

Grasping 921

Chapter 921

Immortal Venerable figures are at least at the seventh layer now. At this moment, Ancestor Dulong is almost about to reach the eighth layer, while Ning Fan is still in the fifth layer of Tianque. The distance between them is too great. Even with Ancestor Dulong's Immortal Venerable cultivation level, it would take considerable time to descend from the seventh layer to the fifth.

"To fulfill the clan leader's order, I must take a trip to the lower layer of Tianque."

Ancestor Dulong shook his head, turned around, and strode back toward the direction of the lower layer of Tianque.

Currently, there are eight Immortal Venerable masters in the Ninefold Celestial Towers: four Barbarian Ancestors, two Demon Race Immortal Venerables, and two Human Clan Immortal Honorifics. Ancestor Dulong's height was originally ranked sixth, only behind the four Barbarian Ancestors and Ao Xuan.

As Ancestor Dulong was returning along this path, he concealed his aura, moving almost silently, yet was still noticed by Liuhe and Miaoyan, the two Immortal Honorifics behind him.

"Strange, why is this old Dulong not going upward but downward? Does he not want to go to the top layer and compete for the Ancient Passage?"

Liuhe and Miaoyan's hearts each stirred with doubt, but being unable to understand, they decided not to dwell on it and continued their ascent.

While Ancestor Dulong was retracing his steps, Ning Fan was climbing all the way, attempting to catch up to the Seventh Generation Barbarian Ancestor to recapture the souls of a million Stone Warriors.

Using the power of numerous Incense Arrows, Ning Fan swiftly advanced. Each palace could only delay him for less than a breath. Until reaching the 52nd Palace on the fifth layer, his gaze slightly tightened as he felt the vast pressure emanating from the 52nd Palace.

"The 52nd Palace is the 496th palace I've passed along the way. After 396, indeed it's 496..."

The pressure within the 52nd Palace was several times stronger than the previous ones. Even with the protection of Incense Arrows, upon entering the palace, there was still a heavy feeling of breath.

He spoke little, under the pressure, walked out of the 52nd Palace, taking a total of ten breaths.

After breaking through the 52nd Palace, a substantial Barbarian Blood emerged within Ning Fan, swallowed by the Blood Lightning. The improvement of Blood Lightning was minimal, which Ning Fan did not mind.

From the 52nd Palace onward, the pressure became increasingly heavy, requiring ten breaths to break through each palace.

This was the speed with the protection of Incense Arrows. Without it, given Ning Fan's current cultivation, upon entering the palace, he would be directly shaken by the pressure and spat out blood.

With his cultivation, wanting to ascend higher in the Ninefold Celestial Towers is too difficult. But since he was determined to fight the Seventh Generation Barbarian Ancestor and regain the souls of the Stone Warriors, no matter how difficult the journey might be, he would not turn back.

Palace 53, Palace 54, Palace 55... Ning Fan continued onward until reaching Palace 56, corresponding to the number 500. In this palace, Ning Fan similarly did not encounter the fifth pain of tribulation and did not mind.

The further he went, the more difficult it became. It was unknown how long it took until Ning Fan walked out of Palace 111, reaching the highest point of the fifth layer of Tianque.

This time, not only did the voice of the stone elder not appear, but the transmission array that should have appeared was also absent.

"I can only rely on my own means to tear the sky and ascended to the sixth layer."

Ning Fan suddenly flipped his hand, and the Memory Severing Dao Sword appeared directly in his hand, slashing toward the sky, directly creating a rift in the Immortal Clouds, leaping into it.

After experiencing a chaotic void storm, Ning Fan appeared in the sixth layer of Tianque. This layer's environment is vastly different from the previous five layers, with all the clouds in the sky being red, and countless scarlet thunderbolts falling from the sky, the rumbling sound shaking the eardrums.

But Ning Fan had no interest in observing the scenery here because upon entering the sixth layer, he was immediately locked by a vast killing intent.

On the platform where he stood, a hundred zhang away, unexpectedly stood an old man with violet hair and dragon horns, seemingly waiting here for a long time, surprisingly it was Ancestor Dulong!

"You finally arrived at the sixth layer, I have been waiting for a long time..."

Ancestor Dulong was feigning sleep with his eyes closed, seemingly wanting to say some polite words slowly as he opened his eyes. Upon opening them, seeing Ning Fan's Ghost Eye silver-haired visage, his gaze shook instantly, his face full of disbelief, and he lost his voice, "How could it be you! Did you steal the Origin Qi of the clan leader?! Impossible!"

The Ancestor Dulong received an order from the chief, instructing him to search the lower level for a mysterious Immortal Venerable and reclaim the Origin Qi. Along the way, he imagined various scenarios of encountering that mysterious Immortal Venerable, but never expected that the 'mysterious Immortal Venerable' the chief spoke of would be Ning Fan.

The projection of Ning Fan by Hua Yao was too blurred, so the True Dragon Clan Chief did not clearly see the ghostly silver-haired appearance of Ning Fan. Ancestor Dulong received the order and rushed to the lower level, completely unaware that the person he was looking for was Ning Fan.

Ghostly silver hair, ghostly silver hair! How could Ancestor Dulong ever forget the appearance of Ning Fan! How could he forget!

Once the initial shock passed, the killing intent in Ancestor Dulong's eyes surged, and without a word, he directly summoned a shimmering silver ruler magical treasure and struck down upon Ning Fan's head!

As soon as the silver ruler was launched into the air, it immediately multiplied into thousands, and countless phantom rulers, like raindrops, fell headlong upon Ning Fan.

Enemies meeting face-to-face sparks intense hatred, Ancestor Dulong couldn't understand how Ning Fan, with his cultivation, could ascend to the sixth layer. He also couldn't understand how Ning Fan had become the 'mysterious Immortal Venerable' mentioned by the clan chief and had taken the chief's Origin Qi. However, none of this mattered. Once he defeated Ning Fan, and performed Soul Search to destroy this soul remnant, he would naturally know everything!

That silver ruler was a Twelve Nirvana magical treasure, named 'Demon Yuan Ruler'. With Ancestor Dulong's Immortal Venerable cultivation level fully activated, no one less than an Immortal Venerable could withstand its attack.

This Demon Yuan Ruler, not only powerful, has a special Spirit Augmentation: [Bloodline Suppression]! Any divine skill requiring the power of bloodlines could be forcibly interrupted by the Demon Yuan Ruler! This treasure was borrowed by Ancestor Dulong from a certain Immortal Venerable of the True Dragon Clan specifically to capture Ning Fan.

In Ancestor Dulong's eyes, Ning Fan was just a junior with cultivation around the Shedding Void Stage. If it weren't for the frequent interventions of the two Immortal Venerables, Liuhe and Miaoyan, Ancestor Dulong would have captured and killed Ning Fan long ago. Although Ning Fan's cultivation wasn't high, there were still things about him that made Ancestor Dulong wary.

"The most concerning aspect about this child is his ancestral bloodline from the Fu Li race! Back then, he burned his ancestral blood unexpectedly and seized the Ancestral Bow from me in one swoop, causing me lifelong shame! I remember that this child burned one drop of ancestral blood, and there are still three drops remaining in his body. If today, this child goes mad again and burns the remaining three drops of ancestral blood, even if I exert all my strength, I might not be able to kill him. Fortunately, I borrowed the Demon Yuan Ruler, with this ruler in hand, he cannot ignite his blood!"

Ancestor Dulong's gaze grew increasingly fierce, looking at Ning Fan as if he were already a dead man.

In Ancestor Dulong's view, the Demon Yuan Ruler, with its Bloodline Suppression Great Divine Power, would instantaneously suppress Ning Fan's blood ignition, interrupting it. If Ning Fan didn't ignite his

blood, with his meager cultivation, he definitely couldn't withstand a single strike from such a Twelve Nirvana magical treasure!

"A Twelve Nirvana magical treasure..."

As soon as Ning Fan entered the sixth layer, he was ambushed by Ancestor Dulong, feeling a slight shock, but there was not the slightest trace of panic. Having come this far, it wasn't his first encounter with an Immortal Venerable; without saying a word, he patted his sword pouch, from which five sword lights immediately shot out, directly slashing through the myriad ruler rainfall in the sky!

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The five sword lights, naturally, were the five Rain Immortal Swords Ning Fan had refined for many years. Among them, the Weichen Four Swords were of Acquired Five Nirvana rank and had already been severely damaged in previous battles. Now, upon colliding with the myriad ruler rain, the four swords let out a wailing sound and shattered into powder amidst the endless rain of rulers.

For a Crossing Truth Realm master, an Acquired Five Nirvana magical treasure is considered top-tier equipment, but in front of a Twelve Nirvana magical treasure like the Demon Yuan Ruler, a Five Nirvana treasure seemed lacking in power.

Seeing the complete destruction of the Weichen Four Swords, Ning Fan sighed inwardly but said nothing more, focusing all his power on controlling the last Immortal Sword to continue resisting the ruler rain.

This last Immortal Sword was, of course, the Separation and Union Sword of Twelve Nirvana rank. With this sword in hand, Ning Fan was able to withstand the onslaught of the ruler rain for a moment.

"A Twelve Nirvana Immortal Sword!" Ancestor Dulong's eyes narrowed, and he sneered, "To think a mere junior like you would possess a Twelve Nirvana rank magical treasure! Even for us Immortal Venerables, having a few of such treasures is rare. But unfortunately, for you, the treasure's rank is too high. Given your cultivation, you can barely utilize a part of its power. As for me, I can fully utilize every bit of power the Demon Yuan Ruler possesses. Your sword cannot contend with my treasured ruler!"

As Ancestor Dulong spoke, he abruptly changed his spirit sense, causing the ruler rain to dissipate, revealing the true form of the Demon Yuan Ruler. The Demon Yuan Ruler suddenly transformed into a giant silver demon dragon, a thousand zhang in length, and devoured the Separation and Union Sword in one gulp.

"From today onwards, this sword belongs to me! Hmph! If you have any other Twelve Nirvana magical treasures, summon them all and present them to me!" Ancestor Dulong cracked a slight, contemptuous smile. He spoke as if he didn't believe Ning Fan had any other Twelve Nirvana treasures.

For an ordinary Eternal Immortal Venerable, having a single Twelve Nirvana Immortal treasure is already considered remarkable. In Ancestor Dulong's view, Ning Fan was not an Eternal Immortal Venerable. Having one Twelve Nirvana treasure was already rare, so the likelihood of having a second one was indeed very low.

Indeed, Ning Fan had another Twelve Nirvana magical treasure. Back then, Ning Fan obtained three treasures from the Six Desires Immortal King, among which the Desire-Dissolving Pearl was already destroyed. The Separation and Union Sword was one of the five Rain Immortal Swords Ning Fan refined. Another treasure, equally of Twelve Nirvana rank, was the Burning Sky Fan, capable of releasing corpse flames that could harm.

Only those with the bloodline of the Corpse could use the Burning Sky Fan. Ning Fan, lacking mana before, had never used this fan. But now, having reached the Mid Stage Enlightenment and with his Calamity Blood in small success, he could barely activate some of the Burning Sky Fan's power.

Of course, Ning Fan understood that his cultivation was vastly inferior to Ancestor Dulong's. Even using the same Twelve Nirvana magical treasure, the power he could exert was nowhere near as strong as Ancestor Dulong's.

Theoretically, using the Burning Sky Fan to attack Ancestor Dulong mostly could not harm him in the slightest.

But in reality, the most formidable aspect of the Burning Sky Fan, known as one of the three great treasures of the Six Desires Immortal King, is not its power to injure, but its ability to deceive.

"If you want to seize my magical treasure, let's see if you have the skills for it!"

Ning Fan snorted coldly, flipped his hand in a swift gesture, and suddenly, as red light flashed, a gigantic red fan appeared in his hand.

As this fan emerged, the temperature of the whole world suddenly rose, and vaguely, the fan seemed to have traces of fire principles flowing through it.

"Another Twelve Nirvana Magical Treasure!" Ancestor Dulong's eyes immediately burned with fervor, even feeling slightly envious of this junior, Ning Fan.

He himself only had one Twelve Nirvana Magical Treasure, and when combined with the borrowed Demon Yuan Ruler, he had just two Twelve Nirvana Magical Treasures. Ning Fan, a mere junior who wasn't even in the Shattered Thought Realm, actually possessed two Twelve Nirvana Magical Treasures, which unsettled Ancestor Dulong.

The flaming red fan clearly wasn't ordinary. Ancestor Dulong's heart was moved; as long as he killed Ning Fan, this treasure fan would naturally become his.

"This treasure now belongs to me!" Ancestor Dulong sneered, pointed toward the sky, and immediately, the silver dragon transformed by the Demon Yuan Ruler flew towards Ning Fan, attempting to devour both him and the fan.

Ning Fan's face turned cold and merciless, holding the Candle Bow in his left hand and the Burning Sky Fan in his right, channeling all his mana and Jie Nian Zhi Li into the Burning Sky Fan. He suddenly raised his hand and fanned the silver dragon.

With this fan, the scarlet flames swept across the world, accompanied by endless lines of fire principles ripping through the sky!

The silver dragon hadn't yet approached when, suddenly, it was entangled by those lines of principles. Its body immediately started to burn, wailing endlessly. Though it cried out in pain, its body suffered little damage, yet the killing intent in the dragon's eyes grew increasingly fierce, clearly provoked by Ning Fan's fan.

"Hmph, an insignificant trick. With your cultivation, you can't unleash the full power of this fan, which can't harm this dragon!" Ancestor Dulong scoffed.

Just as he finished speaking, suddenly his old eyes widened in disbelief.

He saw the silver dragon undergo some unforeseeable changes; although unharmed by the flames, its body began to rot bit by bit. Starting from the dragon's tail, soon half of the dragon's body was rotting, emitting a foul stench, and filthy blood flowed freely, exposing bare bones beneath the decaying flesh!

This is where the Burning Sky Fan's maliciousness lay. The flames fanned by the Burning Sky Fan aren't ordinary Immortal Flames but corpse flames. Against the weak, one fan can reduce someone to ash; against the strong, the Burning Sky Fan may not injure, but it can still undermine them.

Ancestor Dulong, unaware of the Burning Sky Fan's secrets, couldn't comprehend in a short time why the silver dragon was hurt.

Ning Fan had no intention of giving Ancestor Dulong time to think carefully, he raised his hand again, and fanned the silver dragon once more. With this fan, the severely injured dragon was blown into ashes, reverting back to the original form of the Demon Yuan Ruler. Ning Fan also seized the opportunity to reclaim the Separation and Union Sword that the dragon previously swallowed.

This was Ning Fan's first time using his abilities and a bit of calculation to gain advantage over an Immortal Venerable!

"This fan must be peculiar, otherwise with his cultivation, he could never break the Demon Yuan Ruler's attack!" Ancestor Dulong was secretly shocked, and looked at the Burning Sky Fan with ambition and determination to possess it.

He was just preparing to activate the Demon Yuan Ruler's attack on Ning Fan again when Ning Fan took the initiative to wield the Burning Sky Fan, fanning Ancestor Dulong!

Knowing there was something unusual about the Burning Sky Fan, Ancestor Dulong wouldn't take its attacks head-on. He withdrew the Demon Yuan Ruler into his sleeve, slapped his Tian Ling fiercely, causing the Tian Ling cover to open, and seven purple demon lamps flew out to protect his body.

As the scorching fumes of the Burning Sky Fan approached Ancestor Dulong, the seven demon lamps immediately emitted violet light that swept away the fume. Protected by these seven lamps, even the treacherous divine skills of the Burning Sky Fan couldn't harm Ancestor Dulong.

"Junior, these Seven-Star Lamp are my only Twelve Nirvana Magical Treasure, capable of attack and defense. With this lamp in hand, your treacherous methods can't harm me! If you have no other means, prepare to die!"

Ancestor Dulong pointed at the seven demon lamps, which instantly each emitted a violet flame, transforming into a fire sea that rushed towards Ning Fan.

Meanwhile, Ancestor Dulong cautiously guarded against Ning Fan using the Blood Ignition Technique. In his view, after Ning Fan used two Twelve Nirvana Magical Treasures without gaining advantage, he was exhausted and likely to use the Blood Ignition Technique desperately.

"As long as the kid uses Blood Ignition Technique, I'll immediately unleash the Demon Yuan Ruler to suppress his Demon Bloodline! No matter what, I won't give him a chance to use the Blood Ignition Technique, or if he burns through three drops of his ancestral blood and has two Twelve Nirvana Magical Treasures, he might not be someone I can contend with!"

Facing the fires of the purple sea, Ning Fan took a deep breath but surprisingly, under Ancestor Dulong's puzzled gaze, stored away the Separation and Union Sword and the Burning Sky Fan.

The Separation and Union Sword couldn't injure Ancestor Dulong, nor could the Burning Sky Fan undermine him, rendering them insignificant. It's better to store them away.

His greatest reliance wasn't these two Twelve Nirvana Treasures; it never had been.

Clutching the Candle Bow tighter, Ning Fan's gaze sharpened fiercely, and the many incense arrows swirling around him suddenly shone brightly.

These incense arrows, which Ning Fan was reluctant to use and intended to save for a battle with the Seventh Generation Barbarian Ancestor, now had to be utilized since Ancestor Dulong was blocking the way!

"Dulong, do you remember what I said back then?"

Ning Fan's eyes still flickered coldly, abruptly raising the Candle Bow, drawing five six-colored incense arrows with his right hand and pulling the bowstring!

The moment Ning Fan bent the bow, the usually composed Ancestor Dulong suddenly blanched, sensing an imminent death crisis from the Candle Bow!

"Hiss! What kind of arrow is this, with such terrifying destructive aura!" Ancestor Dulong's heart was in turmoil!

The Seven-Colored Incense Fire Arrow is a legendary divine skill of the True Dragon Clan, something Ancestor Dulong had never seen. He wouldn't know beforehand that the arrow Ning Fan prepared to shoot was the famed weapon of Ancestor Dragon Zhuli!

Ancestor Dragon Zhuli, as one man with one bow, had killed countless formidable beings during the Immemorial Era and founded the True Dragon Clan through his power alone. What people revered the most was his use of the Seven-Colored Incense Fire Arrow.

Candle Bow, incarnate as the Bow Spirit, could condense slaughtering incense into arrows. However, no True Dragon Clan member had ever subdued the bow, thus nobody had used it, nor had anyone ever condensed the Seven-Colored Incense Fire Arrow.

The Candle Bow Spirit had always been revered and worshiped in the Ancestral Spirit Pool by the True Dragon Clan, treated as an ancestor, until the bow was taken by Ning Fan. The Seven-Colored Incense Fire Arrow remained a legend in the True Dragon Clan until the day the Candle Bow willingly condensed the arrow for Ning Fan to save its life...

Ancestor Dulong wasn't aware that the arrows swirling around Ning Fan were the famed six-colored and seven-colored incense arrows in the True Dragon Clan's history. Though he didn't know this, he could sense the death crisis from the five six-colored incense arrows about to be released.

Without any hesitation, Ancestor Dulong instantly withdrew the sea of purple flames, abandoning any thoughts of using the seven demon lamps to attack Ning Fan, and selected a random blue stone ancient path, turning to flee toward the seventh layer.

At that moment, he had only one thought: to quickly retreat from here, no matter what Ning Fan was shooting, he must not meet it head-on!

Inside the Ninefold Celestial Towers, there was an extremely potent forbidden force preventing flight, such that even Ancestor Dulong couldn't fly and could only run.

While he ran frantically, simultaneously activating the powers of Seven Stars Demon Lamps and Demon Yuan Ruler to protect himself, his mind moved, covering his entire body with a layer of violet dragon scales, summoning all the dragon scales he had cultivated for countless years for defense against the six-colored incense arrow's attack.

"You cannot escape!"

At this moment, Ning Fan released the bowstring, five six-colored incense arrows emitted a piercing howl as they swiftly approached Ancestor Dulong's back.

Even though he was running frantically, Ancestor Dulong couldn't outrun the incense arrows as he couldn't fly.

Despite deploying three layers of defensive protection, Ancestor Dulong was drenched in cold sweat within an instant.

The arrows came too fast, fast enough that he couldn't react much!

He attempted to turn around, but just halfway, his body was engulfed in the blazing light of the six-colored arrows, his eyes revealing a trace of fierce resolve.

"Junior, you have guts! Trying to kill me with these arrows? Dream on!"

Chapter 922: Eleven Arrows

"Young one, how daring you are! Trying to kill me with this arrow, not a chance!"

The roar of Ancestor Dulong echoed throughout the heavens and earth but was soon drowned out by the piercing sound of the six-colored arrow, becoming inaudible.

The current situation of Ancestor Dulong was also obscured. Five six-colored arrows shot out simultaneously, emitting an arrow light so dazzling that within a hundred-zhang radius, it seemed to become an aurora realm. Amidst the aurora, muffled groans continuously echoed, followed by booming explosions.

Bang!

As the first explosion sounded, a silver treasure ruler flew out from the center of the arrow light awkwardly; it was the Demon Yuan Ruler used by Ancestor Dulong for protection. At this moment, the Demon Yuan Ruler was already riddled with cracks, appearing unable to block the assault of the five arrows, even sustaining damage from them!

Bang!

Another explosion sounded, and seven demon lamps flew out from the center of the arrow light, with four completely covered in cracks, and the remaining three directly shattered into countless fragments upon emerging! This treasure was Ancestor Dulong's only Twelve Nirvana Magical Treasure—the Seven-Star Lamp, which also seemed unable to withstand the assault of the five arrows, with three lamps destroyed outright.

Bang!

The third explosion occurred, and this time, Ancestor Dulong fled directly from the center of the arrow light, falling shakily to the ground and spitting out a mouthful of fresh blood, his breath immediately weakening.

At this moment, Ancestor Dulong's purple hair had completely scattered, his entire body stained with blood. His body was covered in numerous fine arrow wounds, injuries that, while not fatal, were far from minor. However, regardless of Ancestor Dulong's plight, he ultimately survived the five arrows, living on.

Surrounding him were eight Jade Talismans circling, shimmering with golden light and faintly flowing with dragon souls. These Jade Talismans were bestowed by the Clan Leader as life-saving items, named Dragon Soul Talismans, originally twelve in number but reduced to eight after the assault of the incense arrows...

"Had it not been for the Clan Leader's gifted talismans, my injuries would be worse, or even life-threatening..."

Ancestor Dulong's heart was shaken, realizing the terror of the six-colored incense arrows. He glanced imperceptibly at Ning Fan, noticing fourteen incense arrows swirling around Ning Fan, causing his eyes to contract with both shock and fear.

Just five arrows were too much to handle. If all the remaining fourteen arrows were released, wouldn't that mean certain death?

Moreover, among the remaining fourteen incense arrows, one emitted a seven-colored cold light distinctly different from the others. Upon glancing at this one arrow, Ancestor Dulong shivered.

He vaguely sensed the power within that arrow was enough to kill him in one shot! Damn it, how could that Ghost-faced Child have such a defying item in hand!

"Indeed, five arrows couldn't kill you, but what about another five?"

Seeing Ancestor Dulong still alive, Ning Fan's gaze hardened, raising the Candle Bow again, bending the bow with another five arrows.

Upon seeing Ning Fan draw the bow once more, Ancestor Dulong was terrified to the point of soul escape, immediately spitting out a beam of golden light toward the five arrows.

The golden light surprisingly was Ancestor Dulong's long-refined life-bound Dragon Pearl!

The Dragon Pearl was a unique inner core for True Dragon Clan demon masters, only certain powerful dragon masters could form one, with remarkable uses.

Currently, both the Demon Yuan Ruler and Seven-Star Lamp were damaged, diminishing in power, unable to withstand the five arrows' attack. Although eight Dragon Soul Talismans remained, there was doubt about their ability to defend against the arrows again.

To block Ning Fan's attack, Ancestor Dulong resorted to using his life-bound Dragon Pearl, showing some desperation.

Bang!

When the life-bound Dragon Pearl collided with the five arrows, it emitted a deafening sound but only managed to hinder the arrows briefly before being knocked away, shattering into four pieces on the ground.

With the Dragon Pearl shattered, Ancestor Dulong's face turned pale, retreating continuously, his breath further weakening. Without hesitation, Ancestor Dulong flicked a finger forward, sending the eight surrounding Jade Talismans flying ahead, forming eight barriers to block the five arrows.

These eight barriers had saved Ancestor Dulong once before, but this time, as the five arrows pierced through, the eight barriers shattered consecutively.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The eight barriers were completely penetrated by the five arrows, immediately followed by the simultaneous shattering of the eight jade talismans.

At this moment, Ancestor Dulong, aside from his fractured dragon scales, had no defense left. Seeing the five arrows approaching unabated, Ancestor Dulong gritted his teeth, activating his divine skills, transforming his hands into dragon claws to grab the arrows, intending to block them physically.

Sss! Sss! Sss!

The response to Ancestor Dulong was the sound of sharp blades piercing flesh.

Even with the Twelve Nirvana Magical Treasure's power, the six-colored incense arrows were unstoppable in sharpness, and Ancestor Dulong, not specialized in physical cultivation, couldn't block the arrows with dragon claws. His body was pierced by the five arrows, leaving five gaping, blood-gushing holes, with slaughter incense burning at the wounds. One wound even penetrated the Dantian, damaging the demon soul within.

"I can't block them..." Ancestor Dulong thought resentfully, a sweetness at the throat, spitting out another mouthful of fresh blood, his breath further weakened.

He raised his head, only to see Ning Fan raising the Candle Bow again, with five six-colored arrows ready, and cold sweat instantly drenched him.

"Too much bullying! That Ghost-faced Child dares to bully me like this, relying on powerful incense arrows!"

If Ning Fan himself were exceptionally strong, suppressing Ancestor Dulong with sheer power, Ancestor Dulong wouldn't feel so aggrieved.

What made Ancestor Dulong feel aggrieved was Ning Fan's cultivation clearly inferior to his, yet had such powerful incense arrows, leaving him powerless to counter, unable to escape in time, about to be shot into humiliation by Ning Fan.

