

## Grasping 911

### Chapter 911: The Enemy Arrives

The Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree gave Ning Fan a blessing, making Ning Fan's mana significantly increase, and the breakthrough to the Late Stage Enlightenment seems not far away.

After uprooting the Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree, Ning Fan's gaze swept towards Liuhe Immortal. He saw a trace of fear in Liuhe's eyes.

1.35 million Seven-Colored Runes successfully intimidated Liuhe Immortal Lord. Such an achievement is not something an ordinary Immortal Emperor can achieve, but Ning Fan did it...

"This person is definitely not an Immortal Emperor, nor possibly an Immortal King. Otherwise, within the wilds, this person would be rampant and would not need to hide in this king's South Li Fire Formation."

"The reason this person can condense 1.35 million runes must be due to borrowing some external force. Although he borrowed external power, the fact that he could maneuver under this king's nose also shows that this person is extraordinary. This person hides behind a ghost face, conceals his true cultivation even with this king's power of insight, but I suspect his cultivation might truly have reached the Timeless Realm..."

"In this case, even if not for Miaoyan's sake, just looking at this person's strength alone, this king should not offend him too deeply..."

Liuhe Immortal Lord maintained a serene appearance but internally decided that unless necessary, he would never actively provoke Ning Fan again. Upon glimpsing Ning Fan's eye, there was now a hint of courtesy, precisely the outcome Ning Fan desired.

"With this intimidation, Liuhe Immortal should not come to trouble me again..." thought Ning Fan to himself.

Liuhe Immortal Lord's previous troubles and tests were unwelcomed by Ning Fan, but ultimately Ning Fan did not tear face with Liuhe.

This South Li Fire Formation belongs to Liuhe Immortal's fire formation and is the station for human cultivators, with two human clan Immortal Honorifics overseeing.

Staying here ensures better protection for Xian Luoli, Zhao Die'er, and millions of stone warriors; leaving could risk attacks from hordes of Barbarian Beast, Barbarian Ancestor...

To leverage the protection provided by the two Immortal Venerables and the South Li Fire Formation for the people of Tianman City, Ning Fan did not wish the relationship with Liuhe to become too strained.

"As long as this Liuhe Immortal Lord does not cross my final line, I can let today's matters go..."

Ning Fan's final line consists of Xian Luoli, Zhao Die'er, and the millions of stone warriors.

For their safety, Ning Fan can endure the past events.

For their safety, Ning Fan is equally capable of doing astonishing deeds.

This is the line! This, is his Dao!

"This king already believes that Daoist Zhao possesses the cultivation level of an Immortal Venerable. Therefore, this king wishes to make a request to Daoist Zhao and hopes Daoist Zhao will not refuse." Liuhe Immortal Lord's tone was visibly more courteous than before.

"A request? I wonder what Liuhe Immortal Lord wishes to request of Zhao?"

Ning Fan's eyes twinkled slightly, for in genuinely following his heart, he was unwilling to agree to any personal requests from Liuhe Immortal Lord.

"This king's request is not a personal matter but a public matter. This affair definitely does not exceed Daoist's capabilities, so Daoist Zhao need not worry, and I kindly ask Daoist Zhao not to refuse." After speaking, Liuhe Immortal Lord slowly opened his mouth to state his request.

Half an hour later, Ning Fan and Miaoyan Immortal Honorific walked out of the palace and left the First Peak. Ning Fan's expression was quite complicated.

Liuhe Immortal Lord's request was for Ning Fan to preside over the South Li Fire Formation's Third Peak, becoming its Peak Master and unlocking the flame runes of the Third Peak.

The South Li Fire Formation is the defense formation of the human station, consisting of three fire peaks. Each fire peak seals countless flame runes within. Those runes are named Lihuo Runes.

The First Peak rises nine thousand zhang high, and nine million Lihuo Runes are sealed within.

The Second Peak rises six thousand zhang high, holding only six million Lihuo Runes.

The Third Peak rises a thousand zhang high, sealing only one million Lihuo Runes.

The power of South Li Fire Formation is closely related to the total number of runes unlocked from the three fire peaks; the more runes unlocked, the greater the formation's power.

The First Peak has always been presided over by Liuhe Immortal Lord, who with his strength can barely unlock seven million runes within, which is his limit; the remaining two million runes cannot be unlocked.

Before Miaoyan and Ning Fan arrived, there was no Peak Master presiding over the Second Peak and Third Peak. Thus, the runes within the peaks remained sealed. Ordinary Fragmented Thought Cultivators had their cultivation suppressed by the Banishing Immortal Force, rendering them too weak to unlock the runes within the peaks.

Liuhe Immortal Lord's idea was to have Miaoyan Immortal Honorific preside over the Second Peak, unlocking the six million runes therein; and have Ning Fan preside over the Third Peak, unlocking the million runes within.

In this manner, the total runes of South Li Fire Formation could increase from the previous seven million to fourteen million, effectively doubling the formation's power!

If Barbarian Beasts, Barbarian Ancestors, or Demon Race Immortal Venerables come to attack, with the enhanced power of South Li Fire Formation, it can better defend.

"Unexpectedly, Liuhe Immortal Lord would request me to take charge of the Third Peak, becoming the Peak Master of the Third Peak..." Ning Fan pondered thoughtfully.

Becoming the Peak Master of the Third Peak and unlocking the runes within elevates the power of South Li Fire Formation and better protects the cultivators and stone warriors within the formation.

This matter was not a private request from Liuhe Immortal Lord, but a public matter. Thus, Ning Fan did not refuse it.

"I'm now heading to the Second Peak... Daoist Zhao, having been hit by the Summon Barbarian Dark Art of the Fifth Generation Barbarian Ancestor, is there any discomfort in your body?" As they flew out of the First Peak's range, Miaoyan suddenly expressed concern to Ning Fan.

"It's fine, Zhao's body does not feel any discomfort. Thank you, Immortal Honorific, for your concern." Besides the previous Barbarian Pattern backlash, Ning Fan's Barbarian Pattern on the left face did not have any discomfort.

To Miaoyan Immortal Honorific's concern, Ning Fan returned a kind smile.

"Not to hide from you, Daoist, I possess a certain secret technique. If three Immortal Venerable level experts could protect you, even the Summon Barbarian Technique could be broken. However, this technique has a drawback, it might cost you a little cultivation... I originally intended to ask the Union Ally to assist, to help you break the Summon Barbarian Technique, but I didn't expect to cause you quite a bit of trouble... Fortunately, it's all over now..."

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific's tone was full of apology.

If it weren't for her leaking the fact that Ning Fan was affected by the Summon Barbarian Technique, he wouldn't have been in so much trouble and almost had a falling out with Liuhe Immortal Lord.

Her intention was good, but she almost messed things up...

"Now Liuhe's attitude towards you has changed. If Zhao Daoyou needs, I can ask Liuhe to help, along with your daughter, and myself, all three can protect you, surely breaking the Summon Barbarian Technique inside you. Daoist Zhao, do you need my assistance to break this Summon Barbarian Technique? If needed, feel free to ask."

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific displayed extreme sincerity; Ning Fan had saved her life, and she would certainly not sit idly by if he needed help.

The Summon Barbarian Technique had brought Ning Fan a lot of trouble, but not without benefits. After pondering, Ning Fan replied,

"Thank you for your kindness, Immortal Honorific sincerely treats Zhao. Zhao would not hide from the Immortal Honorific, this Summon Barbarian Technique may not necessarily be a bad thing for Zhao. If not removed, it may even turn out to be an opportunity. Zhao doesn't plan to remove the Summon Barbarian Technique just yet, but will surely seek your assistance if truly needed."

"Oh? The Barbarian Clan's Summon Barbarian Dark Art can even become your opportunity?" Miaoyan Immortal Honorific was slightly surprised but did not inquire further.

Upon learning Ning Fan was not troubled by the Summon Barbarian Technique, Miaoyan Immortal Honorific no longer brought it up, exchanged a few pleasantries, and then returned to the Second Peak.

As for Ning Fan, he returned alone to the Third Peak, gave a few instructions to Xian Luoli and others before heading directly to the top of the Third Peak.

The summit of the Third Peak was desolate, without any grass, wood, or palaces. As his foot touched the ground, a scorching wave of air rushed towards Ning Fan. This wave was enough to threaten the life of a first step cultivator, yet naturally, it posed no harm to Ning Fan at all.

With a flicker, Ning Fan entered the Xuan Yin Treasure.

Called to the First Peak by Liuhe, Ning Fan faced some difficulties but also gained a lot.

He received the Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree from Miaoyan Immortal Honorific. Once inside Xuan Yin Treasure, Ning Fan planted this tree near the Western Realm Cave Dwelling.

The Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree now stood 135 zhang tall. If it grows to 200 zhang tall, it can once again bring benefits to Ning Fan. To make the tree grow taller, the number of Seven-Colored Runes on the tree needs to be increased.

After recognizing its master, the only remaining way to increase the runes on the tree was to water it with Daoquan, to promote its growth.

Daoquan, also known as Great Dao Spring Water, is a relatively rare Spiritual Spring, divided into nine grades, with ninth grade being the lowest and first grade being the highest.

Throughout his journey, Ning Fan has occasionally obtained some ninth and eighth grade Daoquan through killing and seizing treasures. With no other use, they are perfect for watering the Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree.

One small bottle of ninth grade Daoquan could sell for ten million Dao Crystals, while eighth grade Daoquan could go for fifty million Dao Crystals.

Ning Fan had hundreds of bottles of Daoquan, which he used to water the Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree.

With hundreds of bottles of Daoquan, the number of runes on the Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree increased slightly, adding about two hundred.

Two hundred or so runes only made the Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree grow by two inches...

"The Daoquan I possess, equivalent to tens of billions of Dao Crystals, only made the Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree grow taller by two inches..."

Ning Fan was inwardly speechless, realizing that making the Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree grow to 200 zhang tall would require thousands of billions of Dao Crystals to purchase Daoquan.

The Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree is indeed a money-burning tree...

"The Daoquan I have is now exhausted. I can only wait to buy more Daoquan in the future to continue watering the Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree..."

Ning Fan then took out three brocade boxes containing Emperor Spirit Fruit and examined them closely.

He won three Emperor Spirit Fruits from Liuhe Immortal Lord, a considerable gain indeed.

The Emperor Spirit Fruit is an exclusive Immortal Fruit of the Southern Heaven Immortal World, consuming it can increase the sovereign qi within a cultivator.

Having enough sovereign qi is one of the important conditions to enter the Immortal Emperor Realm. This Immortal Fruit aids in cultivating sovereign qi, hence it is precious. Every time the Emperor Spirit Fruit appears, it is fiercely contested by Timeless Realm Elders.

The energy contained in the Emperor Spirit Fruit is immense. Consuming it requires at least Timeless Realm cultivation, otherwise a considerable portion of its medicinal power is wasted...

For Ning Fan, the Timeless Realm is still afar...

"Currently, my cultivation is insufficient to consume the Emperor Spirit Fruit... Cultivating sovereign qi need not be rushed. These three Emperor Spirit Fruits should be saved for after attaining the Timeless Realm for consumption."

Ning Fan placed the three Emperor Spirit Fruits in the Western Realm Cave Dwelling. With a flicker, he left the Xuan Yin Treasure, returning to the summit of the Third Peak. He casually took out a small golden house from his storage pouch and rapidly raised it. As it grew against the wind, it gradually transformed into a majestic Golden Palace, landing heavily at the peak.

This small golden house was a Cauldron Ring grade magical treasure, not high-grade. Such low-level magical treasures were abundant for Ning Fan.

Ning Fan gradually stepped into the Golden Palace, standing with his hands behind his back, waiting quietly. After an incense stick's worth of time, a team of cultivators flew to the summit of the Third Peak, waiting outside the Golden Palace.

This team consisted of thirteen people, all Shedding Void Stage experts from the Yin-Hai Battle Division. The leader was the commander of the Yin-Hai Battle Division, the Fragmented Thought Elder Sang Chong.

Sang Chong came to this place under the orders of Liuhe Immortal Lord, to deliver the formation array command flag of the Third Peak into Ning Fan's hands.

He held a jade box with a secure seal and respectfully addressed the Golden Palace,

"Junior Sang Chong, seeking an audience with the Senior."

"Enter," Ning Fan replied indifferently.

"Yes!"

Sang Chong, leading numerous Shedding Void old monsters, entered the Golden Palace and handed the jade box to Ning Fan, respectfully saying,

"Junior, following the command of the Liuhe Immortal Lord, has specially brought the Third Peak Command Flag to Senior, please verify."

In front of Ning Fan, Sang Chong dared not even take a deep breath, fearing to anger Ning Fan, nor dared to recklessly use his spirit sense to probe Ning Fan. Ning Fan swallowing his spirit sense before had left a psychological shadow, which made him feel a trace of awe facing Ning Fan at this moment.

"So this is the formation command flag of the Third Peak..."

Ning Fan removed the seal on the jade box, taking out a small fiery red banner. On the banner, there were five Divine Seal Script characters written: 'Nanli Third Peak'.

Only by possessing this formation command flag can one become the Peak Master of the Third Peak, able to unseal the Lihuo runes within the Fire Peak.

This command flag was specially refined by the Liuhe Immortal Lord; without his permission, others simply cannot activate the flag's power...

And if Liuhe Immortal Lord wills it, this command flag will immediately return to his hand, beyond anyone's snatching...

"The command flag has been delivered, please Senior Zhao quickly perform the spell to unseal the million runes of the Third Peak. We, juniors, are fire cultivators and wish to stay here to protect Senior!"

Sang Chong's tone was extremely respectful, but inwardly he was complaining.

The Liuhe Immortal Lord sent him here firstly to deliver the command flag to Ning Fan, and secondly to protect Ning Fan.

Unsealing the Lihuo runes is extremely dangerous; even the Liuhe Immortal Lord needs protection from others.

On that day, when the Liuhe Immortal Lord unsealed seven million Lihuo runes from the First Peak, he invited twenty-four old monsters to protect him.

Among the twenty-four, four were Fragmented Thought elders, and the rest all had cultivations above the Shedding Void Stage. That day, Sang Chong was not among the protectors and did not know the specifics of the situation.

The only thing he knew was that after Liuhe Immortal Lord successfully unsealed seven million Lihuo runes, among the twenty-four old monsters who protected him, seventeen were severely injured, and seven were lightly injured...

"Teng Nan and Teng Bei have been dispatched by the Liuhe Immortal Lord to the Second Peak to protect the Wonderful Speech Immortal Honorific. As for this old man, he has been sent here to protect Senior Zhao Jian... Alas, protecting is too dangerous; today, I'm afraid I'll have to bear some injuries..." Sang Chong sighed inwardly, and the twelve Shedding Void old monsters behind him were all showing dismal expressions.

The thirteen of them each took out Dao Weapons and magical treasures, guarded themselves, and surrounded Ning Fan, forming a formation in the palace with tense expressions.

Ning Fan ignored these protectors, his eyes glowing azure, secretly activating the Momentum Character Secret, studying the seal formation of the Third Peak's runes.

At the same time, a thunderous sound came from the direction of the Second Peak, along with sky-high flames, which indicated that the Wonderful Speech Immortal Honorific was unsealing the Lihuo runes of the Second Peak.

Without hastening to unseal the runes of the Third Peak, Ning Fan's gaze condensed slightly, and amidst the puzzled gazes of Sang Chong and others, he walked out of the Golden Palace and sent his spirit sense towards the Second Peak's direction.

Inside the Second Peak, there were six million Lihuo runes sealed. At the moment, runes were continuously flying out of the Second Peak. And whenever a rune flew out, the great momentum of heaven and earth would be disrupted, forming great blades of power indistinguishable to the naked eye, slicing down from the void.

There were a total of sixteen old monsters protecting the Wonderful Speech Immortal Honorific, among whom two were Thought-Shattering Cultivators—the leaders of the ZiChou Battle Division, Teng Nan and Teng Bei.

Among the sixteen, people were constantly being wounded by the great blades of power—this was the danger of unsealing the Lihuo runes.

If not for the high cultivation of the Wonderful Speech Immortal Honorific who was fiercely suppressing the great momentum, merely relying on the cultivation of Teng Nan, Teng Bei, and the others, they would likely be directly shredded by the great blades of power.

"These great blades of power, extremely dangerous to others, but to me..."

Ning Fan returned to the center of the Golden Palace amidst Sang Chong and others' confused gazes, secretly activated the Momentum Character Secret, and then ceremoniously raised the command flag in his hand.

Upon seeing Ning Fan finally start unsealing the runes, Sang Chong and the old monsters all had tense expressions, readying themselves with utmost vigilance.

As soon as the command flag soared into the air, numerous fire glows dispersed, directly causing the entire Third Peak to shake.

The shaking was initially gentle but soon became intense, producing a booming sound.

Furthermore, numerous fire runes recklessly flew out from the Fire Peak, completely disrupting the great momentum of this world!

A series of bright white sword beams appeared incessantly over the Third Peak, and upon formation, they sliced towards the direction of the Golden Palace one after another.

These bright white sword beams were all great blades of power, and in just a moment, they shredded the entire Golden Palace into dust!

Inside the Golden Palace, everyone suffered strikes from the great blades of power: ten, a hundred, a thousand... As more runes were unsealed, the number of great blades of power falling from the sky increased!

Initially, Sang Chong and others could contend against the blades, avoiding injuries, but when the number of great blades surpassed three thousand, their defenses began to falter, and old monsters kept groaning and suffering injuries...

Though Sang Chong had Fragmented Thought Cultivation, he still inevitably suffered some injuries.

Ning Fan formed seals with his fingers, activated the power of the command flag, and continuously unsealed Lihuo runes, standing right at the center of the great blades of power's attacks.

However, no wound appeared on him, and he was completely unscathed by the countless great blades of power falling from the sky.

In terms of real cultivation, Ning Fan was inferior to Sang Chong, indeed to any Shedding Void guardian here.

But in terms of control over momentum, not to mention Sang Chong, even Liuhe and Wonderful Speech, the two Immortal Lords couldn't compare to Ning Fan who comprehended the Momentum Character Secret!

At this moment, Ning Fan had activated the Momentum Character Secret to its utmost! He was clearly standing there, unmoved, yet for some reason, every great blade of power slicing towards him bizarrely veered inches aside, avoiding him without cutting!

Sang Chong and the thirteen other old monsters widened their eyes in disbelief as they watched this scene.

They couldn't comprehend how Ning Fan avoided the slash of the Blade of Momentum. The divine skill involved was too profound for them to understand!

What baffled them more was that sudden step Ning Fan took forward!

Ning Fan took a step forward. Without using any divine skills, this step gave Sang Chong and others an indescribable sense of mystery, as if this step trod upon the very veins of the Great Dao.

Originally, the momentum here was chaotic, but after Ning Fan took that step, the chaotic momentum gradually began to stabilize...

Two steps, three steps, four steps...

Ning Fan slowly moved forward, taking nine steps. With the use of the Momentum Character Secret, the chaos here was completely pacified by Ning Fan's mere nine steps, halting the flow of momentum!

The blades of momentum shattered directly in the sky.

More and more fire runes shot out from the Third Peak, merging into the entire Nanli Fire Formation, but no more blades of momentum appeared.

"Senior Zhao's divine skill is truly astonishing, even able to quell the momentum! What kind of divine skill is this!"

Sang Chong and the others were all shocked, looking at Ning Fan with unprecedented fervor.

This feat was beyond even the Liuhe Immortal Lord, yet Ning Fan accomplished it. Could it be that Ning Fan was not only an Eternal Immortal Venerable but also one with a cultivation level higher than Liuhe Immortal Lord?

"This boy only took nine steps and managed to quell the momentum!"

On the First Peak, the Liuhe Immortal Lord, who had been watching the Third Peak, was even more apprehensive of Ning Fan.

What he could not do, Ning Fan accomplished effortlessly...

On the Second Peak, the Miaoyan Immortal Honorific, who had successfully unsealed six million Lihuo Runes, was captivated by this spectacle.

She had just unsealed all the runes of the Second Peak and sensed Ning Fan quelling the momentum. She felt both surprised and found it to be expected.

Several dozen breaths later, the million runes of the Third Peak were entirely unsealed by Ning Fan.

At this moment, the Nanli Fire Formation had absorbed 14 million runes, greatly enhancing its power.

Ning Fan and Sang Chong, having finished unsealing the runes, had no time to rest when suddenly, from the distant void outside the fire formation, an overwhelming beastly roar was heard!

In the distance, over eight million barbarian beasts had assembled, charging towards the Nanli Fire Formation!

Following behind the eight million barbarian beasts were three hidden Barbarian Ancestors.

These three Barbarian Ancestors were the Fourth Ancestor, the Second Ancestor, and the tardy First-Generation Barbarian Ancestor!

"First-Generation, First-Generation, you certainly took your time to arrive, but since you are here now, we can finally make a move on that child who fell to the Summon Barbarian Technique. The three of us can all exert the power of Immortal Venerables, while among the humans, only two Immortal Venerables are overseeing. Capturing that child shouldn't be difficult!" the Fourth Ancestor chuckled sinisterly.

"But before capturing the child, we must first give him a grand gift... These eight million barbarian beasts are for him to devour! Once these beasts are all dead, we shall make our move. Patience, patience..." the Second Ancestor said with a sinister smile, licking his lips.

The First-Generation Barbarian Ancestor stood on the White Bone sword, calmly observing the scene before him with a cold expression, not uttering a word.

In his heart, he seemed to be absolutely confident in the matter of capturing Ning Fan.

His strength was the greatest among the first six Barbarian Ancestors, rivaled only by the gifted Seventh Generation Barbarian Ancestor Fan Mokong.

With eight million barbarian beasts attacking, the human cultivators within the fire formation were immediately filled with cries of alarm.

These human experts had no idea why eight million barbarian beasts were assaulting them! They did not know that these beasts were drawn by the Summon Barbarian Technique within Ning Fan.

The Liuhe Immortal Lord's gaze turned cold, his expression unprecedentedly serious, as he glanced towards the Third Peak. After a sigh, he dismissed the coldness in his eyes.

He had been constantly making things difficult for Ning Fan, even wanting to expel him from the fire formation, fearing that the Summon Barbarian Technique within Ning Fan would attract a massive beast assault.

Unfortunately, he had not succeeded in driving Ning Fan away...

"Enough, what's done is done, no use talking further! With this King, Miaoyan, and Zhao Jian overseeing this Nanli Fire Formation, even with eight million barbarian beasts attacking, what is there to fear?"

Liuhe Immortal Lord's gaze was resolute as he flew from the First Peak, ascending into the sky, saying aloud,

"Dao Friend Miaoyan, Dao Friend Zhao, please join me in controlling the three fire peaks of the Nanli Fire Formation to repel these barbarian beasts!"

With those words, the Liuhe Immortal Lord raised the formation command flag of the First Peak, his spirit sense changing constantly.

Immediately, seven million runes from the Nanli Fire Formation began to flicker, converging into a sky-covering flame palm, striking towards the distant barbarian beast horde.

The power of a single palm was almost comparable to an Immortal Venerable Strike!

With just one strike, tens of thousands of barbarian beasts at the center of the horde perished, but more beasts, appearing crazed, ignited their beast blood without regard for anything else, crashing directly towards the Nanli Fire Formation...

Chapter 912: The Eighth Life of Young Barbarian Su (Part 2)

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

One by one, the Barbarian Beasts charged fiercely, fearlessly crashing into the Nanli Fire Formation.

Quite a few Barbarian Beasts ignited their own blood, self-destructing, and the resulting shockwaves pounded the fire formation, creating hideous cracks.

Sixteen Sui Nian Barbarian Beasts gathered together, simultaneously spewing Barbarian Flashes, bombarding the fire formation. Instantly, the entire boundary of the fire formation shook violently, as if an earthquake had struck, the ground quaking and mountains swaying.

Cracks increased on the Nanli Fire Formation. Seeing this, Liuhe Immortal Lord suddenly clasped his hands together and shouted,

"Nanli Three Peaks, show the mountain souls!"

Immediately, the three fiery peaks began shaking in unison, each producing a phantom shadow from beneath.

As soon as the three shadows emerged, they transformed into three giant Vermilion Bird apparitions, their bodies composed of illusory flames.

Liuhe Immortal Lord changed his spirit sense, and seven million fire symbols instantly flowed into the first Vermilion Bird's body. Initially, the Vermilion Bird's eyes were hollow, but after merging with the fire symbols, it became fierce.

With the integration of seven million fire symbols, the Vermilion Bird's aura reached the Shattered Thought Peak realm.

Under Liuhe Immortal Lord's control, the Vermilion Bird burst from the fire formation, almost immaterial, burning the Barbarian Beasts it encountered into ashes with its raging fire.

A Sui Nian Barbarian Beast roared, charging at the Vermilion Bird and self-destructing, the resultant shockwave shattering the Vermilion Bird into seven million fire symbols.

Yet as the fire symbols coalesced, the Vermilion Bird reformed, resurrecting through fire, once more charging toward the Barbarian Beasts.

Soon, a large number of Barbarian Beasts were once again screaming and falling.

"Fellow Daoists, quickly like this king, integrate the fire symbols into the Vermilion Bird apparitions to kill the enemy with half the effort!" Liuhe Immortal Lord transmitted to Miaoyan and Ning Fan.

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific nodded, pointing at the Vermilion Bird apparition formed by the second peak, six million fire symbols merged into this Vermilion Bird's body. Subsequently, with a gentle flick, the second Vermilion Bird also flew from the fire formation, commencing the massacre upon eight hundred thousand Barbarian Beasts.

Ning Fan likewise activated his Divine Skills, merging a million fire symbols into the third Vermilion Bird's body, then commanded the third Vermilion Bird to launch a counterattack against the beast horde.

