortal Honorific's perception wasn't mistaken, these two were here specifically to track her aura!

"These two are ancient monuments!" At a glance, she recognized the Third and Fifth Ancestors, invoked by Ancestor Dulong that day.

From her maid Tong'er, she gathered some information, knowing this Broken Continent previously encountered a single ancient monument, the Statue of the Sixth Era Barbarian Ancestor.

With her intellect and years guarding the primitive and wild, and upon hearing the Third Ancestor's self-reference, she immediately understood.

On that day, Ancestor Dulong invoked what was likely the entire ancient monument ensemble of the Seven Generations of Barbarian Ancestors in history.

The movement of the ancient monuments is an indispensable part of the Barbarian Wilderness Blood Ritual; damaging them could slightly impede the demon race's schemes...

"Zhao Jian Taoist Friend and his daughter have already destroyed the statue of the Sixth Ancestor. These two before us are that of the Third Ancestor and Fifth Ancestor..."

"My injuries are severe; while I recovered some strength during my three-day unconsciousness, it's far from enough to contend with Immortal Zun level ancient monuments, let alone two of them..."

"During my last confrontation with Dulongzi, I was miserably defeated by an ancient monument, one much more formidable than these two before me..."

"In my current state, it's difficult to face two opponents at once. Should I ask Zhao Jian Taoist Friend for assistance?..."

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific had scanned the Broken Continent over a dozen times with her spirit sense, yet failed to locate Ning Fan's presence. According to Tong'er, Ning Fan seemed to be in seclusion at this moment...

With graceful steps, each step Miaoyan Immortal Honorific took in the void adorned a streak of purple starlight.

She frowned slightly, walking step by step toward the Third and Fifth Ancestors.

These two were here for her, and today's event meant she couldn't stay out of it, nor did she intend to.

"Third Ancestor Fan Chu, Fifth Ancestor Fan Xuanding... this humble self is very curious. Why have you Barbarian Ancestors, who died before ancient times, been resurrected anew? I'm even more curious why you, who always stood against different races, would help the demon race in the Barbarian Wilderness Blood Ritual! Could you two enlighten me?"

To Miaoyan's inquiry, the Fifth Ancestor merely smirked coldly, with no intention of responding.

The Third Ancestor's gaze, however, was lascivious, sweeping over Miaoyan Immortal Honorific's body, lingering on her graceful parts, licking his lips with greed.

He was originally a lecherous cultivator; during his lifetime as a Barbarian Ancestor, he made various Barbarian Clan tribes offer innumerable maidens yearly for his cultivation.

Since his demise, he hadn't touched a woman in years, and the Miaoyan Immortal Honorific before him was undoubtedly a rare beauty, inciting an itch in his heart with just a glance.

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific's Yin energy was particularly rich, making her an excellent Cauldron Furnace for him! He longed to capture Miaoyan immediately, lay her beneath him, and ravage her ruthlessly, savoring her sobs beneath him...

"Indeed, truly remarkable! Hehe, what an Immortal Zun Furnace you are. This furnace, I'll take it!"

"Barbarian Techniques, Six Desires Savage Sound!"

The Third Ancestor's figure flickered, charging directly at Miaoyan Immortal Honorific.

He pointed towards the thousands of Blood Banners in the void, from which emitted countless seductive sounds of maidens' moans.

The sound was intangible, yet enveloped Miaoyan Immortal Honorific in an instant.

Seeing the Third Ancestor charging head-on, Miaoyan Immortal Honorific was about to resist when a demonic sound entered her ears, causing an abnormal flush on her charming face and reversing her blood flow.

For a moment, the flow of mana within her body slowed by over thirty percent, and an expression of shock and anger emerged.

This Third Ancestor actually used audio bewitching technique on her!

Already not fully recovered from severe injuries, struck by the bewitching technique, her situation against the Third Ancestor grew even grimmer.

Struggling, she raised a finger, biting it to draw blood, sketching continuously in the void, drawing streaks of purple starlight.

The starlight interconnected into a formation, from which a purple soft sword sprung forth like a flexible snake, slashing towards the Third Ancestor.

"This sword's prowess is far from enough to inflict the slightest harm on this Ancestor!"

The Third Ancestor smirked slightly, pressing forward without slowing down, and spat out a bolt of Barbarian Flash Lightning, directly severing the soft sword.

Immediately, his expression shifted slightly. After being broken, the sword's power unexpectedly increased instead of diminishing, splitting into two and slashing toward him from the left and right.

He had no choice but to stop advancing, focusing on dealing with the two swords, thinking that this sword seemed to have the ability to split and multiply, and thus couldn't be casually destroyed.

"Barbarian Technique, Barbarian Fish Devours the Sea!"

The Third Ancestor changed his hand signs, and a giant shadow of a Barbarian Fish immediately appeared between heaven and earth, swallowing the two sword shadows directly into its stomach.

This technique is an ancient secret technique passed down by the Barbarian Clan. As long as one's cultivation is sufficient, it can devour all things in the world.

Once the two sword shadows were swallowed by the Barbarian Fish, they soon vanished along with the gradually dimming fish shadow, leaving no trace or sound.

Seeing this, Miaoyan Immortal Honorific once again bit his fingertip, swiftly pointing seventy-two times into the void like lightning.

Within the void, seventy-two ancient stone pillars immediately rose, forming a discreet formation around the Third Ancestor, trapping him inside.

Once the Third Ancestor was trapped, the seventy-two stone pillars instantly lit up with countless runes, exuding an extremely fierce killing intent.

The Fifth Ancestor's expression changed slightly, intending to assist the Third Ancestor in breaking the formation, but was stopped by the Third Ancestor's cold laughter.

"A mere small formation, I can break it with a wave of my hand. Fifth Ancestor, hold back your hand!"

"My name is Fan Chu. The word 'Chu' is the foundation of all my Divine Skills. You cannot withstand it!"

"Depose all factions, deem the Barbarian Technique supreme!"

The Third Ancestor clasped his hands together, and immediately, a crimson giant shadow appeared behind him.

The giant shadow suddenly raised its hand, pointing toward the seventy-two stone pillars. With a single gesture, all seventy-two stone pillars turned to dust in an instant.

With another gesture, he pointed at Miaoyan Immortal Honorific. Under this gesture, Miaoyan Immortal Honorific's Spirit immediately experienced intense pain, showing signs of collapsing!

This finger, from the level of Dao traces, could break all Divine Skills outside of the Barbarian Technique, slaughtering all non-Barbarian cultivators!

"Hehe, this move of yours is too powerful. This sister is seriously injured and can't take it. Let's switch!"

With a flash of lightning, Xian Luoli instantly appeared in front of Miaoyan Immortal Honorific, pressing her small hand forward, whereupon an enormous silver Lightning Diagram appeared.

Within the Lightning Diagram, a nearly ten-level Thunder Chariot slowly emerged. As it fired a cannon blast, the chilling Underworld Thunder power immediately made the Third Ancestor's heart freeze.

The red giant shadow's Divine Skill finger was directly blasted away by the Thunder Chariot's cannon. The cannon continued unabated, directly heading for the Third Ancestor head-on.

"This is bad! Fifth Ancestor, assist me in countering this cannon!"

The Third Ancestor was taken aback, retreating rapidly while shouting coldly.

The Fifth Ancestor was also shocked. This cannon strike from the Thunder Chariot gave him an extremely dangerous feeling, as if their ancient monument bodies, comparable to that of an Immortal Lord, couldn't withstand such a blast.

He didn't need the Third Ancestor's plea to have already planned to assist from the side.

The Fifth Ancestor pointed forward with his index finger, whereupon a giant flaming figure appeared, kneeling fiercely to the cannon fire from the Thunder Chariot.

This was the Fifth Ancestor's most adept Divine Skill... the Rite of Fire!

With a single bow, a gigantic flaming palm appeared before the cannon, directly grabbing the cannon fire.

As the retreating Third Ancestor saw the Fifth Ancestor's move, he also ceased retreating, mobilizing ten thousand Blood Banners, merging them into one banner.

With the banner in hand, the Third Ancestor's momentum changed, and he fiercely waved the banner, causing rolling red sands to immediately sweep toward the cannon fire.

In the collision of the three major Divine Skills, this place's boundary was cleft from the middle, showing signs of collapse.

As for the result of the collision, the Thunder Chariot's blast didn't gain any advantage, nor did the two Barbarian Ancestors profit.

"What a formidable Thunder Chariot! This little girl is somewhat extraordinary..."

Both the Third Ancestor and the Fifth Ancestor glanced at Xian Luoli, secretly startled.

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific smiled gratefully at Xian Luoli. She had heard from Tong'er about Xian Luoli's formidable battle achievements, so she was not particularly surprised.

She was simply very curious about what Xian Luoli's real identity might be, actually managing to display the secret technique of Jilei Palace's war chariot to near ten-level proficiency...

Xian Luoli is Ning Fan's 'daughter', and who exactly is Ning Fan...

"Indeed, these two old men together make it very hard for me to gain any advantage..." Xian Luoli's little face was slightly pale, for using a nearly ten-level Thunder Chariot was quite a load for her.

Such a cannon was quite a drain. If it could annihilate an ancient monument with one cannon, it would be worth it, but failing to gain any advantage with a single cannon was far too detrimental for her.

"Although this little girl's Thunder Chariot is formidable, it seems somewhat strenuous for her...her pale complexion is proof! A cannon of such power probably can't be fired too many times," the Fifth Ancestor noticed Xian Luoli's complexion and sneered.

"Indeed! Just a little girl, after all. Not much to fear!"

The Third Ancestor steadied his mind, grinning lecherously, and added, "This little girl is rather misty in appearance! Though her body hasn't fully matured, if I extract some essence, perhaps... it would be quite an experience! This Cauldron Furnace is excellently suited, so I'll take it as well!"

"Barbarian Technique, Yin Slave Art!"

The Third Ancestor suddenly sent the blood banner in his hand towards the sky, and under its sway, the void immediately revealed a stone statue of a Barbarian Clan maiden.

The maiden on the statue was unclothed, exuding charming allure, with eyes carrying a soul-captivating magic.

Initially, there was only one statue, then a second, a third... In the briefest instant, millions of maiden statues emerged across the heavens and earth.

At this moment, any female, whether cultivator or barbarian, all started to petrify.

This technique seems to transform any woman with cultivation inferior to the Third Ancestor into a statue, becoming his Yin Slave!

This technique specifically restrains female cultivators worldwide!

"This is bad!"

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific's expression changed, realizing that at the moment these maiden statues appeared, her body stiffened and could not move.

Below her ankles was already petrified, and the petrification slowly spread upwards; she couldn't resist it, nor could she defy it!

Xian Luoli's face also changed, her body similarly starting to petrify—she couldn't resist it because of her female identity!

Fairy Hanwux, Zhao Die'er, Liu Yan, Tong'er... Each of them showed signs of petrification, even the Burying Moon Immortal Concubine was gradually turning to stone, feeling utterly despairing.

Utterly despairing!

She wanted dearly to question the heavens, asking what sins she committed; since following Ning Fan, she never had peaceful moments—wherever she went, there were thousands of dangers, even encountering such insidious Yin Slave Arts...

The Yin Slave Art undoubtedly bears a significant ancient reputation in the alluring techniques, only a master like the Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor could produce a more potent allure technique than this.

"This Third Ancestor's skills are too overpowering, specifically restraining female cultivators. Are there any male cultivators here who can fight him!" Numerous cultivators cried out.

Among the male cultivators on this Broken Continent, the most formidable is probably Demon Yuanzi and the other three at the fragmentary mind stage. Before Earth Controlling Devil Star and Tieya Daoist have restored their powers, they would need to stay back.

Demon Yuanzi and the other three human practitioners of fragmentary mind all had drastically changed expressions, knowing exactly how strong they were.

They all understood clearly that even if they united all male human cultivators here, they wouldn't be able to match the two Barbarian Ancestors.

The most powerful male cultivator here must be Ning Fan; perhaps only Ning Fan has the strength to fight against the two Barbarian Ancestors...

But Ning Fan is still in closed-door cultivation and hasn't made an appearance yet...

"Zhao Jian Taoist Friend! Quickly come out of seclusion! Now is not the time to be secluded, if you don't come out, we're all headed for disaster!"

Demon Yuanzi and others felt secretly anxious, while the Third Ancestor wore a smug smile.

His spirit sense scanned the Broken Continent repeatedly, noting that only two individuals could pose danger to him—Xian Luoli and Miaoyan Immortal Honorific.

Now, both were immobilized under his powers, and none of the others demanded his attention!

"Fifth Ancestor! After I capture all the women here, you can kill all the men here, and these Barbarian Beasts, kill them too!"

The Third Ancestor snorted disdainfully, his form flickering as he appeared before Miaoyan Immortal Honorific and Xian Luoli, extending a finger forward.

At his fingertip spun a crimson sigil—the Yin Slave Sigil.

If he planted this sigil within Miaoyan Immortal Honorific and Xian Luoli, these two women would never betray him!

Naturally, he didn't need their loyalty; all he desired was the Yin energy within the two women, nothing more!

"It's over."

The Third Ancestor's cold words just fell when his expression suddenly changed, and he retreated rapidly!

At that moment, the void unpredictably manifested a dazzling seven-colored radiance.

That seven-colored light approached the Third Ancestor immediately upon its appearance, and ordinary people couldn't see what was within it.

Only a very few could discern the figure within that radiant glow!

It's a cold youth wielding Dragon-Horned Vast Sky, silver-haired with ghostly eyes, surrounded by red halos, his sinister aura surpassing the Third Ancestor manifold!

Around the youth swirled twenty-seven arrow shadows, some six-colored, others seven-colored!

When those arrow shadows combined, their ferocity even daunted the Third Ancestor!

His appearance brought an excited smile to Xian Luoli who was originally very angry.

His appearance left Miaoyan Immortal Honoric shaken, unexpectedly resembling the aura of a certain junior she once saved...

His presence reassured Zhao Die'er, as if with him around, even if the Seventh Generation Barbarian Ancestors gathered here, they were not to be feared!

His emergence caused both the Third Ancestor and Fifth Ancestor to change expressions completely, staring in shock before quickly fleeing!

He is Ning Fan, he has come!

"Daddy, quickly dispel this sinister art, Xianxian is about to turn into stone! Xianxian is scared!" Xian Luoli said with a giggle, showing not a hint of fear.

Chapter 906: Art of Summoning Barbarians

"Daddy, quickly break this evil technique, Xianxian is about to turn into a stone statue! Xianxian is so scared!" Xian Luoli said with a giggle, showing no trace of fear.

She wasn't afraid, as long as Ning Fan was around, she'd never know what fear was.

Ning Fan's gaze swept the sky, and when he saw Xian Luoli and the other female cultivators gradually turning to stone, his eyes immediately grew cold. He did not respond, but anyone who knew him well could tell that he was already angry!

At this moment, on the Broken Continent, whether cultivators or mortals, all the women were affected by the petrifying bewitching technique of the ancestors, without exception.