This time, Ancestor Dulong has lost all defensive measures; if hit by five arrows, at best he's heavily injured, at worst he's dead.

Especially since the forbidden space here prevents Ancestor Dulong from fleeing by flight, forcing him only to run wildly. If he could fly away, even if unable to defeat Ning Fan, Ancestor Dulong could still calmly leave...

"I've already taken ten arrows from this child, suffering heavy injuries, lost treasures completely, and this child hasn't used the strongest arrow yet. Continuing the battle, my life might end here! Unable to fly directly, even if I flee, I can't escape the arrows' attack, thus there's only this way to barely fly away, escaping here..."

Ancestor Dulong showed a pained look, seemingly conflicted about something, but moments later, his gaze hardened, activating divine skills and slapping open his Tian Ling cover. A purple light flashed from within, quickly flying out a thousand zhang, heading directly toward the seventh layer!

That purple light was none other than Ancestor Dulong's demon soul!

While human masters cultivate Spirits, demon races cultivate demon souls, and in this Ninefold Celestial Towers with strong forbidden force, no cultivator can fly here. But if a master's Spirit or demon soul leaves the body, it can fly here, even briefly.

Unexpectedly, Ancestor Dulong feared the might of the seven-colored incense arrow so much that he fled with his demon soul. His escape not only left behind the damaged Demon Yuan Ruler and Seven-Star Lamp, but even left the physical body and storage pouch behind.

It's not that Ancestor Dulong didn't want to take these things with him; the forbidden force here was too strong. With Ancestor Dulong's Immortal Venerable Cultivation Level, even for the demon soul to fly here was extremely taxing. If carrying anything, the demon soul would be burdened immediately, falling from the sky.

"Trying to leave, can you?"

Ning Fan put down the Candle Bow, refraining from immediately shooting Ancestor Dulong with incense arrows, and suddenly raised his right hand, pointing towards Ancestor Dulong's flight direction!

Stop!

One simple word emerged from his mouth, and Ning Fan immediately spat blood, retreating continuously, obviously enduring considerable backlash from forcing Ancestor Dulong's demon soul to stop with his current cultivation.

He's no longer the weak Fate Immortal he once was, having become a True Immortal, and he further cultivates Blood Lightning, with even partial mastery of its strength able to sweep through Shedding Void Realm cultivators, his mana and Calamity Thought power comparable to Shattered Thought Early Stage old monsters.

The gap between him and Eternal Immortal Venerable in realms is not as huge as imagined!

Currently, Ancestor Dulong is heavily injured, his breath extremely weak, fleeing only with his demon soul. With Ning Fan's cultivation, stopping Ancestor Dulong for a moment is not difficult!

As long as I have the Heaven Sealing Technique in hand, even if Ancestor Dulong can ignore the forbidden space force and fly, he won't escape!

Ancestor Dulong was immediately horrified to find himself locked in mid-air by the power of Ning Fan's finger, unable to fly forward!

"Heaven Sealing Technique! Not good, I forgot this boy knows this technique!" Ancestor Dulong's Demon Soul was fixed in mid-air, and with great regret in his heart, he desperately tried to break free from the Body Locking.

"I told you, you can't escape!"

Murderous intent flashed in Ning Fan's eyes as he raised the Candle Bow and shot directly at Ancestor Dulong.

This time, he only fired one six-colored incense arrow, but at this moment, the heavily injured Ancestor Dulong, with only his Demon Soul remaining, probably couldn't withstand even this arrow.

In the instant he broke free from the Heaven Sealing Technique, the six-colored arrow was already at his side, piercing through Ancestor Dulong's Demon Soul.

The fierce Slaughter Incense immediately began to burn Ancestor Dulong's Demon Soul bit by bit—a generation-defining Immortal Venerable was about to perish here.

"I, a venerable old man, actually died at the hands of a junior... Unwilling... I am... unwilling..."

At that moment, a trace of regret appeared in the heart of Ancestor Dulong, and before his eyes, he saw the words Ning Fan had spoken back in the day when he was hunting him down.

'Today's arrow's revenge shall be avenged in the future!' That's right, back then, I killed this boy with an arrow. Now, this boy kills me with an arrow. Cause and effect, indeed, it doesn't lie...

I am truly regretful, regretful that I didn't kill this boy back then, giving him the chance to retaliate against me...

"Cause and effect..." These were the last words Ancestor Dulong uttered before his soul scattered.

After killing Ancestor Dulong, Ning Fan was left with 7 six-colored arrows and 1 seven-colored arrow, as well as considerable injuries from forcibly employing the Heaven Sealing Technique, leading to a backlash.

Ancestor Dulong wasn't the first Eternal Immortal Venerable that Ning Fan killed. Before this, Ning Fan had already slain several Barbarian Ancestors. Just looking at his record, it was quite frightening. But Ning Fan understood that these achievements relied on the six-colored and seven-colored incense arrows. Without these arrows, he wouldn't be a match for the Eternal Immortal Venerables, at most capable of escaping from their hands with the Vertical Golden Light skill.

Incense arrows are not omnipotent. Their creation requires a substantial amount of Slaughter Incense and can only kill specific targets.

For instance, the incense arrows in Ning Fan's possession are condensed from the Slaughter Incense of the Barbarian Wilderness beings, and they can only kill those who have blood-sacrificed the Barbarian Wilderness—just that and nothing more.

If Ancestor Dulong had not blood-sacrificed the Barbarian Wilderness, Ning Fan's incense arrows wouldn't have inflicted much harm on him.

If Ancestor Dulong hadn't killed Ning Fan with a bow, Ning Fan wouldn't have eradicated Ancestor Dulong years later.

"Cause and effect... The arrow's vengeance from back then is resolved today with eleven arrows. This is cause and effect..." Ning Fan pondered, and the higher his cultivation increased, the more he realized everything in this world indeed couldn't escape the two words: cause and effect.

Slaying Ancestor Dulong caused Ning Fan considerable injury and cost him 11 six-colored incense arrows but also earned him many trophies.

The golden Dragon Ball, shattered into four pieces, was taken by Ning Fan. This was the Dragon Ball of a Dragon Clan Immortal Venerable, an absolute treasure. This item can be used to refine treasures and can also be directly refined and consumed. This Dragon Ball contained much of Ancestor Dulong's demonic power.

The Demon Yuan Ruler and Seven-Star Lamp were also taken by Ning Fan. Both treasures were damaged, especially the Seven-Star Lamp, which was destroyed to the point of only four lamps remaining, but regardless, both treasures were Twelve Nirvana Magical Treasures. With repairs in the future, Ning Fan could still use them.

Ancestor Dulong's storage pouch was naturally also taken by Ning Fan. The storage pouch of an Eternal Immortal Venerable certainly contained many good things, but Ning Fan had high standards, and there weren't many things that caught his eye. There was a jade box that drew Ning Fan's attention. Sealed in the jade box was an Imperial-Grade Elixir proto-pill, causing Ning Fan to be secretly shocked.

A proto-pill refers to a semi-finished pill, not yet fully refined, with only partial medicinal power.

Though it was a proto-pill, it was still of Imperial Grade. The Nine Revolutions Elixir is divided into four grades: Lead, Silver, Gold, and Emperor. A pill reaching the Gold Grade is already extremely rare, as there are only a handful of Gold Core Level Alchemists in the world.

Pills reaching the Imperial Grade are even rarer because it's questionable if there are any Imperial-Grade Alchemists in the world now. The existing Imperial-Grade Elixirs were excavated from ancient ruins, not made by later generations, so eating an Imperial-Grade Elixir means one less in the world.

Ning Fan naturally didn't recognize this Imperial-Grade proto-pill, nor did he know its effects—it would take time to study it further.

Pills are divided into many types: some for recovery, some for cultivation improvement, some for power augmentation, some for concealing one's aura, and some as poisons... Without understanding what the pill is, it can't be consumed recklessly...

"Speaking of which, Ancestor Dulong once set a bounty on my head in the name of the entire True Dragon Clan, and the reward seemed to be an Imperial-Grade proto-pill. Might this proto-pill be that bounty reward?" Ning Fan thought to himself.

Finally, Ning Fan's gaze swept over Ancestor Dulong's body, and he collected his mostly intact corpse.

This was the corpse of an Eternal Immortal Venerable, and it was relatively well-preserved, albeit with some arrow wounds.

Though this was a corpse of the demon race, it still had valuable uses. Ning Fan, having entered the Barbarian Wilderness this time, had acquired many footmen, like the Earth Controlling Devil Star and Iron Crow, who were once Ancient Celestial Sovereigns, but unfortunately, they had lost their physical bodies. It's uncertain if this body could be used for Corpse Seizing Sect; if it can, these two could regain their Immortal Venerable cultivation and at that time, Ning Fan would have Eternal Immortal Venerable-level henchmen beside him.

After collecting all the spoils, Ning Fan did not proceed immediately. Instead, he sat cross-legged on the ground, took a pill to heal his wounds, and after his injuries stabilized slightly, he selected an ancient path and headed towards the first palace on the sixth floor.

Having killed Ancestor Dulong and used so many incense arrows, the incense arrows used to resist the pressure of the palace had decreased, and Ning Fan's pace inevitably became slower.

After some contemplation, he successively summoned the Separation and Union Sword, Burning Sky Fan, Demon Yuan Ruler, and Seven-Star Lamp to circulate around him to share the burden of the pressure.

A single Twelve Nirvana Magical Treasure could not share much of the palace's pressure, but fortunately, Ning Fan had four Twelve Nirvana Magical Treasures, which could share a fair amount of the burden.

Though the Demon Yuan Ruler and Seven-Star Lamp were badly damaged and hadn't been refined by Ning Fan, he didn't intend to use these two treasures in a duel; he merely wanted to borrow their power to share the pressure, so even without refining, they could be used reluctantly.

With the help of multiple treasures, Ning Fan advanced at high speed under the enormous pressure of the palace, and his pace finally quickened slightly.

But no matter how fast he moved, it wasn't as fast as the flow of Evil Qi.

He had slain Ancestor Dulong, and the resulting Evil Qi was massive, given that Ancestor Dulong was indeed an Eternal Immortal Venerable.

Before Ning Fan had ascended to the seventh layer of the Tianque, the massive Evil Qi had already passed beyond the horizon, reaching the seventh layer.

In the seventh layer of the Tianque, only Liuhe Immortal Lord and Miaoyan Immortal Honorific remained. The other Immortal Venerable level experts had gradually ascended to the eighth layer.

Currently, Liuhe Immortal Lord had arrived at the ninety-seventh palace on the seventh layer, not far from entering the eighth layer. He was slowly overcoming the ninety-eighth palace when he suddenly felt the overwhelming Evil Qi and was startled.

"Hiss! That old Dulong actually died, who could have killed him!"

As a Human Clan Immortal Honorific, he was a sworn enemy of Ancestor Dulong and naturally felt no sympathy for his death.

He just couldn't imagine, in this Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain, where the highest cultivations were only a few Immortal Venerables, who could have the ability to kill Ancestor Dulong.

He thought that in a fair duel, relying on his cultivation, he could perhaps suppress Ancestor Dulong, but killing him was impossible. Even when he and Miaoyan joined forces back then, they only managed to wound Ancestor Dulong, not kill him.

The Master who killed Ancestor Dulong seemed terrifying. I wonder who it could be...

"Wait, within this Evil Qi..."

Suddenly, the color of Liuhe Immortal Lord's face changed drastically, for he detected another person's faint aura within the massive Evil Qi.

Those auras belonged to Ning Fan. The commotion caused by killing Ancestor Dulong was too great, and Ning Fan inevitably left some traces, which flowed with the Evil Qi and was sensed by Liuhe Immortal Lord.

Inside, Liuhe Immortal Lord was overwhelmed by surging waves of shock, and he exclaimed, "The one who killed Dulong is that Zhao Jian! How is this possible! He actually possessed such capabilities!"

...

Chapter 923: Ancient Corpse

Liuhe Immortal Sovereign, always calm and composed, rarely showed surprise, but at this moment, he revealed astonishment due to Ning Fan's killing of Ancestor Dulong.

He never expected Ning Fan to have the strength to slay Ancestor Dulong and questioned his own ability to achieve such a feat...

Scenes of offending Ning Fan flashed quickly through his mind, making Liuhe Immortal Sovereign's expression somewhat gloomy. On that day, he had made things difficult for Ning Fan, tested him, and competed with him for the Seven Treasures Marvelous Tree. Thankfully, they hadn't fallen out completely, so their relationship seemed to still have a chance for repair.

Liuhe Immortal Sovereign was naturally proud and confident with the backing of the Four Oceans Sect. He wasn't afraid to offend Ning Fan, but he also didn't want to overly antagonize him, simply because the opponent had a strength he must take seriously. In the cultivation world, everything still ultimately depended on strength.

"I didn't expect this Zhao Jian to be so powerful; he might be useful for my sect. Currently, within the Ninefold Celestial Towers, it's only Wonderful Speech and I, the Human Clan Immortal Honorifics. If we can rope Zhao Jian in, it could help our sect seize the Ancient Passage..." Liuhe Immortal Sovereign's eyes shifted, seemingly in contemplation.

At the same time, Miaoyan Immortal Honorific moved with a lotus step, shrouded in a faint purple starlight, as she slowly walked out from the 84th Palace on the seventh layer.

The entire seventh layer of Tianque was filled with a chilling aura. As the Yin energy surged, Miaoyan Immortal Honorific couldn't help but cough slightly, her face growing paler. In this Barbaric Wilderness Calamity, she had accumulated too many injuries, and her body still felt weak.

She ought to be in seclusion to heal her wounds, yet she pressed against her injuries to arrive at the Ninefold Celestial Towers. It was all because she was an Immortal Honorific of the Four Oceans Sect, carrying responsibilities that required her to contribute to seizing the Ancient Passage for the sect.

Her expression was originally calm as she moved forward slowly, but suddenly her beautiful eyes widened, lifting her head to gaze at the tornado-like, skyward surge of blood-red Evil Qi.

"This Evil Qi, it's Ancestor Dulong's aura... Who could be so formidable to actually kill Ancestor Dulong within the Ninefold Celestial Towers!"

The fall of the Eternal Immortal Venerable was no small matter, and Miaoyan couldn't help but be shocked.

But soon, she sensed a hint of Ning Fan's aura within the Evil Qi and, after a slight pause, it was clear to her who the killer was.

"So it's Daoist Zhao... Didn't he say he wouldn't come to the Ninefold Celestial Towers? Yet he still came; what a contradictory man." Miaoyan Immortal Honorific pursed her lips in a slight smile, then pondered something, her elegant brows slightly furrowing.

"I wonder if Daoist Zhao was hurt in the battle with Ancestor Dulong. Slaying an Eternal Immortal Venerable surely can't have left him unscathed..." she seemed somewhat worried as she glanced towards the lower layers of the Celestial Towers.

Miaoyan wasn't surprised by the strength Ning Fan displayed in slaying Ancestor Dulong. After all, she had already seen Ning Fan kill the three ancestors and five ancestors, knowing his divine skills.

Ning Fan might not be an Eternal Immortal Venerable, but his strength couldn't be underestimated by anyone... Miaoyan deeply agreed with this.

The overwhelming Evil Qi roared and spread, rushing towards the skies of the seventh layer, then suddenly into the eighth layer.

In the eighth layer of Tianque, the Yin energy was heavier, chilling to the bone. The entire layer had only one ancient blue stone path, on which a few meters thick of Xuan Ice had congealed.

Four Barbarian Ancestors and Ao Xuan walked on this single path, with no intention of fighting, each carefully concealing their aura.

Above the sky, there was no sound of wind, but tens of thousands of ice coffins floated quietly. The surroundings were utterly silent, with no sound, and no one dared to make any noise.

Until the moment the Evil Qi rushed into the eighth layer, the originally silent world suddenly changed. The ice coffins started to tremble, the lids shaking as if they were about to open.

In an instant, as the four Barbarian Ancestors and Ao Xuan were silently advancing to the palace, they all suddenly lifted their heads. Apart from Seventh Ancestor who remained expressionless, everyone else's expressions drastically changed.

Seventh Ancestor was positioned furthest ahead, having reached the 97th Palace on the eighth layer, likely soon to enter the ninth layer. His expression was wooden, his demeanor zombie-like; he glanced at the overwhelming Evil Qi before withdrawing his gaze, as if he hadn't seen it, immersed in his world, continuing forward.

First Generation, Second Ancestor, and Fourth Ancestor followed closely behind, with Ao Xuan trailing last. Unlike Seventh Ancestor's calm, the four couldn't remain calm, unable to ignore the skyward Evil Qi.

Evil Qi! Damn, why is there so much Evil Qi! The eighth layer is supposed to be devoid of any aura!

"Not good! Why is there such intense Evil Qi rushing into the eighth layer!" Fourth Ancestor roared internally, yet dared not utter a sound, scrutinizing the floating ice coffins.

"Those things will be awakened by the Evil Qi, terrible!" Second Ancestor's heart was extremely tense; he himself cultivated Yin Death Divine Skills, proficient in dealing with dead spirits and fierce Qi, yet his skills were futile against the fierceness within.

"Such strong Evil Qi, did some Eternal Immortal Venerable fall! I don't know who... We must remove this Evil Qi, it cannot awaken those ominous creatures!" Ao Xuan dared not make a sound, nor release his spirit sense to probe the Evil Qi, thus unaware that the deceased was Ancestor Dulong and the killer was Ning Fan.

No one dared to freely spread their spirit sense in the eighth layer, fearing they'd attract the attention of those ominous creatures in the ice coffins.

Just as the ice coffins seemed about to open, First Generation Barbarian Ancestor decisively acted. His gaze was extremely tense, pointing his blood-colored bone sword skyward, and countless blood lights flashed in the sky, disappearing without a trace. The next moment, the Evil Qi between heaven and earth gradually vanished in the blood light, mysterious and hidden.

With the disappearance of the Evil Qi, the rattling ice coffins also quieted down, showing no signs of opening.

Seeing this, First Generation Barbarian Ancestor sighed in relief, and the others also relaxed their tense expressions at the same time.

"So close, we almost woke those ominous creatures..." First Generation glanced at the tens of thousands of ice coffins, feeling his scalp go numb.

His left sleeve seemed to have been torn off by something, exposing half an arm. On the arm, a chunk of flesh seemed to have been gouged out by something, the wound oozing putrid black blood, his cultivation unable to heal this wound...

This wound was left by the ominous creatures within the ice coffins. Heaven knows, the stone-like body of First Generation Barbarian Ancestor was incredibly powerful, yet it couldn't withstand their casual attacks...

Those ominous creatures, any one of them pulled out casually, would be terrifying.

Gently touching the wound on his arm and looking at the rows of ice coffins in the sky, the First-Generation Barbarian Ancestor felt even more fearful and cautious.

Due to the killing intent that rushed to the eighth layer being instantly taken away by the First-Generation and because no one dared to spread their spirit sense on the eighth layer to probe that killing intent, no one, including Ao Xuan, knew that these killing intents appeared because the Poison Dragon Ancestor had died, and no one knew that the murderer was Ning Fan. Everyone only vaguely sensed that an Eternal Immortal Venerable had fallen, but as to who it was, they remained in the dark.

The killing intent was transmitted from the lower layers, so it seemed that the deceased was either Union, Wonderful Speech, or Poison Dragon Ancestor, who went to the lower layers.

The Barbarian Ancestors didn't care who the deceased was, but Ao Xuan was quite worried.

The Immortal Venerable who fell, could it possibly be Poison Dragon Ancestor?

Poison Dragon Ancestor had two Twelve Nirvana Magical Treasures for protection, as well as a Jade Talisman bestowed by the Chief, allowing him a certain degree of self-preservation even if simultaneously besieged by multiple Immortal Venerables. The deceased should not be Poison Dragon Ancestor.

Perhaps the mysterious cultivator who snatched the Origin Qi from the Chief was an Eternal Immortal Venerable and was slain by Poison Dragon Ancestor, hence leaving behind this overwhelming killing intent.

Or maybe one of Union or Wonderful Speech was casually killed by Poison Dragon Ancestor, leaving this overwhelming killing intent behind.

Ao Xuan had considerable confidence in Poison Dragon Ancestor's survival skills. His gaze steadied, and relying on the Innate Treasure Brahmic Demon Mace for protection, he cautiously advanced.

Outside, the Chief of the True Dragon Clan looked gloomy, holding a small azure tower. Inside the tower, a space was formed to enshrine the life tablets of cultivators above Immortal Venerable status of the True Dragon Race.

The Chief of the True Dragon Clan's eyes were widened in anger. He had just ordered Poison Dragon and Ao Xuan to send someone to retrieve the Origin Qi when Poison Dragon Ancestor's life tablet shattered.

What does this mean? It means it was Poison Dragon Ancestor who went to retrieve the Origin Qi, yet Poison Dragon Ancestor failed.

"Useless, truly useless! Not only did he fail to retrieve the Origin Qi, but he also lost his life! Is that mysterious cultivator really so formidable that Poison Dragon couldn't even escape? What a useless being!" The Chief of the True Dragon Clan laughed in extreme anger.

If it were under normal circumstances, Poison Dragon Ancestor's death would merely be a death, but now was a special period of struggle over the ancient passage, Poison Dragon Ancestor's death was extremely disadvantageous to the demon tribe.

Among the demon tribe's Immortal Venerables entering the Ninefold Celestial Towers, there were only two people. With Poison Dragon Ancestor dead, only Ao Xuan remained. The Barbarian Clan had four Barbarian Ancestors, the Human tribe had two Immortal Venerables, plus the mysterious cultivator who snatched his Origin Qi stirring things up, under such circumstances, only Ao Xuan remained for the demon tribe...

This time, the demon tribe's attempt to seize the ancient passage just became much harder!

For the Chief of the True Dragon Clan, although the Origin Qi was important, the matter of seizing the ancient passage was even more critical and could not be lost!

If he had known earlier that retrieving the Origin Qi would cost Poison Dragon Ancestor's life, the Chief of the True Dragon Clan would never have ordered to retrieve the Origin Qi.

He miscalculated, the mysterious cultivator who snatched the Origin Qi was far more formidable than expected, managing to prevent Poison Dragon Ancestor's escape and ultimately cost him his life. Well, very well indeed!

The Chief of the True Dragon Clan angrily flicked his sleeve, took out a gilded ancient token from his sleeve, and firmly gripped it in his hand.

Some Great Emperors of the demon tribe saw this scene and gasped, exclaiming, "One Billion Demon Sealing Command!"

The Chief of the True Dragon Clan remained silent but firmly held the token, his heart filled with boundless killing intent, wishing he could immediately tear Ning Fan to shreds.

The Origin Qi matter was minor, but the ancient passage was major, he could no longer send Ao Xuan to search for Origin Qi. This matter could only be put aside temporarily...

"That person has reached the 22nd Palace of the sixth layer... moving swiftly..." Huax Yao, who was activating her sensing Divine Skills, cautiously reported.

Her stretched painting skin happened to project a blurry image of Ning Fan walking out of the 22nd Palace of the sixth layer and immediately reported to the Chief of the True Dragon Clan.

Looking at Ning Fan's blurry silhouette, the Chief of the True Dragon Clan's killing intent became colder, yet he laughed coldly.

"The sixth layer, is it? Good, very good! My Origin Qi is not so easily taken. Once the ancient passage matter is concluded, I will surely make you spit it out exactly as it is!"

While the Chief of the True Dragon Clan was in a rage, the Sky Covering Ancient Emperor had a deep gaze, showing no sign of joy or anger.

On the stele in front of him, Poison Dragon Ancestor's name was erased, indicating that among the demon tribe's two Immortal Venerables sent into the Ninefold Celestial Towers, one was lost.

Thus, the demon tribe had only one Immortal Venerable left, whereas the Human tribe had three, including Ning Fan...

This seemed like extremely advantageous news for the Human tribe, yet the Sky Covering Ancient Emperor's expression showed no joy, instead revealing a hint of solemnity.

The Sky Covering Ancient Emperor's eyes locked onto the eighth position on the stele; the eighth was Ning Fan's current position rank.

Earlier when Poison Dragon Ancestor headed to the sixth layer, his position was naturally also displayed on the stele.

And when Ning Fan reached the sixth layer, their positions were the same, followed immediately by Poison Dragon Ancestor's death...

"From this, it would seem the one who killed Poison Dragon is likely this mysterious cultivator. This person is formidable and, as a human, wouldn't belong to the demon or barbarian tribes. If this person assists, my Four Seas Sect's chances of seizing the ancient passage would greatly increase. The concern is that this person might originate from one of the secret clans..."

The Sky Covering Ancient Emperor's gaze deepened; above the Four Heavens, countless sects were interested in the ancient passage, hoping to find the key, open the passage, and enter the legendary Heavenly Desolate Ancient Realm.

Legend has it, that only by entering the Heavenly Desolate Ancient Realm can enough Shienie Wilderness's Three Energies be found to step into the Third Step Saint Realm.

It is said that the Sky Desolate Ancient Realm is the only passage through the Dreamland Realm to enter the Zi Dou Immortal Domain.

Another tale...

The Tongtian Ancient Emperor is at the Quasi-Saint cultivation, and his cultivation has been stuck at this level for countless years, never touching the bottleneck of being a Saint, unable to become sanctified.

He longs to open the Ancient Passage, enter the Sky Desolate Ancient Realm, and step into the Saint Realm. Many share this ambition just as he does.

Most interested in the Ancient Passage are none other than the ten great secret clans. They are the ten oldest forces above the Four Heavens, their whereabouts mysterious, with innumerable strong members. Even the Four Oceans Sect is constrained by them, not daring to compete.

However, although the ten great secret clans are interested in the Ancient Passage, they never participate in its contention.

In the past million years, there have been some changes, with some secret clans secretly recruiting Guest Elders, having them search for the Ancient Passage on their behalf.

It seems due to some reasons, the clan members of the ten great secret clans cannot directly participate in the contention for the Ancient Passage...

The old eyes of the Tongtian Ancient Emperor narrowed, worried that Ning Fan was sent by the secret clans. If Ning Fan is truly from the secret clans, even if he obtains the Ancient Passage, it may end up belonging to the secret clans...