The three Vermilion Birds were nearly immortal; even if destroyed by the Barbarian Beasts, they could resurrect through fire.

Under the joint assault of these three Vermilion Birds, within just one incense stick's time, nearly a million Barbarian Beasts had fallen!

The First-Generation, Second, and Fourth Ancestors watched coldly as the Barbarian Beasts perished, without a trace of sympathy.

To them, the lives of Barbarian Beasts were as light as a feather, not worth their concern. What mattered was how much Ning Fan's Barbarian Pattern could advance from the death of these beasts...

Above the sky, ashes continuously fell, with countless Barbarian Beasts perishing to the attacks of the three Vermilion Birds every moment.

Whenever a Barbarian Beast fell, its blood aura would be absorbed by the Barbarian Pattern on Ning Fan's left cheek.

The Barbarian Pattern on Ning Fan's left face gradually spread to the right, the number increasing from 46, continuously rising.

47, 48, 49... After one incense stick, nearly a million Barbarian Beasts had fallen, and Ning Fan's Barbarian Pattern had reached 73 in number.

92, 93, 94... Another incense stick passed, and two million Barbarian Beasts had fallen, bringing Ning Fan's Barbarian Pattern count to 95!

When the Barbarian Pattern reached 95, a totem of nine leaf clusters in black and red emerged on Ning Fan's right cheek.

At the arrival of the 96th Barbarian Pattern, a hexagonal snowflake design suddenly appeared at the center of the nine leaf clusters.

Simultaneously, inside Ning Fan's body, threads of Barbarian Blood were regenerating. Upon creation, they were immediately devoured by the domineering Calamity Blood.

Ning Fan's Calamity Blood Level had already surpassed the Seven-Star Remnant Blood Rank, now climbing steadily towards the Eight-Star Remnant Blood level, before slightly slowing.

"Calamity Blood Level, about to break through to Eight-Star Remnant Blood, huh..."

Despite the clear advancement in bloodline rank, Ning Fan's expression remained solemn, betraying little joy.

Using the Summon Barbarian Technique's perception, Ning Fan understood that those attacking the Nanli Fire Formation included not just eight million Barbarian Beasts but also three Barbarian Ancestors!

If his senses were correct, those three Barbarian Ancestors were currently concealed behind the horde of Barbarian Beasts, yet showed no urgency to intervene...

"Strange. With just the strength of eight million Barbarian Beasts, breaching the Nanli Fire Formation is not an easy task. Even if by chance they broke through the fire formation, it would come at a heavy cost. Why do these three Barbarian Ancestors remain hidden, not helping the beasts breach the formation... Do they not care about the beasts' casualties..."

The First-Generation Barbarian Ancestor kept a cold gaze on the events unfolding before him, his expression indifferent.

The Second and Fourth Ancestors wore cold smiles; if their perception wasn't mistaken, Ning Fan's Barbarian Patterns now numbered 96.

"96 Barbarian Patterns now, haha, good, very good! I wonder, can this one break past a hundred Barbarian Patterns? One hundred Barbarian Patterns is a bottleneck, and also a chance for the Barbarian Pattern's qualitative change. Only by breaking through a hundred Barbarian Patterns can this one be considered a delicacy!"

"The 'First Loss among the Nine Barbarians', I wonder if this one can overcome this calamity!"

The Second and Fourth Ancestors each revealed a look of anticipation.

The Barbarian Beasts continued to fall, and the Barbarian Patterns on Ning Fan's body continued to increase. Once the patterns covered the right side, they began to extend across his entire body.

patterns, 98 patterns, 99 patterns.

When the number of patterns broke through to a hundred, Ning Fan's eyes suddenly changed; at this moment, the patterns within his body began to counterattack their master.

An unimaginable suction came from within the patterns, and this time, the patterns were not absorbing spirit sense but life force!

Ning Fan's life force within him began to madly flow into the patterns. Though cultivators achieve boundless lifespans after stepping into the Second Step, if their life force dissipates, they will still age gradually, their vitality will be exhausted, and they will perish!

This was Ning Fan's current state, his life force was being ravenously consumed by the patterns, and his entire body began to show signs of aging due to the loss of vitality.

His hand started to wither, his appearance began to age, and if it weren't for the Ghost Eye covering him, others would notice that within the brief span of ten breaths, Ning Fan transformed from a young man into an old, haggard figure!

"Mere Barbarian Patterns, daring to counterattack their master!"

Ning Fan's gaze immediately turned icy as he activated the suppression of his Calamity Blood within, attempting to subdue the backlash from the patterns once again.

Unfortunately, this time, the Calamity Blood suppression failed to subdue the backlash of the patterns.

This backlash was too unusual, fundamentally different from the previous one.

This backlash bore a name, during the era of the Barbarian Ancestor, it was known among Pluck practitioners as the 'Nine Barbarian Calamity Tribulations'!

The High-Order Barbarian Technique is perilous partly because using this technique to awaken the Young Master Barbarian triggers nine calamity tribulations.

Among practitioners, each time the Barbarian Patterns surpass a hundred thresholds, a calamity tribulation arrives, and vast amounts of life force are consumed by the patterns.

This consumption cannot be halted, only by continuously replenishing life force can one survive the calamity tribulation, allowing the number of patterns to continue growing.

Ning Fan's life force was being consumed because he was facing the Young Master Barbarian's first calamity tribulation!

Despite activating the suppression of Calamity Blood, he could not restrain the backlash of the patterns, Ning Fan's gaze became even more serious.

He could not halt the patterns from consuming his life force and had to find a way to replenish it. If the life force within him was depleted, his body would age, step by step towards death...

"I have a way to replenish life force! Let's see how much life force these patterns can consume!"

A memory suddenly flashed before Ning Fan's eyes of the old man named Nifan, devouring Xin Jia's life force to restore his strength.

His gaze changed, and suddenly a surge of overwhelming Yin Yang Transformation emanated from within him; his white robe and silver hair all transformed into black clothing and black hair.

Black-garbed Ning Fan, now revealed!

At this moment, Ning Fan was no longer leading his body with mana, but with demonic power!

Now he could use the Fu Li race's Protecting Clan Divine Skill—Lost World Palace! With this finger, he could devour others' life force, seize their cultivations!

Countless experts focused on the battlefield, watching the three—Liuhe, Wonderful Speech, and Ning Fan—who conducted the formation to repel the enemy. At the moment Ning Fan transformed into black clothing and emanated demonic power, many old monsters naturally witnessed this scene and exclaimed.

"Hiss! Senior Zhao Jian's aura has changed, it has transformed into an aura of Yin Yang Evil Vein!"

"Such strong Yin Yang Transformation, such eerie Yin Yang Transformation... what kind of demon race aura is this!"

"Unexpectedly, Senior Zhao Jian, as human, can wield demon race power... could it be that Senior Zhao has consumed the Primordial Fruit, and nurtured a Yin Yang Evil Vein within?"

Though these experts exclaimed, none doubted Ning Fan's human identity; they merely assumed Ning Fan had consumed the Primordial Fruit to obtain demon race power.

Liuhe and Wonderful Speech were controlling the Vermilion Bird to annihilate the Barbarian Beasts. Seeing Ning Fan transformed into black clothing, they merely glanced at him and said nothing more.

Yet among the crowd, only the masters who previously traveled with the Demon Yuan Boat revealed surprised expressions at the instant Ning Fan transformed into black clothing.

Demon Yuanzi and Jin Hua Ancestor's expressions all changed, especially Jin Hua Ancestor, who had once been injured by Ning Fan in black clothing, deeply aware of how terrifying Ning Fan would be once transformed into black clothing.

"Ancient Moment!"

Ning Fan suddenly pointed his finger to the sky, that finger held indescribable might!

This finger was named Lost World!

This finger possessed the power to return one to Lost World silence, and it could seize others' life force, devour others' Taoist paths, replenishing himself!

Outside the fire formation, within the void, a rolling black fog immediately appeared under this finger. The black fog permeated the entire battlefield, and any Barbarian Beast falling into the black fog, their life force began to frantically drain away!

Their life force was being taken away by Ning Fan's Lost World finger, and these Barbarian Beasts lost a thousand years of Taoist cultivation with each breath!

After ten breaths, a large number of Barbarian Beasts lost ten thousand years of Taoism, their cultivations severely damaged!

Ten breaths marks the limit of Ning Fan's Gui Xu Zhi, yet it was sufficient for him to seize enough Life Force for the Barbarian Pattern to devour!

Upon Ning Fan's execution of this supernatural power, the Liuhe Immortal Lord immediately showed a surprised look. Initially, he had not paid much attention to the black-clad Ning Fan, but at this moment, he was startled by Ning Fan's Gui Xu Zhi.

It was the first time in his life he had seen such a domineering power, capable of erasing others' Taoism alive! The mystery of this power has already surpassed his understanding!

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific's beautiful eyes were filled with continuous amazement. She could not discern the arcane workings of Ning Fan's power, making Ning Fan's image in her heart even loftier and mysterious.

The Second and Fourth Ancestors, who had been watching from the sidelines all along, breathed in deeply, sensing a hint of danger from this Gui Xu Zhi, enough to threaten the Blood Spirit within their stone statue bodies.

Even the First Ancestor of Beasts sighed softly, showing a trace of seriousness, muttering to himself, "This child of technique seems not as simple as we imagined..."

Using the Life Force devoured by Gui Xu Zhi, Ning Fan's internal Life Force was replenished, and his previously withered appearance returned to youth.

The Barbarian Pattern on his body continued to greedily swallow Ning Fan's internal Life Force but could no longer endanger Ning Fan's survival.

Gradually, the Barbarian Pattern calmed down, as if having devoured enough Life Force, indicating Ning Fan had safely passed the Young Master Barbarian's First Tribulation.

Upon transcending the tribulation, a large quantity of Barbarian Blood appeared within Ning Fan again. By devouring this Barbarian Blood, the Calamity Blood level completely broke through the Eight Stars Remnant Blood!

"Eight Stars Remnant Blood!"

Ning Fan's eyes flashed brightly as the Barbarian Patterns on his body multiplied again.

patterns, 102 patterns, 103 patterns, 104 patterns...

The Barbarian Beast casualties here exceeded five million, and Ning Fan's Barbarian Patterns finally reached 156.

When the number of Barbarian Patterns reached 156, Barbarian Blood was once again born within Ning Fan.

Devouring this Barbarian Blood, Ning Fan's Calamity Blood level gradually approached the Nine Stars Calamity Blood, but still failed to break through the Nine Stars level.

There were only three million Barbarian Beasts left, and the three Barbarian Ancestor did not show themselves, causing Ning Fan to feel a sinking suspicion.

"Could it be that these three Barbarian Ancestors intend to wait until all the Barbarian Beasts are dead to attack me..."

"Perhaps, they are deliberately sending these Barbarian Beasts to death..."

patterns, 158 patterns, 159 patterns, 160 patterns...

The casualties here among the Barbarian Beasts exceeded seven million, and Ning Fan's number of Barbarian Patterns steadily rose to 199.

Both Second and Fourth Ancestors' expressions were heated; they eagerly wondered whether Ning Fan could surpass the second tribulation and possess over 200 Barbarian Patterns!

"This boy knows the supernatural power of extracting Life Force. Having passed the first tribulation, he should also pass the second tribulation!"

"If he overcomes the second tribulation... heh, imagine the taste..."

Ning Fan still wore his black clothes, controlling his body primarily with demonic power. When the 200th Barbarian Pattern appeared, he faced the Young Master Barbarian's second tribulation!

The Barbarian Patterns within him once again reacted with backlash, this time much stronger than before.

Ning Fan swiftly pointed his finger, again executing the Gui Xu Zhi to use the Life Force from Barbarian Beasts outside the formation to replenish his own.

In this way, Ning Fan safely overcame the second tribulation, and a substantial amount of Barbarian Blood was birthed within him once more.

Shelter, shelter, shelter...

The Calamity Blood devoured the Barbarian Blood ravenously, its level gradually overcoming the Eight Stars bottleneck and reaching the Nine Stars Remnant Blood realm.

If the Nine Stars Remnant Blood advances further, the next stage is the One-Star True Blood Realm, achieving minor success in Calamity Blood!

The Taicang Calamity Spirit of Nine Stars Remnant Blood is enough to rival ordinary Shedding Void Stage; the Taicang Calamity Spirit of One-Star True Blood would render one invincible below Shedding Void Stage!

The strength difference between the two is enormous; hence, the breakthrough from Nine Stars Remnant Blood to One-Star True Blood is exceedingly challenging...

The number of Barbarian Beasts outside the formation decreases further, with only a few Sui Nian Barbarian Beasts not yet dead; the rest have all been annihilated by the three Vermilion Birds.

The Nanli Fire Formation under the assault of eight million Barbarian Beasts is long shattered.

The remaining Sui Nian Barbarian Beasts suddenly exploded in unison, the power of their self-detonation directly shredded the depleted Nanli Fire Formation to pieces!

At this point, all eight million Barbarian Beasts have perished.

At this point, the number of Barbarian Patterns on Ning Fan's body reached 224.

The three fire peaks collapsed one by one; the three Vermilion Bird's shadows dissipated and vanished in the void; the three formation Command Banners also vanished altogether, transforming into a greatly damaged spiritual flame chart, drifting down to Liuhe Immortal Lord's hands.

The Nanli Fire Formation shattered, and the Nanli Fire Chart's power was greatly lost...

Witnessing this scene, Liuhe Immortal Lord's face turned terrifyingly cold, yet he said nothing more.

Though the Nanli Fire Chart's power was diminished, it obliterated eight million Barbarian Beasts in one strike, still a significant achievement. Without the aid of these Barbarian Beasts, the balance between humans and demons is no longer tilted towards the demons...

Continuously directing the formation to kill enemies, Liuhe Immortal Lord was quite exhausted but hadn't had time to rest when suddenly his gaze shook.

At this moment, all human experts and Stone Warriors held their breath, with expressions of tension.

Now, the continent where human masters reside has completely lost the Nanli Fire Formation's protection.

Meanwhile, from the exceedingly remote void, a menacing escape light approached, the visitors were hostile!

The arrivals were the First Ancestor, Second Ancestor, and Fourth Ancestor!

These three Barbarian Ancestors came for Ning Fan, and at the moment of their arrival, Ning Fan's eyes turned icy!

"Hehe, 224 Barbarian Patterns, a substantial supplement, a substantial supplement indeed! If we devour this boy..."

The First Ancestor's eyes were filled with killing intent, and the Second and Fourth Ancestors sneered incessantly. The killing intent of the three swept across the human continent!

Liuhe Immortal Lord's eyes became even more solemn, the cultivation of these three Barbarian Ancestors was not beneath his, especially the aura of the First Ancestor posed an extremely dangerous feeling to Liuhe...

Secretly, Miaoyan Immortal Honorific channeled her Demon Starfall, preparing to strike at any moment; Xian Luoli's little face was already serious, ready for battle.

A great war was imminent, but suddenly, as if hearing some transmission, the three Barbarian Ancestors' expressions changed greatly.

The transmission was from the seven ancestors to the three.

Receiving the transmission, the three immediately lost interest in dealing with Ning Fan, determined a direction, and left directly!

They didn't have time to deal with Ning Fan!

There were more important matters beckoning for them!

"Damn, why has the ninth celestial towers first layer manifested early... No time to capture that boy, first to the ninth celestial towers first layer! The seizing of this boy's Barbarian Patterns is not urgent!" The Second and Fourth Ancestors complained inwardly.

Human experts were quietly puzzled as to why these three formidable as Immortal Venerable were leaving after arriving.

Seeing the three Barbarian Ancestors departing, naturally, no one would pursue them.

"Curious, why did these three Barbarian Ancestors suddenly leave..."

As Ning Fan pondered, the sky above suddenly erupted with a boom!

Unknown whether it was just the sky above, or the skies of all primitive and wild layers of life and death stirring, all echoed with a boom!

Above the heavens, slowly emerged a majestic palace gate phantom, and on the gate, hung an emblem inscribed with three ancient characters in ancient celestial script.

This script was a language passed down from ancient times, and few masters recognized it here, merely a dozen or so.

But Ning Fan recognized this script too, softly reciting the three ancient celestial characters on the gate emblem.

'First Layer Heaven'!

He did not know what these three characters implied; few people here understood their meaning.

Only those originating from the Black Devil Sect, long stationed in the primitive and wild, the Liuhe and Miaoyan Immortal Honorific knew the real significance of First Layer Heaven...

First Layer Heaven refers to the first layer of the ninth celestial towers!

And the ninth celestial towers is another name for the ancient wilderness channel!

"The power of Heaven-Sealing Celestial Decree hasn't exhausted, yet the ancient channel appeared early, how can it be!" Both Liuhe and Miaoyan were taken aback.

...

In the Crimson Penetration Passage, among the hundreds of Immortal Emperors of humans and demons, quite a few suddenly changed their expressions.

"Today marks only the fifth day of the primitive and wild collapse, yet not the seventh day, why has the ancient channel appeared early!"

Chapter 913: The Name of the Dreamland Realm

The Great Emperors on the Crimson Penetration Passage sensed some changes within the Barbarian Wilderness.

No one knew which link went wrong, leading to the premature appearance of the Ancient Passage.

The Chief of the True Dragon Clan's expression was uncertain, looking towards the Tongtian Ancient Emperor, only to meet his gaze.

At the moment their eyes met, both saw the confusion in each other's eyes.

"Wasn't this the doing of the Human (Demon) Race? Could it be that the premature appearance of the Ancient Passage was merely an accident..." The Chief of the True Dragon Clan and the Tongtian Ancient Emperor thought to themselves.

After pondering for a moment, the Chief of the True Dragon Clan took out a golden bowl and offered it in sacrifice.

Once the golden bowl soared into the sky, it grew larger with the wind, emitting a majestic dragon sound. It then descended from the heavens, enveloping all the Great Emperors of the Demon Race within the Bowl Realm.

Those human Immortal Emperors, separated by the golden bowl, couldn't see what the Demon Race emperors were doing inside the Bowl Realm.

Having done all this, the Chief of the True Dragon Clan sternly ordered the emperors behind him,

"Where is Huax Yao!"

"I am here..." a palace-dressed empress with a veiled face slowly stepped out from the group of demon emperors.

"Remove your veil, perform the Skin-Painting Demon Art, and project a corner of the Ninefold Celestial Towers with your skin, without any error!"

"Yes!"

This demon empress, named Huax Yao, possessed a cultivation of only the Eternal Sixth Calamity and lacked the background of a True Spirit Race. Yet in front of the Chief of the True Dragon Clan, she dared not defy orders.

Currently, the Barbarian Wilderness was sealed by the Heaven-Sealing Celestial Decree. Unless its power was exhausted, no one could enter the Barbarian Wilderness.

Fortunately, on the demon side, there was this empress Huax Yao, whose divine skills allowed her to slightly inspect the happenings within the Barbarian Wilderness, even through the Heaven-Sealing Celestial Decree.

Following the Chief's orders, she removed her veil, revealing an incredibly beautiful face. Any man without strong reserves of will would be captivated upon seeing her.

But she then directly tore off this beautiful facade, revealing her bloody, hideous true face!

Huax Yao offered the torn face, and it unfolded like a canvas.

With her delicate hand, she gestured in the air, writing something on the skin painting. Shortly, lights and shadows seemed to flow on the canvas, faintly revealing something, yet it was too unclear to see clearly.

"Is the projection unclear due to the interference of the Heaven-Sealing Celestial Decree... Ultimately, this empress's cultivation is somewhat lacking."

The Chief of the True Dragon Clan pondered for a moment, then took out a dragon tooth pill bottle and handed it to Huax Yao, saying, "Take this pill. Within three days, you can unleash your potential, allowing your demonic power and cultivation to rise by a small realm!"

Huax Yao took the pill and swallowed it in one go. After taking it, her bloody true face became even uglier, but her aura increased significantly in a short time, almost rivaling that of the Immortal Emperors of the Eternal Seventh Calamity.

This pill was extremely precious, and there were only a few in the entire True Dragon Clan, yet it was given to Huax Yao...

Huax Yao once again activated her divine skills. This time, the projection on the skin painting became somewhat clearer, vaguely revealing a section of the Barbarian Wilderness's void, and within the void, towering a majestic palace.

The palace was not an illusion but real. Every brick and tile was an ancient relic, as if they had descended directly from the endless void into the Barbarian Wilderness!

The palace, with its heavy and ancient aura, incited an impulse for worship among any demon emperor who saw it.

That palace was the Ancient Passage of the Barbarian Wilderness—the Ninefold Celestial Towers!

Amid faint glimpses, the demon emperors saw four double-headed cultivators stepping into the palace!

Because the projection was too blurry, the onlookers couldn't discern the appearances of these four double-headed cultivators.

However, just seeing the two heads was enough to make many demon race Immortal Emperors frown silently.

"Double-headed... could these four be some of the Barbarian Ancestors in the history of the Barbarian Wilderness..."

The demon race had been scheming against the Barbarian Wilderness for a long time, having had contact with the Barbarian Ancestors, and vaguely recognizing these four as Barbarian Ancestors.

Exactly which Barbarian Ancestors they were within the history of the wilderness remained unknown, for the projection was too vague to see...

The Chief of the True Dragon Clan, staring at the skin painting projection, frowned deeply and gradually fell silent.

While the Chief was working on projecting the Barbarian Wilderness, the Tongtian Ancient Emperor was not idle either.

He took out an ancient painting, unfurling it, incorporating all the human Great Emperors into its Realm Within Paintings. After pondering for a moment, he addressed Tablets Master Immortal Emperor, Meng Xuanzi,

"Daoist Meng Xuanzi, your Palm Position Path represents tablets, listing all things under the heavens, ranking them. I want you to create a stele..."

"What kind of stele?" Meng Xuanzi stepped out and asked.

"A stele that can spy on the Ninefold Celestial Towers!"

"This is quite difficult... Across the Heaven-Sealing Celestial Decree, even if I manage to create a stele, it might not be very useful. Never mind, I'll give it a try!"

Meng Xuanzi tapped his Tian Ling, and a golden Spirit flew out from his crown.

The Spirit chanted silently, and suddenly pointed forward, where in an empty space, a loud roar ensued as a massive blue stone stele descended from the skies.

The stele was originally blank, yet with the changes in Meng Xuanzi's divine skills, lines of rankings appeared gradually.

'First-Generation Barbarian Ancestor, Fan Canggu, has entered the first layer of the Ninefold Celestial Towers, Palace No. 11...'

'Second-Generation Barbarian Ancestor, Fan Zang, has entered the first layer of the Ninefold Celestial Towers, Palace No. 9...'

'Fourth-Generation Barbarian Ancestor, Fan Shoufei, has entered the first layer of the Ninefold Celestial Towers, Palace No. 7...'

'Seventh-Generation Barbarian Ancestor, Fan Mokong, has entered... specific location cannot be displayed...'

At this moment, the blue stone stele bore only four names, signifying that, at this point in time, only four individuals were present within the Ninefold Celestial Towers.

The positions of the four Barbarian Ancestors who entered the Ninefold Celestial Towers are clear for three, but the location of the Seven Ancestors cannot be displayed.

"Why can't the position of the Seventh Generation Barbarian Ancestor be displayed..." Tongtian Ancient Emperor frowned slightly, asking.

"When casting through the Heaven-Sealing Celestial Decree, there's limited information the old man can sense. If the sensed one carries an item of concealment, not much can be seen... This Seventh Generation Barbarian Ancestor must hold a concealment artifact that conceals only their whereabouts, not appearance or identity..." Meng Xuanzi replied.

"I see."

Tongtian Ancient Emperor stood with hands behind his back before the stele, silent, lost in thought...

Within the Barbarian Wilderness, in the Demon Race's station.

Ao Xuan and Ancestor Dulong simultaneously walked out of the palace, gazing at the illusory image of the palace in the sky with expressions of both shock and joy.

According to the original plan of the Demon Race, the two of them must retrieve any one of the Ancient Effigies of the Barbarian Ancestors and wait for the power of the Heaven-Sealing Celestial Decree to wane before performing the Yin Yang Transformation, only then could the Ancient Passage be awakened.

Yet now, it is not the last day of the seven-day collapse of the Barbarian Wilderness, and they have not retrieved any effigies.

However, unexpectedly, the Ancient Passage has appeared...

"The old man was late in retrieving the Ancient Effigies, thinking the Ancient Passage could not be awakened. Unexpectedly, this Ancient Passage has appeared on its own! Although this incident is somewhat eerie, it is a good thing nonetheless!"

"This way, the task entrusted to us by the Clan Leader has great hope of being completed successfully!"

Ao Xuan and Ancestor Dulong were both invigorated, instantly abandoning the Demon Race demon cultivators stationed behind, heading speedily in one direction.

The image appearing in the sky is merely an illusion of the Ninefold Celestial Towers, not the actual towers. The Ninefold Celestial Towers are elsewhere.

At this moment, the two are eager to reach the true location of the Ninefold Celestial Towers, to enter and complete the task given by the Clan Leader. Compared to that, nothing else seems to matter!

Besides Ao Xuan and Ancestor Dulong, there are 13 Thought-Shattering Cultivators, 45 Shekong Cultivators, accompanying the two, leaving the Demon Race's station, heading towards the Ninefold Celestial Towers.

...

Site of the Southern Li Fire Array ruins, Human station.

Liuhe Immortal Lord and Miaoyan Immortal Honorific exchanged glances, each seeing the shock in the other's eyes.

The Ancient Passage has manifested in the world, indeed surprising the two.