More and more women turned into stone statues, only female cultivators with higher cultivation could slightly delay the petrification, but even someone as strong as the Miaoyan Immortal Venerable had half of her body petrified, let alone others...

The petrified women would not die immediately, but if the petrifying bewitching technique was not broken quickly, their downfall was only a matter of time...

This petrification could not be broken by ordinary means, even Ning Fan, who was proficient in bewitching techniques, could not directly break this spell due to the limitations of his cultivation. There was only one way to break the petrification from all the women in the shortest time...

And that was to kill the one who cast the spell!

Although Ning Fan had been in the Xuan Yin Treasure, he had left a reversal spirit imprint in the Broken Continent. As soon as he appeared, a reversal spirit imprint turned into a stream of light, flew out of the Broken Continent, flew to him, and was swallowed by him.

In the instant he swallowed the mark, scenes of the three ancestors and the five ancestors invading appeared in Ning Fan's divine sense. In a moment, he understood all that had happened here!

Three Ancestors Fan Chu! Five Ancestors Fan Xuanding! The invading enemies were two Barbarian Ancestors from the history of the Stone Warriors!

Back then, the Sixth Ancestor Fan Lianxiu also invaded, but ended up being destroyed by Ning Fan. The Sixth Ancestor's first reaction upon seeing Ning Fan was to flee, and the first reaction of the three ancestors and five ancestors now was still to flee upon seeing Ning Fan!

These two Barbarian Ancestors, both shrewd individuals, felt the icy, bone-chilling crisis from Ning Fan, how could they not run!

This scene, in the eyes of all cultivators and Stone Warriors, immediately had a heartening effect.

"Look, it's Zhao Xianshi! Zhao Xianshi is here to save us! As soon as he arrives, even the Barbarian Ancestors have to flee in panic!" Each Stone Warrior cried with joy.

"It's Senior Zhao!" Each cultivator shouted excitedly.

"Daoist Zhao... finally here!" Demon Yuanzi and the other four mumbler gasped, glad for Ning Fan's arrival, yet somewhat disbelieving that such powerful Barbarian Ancestors would flee without a fight when confronted by Ning Fan...

The Three Ancestors and Five Ancestors who could easily trap even the Miaoyan Immortal Venerable fled upon seeing Ning Fan, this... was simply incredible!

Two hundred thousand Barbarian Beasts raised their necks and howled at the sky, their expressions fervent, and with Ning Fan's arrival, their bloodline fear of the two Barbarian Ancestors significantly lessened.

"Is that Daoist Zhao? This aura feels so familiar, could it be..."

The Miaoyan Immortal Venerable's beautiful eyes trembled, she recognized Ning Fan's aura, yet could hardly believe it.

That day she was saved by Ning Fan, then fell unconscious, never meeting him, and now, for the first time, she could directly sense Ning Fan's aura.

She recalled helping a young one resist the Seven True Seven Illusionary Arrows back then, and that young one's aura was surprisingly similar to Ning Fan's...

Could they be the same person...

What surprised the Miaoyan Immortal Venerable even more was the dragon-horned bow in Ning Fan's hand, which only she vaguely recognized...

If she wasn't mistaken, this bow should be the ancestral bow spirit of the True Dragon Race, yet she didn't know why it was in Ning Fan's hand...

The arrow lights of twenty-seven Incense Arrows twined and rotated around his body, Ning Fan glanced at the fleeing three ancestors and five ancestors but didn't pursue them.

He had no reason to chase them!

With his left hand, he gripped the Candle Bow more tightly, his knuckles cracking. Slowly raising his hand, lifting the Candle Bow, he beckoned with his right hand toward the void, and instantly a six-colored Incense Arrow was pinched between his fingers, drew the bow and nocked the arrow!

This series of actions was completed in one fluid motion, almost instantly. The bowstring was extremely heavy, and even with Ning Fan's current cultivation, he could only draw the bowstring to one-third.

Even so, once the bow was drawn, a mighty force immediately converged wildly toward the arrowhead, making the six-colored light on the arrow shaft even more dazzling.

In the heavens and earth, there came a whispering dragon's roar reverberating through the air.

Over the body of the six-colored arrow, there appeared six different colored dragon shadows, faintly visible.

The shadow of the dragon appeared, and immediately there was an ancient oppressive force on the Six-Colored Arrow, as if an invisible giant hand was aiming to grab the three old ancestors!

At this moment, Ning Fan loosened the bowstring, drawing the bow and releasing the arrow. This arrow, Ning Fan did not aim at the five old ancestors, but only at the three old ancestors. The speed of the arrow breaking through the void was so fast that even an Eternal Immortal Venerable would find it hard to dodge!

"It really is an arrow formed from Slaughter Incense!"

Seeing Ning Fan shoot an arrow without a word, both the three old ancestors and the five old ancestors changed their expressions.

The reason the two of them fled at the sight of Ning Fan was because of the twenty-seven Slaughter Incense Arrows surrounding Ning Fan!

To be precise, the two feared the three Seven-Colored Arrows among the twenty-seven Incense Arrows.

The power of Slaughter Incense in these arrows existed specifically to target the Barbarian Ancestor, capable of harming him.

Those Six-Colored Arrows could be ignored, but the ferocity of the three Seven-Colored Arrows was too overwhelming. Even the three old ancestors and five old ancestors sensed immense danger and did not dare to confront them head-on!

Noticing Ning Fan drawing the bow, a hint of fear appeared in the three old ancestor's eyes. Upon realizing that the arrow was aimed at him, his alarm increased. However, he soon discovered that Ning Fan's arrow was not a Seven-Colored Arrow, but a slightly weaker Six-Colored Arrow, prompting a disdainful snort.

"Such arrogance! Does he think a mere Six-Colored Arrow can harm me? Humph, what I'm concerned about are your Seven-Colored Arrows, not the Six-Colored Arrows!"

"This arrow is insignificant! Barbarian Banner formation, block this arrow for me!"

The three ancestors abruptly turned around, ceasing to flee. The five ancestors also halted, sneering at the approaching arrow light.

The three ancestors pointed at the Six-Colored Arrow, and instantly, tens of thousands of Blood Banner shadows appeared, overlapping to form a massive barrier blocking the incoming Six-Colored Arrow.

Though the momentum of the Six-Colored Arrow was fierce, its power was only sufficient to kill ordinary mumbings. The arrow light pierced through, penetrating only three thousand layers of Blood Banner shadows before its power was exhausted, and the arrow shattered to pieces.

Seeing the Six-Colored Arrow unable to pierce the Blood Banner and harm him, the three old ancestor snorted disdainfully once again. But in the next moment, his expression changed dramatically.

Ning Fan, after shooting one arrow, drew the bow again, this time releasing three arrows simultaneously!

The arrow light of the three Six-Colored Arrows fused into one. Once fired, the entire world seemed engulfed by the intent of the Six-Colored Arrow. The arrow light pierced through, penetrating layer upon layer of Blood Banner shadows.

Three thousand layers, six thousand layers, nine thousand layers... The three arrows advanced, piercing through ten thousand layers of Blood Banner shadows, finally nearing the three old ancestors.

A single Six-Colored Arrow might not be enough to break the defense of the Blood Banner, but three arrows combined could achieve it!

Seeing the Blood Banner's defense breached, the three old ancestor's gaze darkened, sneering as he raised his hand to grab the three Six-Colored Arrow lights.

In his view, the power of the three arrows was waning after breaking through layer upon layer of shadows, insignificant, hence daring to catch the arrows with his hand.

The speed of the approaching arrow light had been weakened, and with the three old ancestor's hand speed, he effortlessly caught the three arrow lights.

However, upon grasping the Six-Colored Arrows, his entire hand was instantly burned by the Incense Flame. He lacked the qualification to hold the Incense Arrow directly!

Amidst the intense pain, the three old ancestor was forced to release the arrows. In the next moment, excruciating pain spread from his shoulder, pierced by the remaining force of the three arrow lights, leaving three thumb-sized bleeding holes.

At the bleeding holes, tendrils of Six-Colored Flames burned, gradually eroding his physical defense. The flames were extremely peculiar, containing a hint of reincarnation breath. Even with his Divine Skills, the three old ancestor could not extinguish the flames, only temporarily suppressing them to prevent spreading, nothing more...

"Hiss! Damn it! There's a trace of Power of Reincarnation naturally imbued in these arrows, allowing the arrow flames to remain unextinguished!"

The three old ancestor was shocked. The power of the Six-Colored Arrows wasn't enough to seriously wound him, but the trace of Power of Reincarnation invading his body was as troublesome as a bone-biting maggot, not easy to eliminate...

Seeing the three arrows injure the three old ancestor, albeit not severely, Ning Fan frowned slightly. He drew the bow once more, this time readying a Seven-Colored Arrow instead of a Six-Colored Arrow.

With his current cultivation, releasing three Six-Colored Arrows simultaneously was already his limit, unable to shoot four. He realized this while releasing three arrows simultaneously.

As for the Seven-Colored Arrow, at most he could shoot one at a time, and releasing even this single Seven-Colored Arrow was no easy task...

After releasing four Six-Colored Arrows, Ning Fan had grasped their power. Now, he wanted to see the might of the Seven-Colored Arrow.

With the Seven-Colored Arrow in hand, Ning Fan immediately felt an immense pressure upon him, as though the weight of many heavens bore down. This time, drawing the bow was evidently more laborious than shooting the Six-Colored Arrow.

The Seven-Colored Arrow differed from the Six-Colored Arrow; it bore seven inch-long grooves on the arrow shaft. To shoot the Seven-Colored Arrow, all seven grooves must first be filled.

In the moment Ning Fan placed the Seven-Colored Arrow on the bowstring, he activated his mana, causing all his mana to madly pour into the first groove of the Seven-Colored Arrow.

The groove seemed like a bottomless pit; with Ning Fan's current mana, he could only fill one-tenth of it.

His mana was fully depleted, yet Ning Fan couldn't completely light up even the first of the seven grooves...

Feeling secretly astonished by the mana consumption of the Seven-Colored Arrow, Ning Fan took a deep breath and began frantically refining the Five Elements Spiritual Objects within him. Utilizing the power of the Grand Five Elements Body, Ning Fan's mana was restored and once again surged into the Seven-Colored Arrow like a tidal wave.

The first groove gradually filled and lit up with a faint colorful glow.

Then, the second groove was also filled, radiating a second colorful light.

In a flash, the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth grooves lit up one after another.

At the instant the seventh groove lit up, Ning Fan's entire body seemed to catch fire, engulfed in Seven-Colored Flames. He resembled a figure made of flames, holding a flaming bow, readying the Seven-Colored Arrow, aiming towards the direction of the three old ancestors!

In an instant, the faces of the three old ancestors changed drastically, a chilling fear gripping them! They hadn't even had time to react when a severe pain shot through their chests, a blood-filled hole suddenly appearing!

The Seven-Colored Arrow then pierced through the air, following the path of blood, penetrating them with a single shot. The arrow light was so fast that by the time they saw a flash of colorful light, they were already struck...

"Causality reversal! There was first the result of being hit, then the cause of drawing the bow. This bow, this bow... is impossible to evade..."

The three old ancestors clutched their chest wounds with disbelief written all over their face.

From the spot on their chest, pierced by the Seven-Colored Arrow, erupted an unquenchable Seven-Colored flame.

With their current cultivation levels, they were powerless to suppress it. The flame began to spread fiercely throughout their bodies from the wound.

Burning within the flames, like moths to a flame, they gradually turned to ash within the Seven-Colored Flames!

The illustrious Third Generation Barbarian Ancestor fell directly under a single Seven-Colored Arrow!

At the moment of the three ancestors' fall, the petrified state of each female cultivator began to unravel.

"The three ancestors are dead! Killed by this one arrow from that child!"

The fifth ancestor was horrified, both heads biting their tongues, spraying essence blood wildly, activating their divine skills. Immediately beneath them, a fire cloud appeared.

Standing upon the fire cloud, their escape speed increased dramatically, fearing the battle with Ning Fan, they fled faster!

Witnessing the scene of the three ancestors' fall firsthand, the fifth ancestor had developed a deep fear of the Seven-Colored Arrow.

Within the Seven-Colored Arrow was the sensation of the Power of Reincarnation, as well as the power of causality reversal, which with their current strength, they couldn't withstand the force of the Seven-Colored Arrow!

Desperately fleeing, when Ning Fan drew the bowstring and nocked the second Seven-Colored Arrow, despair seized their heart immediately.

At this moment, despite an obvious distance from Ning Fan, those distances could not prevent the causality!

As long as Ning Fan drew his bow, they would have the result of injury, then the cause of being shot, this causality was inescapable, unable to be dodged!

Facing a desperate scenario, the fifth ancestor's perception was heightened a thousandfold.

Gradually, from Ning Fan's body, they sensed a deeply hidden presence of evil energy, which had been tainted when Ning Fan had killed the sixth ancestor, Fan Lianxiu!

"Who exactly is this child! With just one arrow, he killed the three ancestors, and before this, he had killed the sixth ancestor!"

Fifth ancestor was shocked, fleeing desperately, suddenly feeling a pain in their back, a fist-sized blood hole appeared.

At this moment, Ning Fan had already drawn the bow! At this moment, the fifth ancestor's back immediately bore the result of injury!

The next instant, the Seven-Colored Arrow pierced through the empty space, penetrating through the wound on the fifth ancestor's back, the arrow penetrated the body, was the cause, directly shooting the fifth ancestor off the fire cloud!

In the instant of falling through the skies, the fifth ancestor's body ignited with blazing Seven-Colored Flames, within the flames, the fifth ancestor gradually burned to ash, in an instant, leaving only the two heads yet to disperse into ashes.

At the brink of death, a look of resolution appeared in the fifth ancestor's eyes, suddenly murmuring, self-destructing the crying head among the two.

As the heads self-destructed, a weak, feeble blood spirit flew out from within the other head, hastily fleeing.

The fifth ancestor, compared to the three ancestors, was more adept at escape techniques, allowing them to escape with a blood spirit despite the Seven-Colored Arrow's injuries.

Watching the blood spirit of the fifth ancestor attempt to flee, Ning Fan's eyes glinted with sarcasm, rising golden light at his feet, his escape speed outmatching the fifth ancestor's by a fraction, in a single leap, crossing countless distances, appearing before the fifth ancestor, with his right hand, five fingers captured the blood spirit of the fifth ancestor.

Another leap, and he had already returned to the skies above the Broken Continent.

"Sir... spare me! This old man knows a heaven-defying secret, a matter of great benefit to you! As long as you swear the Restrictive Spell, let me go, I am willing to reveal this secret! Do you know... Tianhuang Passage... Ninefold Celestial Towers..."

Being captured by Ning Fan, the fifth ancestor's face was filled with fear, gritting their teeth, seemingly willing to reveal some secret to Ning Fan for survival.

In reality, the fifth ancestor was merely trying to buy time with words, secretly gathering their remaining mana, preparing to unleash some escape divine skill.

If Ning Fan listened long enough for them to reveal the secret, they could stall slightly, allowing them to activate the divine skill to escape Ning Fan's grasp!