The Tongtian Ancient Emperor was certainly overthinking it. Ning Fan was not sent by the secret clans and had no covetous heart for the Ancient Passage.

The pervasive Evil Qi between heaven and earth gradually dissipated over time, but the Evil Qi on Ning Fan remained condensed, its aura frighteningly cold.

The Evil Qi obtained from slaying the Eternal Immortal Venerable was vast in quantity. Without the Innate Ghost Mask's suppression, Ning Fan would likely have his mind overwhelmed by such powerful Evil Qi, leading to his downfall.

In the storage pouch, a certain Token was emitting endless golden light because of Ning Fan's act of slaying Ancestor Dulong, gradually transforming.

As Ning Fan walked on the blue stone ancient road, he suddenly sensed something and tapped the storage pouch, taking out the Immortal Position Token. He had overlooked that having slain Ancestor Dulong, he had accrued a substantial amount of military achievement points, causing his Immortal Position to seemingly advance.

Upon entering the Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain, Ning Fan had slain numerous demon race Immortal Cultivators, his accumulated military achievement points already elevating his Immortal Position to a fifth-grade inferior Golden Immortal.

Now having slain Ancestor Dulong, he naturally received another large amount of military achievement points. Upon receiving these, the Immortal Position Token changed once again. Originally a brilliant gold Token, a third of it had changed to a material resembling Violet Jade, and the recorded Immortal Position upgraded from inferior grade Golden Immortal to middle grade!

It seems to have promoted him again.

Unfortunately, it only advanced to fifth-grade middle rank.

Ning Fan showed slight regret, shaking his head. After all, he had slain an Eternal Immortal Venerable, thinking the military achievement points would be enough to directly elevate his Immortal Position to the fourth-grade Celestial Supervisor level, which now seemed a bit ambitious.

Ning Fan was unaware that within the entire range of the Four Heavens, only a mere few hundred had achieved a fifth-grade middle-ranked Immortal Position.

Those who had reached this Immortal Position mostly had endured for millions of years, completed numerous tasks, and achieved countless merits to gradually rise to this position.

Ning Fan was different; he had directly slain a demon race Immortal Venerable on the Barbaric Wilderness Battlefield, achieving a middle-ranked Golden Immortal Position, a truly rare feat.

Returning the Immortal Position Token to the storage pouch, Ning Fan quickens his pace, continuing forward. With the protection of four Twelve Nirvana magical treasures and the remaining eight Incense Arrows, every few breaths, he could clear another palace, a speed much faster than any Eternal Immortal Venerables within the Ninefold Celestial Towers.

On the two blue stone ancient roads, at first, continuous thunder could still be seen, but as he proceeded, the thunder gradually vanished, replaced by increasingly cold auras.

On the ancient road, a frost began gathering on the eaves of the palaces. Occasionally, one or two empty ice coffins would drift by from a distance and slowly drift away.

Along the ancient road, there occasionally appeared patches of black ash piles. These ash piles were filled with extremely intense Yin energy, which Ning Fan, having the corpse devil physique, was especially sensitive to sensing this Yin energy.

The first five layers of the Ninefold Celestial Towers had no Yin energy, but starting from the sixth layer, the higher he went, the heavier the Yin energy seemed...

On his journey, Ning Fan didn't encounter any palace that increased Barbarian Blood, which was different from what he previously thought.

When he reached the 74th Palace of the sixth layer, an ancient ice coffin resting on floating clouds suddenly had its lid burst open.

Throughout his journey, Ning Fan had encountered many empty coffins, but this ice coffin was not unoccupied!

At the moment the coffin lid flew up, a chilling aura of Yin death immediately locked onto Ning Fan. In the next instant, a black shadow with a putrid smell charged swiftly at Ning Fan's face.

The speed was too fast; very few below Eternal Immortal Venerable could escape the black shadow's attack!

The Ninefold Celestial Towers prohibited flight; Ning Fan was unable to escape, but his expression remained calm, without saying a word, he directly commanded the four Seven Stars Demon Lamps at his side to block the shadow.

These demon lamps originally had seven, but when seized from Ancestor Dulong, they were severely damaged, with three destroyed, leaving only four.

Although greatly weakened, after all, they were a set of Twelve Nirvana-ranked defensive magical treasures, with an astonishing defensive power.

The black shadow didn't even glance at the four demon lamps flying toward it, directly sweeping its large hand down onto them.

A large hand collided with the magical treasure, producing the sound of metal clashing, and the strong force spread out, causing the four demon lamps to fly back. The shadow, however, did not retreat a step and charged at Ning Fan once more.

It was only then that Ning Fan realized this shadow was an ancient corpse decayed for countless years. The face was so decayed that its original appearance was unrecognizable, and its eye sockets were void but had a ghostly green fire flickering within.

A putrid smell assaulted Ning Fan's senses, prompting him to raise his hand abruptly, gripping the Separation and Union Sword as he slashed forward.

The ocean of clouds was directly cleaved apart by Ning Fan's sword light. Faced with such a fierce sword light, the ancient corpse neither dodged nor avoided, allowing the sword light to strike its body, sending it flying. However, it only left a very shallow dent on its chest, with no real damage!

Observing the dent, Ning Fan's gaze suddenly became intense.

If the Seven Stars Demon Lamps could not defend against the ancient corpse's attack, it was understandable, as the demon lamps were damaged and their power greatly diminished.

But the Separation and Union Sword were undamaged. Even though Ning Fan could not exert its full power with his cultivations, it shouldn't have had such a minimal effect.

It wasn't that the Separation and Union Sword was weak; it was that the ancient corpse's physical defense was extraordinarily strong, strong enough to withstand an attack from a Twelve Nirvana Magical Treasure directly!

"I, Purple Dou Immortal Cultivator... born of calamity reversal... buried with no regrets..."

"Life and death all for... Purple Dou Immortal..."

From the hollow eye sockets of the ancient corpse, an infinite killing intent suddenly shot forth. It took a step in the air and arrived in an instant, speaking wooden words, as its black and shining claws reached straight for Ning Fan's Tian Ling.

Ning Fan swung the Separation and Union Sword again, using its sword light to fling the ancient corpse ten steps backward, but the force also caused Ning Fan to retreat several steps. Amidst the dodging, his eyes remained clear, and the fragmented words of the ancient corpse kept echoing in his mind.

Purple Dou... Purple Dou...

Could it be that this ancient corpse originates from the Zi Dou Immortal Domain, and in life was a cultivator under the Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign?

As his thoughts rapidly shifted, the ancient corpse once more bared its teeth, let out a strange howl, and charged straight at Ning Fan. It seemed to possess no Divine Skills, relying solely on its powerful flesh to attack singly. Nevertheless, its grip was not to be underestimated, as even a casual grip could rival an attack from a Twelve Nirvana Magical Treasure!

Ning Fan had no time to ponder the corpse's identity. The only priority now was to ensure survival from the corpse's clutches.

This corpse's physical defense was exceedingly strong, and relying on magical treasures alone would not injure it. Ning Fan's cultivations did not guarantee that spells could harm the ancient corpse.

However, this ancient corpse imparted a familiar sensation to Ning Fan; he had previously sensed it in the hands of the Undying Devil Vein's Si Ming.

In his eyes, a blue light glimmered, and the pathway of the Dao became clear to Ning Fan. With just a glance, he saw through the entire ancient corpse and devised a countermeasure.

This ancient corpse was essentially just a hollow shell. Its physical defense was strong, but internally, it was extremely weak, simply relying on a thread of immortal energy within to roam freely. If that energy vanished, this corpse would instantly become an empty shell.

Though Ning Fan could not directly destroy this ancient corpse, he had a way to sever the immortal energy within, rendering it to an empty shell.

He had learned the Yin-Yang Five Swords from the Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor—Heavenly Sword to annihilate fate, Earth Sword to sever momentum, Human Sword to sever life, Divine Sword to annihilate Dao, and Ghost Sword to annihilate thoughts.

The Slaying Fate Sword once killed the Undying Devil Vein's Si Ming, and it would surely be effective against this ancient corpse's immortal energy.

Ning Fan's face grew cold, and he stepped back slightly, suddenly raising the Separation and Union Sword, pointing it at the ancient corpse! As mana circulated, the sword's tip began to be gently covered with a moon-white sword light.

The sword light seemed ordinary, yet when it caught the ancient corpse's eyes, it abruptly halted its steps, displaying an unprecedented fear and dared not approach.

This ancient corpse had little spirit awareness, and the fragmented words from before were merely caused by its determination when alive. Perhaps it truly was a cultivator of the Zi Dou Immortal Domain, holding strong desires before death, allowing it to speak those ingrained words after death.

Yet now, it was merely a dead person, a corpse, without its former emotions, memories, or spirit awareness.

The ancient corpse instinctively sensed a fatal threat from the sword light emanating from Ning Fan's sword, like being nailed by a pin, standing rigidly in place, staring at Ning Fan from ten steps away.

"Retreat! Or I will sever the immortal energy within you!"

Ning Fan's gaze suddenly turned cold, and the ancient corpse seemed to understand, stumbling back several steps, slightly trembling.

After a long while, it suddenly turned around to flee, flying back to the Xuan Ice Coffin, not daring to make a move against Ning Fan.

Seeing the ancient corpse retreat frightened, Ning Fan's gaze grew solemn as he continued forward, passing through the final palace and arriving at the peak of the Sixth Layer's Tianque.

As he arrived, instantly, more than ten ancient coffins flew in from afar, hovering in the air.

Once opened, twelve shadows rushed at Ning Fan, each no different from the decayed ancient corpse before, seemingly intending to prevent Ning Fan from ascending to the Seventh Layer, with constant strange howls.

Intermittently, several ancient corpses muttered softly to themselves, their words all repeating the same phrase.

"Life and death all for... Purple Dou Immortal..."

Chapter 924: Powerful!

Life and death are entirely for the Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign!

Born against calamity, buried without regret!

Clearly, these ancient corpses spoke unconsciously, yet Ning Fan sensed a desolate obsession within, eternal and undying.

To live, only as a cultivator of the Purple Dou Immortal Domain; to die, to be buried for the Purple Dou Immortal Domain!

It is precisely because of this obsession that these ancient corpses, even after countless years of death, can still unconsciously utter these words.

Ning Fan didn't know why these ancient corpses had died, but he could clearly feel the unwavering persistence within each of them, which faintly mirrored his own adherence to the Dao.

It turned out there truly exists an obsession in the world, one that even death cannot erode.

Roar!

Strange roars brought Ning Fan's mind back, as the attacks from the twelve ancient corpses instantly arrived, allowing Ning Fan no more time for comprehension.

Faced with only one ancient corpse, Ning Fan could barely manage to advance and retreat freely; but now, faced with twelve simultaneously, he felt a heavy oppression like mountains.

It must be understood that these ancient corpses each had formidable physical defenses; once approached, a casual punch could shatter twelve Nirvana Magical Treasures and severely injure an Eternal Immortal Venerable!

Ning Fan's gaze was extraordinarily grave, suddenly raising his hand and brandishing the Separation and Union Sword, he unhesitatingly unleashed the third sword intent of the Yin-Yang Five Swords—the Life-Slaying Sword.

The Life-Slaying Sword, capable of cutting off the destiny of the Great Dao, specialized in defeating various immortal creatures. This swordsmanship is his only reliance against this terrifying group of ancient corpses!

Sizzle!

The pale moon sword beam burst forth like flowing water to the four corners; initially, it was just a single hazy sword light, indistinct in appearance, then it multiplied rapidly. In an instant, it divided into ten, a hundred, a thousand...

A thousand sword shadows swept out, disrupting the flow of the Great Dao laws between heaven and earth at that moment!

Before the sword shadows could strike, the Sword Qi had already rushed forth; clearly invisible, yet seemingly containing the power of certain Great Dao laws, it shook with such force that the twelve ancient corpses grunted simultaneously as if struck by a strong force, flying back dozens of yards, each showing fear, with the ghostly green flames in their hollow eye sockets flickering uncertainly, threatening to extinguish at any moment!

"My goodness, what kind of divine skill is this star of misfortune using? The divine skill is only half executed, yet the intangible Sword Qi alone can blast away twelve Yin Death Corpse Demons!" Candle Bow was greatly shocked, not being held by Ning Fan at the moment, but floating around him alongside treasures like the Burning Sky Fan, guarding him.

Ning Fan didn't know where these ancient corpses originated from, only vaguely guessing they came from the Purple Dou Immortal Domain, whereas Candle Bow knew much more.

Candle Bow had once followed the Ancestral Dragon into battle against the heavens, back in the era when the Purple Dou Immortal Domain hadn't suffered calamity, the Immortal Emperors under the Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign mostly still alive.

At that time, Ancestor Dragon Zhuli was already in the top ten Immortal Emperors under the Immortal Sovereign, while Candle Bow had just awakened spirit awareness from within Candle Bow, becoming its Bow Spirit.

As the Bow Spirit of the Ancestral Dragon, Candle Bow knew many ancient secrets and was aware of the origins of the ancient corpses before them.

If Candle Bow wasn't mistaken, the ancient corpses here are precisely the Yin Death Corpse Demons created by the Immortal Emperor with Immortal Qi!

Who was the Immortal Emperor? The foremost Immortal Emperor under the Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign, possessing an undead demonic body; though not yet in the Third Step Saint Realm, his physical defense had long reached immortality. It's said that even a Third Step Saint couldn't kill the Immortal Emperor, merely defeat and suppress him.

The so-called Yin Death Corpse Demons are corpse puppets comparable to Eternal Immortal Venerables, created by the Immortal Emperor using Immortal Qi within.

Legend has it, the Immortal Emperor carried out great slaughter throughout his life and had a peculiar hobby of refining enemy corpses into corpse puppets. Of course, his criteria for selecting a corpse were high; at least possessing the body of an Eternal Immortal Venerable, when infused with Immortal Qi, these corpse puppets possessed the power to rival Eternal Immortal Venerables. These very special corpse puppets were referred to by the cultivators of the Purple Dou Immortal Domain as Yin Death Corpse Demons.

Under the Immortal Emperor were three million Yin Death Corpse Demons as guards. Merely with these three million Venerable corpse puppets, he could make most Immortal Emperors tremble in fear.

In that era, the Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign had ten billion Great Emperors under him, with the Immortal Emperor ranked first. He was truly unmatched and irreplaceable!

Candle Bow followed the Ancestral Dragon into battle for many years, never seeing the Immortal Emperor with its own eyes, but had heard of many characteristics of the Yin Death Corpse Demons.

Their physical defenses were extremely formidable, impervious to damage by anything less than Innate Treasures and Immortal Emperor level divine skills.

Unable to use divine skills, almost without spirit awareness, with a very faint flow of Immortal Qi within.

The twelve ancient corpses before them are clearly all Yin Death Corpse Demons created by the Immortal Emperor! There can be no mistake, Candle Bow, having mastered the Reverse Spirit Technique of the True Dragon Clan, has an extremely keen perception and indeed sensed a trace of Immortal Qi within these ancient corpses!

Only the Immortal Emperor can endow corpse puppets with Immortal Qi in this world. And corpse puppets in this world, only Yin Death Corpse Demons possess Immortal Qi!

My, this is a dozen Yin Death Corpse Demons, each with strength comparable to Eternal Immortal Venerables, yet they were blown away by Ning Fan's Sword Qi; this is simply too absurd!

"What on earth is this star of misfortune using, merely half a sword, and it blew away twelve Eternal Immortal Venerables!" Indeed, it was only half a sword; it wasn't even fully unleashed when it blasted twelve Yin Death Corpse Demons away—that's hardly scientific.

Candle Bow knew many ancient secrets, but unfortunately was unaware the Immortal Emperor, who dominated his whole life, had actually been defeated once among peers, only once!

That time, the Immortal Emperor lost to the Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor, but few know the outcome of that battle.

Candle Bow didn't know, the Life-Slaying Sword of the Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor specialized in countering all divine skills of the Immortal Emperor, particularly suppressing Yin Death Corpse Demons, causing the solitary Immortal Emperor to taste defeat for the first time.

And Ning Fan, he happens to be the inheritor of the Ancient Chaotic Grand Emperor, having received the complete legacy of the Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor, possessing the Human-Sword Death-Cutting Technique!

Only the Immortal Emperor's three million Yin Death Corpse Demons seemed to have perished along with him in the battle to protect the Purple Dou Immortal Domain, how come there are remaining corpse demons appearing here?

Candle Bow was somewhat puzzled, unable to grasp this point.

Seeing twelve ancient corpses blown away by his Sword Qi, Ning Fan himself was somewhat amazed, having used the Life-Slaying Sword before; this sword's power seemed more potent than when previously used.

He fought against Si Ming, a carrier of the undead demonic body, although the undead demonic body wasn't fully achieved, containing little Immortal Qi. During the duel with Si Ming, the Life-Slaying Sword wasn't as powerful.

Previously, facing a single ancient corpse, the Life-Slaying Sword also wasn't as potent.

But at this moment, faced with twelve ancient corpses at once, the power of the Life-Slaying Sword increased significantly, as if the more ancient corpses there were, the stronger the sword became.

The more opponents, the stronger the Life-Slaying Sword?

Ning Fan's eyes flashed. With his comprehension ability, he instantly grasped the key point.

It's not the number of opponents, but the amount of Immortal Qi from the opponents, that strengthens the Life-Slaying Sword.

This Life-Slaying Sword is evidently a divine skill that grows stronger when faced with strength! But this growth is solely relative to immortal creatures.

The terrifying power of this life-slaying technique only has significant lethality against immortal creatures, with negligible effects on ordinary beings.

Previously facing a singular ancient corpse, Ning Fan could only scare it off with sword light.

Now, facing twelve ancient corpses simultaneously, Ning Fan can blast away the group of corpses with only half the sword strike!

The twelve ancient corpses each showed fear, the ghost-eyed man's cultivation clearly low, yet the sense of oppression he imposed exceeded that of Eternal Immortal Venerables, almost akin to an Immortal King!

This sense of oppression didn't originate from Ning Fan himself, but from the thousand pale moon sword beams flying around.

Just colliding with that Sword Qi, the group of ancient corpses flew backward, the ghostly green flames in their eyes almost extinguished!

The ghostly green flames were transformed by their internal Immortal Qi!

If the ghostly flames extinguish, it signifies the loss of Immortal Qi, which means their true demise!

Merely by the collision with Sword Qi, the ghost-eyed youth before them was overly terrifying!

One by one, the ancient corpses showed terror, standing back a few yards, looking at Ning Fan with eyes akin to beasts staring at fire, not daring to get close.

Gradually, out of the twelve ancient corpses, four revealed signs of hesitation, turned into shadows and retreated, abandoning the plan to attack Ning Fan.

Yet eight ancient corpses still surrounded Ning Fan, refusing to retreat.

Over time, the expressions on these eight ancient corpses changed from initial fear to ferociousness, with foul-smelling drool flowing from their mouths as they greedily stared at Ning Fan, as if he were a delicious feast.

It seemed there was a voice, enticing them in their minds.

Eat him! Eat his flesh, drink his blood, it's incredibly delicious!

Suddenly, the eight ancient corpses began to roar simultaneously, their roars laced with greed, as they rushed towards Ning Fan once more. At this moment, appetite overwhelmed fear; they only wanted to rip Ning Fan to pieces to quell the hunger gnawing at their stomachs, forgetting the terror of the Human Sword Annihilates Life technique.

These ancient corpses may have been Purple Dou cultivators in life, even possibly died in battle to protect the Zi Dou Immortal Domain. But in death, they became monsters, losing all reason...

It's indeed quite sad.

Ning Fan's gaze showed regret; he had once studied under the Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign and felt a special connection to the Zi Dou Immortal Domain. If possible, he didn't want to destroy the corpses of these Purple Dou cultivators, but as these ancient corpses insisted on attacking, he had no choice but to defend himself; otherwise, he would be torn apart by them.

These ancient corpses were equivalent to Eternal Immortal Venerables; with Ning Fan's cultivation level, even mastering the Human Sword Annihilates Life technique, he could only barely protect himself and had no room for mercy.

In the face of life and death, even a moment's hesitation could mean death for oneself.

"You seniors were Purple Dou cultivators in life, but in death can't be laid to rest. Today, Ning Fan is here to send you back to the Lost World Palace!"

One death for you!

Ning Fan pointed his long sword forward, and the sword light from the Human Sword technique instantly rained down like a storm, slashing towards the eight ancient corpses.

Ten, a hundred, seven hundred strikes.

The prior thousand sword lights had now reduced to seven hundred.

At first, there were twelve ancient corpses before Ning Fan, now four had fled, leaving only eight.

It turns out that the Human Sword Annihilates Life technique grows stronger with a stronger opponent; the more Immortal Qi the enemy has, the stronger the sword becomes. Ning Fan was right!

Now with fewer enemies, the Sword Qi naturally weakened. But it's fine, the seven hundred sword lights are enough to deal with the eight ancient corpses.

Indeed, it's enough! The Human Sword technique's lethality on these ancient corpses was much higher than Ning Fan anticipated!

Although these ancient corpses had incredibly strong physical bodies, under the Life Severing Sword Ray, they turned to tofu, easily pierced and shredded to pieces.

Hiss! Hiss! Hiss!

The sound of blades piercing flesh continued, with foul blood splattering on the blue stone ancient path.

A tall and skinny ancient corpse, confident in the strength of its body, attempted to collide directly with the sword light using sheer brute force. It charged forward like a cannonball, intent on smashing through the sword shadow ahead, but in mere moments was riddled with sword lights, shot through like a sieve, screaming wretchedly, collapsing into a pile of black ash.

Another corpulent ancient corpse, horrified at the sight of the tall and skinny corpse's gruesome death, turned to flee, but it was too late. Before it could escape two steps, a hundred sword lights pierced it, rendering it into a pile of black ash and meeting the same fate, turning to black ash.

The remaining ancient corpses couldn't withstand the sword light for long, each perishing under the heavy sword shadow.

Only an old ancient corpse, with white hair, showed the greatest strength, lasted longest under the sword light, held on for ten breaths, and wasn't cut down.

Based on cultivation levels, the strength of the other ancient corpses was akin to first Calamity Immortal Venerables. The old ancient corpse's strength was comparable to upper mid-level First Calamity Immortal Venerables, slightly stronger than the others.

Unfortunately, as other ancient corpses fell one after another, the seven hundred sword lights converged, instantly slashing the old ancient corpse into ash.

In the end, the eight ancient corpses were annihilated by Ning Fan with a single sword, all within just ten breaths!

"What kind of swordsmanship did this star of misfortune use?! It's simply terrifying! He's only at the Crossing Truth Realm, yet he slew eight Immortal Venerables with one sword... How can such horrifying swordsmanship exist in the world!" Candle Bow was shocked; although he had followed Ning Fan for long and was accustomed to his heaven-defying acts, today he was still stunned.

After all, he did not recognize the Human Sword technique, the technique of the Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor.

The four ancient corpses who had fled earlier gazed at Ning Fan across the heavy ocean of clouds in fear, their faces—lacking much spirit awareness—showing traces of a human-like expression of relief.

Thank goodness, they wisely retreated.

If they hadn't, they would likely be annihilated just like the other eight.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Sounds of four ancient corpses charging into flight came from afar as they fled, unwilling to spectate any longer.

Witnessing the terror of Ning Fan's sword, they dared not remain and wait to be slaughtered; even beasts would obey their instincts to flee!

Ning Fan paid no heed to the fleeing ancient corpses, glancing at the black ash on the ground, seemingly having an epiphany. The patches of black ash seen previously were likely remnants left from these ancient corpses being slain.

This implies others were attacked by these ancient corpses when passing the sixth layer?

It's uncertain how those others dealt with these ancient corpses. Without such heaven-defying divine skills like the Human Sword technique, killing these ancient corpses wouldn't be easy.

I wonder if Miaoyan Immortal Honorific is safe; she was quite injured, what if she were attacked by these ancient corpses...

And the Seventh Generation Barbarian Ancestor, it's unknown which layer, which palace he has reached, or how long before Ning Fan catches up.

The souls of millions of barbarians are still in the hands of the Seventh Generation Barbarian Ancestor, and must be reclaimed!

This is Ning Fan's obsession; the people he saves, no one else can kill them!

Even if the enemy is the Seventh Generation Barbarian Ancestor!

Even if he himself is injured, his momentum keeps rising!

After cultivating Fellow Daoist, Ning Fan's persistence intensified compared to before.

After trying the demon body taking control, Ning Fan's aura gained the pollution of the Fu Li race.

After attaining Minor Achievement in Calamity Blood, Ning Fan's aura became unsettling, seemingly possessing the power to drive madness, and lead to demonic obsession.

After slaying Ancestor Dulong, Ning Fan's ominous presence intensified immensely, the gained Evil Qi incomparable to that from slaying the Barbarian Ancestor.

Under all these changes, Ning Fan's aura was unleashed entirely with no restraint, imparting a sense of stubbornness, madness, brutality, and darkness.

Like a savage bloodthirsty Demonic Mount, or a formidable evil sect that slays thousands.

Indeed, he is a formidable evil sect that slays thousands, only now with unprecedented demonic depths.

At this moment, Ning Fan's aura conveyed the sinister flamboyance of Yin Yang Evil Vein, the brutality of the demoness, the madness of the Evil Sect, but lacked the compassion of Spirit Severing.

With a swing of his sword, he broke through the sixth layer sky, stepping through spatial turbulence, Ning Fan entered the seventh layer of Tianque.

As Ning Fan stepped into the seventh layer, his violent ominous presence spread like a wild beast.

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific's beautiful eyes brightened, laughing lightly, "Is that Daoist Zhao... Haha, such an intimidating momentum, even I can't quite withstand it."

Liuhe Immortal Lord's gaze shifted, looking at Ning Fan from afar, his eyes glinting with golden light.

The golden light was the divine skill of Acquired Dharma Eye, allowing eyesight over thousands of miles without relying on spirit sense.

In the Seventh Level, there were also ice coffins floating, fewer in number than in the Eighth Level, but more than in the Sixth Level. Here, the Liuhe Immortal did not dare to spread out his spirit sense too much, only daring to use his Acquired Dharma Eye to spy on Ning Fan.