"Hm! No wonder those three invading Immortal Lords didn't battle with us but left directly. I think it's to seek the Ninefold Celestial Towers. The early appearance of the Ninefold Celestial Towers, I must investigate immediately! My Black Devil Sect cultivators have plotted for this Ancient Passage for many years. This king's visit, best to gain control of this passage. Even if failing this, cannot let the Demon Race seize the advantage!"

After speaking, Liuhe Immortal Lord transmitted thoughts to some human experts, taking 11 Thought-Shatters, 37 Shekongs, choosing a direction, and promptly vanished.

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific did not leave with Liuhe Immortal Lord but stayed temporarily, solemnly saying to Ning Fan,

"Daoist Zhao, would you accompany me to explore the Ninefold Celestial Towers?"

"The Ninefold Celestial Towers refers to this palace shadow... What kind of place is the Ninefold Celestial Towers..."

Ning Fan gazed at the palace shadow in the sky, his eyes growing increasingly grave.

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific did not explain but took out a jade scroll, handing it to Ning Fan, slowly saying,

"Information about the Ninefold Celestial Towers is the highest secret within my Four Oceans Sect, untransmittable, but given the special situation now, Daoist Zhao may just look at this intelligence."

Ning Fan accepted the jade scroll, probing through it with spirit sense. Over a dozen breaths later, he returned the jade scroll to Miaoyan Immortal Honorific. His expression unchanged but secretly shaken inside.

Only then did he learn that the hidden Ancient Passage in the Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain is named the Ninefold Celestial Towers, which is precisely the object indicated by this aerial shadow.

For many years, the Demon Race and Human Race have battled within the Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain, both scheming for the Ninefold Celestial Towers located here.

The Ninefold Celestial Towers contain nine layers, each layer holding 111 palaces. Only by passing through the 111 palaces of the first layer can one enter the second, and so forth, paving the way to the highest point of the Ninefold Celestial Towers.

There lies a sealed stone door, the entrance to the Sky Desolate Ancient Realm, requiring the corresponding keys to unlock the entrance for access.

It is said the keys to this entrance in the Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain are kept by Ancestor Dragon Zhuli, and now, the keys are still in the hands of the True Dragon Race.

The True Dragon Race possesses the keys to this entrance, hence has long hoped to seize control of the entrance here. Once achieving this, the True Dragon Race can use the keys to open the stone door entrance, accessing the legendary Sky Desolate Ancient Realm...

A billion years ago, the four heavens and nine worlds, Land of Demons, and Ancient Demon Abyss originally belonged to a single interface named "Land of Dreams."

Back then, the Land of Dreams was a complete interface; at that time, the cultivators of the Land of Dreams were under the jurisdiction of Zi Dou Immortal Domain; during this era, the cultivators could directly go to Zi Dou Immortal Domain unobstructed.

But later, the Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign suddenly descended divine skills beneath the Land of Dreams and Zi Dou Immortal Domain, blocking a mysterious interface called Sky Desolate Ancient Realm.

The existence of the Sky Desolate Ancient Realm entirely severed the path from the Land of Dreams to Zi Dou Immortal Domain, leaving only nine ancient passages within the Land of Dreams, alongside nine ancient realm keys. Only by using the corresponding keys to open the corresponding entrance can one enter the Sky Desolate Ancient Realm. Exiting the Sky Desolate Ancient Realm leads to Zi Dou Immortal Domain.

The nine keys to the ancient realm were once held by nine powerful beings, including Ancient Chaos and Zhuli. With the passage of time, many keys have gone missing. As of now, only three keys have been found.

Nine ancient passages, each hidden within the heavens and earth. Of those found, only six have been discovered, with four of these already ruined, rendering only two usable...

The three keys and two passages do not correspond to each other, hence cannot unlock the entrance to enter the Sky Desolate Ancient Realm.

The True Dragon Race's desire to seize the Barbarian Wilderness entrance stems from knowing the entrance corresponds with their held keys.

Thus once seizing the entrance, their cultivators stand a great chance of opening the entrance, entering the Sky Desolate Ancient Realm, and reaching Zi Dou Immortal Domain!

The True Dragon Race is willing to pay any cost to achieve this goal.

Similarly, the Human Race desires this entrance to hold negotiating power equal to the Demon Race.

You hold the key, I hold the entrance, allowing us to discuss matters of jointly entering the Sky Desolate Ancient Realm...

To achieve this, the Human Race has plotted for the Barbarian Wilderness entrance for many years, with the Four Oceans Sect as the representative power...

Chapter 914: Entering Tianque!

The Four Oceans Sect has long sought after the Ancient Wilderness Channel.

The True Dragon Clan wants to perform a blood ritual on the wilderness to awaken the ancient passage. This matter might not remain entirely secret, and the Four Oceans Sect is not entirely unaware.

Regarding the plan of the True Dragon Clan, the Immortal Emperors of the Four Oceans Sect hold a tacit approval attitude because the Four Oceans Sect also wants to awaken the ancient passage...

The Heaven-Sealing Celestial Decree left by the Four Oceans Sect in the primitive wilderness is evident. This item will not stop the demon race's plan but only delay it by seven days, giving the Four Oceans Sect enough time to react and compete for the ancient passage.

Whether demon race or Human, in their view, the lives of the barbarians are insignificant. If the ancient passage can be awakened, then why not perform a blood ritual on the wilderness...

Now, the Ninefold Celestial Towers have finally emerged, and Miaoyan Immortal Honorific, being an Immortal Venerable of the Four Oceans Sect, has the duty to investigate it like Liuhe Immortal Lord.

If possible, she will attempt to seize control of the entrance to the Ninefold Celestial Towers.

At the very least, she must stop the demon race from obtaining the entrance before the power of the Heaven-Sealing Celestial Decree is exhausted... This is her responsibility as an Immortal Honorific of the Four Oceans Sect.

"I need to explore the Ninefold Celestial Towers, Daoist Zhao, do you wish to accompany me? Putting aside the identity of the ancient passage, the Ninefold Celestial Towers should hold numerous opportunities, don't you want to take a look?" Miaoyan Immortal Honorific asked expectantly.

"Well... Zhao wouldn't want to join the bustle of the Ninefold Celestial Towers." Ning Fan pondered for a moment before shaking his head to refuse Miaoyan Immortal Honorific's suggestion.

"Daoist Zhao intends to stay here and protect the barbarians?" Miaoyan Immortal Honorific showed a thoughtful expression and looked towards the direction of Tianman City.

"Yes." Ning Fan replied.

If he heads to the Ninefold Celestial Towers, he will inevitably leave Xian Luoli, Zhao Die'er, and others behind.

Currently, the wilderness is perilously unpredictable. If he leaves, who knows what dangers might arise here? No one can guarantee this.

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific went to the Ninefold Celestial Towers to investigate in order to fulfill her duty as the Immortal Honorific of the Four Oceans Sect.

But Ning Fan has no obligation to go to the Ninefold Celestial Towers; he wants to stay and protect Xian Luoli, Zhao Die'er, and others.

Moreover, up to today, Ning Fan has understood many things.

From the careful scheming of both demon race and Human regarding the ancient passage, it seems the unexpected changes happening in the wilderness are beyond the expectations of both races yet within their control.

The emergence of the ancient passage will undoubtedly lead to numerous practitioners from both races competing, and getting involved with matters related to the ancient passage may unwittingly invite trouble.

The collapse of the wilderness will persist for only seven days. After seven days, the power of the Heaven-Sealing Celestial Decree will be exhausted.

By then, numerous strong practitioners from both demon race and Human will enter the wilderness, fighting over the ancient passage until their heads are broken and blood flows...

Ning Fan is not one who seeks trouble. He has no obligation to rush to the ancient passage nor desires the opportunities within it.

Compared to those opportunities, he is more willing to stay here and ensure the safety of Xian Luoli, Zhao Die'er, and others.

"Since Daoist Zhao does not wish to go to the Ninefold Celestial Towers, I will not insist. It is also good to have you here..."

Seeing Ning Fan unwilling to go, Miaoyan Immortal Honorific was somewhat regretful but said no more, giving Ning Fan a deep look.

At that moment, she felt as if she truly understood Ning Fan... He is a unique practitioner who cares for the lives of the barbarians...

For some reason, Miaoyan Immortal Honorific did not find Ning Fan bothersome.

With graceful steps, she finally turned into a long rainbow and flew away from the place.

Watching Miaoyan Immortal Honorific's departing figure, Ning Fan shook his head and returned to Tianman City near the Third Peak.

When the six Immortal Honorifics departed, they took Teng Nan, Teng Bei, Sang Chong, and a large number of strong practitioners from the Four Oceans Sect. Now with Miaoyan Immortal Honorific's departure, the number of Shattered Thought and Shedding Void on the Human continent is dwindling.

Many practitioners felt anxious, fearing Ning Fan's departure would leave no one here to guard.

Fortunately, Ning Fan chose to stay instead of leaving.

"Why doesn't Zhao Jian know that Senior Zhao planned to leave with Liuhe and Miaoyan, the two Immortal Honorifics... Speaking of which, where might this illusory palace shadow be..."

"Unknown, but the old man has a feeling there might be significant opportunities within..."

Demon Yuanzi and Jin Hua Ancestor, along with other Fragmented Thought Elders, do not belong to the Four Oceans Sect and were not taken by Liuhe Immortal Lord.

These Fragmented Thought Elders communicated secretly among themselves, deliberating over something, and before long, they flew away from the Human continent, following the path Liuhe and others took to find the Ninefold Celestial Towers, wanting to join the excitement and seek opportunities.

Ning Fan did not stop Demon Yuanzi and others from leaving; where they wish to go is their own decision.

After Demon Yuanzi and others left, several Shedding Void also departed, and then no one else left.

"Uncle, so many people have gone, aren't you going with them to take a look..."

In Tianman City, Zhao Die'er's voice was clear and pleasant as she asked.

"I'm not going anywhere..."

Ning Fan smiled slightly, and as he had done many years ago, gently patted Zhao Die'er's head.

Although there were no plum blossoms here, he beckoned with his hand, somehow creating a red plum blossom out of nothing and placing it by Zhao Die'er's hairpin.

Zhao Die'er's face turned slightly red, the tender white skin took on a light pink hue. In her heart, there arose a budding emotion, but in her ears, Ning Fan's calm voice resonated without any desire or thought, making her not even dare to let her emotions rise towards Ning Fan, fearing she would defile this moment's beauty.

"Don't be afraid, Uncle will be here to protect Die'er."

"In two more days, the calamity upon the wilderness should come to pass. By then, whether the Human or demon race fight crazily, it will have nothing to do with you, me, or the many barbarians..."

Two days, in two more days, the wilderness' catastrophe should be over...

Whether Xian Luoli, Zhao Die'er, or the many barbarians saved and bound by fate...

During this period, these people will be properly protected by him!

For some reason, at the moment he developed this belief, an inexplicable feeling came over him.

At this moment, Ning Fan clearly felt, his relationship with the 224 Barbarian Patterns grew even closer...

Closer, yes, that's the feeling...

If previously the Barbarian Patterns occasionally retaliated against the master, now they seemed tamed and no longer bore thoughts of retaliation.

All of this seemed merely because Ning Fan's heart developed the thought of wanting to protect the barbarians...

"These Barbarian Patterns..."

Ning Fan looked inwardly at himself, pondering for a long time, not knowing what he was thinking.

After an unknown amount of time, Ning Fan's figure flickered and appeared on the summit of the Third Peak, unsealing the Rain Yin Yang and using the Heaven Prying Rain Technique.

The Nanli Fire Formation was broken, and the Nanli Fire Chart had reverted to its original form. The three fire peaks now held no power, lifeless and desolate, a mere dead peak.

Ning Fan stood atop the dead Third Peak. As soon as he activated his divine skills, a gentle rain began to fall within the range of the Third Peak...

The rain wafted and gradually spread, drifting towards the Second Peak, the First Peak, and all corners of this Life Gate Interface, extending towards other interfaces along the way.

His rain spread farther and wider, eventually covering the entire wilderness...

He saw, occasionally, solitary Humans and demon races flying swiftly, but now in the wilderness, no Barbarian Beast could be seen.

He saw, at a faraway Life Gate Interface, the main base of the demon race, where the number of demon cultivators exceeded three million, yet there was no Ancestor Dulong or Ao Xuan Immortal Honored to oversee it...

He saw, in a vast void in the distance, a towering palace gate floating.

Unlike the palace gate shadow in the sky above him, that palace gate truly existed, and the shadow here was merely a projection caused by the appearance of that palace gate.

That palace gate was the entrance to the First Layer of the Ninefold Celestial Towers!

As time passed, Ning Fan saw the ancestor Dulong and Ao Xuan the Honored Immortal lead a large group of demon race elders into the Ninefold Celestial Towers.

Gradually, Ning Fan saw Liuhe Immortal Lord and Miaoyan Immortal Honorific and others enter one after another...

He merely watched all this silently, as if none of it concerned him.

It was as if all the opportunities inside the Ninefold Celestial Towers were not enough to move him.

It seemed as if this ancient channel, which Humans and demon races fought over, was just a meaningless morass to him...

The fifth day passed, and the sixth day arrived.

The sixth day passed, and the seventh day arrived.

The last day of the blood sacrifice in the wilderness had come, and Ning Fan remained in this place, with no intention of leaving.

He was waiting, waiting for the seventh day to pass, waiting for the power of the Heaven-Sealing Celestial Decree to completely deplete.

He was waiting, waiting for this calamity sweeping across the wilderness to pass so peacefully on its last day...

But on this last day of the blood sacrifice in the wilderness, an anomaly suddenly appeared above the Third Peak, and a deep ancient voice echoed.

The appearance of this voice was inexplicable, yet it was at midnight on the seventh day, at the moment when the Yin energy was densest!

"Return, O soul."

"O soul, return!"

This voice seemed both like a summons and a call, its appearance inexplicable, yet Ning Fan immediately recognized that this voice came from the direction of the Ninefold Celestial Towers.

Moreover, within this voice, there was faintly a trace of the aura of a Barbarian Ancestor, allowing Ning Fan to directly perceive that the one who uttered this voice was a Barbarian Ancestor!

This voice was not something an ordinary person could hear; only those with Barbarian Blood could.

This was a bloodline sound! Emitted from the bloodline of a Barbarian Ancestor!

The Barbarian Blood that Ning Fan cultivated had all been devoured by the Calamity Blood, yet he still retained part of the divine powers of Barbarian Blood, so he heard this voice.

Neither Xian Luoli nor Liu Yan could hear it, nor could even the likes of Burying Moon, a Great Emperor of ancient times.

But Zhao Die'er heard it, and all the people of the Barbarian behind Zhao Die'er heard it!

At the moment this voice fell, every Barbarian who heard it was tormented by soul-crushing pain, screaming and collapsing.

Their souls, dazed, flew from their bodies, and then involuntarily transformed into illusory streams of light, instantly disappearing from the spot, vanishing to an unknown place...

Ning Fan's soul had long since fused with the Spirit, so though he felt a faint pain, he naturally wouldn't break free from the Spirit and fly away from the body.

But those Barbarians whom Ning Fan had saved, those who had once reverently bowed to him, now each fell, losing their souls.

Even Zhao Die'er's vision went dark, nearly fainting from her soul departing her body.

Ning Fan hurriedly came to the rescue, pointing a finger at Zhao Die'er's forehead, sealing her soul within her body.

He saved Zhao Die'er.

But he couldn't rescue the over a million Barbarians behind him in time!

"O soul, return!" Ning Fan's eyes immediately turned cold.

He had spent many years in the wilderness in transformation, reading numerous ancient wilderness books, and knew what those simple four words meant.

These four words were the incantation of the soul-summoning spell of the Seventh Generation Barbarian Ancestor, Fan Mokong!

The one who cast the soul-summoning spell and seized over a million Barbarian souls was very likely the Seventh Ancestor, Fan Mokong!

Even though it was already the last day of the blood sacrifice in the wilderness, even though as long as they made it through the day, a million Barbarians would survive.

The Barbarians of the wilderness had already suffered near extinction, leaving only this last million of them as the final bloodline of the Barbarians...

Yet those Barbarian Ancestors still refused to spare these Barbarians, still used these malevolent Barbarian Techniques to summon away the souls of these last Barbarians...

"Uncle... what happened again... why is everyone collapsing to the ground, why..."

Zhao Die'er's face turned pale, breaking away from Ning Fan's embrace, looking with heartbreak at the main street in Tianman City, where groups of Barbarians had collapsed...

No breath, all the Barbarians had no breath...

Had they died, had the last of the Barbarians died out...

The ominous feeling in her heart grew, tears glistening and slipping down her cheeks.

She couldn't understand, she couldn't comprehend...

Why does the heavens have to treat the Barbarians this way, why must the Barbarians face extinction... what wrong have the Barbarians done...

Who! Who has struck against the Barbarians again...

"Don't cry, these Barbarians are just temporarily unconscious and will wake up. Uncle promises. Here, wipe away your tears."

Ning Fan didn't tell Zhao Die'er the truth about the Seven Ancestors using the Soul Summoning Technique, but as always, he gently patted Zhao Die'er's full head of green silk and then said to Xianxian,

"Xianxian, you stay here and protect them. Daddy is going out to take care of some things and will be back soon."

"Oh, got it. Daddy, be careful when you're out." Xianxian replied obediently.

"Hmm."

Ning Fan gently turned around, tapping his toes sharply, transforming into a golden light, heading straight towards the direction of the Ninefold Celestial Towers.

His expression was still gentle, but at the moment of turning around, no one saw the killing intent in Ning Fan's eyes, its cold glint as biting as a storm!

Barbarian Ancestor, Barbarian Ancestor, Barbarian Ancestor... it's the Barbarian Ancestor again!

The Soul Summoning Technique is a Divine Skill that the Seven Ancestors excel in, capable of capturing the souls of the Barbarian people thousands of miles away for sacrificial spellcasting.

If the soul can be retrieved before it is destroyed and returned to the physical body, then the soul-extracted Barbarian people wouldn't die...

If it's too late and the soul is destroyed, then here, over a million Barbarians would perish...

Ning Fan was never a saint, but that doesn't mean he has no principles. On the contrary, he is a man who values principles greatly.

The people he saves are not to be killed twice!

He intends to save back the souls of these Barbarians!

"Now within the primitive and wild lands, almost all the strong have gone to the Ninefold Celestial Towers, with Xianxian outside, there won't be any problems."

"The Ninefold Celestial Towers, I didn't intend to go there, but the Seven Ancestors are at the Ninefold Celestial Towers, extracting the souls of these Barbarian people there."

"As such, I must make this trip to the Ninefold Celestial Towers no matter what! Seven Ancestors, is that so..."

The cold glint in Ning Fan's eyes flashed as his body turned into a golden light, reaching near alarming speeds as he passed through life gates.

His ghostly face exuded a chilly aura, with silver hair wildly fluttering in the void. Along the way, Ning Fan continually swallowed handfuls of Five Elements Spiritual Objects, refining them with the power of the Grand Five Elements Body, turning them into a continuous source of Mana.

At his current cultivation speed, he flew with all his strength, reaching the Ninefold Celestial Towers in less than a hundred breaths.

What came into view was a lofty palace gate so tall it reached the sky, and outside the gate, a white jade staircase consisting of 3,300 steps!

Above the palace gate, inscribed with three ancient Immortal characters—One Heaven—written in bright red ink, as crimson as blood.

Upon the white jade staircase, white mist lingered, permeating like the fog in an immortal realm, carrying an immensely strong forbidden force.

This forbidden force weighed heavily on one's body, conveying the sensation of carrying mountains, making any Master arriving here lose their ability to fly and land on the staircase, only able to climb on foot.

When Ning Fan arrived, three Initiate Realm of Shekong demon cultivators were struggling their way up the white jade staircase.

All three wore expressions of sweat, as if climbing the white jade staircase was exceedingly strenuous.

The remarkable exertion was because any master stepping onto the staircase would feel an immense pressure.

The pressure on the white jade staircase was enough to immobilize those in the Initial Stage of Crossing Truth. When suppressed by the Banishing Immortal Force, even those in the Initiate Realm of Shekong would struggle under such pressure and restraint.

Among the three, the one with deeper cultivation had climbed over a thousand steps and was sitting cross-legged, restoring demonic power.

He had spent a whole day climbing to this height, while the other two Initiate Realm of Shekong demon cultivators, also took a day to only reach seven to eight hundred steps respectively.

"It seems that with Initiate Realm of Shekong cultivation, being suppressed by the Banishing Immortal Force, it's impossible to ascend the white jade stairs and enter the Ninefold Celestial Towers. No wonder Ancestor Poison Dragon and Ao Xuan Ancestor only brought those above the Mid Stage of Shekong here...The three of us came without permission and apparently, it was a futile trip. We can't even climb the steps outside the palace gate..."

"Forget it, forget it. Let's rest for a while and then return to our tribe's camp...No need to try entering here any further...Even if there's a chance, it wouldn't fall on us anyway..."

The three demon cultivators, panting, communicated this sentiment to each other and were inclined to leave.

However, before the three could leave, a golden light had already burst through the air, revealing Ning Fan's ghostly silver-haired figure.

Upon Ning Fan's arrival, his body was immediately suppressed by the forbidden force and landed on the first step of the white jade staircase, without concealing his Human aura.

The three demons, upon seeing Ning Fan's arrival, were secretly startled and were even more shocked when they saw his ghostly silver-haired face.

If their guesses were not mistaken, the person before them should be the one for whom Ancestor Poison Dragon had set a high bounty...

"Should we make a move on this person...The bounty set by Ancestor Poison Dragon is indeed high..." one of the weaker ones among the three said.

"Do not engage. The aura this person exudes is of the Mid Stage Enlightenment, which means he is of the Mid Stage of Shekong when not suppressed by the Banishing Immortal Force...We three have exhausted quite a bit of demonic power, and even if we join forces, we might not be able to defeat him. Instead, we might just lose our lives in vain..."

"No matter how high the bounty is, it's not something we can destroy. We should think about how to protect ourselves if this person makes a move against us..."

The three demons, wary, spread their spirit sense, secretly locking onto Ning Fan, yet none dared to make a move, each taking out their magical treasure, adopting a defensive posture, fearing Ning Fan might attack them.

Their spirit sense barely surrounded Ning Fan when it was immediately devoured by a domineering and invisible suction.

As the spirit sense was devoured, all three were in intense pain within their divine sense, their expressions drastically changing. Once more looking at Ning Fan, their fear deepened, becoming even more hesitant to harm him.

Yet Ning Fan, as if not noticing the three demon cultivators, simply continued to climb the white jade stairs step by step.

Ning Fan merely glanced at the three Initiate Realm demon cultivators with indifference, not paying much attention and not showing any sign of murderous intent.

He was not someone who killed indiscriminately, as long as no one provoked him, he wouldn't casually take action.

Moreover, at that moment, he was eager to enter the Ninefold Celestial Towers to retrieve the souls of millions of Barbarian people, having no time to delay with the three demons here.

Step by step, 1 step, 2 steps, 3 steps...

Ning Fan climbed rapidly upward, his movement technique as ethereal as a ghost, reaching the 782nd step in just a few breaths. Even the pressure that could overpower those in the Initial Stage of Crossing Truth couldn't slow his pace in the slightest!

Among the three demons, the weakest yellow-clad demon cultivator was on the 782nd step.

Seeing Ning Fan reach such a height in just a few breaths, his face changed drastically in shock.

In his estimation, even some Late Stage Shekong powerhouses, when suppressed by the Banishing Immortal Force, wouldn't ascend the white jade stairs as easily as Ning Fan.

He secretly feared, thinking perhaps Ning Fan wasn't some kind of Late Stage Shekong old monster!

If he truly was Late Stage Shekong, once murderous intent for him arose, he definitely wouldn't possess the strength to resist...

That yellow-clad Shekong, visibly nervous, stepped back and hesitantly spoke to Ning Fan.

"Dao...Daoist, you cannot make a move against me! Such an act would defy heaven's harmony, defy heaven's harmony...Though we are of different races, heaven has a virtue for life. You cannot..."

Originally, it seemed Ning Fan was bound to attack him, but Ning Fan didn't even spare him a glance as he walked past, continuing his ascent.

"Uh... this person is a senior of the Human Clan, and his cultivation far surpasses mine; yet, he doesn't kill me, this... how is this possible..." The old demon in yellow felt utterly surprised.

Judging by the ancestral hatred between the Human Clan and the Yao Clan in the wilds, the other party seemingly had no reason to let him live...

"Could it be that this person is eager to enter the Ninefold Celestial Towers and has no time to fight with me? Yes, that must be it..." The more the old demon thought, the more he felt this guess was correct.

Ning Fan continued to climb upward, passing by the second demon cultivator at the 826th step, still refraining from action.

At the 1106th step, he passed by the third demon cultivator, again not engaging.

Not until Ning Fan ascended past the 2000th step and gone afar did the three demon cultivators let out a collective sigh of relief, assured Ning Fan wouldn't make a surprise attack and immediately hurried down as if fleeing.

Ning Fan paid no heed to the actions of the three demons, his movement akin to a ghost, covering the 3300 steps of white jade in over ten breaths, standing outside the palace gate.

At this moment, the palace gate was shut; it was a tall stone door, obscured by the white mist of the place, making the top invisible.

Everyone attempting to enter the Ninefold Celestial Towers must spend the time of one incense stick and perform 330 bows to this palace gate to gain entry.

Under the suppression of the forbidding immortal force, only elders of the Shattered Thought rank can disregard this ceremony and directly break down the door...

Ning Fan had no intention to conduct a ceremony for a stone door and didn't plan to waste an incense stick's worth of time here. He was eager to enter the Ninefold Celestial Towers to retrieve the souls of the barbarians, unwilling to linger longer.