Having cultivated along the path of immortality through numerous life and death situations, Ning Fan, if not as cunning as a demon, was quite shrewd. From the fifth ancestor's expression, Ning Fan saw the hint of a scheming and pondering, already suspecting the purpose of the fifth ancestor's words was delay for escape.

Regarding the secret mentioned by the fifth ancestor, Ning Fan had no interest, nor did he intend to grant the fifth ancestor a chance for escape.

He did not search the fifth ancestor's memory; even though their blood spirit was weak, at their peak they possessed frightening cultivation levels, Ning Fan could not search their memory.

He simply activated the West Wind Technique, whereupon the autumn chill emerged within his palm!

This technique was enough to easily obliterate the blood spirit state of the fifth ancestor!

Seeing Ning Fan intent on killing them, not granting them time to reveal the secret, the fifth ancestor realized escape was hopeless, a trace of venom appearing in their eyes.

"You wish to kill this ancestor, but this ancestor won't let you off easily!"

"Barbaric God Bone Sacrifice Technique! With my Barbarian Blood, Barbarian Bones, Barbarian Destiny, create a Barbarian Rune, imprison and kill this child!"

"With you, I've had enough! Blast, blast, blast!"

Madness showed in the fifth ancestor's eyes, their body suddenly exploding with sky-high crimson radiance.

The crimson radiance was too fierce, upon witnessing it, Ning Fan felt a sudden sense of crisis. His gaze trembled, without a word, releasing the fifth ancestor's blood spirit, swiftly retreating.

But, it was already too late!

At this moment, the fifth ancestor's body glowed with dazzling crimson radiance, as radiant as the sun, their blood spirit expanded bit by bit, then exploded!

Rather than dying by Ning Fan's hand, the fifth ancestor chose self-destruction; this explosion wasn't an ordinary self-destruction, it was an extremely terrifying Barbarian Technique.

For the Barbarians, this technique was both opportunity and danger.

But for non-Barbarian Foreign Clan Cultivators, it was a certain threat without doubt!

The fifth ancestor's self-destructed blood radiance transformed into an ancient Barbarian Rune, like a blood rainbow piercing through the air, targeting Ning Fan.

The rune's momentum was too swift, with just a flash, it surprisingly spanned countless distances, shooting into Ning Fan's body.

In an instant, a black-red Barbarian Pattern appeared on Ning Fan's left face, with this pattern emerging, he suddenly coughed up black blood, eyes widened in shock.

Simultaneously, twenty thousand Barbarian Beasts on the Broken Continent all emanated murderous intent towards Ning Fan, their hostility flaring skyward.

That killing intent, even Ning Fan's blood curse couldn't suppress! These Barbarian Beasts, for unknown reasons, suddenly became intent on killing Ning Fan!

"This is... the Art of Summoning Barbarians!" Ning Fan's gaze sank at once.

This technique, he had seen in the ancient texts of the Barbarians!

The Barbarians had a total of seven fallen Divine Skills capable of summoning the Young Master Barbarian from among the thousands of Barbarians; this was the most vicious among them!

For non-Barbarian cultivators, this technique carries immense lethality! Definitely not an opportunity

Chapter 907: The Eighth-Generation Young Shaman Su (Part 1)

In the history of the Barbarian Clan, there existed seven types of Divine Skills, capable of awakening the Young Master Barbarian from thousands among the barbarians, to inherit the position of the Barbarian Ancestor. The 'Art of Summoning Barbarians' is among the fiercest of these. According to some ancient records, among the seven ancestors, the second and fifth ancestors were most skilled in this art.

This technique has three levels: low, medium, and high.

Those affected by the low-level Summon Barbarian Technique will see their bloodline slowly burn away, with a one in a thousand chance to eventually form an ancestral bloodline of the clan. If it fails, their bloodline will be greatly harmed.

Those under the medium-level Summon Barbarian Technique will slumber for ten thousand years. When they awaken, there is a one percent chance to form the ancestral bloodline of the clan; if it fails, they will lose all cultivations.

Those under the high-level Summon Barbarian Technique will develop a Barbarian Pattern on their body... This pattern is both an opportunity and a peril.

This Barbarian Pattern is irresistibly alluring to any Barbarian Beast, comparable to the enticing nature of poppy. Once someone is affected by the high-level Summon Barbarian Technique, all beasts in the Barbaric Wilderness will go mad, attacking the afflicted without concern for anything else. This madness stems from deep within the bloodline, and cannot be curbed by any means.

The number of Barbarian Patterns increases with bloodshed. If one can survive the pursuit of the beasts and elevate the number of Barbarian Patterns to over three hundred through slaughter, they qualify to refine the patterns into their body, enhancing their cultivations while attaining a ten percent chance to form the ancestral bloodline, becoming the Young Master Barbarian.

To cast the high-level Summon Barbarian Technique, it requires the Barbarian Ancestor to perform it personally, which demands a great cost. However, as the fifth ancestor was on the brink of death, indifferent to fate, they were unafraid of the price, forcibly planting this technique on Ning Fan.

Should Ning Fan fall under the relentless pursuit of the beasts, the fifth ancestor would indeed rest contentedly. Nonetheless, the fifth ancestor understood that relying solely on the beasts to attack may not lead to Ning Fan's demise. Fortunately, once the Summon Barbarian Technique is planted, it can also attract the pursuit from other Barbarian Ancestors, making Ning Fan's situation truly perilous...

"Unexpectedly, the fifth ancestor, at their last breath, would plant the Summon Barbarian Technique on me..." Ning Fan's expression was indecisive.

Though not a barbarian, he is a Taicang Calamity Spirit. Barbarians are the servants of Calamity Spirits, and the barbarian bloodline was modeled after the Calamity Spirit's bloodline.

If it were any ordinary Master, they probably wouldn't benefit from the Summon Barbarian Technique, but Ning Fan is capable of doing so.

However, before obtaining benefits, Ning Fan must first deal with the various troubles caused by the Summon Barbarian Technique.

Due to the existence of the blood prohibition, the two hundred thousand barbarian beasts on the Broken Continent were originally under Ning Fan's control. But now, the beasts have gone berserk, with the blood prohibition unable to suppress their intent to kill.

Two hundred thousand beasts recklessly rushed into the sky, charging fiercely at Ning Fan, devoid of any reasoning.

Countless humans and Masters displayed frantic expressions, unable to comprehend why these barbarian beasts suddenly went insane. Only a handful who have heard of the Summon Barbarian Technique correctly guessed the reason, among them being Immortal Honorific Miaoyan.

"It's not good, Daoist Zhao has been afflicted by the high-level Summon Barbarian Technique!"

Immortal Honorific Miaoyan was inwardly startled, directly transmitting sound to remind Ning Fan, "Daoist Zhao, beware! Once afflicted by the high-level Summon Barbarian Technique, all beasts within the wilderness will become your mortal enemies..."

She intended to help Ning Fan against the beasts, but a bewitching technique within her had just been lifted, still unable to mobilize her Mana, so all she could do was warn.

Similarly, Xian Luoli couldn't wield thunderous power; otherwise, she would have long rushed out to aid Ning Fan.

In truth, Miaoyan's reminder was unnecessary, as Ning Fan had lived in the Barbaric Wilderness for many years, having read about the Summon Barbarian Technique in ancient records, and could recognize it at a glance.

The two hundred thousand barbarian beasts have been beguiled by the Summon Barbarian Technique. They must kill Ning Fan now, and reason has lost all bearing.

One after another, giant beasts like high mountains charged skyward, ramming towards Ning Fan.

Moreover, hundreds of Enlightenment and Shedding Void Realm beasts spewed out black and red Barbarian Flashes, intending to annihilate Ning Fan in this place.

"Hmph! Just a group of vile creatures dare to lay a hand on my master? Master, quickly let the bow shoot them, the enemies of the master are the enemies of the bow! The glory of the master is the glory of the bow!" The Dragon-Horned Changgong emitted a voice filled with righteous anger.

The Bow Spirit had already received a promise from Ning Fan; in desire of the reward from the purple wine bottle, it naturally wouldn't let any chance to showcase itself slip away.

These beasts, once controlled by the demon race's blood prohibition, had slaughtered barbarians, equally the instigators of the Barbaric Wilderness's collapse. Hence, using Incense Arrows condensed from the barbarians' Slaughter Incense can indeed damage these beasts.

Ning Fan ignored the Candle Bow's words, stepping on the golden spear to evade the incoming Barbarian Flash attacks.

The black-red Barbarian Pattern on his left face continued to give off a scorching sensation, reminding Ning Fan that the two hundred thousand beasts ahead have been beguiled by the Summon Barbarian Technique and are now foes, no longer his troops.

He tried to dispel the inserted Summon Barbarian Technique, but unfortunately, this technique is so bizarre that once embedded, cannot be broken.

"You, retreat!"

With this phrase, Ning Fan employed the power of Blood Lightning, and within his words, naturally carried the might of Calamity Thought.

His voice, imbued with the calamity's might, echoed in the ears of the beasts, immediately causing a violent shake, like a sudden realization, rendering each beast stupefied, with a moment of bewildered gazes.

The voice with Calamity Thought slightly dispersed the madness within the beasts' bloodlines, but only for a moment before falling back to madness, surrounding Ning Fan to kill.

The beguilement of the Summon Barbarian Technique is too powerful; the beasts initially feared the might of Calamity Thought but now, they no longer do...

Furthermore, some beasts recklessly ignited the beast blood within their bodies, explosively sacrificing their lives to kill Ning Fan!

Madness! All the beasts are mad!

The result was the immediate self-destruct of hundreds of Life Immortal Realm beasts, the shockwave directly repelling Ning Fan a thousand zhang away. Though unharmed, it's not easy to handle.

Following immediately, more than ten Enlightenment beasts charged in and self-destructed. The self-destruction of over ten Enlightenment beasts brings incredibly terrifying might.

Though Ning Fan's true cultivation level is merely in the Mid Stage Enlightenment, regardless of how profound his strength is, he dares not directly confront the self-destruction of more than ten Enlightenment beasts.

As he thought of retreating, several Shedding Void Realm beasts charged from behind, without another word, directly self-destructing!

A self-detonation at the Shedding Void Level, and not just one, Ning Fan would dare not confront them.

The several heads that self-detonated at the Shedding Void Level seemed like a signal, once detonated, the remaining beast horde ignited their bloodlines and directly self-detonated!

All two hundred thousand barbarian beasts went frenzy, detonating simultaneously. The terrifying wave, even if seen by the Eternal Immortal Venerable, would make them retreat a bit!

"Self-detonation, huh..."

Ning Fan closed his eyes, feeling somewhat emotional.

These two hundred thousand barbarian beasts were once part of his beast army. Now they perished due to Summon Barbarian Technique; truly a pity.

If the beast horde used other means to deal with Ning Fan, he would mostly struggle to cope, but if it's self-detonation...

Within the void, even though Ning Fan was at the center of the self-detonation storm, he did not dodge or evade but instead flickered, escaping into the Xuan Yin Treasure.

The external self-detonation was powerful but could not harm Ning Fan within the medium dichiliocosm.

The masters on the Broken Continent could not see Ning Fan entering the Xuan Yin Treasure, as Ning Fan was at the center of self-detonation, with the void exploding into countless folds and spirit sense unable to penetrate.

Once the aftershocks of the self-detonation dissipated, the masters were shocked to find that Ning Fan appeared unscathed before everyone.

"Senior Zhao is truly formidable. The self-detonation of two hundred thousand barbarian beasts couldn't injure him. What exactly is his cultivation!"

"Initially, I thought Senior Zhao was at the Mid Stage Shedding Void, but now it seems far underestimated him."

"Mid Stage Shedding Void! I've served on Master Demon Yuanzi's Spirit Boat and heard Master Demon Yuanzi mention Senior Zhao's cultivation is unfathomable, perhaps even beyond the Shattered Thought Realm, having entered eons..."

The chatter among the masters, Ning Fan could not care less. The blood mist from the self-detonation permeated the void and surrounded him, immediately drawn into his body due to Summon Barbarian Technique.

The barbarian patterns on Ning Fan's left face initially had only one, but after absorbing the blood aura of two hundred thousand barbarian beasts, new barbarian patterns kept appearing.

The second, the third, the fourth... the colossal blood aura of two hundred thousand barbarian beasts merely increased the barbarian patterns on Ning Fan's left face by eight, making it a total of nine with the initial one.

The nine barbarian patterns outlined a leaf shape, and the black-red color appeared rather eerie.

If the number of barbarian patterns reached three hundred, Ning Fan would hit the jackpot, awakening the Young Master Barbarian successfully. Unfortunately, slaughtering two hundred thousand barbarian beasts only added eight barbarian patterns. If slaughtering could increase barbarian patterns, one could only imagine how many barbarian beasts are required to reach three hundred...

"Does Immortal Venerable have any means to contact Liuhe Immortal Lord? Or perhaps, does Immortal Venerable know where Liuhe Immortal Lord is currently located?" Ning Fan descended back to the Broken Continent and asked Miaoyan Immortal Honorific who had also descended.

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific had many questions for Ning Fan but could not inquire now, only nodded and replied, "I cannot contact Liuhe Dao Friend, but I have a means to sense Liuhe Dao Friend's location... just that my mana hasn't recovered, requiring some time to adjust before I can sense Liuhe Dao Friend's location."

"In that case, Immortal Venerable can take some rest, and Zhao won't disturb Immortal Venerable's adjustment."

After exchanging a few words of courtesy with Miaoyan Immortal Honorific, Ning Fan directly sat cross-legged atop the city wall, closed his eyes to sense, and activated the Reverse Spirit Technique.

Reverse Spirit Technique is a perception divine skill, with the capability of reverse-tracking perception.

Ning Fan could perceive that, since the moment he was hit by Summon Barbarian Technique, countless auras had locked onto him simultaneously.

Auras locking onto him numbered no less than ten million, mostly all barbarian beasts. The auras lock came from all directions, fearing the entire Barbaric Wilderness's barbarian beasts are hostile towards him, coming to annihilate him. After all, Summon Barbarian Technique inherently has the power to call upon the entire Barbaric Wilderness's barbarian beasts to besiege...

Tens of millions of barbarian beasts, imagine how terrifying that force is.

However, what caught Ning Fan's attention were four auras utterly distinct from the barbarian beasts!

These four auras had no concealment of the Barbarian Ancestor's pressure, allowing Ning Fan to discern definitively that these four individuals were the other four Barbarian Ancestors besides the three, five, and six ancestors!

These four Barbarian Ancestors also leveraged the power of Summon Barbarian Technique to lock him! Possibly, they are coming here for the chase...

Four Barbarian Ancestors and tens of millions of barbarian beasts! The five ancestor's single use of Summon Barbarian Technique is truly a grand gesture, instantly drawing innumerable formidable enemies to Ning Fan.

Ning Fan still had 20 six-colored arrows and 1 seven-colored arrow. Next to him, those who could match the Immortal Lords were only Xian Luoli, Miaoyan Immortal Honorific.