Using the divine ability of the Acquired Dharma Eye, the Liuhe Immortal saw Ning Fan, and Ning Fan seemed to see the Liuhe Immortal as well, lifting his gaze to meet Liuhe Immortal's.

Ning Fan also possessed an Acquired Dharma Eye, which was refined from the eye of the Six Desires Immortal King (Desire-Dissolving Pearl).

Their gazes met at that moment!

Ning Fan's gaze was calm, devoid of any emotion, as if it were just an ordinary glance.

Yet the Liuhe Immortal could not remain calm; just one look from Ning Fan caused his hair to stand on end and sweat to appear on his forehead.

What a terrifying gaze! It wasn't the expression that was frightening, but the aura!

What level of a demon must one be to possess such a cold, fierce gaze!

Even I, a powerful Sovereign among the First Calamity Immortals, was slightly shaken by just one glance from Zhao Jian!

How is this possible? In the realm of the Eternal First Calamity, there's absolutely no one who can shake my spirit with just a look, not even any Immortal Sovereigns from the Eternal Second Calamity can do this.

Only a king from the Eternal Third Calamity could give me such a feeling. Could Zhao Jian's true cultivation not be that of an Immortal Sovereign, but actually that of an Immortal King...

Roar!

Suddenly, strange roars came from the sky. Hearing these roars, the Liuhe Immortal's expression changed immediately, exclaiming, "Not good, Zhao Jian's disturbance upon entering the Seventh Level has alarmed the monsters on this level!"

A whole formation of twenty-seven ice coffins, arranged in an arrow shape, whistled as they flew, and in each ice coffin lay an ancient corpse.

Twenty-seven ancient corpses rushed straight towards Ning Fan, each equivalent to the presence of twenty-seven Immortal Sovereigns!

Ning Fan had just entered the Seventh Level and was to be besieged by twenty-seven Immortal Sovereigns, without a high-level life-saving technique, it was assuredly certain death!

The Liuhe Immortal felt his scalp go numb. He too had been attacked by ancient corpses before, but was only besieged by three.

Even so, the Liuhe Immortal was seriously injured and barely escaped from the three ancient corpses...

And now, Ning Fan was being besieged by a full twenty-seven ancient corpses!

Even an Immemorial Immortal King would probably find it difficult to match twenty-seven corpses of Immortal Sovereigns in a direct confrontation!

The Liuhe Immortal wanted to warn Ning Fan to escape and not confront the horde of corpses, but ultimately did not speak up. He dared not make a sound nor spread his spirit sense to communicate, fearing that those twenty-seven ancient corpses would sense his voice or spirit sense and turn to attack him instead.

At this moment, every step of the Liuhe Immortal was taken with extreme caution, concealing his aura, fearing an attack from the ancient corpses here!

He dared not remind Ning Fan.

Miaoyan Immortal, however, bit her lip hard. She too had been attacked by ancient corpses and suffered great losses, being painfully clear of how formidable they were.

If someone else were attacked by ancient corpses, she would most likely not dare to speak up to warn them, in order to avoid bringing trouble upon herself.

But now, it was Ning Fan being attacked by the ancient corpses.

Maybe Ning Fan had not encountered these ancient corpses while passing through the Sixth Level and did not know how terrifying they were. These ancient corpses, their physical bodies couldn't be harmed even by the Twelve Nirvana Acquired Treasures, perhaps Ning Fan was unaware of this fact.

If these ancient corpses were only one or two, it would be manageable, but if many swarmed together, they would be absolutely unbeatable.

Does Ning Fan know this...

"Daoist Zhao! Quickly conceal your aura! Temporarily retreat back to the Sixth Level!" Miaoyan Immortal finally transmitted her voice to Ning Fan.

She had no time to explain how terrifying these ancient corpses were to Ning Fan, she could only tell him how to deal with them.

Flee and hide! Conceal your aura and then temporarily escape back to the lower levels of Tianque, avoiding the pursuit of these ancient corpses!

Miaoyan Immortal was extremely anxious; Ning Fan had once saved her life, she did not want Ning Fan to die here.

Fortunately, Ning Fan had just entered the Seventh Level and only had to turn back to follow the flow of space and return to the Sixth Level.

It should still be in time to escape before being surrounded by the corpses...

She used her spirit sense to transmit her message, and outside people naturally couldn't hear her voice, but those twenty-seven ancient corpses still sensed the fluctuations of her spirit sense.

Immediately, six of the ice coffins changed direction, flying towards where Miaoyan Immortal was.

The remaining twenty-one ice coffins continued flying towards Ning Fan, but this action caused Ning Fan to frown.

He naturally heard Miaoyan Immortal's warning and knew that this warning caused trouble for her.

"Go!"

Ning Fan pointed to the sky, and four Seven Stars Demon Lamps immediately turned into a stream of light, creating four layers of purple light curtains to block the six ice coffins flying towards Miaoyan.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Six ice coffins hit the light curtain with a tremendous crash, the powerful collision force causing the entire Seventh Level of Tianque to tremble slightly.

The first layer of the light curtain held for just a moment before being shattered by the coffins. Then the second, third, and fourth layers. Finally, the light curtain completely collapsed and the magical treasure flew back.

The Seven Stars Demon Lamps were merely remnants of the Twelve Nirvana Treasures, unable to withstand the impact of six ancient corpses, but they angered these six ancient corpses.

They never expected Ning Fan to dare obstruct them from their prey, and upon venting their anger, they changed direction once again, flying towards Ning Fan.

The huge sound spread far and wide, and every ancient corpse in the Seventh Level heard the noise. The next moment, hundreds of ice coffins, turned into streams of light, flew towards Ning Fan.

They heard the noise, smelled the scent of food, and decided to swarm in to rip Ning Fan to shreds!

"So many!" Liuhe Immortal held his breath, the momentum of hundreds of ancient coffins approaching filled him with awe.

Miaoyan Immortal, normally composed, had a face paled with fear. Even Ning Fan, let alone an Immortal Emperor figure, dared not face hundreds of Immortal Sovereigns head-on!

"Hurry back to the Sixth Level! Quickly!" Miaoyan Immortal was almost urging Ning Fan, transmitting her voice again.

This time, all the ancient corpses focused on Ning Fan, without being distracted by Miaoyan Immortal.

In the sky, over six hundred ice coffins came flying from afar, a scene that would be a horror in the eyes of any Eternal Immortal Sovereign.

Previously, Ning Fan might have been somewhat flustered facing so many ancient corpses, but now he showed no fear.

Regarding the Life-Slaying Sword, Ning Fan had come to some realizations, understanding that its essence lay in the phrase "the stronger the opponent, the stronger it becomes."

With this realization, Ning Fan's mastery of the Life-Slaying Sword instantly rose to a high level. The Yin-Yang Five Swords, passed down by the Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor, relied on comprehending the profound meaning in each sword technique.

Ning Fan said nothing, facing the oncoming horde of corpses, merely shaking the Separation and Union Sword, then pointing the sword skyward!

The pale moon Sword Beam emerged one after another, more and more. Ten streaks, a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand, sixty thousand!

Previously against twelve ancient corpses, Ning Fan could only conjure a thousand Life Severing Sword Rays, now facing over six hundred ancient corpses, he could summon sixty thousand Sword Beams.

The more sword beams there are, the stronger the power naturally becomes. The mystery of the Life-Annihilating Human Sword truly lies in becoming stronger when encountering strength.

Opposite him, the Immortal Qi was skyrocketing, while Ning Fan was also surrounded by Sword Qi reaching the heavens.

No matter how powerful he is, I too have a sword in hand!

This sword can sever life! All things in this world must face their demise under this one sword!

Sixty thousand sword beams converged into one, forming a moon-white sword beam of a thousand zhang in size, faintly splitting the forbidden force of this space!

Even the forbidden force could be split; the power of these sixty thousand swords combined has reached an extreme level of terror!

However, the eerie thing is that the sword beams that could shatter the forbidden force seemed to be quite harmless to the masters...

Ning Fan's eyes flashed, and he made an attempt to leap, leaping onto the thousand zhang sword beam.

Standing atop the sword beam, he did not suffer the slightest harm from the Sword Qi. This Life-Annihilating Sword Beam was indeed weak in its lethality to those without immortal cultivations.

He stood upon the sword beam, and with a thought, he began sword flight in the forbidden Ninefold Celestial Towers!

Liuhe Immortal Sovereign's eyes widened in disbelief as he looked at the scene before him.

What did he see! Ning Fan actually used a sword beam divine skill to fly within the Ninefold Celestial Towers!

What shocked him even more was the reaction of over six hundred ancient corpses upon seeing the sword beam.

This time, only about ten ancient corpses foolishly did not retreat and continued to attack Ning Fan. The rest almost unanimously acted in panic, turned into black shadows, and fled in all directions as they escaped the ice coffins!

Over six hundred ancient corpses comparable to Immortal Sovereigns were mostly scared away by Ning Fan's one sword!

What kind of divine skill was this! It's unheard of!

The Yin-Yang Five Swords were the secret, ultimate skills of the Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor. In today's world, hardly anyone has seen this ultimate skill, and even fewer have heard of it.

With Liuhe Immortal Sovereign's experience, he naturally couldn't recognize the Life-Annihilating Human Sword.

Seeing that most ancient corpses were scrambling away, with only about ten facing imminent death, Ning Fan sighed softly.

"Since you seniors have come to die, let the junior send you to death..." His tone was no longer as arrogant as before, just simply advancing with the sword.

Only about ten ancient coffins collided directly with the thousand zhang sword beam, leading naturally to a situation akin to striking a rock with an egg. The coffins shattered one after another, and the over ten ancient corpses inside didn't even have time to scream before being severed into a disperse of black ash.

Liuhe Immortal Sovereign could not believe the scene before him; over ten ancient corpses with cultivations comparable to Immortal Sovereign were slain by Ning Fan with just one sword!

Moreover, over six hundred ancient corpses were scared away by Ning Fan!

And Ning Fan was flying on the sword within the forbidden Ninefold Celestial Towers!

"This...is impossible! Is Zhao Jian an Immortal Emperor? But even if he were an Immortal Emperor..." Liuhe Immortal Sovereign couldn't imagine what cultivation Ning Fan possessed to accomplish such an astonishing feat.

"How does this star of misfortune have such terrifying power! Isn't he a Crossing Truth Realm cultivator!" Candle Bow was also scared and stupefied.

The 'combat strength' Ning Fan displayed had already exceeded Candle Bow's understanding. He secretly guessed that currently, in the era of decline, not even someone at the Quasi-Saint level could achieve what Ning Fan did: slaying over ten Immortal Sovereign, frightening away hundreds, flying regardless of the forbidden force...

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific was similarly speechless from shock, merely staring at Ning Fan with bewildered eyes, feeling a sense of surrealism, as if in a dream.

She assured herself she never underestimated Ning Fan's capability, even believing he had combat strength comparable to an Eternal Immortal Venerable. But now, it seemed...she still underestimated Ning Fan.

Riding on the thousand zhang sword beam, Ning Fan sped swiftly along, sensing that as the ancient corpses fled further away, the sword beam seemed slightly unstable. It likely wouldn't hold for much longer before shattering.

Since he could fly with the sword, why not take advantage of it! Flying directly to the eighth layer would be much faster than slowly venturing through the palace!

As long as he rushed into the eighth layer before the sword beam collapsed, it would suffice.

The sword beam sped along, flying over Miaoyan Immortal Honorific. Seeing Miaoyan's pale complexion, Ning Fan's thoughts shifted. He extended his five fingers towards her, directly summoning her onto the thousand zhang sword beam.

"Let's go together!" Ning Fan said calmly.

He could see Miaoyan Immortal Honorific's severe injuries. Now that all the ancient corpses in the seventh layer had been awakened by Ning Fan, leaving Miaoyan Immortal Honorific alone on this layer was worrisome.

Ning Fan still held some goodwill towards Miaoyan Immortal Honorific, although that goodwill was not of a romantic nature.

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific blushed slightly but didn't say much, simply nodded quietly. It was her first time being directly brought onto a sword beam by a man, to fly.

Her injuries were indeed severe, making it hard for her to hold on. If not for this, she wouldn't have been easily summoned onto the flying sword without a bit of resistance, truly having no surplus mana left.

The sword beam proceeded onwards and flew over Liuhe Immortal Sovereign's head as well.

Apologies, Ning Fan had no intention of bringing Liuhe Immortal Sovereign aboard for a ride. To explain, he had quite a bit of history with Liuhe Immortal Sovereign.

Thus, he left Liuhe Immortal Sovereign in the seventh layer to climb gradually upward. If attacked by a mass of corpses and faced danger, it wasn't Ning Fan's concern.

What obligation did he have to assist someone with whom he had grievances?

Don't talk about a common human lineage, preserving combat strength to jointly explore the Ancient Passage.

Ning Fan isn't from the Four Oceans Sect, at least not now. He has no duty to help the Four Oceans Sect fight for that Ancient Passage. He personally witnessed the top layer of the Ninefold Celestial Towers, the gray-colored moon, extremely dangerous. Unless necessary, he wouldn't step into that muddy water.

He came to the Ninefold Celestial Towers merely to capture the souls of a million Stone Warriors. That's all, his purpose is quite clear.

Moreover, Liuhe Immortal Sovereign's divine skills aren't weak; without Ning Fan employing Unity of Heaven and Man, he almost couldn't detect Liuhe Immortal Sovereign's presence.

Liuhe Immortal Sovereign's concealment techniques aren't weak, his mana is still substantial, and it shouldn't be difficult to hide from the senses of the ancient corpses here.

"Daoist Zhao, might you..." assist my show-off and flying?

This kind of plea, Liuhe Immortal Sovereign really hadn't had time to express, because Ning Fan didn't pause, directly riding the sword past.

The sword beam sped too fast, so fast that Liuhe Immortal Sovereign couldn't even complete a sentence and already couldn't see Ning Fan's figure.

Leaving only the sky densely populated by six hundred plus ancient corpses. Some of the ancient corpses hearing Liuhe Immortal Sovereign's fragmented sentence, followed the sound and flew towards him.

Liuhe Immortal Sovereign sighed bitterly and immediately settled his mind, pushing his concealment technique to the extreme, hiding from the detection of those ancient corpses.

Ning Fan didn't take him along for the ride, but he didn't dare blame Ning Fan one bit.

Previously, he dared to hassle and threaten Ning Fan because he despised Ning Fan's weakness.

Today, however, Ning Fan's demonstrated strength shocked him severely, making him genuinely believe Ning Fan to be either an Immortal Emperor or a Quasi-Saint level celebrity.

The weakness previously displayed was probably all a façade. A True Immortal cannot disguise themselves as an Immortal Emperor, but an Immortal Emperor can easily mask themselves as a True Immortal, right?

With these thoughts, where would Liuhe Immortal Sovereign dare to have any complaint against Ning Fan? Any discontent could only be harbored internally, not daring to voice it.

Strength is everything.

And Ning Fan today was terrifyingly strong!

Chapter 925: Too Late

Ning Fan stepped on the Thousand Zhang Sword Light, slicing through the forbidden space. After six breaths, the sword light rushed to the highest point of the seventh layer.

On the seventh breath, the sword light directly pierced through the sky of the seventh layer, traversing multiple layers of spatial turbulence, charging straight towards the eighth layer.

At this moment, in the eighth layer, Ao Xuan and others were diligently breaking through the palaces, cautiously advancing toward the ninth layer.

In the sky above, were densely packed ice coffins, as many as forty-three thousand, with not a single coffin vacant, all containing ancient corpses.

The entire eighth layer was deathly silent, not even the sound of the wind could be heard. Even Ao Xuan and the others progressing, dared not make a sound.

Ao Xuan, positioned at the farthest back, had just broken through the eleventh palace of the eighth layer, arriving at the entrance of the twelfth palace.

The Fourth Ancestor reached the 26th palace, the Second Ancestor reached the 41st palace, and the First-Generation Barbarian Ancestor reached the 53rd palace. The fastest was the always silent Seventh Ancestor, who had already reached the 104th palace.

His speed was swift, advancing like a ghost, leaving behind trails of seven-colored afterimages as he moved.

He quickly broke through the 105th palace, followed by the 106th, 107th, 108th palaces... Soon, he had broken through the 111th palace, reaching the highest point of the eighth layer.

At the highest point in the sky, one could see a sea of gray fog which was extremely peculiar, isolating all sounds. Even within this fog sea, performing spiritual techniques would go unnoticed by the ancient corpses outside, with not a sound heard.

At the center of the fog sea, a massive dark green stone door hovered in mid-air.

The stone door was very ancient, its years beyond counting. Carved on the door was a totem of a gigantic eye, half-open and half-closed, with a faint gray light flowing upon it. Upon closer examination, it revealed numerous gray runes, numbering in the tens of thousands.

These runes seemed to possess an intangible deterrent force, making it so that within several dozen miles of the stone door's center, no ancient corpse dared to approach.

This door was the only entry to the ninth layer.

The first seven layers only required slicing open the sky to enter the next layer. The eighth was different; the stone door had to be opened to enter the ninth layer.

A ruined stele stood outside the stone door, with lines of scripture carved in ancient immortal script.

Many words were incomplete, making them unrecognizable, but some sentences on the stele remained relatively intact.

'...I, Yin Mo Ancestor, am the Ninth-Generation Savage God of the Ancient Barbarian Realm... besieged by Purple Dou Immortal Cultivators, escaped, then suppressed by a body double of the Purple Dou

Immortal Sovereign, imprisoned in the Ninefold Celestial Towers... If there comes a day of escape, I swear to kill off all Purple Dou Immortal Cultivators...'

The pressure emanating from the stone door was overwhelming, getting closer to it made each step extraordinarily difficult.

The Seventh Ancestor followed the ancient blue stone path, delving into the center of the fog sea. Upon reaching one hundred zhang from the stone door, he stopped. His gaze swept over the ancient stele outside the stone door, profoundly deep.

"The passage to the ninth layer is not in the sky but within this stone door. As long as you open this stone door, you can enter the ninth layer. The Barbarian God Yin Mo is right there..."

The Seventh Ancestor approached and attempted to push the stone door, only to find it immensely heavy, impossible to budge.

Suddenly, a perilous sensation surged in the Seventh Ancestor's mind, prompting him to retreat immediately.

The stone door before him trembled slightly, and the half-open eye totem on the door suddenly opened wide, its gaze filled with a heartless disposition, as if it could disregard all life and death in this world.

As the eye opened, a voice emerged from the stone door, resonating in the Seventh Ancestor's mind.

"With your cultivation of the Eternal First Calamity, you have no right to enter the ninth layer. Withdraw!"

Withdraw!

Withdraw!!

Withdraw!!!

The voice from the stone door was incomparably majestic, yet filled with disdain. It wouldn't allow the Seventh Ancestor to step into the ninth layer, looking down on the Seventh Ancestor's cultivation.

The voice echoed in the Seventh Ancestor's mind, causing a dull ache in his divine sense, yet his gaze remained unchanged, still as deep as a thousand-zhang pool.

"A mere stone door, gaining just a sliver of spirit awareness, dares to disdain me. Very well, let's show you if I am worthy of passing through this door."

The Seventh Ancestor stepped forward, and the two heads, one crying and one smiling, simultaneously opened their mouths, ejecting two black and red beams as thick as bowls, the Barbarian Flash Technique unique to the Barbarian Clan, straight towards the stone door.

He intended to blast the stone door open with a single strike!

The two beams of Barbarian Flash instantly split into four in mid-air, and rapidly increased, four to eight, eight to sixteen, reaching ninety million in an instant.

The Seventh Ancestor pointed forward, all ninety million Barbarian Flashes slammed onto the stone door, the force nearly equalling a full-force strike from a Second Calamity Immortal Lord. The stone door, under this attack, showed numerous cracks, but with the flash of the gray runes, the cracks on the stone door immediately repaired themselves, returning to perfect condition.

"That strike just now was not enough to enter the ninth layer! This place is not for you!"

The stone door sneered, as from the eye totem, two thousand gray runes flew out, converging to form gusts of gray wind. In the wind's center, four gigantic Fire Phoenix silhouettes appeared, their bodies ablaze with gray flames.

The four gray Fire Phoenixes screeched, flapping their flaming wings, as the gray sea of flames surged toward the Seventh Ancestor. The flames were terrifying, turning the heavenly traces along their path into ashes.

Seeing this, the Seventh Ancestor's expression slightly altered. If he did not leave, he would surely be engulfed by the sea of flames. After a swift retreat, he raised his hand and pointed forward, immediately summoning nine million Barbarian Flashes from the heavens, merging into an icy crescent blade, slashing towards the sea of flames.

With one slash, the sea of flames was directly split in two, the knife light unstoppable, eventually cleaving heavily onto the stone door.

This time, the stone door's cracks were more numerous, but with a flash of gray runes, it swiftly repaired itself, as pristine as before.

"Still not enough!" The stone door smirked slightly, seeming to disdain the power of the Seventh Ancestor's strike.

The stone door was condensed from Immortal Qi, having absorbed nature's spiritual energy for countless years, it eventually birthed a hint of spirit awareness.

Due to the stone door being condensed of Immortal Qi, once damaged, it could self-repair in moments. Ordinary Eternal Immortal Venerables could hardly break it open forcibly. Unless faced with an Immortal Emperor-level powerhouse, inflicting irreparable damage in a single strike, the stone door was difficult to forcibly break through.

"Manifest the Causal Body Double!"

The Seventh Ancestor's gaze remained calm as water. With a turn of his hand, he produced twelve chess pieces, some black and some white, and flicked them forward, offering them before him.

As soon as the chess pieces traveled a short distance, they transformed into human forms, becoming twelve white-haired, seven-colored robed elders, standing with pride.

These twelve elders, shrouded by seven-colored light, were unrecognizable, each possessing power near that of an Eternal Immortal Venerable, all causal body doubles refined by the Seventh Ancestor.

One elder opened his mouth to inhale, directly absorbing much of the Immortal Qi from the stone door into his belly, consuming and refining it, weakening the stone door considerably.

Another elder pricked his fingertip, drawing a crow totem before him, chanting incantations, transforming the totem into numerous crows, fearlessly crashing into the stone door, self-destructing upon impact.

The other elders displayed their divine skills, and within just a few breaths, the stone door suffered extensive damage, covered in cracks, nearly shattering.

"Interesting, but still not enough!" The stone door indifferently remarked, as the runes flashed, all cracks were instantly repaired. Despite the twelve seven-colored elders' attacks, they could not break the stone door.

"Truly troublesome..." For the first time, the Seventh Ancestor frowned, retrieving all twelve causal body doubles.

"Fortunately, I came prepared."

With a turn of his hand, the Seventh Ancestor produced a ghostly Soul Tempering Streamer, kneeling slightly on one knee beneath the stone door after a brief consideration.

This kneel was not to the stone door but to the many Barbarian Gods of the Ancient Barbaric Wilds.

The Ancient Barbarian Clan possessed numerous forbidden techniques, only by offering homage to the Barbarian Gods and borrowing a trace of the Barbarian God's Power could corresponding divine skills be displayed.

"Fan Mokong of the Eleventh Division of the Ancient Barbarian Realm, from the Fan Family, beseeches the Barbarian Gods of the Heavens, grant the Barbarian God's Power."

After speaking, the Seventh Ancestor bit his fingertips, inscribing a gigantic blood formation in the air with a flick of his fingers. With a wave of the Soul Tempering Streamer, over a million Barbarian souls flew out, all trapped within the blood formation.

These Barbarian souls initially bore confused expressions but gradually regained a sliver of awareness as time passed.

The souls of the Barbarian Monks were the first to regain intelligence. Recognizing the origin of the blood formation before them, they were appalled.

This blood formation was recorded in the ancient texts of the Barbarian Wilderness, an ancient array used for sacrifices to the Barbarian Gods by ancient barbarians.

Legend had it that ancient barbarians were distinct from those today, capable of extending life and gaining power through cultivation.

Legend has it that the ancient Barbarians could lay down a Sacrificial Formation, borrowing the power of the Barbarian God through sacrificial offerings, to perform some special Forbidden Techniques.

These legends are recorded in many ancient books, and some even retain the Array Map, known by many Barbarian Monks.

Unfortunately, the later generations of Barbarians cannot cultivate, and no one can set up the Sacrificial Formation to borrow the power of the Barbarian God in heaven and earth...

However, some of these Barbarian Monks still recognize the Sacrificial Formation! The formation in front of them is definitely the Sacrificial Formation; they are being sacrificed!

"Not good! Our souls are being captured and will be used as sacrificial offerings!" Some Barbarian Monks, in great shock, informed other Barbarians of the scene unfolding before them. Instantly, millions of Barbarians fell into chaos.

"What! We have become sacrificial offerings! I don't want to die! I don't want to die! Lord Immortal, where are you, please come to save us! I beg you!"

"Lord Immortal..."

"Lord Zhao Jian..."

One by one, the Barbarians showed expressions of despair, kneeling in the blood formation, praying devoutly.

Once again, they have fallen into a desperate situation, with no assurance of survival in this Barbaric Catastrophe.

They once believed in the Barbarian Ancestor, but that faith has been shattered. Now, they place their faith in only one person, a different race Immortal who saved them during the disaster.

Immortal Zhao Jian, he is the last faith of these Barbarians.

Whether old or young, every Barbarian is praying. They do not know if the Immortal will come to save them. Even knowing that the hope is slim, they are reluctant to do nothing and wait for death. It seems that only when they are praying can they reduce the fear of facing death somewhat.

Lord Immortal, where are you...

We Barbarians have been abandoned by heaven and earth, suffering endless calamities, are you willing to come and save us... If you come, we are willing to offer our hearts and become your loyal footmen...

This scene made the seven ancestors feel somewhat displeased, frowning slightly.

The Barbarians of the Barbarian Wilderness Ancient Domain have always been footmen of the Fan Family Cultivator, these Barbarians only need to worship the seven Barbarian Ancestors of the Fan

Family. How can they worship someone else? Haha, actually changing their faith to worship an Immortal Cultivator named Zhao Jian, what a joke.