With merely a glance at the stone door, Ning Fan's body suddenly gleamed faintly with red radiance, activating the Calamity Blood Force, pressing a finger forward.

His Calamity Blood level had reached the Nine Stars Remnant Blood, which made him capable of rivaling ordinary Initiate and Intermediate Realm Shekong cultivators with just the force of calamitous thoughts!

Under the suppression of the forbidding immortal force, Ning Fan could rely solely on his calamitous force and match elders at the Initial and Intermediate stages of Shattered Thought!

The three Shekong demon cultivators had just fled down the white jade steps when they suddenly heard a thunderous noise coming from the palace gate on the pinnacle of the white jade steps.

Shocked, the three demons turned around abruptly, witnessing a thousand-zhang gigantic scarlet finger mark pressing upon the gigantic door!

The scarlet finger mark was extraordinarily malevolent, causing the three demons to instinctively tremble and sweat profusely at a mere glance!

The power within the finger mark was something the three demons had never seen in their lives, neither demonic power nor mana...

As soon as the finger mark landed, the palace gate of the Ninefold Celestial Towers was instantly shattered, scattering stone everywhere. Yet Ning Fan stepped in!

After Ning Fan stepped in, the scattered stones rose once more, reforming into the palace gate...

With one finger, the palace gate was shattered!

"That elder of the Shattered Thought rank! The silver-haired cultivator with the ghost face must absolutely be a Human of the Shattered Thought rank!"

The three demons' expressions collectively changed dramatically, filled with fear.

Luckily they hadn't attacked Ning Fan; if they had, they would have surely met their doom!

The three of them were merely at the Initiate Realm of Shekong; even combined, how could they be matches for an elder of the Shattered Thought Realm!

At the instant Ning Fan shattered the palace gate and entered the Ninefold Celestial Towers, on Huax Yao's painted skin appeared a dim, indistinct projection of Ning Fan. Sadly, the projection was too vague for anyone to discern Ning Fan's visage.

"It's already the seventh day, and still someone is entering the Ninefold Celestial Towers..." The Chief of the True Dragon Clan glanced at the remnant image, then refocused, instructing Huax Yao to adjust the image to the upper layers of the Ninefold Celestial Towers.

What caught his interest was not Ning Fan, who entered the Ninefold Celestial Towers late, but those who had already climbed to the higher levels of Tianque...

Upon seeing that the highest position was held by several people from the Barbarian Clan, the Chief of the True Dragon Clan coldly snorted.

"Humph, these few Barbarian Ancestors are climbing rather quickly; at this rate, they'll reach the peak of the Ninefold Celestial Towers before the force of the Heaven-Sealing Celestial Decree dissipates..."

"Unexpectedly, the fastest climbers are these Barbarians..."

When Ning Fan entered the Ninefold Celestial Towers, the blue stone stele of Meng Xuanzi suddenly displayed an entry on the 135th position.

'Name, unable to display... This person has entered the first layer of the Ninefold Celestial Towers, the 1st palace.'

Dream Xuanzi expressed slight astonishment, and all the Immortal Emperors of Human Clan fixating on the ancient stele showed expressions of surprise.

There were already 134 names on the stele, and this marks the entry of the 135th person... But this 135th person was nameless.

"Why is this person's name undetectable?" The Ancient Tongtian Emperor furrowed his brow and inquired of Meng Xuanzi.

Now, there were 135 people who have successfully entered the Ninefold Celestial Towers, among them, only the position of the Seventh Barbarian Ancestor couldn't be detected.

Yet, now there appears another individual without a displayed name; the cautious Tongtian Ancient Emperor certainly wishes to know the reason...

"The reason this person's name is undetectable must be due to wearing a treasure concealing identity and appearance." Meng Xuanzi responded.

"Really..." Tongtian Ancient Emperor said indifferently.

This 135th entrant into the Ninefold Celestial Towers is naturally Ning Fan, and due to Ning Fan wearing the Innate Ghost Mask, the name field couldn't be displayed.

Tongtian Ancient Emperor wasn't overly concerned with this nameless cultivator; his focus was more on those who ranked higher.

Liuhe Immortal Lord was ranked seventh; his current location was the fifth layer, 57th palace.

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific was ranked eighth; his current location was the fifth layer, 22nd palace.

Ranked sixth was the demon ancestor Poison Dragon, currently on the fifth layer, 93rd palace.

Ranked fifth was Ao Xuan, already in the sixth layer, at the 12th palace.

The top four rankers weren't from the Yao Clan or Human Clan... but the four Barbarian Ancestors of the wild.

Among the four Barbarian Ancestors, the Seventh Ancestor was furthest ahead, having entered the seventh layer, 72nd palace!

"Could it be that the first to reach the topmost layer will be the Barbarian Clan..." Tongtian Ancient Emperor furrowed his brow slightly in contemplation.

But shortly after, the Tongtian Ancient Emperor issued a faint expression of surprise, turning his gaze to the nameless cultivator positioned last.

In just the brief time of ten breaths, that nameless cultivator advanced from the first layer, 1st palace, to break through to the 19th palace!

Such swift palace-breaking speed was rare, matched only by the likes of the four Barbarian Ancestors, Ao Xuan, Poison Dragon, Liuhe, and Miaoyan, the Eternal Immortal Venerables who entered the lower layers of Tianque early!

"Is this person also an Eternal Cultivator? Strange, according to my analysis, there seems to be no such Eternal Cultivator within the wilderness... Who could this unseen-named person be..." Tongtian Ancient Emperor pondered.

## Chapter 915: The Gray Moon

Ning Fan did not know that his entry into the Ninefold Celestial Towers had already attracted the attention of some Great Emperors.

After pressing his finger and shattering the stone door, Ning Fan entered, and what greeted his eye was a sea of clouds surging like raging waves.

Above the sea of clouds, the forbidden space force was extremely strong, even a Celestial Emperor could not fly in this place.

The sea of clouds had no entity, one could not set foot on it; once stepped upon, one would inevitably fall from the clouds, with life or death uncertain.

Floating above the sea of clouds were twelve ancient paths paved with bluestone slabs, like twelve azure dragons, winding upwards in different directions towards the summit of the sea of clouds.

The place where Ning Fan stood at this moment was one of the twelve ancient blue stone paths. Only by standing on the ancient path could one avoid falling from the sea of clouds.

On the first layer of the Ninefold Celestial Towers, there were a total of twelve ancient paths, which could lead to the second layer. Each ancient path had 111 palaces built upon it.

Only by choosing a path and breaking through all the palaces along that path could one enter the second layer of the Ninefold Celestial Towers.

Ning Fan had already learned of these matters from the information provided by Miaoyan Immortal Honorific. A flash of blue-colored Rain Intent appeared in his eyes, and he raised his hand, forming a seal to perform the Heaven Prying Rain Technique.

His spirit sense transformed into fine rain, winding upwards along the twelve ancient bluestone paths.

His spirit sense swept through each ancient bluestone path, over the 1st Palace, the 2nd Palace... the 111th Palace on each path.

The 111th Palace, located at the top of the sea of clouds on the first layer of the Ninefold Celestial Towers, required breaking through the first layer's sky to reach the second layer.

Ning Fan's spirit sense transformed into a gentle rain technique, covering every corner of the first layer of the Towers.

He could sense that on the first layer of the Towers, apart from him, there were 31 other cultivators staying in this place.

Among these cultivators, there were human experts and demon race demon cultivators.

Some were sitting cross-legged on the ancient bluestone paths, quietly adjusting their breath; others were trying to break through in some palaces.

Among these 31 masters, most were at the Mid Stage of Shekong cultivation level, with only four being at the Late Stage of Shekong.

Among these individuals, Ning Fan did not find the seven ancestors...

"There is no sign of the seven ancestors on the first layer. With his strength, he likely has already charged up to a higher layer of the Ninefold Celestial Towers..."

Ning Fan attempted to let his spirit sense rain break through the first layer's sky to enter the second layer, but found this impossible to achieve.

"I cannot perceive the situation of the second layer of the Towers, nor do I know which layer the seven ancestors have reached now..."

Withdrawing the rain technique, Ning Fan casually chose a path and walked forward along the ancient path. His movement technique was extremely fast, like an apparition, reaching a palace's exterior within a few breaths.

This palace was surrounded by multiple red palace walls. On the plaque above the hall entrance, the words 'First Palace' were painted in ancient immortal script with vermilion paint.

The palace had only two doors. Ning Fan had to enter from the front door and walk out from the back to proceed to the Second Palace.

Ning Fan glanced at the plaque and then stepped into the palace. As soon as he entered, he immediately felt a surging pressure descending from the sky.

The pressure was extremely strong. Ordinary cultivators in the Initiate Realm of Shekong, whose cultivation levels were suppressed by the banishing immortal force, would immediately be expelled from the palace upon entering, without even the qualification to enter!

Even cultivators at the Mid Stage of Shekong would find their steps difficult under the palace's pressure, unable to proceed without incense time, unable to leave the palace!

Ning Fan naturally did not have Abandon-Void Cultivation Level, nor was he suppressed by the banishing immortal force. His powerful strength made him naturally unafraid of the first palace's pressure.

The only surprise was that the pressure within the palace caused his tribulation blood to slightly boil before calming down...

Ignoring the palace pressure's suppression, Ning Fan stepped forward quickly, his gaze curious, lingering on the walls of the palace.

The palace was empty, with only four walls adorned with murals. Due to their age, the murals were severely weathered and incomplete, their specific contents indiscernible.

In those murals, the phantom shadow of the palace gates of the Ninefold Celestial Towers appeared many times.

In the murals, an old man appeared many times, wrapped in an animal skin skirt, holding a large bone club, naked upper body, muscles vigorous, hair braided into numerous small braids, his body painted with strange runes, resembling barbarian patterns...

For some unknown reason, when seeing the old man in the murals, the barbarian patterns on Ning Fan's body unexpectedly had a slight sense of cheer...

This strange feeling flickered and vanished. Ning Fan paused, inwardly examined himself, found no change in the barbarian patterns within, shook his head, and continued walking forward until exiting the first palace. That strange feeling did not reoccur.

"An illusion..." Ning Fan pondered.

After Ning Fan exited the first palace, a suddenly ethereal and elusive voice echoed from the murals, its tone rough and cold, like the voice of a corpse, devoid of any emotion.

"The breath of Damaged Tribulation... this child... Orthodox Barbarian Race..."

"The breath of Tribulation Blood... this child... High Realm Robber..."

"This place is my realm... one hall, one pattern... this child already has the first barbarian pattern, no need to condense the first pattern here..."

This eerie voice, Ning Fan left too quickly to hear.

His movement technique was extremely fast; upon exiting the first palace, he passed through countless long steps like a specter, arriving before the second palace and entering it.

In just a moment, Ning Fan had flashed through the second palace and entered the third.

After ten breaths, Ning Fan had broken through to the 19th palace and entered the 20th.

Another ten breaths passed, and Ning Fan broke through the 45th palace.

Along the way, every palace's four walls bore identical murals. Initially, Ning Fan would glance at them, but eventually, he stopped looking, breaking through the palaces directly.

The palaces that were breached would be momentarily filled with divine light, which would disappear after a moment.

The ancient path chosen by Ning Fan is the third of the twelve ancient paths. On this path, outside the 46th Palace, at this moment, there is a black-armored man sitting cross-legged in meditation.

This person is a mid-stage Shedding Void demon cultivator, belonging to the Black Crane Clan!

The 46th Palace seems to be a hurdle, the difficulty of which far surpasses the 45th Palace.

This black-armored man has tried several times but still cannot pass the 46th Palace. Instead, he failed many times, leaving some injuries, making him feel a little disheartened.

"The palace pressure of the 46th Palace is almost twice as much as that of the previous palace! What a pity, just a pity, I just broke through the mid-stage Shedding Void ten thousand years ago, not really a strong midstage cultivator. I'm afraid it's difficult to pass this palace..."

"Fortunately, entering this place wasn't completely fruitless. When I was challenging the 23rd Palace, I found a Jade Wave Demon Grass outside the palace, which has a medicinal age of over two million years... This demon grass may not be considered a treasure to others, but my Cultivation Technique is special. This thing, it's very good..."

The black-armored man was pondering when suddenly his gaze changed, noticing the divine light erupting from the 45th Palace.

"Has someone passed the 45th Palace again? Judging from the aura, it seems to be the aura of a Human elder..."

Ning Fan had not yet walked out of the 45th Palace, but a trace of Human master's aura had already spread out from the hall.

Noticing this trace of Human aura, the black-armored man's heart silently sank. He abruptly stood up, taking out a magical treasure to protect himself, his expression silently tense.

Having failed the challenges several times, he had quite a few injuries. If he were to fight this newcomer, the situation might be disadvantageous for him...

"Judging by the aura revealed by this person, he should be of the same mid-stage Shedding Void cultivation level as I am."

"Humans and demons have long-standing enmities. If we meet here, this person, seeing that I am injured, would never spare me. He will surely make a move against me... It's troublesome, I don't know if I can survive today..."

The black-armored man was feeling tense when suddenly his expression changed drastically again.

He looked down toward the ocean of clouds and distinctly saw a white-robed figure with a ghostly face and silver hair slowly walk out of the 45th Palace.

Ning Fan's pace didn't seem fast, but with one flicker, he left only an afterimage in place, and the next moment, he appeared like a ghost directly behind the black-armored man.

A chill ran down the black-armored man's back; he couldn't figure out how Ning Fan had circumnavigated to his rear.

He couldn't see through Ning Fan's movement technique, which only meant one thing — Ning Fan's strength was far above his, perhaps close to late-stage Shedding Void strength...

"Ghost face with silver hair... he is the person Ancestor Dulong wants dead!"

"If I battle with this person... the odds of winning are slim. But if I don't fight, I will be killed by him! I have no choice but to give it my all..."

The black-armored man gritted his teeth, abruptly turned around, and activated a magical treasure, intending to launch an attack at Ning Fan. But as soon as he turned around, he was greatly surprised.

He saw that Ning Fan had no intention of engaging him; instead, he quickly moved into the 46th Palace, leaving no trace of Ning Fan's presence there.

Although Ning Fan was clearly much stronger, he had no intention to kill and simply left...

"Why didn't he kill me? Given the ancestral enmity between Humans and demons, why would he spare me..."

While the black-armored man was filled with doubt, his expression suddenly changed once more.

Ning Fan had just entered the 46th Palace, and in less than a breath, the 46th Palace suddenly erupted with divine light reaching the sky!

The appearance of divine light indicated that Ning Fan had passed the 46th Palace!

"In just... one breath, this person broke through the 46th Palace in just one breath!"

"I once saw the Old Demon Hai of the Sea Serpent Clan pass the 46th Palace. That Old Demon Hai had late-stage Shedding Void cultivation and took three incense sticks of time to pass this palace..."

"This person is absolutely not of mid-stage Shedding Void cultivation. This person, this person... could he be a Fragmented Thought Elder!"

After Ning Fan passed the 46th Palace, he did not immediately proceed to challenge the 47th Palace. There was a trace of doubt in his eyes.

This doubt was not because of the black-armored man, but because of the 46th Palace itself.

At the moment he passed the 46th Palace, Ning Fan clearly felt a burning sensation from the Barbarian Patterns in his body...

This time the feeling was extremely clear. Ning Fan could confirm that this sensation was not an illusion.

After examining himself inwardly, Ning Fan found no abnormal changes in his body. After a moment of silence, he once again entered the 47th Palace.

Ten breaths later, the 59th Palace erupted with divine light reaching the sky, and Ning Fan walked out from it.

Another ten breaths later, Ning Fan had passed through the 67th Palace, slowly walking out.

Another twenty breaths, Ning Fan reached the 75th Palace.

The further he went, the stronger the palace pressure became. Ning Fan's pace in challenging the palaces slowed slightly, and he no longer solely pursued speed.

Even so, Ning Fan encountered no obstacles along the way and didn't spend much time before reaching the 96th Palace.

Outside the 96th Palace, at this moment, there was an elderly blue-robed demon sitting cross-legged. This person was surnamed Hai, known as the Old Demon Hai, and came from the Sea Serpent Clan, possessing late-stage Shedding Void cultivation.

Seeing Ning Fan's arrival, the Old Demon Hai squinted his snake-like eyes at Ning Fan, his gaze flashing slightly before closing his eyes again.

"Ghost face with silver hair... could this person be the one Ancestor Dulong wants dead?"

"Mid-stage Shedding Void cultivation is not worth mentioning. If it weren't for my current injuries, I could kill this child in just three breaths!"

"Forget it, consider this child's luck. With my injuries unstable at the moment, it's not suitable to mobilize demonic power. Let him live for a while longer."

The Old Demon Hai ignored Ning Fan's arrival, continuing to sit cross-legged as if in meditation. Such an attitude was almost arrogant.

Wasn't he afraid Ning Fan might strike him violently or ambush him?

Of course, he wasn't afraid.

"If this child dares to strike at me, I can kill him within six breaths even if it worsens my injuries! If he's timid and doesn't dare to attack, I wouldn't mind waiting until my injuries stabilize before killing him," Old Demon Hai thought arrogantly.

Ning Fan seemed to ignore Old Demon Hai as he leisurely walked past him, entering the 96th Palace.

Seeing Ning Fan didn't attack him but chose to challenge the palace, Old Demon Hai opened his eyes, chuckled strangely, shook his head, and muttered to himself,

"Doesn't dare to strike at me... This child is indeed timid and cowardly..."

Just as Old Demon Hai finished speaking, he suddenly opened his eyes incredulously and looked towards the 96th Palace.

Ning Fan entered this palace, and within just three breaths, the palace erupted with divine light!

"Three... three breaths! This child took only three breaths to pass through the 96th Palace. What realm is he?"

"Peak Shekong? No, even a Peak Shekong wouldn't be this composed. Could it be... Shattered Thought Realm!"

Old Demon Hai could no longer maintain his calm, suddenly stood up, dared not look at the 96th Palace again, and directly flew back towards the 95th Palace.

He was afraid that Ning Fan would return after passing the 96th Palace to attack him, hence he didn't dare to stay any longer.

Though self-assured, Old Demon Hai did not think himself a match for a Fragmented Thought Elders; his injuries hadn't healed, and if Ning Fan returned to kill him, he wouldn't have a chance to resist, fearing he wouldn't have any hope...

After passing the 96th Palace, Ning Fan's eyes showed less confusion, as if he confirmed something and had a conjecture.

The moment he passed the 96th Palace, the Barbarian Pattern within him again emitted a burning sensation...

46, 96...

These two numbers made Ning Fan recall the scenes when his Barbarian Pattern broke through 46 and 96 paths, continuously producing Barbarian Blood within him...

"46, 96, 156..." Ning Fan recited these three numbers silently, his eyes flickering, as he headed towards the 97th Palace, completely ignoring Old Demon Hai's escape.

represented that when his Barbarian Pattern increased to 156 paths, Barbarian Blood was once again produced within him.

He seemed to have some kind of conjecture in his heart but couldn't be sure yet.

The 97th Palace was soon passed by Ning Fan, followed by the 98th Palace, the 99th Palace, and the 100th Palace...

A hundred breaths later, Ning Fan reached the 111th Palace and passed through it.

After leaving this palace, Ning Fan came to the top of the sea of clouds on the first layer of Tianque, gazing at the firmament dome.

Beyond this, it's the second layer of the Ninefold Tianque!

One only needs to tear open the sky to enter the second layer of the Ninefold Tianque!

Others naturally need to tear open the sky to enter the Ninefold Tianque.

However, Ning Fan hadn't raised his hand to tear open the sky, when a cold, raw voice suddenly sounded from the top of the sea of clouds.

The voice was only audible to Ning Fan, though it was a bit cold, it bore no hostility.

"You are... my true clan member... You are... the Orthodox Barbarian Race..."

"Your Barbarian Pattern... has condensed 224 paths... within the first layer of Tianque... you can't gain any benefits... additionally bestowed upon you... ten drops of Royal Clan Barbarian Blood..."

As the voice finished, a blood-colored vortex suddenly appeared on the top of the sea of clouds, with ten crystal-clear black-red drops of blood flying out from the vortex, directly towards Ning Fan, and merging into him.

Ning Fan's gaze instantly shifted, those ten drops of blood turned out to be the bloodline of the Royal Clan Barbarian!

Once the ten drops of Barbarian Blood entered his body, they were immediately devoured by the dominating Calamity Blood within Ning Fan.

Ning Fan's Calamity Blood Level had long reached the Nine Stars Remnant Blood level, with the breakthrough to One-star True Blood still seeming far off.

After devouring the ten drops of Royal Clan Barbarian Blood, Ning Fan's Calamity Blood Level began to soar, although it still hadn't broken through to True Blood level, it did advance significantly from the Nine Stars Remnant Blood foundation!

"Come... my clan member... come to the top layer of Tianque... I await you..."

The blood-colored vortex gradually faded, the sea of clouds restored to its original state, and the voice also slowly disappeared.

Ning Fan had yet to react when a booming sound came from beneath his feet, with a giant magical formation appearing on the blue stone ancient path!

The formation light flashed, directly causing Ning Fan to vanish from the first layer of Tianque, appearing at the entrance to the second layer.

Others need to tear open the sky of the first layer to enter the second layer, but Ning Fan doesn't have to, receiving special treatment.

"Who exactly spoke that voice, and why did they bestow ten drops of Royal Clan Barbarian Blood upon me!"

"That voice, its aura quite unfamiliar, unlike any Barbarian Ancestor, definitely not the Barbarian Ancestor..."

"Who is that person!"

In the second layer of Tianque, there are a total of twenty-four blue stone ancient paths, leading to the third layer.

The second layer of Tianque has a total of forty-seven masters, some human, some demon, most are at the Late Stage of Shekong, only a few are at Peak of Shekong.

Ning Fan's arrival did not tear open the sky, thus did not make much noise, his arrival was silent.

No one noticed Ning Fan's arrival until divine light suddenly emitted repeatedly from one of the blue stone ancient paths, when palaces were continuously passed through, finally attracting the attention of many old monsters.

The second layer of Tianque has twenty-four blue stone ancient paths, the one Ning Fan walks is the eleventh.

On this path, besides Ning Fan, there are no other human or demon races, no one will disturb his advance.

The second level of Tianque, the pressure of the palace is extremely strong, far beyond the first level.

On this level, even for a Late Stage of Shekong old monster to break through the palace is extremely difficult, but for Ning Fan, breaking through the palace is still not too challenging.

At the first palace of the second level, Ning Fan broke through in just five breaths, and then every five breaths, he would break through another palace.

Where he passed, the palaces constantly emitted divine light, and old monsters on other ancient paths noticed the divine light emanating from Ning Fan's direction, their expressions changed.

"Hiss! On the eleventh ancient path, someone can break through a palace every five breaths! Five breaths... What kind of speed is this!"

"Who is this person! Could it be some powerful Fragmented Thought Elder?"

"It's unclear... the effect of the mist here in obscuring spirit sense is too strong, if we're not on the same ancient path, we can't see what's happening there... the only thing visible is this divine light penetrating the mist..."

"Hmm? This Fragmented Thought Senior seems to pause... at the 45th palace, he took ten breaths to break through..."

At the 45th palace, Ning Fan slowed his pace, his gaze flickered, and he stepped into the palace.

46, 96... and then, 156...

"156 minus 111, the result is 45..."

Ning Fan pondered, and upon entering the 45th palace, the Barbarian Pattern once again emitted a burning sensation.

His gaze instantly focused, seemingly confirming his inner suspicion.

"Just as I thought..."

Ning Fan didn't say much, he lingered slightly in the 45th palace, then walked out and continued forward.

He continued to advance upwards, and none of the palaces ahead could even slightly make the Barbarian Pattern emit a burning sensation.

The 46th palace, the 47th palace, the 48th palace, the 49th palace...

Ning Fan broke through the 111th palace without taking too long.

After breaking through the 111th palace, Ning Fan reached the top of the ocean of clouds on the second level of Tianque, and upon arriving, a blood-red vortex appeared again, sending out ten drops of Royal Barbarian Blood.

"Second level... you received no benefits... additionally, I bestow upon you... ten drops of Royal Barbarian Blood..."

"Come... my clansman... come to the top layer of Tianque... I await you..."

The voice rang out again!

This time, without waiting for the ten drops of Royal Barbarian Blood to enter him, without waiting for the blood-red vortex to disappear from the top of the ocean of clouds, Ning Fan directly activated the Reverse Spirit Technique, sending a reverse perception towards the blood-red vortex.

He could vaguely sense that the person sending him Royal Barbarian Blood meant no harm.

But with Ning Fan's caution, if he didn't figure out the other's identity, he ultimately couldn't be at ease.

Using the reverse perception of the Reverse Spirit Technique, a thread of Ning Fan's spirit sense infiltrated the vortex, directly arriving at the highest point of the Ninefold Celestial Towers!

There, stood a desolate gigantic door, above the sky, a gray moon hung!

Within a thousand zhang of the gigantic door, debris lay scattered, and many stone statues stood.

That gigantic door should be the legendary gateway to the Sky Desolate Ancient Realm.

Those stone statues were bizarre, with some sculpted as cultivators, others as strange beasts; some were weathered and incomplete, others quite intact.

The number of these stone statues exceeded a thousand, and their expressions ranged from pure terror to resentment and hatred.

Behind countless stone statues was a weathered and fractured monumental stone throne, upon which sat another stone statue.

That seated stone statue, judging by its appearance, was an elderly man with a bare upper body, wrapped in an animal skin skirt, his hair tied into numerous small braids, his body covered in petrified Barbarian Patterns.

The appearance of the elderly man seemed familiar to Ning Fan, reminding him of the frescoes seen in various palaces.