However calculated, against tens of millions of barbarian beasts and four Barbarian Ancestors, it would be a calamity.

The only thing Ning Fan could do was to reunite quickly with Liuhe Immortal Lord and others, thereby increasing his self-preservation capability.

Not long after, Miaoyan Immortal Honorific regained some mana and sensed Liuhe Immortal Lord's location.

Under Ning Fan's control, the Broken Continent sped towards the Human Clan's army's gathering place.

...

At the same time, Ancestor Dulong and Ao Xuan, the Honored Immortal, were full of rage.

Two more rubies on the compass shattered... The ancient monument of three ancestors, five ancestors was destroyed! The ancient monument of the other four ancestors cannot be located and cannot establish contact...

Yet the most enraging for the two were the continuous war reports. Reports were flowing in from various demon races, claiming that the barbarian beasts under them were out of control...

Uncontrolled, the entire Barbaric Wilderness's barbarian beasts were out of control, the reason unknown!

In one of the chilling Life Gate Interfaces, a Dragon Demon at the Crossing Truth Realm was leading thousands of barbarian beasts in pursuit of a team of human masters.

In terms of individual strength, the Dragon Demon was far inferior to that team of human masters, but the combat power of his barbarian beasts was terrifying, and their numbers vast, making it easy to chase and kill the human masters.

"Hehe, you human ants, how could you escape from the palm of this demon's hand... Heavens! What's going on!"

The Enlightenment Demon Cultivator wore a face full of cruel delight, yet suddenly, he couldn't smile anymore.

For some unknown reason, during the pursuit, thousands of barbarian beasts under his command suddenly broke free from the blood restrictions, leaving him alone. Subsequently, these thousands of beasts became frenzied, their murderous aura soaring, as they flew towards a certain direction.

All the barbarian beasts left, entirely departing from the battlefield, leaving only the Enlightenment Dragon Demon alone to face a large group of human experts...

This is what one calls a reversal of fortune...

"Heavens! How could this happen! Why did the blood restriction lose control? Where are these beasts going? Why won't they obey this demon's command!"

The Enlightenment Dragon Demon was greatly alarmed, while the human experts, previously desperate to escape, were now overjoyed.

"Quick, the old demon is alone, all the barbarian beasts have left him! Kill him!"

"Though it's unclear what's happening, the departure of the barbarian beasts is definitely good news for us!"

"Kill, kill, kill!"

The human experts surged forward, immediately chopping the Enlightenment Dragon Demon into meat paste...

Similar scenes occurred not only here but across countless Broken Worlds.

In a Life Gate Interface where the yin wind howled, a Fragmented Thought Demon Cultivator was leading three hundred thousand barbarian beasts in pursuit of a human Combat Unit. Suddenly, all three hundred thousand beasts lost control, departing from the battlefield, leaving the demon cultivator under attack from the human experts...

Within a certain Broken World, a group of isolated human experts were cautiously flying when they suddenly saw a large number of barbarian beasts rushing past, utterly shocked with pale faces. Typically, barbarian beasts would pursue endlessly upon encountering experts. But strangely, the beasts passing through seemed to ignore the humans, directly moving past without harming anyone...

Barbarian beasts following the demon tribe's orders were no more.

Barbarian beasts that would kill humans on sight, were no more.

At this moment, all the beasts sought only one thing, to relentlessly pursue Ning Fan and kill him!

The Summon Barbarian Technique is a lure rooted in bloodline, able to make every beast in the Barbaric Wilderness Realm abandon everything else to kill Ning Fan!

And so, demon cultivators from all directions were caught in traps, countless demon cultivators were fiercely exterminated by humans due to the sudden departure of beasts from the battlefield...

The unfavorable battle reports arrived back at the demon tribe, heightening the fury and confusion of Ao Xuan and Ancestor Dulong, who couldn't comprehend what exactly was happening.

Barbarian beasts were a major reliance in the demon tribe's plan to blood-sacrifice the wilderness. Without the beasts' assistance, the demon tribe would lose its former advantage against the humans...

"Damned! What exactly is happening within the wilderness now! If there were no unexpected changes, would the beasts have gone mad all at once!"

"The Barbarian Ancestor Monument cannot be found, and the beasts are out of control, can the blood-sacrifice plan indeed not succeed!"

In a certain void, a double-headed elder was engaged in Sword Flight. His gaze was dark and menacing, seemingly able to capture souls. He was stepping on a flying sword, a crimson bone sword. He was the First-Generation Barbarian Ancestor, Fan Canggū!

"Hmm? The aura of a high-level Summon Barbarian Technique... judging by this aura, it seems to be planted by the Fifth Ancestor, not the Second Ancestor."

"The death aura in this summoning spell is strong, it seems the Fifth Ancestor planted it with all his might. The Fifth Ancestor... has died? Humph, who dares to kill an ancestor! Seeking death!"

The First-Generation Barbarian Ancestor's eyes immediately flashed with a murderous intent, turned the direction of his bone sword, and rushed toward the location of Ning Fan.

On a certain shattered continent, there stood a giant tomb built of blue stone, its surroundings filled with dense death aura, with a White Bone soldier patrolling every hundred steps.

Days ago, this tomb appeared on that continent. The moment it emerged, countless barbarians lost their flesh and became White Bone soldiers.

Within the giant tomb, there's no aura initially, but at the moment Ning Fan was hit by the Summon Barbarian Technique, the tomb exploded open. A double-headed stone giant rose from within, gradually transforming into a double-headed elder. This elder's body was half flesh, half skeleton, his appearance extremely bizarre...

This person was precisely the Second Ancestor, Fan Zang!

"Has the Fifth Ancestor died... Hehe, this Summon Barbarian Technique of his might become the nourishment for this ancestor! Nine barbarian patterns indeed, not bad, a minor nourishment. Yet... further waiting is needed... patience is required..."

The Second Ancestor's figure flickered away from this place, simultaneously, all the White Bone soldiers on the continent cried out miserably, collapsing into bone dust.

In certain Dead Gate Interface, a double-headed elder with a corpulent body was sitting on a Blood Shadow Behemoth, meditating cross-legged.

He was the Fourth Ancestor, Fan Shoufei!

Sensing the aura of the Summon Barbarian Technique, the Fourth Ancestor slowly opened his eyes, revealing an exceedingly peculiar smile.

"Nine barbarian patterns, still not enough... wait till you cultivate over a hundred barbarian patterns, then it can be considered a true supplement! The Fifth Ancestor is dead, leaving us a great gift... Hehe..."

The Fourth Ancestor licked his lips, riding the Blood Shadow Behemoth, directly flew out from the Dead Gate Interface.

Of the remaining four Barbarian Ancestors, three quietly pursued Ning Fan.

Only the Seventh Ancestor, Fan Mokong, sat in a certain void, continuously performing hand seals, ignoring the sensation of the Summon Barbarian Technique.

His gaze was hollow, his expression numb, unlike the other ancients who possess spirit awareness.

He resembled a machine, a puppet, knowing just to endlessly perform hand seals, and apparently indifferent to matters other than this.

In a mechanical manner, he muttered spells intermittently. Each time he chanted a spell, a colossal illusory chessboard would fleetingly appear beneath him...

If an experienced Four Heavens veteran were here, they would undoubtedly recognize that the illusion of the chessboard indeed bears some resemblance to the Fate Wielding Immortal Emperor's treasure — the Chessboard of Cause and Effect...

If Ning Fan were here, he would certainly perceive that there's an inexplicable connection between the Seven Ancestors and the Fate Wielding Immortal Emperor... Unfortunately, Ning Fan is not here to witness the illusion of the chessboard.

The Broken Continent raced onward, encountering hordes of Barbarian Beasts along the way.

Each of these Barbarian Beasts appeared crazed. Upon seeing Ning Fan, they charged straight towards him with a subconscious choice to self-destruct, intending to blow Ning Fan to pieces.

If it were those Masters without the medium dichiliocosm in possession facing the self-destruction of Barbarian Beasts, they would likely be blown to smithereens.

Sadly, Ning Fan is the Master of The Profound Yin World; whenever he faces an attack from Barbarian Beasts, he simply flies away from the Broken Continent, luring those beasts to self-destruct at a distance.

As long as he flees into the Profound Yin World on time, the self-destruction of any Barbarian Beast cannot harm Ning Fan.

Along this journey, Ning Fan encountered two Shattered Thought Realm Barbaric Beasts whose self-destruction once slightly trembled the Profound Yin World but nothing more, unable to penetrate it with their explosive force.

These Barbarian Beasts that came to self-destruct could not kill Ning Fan; thus, it seemed as if they were continuously volunteering benefits.

Ning Fan continuously absorbed the blood energy generated by the fallen Barbarian Beasts, with the Barbarian Patterns on his left face multiplying, from an initial nine lines, all the way increasing to forty-five lines.

The pattern on his left face changed from one leaf to four.

Throughout the journey, nearly two million Barbarian Beasts volunteered to self-destruct, and with countless precedents, Ning Fan gradually ceased to worry about subsequent attacks from other Barbarian Beasts. He was unafraid of their self-destruction.

The only thing that concerned him was the four Barbarian Ancestors targeting him. To Ning Fan's relief, for an unknown reason, of the four Barbarian Ancestors, only three were actively pursuing him, while the remaining one, though locking onto him with their aura, did not disdain to chase him, unlike the others.

"If only three Barbarian Ancestors attack, once I rendezvous with Liuhe Immortal Lord, they are not to be feared..." Liuhe, Miaoyan, Xian Luoli, plus Ning Fan's Seven-Colored Arrow — if the three Barbarian Ancestors come forward, they will surely be at a disadvantage.

"But I never thought that the later Barbarian Patterns become increasingly difficult to increase in number... Initially, slaughtering two hundred thousand Barbarian Beasts could still increment eight Barbarian Patterns. But after ten patterns, even slaughtering twenty to thirty thousand Barbarian Beasts could only increment four to five Barbarian Patterns..."

"With three hundred Barbarian Patterns, one can become the Young Marshal of the Savage Tribe... It seems, even if I finish off all the Barbaric Wilderness Realm beasts, it's tough to gather three hundred Barbarian Patterns..."

Ning Fan shook his head slightly; although the number of Barbarian Patterns was continuously increasing, Ning Fan had not noticed any substantive benefits.

The location indicated by Dao Friend Miaoyan was drawing nearer; by Ning Fan's estimation, in just a little while, he would join with Liuhe Immortal Lord's army.

Following another round of Barbarian Beast self-destruction, Ning Fan absorbed all the blood energy left behind, increasing the number of Barbarian Patterns to forty-six.

At the moment when the number of Barbarian Patterns broke through forty-six, the pattern on Ning Fan's left face suddenly underwent a change.

Initially, the pattern was four leaves, but at the instant the forty-sixth Barbarian Pattern appeared, a six-sided snowflake appeared among those leaves.

At the moment this snowflake appeared, threads of Barbarian Blood were generated within Ning Fan!

Barbarian Blood is a mimicry of Calamity Blood. Once it appeared in Ning Fan's body, it was forcibly devoured by the domineering Calamity Blood.

Devouring those Barbarian Blood, Ning Fan's Calamity Blood Level could improve, gradually stepping up from Seven-Star Remnant Blood!

Forty-six, four leaves, six-sided snowflake...

"The Calamity Blood tier advanced!"

An intense gleam flickered in Ning Fan's eyes; he was suddenly somewhat anticipating the increase in the number of Barbarian Patterns on his left face.

Forty-five Barbarian Patterns carried no effect, but at the forty-sixth pattern, Barbarian Blood could be refined to elevate the Calamity Blood level...

"Forty-six Barbarian Patterns, huh... Even if they haven't reached a hundred, it's still quite useful, isn't it... Heh, seems I'm the first one to catch up with this kid... Looks a little tricky, should I make a move on him? There's actually a human female master on this Broken Continent... Could it be that the Fifth Ancestor met his end at the hands of this female master? If I'm the only one acting rashly, it doesn't seem wise... Should I wait for the others..."

In the far distance, the Fourth Ancestor sat high on the Blood Shadow Behemoth, desperately chasing the Broken Continent, his expression suddenly becoming exceedingly grim.

He only took a glance and did not discern the prowess of Ning Fan or Xian Luoli, only knowing there's an Immortal Venerable named Miaoyan on this continent.

But now, another Immortal Venerable's aura emerged.

"Dao Friend Miaoyan, I am very glad to see you return safely!"

Not far in front of the Broken Continent, a voice transmitted from Liuhe Immortal Lord — this place was not far from the location of the human coalition.

At the moment this voice fell, a Human Combat Unit drew near from a distance, arriving to welcome Dao Friend Miaoyan's return.

"It's the voice of Liuhe Immortal Lord!"

"It's the Yin-Hai Battle Division! One of the Liuhe Combat Units!"

"We finally rendezvoused with the main force!"

On the Broken Continent, countless experts of the Dao jubilantly exclaimed; ahead, lay the human encampment.

The Fourth Ancestor's expression became exceedingly grim; if there were only one Immortal Venerable here, he could still make a move against Ning Fan, but with another Venerable present, he had to seriously reconsider...

"Wait a little longer, until the other Barbarian Ancestors arrive before making a decision..." The Fourth Ancestor cautiously decided.

Chapter 908: Nine Decrees and Sixteen Prohibitions

The caution of the Four Ancestors prevented him from lingering here for long, fearing that he would be discovered by the two Human Clan Immortal Honorifics and alert them.

He concealed his aura and decided to temporarily retreat, but his spirit sense remained locked on Ning Fan, waiting for other Barbarian Ancestors to arrive before making a move.

The concealment skills of the Four Ancestors were extremely advanced, such that across the entire Broken Continent, except for Ning Fan, no one sensed his arrival and departure.

Noticing the Four Ancestors' departure, Ning Fan slightly furrowed his brow but said no more. His gaze turned ahead, where from the void, sixteen spirit boats suffused with immortal aura approached.

On each spirit boat stood numerous spirit flags, inscribed with the characters 'Yin-Hai'. Ning Fan had heard of the six divisions under Liuhe Immortal Lord, and had even saved one of them—the ZiChou Battle Division. Naturally, he knew that those coming to greet Miaoyan Immortal Honorific were the Yin-Hai Battle Division.

The leader of the Yin-Hai Battle Division was an old Human master at the Shattered Thought Early Stage named Sang Chong.

As the sixteen spirit boats neared, Sang Chong immediately flew down from the spirit boat, landed on the Broken Continent, and respectfully saluted Miaoyan Immortal Honorific. Towards the Immortal Venerable, Sang Chong dare not show the slightest neglect.

"I, Sang Chong, welcome the Immortal Honorific's return! Liuhe Immortal Lord has commanded that the Immortal Honorific proceed ahead to the 'Nanli Fire Formation' for an important matter. As for those present here, I will take charge and escort them into the fire formation."