Immortal Zhao Jian? Haha, never heard of him.

No one can save you, that person called Zhao Jian cannot save you either, you are just sacrifices for me to advance to the ninth layer.

"With the ancient heaven as my witness, I call upon the Barbarian power of the heavens to descend upon me!"

The seven ancestors showed a merciless expression and deeply bowed towards the blood formation.

With that bow, each of the million Barbarians in the blood formation seemed to be struck heavily, screaming miserably as their soul entities began to dissipate rapidly.

"The second bow!"

"The third bow!"

After the third bow, the seven ancestors suddenly rose, coldly looking at the million Barbarians in the blood formation, as if they were livestock.

Under his intimidating gaze, Barbarian soul bodies continued to vanish, the number of dead Barbarians increasing rapidly, and within moments three hundred thousand had died. And an indescribable power gradually gathered upon the seven ancestors.

That power, though a mere trace, was the legendary Barbarian God's Power passed down through the ancient Barbarian Clan. It was enough for him to perform a low-grade Forbidden Technique of the ancient Barbarian Clan.

"Only sacrificed three hundred thousand Barbarians, and already a trace of Barbarian God's Power descended... It is enough. The remaining seven hundred thousand Barbarian souls will be left for future use..."

The seven ancestors pointed a finger to stop the sacrifice of the blood formation, collecting the seventy hundred thousand fortunate Barbarian souls into the Soul Tempering Streamer. Then he quickly formed a seal with his ten fingers, chanting old spells, and his body suddenly turned into a shadow.

Step by step, he moved towards the stone door. This time, the seven ancestors' body seemed to become void. He lifted his right foot, extending it towards the stone door, with his nearly transparent right foot penetrating directly into the stone door.

At this moment, as if merging with the stone door, his will seemed to replace that of the stone door, as if the stone door became him, and he became the stone door...

"An Ancient Barbarian Forbidden Technique! Alright, you are qualified to enter the ninth layer!" The stone door's tone grew grave.

It didn't know exactly which Ancient Barbarian Forbidden Technique the seven ancestors used, but it had already determined it could no longer hinder the steps of the seven ancestors.

Next, the seven ancestors would slowly integrate into the stone door, and eventually emerge on the other side of the stone door, directly entering the ninth layer.

The seven ancestors ignored it and continued, body gradually merging with the stone door. The Barbarian God's Power he borrowed was limited, so the integration with the stone door was slow, taking a long time to bury half his body in.

Suddenly, the seven ancestors were slightly startled, looked towards the lower layer direction.

At this moment, the dead silence of the eighth layer was interrupted by a sudden whirl of wind and gentle rain descending from the sky.

Odd... The chill in the eighth layer is extremely intense, and the temperature is terribly low, any water droplets falling here would instantly freeze into ice. Why is it raining in this place...

This rain doesn't resemble something conjured up by Divine Skills... It has no traces of artificial creation... Where did this rain come from? Seven ancestors furrowed his brows with a tinge of unease emerging in his heart.

"Strange, why did it suddenly start raining... This rain won't wake the ancient corpses here, right?"

Ao Xuan, First Generation, Second Ancestor, and Fourth Ancestor all wore worried expressions. Fortunately, the rain didn't disturb the ancient corpses and they felt a bit relieved.

However, for some reason, the rain continued to pour and grow stronger.

Initially a gentle drizzle, later on, nearly a downpour akin to a waterfall.

At the entrance of the eighth layer, spatial rifts suddenly appeared and grew more numerous until finally shattering, revealing the turbulence of the spatial flow beneath.

Amidst that spatial turbulence, a giant Thousand Zhang Sword Light abruptly burst forth!

Atop the tip of that sword, stood two figures. One of them was a young man in white, his silver hair dancing wildly within the wind and rain, the ghost face mask concealing all expressions save for eyes brimming with Evil Qi.

The torrential rain in the heavens and earth was conjured by the youth's Heaven Prying Rain Technique, witnessing the scene of the seven disciples offering Barbarian souls in a blood sacrifice.

He came late, thirty thousand of the million Barbarian souls had been sacrificed...

The Barbarians who died, in their final moments, had still been praying for his arrival, but, he was late.

No sadness was evident as Ning Fan had long been indifferent to life and death, his heart like steel, the deaths of the Barbarians unable to upset him.

Yet an anger lingered in him, those Barbarians' prayers before demise, clear and unerasable from his mind.

The deadly aura enveloping the eighth layer grew even more menacing.

Ning Fan took a step, and the Thousand Zhang Sword Light, having just surged into the eighth layer, locked onto the seven ancestors and charged ahead in a sword flight.

The immense forbidden space's power of the eighth layer attempted to bring Ning Fan down, but it was entirely eradicated by the Thousand Zhang Sword Light.

The remaining seventy thousand Barbarian souls, he intended to reclaim all of them!

"It's actually sword flight!"

The moment the Thousand Zhang Sword Light entered the eighth layer, Ao Xuan and the others gasped, even the seven ancestors showed shock for the first time.

The forbidden space's force within the eighth layer had reached an unfathomable strength, even weaker Immortal Emperors might not be able to fly in the eighth layer.

The arrival had at least mid-level Immortal Emperor strength!

Who is this person!

Upon seeing Ning Fan's ghost-faced demeanor with silver hair, Ao Xuan, First Generation, Second Ancestor, and Fourth Ancestor all had drastic changes in expression.

"It's actually him!" The four simultaneously exclaimed.

A person possessing 'Immortal Emperor' strength was unexpectedly that Ghost-Faced Master...

Chapter 926: The Mysterious Eyeball

At this moment, the First Ancestor, Second Ancestor, and Fourth Ancestor were filled with disbelief. In their impression, Ning Fan was merely a valuable supplement affected by the Summon Barbarian Technique, and his cultivation shouldn't be high. Why was Ning Fan, the supposedly weak cultivator, able to ride the sword in forbidden space... Could this be a weak cultivator indeed?

Could it be they truly misjudged him, and Ning Fan was not some weak cultivator, but an Immortal Emperor?

Similarly, Ao Xuan was speechless with surprise. He had seen the bounty on Ning Fan and recognized him at a glance.

It was this child, who robbed the Ancestral Bow from Ancestor Dulong, no doubt!

Ancestor Dulong once said, "Was it not a weak cultivator who took the Ancestral Bow?" The only noteworthy part was the few drops of Fu Li ancestor blood in him. Aside from that, this person was not worth mentioning.

Really not worth mentioning...

Recalling the information given by Ancestor Dulong, Ao Xuan found it laughable, the information was incorrect after all.

How could Ning Fan be a weak cultivator? Can a weak cultivator fly in the Eighth Layer of Tianque? Show me if you can fly!

Ao Xuan further noticed the menacing aura around Ning Fan, an aura only attainable by slaying an Eternal Immortal Venerable. And if he wasn't mistaken, there was a trace of Ancestor Dulong's death aura mixed within that aura...

Ancestor Dulong indeed perished at Ning Fan's hands; wasn't he seeking Origin Qi...

"Could it be that the one who seized the Clan Leader's Origin Qi is also him! That unfortunate Dulong, attempting to reclaim his Origin Qi only to be killed by him instead?" Ao Xuan felt he had uncovered the truth, more convinced than ever that Ning Fan's power was beyond imagination.

Hiss, hiss, hiss.

At this moment, the forty-three thousand Ancient Coffins in the sky all made hissing sounds, as ancient corpses began sitting up from the coffins. This was due to the commotion Ning Fan caused upon entering the Eighth Layer, which awakened all the ancient corpses on this layer.

Forty-three thousand strands of killing intent pierced through layers of heavy rain, locking onto Ning Fan with deadly precision.

They were the killing intents of forty-three thousand Master-level Immortal Venerables, standing beside Ning Fan. Even being slightly affected by those killing intents, Miaoyan Immortal Honorific's aura was in turmoil, making her somewhat unsteady.

Her injuries were too severe, facing forty-three thousand ancient corpses, equating to forty-three thousand Eternal Immortal Venerables, such power was too terrifying that even an Immortal Emperor must evade. The pervading killing intent around filled her with unease, so she cautiously moved closer to Ning Fan to find some safety and calmness.

"So many ancient corpses! Can he really handle them?" Miaoyan Immortal Honorific was worried, sneaking a glance at Ning Fan, biting her lip, and wisely choosing not to say more.

Ao Xuan and others, upon witnessing the awakening of forty-three thousand ancient corpses, were so scared that cold sweat poured down their backs, each pushing their concealment techniques to the extreme, fearing being discovered by those ancient corpses.

To their relief, none of the ancient corpses paid any attention to their existence. The gaze of all forty-three thousand ancient corpses was focused solely on Ning Fan.

"This child is in deep trouble, being besieged by forty-three thousand ancient corpses; it is a situation of certain death."

"Forty-three thousand ancient corpses, equivalent to forty-three thousand Eternal Immortal Venerables. Hmph, even if this child truly possesses mid-level Immortal Emperor cultivation, he is no match for this group of ancient corpses."

"Even if this child doesn't die, he will surely shed a layer of skin!"

"Precarious, if this child wants to survive, it will not be easy..."

Ao Xuan and others felt a bit gleeful at the prospect of seeing Ning Fan being besieged by ancient corpses.

What if you can fly in the Eighth Layer? What if you possess Immortal Emperor cultivation? After awakening the ancient corpses, let's see how you clean up this mess!

"We Purple Dou Immortal Cultivators... born against calamity... we bury without remorse!"

"Our life and death are all for... Purple Dou Immortal!"

Voices rang out from the mouths of those ancient corpses unconsciously, along with strange roars.

More and more ancient corpses gathered, under countless strands of killing intent, Ning Fan felt an uncontrollable chill on his back, his heart uncontrollably pounding.

At this moment, he had to face forty-three thousand Immortal-level experts all by himself!

The entire four heavens and nine worlds couldn't gather so many Eternal Immortal Venerables! Only in the ancient times, in the Zi Dou Immortal Domain, was it possible to see such an Immortal Venerable army!

Ning Fan had never been locked on by such powerful killing intent in his life, losing his mental composure was inevitable, since his actual cultivation was indeed not on par with these ancient corpses.

Under this killing intent lock, Ning Fan felt it hard to breathe, and his body incapable of moving. He harshly bit through his tongue, using the pain to regain control of his body, suddenly raising the Separation and Union Sword, swinging the blade forward.

Even with forty-three thousand ancient corpses blocking the way, so what!

Let him be strong, Slaying Fate Sword only grows stronger with a strong opponent!

As Ning Fan swung his sword, more and more sword lights appeared before his eyes. Facing six hundred ancient corpses previously, Ning Fan cut out sixty thousand strands of sword light with a single sword; this time, there were more.

Ten, a hundred, a thousand...

Ten thousand, a hundred thousand, a million, four million!

Surrounded by four million strands of Slaying Fate sword light, Ning Fan gave off an invincible aura!

The pressure emanating from four million sword lights had already exceeded the scope of the Second Step of cultivation, perhaps only the legendary Third Step Saint could exhibit such a pressure-laden Divine Skill!

Wherever the sword lights passed, it formed a silent air wave; all traces of the Great Dao crumbled, unable to withstand the power of this sword!

The entire Eighth Layer's world trembled violently under this single sword strike. All ancient corpses rushing toward Ning Fan halted abruptly at this moment, staring at Ning Fan in terror, not daring to approach!

After some hesitation, nearly ninety percent of the ancient corpses chose to turn and flee, escaping with all their might, causing utter chaos. However, over four thousand ancient corpses, gradually suppressing their fear, still charged at Ning Fan fearlessly.

Unfortunately, their valor was like a moth to a flame, merely wasting their lives.

With mouths drooling with stinking saliva and faces filled with greed, they would stop at nothing to devour Ning Fan, having lost all sense of reason.

Once mighty Purple Dou Immortal Cultivators in life, reduced to ignorant corpses in death... Ning Fan gently closed his eyes, allowing four million sword lights to pierce the sky, slashing at four thousand ancient corpses.

Some ancient corpses with lower cultivation were shredded into countless corpse dust by the Sword Qi before they even approached the four million sword lights, not having time to scream.

Other ancient corpses with higher cultivation, though they miraculously withstood the four million sword lights for a few breaths, were ultimately pierced through like a sieve by the sword light, unable to escape death.

In less than five breaths, over four thousand ancient corpses were slain by Ning Fan's sword. After clearing the path of ancient corpses, Ning Fan opened his eyes, his expression solemn, as if bidding farewell to the distant ones. Miao Yan, the Immortal Revered, once again looked dumbfounded at this astonishing achievement.

Could it be that even if the twenty-eight Ancient Emperors of the Four Oceans Sect joined forces, they wouldn't be able to defeat four thousand Immortal Venerables?

Yet Ning Fan won with a single strike. Could it be that his strength alone surpassed the combined might of the twenty-eight Ancient Emperors?

Four million Sword Lights swept through the road-blocking ancient corpses, merging into the thousand-zhang Sword Light at Ning Fan's feet. The previously somewhat unstable Sword Light immediately stabilized, and its flight speed became even faster.

Black corpse ash continuously drifted down from the sky, falling on the ancient blue stone road, mixing with the rainwater like mud. Ao Xuan and others felt a chill shoot straight from the soles of their feet to their Tian Ling, causing their bodies to involuntarily tremble slightly.

Unbelievably, in this Era of Decline, someone could kill four thousand Immortal Venerables with a single sword!

Even a Quasi-Saint could not possibly achieve this; the only one who could was the legendary... Saint...

"What exactly is this boy's cultivation... could he really be..." Ao Xuan and others felt deeply shocked.

The three Barbarian Ancestors could accept this, as they were figures from ancient times and had seen some Saints in their lifetimes, so they quickly recovered from their shock, remaining calm despite their surprise.

But Ao Xuan found it hard to remain calm. Being an Eternal Immortal Venerable of the Era of Decline, what had he ever seen of Saints?

He didn't believe there were any Saints left in the current era, and he certainly didn't believe Ning Fan could be a Saint. But how could he explain the scene before him?

Other than a Third Step Saint, who could kill four thousand Immortal Venerables with a single sword...

"Saint... In the Era of Decline, the vital essence of all teachings vanished, and Taoist traditions ceased to exist. How could there still be Saints in this world, weren't Saints supposed to be extinct... Could this boy really be a Saint..."

Just as Ao Xuan's heart was in turmoil, Ning Fan's Sword Light whistled past overhead, making a sharp sword whistle as it swept through the wind and rain, which pelted Ao Xuan's face with a chilling coldness.

At this moment, Ning Fan didn't even glance at Ao Xuan, but Ao Xuan still felt an invisible pressure that trickled into his bones with the rainwater.

His heart was extremely tense. At this moment, he was too close to Ning Fan. He feared Ning Fan would strike at him because he was not Ning Fan's match — definitely not. He feared he couldn't even escape!

If Ning Fan struck, he truly believed he would die, very decisively, like a mortal crushing an ant with a single step...

"This person has enmity with my True Dragon Clan. Will he strike at me..."

"It's fake, it must be fake. He can't possibly be a Saint, but if he really is..."

"If he strikes at me, I'm going to fight him... But even if I fight, I probably won't escape death..." Ao Xuan's mind grew increasingly chaotic, and his hands holding the Brahmik Demon Mace trembled uncontrollably...

While Ao Xuan was like a formidable enemy, Ning Fan's Sword Light merely flickered as it flew over Ao Xuan's head without any intention of engaging him.

Thus, Ao Xuan was completely stunned, feeling somewhat dazed and bewildered. Ning Fan didn't strike at him? Did he safeguard his life?

From the hands of a 'Saint'?

The whistling Sword Light flew over the heads of the Fourth Ancestor, Second Ancestor, and Original First Ancestor in succession, causing unprecedented tension for these three as well.

Even though these three Barbarian Ancestors were formidable figures in life, they didn't feel good at the moment, each fearing Ning Fan might strike at them.

Since they had plotted against Ning Fan, they naturally worried about Ning Fan's revenge. If Ning Fan struck, with the 'terrifying power' he had displayed, their hopes of survival seemed almost nil...

"If he strikes, we'll fight him!" The three Barbarian Ancestors secretly resolved, though their expressions lacked much confidence, resembling defeated roosters, with a strong sense of discouragement.

However, what comforted them was that Ning Fan's Sword Light didn't linger above their heads either; it simply flew away.

Until Ning Fan flew far away, they only then showed expressions of bewilderment. Just like that, they simply safeguarded their lives?

Ao Xuan and the others naturally didn't know that Ning Fan wasn't a Saint, not even an Immortal Emperor, just a little Crossing Truth Master. They actually had no reason to fear Ning Fan so much...

"They were so scared that their faces turned pale because of you..." Miao Yan's expression was complex as she noticed the tense looks on Ao Xuan and others and could understand their feelings.

It wasn't that Ao Xuan and the others were too cowardly; it was that Ning Fan was too terrifying...

"Really..." Ning Fan was noncommittal about Miao Yan's words.

He didn't focus on the expressions of Ao Xuan and others; his gaze was locked on the Seventh Ancestor alone.

The body of the Seventh Ancestor was largely merged with the stone door; at this moment, his gaze was unprecedentedly grave, also stunned by Ning Fan's feat of instantaneously slaying four thousand ancient corpses.

However, his vision was sharper than others; he was at the first level of Unity of Heaven and Man, vaguely able to see that Ning Fan wasn't a Saint. However, whether he was an Immortal Emperor or Quasi-Saint remained unknown.

What puzzled the Seventh Ancestor the most was that Ning Fan's gaze remained locked on him, unabashedly filled with hostility.

"I have no acquaintance with this person, so why does he regard me with such enmity?" This puzzled the Seventh Ancestor.

The Seventh Ancestor's true identity was the second Primordial Spirit of the Fate Wielding Immortal Emperor, but since he had been separated from the main body for countless years, his memories could not be shared.

If the Seventh Ancestor had the memories of the main Fate Wielding Immortal Emperor, he could probably recognize at a glance that the Ghost Face youth before him was the one who killed Si Ming.

If the Seventh Ancestor knew Ning Fan was now going by the name Zhao Jian, he might also connect the dots that Ning Fan approached him to reclaim the souls of those barbarians.

Unfortunately, the Seventh Ancestor didn't understand the source of Ning Fan's hostility. But Ning Fan's hostility was blatantly undisguised, leaving him perplexed yet even more uneasy.

"This boy shouldn't be a Saint, but his sword... The matter is urgent, regardless of why this boy harbors enmity towards this old man, this is not the time for me to contend with him."

As Ning Fan drew closer, the murderous intent grew stronger. The Seventh Ancestor frowned, muttering incantations while spitting several mouthfuls of blood essence toward the stone door.

The borrowed Barbarian God's Power was limited, and the integration into the stone door was not fast, but he used a self-damaging secret technique at this moment, depleting his aura significantly and speeding up the integration with the stone door.

Before Ning Fan arrived, the Seventh Ancestor had merged his entire body into the stone door, disappearing without a trace.

"Want to leave so easily? Not happening."

The Sword Light flew over 111 palaces, entered the gray Mist Sea at the end of the ancient blue stone road, and flew closer and closer to the stone door in the center of the Mist Sea.

Ning Fan stood atop the sword tip, his long hair flying in the wind, his eyes flashing with azure light, looking indifferently at the gray Mist Sea and the ancient stone door looming within.

With his eyesight at the Second Realm of Tianren, when he looked at that stone door, it seemed to have a kind of see-through effect.

He could tell that at this moment, the body of the Seventh Ancestor had completely merged into the stone door, and from the other side of the door, his body was gradually separating, with one foot already stepping into the entrance passage of the Ninth Layer.

It was a fusion on the level of will; at this moment, the Seventh Ancestor replaced the will of the stone door. He was the stone door!

At this moment, to injure the stone door was to injure the Seventh Ancestor!

This stone door seemed to be the only entrance to the Ninth Layer, and it seemed to be condensed from Immortal Aura...

A stone door condensed from Immortal Aura...

This door's defense was extraordinary; even the Seventh Ancestor could not forcibly break it, only passing through with a Forbidden Technique.

But if this door was indeed condensed from Immortal Aura, the attack of the Life-Slaying Sword might have a miraculous effect, as this sword is designed to slay immortal beings!

Ning Fan's eyes narrowed, and he formed several sword seals with one hand. As he approached within ten thousand zhang of the stone door, he suddenly swept his arm around the slender waist of Miaoyan Immortal Honorific and leaped off the sword light.

The thousand-zhang sword light beneath him immediately emitted a piercing sword cry, transforming into a sharp sword shadow that fiercely struck towards the stone door.

The torrential rain between heaven and earth seemed to resonate with this sword at that moment, and killing intent arose!

This sword contained the power of four million slaying sword lights, now all striking upon the stone door!

With a simple slash, the world was plunged into a fantastical moonlit illusion in an instant, where everything became blurry and indistinct, except for that sword which stood out with unparalleled clarity.

On the other side of the stone door, within the entrance passage of the Ninth Layer, the Seventh Ancestor, who had partially separated his body from the stone door, sensed Ning Fan's attempt to slash the door, showing a hint of mockery unconsciously.

Previously, he had underestimated the sturdiness of the stone door. Only after using the Forbidden Technique to fuse with the will of the door did he see the terror of the door from the inside.

Inside the stone door resided an eye orb belonging to the Ninth Generation Barbarian God, Yin Mo Ancestor, which contained Immortal Aura far beyond the Seventh Ancestor's imagination.

Having been unable to break the stone door before, he thought only with Immortal Emperor's cultivation could the door be breached. But after seeing that eye orb, the Seventh Ancestor firmly believed that, even if a true Saint came, it wouldn't be easy to break the door.

Let alone Ning Fan, who hadn't reached the Saint Realm.

This door simply couldn't be forcibly broken open; getting through by trickery was the true way to enter the Ninth Layer!

"Heh heh, this stone door is sturdier than you imagine. Even a true Saint cannot..."

Before the Seventh Ancestor could finish speaking, an earth-shattering explosion sounded behind him.

He had no time to see what happened before feeling severe pain from the body parts that hadn't separated from the stone door, with countless stone fragments violently shooting out behind him!

He suddenly turned back, witnessing the scene of the stone door collapsing and breaking apart!

The stone door, which he deemed hard even for a Saint to break, was utterly destroyed by Ning Fan's single sword strike!

Since most of the Seventh Ancestor's body was still merged with the stone door, he was also affected when the door was destroyed, suffering severe injuries.

A mighty force surged from his back, causing the Seventh Ancestor to feel as though he'd been heavily struck. Despite the mocking expression still on his face, his body was propelled forward, spraying blood and looking extremely battered as his aura fell into an unprecedented state of weakness.

Severely injured! Completely and utterly injured!

The Seventh Ancestor was both shocked and resentful, shocked at the overwhelming power of Ning Fan's sword, and resentful that Ning Fan not only destroyed the stone door but also caused injury to him.

"Who is this person, able to break open this door with just one sword! No, this person is stronger than I anticipated. Though not a Saint, he is certainly beyond my ability to defeat. I must flee quickly!"

The Seventh Ancestor forced down the sweet blood in his throat and, upon landing, immediately rushed down the passage; his speed was like flowing light, leaving only multicolored afterimages in his wake.

With one strike to break the door, the entrance passage to the Ninth Layer was now fully revealed. Holding Miaoyan, Ning Fan landed on the ancient road, naturally seeing the hasty escape of the Seventh Ancestor.

The Seventh Ancestor wanted to leave, and Ning Fan had no objections, but he would have to leave behind the seven hundred thousand barbarian souls!

Ning Fan was about to use the Candle Bow to shoot the Seventh Ancestor when his expression suddenly changed. Without a second word, he pulled Miaoyan Immortal Honorific beside him and hurriedly retreated.

With his Second Realm of Tianren eyesight, he could only vaguely see a grey light flash from the pile of rubble ahead, rushing towards him and Miaoyan. The grey light was so fast that he couldn't discern what it was.

"What...?" Miaoyan Immortal Honorific's graceful face showed slight surprise. She was still amazed at Ning Fan's achievement in breaking the gate with one sword and couldn't react in time before being pulled backward by Ning Fan.

Her eyesight couldn't even catch the trajectory of the grey light's movement, let alone Ning Fan's, who could at least see a grey light coming.

"Yin-Yang Five Swords, Life-Slaying Sword Technique... interesting, you, young one, might be of some help to this old man."

An old voice suddenly echoed in Ning Fan's mind.

As the grey light drew within a zhang of Ning Fan, he could finally see what it was.

It was an eye orb with a dark grey pupil, from which the old voice emanated.

"Nine Mountains and Eight Seas Realm, open! Little brother, accompany your elder brother for a trip, rest assured, you won't lack benefits!"

From within the grey eye orb, dazzling grey beams suddenly shot out, sweeping over Ning Fan and Miaoyan.

After the grey light swept past, Ning Fan and Miaoyan's figures vanished from the place, as did the eye orb's traces.

"Hmm? Where did that mysterious powerful figure go..." The Seventh Ancestor, who was fleeing within the ninth-layer passage, suddenly paused, looking back in surprise, his eyes flickering with green light.

With his First Realm of Celestial Beings eyesight, he couldn't locate where Ning Fan had gone.

Did he vanish into the Void Realm treasure, or leave?

"Forget it, it's better to head to the Ninth Layer first and awaken the Ninth Generation Savage God... Hopefully, my offer can move the Ninth Generation Savage God to become the host for his 'Barbarian God's Blessing'..."

...

After a flash of gray light, Ning Fan appeared in a grey void. There was no ground, only rusted copper towers floating in the void.

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific was nowhere to be found, the Candle Bow, Separation and Union Sword, Incense Arrow, Burning Sky Fan, Seven-Star Lamp and other magical treasures were missing as well, as was the mysterious eyeball.

Ning Fan tried, but with his cultivation, he could not escape this space, nor could he enter the Xuan Yin Treasure.

Was it the eyeball monster that brought him here?

If it weren't for the eyeball monster blocking his way, he could have easily used the power of the Incense Arrow to reclaim 700,000 Barbarian Souls from the hands of the Seven Ancestors.

Now he had not only missed the chance to pursue the Seven Ancestors but also lost Miaoyan Immortal Honoric...