The aura of the elderly man matched the aura of the blood-red vortex perfectly. The figure giving Ning Fan Royal Barbarian Blood was this stone statue...

"The one repeatedly granting me Royal Barbarian Blood is this stone statue..." Ning Fan's gaze slightly flickered.

Just as he was about to withdraw this thread of spirit sense, a sudden, extreme sense of crisis arose in his heart!

Suddenly, waves of gray wind blew through the area, and the thread of spirit sense spread to the highest point of Tianque was directly wiped out.

Ning Fan decisively severed the connection with that thread of spirit sense, not daring to explore the highest point of Tianque anymore.

Even though he acted quickly, a trace of gray appeared within his divine sense.

This gray gave Ning Fan a tingling sensation on his scalp; once it invaded his body, it rapidly spread, causing Ning Fan's body to stiffen and petrify bit by bit.

Ning Fan's gaze grew increasingly severe, as he discerned a trace of the Power of Reincarnation within the gray aura in his divine sense.

This petrification cannot be halted by ordinary Divine Skills; only the Power of Reincarnation, or Calamity Blood Power equivalent to the Power of Reincarnation, can stop it...

"Disperse!"

Ning Fan coldly commanded, directly unleashing his Calamity Blood Power, and instantly, a scarlet glow enveloped his entire body.

Beneath the sweep of the scarlet glow, the trace of gray within his body was gradually wiped out...

#### Chapter 916: The Third Loss Tribulation

The trace of gray mist invading Ning Fan's divine sense was quickly swept away under the suppression of the Calamity Blood.

The stiffness in his body gradually disappeared, and the petrified parts slowly returned to normal. Seeing this, Ning Fan's expression relaxed slightly as he quietly watched the ocean of clouds above.

Above the clouds, the blood vortex was slowly fading, and Ning Fan did not continue using the Reverse Spirit Technique to perceive the scene on the other side of the vortex.

The ten drops of Royal Barbarian Blood bestowed by the stone statue had long flown into Ning Fan's body, devoured completely by the Calamity Blood.

After swallowing the ten drops of Royal Barbarian Blood, Ning Fan's Calamity Blood level increased significantly, yet it was still a long way from the True Blood Realm.

Ning Fan merely examined the change in his Calamity Blood and said nothing further.

His expression remained slightly serious as he recalled the scene he had perceived previously using the Reverse Spirit Technique.

"The gigantic door... the stone statue... the gray moon... what I perceived using the Reverse Spirit Technique is likely the entrance to the Sky Desolate Ancient Realm, a place long sought by both human and demon clans."

"The Tianhuang Entrance is at the very top of Tianque, where it's filled with gray winds, winds that contain the power of reincarnation, giving me an extremely dangerous feeling... this place does not seem benevolent."

"And that stone statue elder, I wonder what his identity is, why he called me 'an orthodox barbarian race', and why he would bestow me with ten drops of Royal Barbarian Blood twice..."

"Moreover, even though it was just a quick glance, I distinctly sensed a trace of deeply hidden life force within that stone statue elder... Is he also petrified by that gray mist, becoming a statue? Is he not yet dead... He asked me to see him at the top layer of Tianque, should I go..."

Ning Fan's thoughts spun rapidly, and after a moment, he shook his head.

He came to the Ninefold Celestial Towers solely to reclaim the millions of barbarian souls from the hands of the seven ancestors and didn't want to concern himself with other matters for now, nor did he want to meet that elder who had turned into a stone statue.

The blue stone ancient path beneath his feet once again lit up with circles of Formation lights, and in the next instant, Ning Fan's figure disappeared from the second level and entered the third level of Tianque.

At the entrance of the third level of Tianque, six Yin Yang Evil Veins were currently sitting cross-legged at this place, with seven or eight corpses of human experts lying on the ground.

When Ning Fan's figure appeared at the entrance of the third level, the six Yin Yang Evil Veins abruptly stood up, each releasing the aura of the Peak of Shekong realm.

These six Yin Yang Evil Veins recognized Ning Fan's human aura, with vicious glares bursting from their eyes, amidst which were waves of doubt.

"Strange, how did this person enter the third level of Tianque without tearing through the sky of the second level?"

"Forget it, no matter how this person entered the third level, let's kill him first! Ancestor Dulong ordered us to remain here and intercept any lone humans entering this place, and this one seems to have only a Mid Stage of Shekong cultivation; killing him won't be difficult! Moreover, this one... has the ghost face and silver hair! He is the one Ancestor Dulong has placed a bounty on! Killing him can earn an Imperial-Grade Proto-Pill from within the clan!"

Thinking of the rich reward of the Imperial-Grade Proto-Pill, the hearts of the six Yin Yang Evil Veins raced with excitement, their expressions towards Ning Fan harboring even greater killing intent, as if looking at a fat sheep.

These six Yin Yang Evil Veins stayed here on orders to ambush any lone human expert entering.

Seeing that Ning Fan's cultivation was not high, the six Yin Yang Evil Veins naturally harbored murderous intentions towards Ning Fan, and further realizing that Ning Fan was the one targeted by Ancestor Dulong's bounty, he was undoubtedly a must-kill.

Behind them, each of the six Yin Yang Evil Veins carried a Sword Box with the monstrous Sword Qi surging within.

Just as Ning Fan made his appearance and had yet to take in the view before him clearly, among the six, a tall and a slender Yin Yang Evil Vein stepped forward, simultaneously forming sword seals, and shouted,

"Si Water Demon Sword, Slash!"

"Han Valley Demon Sword, Slash!"

Instantly, the Sword Boxes behind the two demons emitted sonorous and powerful sword cries, with a purple and a red sword light shooting out with a whoosh, slashing toward Ning Fan from left and right.

As for the other four Yin Yang Evil Veins, they each shifted their bodies to block Ning Fan from all sides. They did not attack Ning Fan but sealed all his escape routes.

They had no intention of giving Ning Fan any chance to escape!

These six Yin Yang Evil Veins worked together seamlessly and had already jointly slain many human Shedding Void experts.

Among the six Yin Yang Evil Veins, any single one of them would not be considered weak at the peak of the Shedding Void realm. To them, dealing with Ning Fan, who was merely at the 'Mid Stage of Shekong', having two people act was more than sufficient to easily kill Ning Fan.

The reward of the Imperial-Grade Proto-Pill seemed almost within reach!

Unfortunately, these six Yin Yang Evil Veins had underestimated Ning Fan's strength!

Cold light flickered in Ning Fan's eyes. Just because he had encountered multiple Yin Yang Evil Veins without killing did not mean he was merciful or unwilling to kill demons!

If people do not offend me, I will not offend them. Since these Yin Yang Evil Veins have come courting death, he naturally won't hold back!

"Collapse!"

Suddenly, an overwhelming red glow exploded around Ning Fan, forming into two enormous crimson hands that reached directly for the two demon swords!

Those two demon swords were of extraordinary caliber, being flying swords of the Acquired Five Nirvana level, slightly higher in grade than Ning Fan's Weichen Four Swords.

Yet, under the grasp of the crimson giant hands, both swords shattered with a resounding boom, crumbling into fine powder in the sky.

With one grasp, the swords broke!

The two Shedding Void Peak Yin Yang Evil Veins who were life-bound with these two swords immediately spat blood as they retreated, and upon looking at Ning Fan again, their eyes were filled with horror.

Not only these two demons, but the other four demons were also equally shocked in their eyes. To destroy two Acquired Five Nirvana demon swords with one strike, such a technique was not something a Mid Stage of Shekong could possess!

"That red glow, what kind of supernatural power is it! It can shatter an Acquired Five Nirvana demon sword in a face-off!"

"This person is definitely not Mid Stage of Shekong! Our combined swordsmanship is difficult even for the Peak of Shekong to handle, yet this person broke it in one move... This person, even if not a Fragmented Thought Elder, must be at the brink of stepping into the Shattered Thought Realm, at the Peak of Shekong!"

"Strike together, kill this one, do not hold back any longer!"

The six demons' expressions were serious, their movements shifting positions, forming a hidden formation surrounding Ning Fan, with him in the center.

Ning Fan's eyes flashed with a colder light, refusing to give the six demons the chance to form the formation!

A one-star true blood-level Taicang Calamity Spirit, considered a minor achievement in Calamity Blood, with its powerful bloodline alone, could be unmatched within the Shedding Void Realm!

After continuously devouring twenty drops of Royal Barbarian Blood, Ning Fan's Calamity Blood, though not yet breaking through to the true blood level, had grown much stronger than before.

The current Ning Fan, relying solely on the might of Calamity Blood, could fight against the Late Stage of Shekong without necessarily being defeated.

Under the suppression of the Banishing Immortal Force in the barbaric realm, even when facing the Later Stage of Shattered Thought, Ning Fan could still fight. What fear of a few Peak Shekong!

"Devour!"

A flash of red light in Ning Fan's eyes, at this moment, the heavens were filled with calamity clouds, red light crashed down like thunder, rumbling continuously, causing the ocean of clouds here to roll and surge.

He swept his sleeve suddenly, and the Calamity Thought Red Glow around him surged out like a storm, transforming into six scarlet finger glows, each targeting one of the six demons.

The speed at which the finger glow approached was too fast, so fast that the six demons couldn't make a defense, and the finger glow had already reached before their eyes, crushing the six spirit armor demon armor with one finger, invading into the six demons' bodies!

Once inside the body, the six demons immediately vomited blood and retreated, their bodies even feeling a sense of stiffness.

With each step back, the stiffness feeling intensified. By the seventh step back, the six demons suddenly realized in shock that they could not retreat further!

At this moment, their bodies had lost control due to the rampant Calamity Thought Red Glow within, unable to move even a tiny bit!

Their bodies, as if no longer belonged to themselves, still had consciousness, but even moving a finger was impossible!

Upon introspection, the six demons immediately found out that currently, their bodies were controlled by a sinister and scarlet red glow, depriving them of their body's control rights!

The red glow not only eroded their minds, but with the passage of time, the six demons struggled to stay conscious, their eyes turning bloodthirsty and murderous. Gradually, they even developed an urge, a craving to slaughter among themselves, disown their kin, to slaughter their kind...

They had gone insane!

"What... is... this... kind... of... supernatural... power..."

"Terrifying..."

The six demon cultivators ultimately lost their consciousness under the erosion of the Calamity Thought force. They had fallen to Ning Fan's Calamity Thought Technique, transformed into Ning Fan's loyal servants, turning into pure killing machines.

Unfortunately, Ning Fan did not need such loyal servants. After the six fell, Ning Fan glanced coldly at the six demons, raised his hand to unleash the Memory Severing Dao Sword, piercing through their Dantian, annihilating their Demon Souls.

Casually collecting the six demon's storage pouches and demon swords, Ning Fan glanced at the blue stone ancient paths, choosing one to enter.

In the third layer of the Tianque, a total of thirty-six blue stone ancient paths could lead to the fourth layer. Ning Fan chose the nineteenth route, a path no one had walked before.

He took such a short time to kill the six demons, but with great momentum. In the third layer, there were still thirteen Early Stage Shattered Thought old monsters challenging the palace, both human and demon. These six old monsters detected some waves from Ning Fan's slaughter of the six demons, yet due to the dense mist in this place, they were too far to discern exactly what happened at the entrance.

"Judging by this fighting momentum, could it be an old monster of the Shattered Thought Realm making a move here..." Outside the 84th Palace on the seventh ancient path, Demon Yuanzi was sitting cross-legged, striving to restore mana, with many injuries on his body.

Outside the 84th Palace on the ninth ancient path, Jin Hua Ancestor sat cross-legged, with many injuries, nursing his wounds. Detecting the terrifying waves of the fight direction, Jin Hua Ancestor was slightly shocked but said nothing.

The eleventh ancient path, the twelfth ancient path, the fourteenth ancient path... Each Shattered Thought Elder noticed the waves caused by Ning Fan's supernatural power performance, with changing expressions.

Most of the Early Stage Shattered Thought elders stopped at the 84th Palace, a palace difficult to pass with early stage cultivations.

"Are the Si Water Six Demons all dead... Hmph! I wonder which Human Shattered Thought, couldn't tolerate the six demons assaulting lone humans, finally acted against them!" On the twenty-first ancient path, an old man with snake hair perceived the shattering of six soul plates in his storage pouch, his face sinking.

This snake-haired old man, his face covered in snake scales, exuded an extremely chilling aura, hailing from a True Spirit Race—Sky-swallowing Python Race, with a formidable talent, rarely encountering opponents in the shattered thoughts early stage realm.

"Among the six demons, one practiced a cultivation technique that is quite beneficial to me. I had intended to train this demon into a python vessel, but unexpectedly, this demon was killed by a human elder... Hmph! The human elder who slew the six demons, did he take the nineteenth ancient path, lucky him! If he had taken my path, I would certainly have given him a painful lesson!"

The snake-haired old man let out a cold snort, flashing into the 84th Palace.

Moments later, the snake-haired old man let out a muffled groan, spitting blood as he flew out of the palace, a hint of unwillingness in his expression.

"Damn it, the pressure of the 84th Palace is several times that of the 83rd Palace. Without Mid-Phase Shattered Thought cultivation, it's truly impossible to pass... I don't believe it!"

The snake-haired old man adjusted his breath slightly, attempted to enter the 84th Palace again, but moments later, flew out spitting blood again.

"Can't get through..." he sighed in dismay, suddenly noticing something, slightly startled.

"Huh? The human elder who killed the six demons, already reached the third palace, and is unable to move further?"

The snake-haired elder's spirit sense vaguely locked onto the nineteenth ancient path, fixed on Ning Fan's direction.

He noticed that Ning Fan had been inside the 3rd Palace for about ten breaths, but the 3rd Palace had yet to emit Divine light indicating clearance.

"Why not stop at the 4th Palace..." the snake-haired elder thought curiously.

The third layer of Tianque was noticeably different from the second, and this difference was specifically directed at Ning Fan.

Ning Fan had passed through the 1st Palace and 2nd Palace along the nineteenth ancient path, and these two palaces were not particularly special for him.

But once he entered the third layer's 3rd Palace, he immediately sensed changes in the barbarian patterns within his body!

Originally, there were 224 barbarian patterns in his body, but upon reaching the third layer's 3rd Palace, a 225th barbarian pattern began to form!

"Passing through the Ninefold Heavenly Fort's palaces increases the count of barbarian patterns!" Ning Fan's gaze sharpened, seemingly confirming something.

The cultivation of barbarian patterns, when reaching 46, 96, 156, creates new barbarian blood within Ning Fan's body.

When advancing to the 46th and 96th peak within Ninefold Heavenly Fort, the palace pressure significantly increases.

The second layer's 45th Palace had a similarly intense pressure, and the 45th Palace of the second layer just happened to be the 156th Palace Ning Fan had passed through.

The third layer's 3rd Palace was, correspondingly, the 225th Palace Ning Fan had passed through.

The previous 224 palaces did not increase the barbarian pattern count, but here, suddenly, another pattern appeared...

"Earlier I suspected that the Ninefold Heavenly Fort is linked to the cultivation of barbarian patterns through the Summon Barbarian Technique, and it seems this hypothesis is correct now."

Ning Fan's eyes radiated with clarity as he stepped out of the 3rd Palace, causing the 3rd Palace to explode with Divine light.

His figure flickered, entering the 4th Palace, and his gaze immediately froze.

The palace pressure in the 4th Palace was several times greater than the 3rd Palace! Without the cultivation of the Shattered Thought Early Stage, one would definitely be directly repelled by this palace pressure!

"The 4th Palace is the 226th Palace I've traversed, and in this palace, the pressure has significantly heightened..."

Ning Fan moved forward, bearing the weight as heavy as a mountain, step by step. He had been breezing through the palaces, but here he finally started to feel the difficulty in his stride.

In the 4th Palace, Ning Fan spent nearly a hundred breaths before pushing through the pressure.

Upon passing through the 4th Palace, the count of barbarian patterns in Ning Fan's body reached 226, causing barbarian blood to be born once again!

"46, 96, 156... then 226... I've found some pattern within this. The number of barbarian patterns for next birth of barbarian blood should be 306..."

"306, corresponding to the 84th Palace of the third layer!"

The newly born barbarian blood in his body was dominantly consumed by the Calamity Blood, significantly raising the Calamity Blood's level.

Getting closer to breaking through to one-star True Blood!

With the slight improvement in Calamity Blood level, the pressure here seemed to lessen for Ning Fan, making his steps significantly lighter.

Palace after palace, Ning Fan continued forward, with palace pressure constantly escalating - he was able to pass through each palace every twenty breaths.

With every palace he passed, the count of barbarian patterns inside Ning Fan would increase by one.

When he passed the 78th Palace, the count of barbarian patterns reached 300!

In the 78th Palace, Ning Fan faced the third damage tribulation upon becoming a Young Master Barbarian!

In just one breath, his flesh began to wither, and the life force within his body was crazily swallowed by the barbarian patterns.

This devouring was different from the curses of barbarian patterns, not determined by the barbarian patterns themselves.

To survive the third damage tribulation, more life force is required than the previous two. If Ning Fan fails to pass the third damage tribulation, he will perish when his life exhausts.

If Ning Fan survives the third damage tribulation, he can awaken the Barbarian Ancestor lineage with 300 barbarian patterns, becoming a Young Master Barbarian, achieving the ancestral-level barbarian cultivations!

The onset of the damage tribulation was silent, unnoticed by the dozen Fragmented Thought Elders of the third layer.

But someone did notice the aura here!

The sixth layer, the 95th Palace, the Fourth Ancestor's gaze shifted, detecting the aura of damage tribulation from the lower layer Tianque.

The sixth layer, the 17th Palace, the Second Ancestor was about to break through this palace, when suddenly he turned back, gazing downward, as if perceiving something extremely astonishing.

The seventh layer, the 49th Palace, the First-Generation Barbarian Ancestor shielded by a White Bone sword proceeded step by step toward the other end of the palace under immense pressure.

At the moment Ning Fan's damage tribulation descended, the First-Generation Barbarian Ancestor suddenly drew a copper mirror, and from the mirror, saw Ning Fan's ghost-faced silver-haired appearance!

"Impossible! Even if he is Taicang's Calamity Spirit, it's absolutely impossible to induce the third damage tribulation! Besides the barbarian tribe, no other race should have the qualification to bring down the third damage tribulation..."

"No master from the Barbarian Clan can possibly gain the 'recognition of the Twelve Barbarian Gods', nor can they receive the arrival of the third calamity! How can this child have such merit or ability to trigger the third calamity! Could it be that his true identity is that of a barbarian? He is not a member of the Human!"

None of these three Barbarian Ancestors expected that Ning Fan could trigger the third calamity.

Even the Five Ancestors, who planted the "Summon Barbarian Technique" within Ning Fan, did not expect that Ning Fan would be able to bring about the third calamity one day.

Only barbarians can gain the recognition of the Barbarian God through the Summon Barbarian Technique, triggering the third calamity; this rule was established by the twelve 'Barbarian Gods' together.

The Barbarian Gods are the deities that all barbarians, including the First-Generation Barbarian Ancestor, must worship! They are the true progenitors who, modeling after the Calamity Blood, created the Barbarian Clan lineage!

In fact, the Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain, led by the Fan Family, is just a branch of the Barbarian Clan, under the rule of the Taicang Calamity Spirit. There are many other such Barbarian Clan tribes like the Fan Family... they are all descendants of the twelve Barbarian Gods!

"Unexpectedly, the barbarian pattern that Five Ancestors desperately planted within this child's body has triggered the third calamity for him, becoming a kind of fortune... If this child successfully crosses the third calamity, a drop of ancestral-level Barbarian Blood will emerge within his body... Can this child cross the third calamity! If he crosses..."

The First-Generation Barbarian Ancestor retracted his initial expression of shock, the corner of his mouth suddenly curling into a cold, sinister arc.

"So be it, if this child can break through the ancestral-level Barbarian Blood bloodline, it is good. By that time, his usefulness will not be limited to being swallowed by us Barbarian Ancestors for healing. His use can be even greater, such as sacrificing him to that sleeping master on the top layer of Tianque..."

The eighth layer of Tianque, Palace No. 15.

Fan Mokong walked forward against the pressure with empty eyes.

He, like the other three Barbarian Ancestors, noticed the calamity on Ning Fan, but he did not share the shock of the other three or bother to pay attention to Ning Fan.

His expression was always empty and numb, like a machine that only knows how to complete its tasks.

He forged ahead, breaking through obstacles, just to reach the top layer of Tianque, because there, his true self had laid out tasks for him!

"My name is Fan Mokong; I am the Seventh Generation Barbarian Ancestor... The day of my death, I borrowed the power of the Causal Beast seized from slaying High Realm Robber, letting my will escape into the Dreamland Realm, forming my true self, attempting to wield fate..."

"Memory is very hazy... Can't remember too many things, most memories were taken away by my true self..."

"I have tasks entrusted by my true self, I must climb to the top of Tianque, I must plant this Gu within the Ninth Generation Barbarian God..."

"To turn the Ninth Generation Barbarian God into my third body double for Fate Wielding..."

Fan Mokong, the Seventh Ancestor, proceeded with numb eyes, carrying a small bottle, within which was a Gu, stolen by his true self from the Southern Clan Gu Sect of the Eastern Heaven Immortal World.

He also had a banner, within the banner were the souls of the million barbarians Ning Fan once saved, as well as countless souls of barbarians with bewildered eyes, most of whom fell in this blood sacrifice...

These souls were gathered by him using Soul Summoning Technique, the potion to activate that mysterious toxic Gu!

The empty-eyed Fan Mokong did not expect that his actions of collecting barbarian souls had attracted a fierce star, who had entered the Ninefold Celestial Towers, pursuing him!

His consciousness was very low, only knowing to instinctively complete the tasks entrusted to him by his true self, with things unrelated to the tasks, he would not inquire.

...

The third layer of Tianque, the Twenty-First Ancient Path, Palace No. 84, the elder with serpent-like hair once again failed to break through the palace, ejecting blood and flying out from within the palace.

This was already his fifteenth attempt to break through Palace No. 84.

"Can't really break through... Being familiar with how the pressure is distributed in this palace, if a bit more clever, perhaps I could..."

The elder with serpent-like hair was contemplating his plan to break through the palace when his expression suddenly changed dramatically.

In the direction of the Nineteenth Ancient Path, rolling dark clouds suddenly appeared, starkly different from the hazy ocean of clouds here, giving the elder an extremely unsettling feeling.

Amidst the dense dark clouds, a voice transmitted from afar, indifferent, icy, causing fear in all who heard it!

"Ancient Moment!"

That dark cloud was released by Ning Fan through Divine Skills!

That dark cloud was the anomaly induced by Fu Li's clan-stabilizing Divine Skill—Ruins Guidance!

Ning Fan crossing the third calamity required a significant amount of Life Force, to consume through his Barbarian Pattern. His own Life Force was insufficient for the pattern to consume, so he could only gain it externally!

The master closest to him here was the elder with serpent-like hair located on the Twenty-First Ancient Path.

This person had been locking Ning Fan with spirit sense, harboring hostility.

This hostility was not concealed from Ning Fan, so when Ning Fan needed Life Force the most, he directly chose to seize it from this person!

Rolling dark clouds flew from the direction of the Nineteenth Ancient Path, shrouding the sky as they came, at the center of the dark clouds a sudden large vortex appeared, within the vortex was actually a black-clad apparition of Ning Fan, directly materializing, descending aggressively towards the elder with serpent-like hair, coldly speaking,

"Hand over your Life Force to me! This is the punishment for your hostility towards this demon!"

Chapter 917: Eighth Generation Young Barbarian Si (Part 2)

"Hand over the life force within you to me! This is the punishment for your hostility towards this demon!"

Ning Fan's tone was extremely domineering. As soon as he landed on the blue stone ancient path, he immediately marched towards the snake-haired elder.

The snake-haired elder felt a trace of unease in his heart, but when he sensed the cultivation aura emanating from Ning Fan, the stone in his heart immediately fell, his old eyes narrowed slightly, and he let out a faint sneer.

"You want me to hand over my life force? Humph! Such arrogance! You brat! If I'm not mistaken, before you were suppressed by the Banishing Immortal Force, you should only have the cultivation level of the Mid Stage of Shedding Void, right? A mere Shedding Void junior dares to speak wildly before me, wanting to seize the life force within me. Truly, you don't know the immensity of heaven and earth!"

"According to my rules, your disrespect towards me requires you to apologize with death! I won't kill you with my own hands; you should just end yourself to avoid disgrace at my hands!"

Having said this, the snake-haired elder stood with hands behind his back, gazing up at the heavens with the extravagant demeanor of a senior expert, completely disregarding Ning Fan, who was closing in step by step.

In the elder's view, Ning Fan's bold words warranted granting him the opportunity to end himself, which was already being magnanimous.

If Ning Fan didn't choose to end himself obediently, heh, he wouldn't mind personally destroying this 'Shedding Void junior'.

Ning Fan ignored the snake-haired elder and continued his approach.

Seeing Ning Fan refuse to end himself, the elder impatiently opened his eyes and let out a cold snort.

"Stubborn fool! Since you refuse to end yourself, I'll personally send you on your way! Experience the terror of a Master at the Shattered Thought Realm! Dao Thought Technique, Azure Jiao Scissors!"

The elder suddenly clapped his hands together, and two huge intertwined shadows of azure Jiaolong dragons immediately appeared between heaven and earth, revealing his carefully cultivated Dao Image.

As the Dao Image shone with azure light, the two entwined dragons transformed into a massive pair of scissors, descending directly to slice Ning Fan in half.

"This is my signature skill. That you could die under this technique is enough to be proud..."

With these words, the elder slightly closed his eyes, seemingly envisioning the scene where Ning Fan was sliced in half by the Azure Jiao Scissors.