"So Liuhe Ally has laid out the 'Nanli Fire Chart' here, setting up the Nanli Fire Formation?" Miaoyan Immortal Honorific was slightly surprised; the Nanli Fire Chart was a Post-heaven Twelve Nirvana Treasure painstakingly refined by Liuhe Immortal Lord over millions of years. As she understood it, the Nanli Fire Chart of Liuhe Immortal Lord should not yet be completely refined, so how could it already be used to set up a fire formation?

Her spirit sense dispersed towards the void ahead, at the end of which she glimpsed a vast sea of fire formation suddenly spanning the void.

The sea of fire connected the grand forces, forming a deadly formation diagram, within which dozens of Broken Continents connected with one another, forming a massive continent where nearly a million Human cultivators were stationed.

In three directions on that continent, three fire peaks towered, arranged in a triangular formation. The first fire peak was nine thousand zhang high, the second only six thousand zhang, and the third merely fell short of a thousand zhang...

"So this treasure is not yet completely refined... still a semi-finished product..." Miaoyan Immortal Honorific murmured to herself, cast a glance at Ning Fan, and after a moment of contemplation spoke to Sang Chong,

"Since Liuhe Immortal Lord has invited me to meet first, I shall proceed ahead. I trust Sang Leader will lead the remaining peers into the fire formation."

With that, Miaoyan Immortal Honorific transmitted to Ning Fan, "Daoist Zhao, you have saved my life, but I fell unconscious since the day of rescue and have yet to thank you properly. Now, I am eager to meet Liuhe Ally to discuss major matters of the wild lands. Later, I will come to you again and present a treasure I've collected for years to repay your life-saving grace."

After solemnly promising, Miaoyan Immortal Honorific tapped her toes and flew off the Broken Continent, traversing countless voids in a flicker.

Ning Fan watched the departing figure of Miaoyan Immortal Honorific, his gaze calm and steady. He saved Miaoyan Immortal Honorific merely to settle the intervention made on that day; he placed no importance on the treasure thanks of Miaoyan Immortal Honorific.

"Hehe, Yin-Hai Battle Division's Sang Chong, greetings to all Daoists!"

After Miaoyan Immortal Honorific left, Sang Chong greeted the demon scholars, Jin Hua Ancestor, Teng Nan, Teng Bei, who controlled the flight of the Broken Continent, one by one.

In Sang Chong's view, the full efforts of four Human Shattered Thought Cultivators to fly the Broken Continent like an Acquired Treasure was not something surprising.

What slightly perplexed him instead was that there were Barbarian Clan mortals present on this Broken Continent. In his view, this Broken Continent should be a temporary resting place for Miaoyan Immortal Honorific, and the Human cultivators on this land were likely those saved along the path by Miaoyan Immortal Honorific.

Given this calamity of the wild, Miaoyan Immortal Honorific saving Human cultivators made sense, but why save some Barbarian mortals?

This puzzled Sang Chong, but as he understood, Liuhe Immortal Lord currently happened to need some mortals as sacrificial offerings...

"At that time, some among these barbarians can be selected as offerings for Liuhe Immortal Lord. The fate of the barbarians is a minor matter, yet it concerns the safety of us Human cultivators. I think Miaoyan Immortal Honorific wouldn't mind the life and death of these barbarians..." Sang Chong pondered.

Sixteen spirit boats led the Broken Continent, speeding forward all the way, and since the journey was not long, Sang Chong did not chat much with the few Shattered Thought Cultivators, nor was he aware of the events along the way, and naturally was ignorant of Ning Fan's illustrious achievements on this journey.

Hence, at this moment, Sang Chong had yet to see anything remarkable about Ning Fan, nor did he regard Ning Fan with any distinction.

Even when he occasionally spoke, Sang Chong addressed Teng Nan and Teng Bei, without conversing with the two demon elders, Demon Yuanzi and Jin Hua Ancestor.

This is a matter of Sang Chong's character. He is an orthodox Xuan cultivator, and thus extremely detests devil cultivators, which is why he is reluctant to deal with Demon Yuanzi and Jin Hua Ancestor.

Of course, he dares to neglect Demon Yuanzi and the others because his cultivation is at the Shattered Thought Early Stage, the same as Demon Yuanzi's.

If Demon Yuanzi were a Mid-Phase Shattered Thought devil cultivator, he wouldn't dare to neglect him, for he understands adapting to situations.

Being coldly ignored by Sang Chong, Demon Yuanzi and Jin Hua Ancestor were naturally displeased, but they didn't say much. Soon, a vast, endless sea of fire appeared ahead, linking together to form an array chart.

This array is called the Nanli Fire Formation, manifested from a semi-completed magical treasure—the Nanli Fire Chart—used to protect the human experts here by the Liuhe Immortal Lord.

Ning Fan's gaze swept over the fire formation, but with his eyes from the Second Realm of Tianren, he couldn't initially see through the mysteries of this formation.

Only after applying the Momentum Character Secret did he comprehend the entire network of the formation, secretly surprised at its extraordinariness.

"This formation is extraordinary, born from a magical treasure fire chart, but the fire chart seems not fully refined, only a semi-finished product... The three fire peaks standing in the formation's core are the fundamental source of its powers. The first peak is nine thousand zhang high, without any height issues; the second peak is merely six thousand zhang high, and the third peak is only one thousand zhang high... If the fire chart is successfully refined, the latter two peaks would also be nine thousand zhang high, and when united, their fire power would be enough to threaten the life of a casual Immortal Venerable!"

As Sang Chong took out a fiery red token, a flaming passage immediately appeared above the sea of fire formation.

Then, Sang Chong suddenly activated his divine skill and transmitted a message throughout Tianman City, reminding,

"We are about to enter the central area of the Nanli Fire Formation. This formation is laid by the Liuhe Immortal Lord. The continent within the array is split into three main regions based on the alignment of the fire peaks. Before entering the Nanli Fire Formation, I shall inform everyone of the rules set by the Liuhe Immortal Lord!"

"The first peak is nine thousand zhang high, located in the northern continent, it's the closed-off area of the Liuhe Immortal Lord. If you don't possess a Second Step cultivation, you are not to step within the vicinity of the first peak! However, if you have the identity of a Four Oceans Sect cultivator, these rules do not apply."

"The second peak is six thousand zhang high, located in the southwestern continent. Without a Void Fragmentation level of cultivation, you are not to step within the vicinity of the second peak! However, if you have the identity of a Four Oceans Sect cultivator, these rules do not apply."

"The third peak is one thousand zhang high, located in the southeastern continent. Entering this area has no cultivation restrictions. Among you, if anyone's cultivation is insufficient and not a Four Oceans Sect cultivator, they can only stay within the third peak's area, awaiting orders, without making any mistakes!"

"Additionally, non-Four Oceans Sect cultivators must also adhere to the Nine Decrees and Sixteen Prohibitions. In particular, certain devil cultivators should strictly follow these orders without violation!"

Sang Chong's eyes coldly swept over Demon Yuanzi and others, implying a warning to these demon cultivators. Then, he took out a yellow silk decree, beginning to issue the many laws of the Liuhe Immortal Lord.

The numerous cultivators within Tianman City were all invigorated upon hearing the words, engraving these laws into their minds, not daring to disobey even slightly. Especially some devil cultivators, upon hearing these rules, became even more cautious, fearing to err and bring bad luck upon themselves.

Who doesn't know that the Liuhe Immortal Lord is an extremely strict cultivator who values the word "rules" above all. The rules set by the Liuhe Immortal Lord here are naturally to be followed, otherwise, it would be akin to going against the Liuhe Immortal Lord...

"Rules... Nine Decrees and Sixteen Prohibitions..." Ning Fan frowned slightly, as he clearly understood that all the rules of Liuhe Immortal Lord were set against non-Four Oceans Sect cultivators.

If one joins the Four Oceans Sect, they could walk freely in this place without being bound by any rules.

Conversely, if one is not a Four Oceans Sect cultivator, they would be restricted by numerous rules everywhere...

Regarding all of this, Ning Fan did not raise any objections. Now that he was under the wing of the Liuhe Immortal Lord, he naturally wouldn't intentionally break the rules and challenge the authority of the Liuhe Immortal Lord.

Sixteen spirit boats led the Broken Continent, flying toward the third peak's area. After all, there were too many low-level cultivators within Tianman City, and over a million mortals who, according to the Liuhe Immortal Lord's regulations, were not allowed to enter the first and second peaks. They could only come to the third peak.

Under the divine skills of Demon Yuanzi and the other four Shattered Thought cultivators, the fragmented continent where Tianman City was located directly fused with the third peak continent, becoming one.

Below this third peak, countless cultivators were already waiting.

Chen Zong is an outer elder of the Northern Heaven's Guanghan Sect. Although he appears like a seventy or eighty-year-old mortal elder, in reality, he possesses the power of a Late Stage of Shekong.

He led a small team of the Guanghan Sect's second step cultivators, waiting here because they detected a trace of Guanghan Cultivator's aura from within the Broken Continent.

"Oh? Isn't this Elder Hanwux?" Chen Zong lightly stroked his long beard, smiled kindly, and approached with a group of Broad Cold cultivators.

"Master Chen! You're here too, sir!" Fairy Hanwux did not dare to be negligent. Although she and Chen Zong were both at the Shedding Void stage, Chen Zong was half her mentor, a senior figure to her.

If not for Chen Zong's guidance back then, she would never have had the chance to step into the Shedding Void Realm. Therefore, as soon as Chen Zong arrived, she stepped forward to pay her respects.

After a round of conversation, Chen Zong suggested that Hanwux accompany the Broad Cold Palace cultivators together to the First Peak area.

Since Chen Zong was half her mentor, Hanwux dared not refuse, yet she was reluctant to leave Ning Fan's side.

"Ning... Daoist Zhao, would you care to accompany me to the First Peak area? With your cultivation, even if you're not a Black Devil Sect cultivator, you may enter the First Peak..." Fairy Hanwux asked somewhat hopefully.

"No, I'll stay at the Third Peak. After all, accompanying me are a large number of Stone Warriors, who can only remain at the Third Peak... I don't wish to leave them behind." Ning Fan said with some helplessness.

"Then I won't go to the First Peak either..." Hanwux just started to speak when Ning Fan interrupted with a smile.

"Having come here, you've already escaped danger. You should go to the First Peak with your sect's cultivators. If needed, you can come find me at the Third Peak later."

Hanwux thought it over and agreed that what Ning Fan said made sense; if she wanted to see him again, she could return to the Third Peak.

She solemnly paid her respects to Ning Fan, thanked him for saving her life, and then accompanied the Broad Cold cultivators, flying towards the First Peak direction.

This gesture of respect caused the Broad Cold Palace cultivators, including Chen Zong, to be collectively shocked.

In their perception, Fairy Hanwux was cold and unapproachable, never showing kindness to any man, yet today, she showed affection to Ning Fan and spoke of a debt of gratitude for saving her life...

"Uh, who is this Ghost-Faced cultivator, able to make the ice-cold Elder Hanwux display such an expression..." One after another, the Broad Cold Palace cultivators were all amazed.

On the other side, Four-eyed Demon Monarch was also present, having found a few close friends. His friends were likewise from the Corpse Demon Ancient Domain of the Northern Heavens, a few Late Stage Enlightenment and Peak Loose Cultivators. These individuals were also resting at the First Peak, strongly inviting the Four-eyed Demon Monarch to go with them.

The Four-eyed Demon Monarch was not as reserved, and after repeatedly expressing gratitude to Ning Fan for his life-saving grace, he went with a few friends to the First Peak.

Throughout the journey, Ning Fan had saved many cultivators, who naturally chose to leave his side once reaching the Human Clan's territory. Ning Fan didn't mind this at all.

Many rescued cultivators expressed gratitude to Ning Fan for saving them before leaving the Third Peak. Eventually, even the cultivators of the ZiChou Battle Division successively thanked Ning Fan.

Sang Chong was finally somewhat moved and began to pay attention to this individual named Ning Fan.

He observed that among those expressing gratitude to Ning Fan, there were first-step cultivators, including Ning Fan and Ghost Profound Fate Immortals, and even Enlightenment and Shedding Void True Immortals.

What surprised him the most was that even Teng Nan and Teng Bei, these two early-stage Thought-Shattering True Immortals, expressed sincere gratitude towards Ning Fan. They were also grateful for saving their lives...

Thus, Sang Chong was astounded. Initially, he believed Ning Fan's cultivation before being suppressed by Banishing Immortal Force was at the Mid Stage of Shekong.

However, if Ning Fan was limited to that level, how could he possibly have saved the lives of Teng Nan and Teng Bei? Sang Chong realized he must have misjudged, underestimating Ning Fan's true cultivation! Ning Fan's actual cultivation absolutely could not be merely Mid Stage of Shekong!

Furthermore, Sang Chong could discern a hint of respect from the eyes of Teng Nan and Teng Bei...

"Could this Ghost-Faced cultivator truly be a Mid-Phase Shattered Thought Cultivator? Otherwise, how could he evoke such respect from Teng Nan and Teng Bei, and what right would he have to save their lives?" Sang Chong pondered internally.

If Ning Fan was truly a Mid-Phase Shattered Thought cultivator, he warranted Sang Chong's efforts to establish a connection.

However, Ning Fan's aura was extremely cold, and with Sang Chong's experience, he could vaguely conjecture Ning Fan to be a demoness.

Although he detested demonesses, if Ning Fan's cultivation exceeded his own, he dared not treat Ning Fan with negligence...

"May I ask the two brothers Teng, what is the name and background of this Ghost-Faced Daoist companion, and what is his cultivation? Why would the two of you owe him such a gratitude for saving your lives..." Sang Chong hesitated for a moment and then quietly asked Teng Nan and Teng Bei.

Before Teng Nan and Teng Bei could reply, Demon Yuanzi scoffed, looking at Sang Chong with extreme disdain, "You don't even recognize Senior Zhao Jian? You're truly ignorant!"

Sang Chong's heart suddenly skipped a beat; did he hear it right? Demon Yuanzi actually referred to Ning Fan as 'Senior'!

Demon Yuanzi was a Thought-Shattering cultivator, so even when facing a Thought-Shattering Peak, simply calling them 'Daoist companion' would suffice.

What kind of person could make Demon Yuanzi willingly address them as Senior?!

"Could it be that this Ghost-Faced cultivator is actually an Eternal Old Freak cultivator! Could it be that besides Miaoyan and Six Harmonies, there exists a third Immortal Venerable within the wastelands among us humans?! But how could that be, even adding up all secret clans, the number of immortals in the Four Heavens Immortal world wouldn't surpass a thousand! I've never heard of any Immortal Venerable by the name of Zhao Jian! Even within the Shattered Thought Realm, there doesn't seem to be anyone with this name..."

Sang Chong was full of doubts, secretly extending his spirit sense towards Ning Fan; with this probe, Sang Chong's divine sense suddenly ached, causing fear and shock.

The spirit sense intruding into Ning Fan's body vanished bizarrely, as if being forcibly consumed by something!

He repeatedly released his spirit sense, yet each time he did, it disappeared within Ning Fan's body like a mud ox into the sea, unable to retrieve it...