Ning Fan activated the Ice Rain Technique, his spirit sense merged with the rainwater, attempting to cover the entire space, but found the space too vast, with no visible boundaries. This interface level was at least of the Void Realm grade, possibly beyond an ordinary Void Realm.

"Hehe, little brother, your Ice Rain Technique is not bad, but it's a pity your cultivation is still low. If it were higher, you might have been able to cover the entire 'Palatial Void' with it."

The voice of the eyeball monster suddenly echoed from the depths of the endless void.

From the direction of the voice, it could be judged that the eyeball monster was a bit to the right in front of Ning Fan's current position!

Ning Fan's gaze sharpened, and he transformed into a streak of golden light, charging forward. He believed that as long as he moved in that direction, he would find the mysterious eyeball monster. In his heart, he silently noted that he was trapped within some "Palatial Void" of an Immortal Emperor.

The "Palatial Void" is a unique divine skill of the Immortal Emperor, a domain-type divine skill. Ning Fan had heard of it, but this was his first time seeing its true form.

"Hehe, you've mastered the Vertical Golden Light Technique? Little brother, your talent is quite something. Just at the Crossing Truth Realm, and you've already grasped the Vertical Golden Light...but it's only at the first level, without guidance, it might be hard to achieve the next level in your lifetime. How about this, let your elder brother give you a hand, help you master the subsequent levels? You help your elder brother, and I will grant you a fortune, how about that?" the eyeball monster's voice came again.

But this time, the direction of the eyeball monster's voice changed, it was from the front before, now it resounded from behind.

In just an instant, the eyeball monster had moved from one end of the endless void to the other... its speed much faster than Ning Fan's.

Ning Fan halted his steps, pondering in silence.

With his speed, it was impossible to catch that eyeball monster in this void space.

Most of his magical treasures likely fell into the eyeball monster's hands. Miaoyan Immortal Honorific was probably in its hands too.

Though the eyeball monster said little, it mentioned the word 'help' a few times.

Perhaps the eyeball monster brought him here because it needed his help...

"Senior, if you're interested in those treasures, feel free to take them, but please return my friend!" Ning Fan shouted into the endless void.

"Pah, none of your treasures are innate items, maybe only that Sub-Innate Bow Spirit is worth a look, but I'm not interested in your stuff! But the beauty you brought is nice, hehe, although she's not my type, I won't mind having a taste..." the eyeball monster snickered lewdly.

Ning Fan's gaze instantly turned cold. Losing the treasures was one thing, but he couldn't let that disgusting eyeball monster bully Miaoyan Immortal Honorific.

With Ning Fan's cultivation, he likely wasn't a match for the eyeball monster without using his trump card divine skill, he definitely couldn't break free here.

But he had one last trump card, enough to make the eyeball monster wary.

"Ignite!"

With one word, three drops of his Fu Li ancestor blood and four drops of Moluo ancestor blood showed signs of combusting.

With his current Mid Stage Enlightenment cultivation and minor achievement in Calamity Blood, burning one drop of ancestral blood would allow him to battle an Eternal Immortal Venerable.

If he burned seven drops of ancestral blood, even against a Pinnacle Immortal King he would have a fighting chance!

"Blood Ignition? Hehe, that won't scare me, just seven drops of ancestral blood, even if you burn them, you wouldn't be my match, at most you'll have the cultivation of a Pinnacle Immortal King for a moment..."

"Oh really. What if I use blood ignition as a price, to gain Pinnacle Immortal King's power, then forcibly break open this sealed Origin Qi and detonate it..."

Ning Fan swung his robe, a phantom mist appeared in his hand.

"Origin Qi!" The eyeball monster was instantly alarmed.

Origin Qi can enhance one's cultivation, and can also be used as a large-scale weapon.

Though Ning Fan's Origin Qi seed had thirty million seals, burning seven drops of ancestral blood would be more than enough to break all the seals and use the Origin Qi.

The explosion of Origin Qi was something even an Immortal Emperor couldn't withstand, this was not a joking matter!

"Little brother, let's talk this out, please don't be rash! If the Origin Qi explodes, the whole Palatial Void will collapse, and then it would be a loss for me! Ahem, let me apologize, I was joking with you earlier. I'm now just an eyeball, how could I possibly toy with women! To be honest, I 'invited' you here because I have a request. Wouldn't dare to touch your woman and offend you, she's with me, healing and jumping around lively, unharmed. If you don't believe me, I'll have her say a few words... Little sister, say something fast, don't let your husband detonate the Origin Qi..."

"...I'm not a little sister...and he's not my husband..." Miaoyan Immortal Honorific said with shame and annoyance. Her voice came from the end of the void, sounding full of energy, seemingly much less injured than before...

"Little brother, please put away the Origin Qi, extinguish the ancestral blood flames, don't accidentally go overboard and truly ignite the blood, that would be a great loss for you... seven drops of ancestral blood, once used, won't be easy to refine again. Though the Moluo ancestral blood isn't strong and not worth mentioning, the Fu Li ancestor blood is precious, burning it would truly be a waste..."

The eyeball monster chuckled dryly twice, a gray light flashed, and it appeared in front of Ning Fan, accompanied by Miaoyan.

Miaoyan, at this moment, was confined within an iron cage. Who knows what kind of magical treasure that cage was, but creatures inside received quite good healing...

"Daoist Zhao...are you alright..." Miaoyan felt relieved seeing Ning Fan unharmed. Caught in the cage, she felt a bit awkward.

Seeing Miaoyan locked in the iron cage made Ning Fan's gaze grow cold.

The eyeball monster let out a few more awkward chuckles, explaining, "Don't misunderstand, Daoist friend, this iron cage is an innate healing magical treasure. Though it looks vulgar, its effects are excellent..."

Such an unremarkable shabby cage turned out to be an innate magical treasure...

Yet placing someone in a cage for healing, what was this...

"Little brother, see, your woman is perfectly fine, not a hair missing. Hehe, can we now discuss some serious matters? To be honest, elder brother is in a difficult situation and needs little brother's help..."

"Let my friend out first, then we can discuss other matters," Ning Fan said with a frown.

Chapter 927: Kid, You've Been Played

"First, let my friend out, then we can discuss other matters," Ning Fan frowned and said.

"...Yeah, hurry and let me out. I don't want to stay in the cage..." Miaoyan Immortal Honorific's ears turned slightly red. She didn't want to be locked in a cage and watched like a monkey, especially not by Ning Fan.

This scene was too humiliating, and she didn't want Ning Fan to see her in such a state.

Even though this little iron cage had a remarkable healing effect, she couldn't stand being inside it for even a moment.

She had tried to blast open the iron cage but helplessly discovered that this inconspicuous, rusty cage was indeed an innate treasure. With her Immortal Venerable cultivation of the Eternal First Calamity, she couldn't break it open.

"Oh dear, you young people are just so fussy. My goodwill was to bring out the innate treasure to help you heal, and you don't appreciate it. Fine, fine, I'll let this young lady out now. Come back, [Little Iron Cage]."

The Eye Orb Monster muttered, swept out a ray of gray light, and the cage instantly disappeared without a trace, unknown where it had been taken by the Eye Orb Monster.

Freed from the cage, Miaoyan Immortal Honorific immediately flew to Ning Fan's side, looking extremely wary of the Eye Orb Monster.

This Eye Orb Monster gave her a very dangerous feeling, even more dangerous than ordinary Immortal Emperors...

"Now what do we do... We've been caught here by this Eye Orb Monster, how do we escape..." Miaoyan quietly transmitted to Ning Fan.

Having witnessed Ning Fan's terrifying power in slaying ancient corpses, she now regarded Ning Fan as her anchor.

Only Ning Fan could possibly defeat this Eye Orb Monster...

"Let's see what it wants from me first," Ning Fan furrowed his brows deeply and transmitted back.

The power of the Eye Orb Monster before him was unfathomable, and Ning Fan wasn't a true saint or Immortal Emperor, lacking the certainty to defeat it.

At most, he could burn ancestral blood, explode Origin Qi, break open the palatial void here, and escape with Miaoyan Immortal Honorific. Ning Fan could protect his life in front of this Eye Orb Monster, but the cost of doing so was too high.

Seven drops of ancestral blood, a strand of Origin Qi... If possible, Ning Fan didn't want to use up all of these trump cards for an Eye Orb Monster.

He wondered if the Life-Slaying Sword had lethal power against the Eye Orb Monster...

This Eye Orb Monster had a large amount of Immortal Qi flowing around it but seemed to possess other forces apart from Immortal Qi...

Previously, Ning Fan shattered the stone door with a sword blow, and that sword strike also hit the Eye Orb Monster inside the door.

The stone door was destroyed, but the Eye Orb Monster was entirely unharmed... It seemed different from ancient corpses and stone doors, not afraid of the Life-Slaying Sword.

Ning Fan's gaze turned somewhat serious; it was better to probe for the intentions of this Eye Orb Monster before making any decisions.

"Haha, young couples sure have good chemistry, whispering secrets together. Stop that now, come with me over here. Apologies for earlier, let me present a small gift before we talk business. How about that?"

The Eye Orb Monster chuckled lewdly and flew away in a certain direction within the void.

Ning Fan showed no expression, following the Eye Orb Monster closely. He wanted to see exactly what tricks this Eye Orb Monster was playing.

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific felt a bit embarrassed, her face reddened further, and hurriedly followed Ning Fan. She and Ning Fan were not young couples; why did this Eye Orb Monster keep saying misleading things, disturbing her mental state...

The Eye Orb Monster's destination was unknown. Along the way, various Copper Towers floated past, all ancient towers, their existence unknown for decades, the shortest being three stories high, some taller ones with six or seven floors.

These Copper Towers appeared ancient and decrepit but, at first glance, seemed quite ordinary structures without any special features.

Ning Fan didn't pay too much attention to these Copper Towers, yet Miaoyan's beautiful eyes flickered thoughtfully.

"These Copper Towers resemble the Lost World Tower of the Lost World Palace... very similar..." Miaoyan suddenly transmitted to Ning Fan.

"Lost World Tower?" Ning Fan was slightly stunned; he naturally knew of the Lost World Tower, and memories instantly flooded his mind.

Indeed, the Lost World Tower in the Endless Sea of the Rain World had a similar layout to the Copper Towers here, but it was only the layout that was similar. These Copper Towers lacked the power to alter the flow of time.

Although similar to the Lost World Tower, they ultimately were not the Lost World Tower...

He recalled the years of his youth spent cultivating in the Endless Sea, visiting Peng Lai Immortal Island, entering the Lost World Tower, forming the Core Formation and Nascent Soul within the Tower...

After exiting the Tower, he had entanglements with Bei Xiao Man...

"Hm? This Copper Tower has the emblem of the Northern Heavenly Mourning Clan!"

Miaoyan suddenly noticed something and flew toward a nearby Copper Tower.

Ning Fan's gaze shifted. The Mourning Clan... wasn't that the family of the Ancestral Emperor of the Northern Heaven? The Grievance Technique passed down by the Ancestral Emperor of Northern Heaven could restrain all puppets; back then, Ning Fan used the Grievance Technique to subdue puppets with powers beyond his realm...

It's said the Ancestral Emperor of the Northern Heaven founded the Mourning Clan, with puppet arts that dominated the world.

It's said the puppet arts of the Mourning Clan were too dangerous, and after the Ancestral Emperor's death, the clan was exterminated by several Northern Heavenly Powers, leaving no survivors.

Following Miaoyan's direction, Ning Fan saw a tower slightly different from the other Copper Towers.

This Copper Tower had eight floors, with a huge totem engraved above the tower gate.

It was an ancient black crescent totem that Ning Fan didn't recognize, but Miaoyan had seen it; this black crescent totem was the emblem of the Mourning Clan.

She, as an Immortal Venerable of the Four Oceans Sect, knew the clan emblems of some major families within the Four Heavens immortal world. Although the Mourning Clan had long perished, it was founded

by the Ancestral Emperor of the Northern Heaven and had a glorious past. Naturally, she recognized the black crescent emblem of the Mourning Clan.

"The Grievance Technique, unparalleled in the world; beneath the Black Moon, reversed it results in extinction...' That's right, this totem truly is the emblem of the Mourning Clan," Miaoyan Immortal Honorific hovered in front of the Copper Tower, speaking with certainty.

"But to find the emblem of the Mourning Clan here... does this place have any relation to the Northern Heavenly Mourning Clan?" Miaoyan mused.

"Young lady, good eyes! You actually recognized the emblem of the Mourning Clan. Want to know why this emblem is here?" The Eye Orb Monster saw Miaoyan running to the tower, chuckled, and halted his escape light.

"Could it be that someone from the Mourning Clan came here before?" Miaoyan speculated.

"More than just came; all the Copper Towers here were built by a member of the Mourning Clan. Haha, would you like to know which Mourning Clan member made these Copper Towers? Such a big shot indeed!" The Eye Orb Monster opened the conversation, eager to see the two reveal curious expressions and ask questions.

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific felt some curiosity and asked along with the Eye Orb Monster, "Who built these Copper Towers?"

Ning Fan said nothing, his gaze calm and devoid of curiosity, leaving the Eye Orb Monster quite disappointed.

"Hey kid, aren't you curious which member of the Mourning Clan built these Copper Towers here? This involves many ancient secrets. Aren't you interested?" The Eye Orb Monster seemed to lament a dull rock, unhappy with interacting with someone so uncurious.

"Not interested, who's building the towers here has nothing to do with me."

"How could it have nothing to do with you? The favor I ask of you is closely related to this!"

"I haven't agreed to help you yet..."

"You will agree. You've already fallen into that old fellow's calculation, yet remain unaware. Without my help, you'd be in big trouble. My seeking your help is also meant to lend you aid, though it's ultimately mutual benefit between us." The Eye Orb Monster spoke with significant meaning.

"You say I've fallen into a calculation, what do you mean?" Ning Fan's gaze finally showed some curiosity.

The Eye Orb Monster saw Ning Fan's finally revealed curious expression and smiled lewdly, yet turned the topic to the Copper Towers here.

"Kid, ever heard of the Mourning Emperor's name?" The Eye Orb Monster showed an 'if you don't know, you're ignorant' look.

"Of course, I've heard of it." Ning Fan nodded.

The Mourning Emperor was the emperor title of the Ancestral Emperor of the Northern Heaven, famous for founding the Mourning Clan and creating the Grievance Technique—prisoned life technique. It's common knowledge among the cultivators of the Four Heavens, and Ning Fan, having been in the Eastern Heaven for many years, naturally wouldn't be ignorant.

Before dominating the Northern Heaven Immortal World, this person used Mourning as an emperor title, after dominating, was called the Ancestral Emperor of the Northern Heaven.

What is called an Ancestral Emperor? Only those who completely dominate one heaven, ruling countless sects and thousands of clans, can be honored as an Ancestral Emperor.

During the same period, the Ancestral Demon of the East completely dominated the Eastern Heaven, honored by the world as the Ancestral Emperor from the Eastern Heaven. The Western Heaven and Southern Heaven also each had their Ancestral Emperors dominate.

"Kid, if I told you the creator of the Copper Tower here was the mourning clan's master, the Mourning Emperor, would you believe it! The black crescent emblem was personally left here by him!" The Eye Orb Monster looked with 'I doubt you'll be surprised' eyes.

"The Ancestral Emperor of the Northern Heaven actually came here and built towers!" Miaoyan Immortal Honorific was amazed. This secret wasn't even recorded in the ancient scrolls of the Four Oceans Sect.

Ning Fan was surprised too, though not as visibly. Consequently, the Eye Orb Monster was dissatisfied.

Are you a face stone? Would it kill you to be shocked and scream aloud!

The Eye Orb Monster was angry. He refused to believe it. He was determined to reveal more secrets and see Ning Fan astonished and flustered.

"Have you ever heard of the Yishi Palace?" The Eye Orb Monster asked Ning Fan again.

"I've heard of it."

"Do you know who the Founder of the Yishi Palace is?" The Eye Orb Monster displayed an expression of 'if you say no, you're lying.'

"I know. The Founder of the Yishi Palace is the late Emperor Yinrong..." Ning Fan thought for a moment and answered.

The Emperor Yinrong, Founder of the Yishi Palace, was a legendary female cultivator. In her lifetime, she conquered the Northern Heaven with ten Yinrong Pearls and even participated in the war to exterminate the Mourning Clan. In that battle, Emperor Yinrong single-handedly slaughtered seven Mourning Clan Immortal Emperors, earning an immediate fearsome reputation.

After Emperor Yinrong's death, her magical treasure, the Yinrong Pearl, was so powerful it was hailed by the world as the 'Heaven Suppressing Treasure of the Northern Heaven Immortal World,' famed alongside the Heavenly Bell of the Eastern Heaven Immortal World.

"Do you know, the Founder of the Yishi Palace, Emperor Yinrong, is the daughter of the Mourning Emperor? All her divine skills were taught by the Mourning Emperor. The Yinrong Pearls that made her famous were personally forged by the Mourning Emperor. The Yishi Palace she founded was even named by the Mourning Emperor himself. And her extermination of the Mourning Clan was under the orders of the Mourning Emperor!" The Eye Orb Monster began leaking sensational news.

He eagerly awaited Ning Fan's startled scream, but he was destined to be disappointed.

Ning Fan looked at the Eye Orb Monster with a strange expression, as if to say, 'You know too much. I rather doubt whether what you say is true or false.'

Miaoyan Immortal Venerable had an expression of 'you must be talking nonsense,' and even she wasn't surprised because she didn't believe it.

Emperor Yinrong is the daughter of the Ancestral Emperor of the Northern Heaven? Impossible. This matter is not recorded in the ancient annals of the Four Oceans Sect, so it cannot be true.

"You don't believe what this old man says? Everything this old man says is true!" The Eye Orb Monster was furious.

"This old man has drunk with the Mourning Emperor; we have a life-and-death friendship!" It became more and more outrageous.

"I've seen Yinrong as a little girl wearing open-crotch pants. Her little butt was so tender!" It became more and more shameless.

"Hmph! If you don't believe it, forget it, you brat, you brat, follow this old man!"

The Eye Orb Monster snorted angrily, transformed into a long rainbow, and disappeared into the sky.

Ning Fan and Miaoyan exchanged a glance, both sensing the speechlessness in each other's eyes. This Eye Orb Monster was a bit of a joker...

But they couldn't let their guard down around this Eye Orb Monster.

The two followed the Eye Orb Monster, speeding along, encountering several other copper towers with eight levels along the way.

These copper towers also had the Mourning Clan's Black Moon emblem. Whether these emblems were truly left by the Ancestral Emperor of the Northern Heaven, as the Eye Orb Monster claimed, was unknown.

Soon, the Eye Orb Monster brought Ning Fan to the end of the void, where hundreds of towering copper towers formed a grove.

The copper towers floating elsewhere were at most eight levels high, but here they reached nine, ten, even eleven or twelve levels.

The copper towers here all radiated a treasure-like glow, accompanied by a sense of time's ancient passage.

Each copper tower had the Mourning Clan's Black Moon emblem carved on it!

A flash of azure light appeared in Ning Fan's eyes as he observed the interwoven Time Dao principles on these copper towers.

"A total of 627 'Sealing Towers,' 407 at nine levels, 133 at ten levels, 78 at eleven levels, and 9 at twelve levels. This old man will give you a gift, allowing you to enter one of the nine-level Sealing Towers!" The Eye Orb Monster said grumpily, leading Ning Fan to the front of a nine-level copper tower on the outskirts of the grove.

Of the 627 copper towers in the grove, 606 had sealed tower doors, with seals so strong that even the Eye Orb Monster's divine skills struggled to break them.

Over the long river of time, he had only managed to break the seals of 21 copper towers here.

The one he brought Ning Fan to had its seal broken.

The door to this copper tower was unsealed, half open, with darkness within, obscuring the scene inside.

Upon closer inspection, the left side of the tower door was inscribed with a line of Divine Seal Script. The characters were upright yet imbued with a divine skill, giving an impression of blurriness that made the line unreadable.

Miaoyan glanced at it, unable to discern the writing on that line, only feeling an overwhelming aura within. Moments later, she felt a slight pain in her eyes, unable to withstand the line's pressure any longer.

She had to avert her eyes, amazed, "The person who inscribed this line is far more advanced than me in cultivation. Even if they're not a Saint, they surely have one foot in the third step level of a Quasi-Saint."

"This line was inscribed by the Mourning Emperor, though I know you surely don't believe it." The Eye Orb Monster said grumpily.

Ning Fan initially couldn't read the line, but as his eyes flashed azure, he finally read it clearly:

"Within this tower, seals ten years of time."

"Come in." The Eye Orb Monster entered the copper tower first. After a brief hesitation, Ning Fan also stepped in, with Miaoyan closely following.

Inside the tower was a separate space with mountains and waters, a small chiliocosm completely isolated by Time Dao principles.

As the three of them entered, the tower door vanished behind them.

"Young friend will stay here for ten years. Both you and your wife are seriously injured, ten years should be enough to heal. This is a small gift from the old man to you. Hehe, see you in ten years..."

The Eye Orb Monster smirked slyly, found a peak with good spiritual energy among the mountains, established a cave dwelling, and seemed intent on long-term seclusion there.

Ning Fan was initially stunned, then abruptly looked up, blue light shooting from his eyes as he maximized the Unity of Heaven and Man.

At this moment, he seemed to merge with the Heavenly Dao here.

Finally, he realized the extraordinary nature of this copper tower!

From the moment Ning Fan entered the tower, time outside had come to a complete halt for him!

Inside the tower, time still flowed, days and nights, seasons changing, but outside time remained frozen!

No matter how long Ning Fan stayed inside the tower, the external world would still be at the moment he stepped in!

Suddenly, he understood what the inscription on the tower door meant.

This copper tower sealed ten years of time; those who enter could remain inside for ten years, while time outside stands still...

This tower was even more heaven-defying than the Lost World Tower!

The Lost World Tower of Yishi Palace only altered the flow of time. This tower stopped time altogether...

"Time here... is actually stopped!" Miaoyan noticed and was too astonished to speak.

The Eye Orb Monster, having set up his cave dwelling, heard Miaoyan's exclamation from afar and couldn't help but feel proud.

But upon seeing Ning Fan's unemotional face, he was enraged again.

This boy, can't you be surprised for once? Don't you know pretending will get you struck by lightning!

"Daoist Zhao, what should we do now..." Miaoyan asked, as Ning Fan was her pillar of support.

"Time is frozen here; perhaps we can stay for ten years. You're seriously injured, so use this time to heal. Ten years should suffice for full recovery. I have some questions for that Eye Orb."

Ning Fan's figure flickered, transforming into a golden spear, disappearing and reappearing inside the Eye Orb Monster's cave dwelling.

Seeing Ning Fan arrive, the Eye Orb Monster slyly grinned.

"Hehe, how is the gift this old man gave you? You're seriously injured. Why not take this time to heal properly?"

"Healing can wait. I want to know what you need my help with. You can tell me, but I might not agree to assist you." Ning Fan frowned.

The Eye Orb Monster's intentions had to be clarified.

"I want you to help this old man kill someone! I won't lie to you; killing this person is extremely dangerous. Even if we join forces, our chances of success are no more than thirty percent. You can refuse to help me, but you have already been calculated against by this person and are caught in a trap without knowing it. Without encountering me, twelve hours from now would be your time of death, believe it or not!" The Eye Orb Monster suddenly became incredibly serious.

At this moment, the Eye Orb Monster no longer carried the casual demeanor from before; instead, an air of overbearing might subtly emanated from him.

"I hope to join forces with you to kill the Ninth Generation Barbarian God, Yin Mo! You carry the residual aura of Yin Mo's 'Blessing Technique.' Think carefully, did you accept a 'reward' from Yin Mo upon entering the Ninefold Celestial Towers? If so, I'm sorry to inform you that Yin Mo has calculated against you. Your death is near. If you don't believe me, examine your Spirit carefully for any anomalies!"

Chapter 928: Deal Reached

The Eye Orb Monster spoke with certainty, not like a baseless rumor.

Ning Fan's gaze slightly focused; after entering the Ninefold Celestial Towers, he did indeed receive rewards from the ancient monument elder.

The elder on the ninth level gave Ning Fan a considerable amount of Barbarian Blood, which helped Ning Fan swallow the Calamity Blood and greatly enhanced his level.

That ancient monument elder repeatedly invited Ning Fan to the ninth level, claiming to bestow upon him the Barbarian God's Blessing...

Could that elder be the Yin Mo Ancestor referred to by the Eye Orb Monster?

Could it be that he had unknowingly been calculated by that ancient monument elder?

Ning Fan was half-doubtful, and when he internally examined his Spirit, he found it sitting steadily in his Dantian, its aura calm, seemingly with no anomalies.

"Just looking won't reveal any anomalies in the Spirit. The Blessing Technique of that Yin Mo geezer is not such a simple Divine Skill... Kid, you understand the Severing Fate Sword Technique; you should be a successor of the Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor. You possess the powers of God, Demon, Fiend, and Calamity. Hehe, you even have an extra Calamity Thought compared to Ancient Chaos; you've really surpassed the old."

The Eye Orb Monster's gaze was terrifying, as if it could see through all the secrets on Ning Fan's body.

"Try letting your Spirit leave the body... Once you try, you'll know there's something wrong with your Spirit." The Eye Orb Monster added.

Upon hearing this, Ning Fan nodded, closing his eyes. The Spirit Ning Fan, sitting cross-legged in the Dantian, opened his eyes at that moment.

The Spirit Ning Fan tried to fly out of his physical body, something extremely simple for any Master above the Divine Transformation Realm.

But the next scene left Ning Fan greatly shocked.

As his Spirit attempted to leave the body, it was immediately blocked by an invisible force, unable to exit the physical form!

"Hehe, finally realized it? Your Spirit can no longer leave the body. You've fallen into the Yin Mo geezer's trap! The Barbarian Blood he rewarded isn't something easy to take. Taking it comes with a price!" The Eye Orb Monster said gleefully.

"Try again and see if you can let your Spirit enter the cultivation state." The Eye Orb Monster continued.