Facing the attack of the scissors, Ning Fan casually raised his right hand, extended his index finger, pointing downwards, and coldly uttered.

"Ancient Moment!"

Immediately, a demon wind arose between heaven and earth, black fog rolling in. Above the ocean of clouds, a colossal shadow of a black butterfly demon gradually appeared, seemingly illusory like a flickering black flame, emitting an ominous and sinister aura.

As Ning Fan uttered 'Ancient Moment', the rolling black fog instantly condensed into a thousand-zhang finger light, pressing down directly upon the giant Azure Jiao Scissors.

With a resounding boom, the scissors shattered into countless fragments from Ning Fan's single press.

The elder, poised with closed eyes in a stance of superiority, suddenly opened them wide, filled with disbelief. He had no time to react further as Ning Fan's finger light violently surged forward, pressing straight down at him!

As the finger light descended, the elder's entire body seemed on the verge of tearing apart, engulfed in endless pain. The force transmitted from the single finger caused him to spew blood and retreat, hurtling a hundred-zhang backward before heavily crashing onto the blue stone ancient path, turning into something resembling a blood-soaked figure.

At this moment, his eyes no longer bore any trace of derision, only shock and fear.

He knew he had terribly misjudged; Ning Fan was far from being some 'Shedding Void junior'!

"This person's finger is too strong. Even if I didn't underestimate him and used all my power, there's no way I could directly withstand this finger. I must retreat!"

"This man is definitely not a Shedding Void! Even if he's not in the Later Stage of Shattered Thought, he's certainly at that half-step into the Later Stage of Shattered Thought level!"

"Damn it! If I had known how powerful this man was, I wouldn't have dared to argue with him; I would have fled much earlier..."

The elder now felt an overwhelming sense of regret.

Ignoring the elder, Ning Fan once again raised his finger, pointing at the elder.

"Ancient Moment!"

With the point of his finger, countless black fog appeared above the ocean of clouds, resembling a vast black ocean, engulfing the elder completely.

The black fog seemed to possess a sealing power, rendering the elder immobile within it. From within the fog came a pull, absorbing the demonic power inside the elder, erasing his cultivation uncontrollably!

In one breath, it erased a thousand years of Taoist practice!

In ten breaths, it erased ten thousand years of Taoist practice!

The elder had profound cultivation; losing ten thousand years of practice didn't mean much to him. But what made him panic was the terrifying speed at which the life force within him was being crazily siphoned by the black fog.

Had Ning Fan not severely injured him with a single finger, he might have resisted the drain of life force somewhat. But now, heavily wounded, he was powerless to stop the drainage.

In just ten breaths, Ning Fan had siphoned ninety percent of the elder's life force!

After ten breaths, with the black fog gradually dispersing, Ning Fan frowned while looking at the weakened elder.

"Not enough... Even if I drain all the life force from this elder, it's not enough for the Barbarian Pattern to consume..."

"Forget it, I'll first drain all the life force from this person anyway!"

Ning Fan raised his finger again, seemingly to once more use the Lost World Palace Finger and seize the life force of the snake-haired elder.

The snake-haired elder collapsed to the ground. Upon seeing Ning Fan wanting to raise his finger again, he immediately turned pale with fright and begged for mercy,

"Daoist, please wait! We can talk things over, please don't extract all my life force! My inner life force has been taken by you about ninety percent. If the remaining ten percent is also taken, I won't survive!"

"I can tell! Daoist, isn't it that you've reached a bottleneck in your cultivation and need massive life force to progress? Life force, that's easy to say, I've got plenty! As long as you spare my life, I'm willing to offer a treasure, within which the life force absolutely meets your cultivation needs!"

"Daoist, let's negotiate, spare my life and I'll give you a treasure... Ah! Daoist, please be lenient!"

Before the snake-haired elder could finish speaking, Ning Fan directly grabbed his neck and lifted him like a chick.

His stature was small to begin with, just a bit taller than a midget, and being lifted by Ning Fan at the moment looked quite comical.

"What is the life-force containing treasure you mentioned?" Ning Fan coldly inquired.

"It's... uh, I can't say. Daoist, you haven't agreed to spare my life, I'm afraid to say. Once I say it, you will definitely... ah!"

Suddenly, the snake-haired elder cried out and fainted.

Ning Fan was too lazy to waste words with the snake-haired elder and directly performed Reverse Spirit Technique to conduct a Soul Search.

After the Soul Search, Ning Fan's eyes revealed a peculiar look, taking the snake-haired elder's storage pouch and tossing him to the ground.

After rummaging through the storage pouch, Ning Fan took out a section of purple python bone.

Seeing that the life force contained within the python bone was actually a hundred times more than the snake-haired elder's inner life force, Ning Fan immediately nodded in satisfaction.

"This item is a segment of remains left behind by the former python ancestor of the Sky-swallowing Python Clan after passing away... When members of the Sky-swallowing Python Clan fall, they gather their life force into the bone, passing the life force from the remains to their descendants for consumption..."

"Without this bone, perhaps I'd need to acquire life force from a few more people to be sufficient for the Barbarian Pattern's consumption. With this bone, things will be much less troublesome..."

Ning Fan collected the python bone, frowned slightly, glanced at the snake-haired elder, and said coldly, "Stop pretending to be dead! The python bone you've offered is useful to this demon, so I'll be forgiving and spare your life! Provided that you assist this demon in breaking the seal on the python bone!"

The python bone indeed contained a large amount of life force, but it was sealed. The seal wasn't powerful, and if Ning Fan wished, he could easily lift the seal. However, the seal was extremely unique, and a wrong method to break it would cause the life force in the python bone to dissipate instantly...

The correct method to lift the seal could only be performed by the members of the Sky-swallowing Python Clan, which involved using the bloodline power of the python ancestor of the Sky-swallowing Python Clan to unseal it. Outsiders without the python lineage can't break the seal.

The snake-haired elder remained unconscious on the ground, seemingly not reacting to Ning Fan's words at all.

Seeing this, Ning Fan once again raised his finger, as if he were going to use the Lost World Palace Finger again, as if to take the life of the snake-haired elder.

Upon seeing Ning Fan wanting to use the Lost World Palace Finger again, the snake-haired elder 'pretending to be dead' on the ground flipped up suddenly and hurriedly exclaimed, "Daoist, quickly stop! You shouldn't do this; if this finger points down, I'll definitely perish!"

"Not pretending to be dead anymore?"

"No more pretending, no more pretending, haha..."

The snake-haired elder awkwardly chuckled at Ning Fan, his eyes rolling around, and he added, "I didn't look closely just now, now I see that Daoist is actually a Pseudo-Ancient Demon! Haha, Daoist turns out to be a fellow of my Demon Race, my apologies, I wonder from which clan you're from? Daoist, when you did the memory search on me just now, you seemed to use the Reverse Spirit Technique of the True Dragon Clan... This technique... seems to be only used by the Eternal Immortal Venerables of the True Dragon Race, how can you..."

On the surface, the snake-haired elder was being deferential, but inside he was already overwhelmed by waves of emotions, secretly guessing whether Ning Fan might be an Eternal Immortal Venerable from the True Dragon Race? Otherwise, he would definitely be unable to master the Reverse Spirit Technique!

Ning Fan didn't plan to waste words with the snake-haired elder, directly tossing the python bone to him. "I'll give you the time of one incense stick to unseal this python bone. If you can't do it, death! If you say one more wasted word, death!"

The snake-haired elder hurriedly caught the python bone, feeling cold sweat all over, and dared not speak further, obediently shut his mouth.

He glanced at the python bone in his hand, then at Ning Fan, gritted his teeth, sat cross-legged on the ground, and activated his bloodline power to break the seal on the python bone.

"Ah, back in the day, I obtained just this small piece of the former python ancestor's bone from the clan by various contributions. Unexpectedly, I haven't even consumed this bone yet, and it needs to be handed over... Oh well, as long as my life is saved, parting with this python bone doesn't matter! This person is most likely an old monster from the True Dragon Race, I can't provoke him... Hopefully, he will keep his promise and spare me after I help him unseal this bone..."

In just half a stick of incense time, the snake-haired elder completed the unsealing of the python bone and respectfully handed it over to Ning Fan.

Ning Fan took the python bone, looked at it, and nodded in satisfaction. His figure blurred, instantly dissipated into countless black demon lights, and disappeared from the twenty-first ancient path.

At the same time, on the nineteenth ancient path, within the 78th Palace, Ning Fan, who had been sitting cross-legged with closed eyes, opened his eyes for the first time.

From start to finish, Ning Fan's true body hadn't left the nineteenth ancient path, but rather used Divine Skills to create an illusionary demon body draped in black clothes to descend near the snake-haired elder, nothing more.

At this moment, Ning Fan's inner life force had been flowing away seriously. As he withdrew the Divine Skills, a large amount of life force instantly filled his body, while a section of purple python bone appeared in his hand.

Ning Fan placed the python bone flat on his lap, tapping his fingertip on it, absorbing the life force within.

Gradually, the Barbarian Pattern within his body devoured enough life force, the backlash began to reduce, and gradually calmed down.

Gradually, beside Ning Fan's ears, a chorus of mysterious chants from the Stone Warriors echoed, seeming close yet distant, hard to make out the litany...

He sat cross-legged in the grand hall, his body emanating a burning sensation from the Barbarian Pattern. Simultaneously, a slowly emerging silhouette of an ancient monument appeared behind him. That ancient monument silhouette wasn't solid, having only a head but no face, with limbs only vaguely outlined, barely human-shaped.

In the instant this ancient monument formed, Ning Fan's body continually generated Barbarian Blood, within which threads of bloodline memories seeped into his divine sense.

All those bloodline memories were related to the nine losses of the Young Master Barbarian. Only now did Ning Fan discover that the backlash appearing every time the Barbarian Pattern reached a hundred marks was called a loss tribulation, and what he had just gone through was the third loss of the Young Master Barbarian!

Ning Fan suddenly opened his eyes and glanced back at the ancient monument behind him. From the blood memory, Ning Fan learned that this monument was known as the 'Young Barbarian Statue' among the Barbarian Clan, a symbol of the Young Master Barbarian identity for each tribe!

Condensing the Young Barbarian Statue means one has become the Young Master Barbarian of the clan!

"I'm not a barbarian, yet I actually became the Young Master Barbarian..." A Demon Light flashed in Ning Fan's eyes.

"It's the aura of the Young Barbarian Statue! That boy actually condensed a Young Barbarian Statue!"

In the sixth and seventh layers of Tianque, the First Generation, Second Ancestor, and Fourth Ancestor all showed a change in expression, paused their ascent, and gazed deeply towards the lower layers of Tianque.

Others may not have sensed the formation of the Young Barbarian Statue, but these three, being Barbarian Ancestors, could detect it.

In the eyes of the Second Ancestor and Fourth Ancestor, a greedy gleam appeared at this moment!

Since Ning Fan had overcome the third tribulation and condensed the Young Barbarian Statue, theoretically, his body could generate a drop of ancestral blood from the Barbarian Clan!

If they were to devour this drop of ancestral blood from Ning Fan, the benefits would surely be significant!

The Second Ancestor and Fourth Ancestor wished they could immediately rush to the third layer of Tianque, kill Ning Fan, and swallow Ning Fan's bloodline.

Unfortunately, the two of them didn't have the time to deal with Ning Fan now; they had to continue their climb upward, heading to the top layer of Tianque...

"What a pity, I really want to devour this boy..." The Second Ancestor and Fourth Ancestor said with regret.

The First Generation Barbarian Ancestor's eyes were instead filled with a fiery intensity and solemnity rather than much greed.

"Unexpectedly, this boy really became the Young Master Barbarian. With this, the ancestral barbarian blood he possesses will be the perfect offering to awaken the Ninth Generation Savage God!"

"The only pity is that this boy is currently at the lower layer of Tianque. I am eager to reach the top layer and don't have time to return to the lower layer to capture this boy..."

"Forget it; I still have several offerings on hand that can barely be used, so it's not absolutely necessary to use this boy..."

The First Generation Barbarian Ancestor shook his head, withdrew his gaze, and continued moving forward.

Although he really wanted to seize Ning Fan and use him as an offering, unfortunately, he didn't have time to do so at the moment...

...

In the third layer of Tianque, along the Nineteenth Ancient Path, within the 78th Palace.

Once the Young Barbarian Statue belonging to him was condensed, a large amount of barbarian blood was instantly generated within Ning Fan's body, faintly, as well as a drop of ancestral blood was forming within Ning Fan!

From the blood memory, he understood that what he had just passed was the third tribulation of the Young Master Barbarian. He also knew that once the third ancestral blood was passed, becoming the Young Master Barbarian, a drop of ancestral barbarian blood could be generated within the body...

Even though Ning Fan already knew all this, he could not help but feel moved when he truly sensed an extra drop of ancestral blood within his body.

An ordinary Eternal Immortal Venerable would need to expend billions of years of intense effort to cultivate a drop of ancestral blood.

He merely passed the third tribulation of the Young Master Barbarian, and could already cultivate a drop of ancestral blood. This was indeed a significant benefit.

Sadly, this ancestral blood hadn't stayed long within Ning Fan's body before being arrogantly devoured by the calamitous blood...

Ancestral barbarian blood, consumed without hesitation... Possessing calamitous blood is just that capricious...

Just as the pressure of the ancestral barbarian blood rose from Ning Fan's body, it quickly dissipated, mixing with the pressure of the calamitous blood...

"Didn't expect this calamitous blood to be so domineering, capable of devouring even ancestral barbarian blood..." Ning Fan's eyes were grave as he murmured to himself.

Could not help but be solemn, as absorbing the full blood power of a drop of ancestral blood, his calamitous blood level soared once more.

His calamitous blood level was originally Nine Stars Remnant Blood Level; the gap between Nine Stars Remnant Blood and One-Star True Blood is as vast as the earth and sky, extremely large.

Under normal circumstances, wanting to break through to true blood level calamitous blood is incredibly difficult, almost unimaginable. But with the help of this drop of ancestral barbarian blood, the difficulty was greatly reduced.

Ning Fan sat cross-legged on the ground, a red light growing increasingly intense on his body as the calamitous blood boiled within.

The level of calamitous blood steadily moved towards the One-Star True Blood level, drawing ever closer.

The entire third layer of Tianque began to show large amounts of red calamity clouds, and faintly, the first red thunderous lightning tribulation split down from the sky, descending, echoing endlessly!

Following this were the second, third, and fourth thunderbolts... More and more tribulation lightning took form in the sky, striking down towards the ocean of clouds!

The Fragmented Thought Elders only at the early stage of crossing truth, who were galloping in the third layer of Tianque, hurriedly emerged from the palace and looked up. Their eyes focused on the red tribulation lightning with profound apprehension!

No one knew why the third layer of Tianque showed signs of overwhelming lightning tribulations. No one knew what the red thunder symbolized.

No one knew that the red thunder was the Calamity Thought Thunder formed by the power of Calamity Thought!

All they knew was the red tribulation lightning was excessively terrifying; just a random red bolt could kill a Fate Immortal cultivator.

Ten red bolts could kill those who have crossed the truth!

A hundred red lightning bolts can kill those in the Shedding Void Stage!

A thousand red lightning bolts can kill those in the Shattered Thought Realm!

In this forbidden wilderness where immortal force is suppressed, possessing merely a hundred red lightning bolts is enough to strike dead any early-stage Shattered Thought elder!

"What kind of lightning is this?" Whether it was Demon Yuanzi or Jin Hua Ancestor, in the third layer of Tianque, each Shattered Thought elder gazed at the red lightning overhead, all feeling a chill of fear.

The number of lightning bolts increased more and more, ultimately reaching as many as 999!

Those 999 lightning bolts suddenly rushed forth, flying toward the Nineteenth Ancient Path, into the 78th Palace, and then into Ning Fan's body.

At this moment, Ning Fan's Calamity Blood level completely broke through the level of one-star True Blood!

At this moment, a bizarre red rune appeared on the back of Ning Fan's right hand. When the rune was activated, 999 bolts of Calamity Thought Lightning immediately coiled around Ning Fan, and his ears were filled with the sound of wind and thunder!

"Are these Calamity Thought Lightning bolts a divine power possessed after the Taicang Calamity Spirit has a minor achievement in Calamity Blood..." Ning Fan pondered while looking at the red lightning.

With a thought, the scarlet rune on the back of his right hand immediately concealed itself, and the Calamity Thought Lightning coiling around him also vanished without a trace.

With another activation, the rune reappeared, and the 999 bolts of Calamity Thought Lightning transformed into existence one by one.

"The power of these Calamity Thought Lightnings is very strong! To kill a Fate Immortal, just one bolt is enough! With ten Calamity Lightnings in hand, it's sufficient to kill an early-stage Enlightenment Master. With a hundred Calamity Lightnings in hand, it's enough to kill an early-stage Shedding Void Master! Now I possess 999 Calamity Lightnings, which alone are sufficient to sweep through the invincible Shedding Void Realm! In this primitive wilderness where immortal force is suppressed, even when facing a Shattered Thought Peak, I can kill with a mere lift of my hand! This is the power of the Taicang Calamity Spirit..."

Ning Fan opened his mouth, swallowing all 999 Calamity Lightnings back into his body, silently pondering.

Now, the Barbarian Patterns in his body have reached 300, becoming the Young Master Barbarian of the Barbarian Clan.

Now, he also relied on the power of that drop of Ancestral Barbarian Blood to break through the bottleneck of one-star True Blood, allowing the Calamity Blood to achieve a minor success.

A Taicang Calamity Spirit attaining a minor achievement in Calamity Blood can be invincible within the Shedding Void Realm. Ning Fan's Calamity Blood has broken through to the one-star True Blood level, and looking at the Shedding Void realm, he stands almost unrivaled...

The shadow of the Young Barbarian Statue behind him gradually faded. Ning Fan stood up abruptly, shrouded by the red light, and walked out of the 78th Palace, stepping into the 79th Palace.

With just one breath, Ning Fan broke through the 79th Palace and, in a flash, entered the 80th Palace.

Within another breath, Ning Fan broke through the 80th Palace and entered the 81st Palace!

After entering the third layer of Tianque, Ning Fan's palace breaking speed had gradually slowed, but with the breakthrough in Calamity Blood and significant increase in strength, his palace breaking speed once again rose to a terrifyingly fast pace!

Upon Ning Fan becoming the Young Master Barbarian, the Summon Barbarian Technique placed in him by the Five Ancestors automatically unraveled.

Though the Summon Barbarian Technique unraveled on its own, every time Ning Fan broke through a palace, he gained an additional Barbarian Pattern.

After breaking through the 82nd and 83rd Palaces, Ning Fan arrived at the 84th Palace.

The difficulty of breaking through the 84th Palace is nearly multiple times that of the 83rd Palace, and not a single early-stage Shattered Thought elder could break through this palace.

Whether it was Demon Yuanzi, Jin Hua Ancestor, or even that snake-haired elder severely injured by Ning Fan, they all stopped at the 84th Palace, unable to proceed further.

The 84th Palace corresponds to the 306th Barbarian Pattern.

Upon entering the 84th Palace, Ning Fan immediately felt the overwhelming pressure, and he smiled slightly.

"46, 96, 156, 226... Indeed, is the next number 306?"

The pressure was extremely heavy, but Ning Fan almost ignored it and broke through the 84th Palace in less than a breath!

Upon breaking through the 84th Palace, the number of Barbarian Patterns on Ning Fan reached 306, and once again Barbarian Blood was generated within his body.

"Every time the Barbarian Patterns reach a hundred in number, a Decline Calamity will descend. If passed, Barbarian Blood will be generated in the body. If the number of Barbarian Patterns reaches specific numbers like 46, 96, 156, etc., Barbarian Blood will also be generated..."

Ning Fan's thoughts raced, his footsteps were quick, flashing forward at an extremely fast speed, and continuing to break through the palaces.

"Calamity Blood can be elevated in level by consuming Barbarian Blood... My current Calamity Blood level has reached one-star True Blood, yet I wonder how many Barbarian Bloods it would take to break through to two-star True Blood..."

"As a one-star True Blood, merely relying on the strength of Calamity Blood, I can be invincible within the Shedding Void realm. If I break through to two-star True Blood, I wonder how much my strength will increase..."

The third layer of Tianque, the 111th Palace, was soon broken through by Ning Fan.

Ning Fan proceeded along the blue stone ancient path, reaching the highest point of the third layer's Immortal Clouds, and once again, the voice of the stone statue elder resounded in his ears.

"You are... my true clansman... you are... the Orthodox Barbarian Race..."

"My left hand is for Barbarian... ruling the Flame of Life of all beings... my right hand is for Calamity... mastering the Heaven and Earth's Dao Fortune... the unity of Calamity and Barbarian... is the Barbarian God..."

"You have gained in the third layer... I will not... grant you additional opportunities..."

"Come... my clansman... come to the top layer of Tianque... I await you... let me bestow upon you... the Barbarian God's blessing..."

Chapter 918: Who Is This Person?!

The voice of the stone statue elder gradually drowned in the chilling wind of the ocean of clouds. Ning Fan pondered over the words of the stone statue elder, deep in thought.

"Who exactly is the stone statue elder? Why does he repeatedly claim that I am his legitimate clansman, and why does he invite me time and again to meet him at the top layer of Tianque? The stone statue elder also mentioned bestowing me the blessing of the Barbarian God... What is the blessing of the Barbarian God... What is the Barbarian God..."

While Ning Fan was contemplating, rings of formation light already shone beneath his feet. He stopped overthinking, took a step into the Teleportation Formation, and was teleported to the fourth level of Tianque.

At the entrance of the fourth level of Tianque, there are forty-eight ancient blue stone paths leading to the fifth level of Tianque.

Within the fourth level's range, Ning Fan sensed a total of fifteen energies belonging to the Fragmented Thought Elders, mostly at Mid-Phase and Late Harmonious Spirit cultivations, with only a few at Shattered Thought Peak.

The Mid-Phase and Late Harmonious Spirit elders mostly halted at the position of the 63rd palace in the fourth level, trapped and unable to proceed beyond this palace.

Although the Shattered Thought Peak elders can pass the 63rd palace, their progress beyond it is as slow as a crawling turtle. Rarely, any Shattered Thought Peak elder can make it to the fifth level of Tianque.

"The fourth level of Tianque, the 63rd palace, corresponds to 396 Barbarian Patterns... Is it 396 after 306... For the Fragmented Thought Elders here, this level is a challenge, but for someone like me with Minor Achievement in Calamity Blood, it's not difficult to cross. However, the Seven Ancestors are not on the fourth level but at a higher place... In that case, I must quicken my pace!"

Ning Fan's gaze slightly narrowed. He had not forgotten the original purpose of coming to the Ninefold Celestial Towers; his goal was merely to reclaim the souls of a million barbarians from the Seventh Generation Barbarian Ancestor.

He wasn't here to seek opportunities; he had no interest in the Ancient Passage here... His target was the Seven Ancestors!

Seeing Ning Fan's figure blur, he transformed into a burst of glaring red glow, dashing toward the 27th ancient path. This was an unoccupied road. At the moment he stepped onto the ancient path, all fifteen Fragmented Thought Elders in this layer sensed him and spread their spirit senses in this direction.

Through layers of misty clouds, these elders couldn't see Ning Fan's face, only a vague red glowing silhouette shooting out like a flash of light. That red glow was both enchanting and sinister!

"Another Fragmented Thought Elder has entered the fourth level of Tianque? Judging by the aura, it seems to be a Human elder. Hiss! What kind of divine skill is that red glow, giving this old man such a heart-stopping sensation! Whoever this person is, he's definitely not someone I can provoke!" A demon race elder shuddered internally; he was a Shattered Thought Peak elder, yet found it difficult to withstand Ning Fan's Majestic Calamity of the Taicang.

"Without at least Mid-Phase Fragmented Thought cultivation, it's impossible to enter the fourth level of Tianque. This person's aura isn't strong, seemingly weaker than Mid-Phase Fragmented Thought on the surface... Strange... Has this person hidden his cultivation... or is this person not a Mid-Phase Fragmented Thought elder but used special means to enter this level... Speaking of which, when this person entered the fourth level, he didn't seem to tear apart the sky... How did he enter the fourth level..." Some elders expressed multiple doubts.

After a round of perception, the fifteen elders each kept their thoughts to themselves and gradually retracted their spirit senses, no longer paying attention to Ning Fan. After all, they had their own palaces to break through and couldn't focus on others all the time.

Ning Fan also had no intention to care about others; he simply concentrated on swiftly advancing to the fifth level of Tianque. Remarkably, in this fourth level of Tianque, where Shattered Thought Peak elders struggled, Ning Fan was passing through the palaces at a near-terrifying speed!

The 1st Palace, Ning Fan passed in just 1 breath.

The 2nd Palace, still passed in 1 breath.

The 3rd Palace, the 4th Palace, the 5th Palace... Ning Fan took less than 1 breath to pass each palace, continuously unleashing dazzling divine light over these palaces, coating the ocean of clouds with layers of divine splendor!

"Hiss! What kind of speed is this for palace breaking!"

"This person takes just 1 breath for each palace! Let it be known, this is the fourth level of Tianque! The fourth level palaces are extraordinarily hard to breach; even Shattered Thought Peak elders barely manage to move forward. Such speed, only an Eternal Immortal Venerable could possibly achieve. Is this person an Eternal Immortal Venerable!"

Among the fifteen Fragmented Thought elders, nine were demon race elders, they were all astounded, almost convinced that Ning Fan was indeed an Eternal Immortal Venerable.

They could sense the deliberately dispersed Human aura from Ning Fan, thinking that this person might actually be a Human Clan Immortal Honorific!