It should be known that Sang Chong had a cultivation of early-phase Thought-Shattering, and his prowess in early-phase Thought-Shattering was not particularly strong, but his spirit sense cultivation was extremely high. His spirit sense was nearly comparable to some Mid-Phase Shattered Thought monsters.

With his spirit sense cultivation, if inspecting someone's background, even if that person was a Thought-Shattering Peak monster, they could not intercept his spirit sense, at most rendering it unable to perceive anything.

But Ning Fan was able to achieve this!

What did this indicate!

Ning Fan very likely, truly was an Eternal Old Freak!

Sang Chong was still in shock when suddenly his complexion turned white, as Ning Fan at that moment revealed eyes like cold lightning.

Sang Chong's heart was immediately hit with panic, thinking Ning Fan was angered, displeased with his continual spying, he quickly pleaded.

"Senior, please quell your anger! This junior's investigation bore no malice!"

Sang Chong did not realize that Ning Fan's eyes like cold lightning were not directed at him.

Ning Fan held no blame towards Sang Chong's act of inspecting him. It wasn't Ning Fan who intentionally devoured Sang Chong's spirit sense.

What devoured Sang Chong's spirit sense was the forty-six Barbarian Patterns on Ning Fan's left face!

Ning Fan was unaware that after gaining these Barbarian Patterns, even someone like Sang Chong at the early-phase Thought-Shattering cultivator level couldn't scrutinize him. Once they attempted, their spirit sense was forcibly devoured by the Barbarian Patterns...

These Barbarian Patterns, how overpowering!

And not only did the Barbarian Patterns devour Sang Chong's spirit sense, they afterward seemed to savor the taste, agitatingly trying to consume the divine sense power within Ning Fan's soul!

Who is Ning Fan, would he allow the Barbarian Patterns on his body to devour his divine sense?!

He glanced coldly, the gaze naturally directed at those unruly Barbarian Patterns trying to bite the hand that fed them...

Chapter 909: What Can You Do to Me?

What kind of person is Ning Fan, how could he allow his barbarian pattern to turn against him.

His gaze sharpened, and the calamity blood in his body was immediately mobilized, the Majestic Calamity of the Taicang filled his entire being. At this moment, his demonic nature was stronger than any demoness here!

The barbarian pattern is a divine skill of the Barbarian Clan and naturally fears the Calamity Force. Therefore, once Ning Fan activated the Calamity Blood Power, the counterattack from the barbarian pattern was forcibly suppressed almost instantaneously.

The barbarian pattern is domineering, but Ning Fan is even more domineering!

His eyes, like cold lightning, although not directed at Sang Chong, really frightened him.

Sang Chong now truly believed that Ning Fan was an Eternal Immortal Venerable and also an old monster of the demonic path, someone he absolutely could not afford to provoke.

"Senior! I, Sang Chong, really didn't intend to investigate you! If I had known you were an Eternal Immortal Venerable, I wouldn't dare to rashly investigate even if you beat me to death!"

"I am, after all, a confidant of Union Immortal Lord, if you want to take action against me, you should at least consult Union Immortal Lord..."

Sang Chong secretly called for help in his heart, but Ning Fan took back the coldness in his eyes and said indifferently, "Don't let it happen again."

Since the other party mistakenly thought he was an Eternal Immortal Venerable, he didn't mind assuming that identity.

As Ning Fan moved through the crowd, he killed three barbarian ancestors equivalent to the Immortal Venerable realm, such feats were already earth-shattering and impossible to conceal.

If people said he wasn't an Immortal Venerable, no one would believe it, and it would likely attract endless trouble. It would be more convenient to pretend to be an Immortal Venerable.

Seeing that Ning Fan had no intention of blaming him, Sang Chong couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief.

Seeing Sang Chong's predicament, Demon Yuanzi and Jin Hua Ancestor, who had always been coldly received by Sang Chong, were overjoyed and continued to narrate Ning Fan's illustrious achievements to Sang Chong.

For example, Ning Fan disregarded the dangers of the doors of death and insisted on entering them, saving Immortal Honorific Miaoyan.

For example, Ning Fan had a daughter named Xianxian who could summon the nearly tenth level Dark Thunder Chariot, capable of rivaling Immortal Honorific Miaoyan in strength.

For example, Ning Fan consecutively slew three barbarian ancestors equivalent to Immortal Venerable, his power was truly terrifying.

The more Sang Chong listened, the more shocked he became, unable to imagine how Ning Fan could have a daughter capable of battling an Immortal Venerable and could himself kill three Immortal Venerables!

After the shock came great joy. Now that the primitive and wild land was in calamity, having a strong person like Ning Fan present naturally provided better protection for everyone's safety.

Half an hour later, Demon Yuanzi and others bid farewell to Ning Fan and headed to the First Peak, while Ning Fan stayed on the Third Peak.

Before Sang Chong left, Ning Fan kept Sang Chong alone, questioned him in detail with his trembling expression, and only then let him go.

To Ning Fan's queries, Sang Chong spoke without reservation, not daring to hide anything.

Most of what Ning Fan asked was information about the collapse of the Barbarian Wilderness; not everyone was qualified to know this information. But Sang Chong believed Ning Fan had this qualification.

This day was the fifth day of the blood sacrifice to the Barbarian Wilderness. As Ning Fan just entered the Nanli Fire Formation Third Peak, his reputation had already spread throughout the continent.

More and more masters came to the Third Peak, wishing to behold Ning Fan's demeanor, yet Ning Fan did not meet anyone.

Not far below the Third Peak was Tianman City, where most of the masters he saved went to the First Peak and Second Peak, only a few stayed on the Third Peak.

By his side were now only Xian Luoli, Liu Yan, and Zhao Die'er, and three footmen: Burying Moon, Earth Controlling Devil Star, and Tieya Daoist.

Ning Fan stood alone on the city walls of Tianman City, with a solemn expression. From Sang Chong's mouth, Ning Fan heard many things.

For example, he heard about the use of the Heaven-Sealing Celestial Decree by Liuhe and Wonderful Speech Immortal Honorifics.

The Heaven-Sealing Celestial Decree could only seal the primitive and wild for seven days. On the eighth day, the power of the celestial decree would inevitably dissipate. At that time, the ancient passage slumbering in the Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain would likely be summoned by the demon race...

"The demon race schemed so many things, just for the ancient passage to the Sky Desolate Ancient Realm..."

"Ancient passage, Sky Desolate Ancient Realm..."

Ning Fan knew little of the secrets of the Sky Desolate Ancient Realm, but it wasn't the first time he'd heard its name.

The Sky Desolate Ancient Realm was a place different from the four heavens and nine worlds, Ancient Demon Abyss, and Land of Demons. To enter this place, one must use an ancient passage. Just having a passage wasn't enough, a key was also needed...

Ning Fan once searched through Candle Bow's memories, learning that Candle Bow's former master—Ancestor Dragon Zhuli died in the Sky Desolate Ancient Realm.

Ning Fan did not know what kind of place the Sky Desolate Ancient Realm was. It was the highest secret in the heavens and earth, something Ning Fan, as he was now, was not qualified to know. Nor did he intend to involve himself in such significant matters with his current cultivation.

The Barbarian Pattern on the left continuously transmitted a sense of being locked on, causing Ning Fan to momentarily gather his thoughts. He activated the Reverse Spirit Technique, carefully sensing the Barbarian Beasts locking onto his aura, his brows gradually furrowed deeply.

For some reason, the aura of the Barbarian Beasts charging wildly toward him began to gather in a certain direction.

At a Life Gate Interface far away from the Nanli Fire Formation, the Fourth Ancestor sat high on the Blood Shadow Behemoth, discussing something with the Second Ancestor. Before them, Barbarian Beasts continuously charged wildly to this location to converge. Seeing this scene, the Fourth Ancestor narrowed his eyes slightly and praised the Second Ancestor,

"The Second Ancestor truly has excellent means. These Barbarian Beasts were already bewildered by the Fifth Ancestor, yet they still heed your command. Hence, it can be seen that your mastery of the Summon Barbarian Technique must surpass that of the Fifth Ancestor."

"Haha, the Summon Barbarian Technique is merely a trivial matter, not worth mentioning. Speaking of which, why did the Fifth Ancestor's Summon Barbarian Technique only draw the two of us here, and where are the other Barbarian Ancestors?" The Second Ancestor's cold eyes seemed to pierce through the void, licking his lips in the direction of the Nanli Fire Formation.

He continuously told himself in his heart to be patient, to wait for more Barbarian Patterns on Ning Fan before he would be even tastier.

And he had already heard from the Fourth Ancestor that there were two Human Clan Immortal Honorifics among the humans ahead. Wanting to apprehend Ning Fan in front of these two Immortal Honorifics was not an easy task. They could only wait for other Barbarian Ancestors to arrive before plotting.

"With our combined power and millions of Barbarian Beasts, we may not be able to extract any benefits from the hands of the two Human Clan Immortal Honorifics. Yet the other Barbarian Ancestors are still not showing up. Should we proactively contact the Demon Race Immortal Venerable for help..." The Fourth Ancestor suddenly suggested.

"No need! Whether it's the Demon Race or the Human Clan, they are merely different races! Our cooperation with the Demon Race is merely mutual use. Strange is the heart of those not of our race; while our Barbarian Ancestors' cultivations have not been restored, it's better to have less contact with the Demon Race!"

After the Second Ancestor finished speaking, he chuckled coldly, "Wait a while longer, once another Barbarian Ancestor arrives, we'll make our move and capture the child marked by the Summon Barbarian Technique! However, we must fatten him up before slaughtering him then. Just 46 Barbarian Patterns is still not enough! This Ancestor at least needs help for this child to break through a hundred Barbarian Patterns! If so, haha, that would be an excellent supplement..."

Ning Fan did not know that the Second Ancestor was activating his Divine Skills to gather the frenzied Barbarian Beasts.

Even though he did not know the truth, he could roughly guess that the sudden gathering of Barbarian Beasts was not a good thing.

He was initially silent in contemplation but suddenly raised his gaze toward the direction of the First Peak.

Only to see, from the direction of the First Peak, came a golden message-transmitting flying sword charging rapidly toward him!

That message-transmitting flying sword carried an aura of Immortal Venerable level. If Ning Fan hadn't mistaken, the owner of this aura was the Liuhe Immortal Lord!

As soon as the message-transmitting flying sword reached within three zhang of Ning Fan, it trembled slightly and immediately exploded, forming waves of energy. Amidst the energy waves, a cold, indifferent male voice of a middle-aged man arrogantly sounded!

"Master Zhao Jian, come to the First Peak quickly to see me, do not be mistaken!"

The energy waves created by the exploding flying sword could easily knock back Crossing Truth Realm Masters, but certainly couldn't harm Ning Fan in the slightest. However, the arrogant transmission message from the flying sword caused Ning Fan's gaze to turn cold instantly, and moments later, he collected his indifferent look.

He could naturally tell that the tone of the Liuhe Immortal Lord was very unfriendly. It seemed that summoning him to the First Peak definitely wouldn't be a good thing.

However, under the rooftop, Ning Fan now still needed to shelter under the protection of the Liuhe Immortal Lord while staying here. As long as he remained here, he had to abide by this place's rules, adhere to its Nine Decrees and Sixteen Prohibitions.

Within the Nine Decrees and Sixteen Prohibitions, the very first decree was that non-Black Devil Sect Masters must constantly heed the dispatches of the Liuhe Immortal Lord and must be at the ready, do not be mistaken. The violation of which, kill without mercy!

Now, the Liuhe Immortal Lord had sent out a message-transmitting flying sword to summon Ning Fan, and Ning Fan had to make a trip to the First Peak, otherwise, he would be seen as violating the decree.

"You all stay here and take a slight rest, I'll make a trip to the First Peak!"

Ning Fan instructed Xian Luoli and others with a word, then pointed with his toe and transformed directly into a golden spear, disappearing in a flash.

The distance from the Third Peak to the First Peak is quite far, but with Ning Fan's cultivation speed, he reached the foot of the First Peak almost instantly.

He looked up and glanced at the First Peak, his gaze slightly heavy.

He saw the entire First Peak surrounded by thousands of flame symbols, spiraling upwards around the nine-thousand zhang high fire peak.

On the Second Peak and Third Peak, nothing grows, while on the First Peak, not only do many fiery red trees and plants grow, but at the peak top stands a majestic palace.

That palace is where the Liuhe Immortal Lord resides. But reaching the palace is not an easy task.

The overwhelming flame symbols connect with the entire Nanli Fire Formation; if Ning Fan were to directly fly to the peak top of the First Peak, the symbols would be triggered, causing the whole Nanli Fire Formation to attack, though this formation still has flaws, due to intruders being inside the formation, its might would definitely be enough for Immortal Venerable cultivators to daunt!

Only by climbing step by step along the stone steps up the mountain will he avoid triggering the flame symbols' attack.

"Master Zhao Jian, quickly ascend to the peak top and see me! If you fail this task, die!"

The voice of the Liuhe Immortal Lord suddenly wafted down ethereally from the peak top of the First Peak, directly into Ning Fan's ears.

Ning Fan's gaze turned slightly cold; he detested being threatened more than anything else, yet the Liuhe Immortal Lord had dared to threaten him with death, violating his principles.

If he were alone, Ning Fan would have instantly turned against the Liuhe Immortal Lord due to this threat.

But unfortunately, he was accompanied by Xian Luoli, Zhao Die'er, and over a million barbarians...

For the sake of their safety, Ning Fan had no choice but to seek shelter within the formation array of the Liuhe Immortal Lord and endure this grievance.

Without saying much, he proceeded to ascend the stone steps up the mountain, one step at a time. Upon reaching a height of a thousand zhang on the First Peak, a thousand fire talismans suddenly erupted from the woodland, transforming into a massive fiery hand that aimed to grab Ning Fan.

Simultaneously, the voice of the Liuhe Immortal Lord echoed in Ning Fan's ears.

"A thousand Nanli Fire Talismans form the Lihuo Palm Imprint, capable of killing a Peak Crossing Truth Realm. If you cannot withstand this palm, then die!"

"I refuse to believe you are the Eternal Immortal Venerable; this is a test!"

As if he hadn't heard the Liuhe Immortal Lord's voice, Ning Fan's expression remained unchanged. When the fiery palm arrived, he opened his mouth wide and swallowed the devastating palm whole!

Then, unfazed, he continued his ascent, as if unscathed.

He climbed continually and when he reached a height of three thousand zhang, another three thousand fire talismans soared out of the woodland, collecting into a blazing cauldron that descended from the sky, aimed to crush him.

This blow's power was nearly enough to annihilate any Initiate Realm of Shekong Master! In this primitive and wild land filled with Banishing Immortal Force, even Demon Yuanzi, at the Shattered Thought Early Stage, might not withstand the cauldron's suppression!

"Three thousand Nanli Fire Talismans form the Nanli Cauldron, if you cannot withstand this technique, then die!" The Liuhe Immortal Lord's voice gradually reached him.