Hearing this, the Spirit Ning Fan calmed down, sitting cross-legged inside the physical body, starting to run the Universal Mana Suspension.

One cycle, two cycles, three cycles... with each additional cycle, Ning Fan could increase a trace of mana through cultivation.

The increase in mana was minimal, but it was still growth.

However, when Ning Fan reached the 46th cycle, the Spirit suddenly experienced severe pain, his face turned pale, and he coughed up blood.

The mana cultivated in the previous 45 cycles unexpectedly vanished entirely in this 46th cycle!

"Continue!" The Eye Orb Monster urged.

The Spirit Ning Fan took a deep breath, beginning the 47th cycle. Everything went normally until he reached the 96th cycle, where he coughed up blood again, the previously cultivated mana once more vanishing completely!

46! 96!

"When you cultivate to the 156th cycle, the mana will dissipate again! After that, it's 226, 306, 396, 496, 606, 726, 856, and 996. In the Barbarian Clan, a thousand is a cycle. A thousand is a reincarnation. From 46 to 996, a total of 11 numbers divide a complete reincarnation into twelve parts. A reincarnation must experience twelve Tribulations of Measure, which is the Barbarian Clan's deduction of the Heavenly Dao."

"You have fallen into the Blessing Technique of the Yin Mo geezer, which in truth is a curse art. You've heard of curses, right? The strongest aspect of these Divine Skills is killing invisibly, making them hard to guard against. Among mortals, there's a kind of witchcraft where one writes the birthdate of the target on a doll and stabs it with a needle, killing the target from a thousand miles away. This witchcraft is a type of curse."

"The doll itself has no issue, but once the birthdate is written, it becomes causally connected to the cursed. Similarly, the Barbarian Blood granted by Yin Mo has no inherent issue, but by taking it, you create a causal connection with him. That Barbarian Blood is the medium. If he wishes to curse you, it'll be hard to escape."

"The Blessing Technique of the Yin Mo geezer traps your Spirit within your body and causes issues with your mana operation. Every thousand cycles, there will be eleven cycles of backlash, making it impossible to increase your mana through hard cultivation, unless you can break the Blessing Technique."

The more the Eye Orb Monster spoke, the colder Ning Fan's gaze became.

He had indeed been set up! Without the Eye Orb Monster's warning, he might not have discovered the anomaly of his Spirit being unable to leave the body so soon.

"The Yin Mo Ancestor you speak of, is it this person?" Ning Fan's consciousness returned to his body, opened his eyes, and pointed before him.

With a point, a projection immediately appeared in front of him, replaying the scene he had seen previously on the ninth level.

A gray moon, countless eerie, deathly silent statues, and a statue elder seated on a throne.

"Indeed, that person is Yin Mo. So, do you believe you've been calculated by him now? Want to tear him apart for revenge? Hehe, team up with me, and let's destroy him together! How about it?" The Eye Orb Monster sneered.

"Senior should be able to see through my true cultivation, right?" Ning Fan asked instead of answering.

"Hehe, naturally I can see through it. Ancient God Realm, Mid Stage Enlightenment; Ancient Demon Realm, Human Profound Initial Stage; Ancient Devil Cultivation Realm, First Nirvana of Heavenly Demon. Calamity Blood Realm, True Blood One Star. Although you possess four types of powers, they haven't merged into one, it's a pity. If you could merge..." The Eye Orb Monster's eyes twirled, calculating something.

"What is Senior's cultivation?" Ning Fan asked again.

"Me? I'm just a broken eye orb, with no cultivation to speak of. But if you insist, my cultivation is probably equivalent to an immortal emperor of the Eternal Seventh Calamity, yes, one in Control Positions," the Eye Orb Monster replied.

"And what is the cultivation of the Yin Mo Ancestor?"

The Eye Orb Monster suddenly went silent; after hesitating for a moment, he sighed, "I've been separated from him for many years, and I don't know his current cultivation. One thing's for sure, he can't break into the Saint Level, but below that... he's probably invincible... At least within your Dreamland Realm, no one is his match. Perhaps a joint effort of ten Quasi-Saints in the Dreamland Realm could barely hold their own against the present Yin Mo."

Ten Quasi-Saints would have to join forces just to barely match the ancient elder!

Ning Fan's eyes showed surprise; that ancient monument elder was much more formidable than he had imagined.

"Since you know my cultivation is low, why ask me to help kill someone? With my mere Taoist abilities, I probably can't help you at all."

Ning Fan's expression was ice-cold.

He disliked being calculated. With his vengeful nature, if someone set him up, he would strike back.

However, the one who calculated him was too powerful. The Yin Mo Ancestor alone could rival ten Quasi-Saints. He didn't have the ability to retaliate.

"Ah, your cultivation is indeed lacking. In Yin Mo's eyes, you're probably nothing more than an ant. Not just you, even I, in the eyes of Yin Mo, am probably just a grasshopper. If we faced him head-on, even if we teamed up, it would amount to nothing more than marching to our deaths, no chance of killing the Yin Mo Ancestor. But I don't intend to confront Yin Mo directly. I have a plan to trick Yin Mo! The success of this plan depends on your Severing Fate Sword Technique! That's the main reason I seek your help!"

"Given your current state under the Blessing Technique, if you join hands with me, there's a 30% chance to kill Yin Mo! If I help you break the Blessing Technique, the odds can increase to 40%! If I further assist you, using the Tower of Time Seal here to merge the four types of powers within you into one, your strength will greatly increase, and the chances could rise to 50%!"

"A 50% chance to kill Yin Mo! So, do you want to team up with me and give it a go?"

"Hehe, don't be in a hurry to refuse. I can tell you clearly, if you don't help, there's definitely only one path, death. Take this jade scroll and take a look, it's for you. Take your time to read it, think carefully about my proposal, no rush. This copper tower seals ten years of time; I can wait here for you for ten years, giving you ten years to consider!"

A gray light flashed from the Eye Orb Monster, and immediately a gray jade scroll appeared out of thin air before Ning Fan, flying towards him.

Then, as if performing magic, the Eye Orb Monster produced a large pile of magical treasures, handing them over to Ning Fan. Among them were the Candle Bow, Incense Arrow, Separation and Union Sword, and other magical treasures, all things that had been taken from Ning Fan before.

"Here, take it all, your pile of junk metal, all returned to you. Alright, you can go back and think it over, I still have to go into seclusion, won't keep you for tea," the Eye Orb Monster jovially said.

The Eye Orb Monster activated his skills, and Ning Fan, along with his pile of magical treasures, was instantly sent out of the cave by a gentle gray light.

The Separation and Union Sword, along with a whole pile of Twelve Nirvana Magical Treasures, was dismissed by the Eye Orb Monster as a pile of junk metal... Ning Fan smiled wryly; the Eye Orb Monster truly had a high standard.

Just as he was about to read the jade scroll given to him by the Eye Orb Monster, a noisy voice interrupted him.

"Master! Little Bow finally sees you again! Boo-hoo! Little Bow never wants to leave you again!" The Candle Bow, full of grievance, wished to leap into Ning Fan's arms to complain, only to be kicked away by Ning Fan.

"Master, you're ruthless, you're heartless, you actually kicked me!" Candle Bow was even more aggrieved.

"Disgusting, don't just pounce around." Ning Fan's mouth twitched, Candle Bow was a shady old man, and he definitely didn't want to be pounced on by some creepy old man.

"Master, from now on, I will be loyal to you, please don't let that Eye Orb Monster catch me again, it was truly terrifying!" Candle Bow said with lingering fear.

After being caught by the Eye Orb Monster, he was locked in a big iron furnace specially for smelting magical treasures.

He almost got smelted along with the Separation and Union Sword and other 'scrap metal' by the Eye Orb Monster.

Magical treasures can be re-forged after melting, but he was a Bow Spirit, a type of Artifact Spirit; if smelted, he would turn to ashes, leaving nothing behind!

He almost got killed by the Eye Orb Monster!

He was, after all, a Sub-Innate Bow Spirit, having once followed Ancestor Dragon Zhuli to conquer the world, but fell into the Eye Orb Monster's hands, and was almost smelted as trash!

Sticking by Ning Fan is better after all, as long as he behaves and doesn't have such a foul mouth, his life wouldn't be at risk...

Candle Bow decided he must remain loyal to Ning Fan, just in case he betrays and gets picked up by someone else and gets smelted, it would be a huge loss.

"An insignificant Eye Orb Monster actually dared to smelt me! If I get a chance, I'll definitely teach that Eye Orb Monster a lesson and avenge my humiliation!" Candle Bow thought viciously.

Ning Fan was too lazy to pay attention to Candle Bow, he packed up the magical treasures scattered all around, and resumed reading the jade scroll.

The jade scroll contained an introduction to the Barbaric God Blessing Art. After reading it, Ning Fan's face turned livid.

This Barbaric God Blessing Art was truly sinister!

A person afflicted by the art would have their Spirit trapped within their physical body, and mana operation would encounter issues. On the 46th day of being afflicted, one-eleventh of the victim's Spirit would dissolve and nourish the body's physical defense.

On the 96th day, the Spirit would dissolve another one-eleventh.

On the 156th day, the 226th day, the 306th day... the Spirit would continue to dissolve until the 996th day, when the Spirit completely dissolves.

Complete dissolution of the Spirit means the afflicted will die, but the afflicted's body will remain perfectly preserved. It would even absorb the power of the Spirit and become stronger, retaining some of the afflicted's divine skills.

Later, if someone seizes possession of this body, they can perfectly mesh with it and grasp some of the afflicted's powers.

Yin Mo Ancestor planted the Barbaric God Blessing Art on Ning Fan, intending to step-by-step dissolve Ning Fan's Spirit, then seize Ning Fan's body after killing him!

This is supposed to be a blessing!

The Barbaric God Blessing Art is the Barbarian Clan's strongest corpse-seizing divine skill, rare are those below Saint level who can break the art!

For Ning Fan to break this art, he has only two options: either possess Saint level strength to forcibly break the art, or seek someone else's assistance.

Seeking assistance comes in two forms. One is finding a strong individual comparable to a Saint to help dissipate his cultivations. The other is finding an Immortal Emperor level Barbarian Clan powerhouse to perform a Barbarian Blood Sacrifice Ceremony to break the blessing art.

Ning Fan naturally couldn't find a Saint. Even if he did, he wouldn't want to dissipate his cultivations.

He himself doesn't have Saint strength, to break the blessing art, he can only seek help from an Immortal Emperor level Barbarian Clan expert.

If he doesn't break the blessing art, after 996 days, he will completely die...

In the jade scroll, the Eye Orb Monster shamelessly recommended himself, saying he was an immortal emperor level Barbarian Clan leader, though he had only one eye left.

"Hehe, young friend, think carefully. You help this old man kill Yin Mo, this old man helps you break the blessing art, and even offers you a chance at fortune. If you don't agree, this old man won't force you, but once your Spirit is completely dissolved, it'll be too late to regret it later." The last sentence in the jade scroll was the Eye Orb Monster's reminder left for Ning Fan.

Ning Fan's expression slightly darkened, he put away the jade scroll, and sat cross-legged above a large river, attempting to break the blessing art with his own strength.

For an entire month, Ning Fan kept trying over the river, attempting to separate his Spirit from his body, only to repeatedly fail and cough up blood.

With his cultivations, he couldn't break the blessing art, 30 days had passed, and the 46th day was approaching.

Once the 46th day arrived, his Spirit would dissolve one-eleventh... He could already feel his Spirit showing signs of collapse...

Either agree to the Eye Orb Monster's request and collaborate to kill Yin Mo Ancestor, or wait for death...

Otherwise, he could forcibly leave this place, leave the Ninefold Celestial Towers, leave the primitive and wild, return to Eastern Heaven, and request help from the Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor.

The Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor's remaining power wasn't much, but if helping Ning Fan dissipate his power, he could still break the blessing art.

But Ning Fan didn't want to dissipate his power; why should he scatter his cultivations that he had worked tirelessly for years, risking life and death to acquire? It was filled with sweat, blood, tears, and the memories of his path in cultivation.

This cultivation was also the only reliance he had to protect those behind him!

Why should he dissipate his power!

Why should he stay here and wait for death!

He once thought the stone statue elder bestowed barbarian blood without malice, and he had checked the barbarian blood for any hidden dangers.

Unexpectedly, he fell victim to someone else's scheme. Such a defensive blessing art!

Such a Yin Mo Ancestor, such a person who ten Quasi-Saints can barely contend with!

"You want to kill me, it's not that easy! Since you want to kill me, why can't I kill you!"

Ning Fan suddenly stood, feet stomping on the raging river, eyes brimming with killing intent, causing the entire river to churn violently.

Miaoyan Immortal Honorific, who was recuperating in a cave, sensed Ning Fan's rampant killing intent somewhat surprised.

She didn't understand why Ning Fan erupted with such immense killing intent.

Just that if he needed assistance, she would help him.

The Eye Orb Monster, who was in closed-door training, suddenly sensed Ning Fan's overwhelming killing intent, and contentedly laughed, "Impressive killing intent. Truly worthy of being a disciple of Ancient Chaos."

He ceased his training, transforming into a grayish light that shot out of his cave, arriving before Ning Fan with a lecherous smile, "Kid, have you made up your mind? Do you want to slowly wait for death, or agree to the old man's request!"

"Does Senior think this junior has any other choice at this moment! I just hope after collaborating with Senior, Senior doesn't turn against me and secretly scheme against me!" Ning Fan replied pointedly.

He could only choose to join forces with the Eye Orb Monster, but he remained wary of the Eye Orb Monster.

The cultivation world is precisely like this, those with higher cultivations tend to scheme against others.

Today, Yin Mo Ancestor can plot against Ning Fan; tomorrow, there's no guarantee the Eye Orb Monster won't plot against Ning Fan.

Cooperation? It's possible. But the wariness will not diminish by even a fraction!

"Hehe, then you better be careful, this old man's life has been full of wicked deeds, sneaky attacks and backstabbing are things I do daily. That one word 'evil' perfectly epitomizes this old man. If you don't want to die by this old man's hand, keep an absolutely cautious heart! Come, I'll take you to a place, help you break the blessing art, and give you a little benefit."

Chapter 929: The Ceremony Begins

Saying that, the Eye Orb Monster released a gray beam, taking Ning Fan and disappearing from the spot.

In the next instant, they appeared in a very remote valley within the Bronze Tower Space.

The valley was lush with vegetation, and deep within it, there was a freshwater lake brimming with spiritual energy.

"Hmm, let's break the Blessing Technique here. Kid, can you set up a formation?" the Eye Orb Monster asked.

"That depends on the level of the formation. If it surpasses my cultivation level too much, I cannot set it up," Ning Fan replied.

"Forget it. I'll do it myself. Got any Dao Crystals for me to use?"

"How much do you need?"

"Not much, just a trillion will do," said the Eye Orb Monster with a look suggesting that a trillion Dao Crystals was just a drop in the bucket.

"...What level of formation are you setting up? Demanding a trillion Dao Crystals at once? I don't have that many Dao Crystals."

Ning Fan looked at the Eye Orb Monster with a peculiar expression.

After seizing the storage pouch from Ancestor Dulong, Ning Fan now possessed nearly ten trillion Dao Crystals. This wealth was more than most Eternal Immortal Venerables, yet it was only a tenth of what was needed to set up the formation...

It's known that the strongest Mortal Void Realm Formation in the Rain Immortal World required just 100 billion immortal jades, equivalent to only 20,000 Dao Crystals, to set up.

In the Four Heavens, the Sect Protection Array of a Fate Immortal Power would require just a few million Dao Crystals.

The Sect Protection Array of an Enlightenment Faction would cost tens of billions of Dao Crystals at most.

The Sect Protection Array of a Renouncing Emptiness Powers could be set up with several hundred billion Dao Crystals.

The Sect Protection Array of a Broken Thought Powers wouldn't exceed a trillion Dao Crystals at most.

Yet the Eye Orb Monster immediately demanded a trillion to set up the formation. What level of formation is he setting up...

Even the Godly Void Pavilion, such a superpower, didn't spend that much on their Sect Protection Array...

Seeing Ning Fan hesitating and not handing over the money, the Eye Orb Monster said impatiently, "Brat, do you think the Blessing Technique is that easy to break? It's the strongest Corpse Seizing Technique of the Barbarian Clan! At the very least, you need to set up a Saint-Level Great Formation to break it, understand? My cultivation is insufficient; I can only set up a corner of a Saint Pattern Formation, and asking for a trillion Dao Crystals to do so is already very little. A complete Saint-Level Great Formation would cost several hundred times more Dao Crystals to set up."

This Eye Orb Monster intended to set up a corner of the Saint Pattern Formation here! Ning Fan's gaze wavered slightly.

"Brat, how many Dao Crystals do you have on you? Give them all, and if it's not enough, I'll help you gather the rest," the Eye Orb Monster said impatiently.

"Only ten trillion..." Ning Fan said with a bitter smile.

"What! You only have that little, which means, to help you break the Blessing Technique, I have to front the remaining ninety trillion Dao Crystals!" The Eye Orb Monster felt incredibly pained.

He truly didn't expect Ning Fan to be so "poor," with only ten trillion Dao Crystals to his name, not even enough to meet the required trillion...

Even an ordinary Eternal Immortal Venerable might not have this much wealth. Ning Fan was not truly destitute. It was just that the Eye Orb Monster's standards were exceedingly high.

"What a loss, what a loss. If this kid doesn't help me, those ninety trillion Dao Crystals would be money down the drain..."

"Yet if I don't help break this kid's Blessing Technique, the chance of success is only at most thirty percent... I must help him."

"Sigh..."

The Eye Orb Monster sighed heavily, then suddenly launched a gray beam towards the sky. In an instant, Dao Crystals fell like rain, covering the entire valley.

"Merge!" The Eye Orb Monster cast gray beams, each gray beam merging ten trillion Dao Crystals into a gray Dao Crystal Tower, forming a total of ninety Dao Crystal Towers standing around the freshwater lake.

Ning Fan contributed his ten trillion Dao Crystals to the Eye Orb Monster's formation, forming another ten Dao Crystal Towers.

This formation setup cost Ning Fan all his Dao Crystals, leaving just a pitiable few million Dao Crystals unused in his storage pouch...

Money can be earned or seized again, but what is more important than life?

As long as the Blessing Technique can be broken, Ning Fan wouldn't mind spending more money.

He didn't worry about the cost, but the Eye Orb Monster was very concerned. The money had been spent, if Ning Fan's Blessing Technique wasn't broken, it would be a huge loss.

"Kid, watch closely how I set up the formation. This is a once-in-a-lifetime learning opportunity; there aren't many in the Dreamland Realm whose Dao of formations surpasses mine. Regarding the Dao of formations alone, even the Ancient Chaos is a far cry from me!" the Eye Orb Monster boasted proudly.

Ning Fan didn't say anything, simply watching the Eye Orb Monster set up the formation attentively. It was indeed a very rare opportunity to observe.

The Eye Orb Monster released one gray beam after another, and under the control of those gray beams, the hundred Dao Crystal Towers circling the lake constantly shifted positions. The great forces of heaven and earth also continuously changed with the movement of the Dao Crystal Towers.

On the ground, gray formation patterns constantly emerged, those patterns wriggling as if they were alive.

The formation patterns increased in number, gradually connecting with each other to form an incomparably cryptic formation map.

The scope of this map covered the entire valley, with its center being that freshwater lake.

This formation hadn't been successfully arranged yet. Just the appearance of the formation map brought an immensely oppressive feeling to Ning Fan.

The power of one hundred trillion Dao Crystals gradually integrated into the formation map, and a tangible gray pressure immediately enveloped the entire valley.

Ning Fan only felt a sharp pain in his knees, and the pressure from the formation was about to crush his knee bones. His legs wobbled, almost wanting to kneel!

The pressure was too heavy, as if countless eons of reincarnation were bearing down on Ning Fan's shoulders.

This pressure was overly domineering, attempting to make anyone facing it submit!

The pressure carried a hint of a Saint's oppressive force, though it was only extremely faint, yet it had already surpassed the power of the Second Step of cultivation!

This was merely a corner of a Saint pattern formation. If it were a complete Saint formation, the pressure alone could crush Ning Fan into pulp!

The might of a Saint was enough to suppress countless eons of reincarnation, something Ning Fan at present could not contend with!

But, he could not kneel!

Even if this was a corner of a Saint formation pattern, he could not submit!

Ning Fan endured the sharp pain in his knees and suddenly took a step forward, the angle tricky and peculiar.

After stepping out, the pressure around Ning Fan reduced significantly, and his body emitted a faint golden glow.

With a more resolute gaze, he took the second step, the third step, the fourth step... where he stepped, a golden glowing footprint appeared on the ground.

With each step taken, the pressure of the formation on his body diminished somewhat, and after nine steps, the oppressive force was completely lifted from Ning Fan!

He used the Secret of the Character 'Weixx' from the Ancestral Demon of the East, incorporated into the Nine Steps, Sky Treader, to shed a corner of the Saint array's pressure and did not submit to the formation!

"Oh? This brat actually knows the Secret of the Character 'Weixx' of the Ancestral Demon of the East? Not bad." Seeing Ning Fan resisting the formation pressure with his own strength, the Eye Orb Monster secretly praised.

He had initially intended to help Ning Fan resist the array's pressure, but now it seemed unnecessary.

"The formation is already set, but it still lacks some ferocious evil qi, insufficient to suppress the curse power of the Blessing Technique. Alas, it looks like some blood needs to be spilled... At least a hundred residual souls of demonesses are required to gather enough evil qi for the hundred Dao Crystal Towers. I only have forty-three souls left in hand, which might not be enough... Well, if not, I'll think of something!"

The Eye Orb Monster swept out a ray of gray light, and instantly, an apparition of an elderly soul appeared in the center of the formation.

"Branch twenty-seven of the Ancient Barbarian Realm, Priest Gu Liezi of the Gu Family, return to your position swiftly!" The Eye Orb Monster commanded.

It was a residual soul of an Eternal Immortal Venerable! His name was Gu Liezi, a formidable expert fallen countless years ago.

Gu Liezi bore a strong barbarian aura and was indeed a Pluck! Moreover, his malign qi was stronger than Ning Fan's now; in life, he was definitely a butcher of many in the Evil Sect!

With the Eye Orb Monster's command, Gu Liezi's soul immediately flew toward one of the Dao Crystal Towers, merging with the tower and dispersing into nothing.

In the next instant, the ferocious evil qi of the entire formation increased manifold!

"The primordial spirit of an Immortal Venerable barbarian!" Ning Fan's expression showed slight surprise.

This Eye Orb Monster sacrifices an Immortal Venerable residual soul for my formation!

The noble residual soul of an Eternal Immortal Venerable was discarded by the Eye Orb Monster like trash...

"Hehe, you don't need to be so surprised, kid. I have plenty of such souls. These residual souls are all my lifelong enemies, deserving their fate, and today they're sacrificing for your need to break the curse of the Blessing Technique!" The Eye Orb Monster forcibly suppressed his inner heartache, pretending to be calm.

Using up the scarce strong residual souls naturally hurt him, but seeing Ning Fan's surprised expression felt worth it.

Hehe, this stone-faced kid is finally awed by me. The Eye Orb Monster felt immensely proud, basking in glee.

With his pride, the pain of sacrificing the residual souls seemed negligible.

After sacrificing Gu Liezi's soul, the Eye Orb Monster summoned a second residual soul. Again, with the cultivation of an Eternal Immortal Venerable, this soul's malice was significantly denser than Gu Liezi's.

"Branch one hundred and six of the Ancient Barbarian Realm, Elder Lei Liekong of the Lei Family, return to your position swiftly!"

With the Eye Orb Monster's command, Lei Liekong's soul soared toward the second Dao Crystal Tower.

"Another Immortal Venerable residual soul!" Ning Fan's eyes showed deep emotion.

"This stone-faced kid is surprised again! Haha!" The Eye Orb Monster felt even prouder.

"Branch forty-nine of the Ancient Barbarian Realm, Leader Ge Xuan of the Ge Family, return to your position swiftly!"

"Seventy-fourth branch of the Ancient Barbarian Realm, Priest Zhux Feng of Wuxx Mountain Xuan Palace, quickly return!"

"Eighty-first branch of the Ancient Barbarian Realm, Loose Cultivator Zhuyan, quickly return!"

Numerous residual souls of Immortal Venerables were sacrificed like trash by the Eye Orb Monster to the Dao Crystal Tower without a blink. In total, the Eye Orb Monster sacrificed twenty-four Immortal Venerable residual souls.

"The twenty-fifth soul is different from the previous twenty-four. Do you know how it's different?" The Eye Orb Monster suddenly asked mysteriously.

"Could the twenty-fifth soul be the soul of an Immortal King?" Ning Fan speculated.

"Correct! To help you break the Blessing Technique, I even used the soul of an Immortal King. Heh heh, I'm quite generous, aren't I?"

The Eye Orb Monster was satisfied to see the shock in Ning Fan's eyes and began summoning the next soul.

"Fifty-fourth branch of the Ancient Barbarian Realm, Clan Leader Dong She of the Eastern Land Clan, quickly return!"

As the Eye Orb Monster's voice fell, the soul of an old man with a human body and snake tail appeared slowly, flying towards the twenty-fifth Dao Crystal Tower with a dazed look.

This person truly was an Immortal King!

After Dong She, more and more residual souls of Immortal Kings were sacrificed by the Eye Orb Monster. After sacrificing sixteen Immortal King residual souls in a row, the Eye Orb Monster suddenly became solemn.

In his hand, there were still three residual souls left, and he was somewhat reluctant to use them.

The Eye Orb Monster looked at the evil qi within the formation array and found that the amount of evil qi was still somewhat insufficient, feeling quite helpless.

He couldn't afford to be stingy; without using these three residual souls, the Blessing Technique couldn't be broken.

If the Blessing Technique wasn't broken, the chances of killing Yin Mo would be significantly reduced.

That cannot be allowed! He was determined to kill Yin Mo at any cost!

"Yin Mo must die! You can't catch a wolf without sacrificing your kids. Damn it, use them all up!"