Not the Liuhe Immortal Honorific, nor the Miaoyan Immortal Honorific! The two Immortal Honorifics of the Human race had long ascended to higher layers of Tianque. Who exactly was this person that appeared, and why would there be a third Immortal Honorific of the Human race entering the primitive and wild lands?

"Who is this Human Clan Immortal Honorific!" One by one, the demon race elders speculated secretly, and some even used secret techniques to notify the upper layers of Tianque.

The six Human Fragmented Thoughts in the fourth level, however, displayed a sudden fiery fervor. The demon race did not know the Human's identity, but they had guessed Ning Fan's identity!

"If there's a third Human Clan Immortal Honorific in the primitive and wild lands, it must be Senior Zhao Jian! Unexpectedly, Senior Zhao Jian has also come to the Ninefold Celestial Towers!"

Among the six Human Fragmented Thoughts, there were also those who performed secret techniques, quietly communicating to the upper layers of Tianque.

Ning Fan moved swiftly, ignoring everything around him, his body seemingly merging with the Calamity Thought Red Glow, crimson lightning flickering constantly around him. That was the lightning from Calamity Thought Thunder!

At this moment, with only the power of Minor Achievement in Calamity Blood, he could sweep through the Fragmented Thought Elders here and achieve a stable victory. Only those few Immortal Venerable level powerhouses could suppress his Minor Achievement in Calamity Blood.

The 6th Palace, the 7th Palace, the 8th Palace... As Ning Fan stormed through, the Barbarian Patterns increased with each one.

He advanced all the way to the 63rd Palace, a place where Mid-Phase and Late Harmonious Spirit Elders halted, but with just 1 breath, Ning Fan forced his way through, reaching 396 Barbarian Patterns, causing a slight formation of Barbarian Blood inside him. Consuming this Barbarian Blood for Calamity Blood's enhancement had minimal effects.

The 64th Palace, the 65th Palace... the 67th Palace!

This palace corresponds to 400 Barbarian Patterns, and upon breaching this palace, Ning Fan reached 400 Barbarian Patterns, but did not encounter the fourth calamity.

"Hmm? The fourth calamity didn't descend?" Ning Fan was slightly taken aback, revealing a heavy expression.

When becoming the Young Master Barbarian, Ning Fan gained many memories of the Barbarian Clan bloodline, knowing that Young Master Barbarians promoted through Summon Barbarian Technique face nine calamity trials. Of course, successfully overcoming the first three is enough to become a Young Master Barbarian, but if the Barbarian Patterns of a Young Master Barbarian continue to increase and break through certain marks, subsequent calamities still come...

According to the bloodline memory's description, Ning Fan's breakthrough of 400 Barbarian Patterns should bring the fourth calamity.

But in reality, the fourth calamity did not descend...

"If the fourth calamity were to descend at this moment, with the purple python bone I've secured, passing through it wouldn't be difficult... Yet I wonder why the fourth calamity, which should have arrived, hasn't descended."

Ning Fan flipped his hand and took out the purple python bone, with ninety percent of its life force still remaining. Passing through the third calamity only consumed ten percent of that life force.

With another flick of his hand, he put away the python bone, remained silent for a moment, then his figure flickered and he dashed out of the 67th palace, continuing onward.

With no disturbance from the fourth calamity, he naturally didn't need to waste time in the 67th palace.

Palace 68, Palace 69, Palace 70, Palace 71...

Ning Fan made his way through 111 palaces, stepping onto the teleportation formation underfoot, entering the fifth layer of Tianque.

Curiously, this time, the voice of the stone statue elder, like the vanished fourth calamity, didn't appear...

Far away in the Crimson Penetration Passage, the Tongtian Ancient Emperor furrowed his brow slightly, staring at the stele before him.

On the stele, Ning Fan's ranking had rapidly climbed to the ninth position!

The top eight positions were occupied by four Barbarian Ancestors and Human Clan Immortal Honorifics, while Ning Fan was ninth. His ranking has no name, yet it couldn't be ignored by Tongtian Ancient Emperor...

"Ninth rank... Could this nameless cultivator truly be an Eternal Cultivator? He entered the Ninefold Celestial Towers the latest among everyone, yet in such a short time, he surpassed all Fragmented Thought Elders, and reached the fifth layer of Tianque..."

The Tongtian Ancient Emperor stared at the giant stele. At this moment, Ning Fan's position showed as the 97th palace in the fourth layer.

With each breath of time, Ning Fan's position was shifting. In just over a dozen breaths, his position had changed to the first palace of the fifth layer.

"According to my deductions, there should be only eight Eternal Venerable Immortals in the primitive and wild land now. Did I miscalculate... If this person is truly the ninth Venerable Cultivator, which clan does he belong to? Human Clan? Demon Race? Or perhaps, is he from a surviving Barbarian Ancestor..."

Tongtian Ancient Emperor's eyebrows were deeply locked; he was accustomed to having everything under control and disliked unexpected changes. Perhaps, Ning Fan's sudden appearance would be a major change in the Human Clan and Demon Race's contest over the Ancient Passage...

"Meng Xuanzi, can you use divine skills to ascertain this person's cultivation and race?" Tongtian Ancient Emperor said to Meng Xuanzi.

"This is difficult... But if I could borrow two treasures from my fellow Daoists, I have a thirty percent chance to slightly sense this person's cultivation and race." Meng Xuanzi replied solemnly.

"Oh? What magical treasures does Meng Xuanzi need to borrow? Please speak freely to us." Upon hearing this, many Human Clan Immortal Emperors spoke up. There were also some Immortal Emperors who remained silent, quietly watching Meng Xuanzi.

Meng Xuanzi hesitated for a moment, then cupped his hands towards the two female Emperors among the Immortal Emperors, saying, "This matter requires borrowing the 'Fuli Bone Umbrella' from Zifu Academy and the 'Yin Fusion Third Orb' from the Lost World Palace! Would the two Daoists be willing to lend these treasures?"

Sss!

As Meng Xuanzi's words fell, several gasps could be heard among the crowd, and the other Immortal Emperors' faces turned serious. After all, the Fuli Bone Umbrella and the Yin Fusion Third Orb that Meng Xuanzi wanted to borrow were considered extremely precious treasures among the Four Heavens' emperors...

The Fuli Bone Umbrella is one of the foundational treasures of Zifu Academy Palace and is currently in the hands of the Tribulation Wielding Immortal Emperor.

The Yinrong Pearl is the foundational treasure of the Lost World Palace, known as the 'Northern Sky's Heaven-stabilizing Treasure'. There were originally ten pearls, with the first being the weakest and the tenth the strongest. The tenth orb was destroyed due to certain circumstances. Currently, the nine pearls are safeguarded by the emperors of the Lost World Palace, with the third orb in the hands of the 'Western Palace Ancestor' of the Lost World Palace!

Upon hearing Meng Xuanzi's desire to borrow these two treasures, the Tribulation Wielding Immortal Emperor gently combed her blue hair, remaining composed and silent, simply gazing inquisitively at Meng Xuanzi. The Fuli Bone Umbrella is a foundational treasure of Zifu Academy Palace and is not easily lent. However, given the importance of the situation, if truly necessary, she wouldn't be stingy with her treasure.

The Western Palace Ancestor of the Lost World Palace was an elderly woman in grey, who was the master of Yuan Yao, the palace lord of the Lost World Palace.

Upon hearing Meng Xuanzi's desire to borrow the Yin Fusion Third Orb, even with her favorable relationship with Meng Xuanzi, she immediately turned hostile, sternly refusing, "Meng Xuanzi! If you were borrowing other treasures, this old woman wouldn't hesitate to lend them, but the Yin Fusion Pearl is of significant importance. If borrowed and something goes wrong, I might fall behind in

competition with the Eastern Palace and North Palace in the future... This treasure, I certainly won't lend!"

The Western Palace Ancestor of the Lost World Palace had always been quirky in character; even with a good relationship with Meng Xuanzi, she could turn hostile in anger and refuse to acknowledge the relationship.

Meng Xuanzi gave a slight bitter smile, knowing that the Tribulation Wielding Immortal Emperor and the Western Palace Ancestor wouldn't easily lend their treasures.

He didn't press them, merely gazing in anticipation at the Tongtian Ancient Emperor. With his status, he couldn't manage to borrow the magical treasures from these two, but if it were Tongtian Ancient Emperor...

"The Ancient Passage is of great significance and cannot allow for any changes to occur! You two, lend your treasures to Meng Xuanzi for use. If there are any losses, I will be responsible!"

The Four Oceans Sect has a total of twenty-eight Ancient Emperors of Stars, and Tongtian Ancient Emperor ranks first among them, serving as the leader of the sect. If he speaks, aside from the secret clans, no one dares to refute him!

Seeing that the Tongtian Ancient Emperor had spoken, the Tribulation Wielding Immortal Emperor didn't say much, directly gesturing with her hand to tear open her life interface, extracting a ray of purple-black light from within, its nature unknown, and handed it to Meng Xuanzi.

The Western Palace Ancestor's old face was somewhat displeased; she wasn't as generous as the Tribulation Wielding Immortal Emperor and was reluctant to lend her treasure.

However, with the Tongtian Ancient Emperor's declaration, even if she was unwilling, she didn't dare refuse. She gritted her teeth, tore open her life interface, extracting a black treasure bead that emitted blinding light, dazzling like a small sun!

The Yin Fusion Pearl isn't originally black; only the Third Orb is black due to being tainted by demonic thoughts.

"In my possession, aside from the Third Orb, there are the Sixth and Seventh Orbs. The Third Orb's ranking is lower than the latter two, and it has also been contaminated by demonic thoughts from the Ancient Demon Abyss, significantly diminishing its power... Since the Tongtian Ancient Emperor has intervened, lending this orb to Meng Xuanzi shouldn't be an issue. So be it!"

With a gloomy face, the Western Palace Ancestor handed the Third Orb to Meng Xuanzi, instructing, "Meng Xuanzi, the Third Orb is lent to you for now; you must use it cautiously!"

"The treasures are now in Daoist Meng Xuanzi's hands, please quickly perform your arts, as I want to see what background this nameless cultivator has!" Tongtian Ancient Emperor also urged.

Meng Xuanzi nodded, immediately wielding the two treasures in his hand, transforming them into radiance that entered the stele, then sat cross-legged on the ground, chanting softly.

With the power of these two treasures, he had a thirty percent chance of discerning Ning Fan's origins, but even with his perception, it required quite some time.

At the same time, on the side of the demon race, the Chief of the True Dragon Clan, much like the Tongtian Ancient Emperor, frowned deeply.

He gazed at the skin curtain summoned by Huax Yao, upon which a red shadow occasionally flashed by.

It was very blurry, making it impossible to discern the red figure's features, only vaguely glimpsing his continuously darting silhouette...

The first layer of Tianque, the second layer, the third layer, the fourth layer...

Now that red figure had already entered the fifth layer of Tianque!

"Strange, according to my calculations, there shouldn't be a ninth Immortal Venerable in the current Ninefold Celestial Towers. Yet this person can storm up to the fifth layer of Tianque at a speed

comparable to the Eternal Immortal Venerable... Could this person be an unforeseen variable I've overlooked?"

The character of the True Dragon Clan Chief was more somber than the Tongtian Ancient Emperor, yet they shared one similarity, which was an extreme distaste for unexpected developments in plans.

He lowered his gaze and said to Huax Yao, "Is there any way to make the projection on the skin curtain clearer? If this person is the ninth Immortal Venerable of the primitive and wild, I must know who this person is!"

Huax Yao's pretty face turned pale, and she smiled wryly, "It's impossible. I've done my utmost, but it's too difficult to clearly see who this person is..."

"No matter! I'll lend you this!" The True Dragon Clan Chief pondered for a moment, then suddenly tore apart the void, extracting a phantom mist from it, faintly bow-shaped. With a flick of his finger, he handed it to Huax Yao.

Many Great Emperors of the demon race saw the True Dragon Clan Chief take out this item, and their expressions changed dramatically, revealing fervent gazes!

If they were not mistaken, this phantom mist turned out to be 'Origin Qi'!

Origin Qi is the key to breaking through the Third Step Saint Realm, consisting of three types: Origin Yuan, Nirvana Yuan, and Desolate Origin, so the emperors of the Four Heavens often called Origin Qi the 'Shienie Wilderness's Three Energies'!

The Shienie Wilderness's Three Energies are key to breaking through the third step of cultivation, but unfortunately, the amount of Origin Qi needed to break through the third step is too large, and within the Four Heavens, Origin Qi is nearly extinct...

There are no saints in the Four Heavens, one major reason being the insufficient Origin Qi.

The elders of the Four Heavens long to enter the Ancient Passage to visit the Sky Desolate Ancient Realm mainly because they want to obtain a large amount of Origin Qi to advance to the third step of cultivation!

If the Candle Bow Spirit were here, seeing the True Dragon Clan Chief take out this mass of phantom mist, it would likely curse to no end.

The Candle Bow Spirit once fought the world with the Ancestral Dragon, shooting countless powerful beings of Heaven and Earth and was rewarded with some Origin Qi by the Ancestral Dragon.

However, it's a pity that this generation's True Dragon Clan Chief boldly refined the Origin Qi from the Candle Bow Spirit, making the Candle Bow Spirit weaker and weaker.

If the Candle Bow Spirit's Origin Qi hadn't been taken by the True Dragon Clan Chief, perhaps with his strength he would have shot Ning Fan that day, instead of being captured by Ning Fan...

"These Origin Qi, use them as you will! I hope this time you can completely reflect the appearance of that red shadow!" the True Dragon Clan Chief sternly told Huax Yao, with a hint of warning in his expression.

Origin Qi can be infused and refined, or it can be used to perform divine skills.

If used to perform divine skills, it can significantly increase the power of the skills. If infused and refined, it can greatly elevate a practitioner's cultivation level.

Huax Yao's pretty face turned pale again, understanding the true meaning of the Chief of the True Dragon Clan's warning, she dared not privately refine and infuse these Origin Qi.

She only dared to use these Origin Qi to perform techniques. Whatever amount was used, the True Dragon Clan Chief wouldn't ask more, but whatever was left had to be returned to the True Dragon Clan Chief. If she dared to privately infuse even a fraction of Origin Qi, she would surely face the immediate wrath of the True Dragon Clan Chief...

"With the help of Origin Qi, I will definitely project the appearance of that red shadow!"

Huax Yao gave the True Dragon Clan Chief a promise, immediately sitting cross-legged on the ground, performing techniques with incantations.

While the various human race emperors attempted to investigate Ning Fan, the demon race also conducted their own investigations.

All this, Ning Fan was yet unaware of. At this moment, he was speeding through the fifth layer of Tianque. In the fifth layer, there was no one. According to Ning Fan's estimation, at this height, he would no longer encounter the Fragmented Thought Elders. Should he meet anyone, it would either have to be the Eternal Cultivator from the Human or Demon Race, or someone of the Barbarian Ancestor level...

It seemed he was almost catching up to the Seven Ancestors...

Upon reaching the fifth layer of Tianque, even with Ning Fan's greatly enhanced strength, his speed inevitably slowed down.

The pressure of each palace was enough to make true Eternal Immortal Venerables take notice; though Ning Fan could sweep through the Shattered Thought Realm in the primitive and wild where the Banishing Immortal Force was rampant, the gap in strength between him and a true Eternal Immortal Venerable was still as vast as heaven and earth. After all, the true Eternal Immortal Venerable's power was not suppressed by the Banishing Immortal Force.

Breaking through the first palace of the fifth layer took Ning Fan ten breaths.

Breaking through the second palace took Ning Fan fifteen breaths.

By the time he reached the tenth palace, it took Ning Fan fifty breaths to pass through it.

The further he progressed, the more difficult the conquer became, even when he reached beyond the twentieth palace, he felt as if he couldn't take another step.

Although his current strength surpassed that of the Fragmented Thought Elders here by a great deal, the gap with a true Eternal Immortal Venerable was still too enormous...

Other Eternal Immortal Venerables could effortlessly pass through the fifth layer of Tianque and enter the sixth layer, but he was unable to do so.

"Can I only rely on the power of magical treasures..."

Ning Fan's eyes flickered slightly as he took out the Memory Severing Dao Sword to protect himself, trying to use the power of magical treasures to resist the oppressive might of the Ninefold Celestial Towers and hasten his progress.

Unfortunately, as soon as the Memory Severing Dao Sword appeared, it shattered into fragments of purple gas under the oppression, unable to withstand the pressure here.

The Memory Severing Dao Sword was a Dao Weapon; although its form was shattered, it wasn't destroyed. Yet, it couldn't help Ning Fan in storming the palace because the current level of this Dao Weapon was still insufficient...

Ning Fan waved his hand and took out several treasures from the Acquired Five Nirvana and Six Nirvana, but these magical treasures similarly failed to help him resist the pressure here.

"If only I could retrieve the Stele of Sun and Moon from the Xuan Yin Treasure, with its innate might, it would surely counteract the pressure here and allow me to enter the sixth layer of Tianque at ease. However, regrettably, my cultivation is lacking, and I cannot retrieve the Stele of Sun and Moon from within the Xuan Yin Treasure..."

"Though the Purple Gourd is an innate object, it's not a true innate treasure, and trying to use it to resist the pressure here is impossible."

"Other magical treasures aren't of high enough level to help me catch up to the seven ancestors; seems I can only use this..."

Ning Fan suddenly called forth, causing dozens of six-colored and seven-colored arrow shadows to fly around him!

He only had one Seven-Colored Arrow left, but there were many six-colored arrows!

Once, Ning Fan's strength was only enough to shoot three six-colored arrows simultaneously, yet even so, when three arrows were released together, they were enough to injure the Barbarian Ancestor with Immortal Venerable cultivation.

Now, Ning Fan's minor achievement in Calamity Blood had significantly boosted his power, and based on his estimates, shooting five arrows at once was not difficult now.

Releasing five arrows simultaneously might severely injure the Barbarian Ancestor!

Though the seven-colored arrows weren't true magical treasures, merely arrows condensed from slaughter incense, once a group of arrows were released, they quickly helped Ning Fan fend off most of the palace's pressure.

Ning Fan felt the oppression on his body lighten, enabling him to ascend quickly to the upper layers of Tianque.

As he took out many seven-colored arrows, he naturally also took out the Candle Bow Spirit.

That day, the Candle Bow Spirit aided Ning Fan in shooting the Barbarian Ancestor, yet even until today, Ning Fan hadn't lent the Purple Gourd to the Candle Bow.

Logically, the Candle Bow Spirit should be full of complaints, given its talkative nature, not letting Ning Fan summon it without endless nagging. But now, when Ning Fan summoned the Candle Bow Spirit, it didn't say a word, remaining silent like a well-behaved child.

"Oh? Has the spirit of the bow changed today, not nagging at me anymore?" Ning Fan was slightly surprised, yet there was a probing in his eyes.

The Candle Bow Spirit remained quiet; naturally, it wouldn't be divided and talk with Ning Fan at this moment.

It felt its opportunity! It found the chance to escape Ning Fan's grasp!

"It's almost there! Almost! Ao Qiang, that old thing, actually used this object! Heh heh, great, truly great!" The Candle Bow Spirit suppressed the urge to laugh out loud, not wanting to reveal his inner change to Ning Fan.

"That Ao Qiang, in vain, posturing as the Ancestral Dragon's descendant, in vain as the chief of the True Dragon Clan of this generation, had the audacity in those years to take my Origin Qi; if not for this, how could I have been caught by this star of misfortune, unable to break free from his imposed seal!" The Candle Bow Spirit felt resentment internally, but thinking about the future made him smile, crafty and obscene.

"Unexpectedly, this foolish old man hasn't yet refined my Origin Qi; this time, he further used this object to cast spells, wanting to entrap this little star of misfortune. If it were someone else, they would certainly not feel this spell, but since this Origin Qi comes from me, I can feel it! Heh heh, getting closer, closer!"

"Wait a while! Wait just a moment! Surely, there will be an opportunity to reclaim my Origin Qi! Once reclaimed, breaking from the seal, escaping this star of misfortune's grasp, is simply too easy; then, the vast world would be at my feet, the beauty of the world wide open... Loneliness as snow, loneliness as snow! Finally, freedom!"

"Once freed from this star of misfortune's grasp, necessary to make him wish for life instead of death... Uh, maybe not, encountering this star of misfortune never brings good; if escaping, best to remain low, quietly run away, yes, that's how it should be..."

The Candle Bow Spirit slyly plotted its escape plan while Ning Fan used the power of the Incense Arrows, reaching the fifth layer to the 33rd Palace, suddenly experiencing cloud separation from both sides. At the same moment, three beams of light formed three differently colored clouds, sweeping towards Ning Fan!

Within the northern cloud, a giant shadow of a purple-black bone umbrella vaguely appeared.

In the eastern cloud, faintly rising was a black sun.

Southern cloud, vague mist continued to appear, ancient and heavy breathing, demanding any Master to treat with solemnity!

"Indeed, it is my Origin Qi! But... why are others also casting spells on the star of misfortune! Won't there be any accidents!" The Candle Bow Spirit suddenly felt a hint of anxiety, not wanting to miss this escape opportunity.

"What is this!"

Ning Fan had just stepped out of the 33rd Palace, walking on ancient blue stone, and suddenly his expression changed, quickly looking up.

North, east, south. Three directions, three tremendous auras were rushing at him crazily!

A massive sense of oppression suddenly pressing down, Ning Fan, despite his current cultivation, felt pain in his chest, rapidly retreating, stepping back ten or more times on ancient blue stone before steadying his stance, yet still difficult to resist the simultaneous pressure from three directions!

This was precisely the moment when the Human Clan and Demon Race simultaneously activated their Divine Skills to probe Ning Fan!

They wanted to uncover what Ning Fan truly was!

"Someone is probing me!" Ning Fan's heart suddenly felt a sense of being spied upon, his expression turned dark!

Chapter 919: Giant Old Monster

The north, east, and south, three immense auras rolled in. With Ning Fan's keen eyes at the Second Realm of Tianren, he could naturally perceive the extremely sharp probing power within these three auras, and could even vaguely sense that each of these auras contained a supreme treasure.

He knew that at this moment, there were significant cultivation Masters outside the Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Territory, using Divine Skills to probe him. And judging by the scale and power, the one probing him was very likely a peak powerhouse in the world—an Immortal Emperor!

In the instant Ning Fan's thoughts raced, those three immense auras arrived in an instant, and the sea of clouds to the north and east suddenly radiated with countless golden beams, refracting countless gold lines.

Once these gold lines materialized, they immediately wrapped around Ning Fan, the vast might of an Immortal Emperor descending from the skies! At this moment, Ning Fan felt his bones creak as if they would be crushed under this immense aura. As these countless gold lines came, he actually felt unable to move, as if he could only let them bind him!

This is the power of an Immortal Emperor! Even if the spell is cast across realms, even though Ning Fan is now at the Mid Stage Enlightenment, with Minor Achievement in Calamity Blood, he still couldn't directly withstand the spell's might of an Immortal Emperor. The gap between them was like a chasm.

Ning Fan naturally understood the huge gap between himself and an Immortal Emperor, and he could also feel that these three auras only wanted to probe his details, not to take his life. But to let himself be probed without resistance and reveal his identity was not something he could do.

Ning Fan performed a spirit sense gesture, and the various Incense Arrows around him immediately emitted six-colored and seven-colored lights, whistling forward. The golden lines ahead suddenly transformed into a withered golden hand, which grabbed at the numerous Incense Arrows.

This gripping power contained a trace of an Immortal Emperor's might, and ordinary magical treasures simply couldn't resist it.

Those six-colored Incense Arrows were immediately sent flying backward upon being caught by the golden hand, returning to Ning Fan, their aura slightly weakened. Only the seven-colored Incense

Arrows were not sent back by the hand but instead advanced fiercely, directly piercing through that golden hand. Even the immense aura locking onto Ning Fan was forced open by a gap!

From the sky above came a soft "Hm" from an elder, issued by Meng Xuanzi outside the Barbarian Wilderness. He hadn't expected that even with his full effort and borrowing the power of a supreme treasure, he still couldn't find out about the details of the mysterious cultivator.

To this mysterious cultivator, Meng Xuanzi bore no malice; he only intended to find out his identity to complete the task given by the Tongtian Ancient Emperor.

He smiled slightly and cast another spell across the realms, and the gap in the aura before Ning Fan immediately healed. More golden lines turned into hands, reaching out to grab Ning Fan. The heavy golden lines were like a sea, sealing off all of Ning Fan's escape routes.

At the same time, Meng Xuanzi's voice transmission echoed above the ocean of clouds.

"Young one, don't be afraid. I, an old man, am just probing your identity, and I won't harm you. No need to be so tense."

This voice carried a genuine sense of goodwill, relating to Meng Xuanzi's character.

Meng Xuanzi was the Immortal Emperor in charge, extremely revered in the Northern Heaven's Immortal World, yet very affable in demeanor.

Ordinary Immortal Emperors were mostly arrogant and aloof, and it was extremely difficult for common Masters to meet even one; but Meng Xuanzi was different. He would preach at Xuan Wu City, teaching without discrimination, allowing any Master to come and listen.

He was always tolerant towards junior Masters and frequently lent a helping hand. When Ning Fan first began cultivating, he once accidentally unleashed the Myriad Miles Wander Divine Skill, causing a wisp of his spirit sense to reach Northern Heaven, unable to retract, on the brink of getting lost in the starry sky, extremely dangerous. Back then, it was Meng Xuanzi who came to aid, saving Ning Fan.

Later, when Ning Fan achieved Mortal Severance and Divinity Transformation, he also received much help from Meng Xuanzi. Various signs could prove that Meng Xuanzi was indeed a rare benevolent person in the cultivation world.