Ning Fan cast a cold glance at the fire cauldron; relying on the strength of his Grand Five Elements Body, he reached to the sky with five fingers, forcibly smashing the cauldron.

The broken flames of the cauldron were all swept into Ning Fan's mouth. He continued his ascent and reached six thousand zhang.

Having advanced to a height of six thousand zhang, six thousand fire talismans suddenly materialized, forming into a voluptuous, scantily clad Flame Devil woman.

Though not a peerless beauty, the woman's charms lay in her wet, alluring gaze. As soon as she appeared, she looked enticingly at Ning Fan, smiling flirtatiously.

Her gaze seemed capable of arousing lust in any man. This lust, known as Nanli Lust Fire, could incinerate any Abandoning-Void Middle Stage Cultivator!

"Six thousand Nanli Fire Talismans, are you capable of taking on this challenge?"

The voice of the Liuhe Immortal Lord slowly drifted over, but before it could finish, it shifted into a soft exclamation.

For Ning Fan was utterly unaffected by the Flame Devil woman's charm, not even slightly kindling any lustful thoughts from her glance.

Ignoring the Flame Devil woman altogether, he proceeded on his way.

Seeing her inability to seduce Ning Fan, the Flame Devil woman's face darkened with malice. With a sinister laugh, she lunged at Ning Fan, spewing a phantom sword of lust fire from her mouth to strike him down.

The sword carried the might of a Late Stage of Shekong attack. Despite H Ning Fan made no move to evade it and allowed the Lustfire Sword to strike him.

Though exceedingly sharp, when it struck Ning Fan's body, inexplicably, there was the clashing sound of gold and iron.

It was not merely physical defense that allowed Ning Fan to withstand the sword, but the constitution of his Six Desires Bone.

With the physique of Six Desires Bone and the Grand Five Elements Body, he feared neither lust nor fire. How could this sword harm him?

"Step back!"

Turning his head abruptly, Ning Fan cast a cold glance at the Flame Devil woman, emanating a dignified aura that caused the fire talismans within her to spiral out of control. With a scream, she exploded, transforming back into countless fire talismans that flew into the woodland.

Having done all this, Ning Fan continued his climb to the peak, facing no more impediments.

Atop the First Peak was but a solitary palace. Upon reaching this place, Ning Fan staggered slightly and appeared directly inside the palace.

Within the palace stood two figures, one being the Liuhe Immortal Lord, the other, the Miaoyan Immortal Honorific.

Seeing Ning Fan successfully reach this place, the Liuhe Immortal Lord's gaze was extremely sharp, with an unexpected glint in his eyes.

While Miaoyan Immortal Honorific smiled amicably at Ning Fan, though within his smile was a faint trace of concern.

She was worried about Ning Fan's safety. If Ning Fan encountered any danger on the path to the peak, she would definitely take action to save him, and she would never allow the Liuhe Immortal Lord to make a move against Ning Fan!

"I wonder what business the Liuhe Immortal Lord has in summoning Zhao here. If there's nothing, I will return to the Third Peak!"

Ning Fan stood ten zhang apart from the Liuhe Immortal Lord, staring coldly at each other. Although his cultivation was far inferior to the Liuhe Immortal Lord, if it came down to a fight, the Liuhe Immortal Lord would not gain any advantage.

"Master Zhao Jian! Do you know which decree and prohibition among the Nine Decrees and Sixteen Prohibitions you have violated?" the Liuhe Immortal Lord said expressionlessly, with a natural cold arrogance in his demeanor.

Ning Fan remained silent, quietly looking at the Liuhe Immortal Lord.

Seeing Ning Fan daring to ignore his question, the Liuhe Immortal Lord finally frowned, showing displeasure.

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific slowly walked to Ning Fan's side, standing shoulder to shoulder with him, expressing her solidarity with action, her beautiful eyes slightly cold as she said,

"Liuhe Daoist, your actions now seem different from what you said before. Didn't you say earlier that you summoned Daoist Zhao here to seek something, so why are you repeatedly making things difficult for Daoist Zhao? This act seems a bit much!"

"Oh? Miaoyan Daoist seems to be quite protective of this junior. If he is truly an Eternal Immortal Venerable, I would naturally have requests for him. The previous tests were just to confirm his cultivation, so there's no need for Miaoyan Daoist to be angry."

Having said that, the Liuhe Immortal Lord looked back at Ning Fan, the coldness in his eyes slightly reduced, and said,

"I established the Nine Decrees and Sixteen Prohibitions. The third decree states that no one in the Nanli Fire Formation is allowed to hide their identity, lest they be considered sinister and executed! The sixth decree states that anyone who might jeopardize the safety of the fire formation is not allowed to enter the formation. However, Miaoyan Daoist told me you were afflicted by the Summon Barbarian Technique of the Barbarian Clan, and you are now being hunted by thousands of Barbarian Beasts..."

Upon hearing this, Ning Fan glanced at Miaoyan Immortal Honorific, who showed a look of guilt.

She had told the Liuhe Immortal Lord about Ning Fan being affected by the Summon Barbarian Technique, hoping he would help Ning Fan get rid of it, but she didn't expect it to become a reason for the Liuhe Immortal Lord to provoke.

"Master Zhao Jian, afflicted by the Summon Barbarian Technique, you are not qualified to hide here. If you stay, you might lead countless Barbarian Beasts to attack us Human Masters, causing many to die because of you. This matter is too detrimental! Though Miaoyan Daoist requests me to help you break the Summon Barbarian Technique, on what basis should I help you!"

"You should also not continue to wear the Ghost Eye mask and hide your identity after entering this place! Remove your Ghost Eye mask and reveal your true identity! Within three breaths, if you do not remove the Ghost Eye mask..."

As he spoke, the Liuhe Immortal Lord pointed at the ground, causing the entire First Peak to shake and rumble.

Fire glyphs in the heavens and earth surged towards this place as if they were about to attack Ning Fan at any moment.

This time, it wouldn't be a thousand, or three thousand, or more than six thousand fire glyphs attacking Ning Fan.

This time, it would be all the fire glyphs in the Nanli Fire Formation attacking him, enough to annihilate all Masters below the rank of Immortal Venerable!

"Enough!"

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific's beautiful eyes turned cold, dismissing any chance for those fire glyphs to descend as she waved her hand, her fingers sketching out extremely profound starlight that dispersed all the glyphs.

"Liuhe Daoist, you're constantly making things difficult for Daoist Zhao, just to find an excuse to test his Immortal Venerable Cultivation. Fine, I'll do as you wish and test Zhao's Immortal Venerable Cultivation!"

She naturally wouldn't attack Ning Fan, conjuring a thread of purple starlight from her fingers and slicing it through the space in front of her, opening it up.

What she opened was her Life-bound Minor Thousand Realms, used to store some essential, precious items.

With a gentle wave of her soft palm, Miaoyan Immortal Honorific retrieved a treasure from her Life-bound Minor Thousand Realms, raising her pinkish neck and apologetically smiling at Ning Fan,

"The things that happened today are all my fault, Daoist Zhao. Originally, I planned to meet the Liuhe Immortal Lord first before seeking you with this treasure to repay the favor of saving my life. But now, I can present this item in person to validate your Immortal Venerable Cultivation so that Liuhe will have nothing to say."

Perhaps overly dissatisfied with the Liuhe Immortal Lord, Miaoyan Immortal Honorific didn't even bother to address him as a friend.

She quietly took out the treasure, without any reluctance or distress. In her view, no matter how precious the treasure was, it could never repay the life-saving grace from Ning Fan.

As the treasure radiated its brilliance, Ning Fan's eyes slightly showed a hint of emotion, while the Liuhe Immortal Lord directly showed displeasure, sternly saying,

"Miaoyan! You and I had an agreement that once this treasure was nurtured and took shape, you would sell it to me at the price of three Emperor Spirit Fruits. Why are you now giving it to someone else!"

"An agreement? I seem to have only promised to consider it, but never committed to anything. Now, I wish to give this item to Daoist Zhao, haha, what can you do about it?"

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific chuckled and then turned to Ning Fan.

Seeing the fleeting emotion in Ning Fan's eyes, she couldn't help but internally praise Ning Fan's steady nature...

Chapter 910: Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree

Even the usually gloomy Liuhe Immortal Lord was deeply moved and even angry about this object, yet Ning Fan only expressed surprise for a moment before completely restraining his emotions. In this contrast, Miaoyan Immortal Honorific naturally valued Ning Fan even more.

What she took out was a small tree emitting a seven-colored glow, planted in a jade basin. The soil in the jade basin was rich with the aura of the great Dao, indicating it was undoubtedly Dao Soil.

"I never thought that the gift Miaoyan Immortal Honorific wants to give me is actually a 'Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree'..." Ning Fan felt quite surprised in his heart and took a deep breath before saying to Miaoyan Immortal Honorific,

"This item is too precious; I cannot accept it!" His tone surprisingly had a hint of decisiveness.

Upon hearing this, Miaoyan Immortal Honorific regarded Ning Fan with even more respect, smiling softly, she said, "Though this item's reputation is grand, it's merely a sapling. Its value is not as immense as you imagine, Daoyou, feel free to accept it. Can it be that in your eyes, my life is worth less than this little tree? Besides, don't you need such a treasure tree to prove your cultivation..."

Of course, Miaoyan Immortal Honorific's words were simply polite. Even as a sapling, the value of the Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree is immeasurable, far beyond what Dao Crystals can purchase.

The tree's leaves are divided into seven colors, each made of different materials: purple gold, white silver, colored glaze, crystal, shell, coral, and amber. That's why the tree can emit seven-colored light.

A Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree that hasn't recognized a master is called a sapling. Once it recognizes a master, seven-colored runes will appear on the tree's body.

There are two ways to increase the number of seven-colored runes, one is at the initial recognition of the master, the other is through later nurturing.

As the runes increase, the Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree will gradually grow, delivering certain benefits for every hundred zhang it grows taller. When the tree reaches a height of a thousand zhang, it can even be used to refine an Innate Treasure!

If it were just this, it wouldn't fully display the tree's value. Its greatest value is that legends say once grown to ten thousand zhang in height, it can protect one's Dao, enhancing a slight chance of becoming a saint!

Of course, this is merely a legend. Within the Four Heavens, Seven Treasures Marvelous Trees are already rare, and no one has ever managed to grow one to ten thousand zhang high.

In the Western Heaven Immortal World, however, there was a Buddha Emperor who went through countless hardships and finally grew a Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree to a thousand zhang, refining it into an Innate Treasure. Among treasures of the same grade, few can withstand the sweeping of a Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree!

Although what Miaoyan Immortal Honorific is giving Ning Fan is just a sapling of the Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree, its value is already significant...

In the past, Liuhe Immortal Lord offered the price of three Emperor Spirit Fruits to purchase this tree from Miaoyan; the price of an Emperor Spirit Fruit? At least capable of fetching two trillion Dao Crystals if sold...

"Even though this tree is a sapling, it is already quite precious; the Immortal Honorific should keep it for personal use..."

Ning Fan hadn't finished speaking when he was directly interrupted by Liuhe Immortal Lord's cold and stern voice,

"This kid makes sense. Giving him the tree is a waste! Better sell it to me."

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific gently shook her head, looking only at Ning Fan, asking seriously, "Zhao Daoyou, you really don't want this tree? There's something about me Zhao Daoyou might not know. Whenever I give something away, if someone returns it to me, I will destroy it immediately, regardless of its value..." Her implication was clear: if Ning Fan did not accept the tree, she would rather destroy it.

"If Ning Daoyou is worried about the issue with the seven-colored runes and refuses to accept the tree, I've already thought of a way to help Daoyou cheat..." The last sentence was conveyed by Miaoyan Immortal Honorific through spirit sense.

Those on the first step of cultivation do not have the power to become the master of the sapling of the Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree. Forcibly doing so would result in one's cultivation being devoured by the tree.

Only cultivators on the second step can become the master of the Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree. However, the different cultivation levels result in a varied number of seven-colored runes appearing.

To cause ten seven-colored runes to appear during the first recognition, one must at least possess Guixuan Level cultivation.

To cause a hundred runes to appear requires at least a Truth-Transcending Cultivation Level.

To cause over a thousand runes to appear at once, one must at least be a Shekong Cultivator.

To make ten thousand runes appear on the Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree during the first recognition, only a Thought-Shattering Cultivator could achieve this.

If an Eternal Immortal Venerable recognizes the Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree, the first recognition would at least cause over fifty thousand seven-colored runes to appear.

Because of this tradition, Miaoyan Immortal Honorific had taken out the Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree for Ning Fan to recognize as proof of his Immortal Venerable status.

Truthfully, Miaoyan Immortal Honorific wasn't certain if Ning Fan's true cultivation reached the Eternity Realm; it was only a speculation on her part.

If Ning Fan truly were an Immortal Venerable, the tree would naturally prove his cultivation. If not, Miaoyan Immortal Honorific had yet another method to help Ning Fan cheat, ensuring over fifty thousand seven-colored runes appear on the Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree at once, leaving Liuhe Immortal Lord no grounds to trouble Ning Fan...

"Nurturing the Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree requires the use of a 'Dao Spring.' I happen to have a small bottle of Sixth Grade Dao Spring in my possession. Once used..."

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific privately communicated to Ning Fan, her tone sincere.

Ning Fan gave Miaoyan Immortal Honorific a profound look, replying through spirit sense, "Thank you."

He was not a pretentious person. With Miaoyan Immortal Honorific speaking to this extent, if he still refused to accept the Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree, it would appear overly affected.

He also wasn't someone to act ungratefully. If others kindly assisted him, he naturally wouldn't decline sternly.

"This tree, I will accept!"

Ning Fan took a deep breath, stepped closer to the Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree, and with a flick of his finger, caused a drop of blood essence to fly directly towards the treasure tree.

The face of Liuhe Immortal Lord changed instantly, and he raised his hand abruptly, trying to prevent Ning Fan from recognizing the tree as his master. The Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree can only recognize a single master in its lifetime and cannot change. If Ning Fan became its master, even if he tried to seize it, he couldn't reclaim the tree.

His divine skills were still brewing at his fingertips, yet to be cast before Miaoyan Immortal Honorific slightly moved to block his path.

"This tree, I have already given it to Daoist Zhao, Six Harmonies Daoist should refrain from acting recklessly. I also have a habit, which Six Harmonies Daoist seems unaware of. If I find someone pleasing to the eye, I wouldn't allow others to harm him."

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific's phoenix eyes were cold as frost, with a veiled threat in her words. Clearly, if Six Harmonies insisted on taking action, she might likely fall out with him for Ning Fan's sake.

Six Harmonies' expression rapidly shifted through various shades, but in the end, he suppressed all dissatisfaction, put away all expressions, and closed his eyes as if in slumber.

He would no longer hinder Ning Fan from becoming the master of the Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree. Offending Miaoyan for a mere sapling of the Seven Treasures Tree was not worth it!

He might look down on Ning Fan, doubt Ning Fan's strength, but he would never doubt the might of Miaoyan Immortal Honorific.