"Nineteenth branch of the Ancient Barbarian Realm, Barbarian Ancestor WuSitezang of the Wu Clan, quickly return!"

After this voice fell, a faint golden residual soul appeared in the center of the formation array, flying towards the forty-first Dao Crystal Tower with a dazed look.

A faint golden residual soul! This elder named WuSitezang was actually an Immortal Emperor!

Not a regular Immortal Emperor, WuSitezang was an Immortal Emperor of the Eternal Seventh Calamity!

"It's actually the soul of an Immortal Emperor!" Ning Fan was quite startled.

To help him break the Blessing Technique, the Eye Orb Monster sacrificed even the soul of an Immortal Emperor. This move was indeed significant!

Moreover, Ning Fan was curious where the Eye Orb Monster obtained so many residual souls of Immortal Venerables, Immortal Kings, and even Immortal Emperors.

Could it be that these people were killed by the Eye Orb Monster and their residual souls were collected?

"Heh heh, surprised, aren't you? The real surprise is yet to come!"

The Eye Orb Monster almost gleefully soared to the sky; what could be more satisfying than defeating a stoic face?

Hmph, let you be stoic, let you pretend; brat, I'm going to shock you to your core!

"Fourth tribe of Taicang Dust Realm, Brahmic Heaven Sect Calamity Child Fan Shoufeix, quickly return!"

The forty-second residual soul was a youth dressed in a black monk's robe, with a black totem of the Heavenly Dog devouring the sun painted on half of his face.

This black-robed youth had a formidable aura no weaker than the Seventh Generation Slaughter Emperor!

"This is... the Immortal Emperor at Nine Tribulations Peak!" Ning Fan gasped.

This was a soul of a formidable power no weaker than the Seventh Generation Slaughter Emperor, yet it was sacrificed as trash by the Eye Orb Monster.

According to the Eye Orb Monster's nature, the later the soul, the stronger it is.

This was already a residual soul of a peak Immortal Emperor, and he wondered if there were even stronger souls afterward...

"Heh heh! Surprised, scream, brat, scream and delight me with your screams!" The Eye Orb Monster appeared calm on the outside but was laughing madly inside.

After finally finishing showing off, the Eye Orb Monster slowly summoned the forty-third soul.

This was the last residual soul he held, and it was also the strongest!

The forty-third soul was an elder whose entire body seemed to burn like flames, covered densely with runes, with eyes that were transformed by the thunder.

Behind him, a gigantic black ring suddenly appeared, radiating like the sun!

That black ring was the Ring of the Initial Saint, only possessed by the Prime Saint Talent!

"This is... a Saint soul?!" Ning Fan's face changed drastically. Faced with a residual soul of a Saint, he couldn't remain unfazed.

"Brat, don't be so jumpy. That's not a real Saint soul. He's just a clone from the Saint himself. I'm not so extravagant to fetch you a genuine Saint residual soul for sacrifice," the Eye Orb Monster said, somewhat exasperated, but inwardly he was delighted.

He knew Ning Fan would foolishly think it was a Saint soul and be utterly shocked by it. Haha! All as predicted!

"Third tribe of Taicang Dust Realm, Flash Thunder Sect Heavenly Master and the clone of Youyan Ancestor, quickly return!"

As the forty-third soul returned, the entire formation's fierce evil qi transformed into hundreds of blood-colored giant dragons, stirring up winds and clouds above the valley.

To help Ning Fan break the Blessing Technique, the Eye Orb Monster used up a trillion Dao Crystals and forty-three residual souls of strong beings, yet, it still wasn't enough!

"The evil qi needs to be heavier. It seems I'll have to use that item..."

Once again, the Eye Orb Monster was agonized.

After hesitating for a long time, he finally retrieved a drop of ink-like black blood and dropped it into the lake.

No one knew the origin of that drop of blood; once dropped into the lake, all lake water immediately turned jet black, and a monstrous Immortal Qi shot skyward!

The evil qi within the formation became several times heavier after this drop of blood!

Whose blood is this?

Just a single drop of blood contained evil qi that was several times the sum total of forty-three strong beings' evil qi!

"This is the Primordial Spirit Essence Blood of the Immortal Emperor, containing a trace of Immortal Power from the Immortal Emperor! Brat, I've exhausted my efforts to help you. Hope you won't forget the promise you made to me!" The Eye Orb Monster warned.

"Alright, quickly enter the lake bottom, and I'll perform the Barbarian Clan ritual for you to break the Blessing Technique!"

"The process can be painful, and might even 'kill' you, but you must persevere, as I won't let you truly die!"

The Eye Orb Monster showed a serious demeanor; the upcoming ritual was critical, and any mistake could not be afforded.

Ning Fan wanted to ask the identity of the Eye Orb Monster and where he obtained so many residual souls of strong beings. Even the Immortal Emperor's Primordial Spirit Essence Blood was procured for a drop.

"Don't ask too much, quickly enter the lake bottom!" As if sensing Ning Fan's curiosity, the Eye Orb Monster basked in satisfaction, yet seemed old and stern, urging Ning Fan to promptly enter the lake.

After a moment of silence, Ning Fan walked slowly toward the lake.

He could sense that the closer he got to the lake water, the more the Blessing Technique on him seemed to weaken.

The formation truly possessed the power to break the Blessing Technique. It seemed the Eye Orb Monster didn't deceive him.

Still, keeping a trace of vigilance is wise...

Ning Fan's figure flickered, transforming into a gold light, diving into the lake, directly toward its bottom.

The lake water was as black as ink, as thick as blood, carrying a bone-chilling coldness.

This cold proved helpful in weakening the Blessing Technique.

"Previously, did you encounter the Summon Barbarian Technique and thus experience three Calamities of Loss, becoming the Young Master Barbarian?" The Eye Orb Monster's voice suddenly transmitted from above the lake.

"Yes." Ning Fan replied.

"It seems that old man Yin Mo suppressed your remaining six Calamities of Loss... boy, hang on!"

In the valley, the Eye Orb Monster muttered constantly, and gray runes kept flying forth, vanishing into the lake.

Amidst the gray sky, projections of ancient barbarian statues began appearing alongside the chanting and sutras of the barbarians.

As time passed, three huge projections of barbarian statues emerged gradually.

The three colossal statues were blurry, their specific forms indiscernible.

The Eye Orb Monster focused intently on the three statues and began a prolonged prayer, until one hour later, he suddenly cast a complicated gaze at the leftmost statue, chanting with a trace of complexity.

"The good corpse sacrificing life, appear!"

With this chant, the leftmost statue finally began to change...

Chapter 930: The Path to the Fourth Step

"Good Corpse Mourning, appear!"

As the Eye Orb Monster finished speaking, the colossal statue on the far left began shedding stone debris. Its form, once indistinct, gradually became clear.

If Miaoyan were here, she'd be shocked yet again, for the appearance of this statue is identical to the likeness of the Ancestral Emperor of the Northern Heaven in the secret rosters of the Four Oceans Sect!

It's a statue of a middle-aged man. On the right side of his face is a black moon totem—the emblem of the Lamenting Deceased Clan. His hands are entwined with countless Puppet Threads, and his gaze is compassionate, yet within that compassion lies an irremovable sadness. This sorrow is highly infectious, quickly spreading through the entire valley.

Even Ning Fan at the lake's bottom was touched by this sadness, stirring up the most sorrowful memories in his heart.

He remembered his mother, her pale face, sacrificing all her Demon Bloodline, transforming into a statue just to save her child's life.

He remembered his father, in despair and hopelessness under the Fate Wielding Immortal Emperor's schemes, gradually losing the memory of his cherished love.

He remembered the old monster, that year atop Seven Apricot City, when the Moksha Emperor personally destroyed his cultivation, revealing an aged, sorrowful expression for the first time, like an old man in his twilight...

Ning Fan suddenly shuddered, discovering he had unknowingly shed tears.

He had been absorbed by the sorrowful aura of the ancient Mourning statue. This somber atmosphere carries an empathetic divine skill!

"Whose statue is this, with such powerful sadness that draws me in, unable to break free!"

Ning Fan's spirit sense emerged from the lake's surface, gazing at the Mourning statue continuously emanating melancholic intent, his gaze moved.

"Heh heh, this is the statue of the Mourning Emperor, young one. Admire the grandeur of the Ancestral Emperor of the Northern Heaven. To break the Blessing Technique, his power is indispensable."

The Eye Orb Monster chuckled, replying. Yet, secretly, he mused.

"Mourning, oh Mourning, we've been friends before. Today, I borrow your power; you shouldn't mind. Ah, you are already dead, how could you mind? Even your daughter is gone—it truly is lonely with so few familiar faces in this world today..."

He continued to channel divine skills, uttering incantations. The pressure of the Mourning statue intensified, encapsulating the entire valley beneath its weight.

The pressure felt like an invisible hand suddenly striking, tearing towards the lake's direction. Ning Fan at the lake's bottom immediately felt a ripping pain as if his path was forcefully torn open by this unseen hand!

Blood instantly seeped out from the skin on the right side of his body, staining his white clothes red, merging into the lake water.

Soon, even his flesh and blood began dissolving into the lake water, leaving only stark white bones beneath the skin.

Deprived of flesh and blood, Ning Fan's right side appeared shriveled, with clothes clinging to the bones and an empty feeling.

With the right side of his body dissolving, the Blessing Power restraining Ning Fan's Spirit weakened by a fraction.

At this moment, a massive surge of Immortal Qi flowed fiercely towards Ning Fan's right-side body from within the lake.

This Immortal Power seemed incompatible with the Yin Yang Evil Vein, akin to naturally opposing forces that could not coexist.

Even so, the Immortal Power continued nourishing Ning Fan's severely damaged physical body. Thus, an eerie scene emerged at the lake bottom.

Ning Fan's right side was left only with bones, devoid of flesh, while the left side remained intact under the nourishment of Immortal Qi.

Gradually, Immortal Power wrapped around Ning Fan's skeletal structure, showing a scene of flesh reconstruction on the bare bone.

In mere breaths, Ning Fan's right side body was reformed at the lake bottom, identical to its previous state without the slightest difference!

"Still not enough! Evil Corpse Yin Mo, appear!"

The Eye Orb Monster's gaze shifted to the second statue, grunting, "Yin Mo, oh Yin Mo, you are my body, I am your eyes, we are one entity. Using your power is not excessive, right?"

The Eye Orb Monster mumbled incantations, and the second statue gradually came into clarity.

It's a statue of an elderly man bare-chested, clad in a beast-hide skirt, his hair bound into numerous small braids.

His appearance distinctly matches that of the ancient statue elder from the Ninth Layer of Tianque!

This is the statue of Yin Mo Ancestor! Ning Fan's gaze barely shifted. First the Mourning statue, then the Yin Mo statue—is there a connection between the two...

The Mourning statue carried irremovable sorrow.

While the Yin Mo statue held near-mad killing intent.

A storm-like fierce killing intent suddenly erupted from the Yin Mo statue, pressing heavily upon the entire valley.

This killing intent was not much weaker than the Mourning Emperor's sorrowful aura, similarly enshrouding Ning Fan.

Ning Fan's gaze turned blood-red, violent killing intent began to breed.

It was a near-six-kin-ignorant killing intent—every living being appearing before him must be slain, slain, slain!

"This killing intent feels very similar to the eroding power of the Calamity Thought. With my Blood Lightning refined to a small extent, such killing intent disrupts neither my sanity!"

Ning Fan's surroundings flashed with Calamity Thought Red Glow, forcibly dispelling this killing intent.

He allows himself to be moved by sorrow but does not permit the erosion of his rationality by killing intent.

As the second ancient statue descended with killing intent, the tearing force upon Ning Fan doubled instantly!

This time, even Ning Fan's left side began to dissolve. With the supplement of Immortal Power, the dissolved parts promptly reformed.

"Still not enough. Must I use the power of my primordial corpse...? Alas, let's do it, Immortal Elder Brother, younger brother borrows your power for a while, forgive my offense..." The Eye Orb Monster glanced at the third statue, seeming cautious, apparently fearing this third statue.

"My Corpse of True Self is undying, appear!"

Rumble!

As soon as the Eye Orb Monster's voice fell, countless black calamity clouds immediately appeared above the valley. Those clouds were astonishingly all transformed from Immortal Qi!

Streaks of black thunder descended from the sky, amidst the roaring of ten thousand thunders, the appearance of the third giant statue gradually became clear.

It was a middle-aged man in a black Taoist robe, with long hair draped down, ordinary in appearance, but with eyes so brilliant that one dared not look directly.

There was no way to describe such brilliant eyes, as if they encompassed an entire starry sky.

Within that gaze, there was an indelible longing, a longing for the starry sky of the homeland...

This longing was silent yet profound, instantly enveloping Ning Fan, evoking his homesickness.

Ning Fan seemed to resonate with the third ancient statue, as if he could feel the emotions passed down through the ages by the person of the ancient statue.

Homesick... very much so... but home, is no longer there... that was the emotion of the person of the ancient statue, not Ning Fan's emotion.

Suddenly, two lines of bloody tears flowed from the eyes of the third ancient statue. His home, long gone, long... gone...

"This is the statue of the Immortal Emperor... brat, take a good look, this person is the first-ranked Emperor under the Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign! Even the Desolate Saint would have to show him some respect!" The Eye Orb Monster's expression was filled with awe.

In the next moment, an unprecedentedly terrifying aura from the undying ancient statue suddenly pressed downward!

That aura was several times stronger than the Ancient Chaos Grand Emperor's aura!

It was the aura of the First Immortal Emperor under the Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign!

At this moment, ancient voices echoed between heaven and earth, echoes buried in the reincarnation of the Heavenly Dao!

It was the unwilling roar of the Immortal Emperor from years ago!

"We, Purple Dou Immortal Cultivators, are born against calamities, laying our bones without regret, living and dying all for Purple Dou Immortal!"

"If the realm is there, then I am there; if the realm perishes, then I perish! I swear here and now, in this life and world, I vow to kill all foreign enemy cultivators and return to the homeland!"

"...I severed the Evil Corpse, yet it betrayed the Purple Dou Immortal Domain and joined the Calamity Master, becoming the Ninth Generation Savage God, this is my lifelong regret..."

"The Good Corpse... carrying my life's sorrow, shall stay in the Dreamland Realm... here is the last sanctuary for Purple Dou Immortal Cultivators... Immortal Void, is left for your self-preservation..."

"Good Corpse... I will come to take you home after I kill all foreign cultivators..."

One voice after another rang above the valley, echoes left by the Immortal Emperor in the reincarnation of the Heavenly Dao, spanning eons, passed down to this day.

Hearing this voice again, the eyes of the Eye Orb Monster suddenly became somewhat moist, and tears even flowed down.

But he quickly wiped away the tears, focusing solely on controlling the Formation.

He must help Ning Fan break the Blessing Technique! And then, kill Yin Mo!

Because... this is the lifelong regret of the Immortal Emperor, he must help the Immortal Emperor avenge the snow of old grievances!

"The Art of Immortality, mastering the way of destiny... the fates of all heavens, listen to my command! Immortal Star, appear!"

The Eye Orb Monster suddenly activated the Divine Skills, as dots of blood mist from within the lake water flew towards the sky.

Above the valley, in an instant, transformed into a descending night. In that endless night, a star appeared particularly dazzling, descending slowly, formed from the blood mist.

It was a purple star, containing extremely terrifying Immortal Qi!

Its name, Immortal Star! Within the right eye of the Immortal Emperor, there were nine star points cultivated, of which the Immortal Star was one.

But on this purple star, for some reason, was covered with cracks...

"The Immortal Emperor once fought against foreign cultivators, besieged by twelve Saints, and the fourth devil star point in the right eye was shattered. The shattered star point turned into a drop of black blood... that drop of black blood contained half a life's memories and longing of the Immortal Emperor, with a hint of inheritance left within... this inheritance can only be obtained by cultivators with the Immortal Physique. Others, cannot obtain it...

"Unfortunately, since ancient times, besides the Immortal Emperor, there has been no second cultivator of the Immortal Physique born, this blood's inheritance might be unclaimable by anyone..." The Eye Orb Monster did not know that the world already had a second Immortal cultivator born, named Si Ming, who hadn't grown up before being slashed to death by Ning Fan's chaotic swords.

"To help this brat break the Blessing Technique, I even used the inheritance blood. I've put everything on the line this time, hoping this brat won't disappoint me... must, kill Yin Mo!"

The Eye Orb Monster suddenly shouted, the purple star above the valley instantly turned into a purple beam, shooting fiercely into the lake water.

At the lake's bottom, Ning Fan's gaze suddenly changed, watching helplessly as a purple beam shot towards his body.

He intended to evade, but the voice of the Eye Orb Monster entered this moment, dispelling his intention to evade.

"This is the Immortal Star, the fourth divine star point of the nine in the right eye of the Immortal Emperor, the key to breaking the Blessing Technique. Accept it!

Next, your physical defense will collapse and reform a thousand times, without its power, you will surely fall amidst a thousand collapses!" The Eye Orb Monster suddenly reminded.

As soon as this reminder echoed, Ning Fan's physical defense began its first collapse, a frantic collapse!

This time, not only the flesh but even the bones began to collapse, starting from the right hand, and then the entire right side, followed by the whole body.

In just an instant, Ning Fan's robes shattered, his entire body disintegrated into blood mist, leaving only the Spirit, solitary at the lake bottom.

Even with the collapse of the physical body, the Spirit still bore the extremely powerful Blessing Power, preventing Ning Fan's Spirit from flying more than ten zhang away from where the physical body collapsed!

At this moment, the purple starlight flew into Ning Fan's Spirit, as Ning Fan's small Spirit hesitated slightly, ultimately not resisting this power.

He chose to trust the Eye Orb Monster once, after all, not trusting the monster also led to a dead end, and he had no other choice.

As soon as the purple starlight shot in, Ning Fan's Spirit was immediately enveloped in a faint purple glow.

The physical body, initially collapsed into a mist of blood, was reformed in an instant, but then collapsed again.

Reforming, collapsing, reforming, collapsing... the alternating collapse and reforming was a torment on the level of will.

It was as if a tiny blade was slicing every inch of flesh from your body.

It was as if an iron chisel was slowly piercing through your bones.

It was as if iron pincers were removing your nails piece by piece, crushing your finger bones one by one.

Then followed an itchy rebirth, only to be immediately replaced by the next wave of intense pain.

With the support of the Formation power, such pain was amplified countless times. Yet Ning Fan remained indifferent.

His will had been tempered through countless trials, he had tasted this kind of pain too many times, and had long since become numb.

However, the repeated collapse of the physical body eventually caused significant harm to Ning Fan's Spirit, which he could not ignore.

After ten collapses, Ning Fan's Spirit's face had already turned paper white.

After twenty collapses, Ning Fan's Spirit already seemed somewhat ethereal.

Thirty times, forty times... Ning Fan's Spirit finally neared dispersal, consciousness gradually lost. If his Spirit dispersed, he would die, just as many others had died on the path of cultivation, silently and without a trace.

Is he willing?

Willing to die so insignificantly?

Willing to be manipulated by Yin Mo Ancestor and die this way?

No, not willing!

"It cannot disperse!" Ning Fan's Spirit, suddenly exhibiting a stubborn demeanor like a demon. He did not wish to disperse, so even the heavens could not make him disperse!

The lost consciousness, forcibly summoned back by him!

The nearing dispersal of the Spirit, forcibly stabilized by him using Fellow Daoist's power!

His stubbornness seemed to have responded with that purple starlight. That purple starlight began to transmit a feeling of gentle warmth, causing his Spirit to become increasingly solid, and his consciousness increasingly clear.

His mental focus was unprecedented, as if a voice suddenly sounded in Ning Fan's mind, its origin unknown, elusive.

"Homesick... so homesick..."

"...this drop of blood holds half a lifetime of memories and nostalgia for my hometown..."

Who, who is speaking?

A great force struck, Ning Fan only felt a pain in his divine sense, his consciousness instantly plunged into layers of hallucinations.

No, those were not hallucinations, but scattered, chaotic memories.

In those memories, there was a young Barbarian boy wrapped in animal hide, frantically fleeing across the grasslands.

He was just an ordinary Barbarian, without any cultivation, and behind him, several Opening Vein cultivators were chasing him on flying swords, toying with him.

Run, must run!

In the distant tribe, the blood had long been sky-high, Father was dead, Mother was dead, his home was invaded by the Zi Wei Immortal Domain. His relatives were slaughtered by those lofty Zi Wei cultivators...

Home, gone...

"Played enough, don't chase anymore, kill this brat, and return with the trophy." A Fifth-Level Vein Opening Realm cultivator was bored, summoned his flying sword, and with one strike, killed the Barbarian boy desperately fleeing ahead.

The Barbarian boy only felt a wave of pain, his vision turned increasingly dark, and he toppled to the ground.

Is he dead...is this death...

Dead, would he be able to see Father and Mother again, dead...would he be able to return home...

Facing death, the Barbarian boy showed a warm smile, perhaps death was better than living.

The Barbarian's corpse fell to the ground, those several Opening Vein cultivators descended, preparing to sever the Barbarian's head and return for a reward.

At this moment, the entire grassland's sky suddenly transformed into vast stretches of purple.

And furthermore, a man surrounded by purple light, slightly narrowed his eyes, walking towards the Barbarian's corpse.

That man, dressed in purple, was exceptionally elegant, his figure emitted no trace of cultivation aura, yet gave an impression of untouchable power.

The several Opening Vein cultivators were suddenly stunned, how could they not recognize the man before them, he was a monster renown in both Ziwei and Northern Dipper Immortal Domains!

"It's...him! That arrogant cultivator, self-proclaimed as Purple Dou!"

"This person, months ago, single-handedly killed three thousand death warriors of the Zi Wei Immortal Sovereign. In that battle, sixteen Saints died at his hands! The entire Ziwei Immortal Domain is now hunting for him!"

"It's rumored that after this person left, he encountered the Big Dipper Immortal Emperor and retreated unscathed after a fierce battle. This person had the strength to contend with a Fourth Step cultivator even before reaching the Fourth Step himself. Should he reach the Fourth Step, who among the Immortal Emperors could rival him!"

"Will...will we die? It's rumored that this person kills mercilessly, utterly ruthless. If we encounter him, how would we have any chance of survival..."

A few Fifth-Level Vein Opening Realm cultivators trembled uncontrollably, their faces ashen with fear.

The young man in purple did not even glance at the juniors, merely flicked his fingers, and they immediately exploded into clouds of blood mist, dying with screams.

What does bullying the weak matter? These Vein Opening cultivators had each killed many Stone Warriors, their hands stained with karma.

Dare to kill, then be prepared to be killed.

"Have the Ziwei Xianyu and the Northern Dipper completely submitted to the Taicang Dust Realm? Respectable Immortal Emperors now bow to the Dust Realm's command, besieging the Ancient Barbarian Realm... Have Ziwei and Northern Dipper fallen to such a degree..."

"With the joint forces of Ancient Chaos, Zi Wei, and Northern Dipper... plus the powerful ones from the Dust Realm, the Ancient Barbarian Realm will likely be swiftly breached... Another realm will fall prey to Taicang Calamity Spirit's enslaved realms..."

The young man in purple closed his eyes slightly, struggling even to protect himself amidst this era, powerless to change the situation.

Not yet reaching the Fourth Step, he remains an ant, only a step away from the Fourth Step, yet still far...

He has yet to see his own path.

"What is my path ultimately..."

The young man in purple gazed at the blazing Ancient Barbarian Realm, suddenly feeling restless in his heart.

He detests this cultivation world ravaged by flames of war, with countless mortals and weaklings dying daily amidst the turmoil.

Just like the Barbarian Clan youth before him, used as a tool for amusement by cultivators, only to be ruthlessly killed after the amusement...

"Hmm? Not dead?" the young man in purple suddenly uttered softly.

The Barbarian Clan youth lying in a pool of blood groaned in pain, then unexpectedly crawled up from the ground.

This youth was indeed a mere mortal without any cultivation.

The youth's heart was shredded by flying swords, yet inexplicably, he still lived...

Could this youth possess some special physique... a type seemingly unheard of in the cultivation world.

"How could this be... Why am I not dead!"

The Barbarian Clan youth suddenly burst into tears.

His father and mother were both dead, only he remained alive...

What is this supposed to be!

"Why must the weak be bullied and slaughtered by the strong? Who set this rule!"

The Barbarian Clan youth did not notice that a young man in purple still stood beside him, engrossed in his own weeping.

The young man in purple, however, was enlightened by the youth's words, finally recognizing the solution to a puzzle that had confounded him for years.

"Rules... That's right, what was missing on the path to the Fourth Step. I have yet to establish my own rule!"

The young man in purple cast a deep glance at the Barbarian Clan youth and asked, "What is your name?"

The Barbarian Clan youth was startled, realizing there was another beside him. Upon recognizing him, he was so frightened he forgot to cry.

The bounty for the young man in purple had already been spread across various Immortal Domains. Even mortals recognized him, considering him a demon who could kill without a blink.

"I... I am called Yin Mo..." the Barbarian Clan youth replied weakly.

...

Ning Fan was slightly shocked, momentarily awakening from the memory.

He had actually connected with memories of the Immortal Emperor!

Yet, why were the Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign and Yin Mo Ancestor present in the Immortal Emperor's memory!

Immortal, Yin Mo, Mourning - these three seem connected in some inexplicable, intricate way...

Especially surprising for Ning Fan was witnessing the moment Purple Dou Immortal King questioned the Fourth Step in this memory!

The person in the memory obviously had not yet stepped into the Fourth Step, becoming an Immortal Emperor.

But he was close to the Fourth Step, uttering insights one after another.

'What is my path ultimately...'

'Rules... That's right, what's missing on the path to the Fourth Step. I have yet to establish my own rule!'

Ning Fan, a mere Second Step True Immortal, had the opportunity to hear Purple Dou Immortal Sovereign's understanding of the Fourth Step. Though simple, those words were profound enough to shock him.

Does this count as seeing the path to the Fourth Step ahead?

Many Saints spend their lives unable to uncover how to break through the Fourth Step, yet he saw it so plainly, from the memory of the Immortal Emperor...