Hearing Meng Xuanzi's voice, Ning Fan felt a sense of familiarity and recalled, recognizing that the one casting spells on him was none other than the Northern Heaven Immortal Emperor Meng Xuanzi, to whom he was indebted.

With a wry smile, Ning Fan shook his head. Although Meng Xuanzi indeed was a benefactor, Ning Fan truly did not wish to expose his identity details at this moment.

The six-colored Incense Arrows were unable to contend with those golden hands, so Ning Fan had to manipulate the last seven-colored Incense Arrow, piercing through the golden hands one by one. But those gold lines seemed endless, making it impossible to break out of their encirclement.

"This young fellow is quite stubborn."

Meng Xuanzi shook his head with a smile; seeing that he couldn't subdue Ning Fan with his own power, he immediately pressed his ten fingers in a spirit sense gesture, directing the Fu Li Bone Umbrella and Yinrong Third Pearl down towards Ning Fan.

The Fu Li Bone Umbrella was one of the Purple Mansion's palace-guarding magical treasures, extremely formidable. The Yinrong Third Pearl was a supreme treasure of the Lost World Palace, with extraordinary power.

In Meng Xuanzi's view, by leveraging the power of these two treasures, it shouldn't be difficult to subdue Ning Fan and discover his identity.

Yet a shocking scene unfolded; as these two treasures descended with the force of a thousand weights, seemingly ready to press Ning Fan into submission, ferocious might soaring to the sky.

But as the two treasures approached a hundred feet above Ning Fan's head, they suddenly began to tremble for no apparent reason.

The two treasures continued descending, and as they neared a ten-foot range from Ning Fan, their powers seemed to diminish greatly, as if Ning Fan were some primitive and wild beast, making them afraid to approach.

"Strange, what kind of Divine Skill is this young fellow using? To cause these two treasures unable to descend!" Meng Xuanzi exclaimed in astonishment.

At this moment, Ning Fan looked up at the two trembling treasures above him, his gaze exceedingly odd.

Previously, being too far away, he couldn't see clearly. Now, within a ten-foot range from the two treasures, he could distinctly see the two treasures Meng Xuanzi was controlling were these two items.

If he wasn't mistaken, that bone umbrella was clearly crafted from the remains of some demon ancestor of the Fu Li race. However, this particular Fu Li demon ancestor seemed to only possess two drops of ancestral blood in its life, hence facing Ning Fan now, the bone umbrella instinctively felt fear, just because Ning Fan was also a demon ancestor of the Fu Li race, with a greater quantity of ancestral blood!

Ning Fan was once a Fu Li demon ancestor with four drops of ancestral blood, and having burned one drop of Fu Li ancestor blood, now only three remained. But even so, the Fu Li pressure within him far surpassed this Fu Li Bone Umbrella, it simply was not something this umbrella could withstand!

The other treasure was a black treasure bead like a miniature sun. At first glance, Ning Fan didn't recognize what it was. Yet upon sensing a trace of connection between himself and this treasure bead, Ning Fan immediately realized the astonishing power of this treasure!

If he guessed correctly, this treasure bead was a supreme treasure on par with the Heaven Suppressing Bell—the Yinrong Pearl!

The Yinrong Pearl was the supreme treasure of the Northern Heavenly Immortal Realm, initially numbering ten, held by the Lost World Palace. In the ten Yinrong Pearls, the first was the weakest, the tenth the strongest, but as the tenth Yinrong Pearl had long been lost, the Lost World Palace currently possessed only nine Yinrong Pearls.

While in the Flowing Sand Star Domain, Ning Fan was fortunate enough to consume a fragment of the Yin Fusion Tenth Orb and gain insight into the power of time. Naturally, his body carried a trace of the aura of the Tenth Orb.

What Dream Ancestor borrowed was the Yin Fusion Third Orb, which ranked far below the Tenth Orb. Therefore, upon sensing the trace of the Tenth Orb's aura on Ning Fan, he was instantly filled with fear.

No matter how Dream Ancestor exhibited his divine skills, the two treasures hesitated to attack Ning Fan. This point left Dream Ancestor baffled and deeply troubled.

"Legend says that in ancient times, there was a treasure called Treasures-Falling Money that could strip magical treasure of its power. Is it possible that this child carries a similar treasure capable of restraining both the Fu Li Bone Umbrella and Yin Fusion Orb?" Dream Ancestor pondered.

The borrowed two magical treasures were ineffective and unresponsive. Thus, even if Dream Ancestor's divine skills were strong, he could not unravel Ning Fan's secrets across the Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain. Over time, he might even be countered by the realm's interface force, and despite being an Immortal Emperor's honor, he could end up injured.

After some calculation, Dream Ancestor sighed slightly and transmitted a message across the boundary to Ning Fan, "You, my young friend, have powerful divine skills. I cannot detect your secrets, so let's leave it at that..."

Having said so, he decided to retrieve the Fu Li Bone Umbrella and Yin Fusion Orb and withdraw from the investigation. However, at that moment, Ning Fan intentionally released a faint Human aura, deliberately allowing Dream Ancestor to detect it.

"Human cultivator..." Dream Ancestor's eyes lit up, withdrew his divine skills, reclaimed the treasures, and reported the matter to the Tongtian Ancient Emperor.

He hadn't discovered Ning Fan's identity or cultivations, but he identified Ning Fan as a human cultivator.

Tongtian Ancient Emperor relaxed his tight eyebrows and addressed the Immortal Emperors around him, saying, "Since this mysterious cultivator is a human cultivator, there is no harm. Even if he seizes the Tianhuang Entrance, we can plan slowly, better than it falling into the hands of the demon race. However, according to my deductions, this wilderness should not have a third Human Clan Immortal Honorable... This person, could he be from the secret clans? If so..."

Tongtian Ancient Emperor furrowed his brows again, contemplating something.

As Dream Ancestor retracted his divine power treasures, a pressure around Ning Fan's body suddenly alleviated. The overwhelming aura pressing from the north and east retreated.

Suddenly, Ning Fan's gaze sank as he realized that the massive aura from the south hadn't dissipated!

He had thought Dream Ancestor was the only one investigating him, but now he discovered another Immortal Emperor probing him!

"Imperial Demon Technique, Eternally Unique Princess!" A soft female voice suddenly came from the southern clouds, and in an instant, an extremely dangerous sense of crisis surged into Ning Fan's heart!

Then, in the southern skies, illusionary mist condensed into a giant brush, painting strokes in the empty heavens. One stroke, two strokes, three strokes... Although the strokes seemed extremely slow, the painted object appeared at an incredibly fast pace.

It was a giant specter, seemingly both real and illusory. As the last stroke fell, it stepped out from the painting, its presence exuding an imposing force comparable to a Shedding Void Cultivator, screaming and pouncing on Ning Fan, seemingly intent on devouring him whole! Due to being a drawn figure, it appeared unaffected by the area's Banishing Immortal Force!

Dream Ancestor's probing of Ning Fan did not use extreme measures, but this empress seemed much more ruthless. If Ning Fan were truly devoured by the giant specter, his identity and appearance would be fully revealed, and he'd either die or be seriously injured.

With Ning Fan's current cultivations, he naturally does not fear this Shedding Void Giant Specter. His minor achievement in Calamity Blood had him almost standing at the peak of the Shedding Void Stage. Yet, the giant specter still instilled in Ning Fan an intense sense of crisis.

As the specter charged directly, close to a hundred zhang away from Ning Fan, it suddenly roared, eerily without producing a single sound.

Yet, in that instant, the sense of crisis in Ning Fan's heart magnified infinitely. An invisible impact force suddenly struck his chest, not giving Ning Fan any time to react!

At that moment, the Contrary Star Demon Armor on Ning Fan's chest automatically manifested, trying to block the invisible impact force. But just one strike, the armor exploded with countless cracks and then with a booming noise, shattered into pieces.

Even the Six-Colored Incense Arrows protecting him shattered two of them from the roar!

Ning Fan also retreated bloodied under the impact force's remaining force, showing significant injuries on his body. Most oddly, these injuries were impossible to heal!

The Black Star Technique couldn't heal these injuries, and the power of expensive pills similarly failed to heal them!

"What kind of power is this impact force!" Ning Fan's eyes flashed azure, and his Heaven Separation Sect second realm eyesight scanned the giant specter.

With that scan, Ning Fan's face immediately turned. Surreally, the specter's body comprised a type of phantom mist Ning Fan had never seen before. Though only one strand, the energy harbored within was enough to leave Ning Fan in awe!

This specter, though unremarkable in appearance, was merely Shedding Void cultivation. But if it self-destructed, triggering the phantom mist within, its impact would make any Immortal Venerable Immortal King flee and even an Immortal Emperor dare not face it head-on!

"Roar!!!"

The specter roared once more, and this time the sound wave was no longer invisible but materialized as black. As the black sound wave swept in, countless Great Dao Laws erupted in the world, shattering into pieces!

The specter's roar shattered even the Great Dao Laws!

"Unbeatable!"

Ning Fan inhaled sharply; facing this specter, even ordinary Immortal Emperors wouldn't dare confront it directly. Ning Fan was no fool to fight or withstand the sound wave of this specter.

One needs courage to overcome difficulties but also self-awareness. Ning Fan tapped his toes and rapidly retreated backward. Yet, at that moment, the Dragon-Horned Longbow that had been in Ning Fan's hand abruptly broke free, speeding towards the ink-black sound wave!

"Haha! It really is the Origin Yuan Qi that was taken from me years ago! Hehe, little Fanzi, your good days are finally over. I won't fear you anymore! With this Origin Yuan Qi, the seal you planted in me is worthless! Little Fanzi, hear me! From today, I, the Bow Spirit, am your grandfather, your ancestor! I won't serve you, you fire-playing scoundrel, any longer. I'm off to pursue a life of happiness! No one better hinder me!"

Ning Fan's eyes narrowed immediately. Was this Candle Bow intending to betray at this crucial moment...

Moreover, listening to Candle Bow's words, was that terrifying phantom mist actually the legendary Shienie Wilderness's Three Energies?!

#### Chapter 920: Candle Bow's Failed Defection

Ning Fan had been cultivating for many years, and he was no longer the weak Master he once was. He had certainly heard of the Shienie Wilderness's Three Energies.

These so-called Shienie Wilderness's Three Energies were three types of primordial energies between heaven and earth. They could be refined to improve one's cultivation and could also be used to enhance Divine Skills to a terrifying realm. Among them, Origin Qi was the lowest in quality, while the reckless devil giant was the highest.

However, even the lowest-quality Origin Qi was scarce in the world today. If an ancient ruin occasionally unearthed a trace of Origin Yuan Qi, even an Immortal Emperor-level monster would fight tooth and nail to obtain it.

"I didn't expect there would be an Immortal Emperor using Origin Qi against me. Judging by the Divine Skill's aura, the Immortal Emperor summoning this giant ghost must belong to the demon race without a doubt."

Ning Fan's expression was extremely solemn. He had realized the giant ghost was transformed from Origin Qi, and he no longer believed he had the strength to confront the giant ghost head-on.

According to Ning Fan's nature, upon knowing he was not a match for the giant ghost, he would immediately perform Divine Skills to escape. Yet who could have expected that the Candle Bow Spirit, already sealed by Ning Fan, would choose this moment to put on a show of betrayal.

As soon as the Candle Bow Spirit leaped from Ning Fan's palm, it immediately transformed into a radiant seven-colored arc, recklessly charging toward the sound waves released by the giant ghost, its emotions stirring wildly. The sound waves were as black as ink, vast as an ocean, boundless and infinite, unleashed by the giant ghost relying on the power of the Origin Yuan Qi in one tremendous roar.

The giant ghost's cultivation had only reached the Shedding Void Stage, yet his roar's terror was such that even an Immortal Emperor would cautiously avoid confronting it.

However, the Candle Bow Spirit seemed utterly unfazed by the sound waves. As it flew to the forefront of the waves, it suddenly shook its form, turning into the sly appearance of a hunched old man, laughing heartily, as it raised its hand to press against the vast ocean-like sound waves!

With this single press, an immense burst of golden light emerged at the center of the sound waves, transforming into countless ancient demon characters, abruptly condensing into an exceedingly ancient

crimson-gold mark. Shaped like a dragon, with its demonic energy reaching the heavens, upon the appearance of this mark, the ocean of sound waves vanished with a bang!

A Divine Skill formed from primordial energy, which even an Immortal Emperor dared not withstand directly, was unexpectedly disrupted with a single palm of the Candle Bow!

"Hehe, my former master was Ancestor Dragon Zhuli. For the many years we fought together, he granted me three Origin Qi. These three Origin Qi had been refined for ten thousand years by my previous master, secretly embedding countless marks. As long as these marks aren't erased, these Origin Qi cannot harm me! That little Fan ran away at the sight of these sound waves, such a coward, yet I fear them not in the least," the Candle Bow proudly licked its lips, chuckling as it flew toward the giant ghost.

The giant ghost, transformed from Origin Qi, was indifferent in every move. Upon seeing the Candle Bow approach, it immediately opened its massive mouth to swallow the Candle Bow whole. This swallowing force directly created fractures in the Dao traces for ten thousand miles around.

"Mere wretch dares to use my Origin Qi, seeking death!"

The Candle Bow saw the giant ghost attempting to swallow it, its gaze filled with disdain, and with continuous changes of its hands, instantly formed countless demonic techniques. Immediately, on the giant ghost's body, numerous crimson-gold dragon-shaped marks emerged one after another, covering its entire body beyond counting.

With each mark emerging, the Candle Bow shouted coldly, changing its spirit sense, and suddenly, the once arrogant giant ghost let out a miserable shriek, its body exploding directly, dispersing into countless fragments of drifting mist.

The Candle Bow raised its hand again, grasping at the drifting mist. The mist immediately coalesced, transforming into a nearly transparent cloud of mist, slowly falling into the Candle Bow's hand.

"Haha, little Fan, did you see this? This is one of the three Origin Qi that my previous master granted me! As long as I swallow this Origin Qi..."

The Candle Bow, in high spirits, raised its hand, preparing to swallow this Origin Qi.

With his heart full of joy, once he successfully swallowed this Origin Qi, he could rely on its power to greatly enhance his strength, easily breaking Ning Fan's seal planted in his body.

However, would Ning Fan allow the Candle Bow the opportunity to consume the Origin Qi...

"Seal!"

With a simple raise of his hand, Ning Fan pointed at the Candle Bow, whose entire body immediately lost all movement, still holding the pose of swallowing the Origin Qi, still wearing a cunning smile, yet this Origin Qi could no longer reach its mouth.

In the past, Ning Fan could only seal the Candle Bow by burning his ancestral blood to perform this technique. But now, with the Candle Bow's strength sealed by Ning Fan's prohibition, it was easily immobilized by him.

"Heaven Sealing Technique! Not this move again! Damn, this star of misfortune has sealed me! He wants to seize my Origin Qi!"

The Candle Bow felt ill at ease at heart, and at this moment, Ning Fan mysteriously appeared before him, retrieving the Origin Qi from his grasp.

The Candle Bow's escape plan ended before it even started...

"This Origin Qi is mine now." Ning Fan glanced at the immobile Candle Bow and said indifferently.

Originally, he couldn't overcome the giant ghost, but what he didn't expect was that the Candle Bow had a way to restrain the giant ghost and seize the Origin Qi composing the giant ghost's body.

Looking at the ethereal Origin Qi in his hand, Ning Fan smiled slightly. It seemed as if he had gotten this treasure for nothing. This tiny bit of Origin Qi was enough to make an Immortal Emperor envious!

On the other side, the Candle Bow, seeing Ning Fan take away its Origin Qi, immediately began to curse aloud.

"You little Fan, you ambush your uncle, you're truly shameless! If you dare, undo the Heaven Sealing Technique and have a fair one-on-one duel with me! As long as you return the Origin Qi to me, with just three moves I can beat you down like a dog!"

"You little Fan, I warn you! Release the Heaven Sealing Technique now, and return the Origin Qi to me, and I may forgive and forget! Otherwise, you'll incur my wrath!"

"Master! I'll even call you master, how's that? Master, have pity on me. This is the Origin Qi granted to me by my previous master, it's mine! You're a respectable person, a person of high status, you can't steal from your servant, how disgraceful would that be! Return it to me..."

"Master, you're like my own father, how about that! As long as you return the Origin Qi to me..."

Ning Fan's gaze turned cold, unwilling to waste words with the Candle Bow. He would not give the Origin Qi back to the Candle Bow. Raising a finger towards the Candle Bow, he activated the seal within its body, and the Candle Bow began to howl as if being slaughtered.

"You seemed like you wanted to escape..." Ning Fan looked at the Candle Bow, his murderous intent flashing for a moment. The Candle Bow, previously screaming in agony, suddenly saw the killing intent in Ning Fan's eyes, feeling a chill run down its spine.

"Not good! This star of misfortune wants to kill me!"

At this moment, the Candle Bow no longer cared about the ownership of the Origin Qi. It understood that its act of rebellion had incurred Ning Fan's wrath.

If the Candle Bow successfully swallows the Origin Qi and defects, naturally it need not fear Ning Fan. The problem is, it seems he failed to defect, and his life is in the hands of Ning Fan...

"Back then, when I captured you without killing and destroying you, it was because you still had use. Your existence is closely related to the key in the hands of the True Dragon Clan, so I spared your life. But now, I don't plan on sparing you anymore!"

The killing intent in Ning Fan's eyes suddenly surged, as if he truly decided to destroy the Candle Bow at this moment.

The Candle Bow immediately shivered all over, if not for his body still bound by the Heaven Sealing Art, he would have wanted to prostrate himself and beg for mercy from Ning Fan, "Master... Master! You cannot kill me! I am your little bow, your loyal servant! I... I truly wasn't trying to escape just now, I saw that giant ghost bullying the master, felt indignant and wanted to help the master by subduing the giant ghost! Yes, that's it!"

"Master, the body of that giant ghost is composed of Origin Qi, that is good stuff! That Origin Qi was originally bestowed upon the little bow by the former master, but the little bow thinks only a master of such excellence as you deserves to possess that Origin Qi! Master, that Origin Qi is given to you, the little bow doesn't want it! Please be kind and spare the little bow this time!"

Ning Fan still said nothing, coldly looking at the Candle Bow, with no reduction in the killing intent in his eyes. In reality, he just wanted to scare the Candle Bow and didn't truly intend to destroy the Candle Bow. If the Candle Bow were dead, these six-colored and seven-colored incense fire arrows would be unusable, and these incense fire arrows were Ning Fan's greatest reliance in the battle against the Seventh Generation Barbarian Ancestor, so naturally he wouldn't kill the Candle Bow at this time.

But the Candle Bow did attempt to defect after all, and it wouldn't do without a lesson. So Ning Fan deliberately released killing intent, as if he were going to kill the Candle Bow, which at its root was just to scare the Candle Bow and teach him a lesson.

"It's over! This star of misfortune is completely unyielding, he truly wants to kill me! Last time, he obtained that Sub-Innate Bow Spirit and wanted to kill me, if not for my cleverness, I would have died last time. This time I'm afraid it's truly unavoidable..."

Life's great joys and sorrows come too swiftly, now the Candle Bow regrets extremely. How could he be so foolish as to think he could escape Ning Fan's grasp by relying on a single Origin Qi? Ning Fan has so many methods, has he not seen them? Didn't Ning Fan burn ancestral blood to capture him even when he didn't have a seal...

"Yes, ancestral blood! That star of misfortune seems to have several drops of ancestral blood inside him, even if I really swallowed this Origin Qi and broke the seal, I wouldn't be able to refine it completely for a short time. If he goes crazy and burns the ancestral blood, I'd still be captured by him again..."

"Can't escape, it turns out from the beginning I couldn't escape the demon's grip of this star of misfortune..."

"This star of misfortune is a monster who can build a bridge over the Zhenhuan River, the first of all ages, who can compare to him? If he wants to imprison me, I'm afraid I'll be unable to escape even if I run for a billion years..."

"If I don't flee, I won't be killed. If not killed, it means I'll have to follow this star of misfortune for a lifetime. But what's wrong with following the star of misfortune? With the star of misfortune's talent, his achievements in the future certainly won't be lower than the Ancestor Dragon Zhuli, following him would surely bring great benefits eventually. Alas, regret is now too late, this star of misfortune truly wants to kill me..."

The more the Candle Bow thinks, the more he regrets, the more disheartened he becomes. If granted the opportunity to start over by the heavens, he certainly wouldn't choose to defect.

Seeing the Candle Bow's expression of despair and regret, Ning Fan's killing intent slightly diminished, satisfied nodding. He had never planned to thoroughly subdue the Bow Spirit, this Bow Spirit has a rebellious streak difficult to tame, and Ning Fan had seen this clearly early on. If not for the Candle Bow still having great use, Ning Fan would never keep such a Bow Spirit by his side, nor tolerate the Candle Bow's fleeing.

"Your defection this time, I originally wouldn't spare you, but you previously contributed by shooting the Barbarian Ancestor, thus counterbalancing your merits and demerits. I spare you death this time. But, there won't be a next time!" Ning Fan said gravely.

Upon hearing he wasn't to die, the Candle Bow was naturally overjoyed, "Thank you Master for sparing my life! The little bow promises not to flee anymore, to seriously reform and be a bow again, please rest assured! From now on, the Master's enemy is the little bow's enemy. Where the Master's sword points, is the person shot by the little bow. The air the Master releases, is the little bow's air. The Master's saliva is..."

"Enough! I don't like talkative people!" Ning Fan frowned.

"Yes! The little bow will shut up right away!" The Candle Bow shuddered inside, not daring to flatter more, thinking his flatter skills weren't quite ripe yet, needing more practice. The current master Ning Fan was indeed more demanding than the former master.

Seeing the Candle Bow listening, Ning Fan flicked a finger, releasing the Candle Bow from the Heaven Sealing Technique, and instantly the Candle Bow transformed back into the Dragon-Horned Changgong shape, flying back into Ning Fan's hand.

"Congratulations to the Master for acquiring an Origin Qi. By the way, the Master might not know this, the Origin Qi has the marks left by the little bow's former master inside, totaling thirty million marks, if not refined..." the Candle Bow grinned, trying to flatter Ning Fan.

"I know, the matter of the Origin Qi will be discussed later, with my cultivation, unless all marks are refined, this Origin Qi can't be used for the time being."

Ning Fan waved his hand, storing the Origin Qi in the Xuan Yin Treasure, sealing it in the Xuan Yin Treasure cave mansion. At such close distance, he could feel the violent energy within this cluster of Origin Qi, which was not something he could handle at present.

With the giant ghost dead, the probing of the second Immortal Emperor naturally fell through, and the surrounding ocean of clouds gradually returned to normal. Ning Fan didn't linger there, rushing along the ancient blue stone path towards the next palace.

Ahead lay the Fifth Layer's 21st Palace, with Ning Fan's inherent strength, entering this palace would have been difficult. But he had summoned numerous incense fire arrows, causing the palace's pressure to be almost 90% offset by these arrows. The remaining 10% pressure no longer hindered Ning Fan's steps, within less than half a breath, Ning Fan rushed out of the 21st Palace, continuing to ascend rapidly.

At the same time, outside the Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain, within the Crimson Penetration Passage, Chief of the True Dragon Clan Ao Qiangu glared angrily at the Hua Yao who failed the technique.

Hua Yao hung her head low, her heart full of tension, not daring to look at the angry Chief of the True Dragon Clan. Internally she lamented the difficulty, her fully exerted Divine Skills not only failed to project the true appearance of Ning Fan, but also lost the Origin Qi entrusted to her by the Chief of the True Dragon Clan, leaving her in a predicament on how to conclude...

The present demon race Great Emperors watched Hua Yao, with some shocked, some surprised, some gloating, and some pondering deeply; none had expected the Origin Qi to be stolen.

In the eyes of the Great Emperors present, the mysterious person under probe was at most an Eternal Immortal Venerable, a mere Eternal Immortal Venerable supposedly had no ability to snatch treasure from an Immortal Emperor. Furthermore, this treasure was Origin Qi, which by logic the cultivation level of an Eternal Immortal Venerable could not manage, let alone grasp...

How did the mysterious person manage to steal the Origin Qi...

Who is this person? Could his cultivation be beyond the Eternal Immortal Venerable Realm, higher? Otherwise, why would the Origin Qi be taken?

Even the Chief of the True Dragon Clan himself did not understand why the Origin Qi was taken. This Origin Qi was extracted from within the Candle Bow yet kept preserved without use, thus unbeknownst to him, the Origin Qi hidden the marks planted by Ancestor Dragon Zhuli, easily retrievable by the Candle Bow.

"Hua Yao, continue performing your Divine Skills, projecting the Ninefold Celestial Towers. As for the mysterious person, you need not investigate! Leave it to Ao Xuan and Dulongzi to handle!"

The Chief of the True Dragon Clan's expression darkened, taking out a red-gold jade scroll, suddenly crushing it.

Simultaneously, within the Ninefold Celestial Towers, Ao Xuan and Dulongzi suddenly felt something, both astonished.

At this moment, they received an order from the Chief of the True Dragon Clan. They were entrusted with the task to send one of them to the lower celestial realms to investigate everything, and if possible, retrieve the Origin Qi...

Origin Qi is crucial for an Immortal Emperor to step into the third stage, if possible the Chief of the True Dragon Clan doesn't want to lose this Origin Qi!

"I'll go." Ancestor Dulong's gaze darkened, opting not to continue forward, but suddenly turning back, heading towards the lower realms on his route.

At his current position, he was not closer than Ao Xuan, thus they'd cooperate as a team, with Ao Xuan continuing to advance to the top layer and him fulfilling the Clan Leader's task, heading downwards.