With the great calamity upon us, sparking internal strife with Miaoyan over a treasure tree, over Ning Fan, would be utterly unwise...

"This one's illustrious war achievements have already been fully reported to me by Teng Nan and Teng Bei, but I don't believe this one could kill three Immortal Venerables in succession! If he truly possessed such strength, why would he come to the Nanli Fire Formation, why endure my provocations when he could simply act! If he truly had that power, who in the primitive wilds could stand in his way!"

"Moreover, this one has also been affected by the Summon Barbarian Technique. If he stays in the Nanli Fire Formation, he will bring endless trouble for me. Given my nature, such trouble should naturally be eliminated early, but Miaoyan shields this one at every turn... The only thing I didn't foresee was the weight this one bears in Miaoyan's heart..."

"Forget it, let's give Miaoyan a bit of face and see how many runes this one can manifest from the Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree!"

Though Six Harmonies Immortal Honorific appeared to be sleeping with closed eyes, his spirit sense was continually focused on the Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree.

Suddenly, in a detached tone, he spoke to Ning Fan, "How about a wager? If you can make more than fifty thousand runes appear on the Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree, I'll give you three Emperor Spirit Fruits. If you can't, I won't harm you; you just have to obediently leave the Nanli Fire Formation. Do you dare accept? If you don't, I won't force you."

Ning Fan ignored Six Harmonies Immortal Honorific; he wouldn't casually partake in a gamble where he had no assurance. The moment his essence blood entered the Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree, he raised his palm and pressed it against the tree.

Immediately, the Seven Treasures Tree radiated streams of seven-colored brilliance, from within which the first seven-colored rune began to manifest, swirling around the Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree.

Following the first rune, the second, third, and fourth runes appeared in succession.

Ning Fan closed his eyes, beneath his eyelids, azure light flashed vigorously.

Though his eyes were shut, he could clearly sense all the Dao traces flowing around the Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree.

From these flowing Dao traces, Ning Fan gradually had an insight; the number of runes manifesting when the Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree first recognizes a master is indeed related to the cultivation level of the recognizer, but is also closely tied to other factors.

Even for Eternal Immortal Venerables with the same amount of Mana, some could manifest fifty thousand seven-colored runes, while others could manifest eighty thousand or a hundred thousand.

The number of runes the Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree reveals upon first recognition depends on three aspects: cultivation, bloodline, and Dao Enlightenment.

Ning Fan's cultivation might not be very high, but his bloodline rank surpassed Six Harmonies Immortal Honorific by far. As for Dao Enlightenment, it had reached the Second Realm of Tianren, and only a mere few in the world could match Ning Fan, certainly not Six Harmonies Immortal Honorific.

With Ning Fan's cultivation alone, he might not cause more than fifty thousand runes to appear on the Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree, but with his bloodline and Dao Enlightenment added, fifty thousand runes would surely not be difficult!

"You really won't take this wager?" Six Harmonies Immortal Honorific spoke again.

This time, Ning Fan glanced oddly at Six Harmonies Immortal Honorific and retorted, "You'll regret making this bet with me."

"Regret? In all matters, my way is never to regret. Right is right, and wrong is wrong. Winning is winning, losing is losing. My path is the path of emperors, victory or defeat as long as it is by one's own abilities, I have no complaints. But if you cheat using someone else's power... I will not turn a blind eye!"

Six Harmonies Immortal Honorific hinted, expecting that Miaoyan Immortal Honorific might intervene secretly to aid Ning Fan.

"Since you never regret your actions, then let's make this bet. Let's see if I, with my strength alone and no external help, can make this tree manifest more than fifty thousand runes!"

Hearing this, Six Harmonies Immortal Honorific burst into laughter, opened his eyes, and with a sweep of his sleeve, three brocade boxes immediately appeared in the air, swirling around.

Inside those three brocade boxes were Emperor Spirit Fruits, the wager, which he was obliged to hand over if he lost the bet.

He ultimately didn't believe Ning Fan could manifest over fifty thousand runes, nor did he think he would lose.

Ning Fan kept his eyes tightly shut, and after making the bet, he didn't utter another word.

His cultivation was originally at the Mid Stage Enlightenment, and a Crossing Truth Realm cultivator could typically condense only a hundred runes.

Around the Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree, seven-colored runes continually appeared, but when the number of runes reached five hundred, their rate of increase began to slow.

When they increased to eight hundred, the speed became as slow as a crawling tortoise.

When the count of seven-colored runes reached nine hundred and twenty-six, it seemed to hit a limit and couldn't increase further.

Six Harmonies Immortal Honorific's expression froze, and he thought to himself: is Ning Fan's true cultivation merely at the Crossing Truth Realm? Unable to condense a thousand runes, he hasn't even reached the Shedding Void Realm standard—a thousand runes.

Though he didn't believe Ning Fan was an Immortal Venerable, he also didn't think Ning Fan was merely at the Crossing Truth cultivation level.

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific was even more convinced that Ning Fan wasn't just a Crossing Truth Realm cultivator, secretly suspecting that Ning Fan might be preparing for some explosive act of power.

Neither of these two realized they had overestimated Ning Fan; 926 runes were Ning Fan's true power, with nothing fabricated.

Based solely on cultivation, he could only obtain this many seven-colored runes, but if bloodline rank is included...

"Now, I possess four kinds of bloodlines: God, Demon, Monster, and Calamity. Among them, the Calamity Bloodline is the lowest, only at the Seven-Star Remnant Blood rank..."

Ning Fan's gaze sharpened as he quietly activated the pressure of his Calamity Bloodline within his body. Although the pressure did not extend beyond a mere inch, it remained hidden within his palm. Even so, upon activating the Calamity Blood pressure, the runes surrounding the Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree surged in number once again.

927, 928, 929...

The Taicang Calamity Spirit, equivalent in power to the Late Stage Enlightenment, along with this bloodline pressure, caused the number of seven-colored runes to soar straight to 1157 before it stopped.

"The runes stopped increasing? 1157, equivalent to the Initiate Realm of Shekong..."

Liuhe Immortal Lord shook his head, believing that the number of runes would certainly increase again.

In his mind, he considered Ning Fan to be at least a Thought-Shattering Cultivator.

In his impression, Ning Fan had survived the Seven True Seven Illusionary Arrows shot by Ancestor Dulong, which must have been because his cultivation was beyond the scope of the Enlightenment and Shedding Void stages—likely at the Thought-Shattering Realm.

If Ning Fan indeed had the Thought-Shattering Realm cultivation, along with some special methods, it would make sense for him to accomplish the world-shaking feats of saving Miaoyan and slaying the Barbarian Ancestor...

"1157 wasn't his full strength; it should increase more..."

Liuhe Immortal Lord thought confidently, and indeed, when Ning Fan withdrew the Calamity Blood pressure and activated the Divine Blood pressure, the number of runes on the treasure tree increased again.

Ning Fan's level of Divine Blood was at the King level, but his Divine Blood wasn't just any Divine Blood—it was the true Ancient God Blood!

The true Ancient God Blood is extremely rare in the current world, and he also possessed three mind apertures!

Thus, his Divine Blood was exceptionally extraordinary; upon activating the Divine Blood pressure, the number of seven-colored runes skyrocketed immediately, increasing all the way to 3072.

After the runes reached such a number, Ning Fan scarcely paused before activating the pressure of his Monster Blood bloodline once more!

His Monster Bloodline was the Fu Li Demon Bloodline, reaching the ancestral-level of bloodlines, originally possessing four drops of ancestral blood, with three remaining after burning one that day!

A Monster Cultivator with three drops of ancestral blood, in any of the True Spirit Races, is certainly an Immortal King Level Old Monster!

Therefore, once Ning Fan activated the Monster Blood pressure, the number of seven-colored runes on the Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree soared, with nearly a thousand new runes being born every breath!

Such a speed of rune increase was definitely astonishing!

Within ten breaths, the number of runes on the treasure tree reached over 15,000!

After sixty breaths, the number of runes on the tree directly broke through to about 71,000!

Liuhe Immortal Lord took a fierce step forward, seemingly wanting to get closer to see if these runes were fake.

After confirming that the runes weren't faked, he carefully scrutinized Miaoyan Immortal Honorific, with a look of suspicion in his eyes, as if suspecting her of assisting. Yet from Miaoyan Immortal Honorific's eyes, he saw a trace of shock.

Evidently, the 71,000 rune count was not aided by Miaoyan; it was condensed by Ning Fan himself!

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific was secretly astonished, naturally shocked that Ning Fan had condensed 71,000 runes as if there was no one else present.

Such a number of runes, an ordinary Immortal Lord could absolutely not produce, and those who could create such a number of runes were at least some powerful Immortal Lords!

"Seventy-one thousand... Could this boy truly be an Immortal Lord? If he is indeed an Immortal Lord, then why... Hiss, the runes have increased again!" Liuhe Immortal Lord had begun to doubt his speculation when his gaze was once more shaken in the next instant.

Seeing the number of runes reach 71,000 and pause slightly, then starting to increase again.

This time, the runes soared all the way to 110,000 before they ceased rising!

This time, Ning Fan used the Demon Blood pressure, his Demon Bloodline was the Moluo Bloodline, not as rare as the Fu Li Bloodline, but with four drops of ancestral blood, more than the Fu Li Ancestor Blood, so the increase in runes wasn't too lacking either.

Liuhe Immortal Lord's eyes were filled with incomprehensible shock, 110,000 runes! Such a number, only an Immortal King could accomplish!

"No! This boy couldn't possibly be an Immortal King! If he were an Immortal King, I wouldn't be a match for him at all; challenging him, he would have attacked directly! He's not an Immortal King, yet how can one explain this number of runes..."

Liuhe Immortal Lord's heart was unsettled, pondering, when suddenly he saw Ning Fan open his eyes.

He didn't see the fleeting azure spike in Ning Fan's eyes; that azure spike was the full manifestation of the Tianren Second Realm's azure qi!

He merely felt that at this moment, Ning Fan's eyes seemed ancient and eerie, as if he could see through everything in the world!

Such an eerie gaze, Liuhe Immortal Lord had never seen anyone possess before, not even among the twenty-eight Ancient Emperors of Stars in the Four Oceans Sect!

Even a Quasi-Saint's gaze might not penetrate souls as Ning Fan's did!

That sense of seeing through all only flashed and then disappeared, never appearing again in Ning Fan's eyes. It made Liuhe Immortal Lord almost feel that the sensation a moment ago was just an illusion...

He didn't know that the gaze was the result of Ning Fan utilizing the azure qi of the Tianren Second Realm.

There are three variables that can determine the number of runes on the Seven Treasure Wonder Tree: cultivation, bloodline, and enlightenment.

Relying on cultivation alone, Ning Fan can only make the number of runes reach 926.

Adding the four levels of bloodlines, he can make the number of runes exceed 110,000!

Now, adding the enlightenment of the Second Realm of Tianren, such high insight causes the runes around the Seven Treasure Wonder Tree to continuously emerge!

120,000, 130,000, 140,000...

The number of runes increased all the way to 1,350,000 before stopping. Such a quantity cannot be achieved even by ordinary Immortal Emperors!

Could Ning Fan possibly be an Immortal Emperor? Of course not!

The Liuhe Immortal Lord wouldn't believe that Ning Fan is an Immortal Emperor, but can't understand how Ning Fan was able to make the number of runes on the Seven Treasure Wonder Tree reach 1,350,000...

He stood there as if in a daze, staring at the Seven Treasure Wonder Tree, almost suspecting that the tree was fake.

If it's not fake, then this Seven Treasure Wonder Tree must be broken...

If...

No matter what the Liuhe Immortal Lord thought in his heart, when he looked at Ning Fan again, he could no longer be as disrespectful as before, and there was caution in his eyes.

The more unknown something is, the more it incites caution and fear. The Liuhe Immortal Lord simply couldn't see what method Ning Fan used to produce the 1,350,000 runes...

"It seems Zhao won this wager."

Ning Fan cast a deep, warning-filled glance at the Liuhe Immortal Lord.

He believed that even if the Liuhe Immortal Lord didn't believe he had the cultivation of an Immortal Emperor, he would definitely be very cautious and wouldn't act rashly because of the 1,350,000 runes...

The Liuhe Immortal Lord wasn't known for a particularly good personality, but he always honored bets, for it was his path and he couldn't easily go against it.

In the end, he lost three Emperor Spirit Fruits to Ning Fan.

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific, with beautiful eyes, was stunned and suddenly transmitted a message to Ning Fan, "Did you use some method I couldn't see to pour a large quantity of middle-ranked Dao Spring onto the Seven Treasure Wonder Tree?"

"No..." Ning Fan gave Miaoyan Immortal Honorific an odd glance.

If he could really deceive Miaoyan and Liuhe's senses and make some small moves, he would at least need to have strength comparable to an Immortal Honorific...

Such strength, he did not possess, but Miaoyan Immortal Honorific preferred to believe that Ning Fan had done something in secret that she couldn't see through...

Ning Fan waved his sleeve and collected the three brocade boxes containing the Emperor Spirit Fruits, just about to also collect the Seven Treasure Wonder Tree, when a sharp light flashed in his eyes.

He saw the small jade basin could no longer accommodate the roots and stems of the Seven Treasure Wonder Tree. The roots stabbed through the bonsai like spikes, growing out wildly.

The originally seven-foot-high Seven Treasure Wonder Tree began to grow madly, absorbing 1,350,000 runes, and within ten breaths, it shot up to 135 zhang high, piercing through the hall's roof, growing straight up!

For every hundred-zhang the Seven Treasure Wonder Tree grows, it bestows immense benefits to the Tree Lord.

At this moment, the Seven Treasure Wonder Tree conquered by Ning Fan had already reached a height of 135 zhang, surpassing the hundred-zhang bottleneck, naturally granting Ning Fan a great benefit.

Seven fruits suddenly flew down from the Seven Treasure Wonder Tree, each with different textures: purple gold, white silver, colored glaze, crystal, shell, coral, amber.

The seven fruits transformed into seven streams of light, directly shooting into Ning Fan's Dantian, where they dissolved instantly.

In an instant, seven strands of energy surged through Ning Fan's body, refining themselves, transforming into Ning Fan's mana!

Ning Fan's cultivation had already reached the Mid Stage Enlightenment, but influenced by the energy of these seven fruits, his mana surged quietly and headed toward the Late Stage Enlightenment, stopped just short of a breakthrough, but not far off!

In just ten breaths, Ning Fan's mana had multiplied several times!

Though he had not broken through to the Late Stage Enlightenment, the day of breakthrough was surely near!

To think that growing a tree could provide such benefits! Ning Fan suddenly felt a burgeoning anticipation towards the Seven Treasure Wonder Tree...

"It's a pity that the fruits born at a hundred-zhang height are of little use to us Immortal Venerables..." Miaoyan Immortal Honorific sighed softly, comforting Ning Fan.

In her eyes, Ning Fan, being a dignified Immortal Venerable, might find the energy contained in the seven fruits lacking.

She naturally didn't know that Ning Fan's cultivation was quite low and had gained immensely from this tree...